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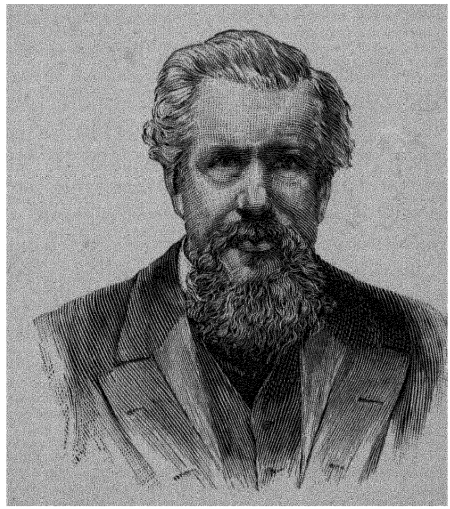


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SELECTIONS FROM
EDWIN ARNOLD
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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD
1831–1904

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PREFACE

Sir Edwin Arnold loved India and Indians. He understood and appreciated the country and the people more fully than perhaps any Englishman has ever done. He says in his *India Revisited*:

"I have found nothing but friendliness and courtesy among the millions of this land, from strangers, townsfolk, peasants, servants, men, women, and children. I have witnessed a thousand instances of simple virtues—of charity, of domestic affection, of natural courtesy, of inherent modesty, of honest dignity, of devotion, of piety, of glad human life—have encountered grace and goodness, in passing, as one encounters bright birds and fair flowers, have become endeared to this kindred and civilised population whose intellectual and religious history is so noble."

As a consequence, this generous and high-souled Englishman is loved by Indians, and his writings are held by them in high esteem. He was not a casual visitor but a resident official for many years, in the Western Presidency, as Principal of the Deccan Government College, and that during the Mutiny in 1857. He was an eminent Sanskrit scholar and knew Arabic and Persian well. He could hold his own in discussing abstruse points of philosophy with a learned Pandit or an accomplished Mouldvi, and, on the other hand, he could converse freely with the unlettered *raiyat* of the country-side in his own vernacular.

He was a born poet. At Oxford he was awarded the Newdigate prize for English poetry in 1856. He subsequently wrote several volumes of verse, some of them translations from Latin and Greek classics, but his best work was in translating from Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic.

The Light of Asia is Arnold's masterpiece. It is a work of great beauty, a story of intense interest which never flags for an instant. The descriptive scenes are drawn with the hand of a master, the eye of a poet, and the skill of an expert, everywhere charming and always musical. There is scarcely a line which is not genuine poetry.

No finer work could be put into the hands of Indian students, alike on account of the grace and beauty of the verses, the faultless music of their rhythm, and the charming exposition of Indian thought, Indian philosophy, and the matchless description of Indian scenery. There is nothing like it in the English language.

In this little volume of Selections, *The Light of Asia* has been abridged in simple prose, the very words and phrases of the original poem being used as far as possible. Interspersed in the prose are a number of extracts of the most striking passages of the poetry. Here and there a simple term has been substituted for a difficult word which might puzzle a schoolboy.

The illustrations in the text of *The Light of Asia* are those of the original illustrated edition, a magnificent issue by Trübner in 1884, with the generous permission of this firm, to whom the thanks of the Editor are tendered. These illustrations are very valuable, being taken from ancient Buddhist sculptures, and illustrate the customs, habits, and dress of Indians over 2000 years ago.

The other poetical selections are from Arnold's *Lotus and Jewel, The Song Celestial* or *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, and *Indian Idylls*, and will appeal strongly to Indian students.

The delightful word pictures in the prose extracts are from *India Revisited*. Of this book, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, sometime Governor of Madras, a most accomplished critic, said in the *Contemporary Review*:

"It is, beyond all comparison, the very best description of India that ever was written. Numbers of us have seen India as Sir Edwin Arnold saw it, but only a man of genius could have put his impressions on paper in the way that he has done."

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BUDDHA

The Light of Asia.

1. The Birth and Childhood of Buddha.

Holy books say that the world is ruled by four Regents who sit below the highest sphere where God reigns. Under these Regents, and nearer to the earth, but high above it, there are zones where very saintly spirits wait for thirty thousand years and are then born again and live as men on the earth. Among them was Buddha, and when his turn came he said :

" Now I go to help the world,
This last of many times ; for birth and death will
end after this for me.

I will go down among the Sākyas
Under the southward snows of Himālay
Where pious people live and a just king."

That night Māya, the Queen of King Suddhodana, dreamed that a star from heaven entered her. At the same time a lovely night shone all over the earth and a voice from the air said, "Buddha is come." The wise men at court who knew how to interpret dreams all said,



THE MERCHANTS BRING RICH GIFTS
(From the Archæological Survey of India)

"The Queen will bear a boy, a holy child, who will bring into the world light and knowledge." Thus was Buddha born to Māya, wife of Suddhodana, rajah of the Sākyas in the city Kapilavastu.

Then the King gave orders that the city should keep high festival, so the roads were all swept clean, the streets were strewed with roses, flags were hung out of the windows, and merry crowds gazed at jugglers and snake-charmers, and there was great rejoicing and singing of songs and music the whole day.

When the news spread over the land, merchants came

from afar bringing rich gifts to show how glad they were; they brought precious stones, and gold, and costly robes and sandalwood. With them came an ancient sage, a white-haired saint, named Asita:

"One whose ears,
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds
And heard, at prayer beneath his peepul tree,
The Devas [1] singing songs at Buddha's birth."

When the King and Queen heard of him they went out to greet him. Queen Māya tried to lay her babe before his holy feet, that he might bless the child.

"But when he saw the Prince the old man cried,
'Ah, Queen, not so,' and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there
Saying, 'O Babe! I worship! Thou art He,
Thou art Buddh.'"

Then he went on to tell the wondering father that the child had come from heaven to teach the world and to fill it with light and life. "But thou, sweet Queen," he said, "shalt suffer no more woe,—for alas! life is woe,—no more pain, but in one short week shalt attain the close of all pain and pass to a painless world."

And so it fell out:

"For on the seventh evening
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,
Passing direct into the third heaven."

When the Prince was eight years old the King sent for the famous sage Viswamitra, wisest of living men,

[1] Angels.

and entrusted to him the education of the Prince, whom he had named Siddārtha or the "All Prospering," for not yet was he known as Buddha. The sage taught him all that he knew, but, strange to say, he ever found his pupil knew more than he did, on every subject; he knew every language, he could count the stars, he could count the drops of rain that fell in ten thousand years in all the world, he could go back into the past, the *maha kalpas* or past ages of the gods. Yet, with his boundless knowledge, he was meek and humble, ever addressing his teacher as *Āchārya*. But when he told the number of atoms in the beams of the sun, Viswamitra fell on his face

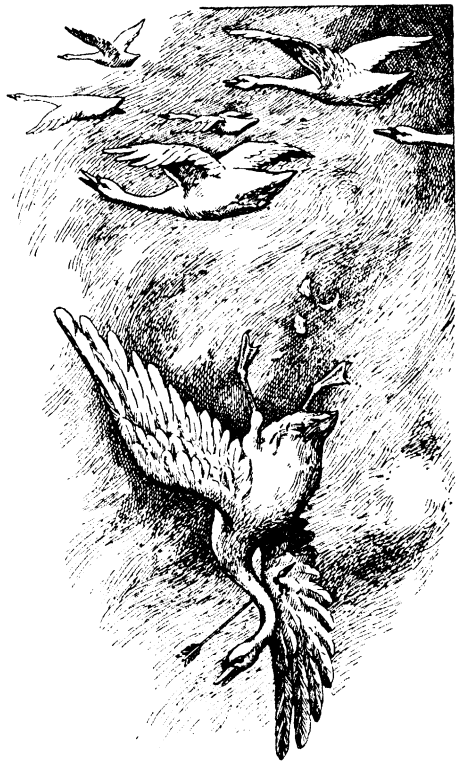


THE SAGE ASITA AND THE BABY PRINCE AS BUDDH
(From the Cave Temples at Ajanta)

"Prostrate before the boy, 'For thou,' he cried,
'Art teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
Art Guru. Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince!
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books.'"

Then Prince Siddārtha learnt to ride, to shoot, and to drive a chariot. But in the midst of his sports he would, now and then, stop and seem lost in a wistful dream. Yet he knew nothing, so far, of sorrow or pain or tears.

One day in the spring season, when the Prince was out riding in the country with his cousin Devadatta, a flock of wild swans passed flying far overhead to their



WILD SWAN, SHOT BY DEVADATTA, FALLING TO THE GROUND

WILD SWAN, SHOT BY DEVADATTA, FALLING TO THE GROUND

home in the Himālayas. Devadatta took his bow and shot an arrow into the breast of the leading swan, so that it fell bleeding to the earth. Prince Siddārtha saw it fall. He picked up the poor wounded bird, soothed its fright, spoke gently to it, drew out the steel-tipped arrow, put cool leaves and honey to the wound, and stopped the bleeding. Then Devadatta claimed the swan as his, because he had shot it. But the Prince would not give it up. Then the two boys agreed to refer the matter to the wise. A council was held. Some said this and some said that. At last an unknown priest arose and said, "The swan belongs to the Prince, who saved its life. If life be worth anything, he who saves life owns the living thing, not he who sought to slay it." So weighty were these words, and so holy seemed the priest who uttered them, that all agreed that his judgment was just. But no one had ever seen him before, and when the King sought for him, to do him honour, he could not be found, but someone saw a hooded snake glide forth from where he stood: "The gods ofttimes come like this." The Prince took the bird, kissed it, and let it go, and away it flew to join its fellows.

Some time after this the King took his son with him to ride through the country and see how beautiful it looked, for it was the springtime and the farmers were busy ploughing their fields, and all nature seemed smiling and gay.

So they rode into a land of wells and gardens, where all up and down the fertile fields the oxen were dragging the ploughs, and long furrows in the rich red soil could be seen into which the sowers were pouring the brown seed. All around the songs of birds could be heard in

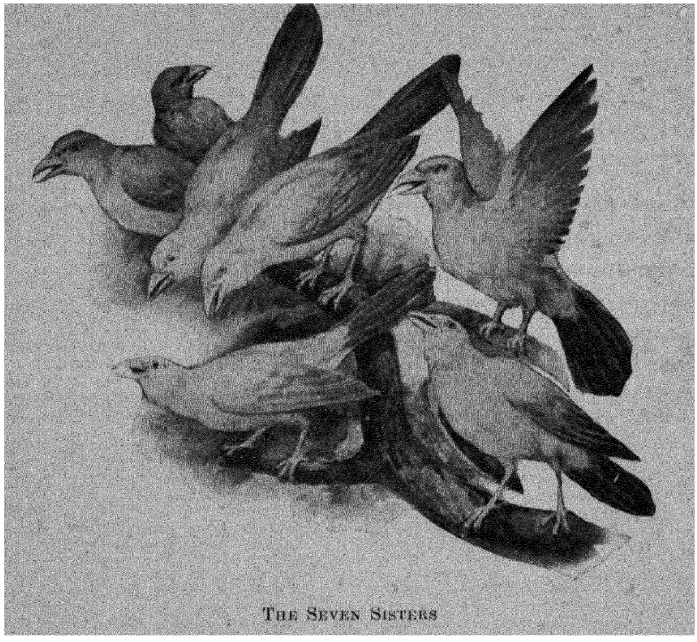
the jungle as they were building their nests, while the thickets were filled with insects and beetles and ants, and with lizards which had crept out into the sunshine from their hiding-places. Birds of many kinds flew about, the sun-birds flashed in and out of the mango leaves, and the tonk, tonk, the loud ringing notes of the coppersmith, could be heard. The bright bee-eaters were chasing the butterflies as they flew about in the sunshine, while underneath the little striped grey squirrels



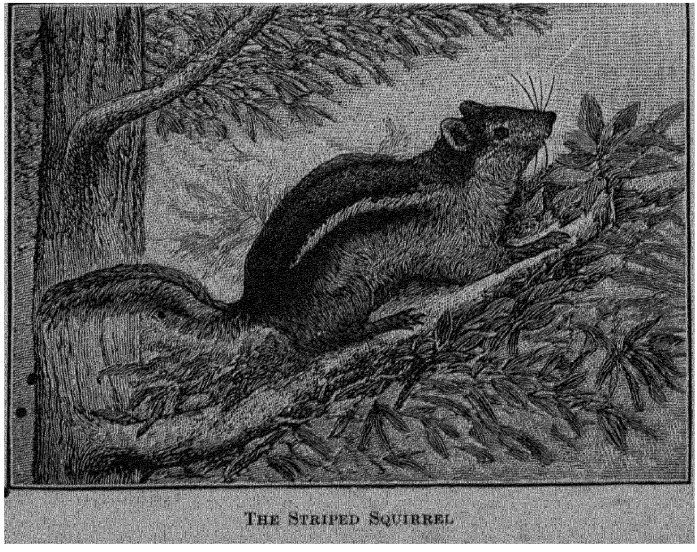
THE KING TAKES HIS SON OUT TO SEE THE CITY OF KAPILAVASTU
(From a lota found at Kula)

raced about, and the mynas hopped along on the lawns. The " seven sisters " chattered loudly in the bushes, and the spotted kingfishers hung, poised on their wings, over the pools and tanks, and the kites flew in great circles, screaming as they flew. The doves cooed as they sat on the walls of the wells, while over every temple the lovely painted peacocks flew. Far off could be heard the village drums at some marriage feast in the distant villages.

Everything looked bright and beautiful, all nature seemed to rejoice, and the Prince was delighted. " Yes,"



THE SEVEN SISTERS



THE STRIPED SQUIRREL

he said, "this is a beautiful world ; everything and everybody seem quite happy and glad to be alive."

But after a while, as he gazed on the scene around him, new thoughts came into his mind as he mused.

" Those farmers," he said to himself, " how hard they work ; how they sweat as they drive their ploughs along in the blazing sun ; they must toil and toil all day to earn their wages, or they could not live ; and the patient oxen with their great eyes, how their sides are goaded by the driver ! if the men work hard, how much harder the oxen work, dragging the heavy plough along ! how they must hate their hard task to which they are forced by their owner ! " Then, as the Prince looked carefully at the other animals, it seemed to him as if they were all engaged in one great plot to murder one another : the lizard swallowed the insects as fast as he could ; the snake caught the lizard to eat it, and the kite swooped down from the air as soon as he saw the snake, caught up the snake and the lizard in his claws and ate them both. The kingfisher darted down into the water and caught a fish, and immediately a hawk which had been watching him snatched away the fish from him and carried it off ; the shrike chased the bulbul and killed it, as it was itself chasing the butterflies and eating them ; all the birds were killing insects, everywhere some creature was killing some other creature, everywhere he saw death, nothing but death.

When he saw all this the Prince was filled with sadness. " Is this," he said, " is this the happy earth I was brought here to see ? Let me alone a little, while I think over this. I must find some remedy for all this woe."

2. Prince Siddartha marries Yasodhara.

When the Prince attained the age of eighteen years the King Suddhodana thought it was time for him to be married. So, according to ancient custom, he called a council of his nobles and asked their advice in this matter. The eldest and wisest of them advised him to proclaim a great festival and invite to it the fairest maidens of the noblest Sākya families, so that the Prince might himself choose one of them to be his bride. "Do not choose for him," said the wise old man, "let him make his own choice."

This advice seemed good, and the King followed it. The crier proclaimed the festival, a court of pleasure, and invited to it all the fairest maidens of the noble Sākya houses with their families. They were to come, beautifully dressed, and walk past the Prince, who would give prizes to them all, but the most costly prize he would bestow upon the maiden whom he considered to be the most beautiful of them all. On the day appointed they all came to the palace, dressed in their best, with their fathers and mothers. A fair show it was of those lovely Indian girls as they slowly walked past the throne with their large black eyes fixed modestly on the ground. Each maiden took her gift from the hand of the Prince with down-dropped lids, afraid to gaze, so full of awe she was, and so like a god seemed Siddārtha. So they passed, one bright maid after another, the flowers of Kapilavastu, yet the Prince sat unmoved, but smiled graciously on each. Last of all came young Yasōdhara, fairest of them all. She had the form of an angel, the gait of a goddess, and a face so fair that words cannot

paint its charm. Those who stood around saw the Prince start when he looked at her. She walked gracefully past, but she lifted her lovely eyes and, with her stately neck unbent and her head erect, gazed full at the Prince and smilingly said, "Is there a gift for me?" The Prince, too, gazed into her eyes, and in that moment the heart of each went out to the other. The Prince undid a priceless emerald necklace from his throat and clasped its sparkling green gems around her waist, soft as silk, and she walked on smiling.

All this was told the King. He was delighted, for Yasōdhara was of princely lineage, her father one of his most trusted nobles. But according to ancient Sākya custom, when any suitor desired to wed a maid of noble family, he had first to show that he was worthy of her, he had to "prove his skill in all manly sports against all comers." Her father said to the King: "My daughter is sought by many princes, far and near; if your noble son can bend the bow, if he can use a sword and ride a horse better than any other suitor, then he may urge his suit." Then the King was sore at heart, for there would come against his son

"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 proclamation was made that on the seventh day Prince Siddārtha would meet all comers and contest

with them the prize, which would be the hand of Yasōdhara.

So on the seventh day all the country round flocked to the *maidān* or field of conflict. The best and bravest of all the noble Sākya youth were there; the Prince came too on his white horse Kāntaka, unmatched for courage, strength, and speed. When he saw Yasōdhara he smiled brightly, leaped to the ground and cried, "He is not worthy of the prize who is not worthiest of us all. Come forth, oh suitors, and contest the prize with me."

Then Nanda challenged all suitors to compete with him in archery. "Let us see," he said, "who can shoot an arrow farthest, using the same bow." Three archers shot at a large drum a long way off. Each pierced the drum, but Devadatta drove his arrow right through it. Then the bow was brought to the Prince. He drew it with such strength that the two horns at the tips met, and the thick body of the bow snapped in two. "This bow is only fit for boys to play with," said the Prince laughing, "it is not fit for men to shoot with. Is there no better bow than this for me to use?" Then someone said, "There is the great bow in the temple. It belonged to a mighty hero of the olden times, but no one in these days can even string it, much less shoot with it." "Bring forth that bow," cried the Prince, "it is the weapon of a man." So they brought it out. It was made of black steel. Siddārtha tried its strength across his knee. "Yes," he said, "this is a proper bow for a Sākya lord to use. Shoot with this, my cousins," he added, turning to the three archers who had shot already. All three tried, but not one of them could bend it even by a hair's breadth. Then the laughing Prince took it up, bent it easily, fitted the arrow to the

string, and shot it forth. The arrow sang loud and clear as it flew through the air. It went right through the farthest drum, and then on and on till it was lost to sight in the far distance. This showed, beyond a doubt, that no one could vie with the Prince in archery.

Then Devadatta challenged all to show their strength and skill with the sword. He sliced in two a tree six fingers thick; Ardjuna did the same with a tree seven fingers thick; and Nanda cut through nine inches. The Prince came last. He chose two trees growing close together side by side. He drove his sharp sword through both of them with such strength and skill that the trees did not even move nor fall apart, till a light breeze sprang up and blew off the tops. The people clapped their hands, and now the Prince was again the victor.

The last test was in horsemanship, to try who could ride a horse best.

The Prince mounted his white horse Kāntaka and soon left his rivals far behind. But Nanda said that he too would win if he rode Kāntaka; the race only showed how fast Kāntaka could run, not how the Prince could ride; he asked that an unbroken horse should be brought, so that men might see who could ride him best. So they brought out a horse, black as night, unbroken, fierce, and untamed, for no rider had ever been able to sit on him. He was led by three chains. Three times three young Sākya nobles sprang on his mighty back, but he reared furiously and flung them off so that they lay on the earth in dust and shame; only Ardjuna kept his seat awhile, but he too was thrown to the ground and nearly killed by the savage beast, which bit him badly. Then the Prince came forward and said, "Let go the chains, I will hold him by his forelock only.

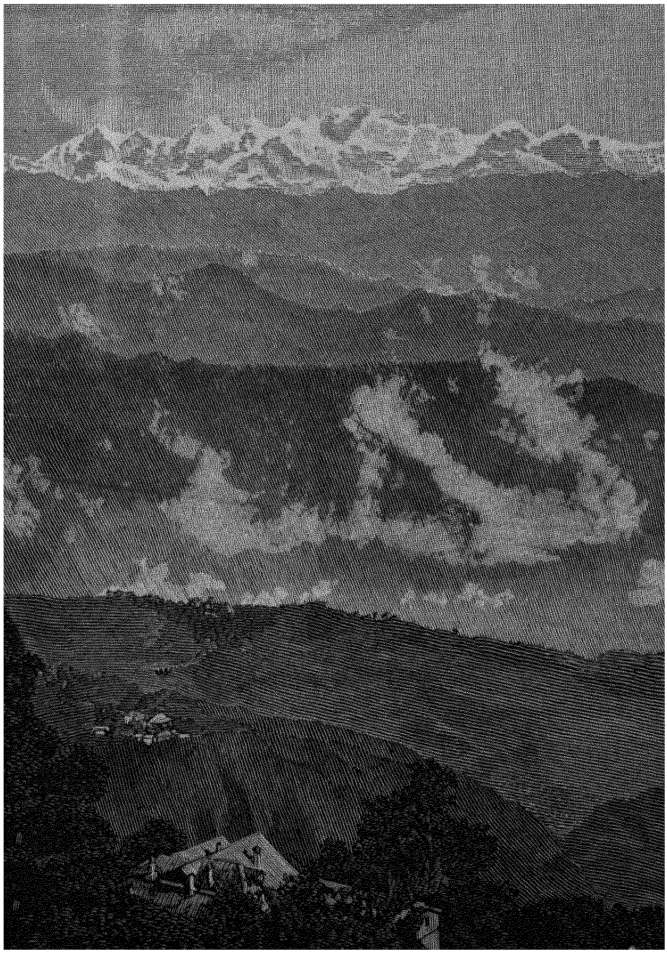
He put his hand on the head of the fiery steed, spoke low words into his ear, and stroked his face gently. Then he stood quite still while the Prince mounted him, and rode him up and down before all the people. He neighed with delight, and obeyed the slightest touch of the knee of his rider.

Then all the suitors hailed Siddārtha as the victor and said that he was the best of them all. The father of the maid welcomed him as his son-in-law, and she herself bowed low before him and put a wreath of flowers round his neck to show that she accepted him as her lord.

Then the pair were wedded with the ancient rites of the Sākya clan; they took the seven steps thrice around the sacred fire, the garments of the bride and bridegroom were tied together, gifts presented to holy men, temple offerings made, and the grey-headed father spoke: "Worshipful Prince! She who was ours is henceforth only thine; be good to her, for she has her life in thee."

Then the wedded pair went home. King Suddhodana had built a lovely palace for them to live in; it was called Vishrāmvan.

"In all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishrāmvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown Himālaya's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-coloured lovely flowers,
Shut out the world, save when the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees



THE HIMĀLAYAS

Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless slopes of huge Himāla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
Beneath the snow dark forests spread, thick set
With leaping cataracts and veiled in clouds :
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles : under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars."



THE GOD GANESHA

It was indeed a beautiful place, and the palace and the grounds around it were also very lovely. At the gate stood pillars on which were carved stories of old time, with figures of Radha and Krishna, of Sita and Draupadi and Hanumān, and on the middle porch there was an image of Ganesha with his trunk, to bring good luck.

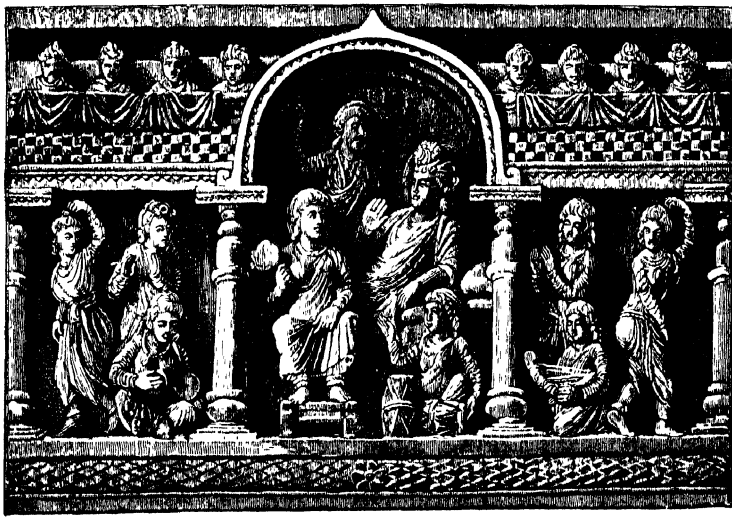
" By winding ways of garden and of court
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs

And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus white and yellow—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
Off blown red roses ; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms ; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices ;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit ;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace : the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this house of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey."

Also the King commanded that within these walls no mention should be made of death or age or pain or illness or disease ; even the dead flowers were plucked at night lest the Prince should see them, the dead leaves were swept away so that the Prince should look only at what was beautiful and young and gay and think only of pleasure. And the King caused to be built around that garden of bliss three high massive walls, one behind another. The walls were high and shut out all unpleasant

sights and sounds. In each wall was a huge brazen gate, so heavy that it took a hundred strong arms to push it open, and over each he put a guard with orders to let no one pass in or out without his special leave.

In this abode of love and joy and peace Siddārtha passed many happy days, knowing not of pain or want



SIDDĀRTHA AND HIS COURT
(From a Buddhist Monastery in Yusafzai)

or woe or old age or disease or death. But once, as he lay in the arms of Yasōdhara, he seemed to have a fearful dream, for he started up and cried out:

"*My world! Oh, world! I hear! I know! I come!*"

and when Yasōdhara, terrified, tried to soothe him, saying, "What ails my lord?" then he gazed upon her, and the pity in his look was awful, for his face looked like the face of a god.

One day he set on his window-sill a gourd, with strings stretched across it, " there where the wind could linger o'er its notes and play at will " such wild music as the wind makes on gold and silver strings; and this wild fitful music was what those who listened to it heard, only the music of the wind. But the Prince heard the voices of the Devas in those notes; he alone heard them, no one else, and in his ears they sang:

" *We are the voices of the wandering wind,*
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

" *Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,*
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

" *What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?*
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

" *O Maya's son! because we roam the earth*
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

" *But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!*
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

"*We are the voices of the wandering wind:*
Wander thou too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

"*So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,*
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play."

3. Siddārtha goes forth to see the World.



Chitra telling the Tale
(From Mrs. Manning's *Ancient India*)

One evening one of the maidens named Chitra, whose work it was to tell stories and sing sweet songs, told an old fairy tale of a prince who rode on a magic horse which had wings. Mounted on it the prince rode over distant lands in the west where the sun sets. Then Siddārtha said eagerly:

"Is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun sink

Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown—not happy, it may be—
Whom we might comfort if we knew of them ?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning ; oftentimes
Much have I longed, at the great sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west
And see the peoples of the evening."

" I would give my palace," said the Prince to Yasōdhara, " to take my seat upon that magic horse and ride and ride and see the spread of the earth. Well, I will see at least what lies in this city outside the great walls of brass which surround the palace grounds. Let the charioteer Channa yoke my chariot at noon to-morrow ; I will ride forth and see the world."

When this was told to the King he said, " Perhaps it is as well for my son to see the city." Then he sent orders that no unpleasant sights should be seen or unpleasant sounds heard, the roads were to be swept clean, and no old or diseased folk allowed to come out. All this was done, and flowers were strewn over the streets, flags hung from the windows, and everything done to make the city look beautiful.

The next day the Prince drove out in his chariot. The people rejoiced to see him ; they were all dressed in their best, laughing in their joy. " This world is fair and good," said the Prince. " The people are all happy ; I love them and they love me. How good it is to rule a realm like this ! Drive, Channa, through the gates and let me see the world outside the city."

Then they passed through the gates, and met a joyous crowd crying, "*Jai, Jai,* for our noble Prince." The streets were filled with fair sights, and everybody seemed happy and pleased.

But suddenly from a hut there tottered an old man, a beggar. He was clad in rags, dirty and evil-smelling. He was very old and could scarcely walk. He had lost all his teeth, and he could scarcely see. With one skinny hand he clutched a worn-out staff to prop his trembling limbs. He gasped for breath, and feebly cried, "Alms, alms, good folk, I starve, and I die to-morrow or the next day." When the people saw him they dragged him back to his hut, out of the way, that the Prince might not see him.

But the Prince had seen him, and he cried out, "Let him be, let him be. Channa, who is this? He seems scarcely a man; I have never seen such a dreadful sight before. And what does he mean by saying 'I die to-morrow or the next day'?" Then the charioteer replied, "Sweet Prince, this is only an old old man. Eighty years ago his back was straight, his eye was bright, he was strong and handsome; now he is like an old tree which is just falling or a lamp which has no oil in it and is just going out—why should your Highness heed him?" "But," said the Prince, "does this come to any other man?" "Most noble Prince," replied Channa, "even as he, so will all these people be, if they live so long." "But," asked the Prince again, "shall I, too, be like this, and my wife Yasōdhara, if we should live to be eighty years old?" "Yes, great sir," was the reply, "even so. We shall all be like this."

When Siddārtha heard this he was filled with sadness.

"Turn back," he exclaimed, "turn back and take me home; I have seen what I did not think to see."

When he returned he sat apart and pondered and pondered. His wife tried to comfort him. "Do not look so sad," she said, "my sweet lord, you have me to love you." "Ah, my dear Yasōdhara," he said gently, "but we must grow old and feeble, loveless and unlovely, our forms bent and bowed." All that day he brooded over what he had seen, and at night he slept not but lay awake, thinking.

After a while the Prince felt that he would like to see the world once more. He asked his father to let him go. After putting the matter before his council, he thought that perhaps it would be well if his son saw the world as it is; that he might grow accustomed to everyday sights gradually, for one day he would have to see them, when he should sit upon the throne and rule the kingdom of the Sākyas. So he gave his consent.

The next day the Prince went forth, but this time he was disguised as a merchant with Channa as his clerk, so that he might see things and men as they really were.

"Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sākya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,

The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced water-pots, the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for scraps, the skilful armourer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sākya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green ;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
The humble toiling Sudra ; here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nāg, or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd ;
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas ; thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls."

But, after they had passed all this, suddenly they heard a cry from a poor wretch who lay in the dust calling for help. The plague had seized him and he was covered with red spots and writhed in agony. Then Siddārtha ran up to him, for all men shrank away in terror, lest they should catch the deadly disease.

He took his head upon his knee, and while his soft touch comforted his aching limbs he said, "Brother, what is ill with thee?" "What is the matter with him, Channa? why does he gasp and groan?" Channa replied, "Master, this poor man has been smitten with the plague. He is in agony. It is not good to hold him, for the plague may pass from him to thee, even thee. There are many diseases like this in the world, like this and even worse than this; they may come to any man. These ills are countless, and untold numbers suffer from them, men and women and children. They attack men like the snake or the tiger." "Then all men live in fear," said the Prince, "and none can say 'I sleep happy and whole to-night and shall wake happy and well to-morrow'?" "No," was the reply, "none can say it." "And after men suffer pain and grow old and helpless, what happens then?" asked the Prince. "Then," said Channa, "they die." "All?" said the Prince. "All," replied Channa. "Every man who is born must die. Look, here comes the dead!"

As he spoke a bier was carried past them. In front walked the kinsmen of the dead man crying, "Rama! Rama! hear! Call upon Rama, brothers!" They carried him to a pile of logs which had been built on the banks of a stream, laid him on the pile, and set fire

to it and burnt the body. The Prince looked on and said to Channa, "Is this the end which comes to all who live?" "This, my lord, is the end of all who have ever lived. They ate, they drank, they laughed, they talked, they loved and liked life well; and then they died. All must die. The high and low, the king and the beggar, the good and bad, all must die and pass out of sight and, in turn, be forgotten."

Then Siddārtha cried, "Is there no help for man? Cannot any of the gods help? Why did Brahma make the world? Why did he make man and leave him to misery and death? Is he all-powerful? Then why does he leave us like this? Is he good? Then why does he let us suffer? No, there must be help somewhere. I will find help for men, if help there be. Somewhere, somehow, sometime, I will find help for the world. Lead me home, Channa. It is enough; mine eyes have seen enough."

When the King heard what had passed he felt very sad and care filled his heart. He set a triple guard at every gate, so that no man might come in or go out by day or by night.

4. Siddārtha leaves his Home alone to find Help for Men.

For a full week Siddārtha thought and thought and thought. "I must find a way to help men, to save the world from pain and misery and death. It is in vain to hope that the gods will do it or can do it," he said to himself. "From the beginning of time men have risen, and risen by helping themselves. We know, indeed,

from our holy books that man has himself risen from lower beings : [1]

" ' For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,
That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God.'

And we know how man became better and better, how he has risen, step by step, and improved himself by his own efforts.

" ' Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man ;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice ? '

If I who am a prince and shall, if I stay at home, succeed my father and be a King of kings, great, rich, powerful, prosperous—I, who now am young and strong and healthy—I, who have never known want or pain or sadness, but am now in the morning of life—if I give up everything, if I give up my wife and kingdom and my happy home, and henceforth spend my time in the search for truth and in quest of help for mankind, I think I shall find it. Help may be, perhaps, close to us all, but hidden ; it may be a secret that will reveal itself

[1] This is the belief now called evolution.

to me if I search for it and not cease searching till I find it. This I will do because I love mankind. I will give up my throne, my joys, my golden days and happy nights, my home, my palace, and my sweet queen, whom I love more than everything else. This I will do myself. I will not ask the aid of any god. For which of all the lesser or the greater gods has power or pity? Who has ever seen any of them? What have they done to help their worshippers? How has it helped men to pray, and to chant hymns of praise, to slay poor beasts or birds in sacrifice, to rear stately temples and feed priests? Has any man escaped a single pain or ache by doing this? No, the gods are deaf, or pitiless. They hear not, they see not; or if they do see and hear, they help not. If man is to get help he must get help himself, as he has ever done."



PRINCE SIDDĀRTHA

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains at full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud, when mangoes blossom and asoka buds sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes, and all the fields and all the towns are glad. Softly that night fell over Vishrāmvan; the air was fragrant with sweet scents from many flowers and cool with breezes which flowed down from Himālay. The sky was jewelled with bright stars, and Siddārtha was asleep.

But Yasōdhara could not sleep. A sense of some

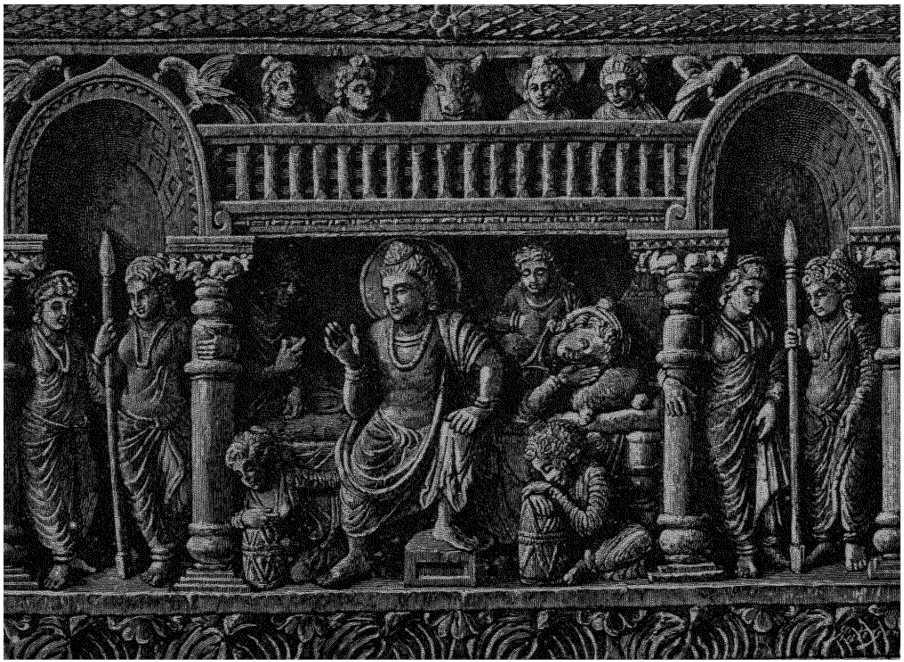
coming woe filled her heart with dread. When at last she sank to sleep she had a terrible dream, in which voices kept on calling out, "The time is nigh, the time is nigh." Then a voice louder than all that had called before cried out, "The time, the time has come! it has come! it has come!" Then she awoke with a start and called to her husband. He soothed her and said, "What is it, my dear wife, what is it?" She told him her dream, and said, "What is this *time* that was getting closer and closer and has now come? Am I to leave you, am I to die, or are you to leave me? That indeed would be worse than death! I cannot leave you, and you must not leave me. Soon our child will be born! What can your wife and your child do without you? Leave us not, oh, leave us not!"

"Grieve not, my sweet wife," replied the Prince, "grieve not for me. Of this be sure, that, whatever may happen, I have loved, I do love, and I will love Yasōdhara for ever. You know how I have mused and mused these many moons, seeking to save this sad earth that is calling to me for help. When the hour comes, then what is to be will be. I will save others, and above all I will save my wife, the gentlest, best, and sweetest of wives—I will save my wife, my father, and all men. Now, Princess, sleep once more, and sleep peacefully, thinking of me and my everlasting love for thee. As for me, I will arise and watch."

Then Siddārtha rose and looked up at the sky, and lo, there was the sign so long foretold! The moon stood by the constellation of the Crab. It seemed to say to him, "This is the night! this is the hour! Now choose the way of goodness or the way of greatness. Wilt thou be King of the Sākyas, King of Kapilavastu,

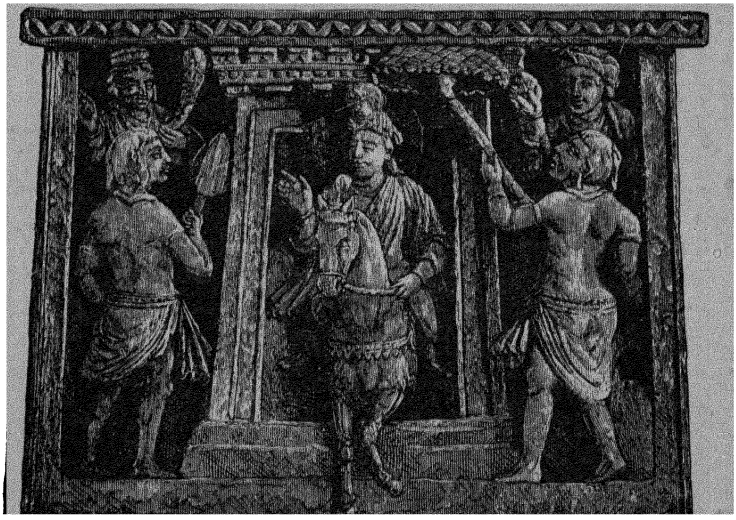
or wilt thou be King of all the world? Wilt thou save the world and wander forth, homeless and alone, to seek out and to find the way to save it, the true path?"

Then Siddārtha said to himself, "I will go, for the hour has come. For this I was born, and unto this all my days and nights have led me. Here I renounce my kingdom and all that I have. The woeful cry of all the earth and of all men now living and to live comes up into my ears. My soul is full of pity: I will save the world. Now I have made up my mind I will depart, never to return till what I seek is found." Then Siddārtha walked three times round his sleeping wife, to bid her farewell. Then he walked away, but he looked back and returned, for he felt he could not leave her, and yet he dared not wake her. Three times he did this. Then at last he drew his cloth over his eyes to shut out the sight, and with a heavy sigh he left the room. Then, treading lightly, he walked out in the dark night to the stable where his horse, Kāntaka, slept. "Come forth," he said to his groom Channa, who slept close to the horse; "saddle my horse and bring him out, for now I ride forth." Channa tried hard to dissuade him, but he would not hear him. So at last he saddled Kāntaka and brought him out. The good horse neighed with delight as his master sprang lightly on his back. Then the Prince rode forth into the darkness, followed by Channa. The Devas, spirits of the air, all helped the Prince. They strewed the earth with heaps of flowers, so that no noise of the hoofs of the horse was heard; they caused heavy sleep to overpower all the guards; they rolled back the heavy gates of brass noiselessly, and so the Prince passed through and no one heard him or knew of his going.



SIDDĀRTHA LEAVES HIS HOME AND SLEEPING WIFE. (From a Buddhist Monastery in the Yusafzai country)

On and on he went, all through the night. Then when the morning star stood half a spear's length above the horizon, and the fresh breezes of the early morn began to blow, Siddārtha stopped and got off his horse. He took his sharp sword into his hand and with it he cut



PRINCE SIDDARTHA RIDES FORTH AT NIGHT. THE DEVAS OPEN THE GATE FOR HIM
(From the sculptures at Amraoti)

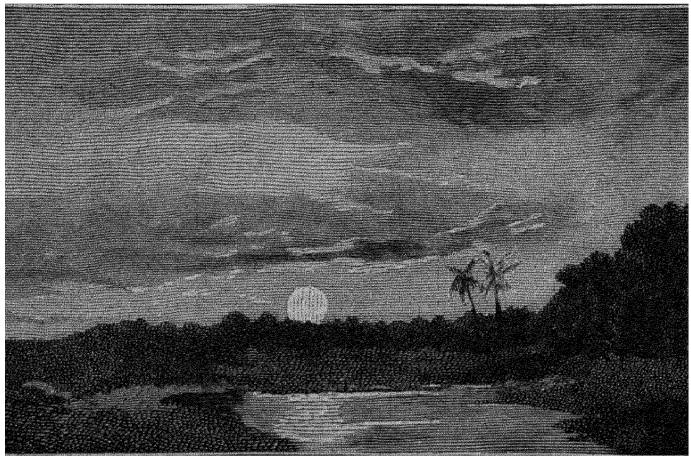
off his flowing locks of hair, which he wore as a Kshatriya prince. He told Channa to take Kāntaka back, and to give his sword and his jewelled sword-belt and his locks of hair to the King his father, and tell him all that had happened, and say to him, "Your son, Siddārtha, prays you to forget him till he returns ten times a prince, made wise from lone wandering and search for light." "If I find what I search for, lo! all the earth will be mine,

mine by love, since there is hope for man only in man, and none has sought for this as I will seek, for I cast away my world to save the whole world." Then he set forth on his lonely quest, as a poor beggar wanders over the land.

5. Siddārtha seeks for the Truth.

Onward Siddārtha went for many days, out of his father's kingdom into the realm of King Bimbasara. At length he came to a hill called Ratnagiri. Up the hill he climbed and reached a cave in the forest on the hill. Here he took up his abode. Here he sat through the scorching summer heat, through the driving rain, in the chilly dawn and the cold night. He wore a yellow robe, like a rishi ; all he had besides was a wooden bowl, out of which he ate a little grain, given him by the charitable ; at night he crouched on the ground homeless and alone. The sleepless jackals yelled around his cave, and hungry tigers roared in the woods, but no wild beast touched him—the Devas saw to that. Here he dwelt day and night, while his fair body wasted. He all the while was sunk in thought, so deep that, as he sat motionless, the squirrels leaped on his knees, the timid quails let their young ones play about him, and blue doves pecked the grain out of the bowl that lay on the ground close to him. Thus would he muse from sunrise to sunset, hearing not, seeing not, thinking only deep thoughts of life and death. At the close of the night he slept for an hour or two. Then he arose and watched the coming of the dawn and the rise of the sun :

"And in the east that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—



THE RISING SUN

A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,
High as the morning-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of Life and Glory cometh!"

Then, after the manner of a rishi, he hailed the rising orb of day, performed his ablutions, and by a long winding

path went on into the distant town in his yellow robe, holding out his bowl. It was soon filled, for as he passed every townsman cried, " Take of our stores, good sir," for as they marked his godlike face and eyes filled with pity they were struck with awe. Mothers bade their



THE MOTHER BRINGS HER DEAD BABY TO SIDDĀRTHA TO HEAL
(From a sculpture at Gandhara)

children stoop to kiss his feet, while they ran to fill his bowl. He thanked them in mild and gentle tones, and then paced slowly back the road by which he had come.

One day, as he sat on a stone outside his cave, a woman stood before him. She was weeping bitterly, and held in her arms a dead baby. She bent low to the ground, saluting him, and said, " Lord, but yesterday thou didst have pity on me when I came to thee, bearing my child. I then told thee how the baby, playing by

himself under a bush, found a snake which twined itself round his wrist as he played with it and put his finger into its mouth. Then, alas! he turned pale and still. Then someone said, 'He is sick of poison and will die.' But there was only a tiny mark on his finger, and I could not think the snake would kill him, as he was only playing with it and did not hurt it. Then one said, 'There is a holy man upon the hill, wearing a yellow robe; go to him and ask him if he can cure your child.' Then I came tremblingly to thee, whose brow is like a god's, and asked if thou couldst cure the child. Then thou, great Sir, didst not spurn me, but in kind and gentle words didst say, 'Yes, little sister! there is a medicine that would cure the child if thou couldst get it.

"'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 a tender, gentle smile, but sadly, as he replied, "Yes, little sister, I did say this; and hast thou brought the mustard seed?"

"Alas! my Lord," said the mother, sobbing, "I went with my babe, now quite cold, clasped to my breast, to house after house, and asked if those who lived in it would give me one tola of mustard seed; they gave it willingly, for all the poor are kind to the poor; but when I asked if any one had died in that house, husband or wife, or father or mother, or child or slave,

they said, 'O sister, what is this you ask ? The dead are very many, and the living are but few.' So I gave the seed back, with thanks. But in every house some one had died. I went to many houses, oh, so many ! but there was not a single house where someone had not died—last week, or last month, or last year, or many years ago—not one ! "

" My sister," said the Master very gently and very kindly, " thou hast learnt the sad lesson I wished to teach thee. No ! there is no cure for death. Some time or other every living being dies. I would indeed give my life for the life of thy child, if that would bring him back to life. But this would be in vain.

" The whole world grieves with thee for the loss of some loved one who has died. I, too, grieve for thee, my sister. These many moons I seek how to comfort the grief of the world, but not yet have I found out the way. Go and bury thy child."

Now not far from his cave there was a great company of Yogis in the jungle, men who thought that by inflicting pain on themselves they would grow holy and win salvation and homes in everlasting bliss when they died. They thought that their bodies were their deadly foes and should be tortured in every way. Some stood for years with arms unlifted, till they lost all power and looked like the withered branches on a tree. Some clenched their fists and never opened them, till their nails grew through their palms and came out on the backs of their hands. Some walked on sandals with spiked nails which pierced the soles of their feet. Some lay on boards with nails jutting out of them ; some gashed their bodies all over with sharp stones or knives ; some stood on one leg while the other withered up.

Some were smeared with ashes or dirt; and some wore rags, while others wore no clothing at all. They seemed indeed to be a grievous crowd, their eyes bleared, their bodies shrivelled, their faces haggard; starved, miserable, scarcely men, yet none of them uttered any cry—they stood or sat or lay in silence.

One day Siddārtha went among them and spoke to



SIDDĀRTHA ARGUES WITH THE ASCETICS
(From a sculpture at Gandhara)

one of them. "Much-suffering sir," he said, "for many months I have dwelt on this hill, seeking for the truth, and trying to find a way to end the pain and the suffering I see all around me in the world. But here I find you and so many of my brothers inflicting pain on yourselves. Is not pain an evil? Why do you add evil to evil? Have you no pity on yourselves? You seem to

look on pain as a good, not an evil. Is there not enough suffering? Why do you add to it?"

The Yogi made reply, "It is written in our holy books that if a man kills his body by hurting it he will purge away his sins and go to heaven." "And then," said Siddārtha, "what then? Will you live in bliss for ever?" "No," replied the Yogi, "that we do not know." "And do your gods endure for ever?" asked Siddārtha. "Oh no," said the Yogi, "only great Brahm endures for ever. The gods begin and live like men; they too change like men." "Then," said Siddārtha, "you are not sure how long your bliss will last; you do not even know how long your gods will last. All this pain and suffering you inflict on yourselves may end in a dream; and your bliss too may come to an end, if you ever get it. Your body is your house to live in—will you destroy your own house? Your body nourishes your soul—will you starve your soul and give it pain?"

"Well," cried the Yogi, "know, O Rajput, that we have chosen this path and will tread it till the end. If you can show us a better way, declare it; if not, peace go with you."

Then Siddārtha left them, and as he passed through the fields he saw the flowers and the birds, and to them he cried, "O flowers of the field, ye are happy and do not try to hurt yourselves! O birds of the air, ye sing and are full of joy; none of you hates its own life and tries to hurt itself. Only man does this; even the wild beasts in the jungle never inflict pain on themselves, each tries to enjoy its life as it can and to live as long as it can. But man not only inflicts pain on himself, but kills and tortures all other animals, and thinks to please the gods while he does this."

While Siddārtha was full of these thoughts he met a large flock of white goats and black sheep coming along the road, driven by their shepherd. Among them there was a sheep with two lambs. One skipped and played as it went, but the other lamb had hurt its foot and limped painfully along. The mother was in great distress. When Siddārtha saw this, he took up the limping lamb upon his neck, saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace, I will go with you, and carry your lamb for you; it will be as good for me to ease one beast of grief as to sit in my cave and think over the sorrows of the world." As they went along he asked the shepherd why he drove his flock towards the city at noonday in the heat of the scorching sun, and not in the cool of the evening. He replied that he had been ordered to take a hundred sheep and a hundred goats to the King, to be slain that night as a sacrifice to his god.

Thus they entered the city side by side, just as the sun was setting. When the townsmen saw the strange sight, the holy rishi from the hill bearing the lamb on his shoulder, and walking along with the sheep and the goats, they all stopped their work and gazed at him, for he seemed to them like a god, there was such awful pity in his eyes, as he moved on with such meekness and yet such majesty. But he paced on, lost in meditation, thinking, "Alas for all my sheep which have no shepherd, wandering in the night with none to guide them, bleating blindly like these goats and sheep around me, as they go to meet the knife of death. At least I will save the lives of these poor beasts."

Then one told the King that a holy hermit was coming,

bringing the flock he had ordered to crown the great sacrifice.

King Bimbasara stood in his hall of offering. On either side of him were ranged the white-robed Brahmins muttering their mantras and feeding the fire which roared upon the great altar. There from scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame, hissing and curling upwards as they licked up the offerings of ghee and spices and the Soma juice. The altar ran with blood, and around there flowed streams of blood. Before it stood a long-haired spotted goat, its head bound back with sacred grass. In front there stood a priest, with his sharp knife just on the point of drawing it across the throat of the victim, saying, "This, dread gods, is the offering of Bimbasara; let the King's sins be laid upon this goat, and let the fire consume them, and the King held guiltless." As he said this, he held up his hand to slay the goat.

But Siddārtha stopped him with such an air of awful majesty that he stood amazed, while the Prince unbound the ropes which tied the goat, no one daring to stay him.

"Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life

Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
Nor, said he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood ; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood ;
Nor bribe them, being evil ; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that—
The fixed arithmic of the universe,—
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts ;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved ;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts."

Thus spake the Prince, with words so piteous and so weighty and so true that all who heard were converted to his way of thinking. All believed that what he said was true. The very priests were ashamed of their cruel deeds and of their slaughter of so many animals in sacrifice. They covered their hands, crimsoned with blood, with their garments. The King himself came forward and stood with clasped hands, doing reverence to the holy rishi clad in his yellow robe :

" While still the Prince went on, teaching how fair
This earth would be if living things were linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,

Bloodless and pure ; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters clear,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice ;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column : ' Thus the King's will is :—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful.'
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds.
On all those banks of Gunga where the Buddh
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech."

King Bimbasara asked the rishi who he was, and when he learned that he was a prince, son of Suddhodana, King of the Sākyas, he begged him to stay with him. He said he had no son, he would make him his heir, and marry him to a beauteous bride. But Prince Siddārtha replied that he had left his father and his kingdom and his own dear wife to seek the truth. " This I will do," he said, " till I find it. I go to Gaya and the forest shades, where I think the light will come to me. If I find it, then, O true friend of mine ! I will come back to you and tell you what I find." When he heard this the King walked three times round him, bent to his feet in reverence, and bade him go in peace.

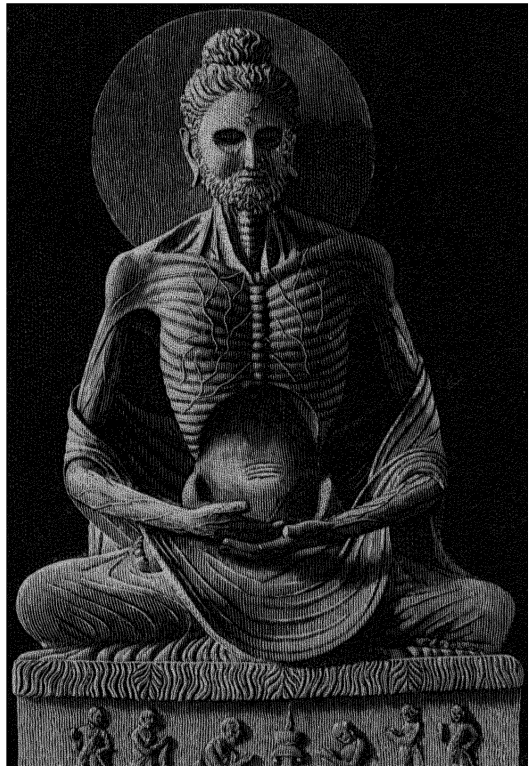
Then the Prince journeyed onwards, for not yet had he found peace. He was pale and weak with six years' fasting in his cave on the hill, in his quest for truth. Those who dwelt on the hill, the five ascetics, the rishis who were his friends, tried hard to make him stay on with them, living the same life, fasting and praying and meditating and reading the Shastras, the holy books. "They tell us," said the ascetics, "how Brahm is bodiless and actionless and passionless, calm, unchanging. He is indeed pure life, pure thought, pure joy. How can anyone know better than our Shastras, which tell us how man may strip off all passion and action, break from the bond of self and so become one with God, and rest in peace eternal where silence reigns, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, not even thinking, only being?"

The Prince heard what they had to say, but he was not comforted. Light did not come to him among the rishis, fasting and reading the Shastras. Not thus could he find peace.

6. Truth dawns on the Prince under the Bodhi Tree.

The Prince journeyed on and on through the forests, till at length he reached a village called Senani. Not far off there was a hill covered with thick trees. There he went, and there he dwelt many days musing over the woes of men, the ways of fate, the doctrines of the books, the lessons he had learned by observing nature, and the habits and lives of all living creatures, the secrets of the silence from which all come, and the secrets of the gloom

into which all go, the life which lies between birth and death. Moon after moon he sat in the wood, lost in



THE FASTING BUDDHA
(From a sculpture at Sikri)

thought so deep that he forgot even to eat or drink. His bowl was empty, for he had not gone down into the town where the village folk would gladly have filled it. Then

he would eat wild fruit and berries and slake his thirst on drops of dew. Then he grew paler and paler; he who was once the princely flower of all the land looked now like a withered leaf. At length one day the Prince fainted; he fell on the earth motionless, and looked like one who was dead. But a shepherd boy came that way and saw him lying on the ground, in the hot sun. The boy cut down some boughs from the trees and put them in the ground so as to shade his head and face. Then he poured some drops of milk into his lips, from a leathern bottle which he carried. He dared not let his bottle touch the lips of the holy man, as he seemed, for he was of low caste. Then, wonderful to say, the boughs took root in the ground and burst into bushes covered with leaves and flowers. When the shepherd boy saw this he knelt down and worshipped him, thinking he must be a god.

The Prince, refreshed by the milk, opened his eyes, and seeing the boy standing there with his milk-bag, asked him to let him drink a little milk out of it, but the boy said, "Ah, my lord, I cannot do that, for I am a Sudra, and my touch or the touch of my bottle would defile you." Then the Prince replied:

"Pity and need
Make all men kin. There is no caste in blood
Which runneth of one hue; neither came man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on his brow
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doth ill deeds is vile.
Give me to drink, my brother."

Then, as the Prince lay there, the thought came into his mind that he might die, for all strength had left him.

"Alas," he thought, "I have not yet discovered how to bring peace to the world. I have not yet found the truth; the light has not come to me. I have wasted my body in vain. I must regain some strength if I am to do the task for which I was born. But I have no strength even to rise from the earth."

Now, in the village by the river dwelt a landholder, pious and rich, master of many fields and many herds of cattle. Kind he was and good, the friend of all the poor, and the village was named after him, Senani. His wife, named Sujāta, was a pearl among women; simple and kind was she, gentle and true, noble of mien, with gracious speech to all. Her looks were gladsome, for she was happy, and she was happy because she was good.

But one thing she wanted to make her happiness perfect—she had no son. She had prayed to Lakshmi, had walked round the image of the goddess nine times nine, and had made many offerings of rice and wreaths of white jessamine and sandal at every full moon, and had besought the Wood-god to hear her prayers, vowing that, if he would hear her prayer, she would present before his shrine a gift the most perfect she could make, food fit for a god, set in a bowl of gold. This she had done for many moons, and at last her prayer was heard. She had a son.

When the boy was three months old she made ready the food to present to the Wood-god according to her vow. On her hip she held the babe, wrapped in her crimson sāri, with one hand. With the other hand, uplifted high, she held steady on her head the golden bowl with the food she had carefully prepared as her offering. In front went her maid-servant Rādha to sweep clean the ground before the shrine.

As the two women drew near to the shrine, Rādha came running back and cried eagerly to her mistress, "Ah, dear Mistress! look! There is the Wood-god sitting in his place, with his hands folded on his knees. He has revealed himself to us. This is our good fortune, granted to few, to see the Wood-god himself. How mild he looks! Yet how godlike and how great! What heavenly eyes he has! What divine pity and goodness there is in his look!"

This was Siddārtha, who was sitting up under the boughs of the trees which had been put up by the shepherd boy to shield him from the burning rays of the sun.

"So—thinking him divine—Sujāta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, 'Would that the Holy One
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Showing himself now in person, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh-made,
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!'
Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled
Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal
So wondrous was the virtue that the Buddh
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,

Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sujāta worshipped, seeing the Prince
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright :
' Art thou indeed the God ? ' she lowly asked,



SUJĀTA WORSHIPS SIDDĀRTHA, TAKING HIM FOR THE WOOD-GOD
(From a sculpture at Gandhara)

' And hath my gift found favour ? '
But he said,
' What is it thou dost bring me ? '
' Holy one ! '
Answered Sujāta, ' from our droves I took
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.

That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
In silver lotas, adding rice, well grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I with true heart, because I vowed
Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy,
I would make offering for my joy, and now
I have my son and all my life is bliss!' "

Then Siddārtha laid his hand on her head and blessed her. " Long be thy bliss," he said, " and lightly fall on him the load of life. Thou hast helped me, my sister, who am no god, but one, thy brother, heretofore a prince, but now a wanderer seeking, night and day these six hard years, to find that light which somewhere shines to lighten all men's darkness, if they could but see it. Even now it seems to dawn on me, after eating that delicious food. Thou, dear sister, dost not seem sad, but happy. Canst thou tell me why? What is the secret of thy happiness? "

Then Sujāta, bending low before him in worship, for she felt that there was something godlike about him, said, " I am only a humble wife, my lord. I find happiness in doing my duty to my husband and in the smile of my baby. I pass my life in my household cares from sunrise, when I wake to praise the gods; then I give out grain and set my housemaids to their tasks. This I do till noon; then I sing to my husband and fan him to sleep. Then I go on with my household duties till evening and it is time for the evening meal. I stand by my husband's side and serve him with food. When the stars light their silver lamps for sleep, I go to the temple to worship God and to talk to my friends whom I meet

there. Why should I not be happy, blessed so much! And now I have borne a son to lead his father to Swerga, the home of the good, after death.

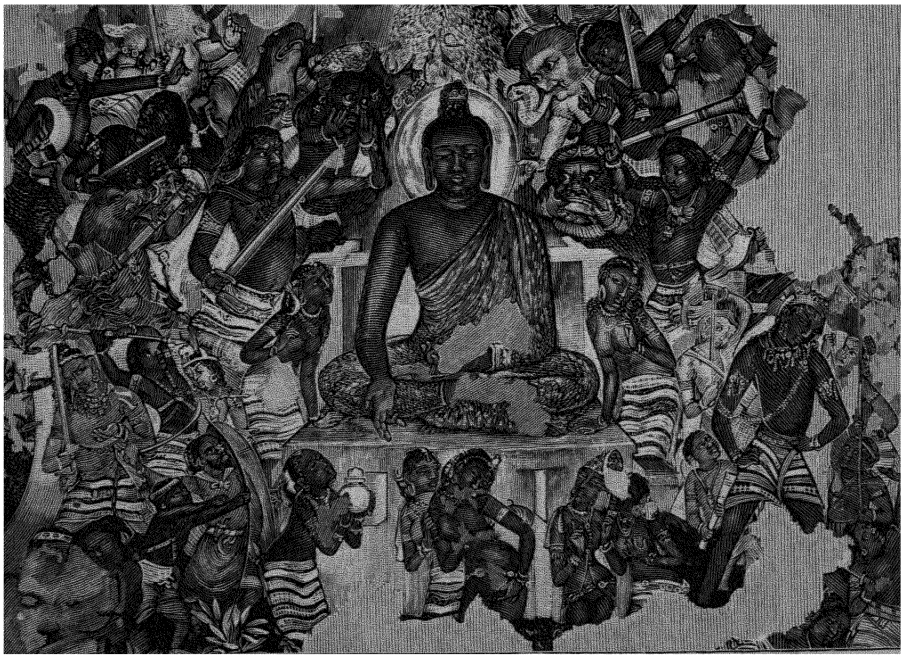
" ' For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil —surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a " Then " as " Now " ?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds.'

What good I see, I humbly seek to do, to live obedient to the law, trusting that what will come, and must come, shall come well." The Prince replied: " Thou teachest those who teach, wiser art thou than wisdom, in thy simple knowledge! Be thou content to know no more, knowing, as thou dost, the way of right and duty. Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee, excellent

heart, thou who unknowingly knowest so much! Peace go with thee and comfort all thy days."

Then she departed, her baby holding out his little arms towards the holy man who spoke so kindly, with such love in his look. But Siddārtha now arose, strengthened by the wonderful food he had eaten. He went on in the forest to where a great tree grew. It was in after ages known as the *Bodhi* tree, because under it Prince Siddārtha obtained *Buddhi* or Knowledge or Wisdom, and was styled *Buddha*, *i.e.* the Wise. Here, seated in the shade of this tree, the light came to him. It is said that the wild creatures of the jungle, the tiger, the bear, the panther, stood still as he passed to the tree and gazed at him, while the birds sang their sweetest songs to welcome him. All nature seemed to rejoice.

Then the shades of evening fell and night wrapped the land in darkness. The powers of darkness, headed by Mara, the Prince of Darkness, who all hate the light, hate truth, and hate goodness, gathered together from all quarters to tempt Buddha, to shake his mind, and to keep the truth and the light from him. The armies of demons first tried to terrify him, with dreadful thunder, with flashes of vivid lightning, and with dreadful sounds and sights. But Buddha remained firm and fearless. Then the demons changed their forms. They became beautiful maidens and sang songs of wonderful sweetness to tempt him to listen to them and so forget his work. But Buddha did not even hear them, so fixed was his mind on his quest for truth. Then they offered him power, kingdoms, and thrones; but all was of no avail. Mara even offered to make him one of the gods, "who change not, heed not, strive not."



TEMPTATION OF BUDDHA BY MARA. (From Cave I, Ajanta)

But Buddha heard him not. Then came the deadliest temptation of all. Buddha saw what seemed the form of sweet Yasōdhara, her dark eyes brimming with tears, her arms stretched out towards him. Sighing she said, "My Prince, I am dying for you. Come back to me, oh, come back before I die." But Buddha was not deceived. Full well he knew that the form he saw was a demon and not his wife. "Flee, false shadow," he exclaimed, "back to thy dark abode!" Then the shape vanished. In the third watch of the night the hellish legions fled. Buddha was left alone.

Yet no one knows, no, not even the wisest, whether all these dreadful sights and sounds which Prince Siddārtha saw and heard were really outward things and beings or whether they were the imaginings and the thoughts of his own heart, as he sat there in deep meditation, lost to all that was without, so that he really seemed to hear and to see the demons and the devils that appeared to swarm around him. But by the force of his will he overcame them all. He came back to consciousness, feeling that he had conquered them all, all doubts and fears. His mind was now clear, and deep calm came over him. The great Peace that he had longed for now seemed to have come at last. The light in his mind grew brighter and brighter.

Then, as he sat on the ground with his back against the tree, the truth came slowly into his mind. It seemed as if it had been there always. He had sought it in the outward world, in the forest, among men, in the holy books, from the Brahmans, the Rishis, the Shastras, but not there could he find the truth. But here it was at last, in his own mind. How it got there he could not tell.

For some time he had felt that it was coming. Faint glimmerings there had been. Glimpses came and went. Then, as he sat under the Bodhi tree, the light, faint at first, grew stronger and stronger, till at last his mind grew full of light. He became enlightened. He became BUDDHA.

As the hellish legions fled, in the third watch of the night, all his doubts and fears vanished. A great calm came over him. A great peace filled his soul. Then the light dawned.

"He saw
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken
The line of all his lives in all the worlds,
Far back and farther back and farthest yet,
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
His path wind up by precipice and crag,
The cataract, the cavern and the pool,
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he came
To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
How new life reaps what the old life did sow:
How where its march breaks off new march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;

Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone."

In this wonderful vision he saw his own past lives in past ages, one after another, and saw the secrets of life and death, the reasons for pain and disease and all the ills which had filled him with such sadness; he saw that no life on earth is complete, that earthly life is only one stage, one step in the life of man, that his real life began long before he was born, and does not end with death, but goes on by a new birth into another life.

Then with clear mind and enlarged knowledge, as the Prince gazed up into the skies, now filled with shining stars, the whole universe unfolded itself to him. He saw into the infinities of space; he saw farther than he had ever seen before, far farther than any man had ever seen. His keen sight

"Ranged far beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one, yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,

Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life and darkling dies.
Onward and onward, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use."

So the Prince passed the third watch of the night, gaining full knowledge of the universe. In the next watch he saw through the secret of pain and sorrow and grief which afflict all men born of woman; he saw why there is evil in this world, the puzzle which has perplexed all thinking men in all ages. He saw that in this life nothing is real, nothing lasts long, the whole world is *māya*, illusion, a dream, an empty show. In life every joy has some sorrow attached to it, like a shadow; every pleasure has a pain attached to it, so that if there were no earthly joy there would be no sorrow, if there

were no pleasure there would be no pain. Yet every man desires pleasure, every man seeks to enjoy himself, and therefore every man must suffer pain. He saw

> " How Sorrow is
> Shadow to life, moving where life doth move ;
> Not to be laid aside until one lays
> Living aside, with all its changing states,
> Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
> Being and doing."

Then man, who knows all this, conquers the *desire* for pleasure ; he sees that *desire* is the source of all pain, all grief. What do men desire ?

> " Pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
> Praise, fame, domination, conquest, love,
> Rich food and robes, fair abodes, and pride
> Of ancient lines, and a wish for length of days, and strife
> To live long and happily."

None of these things lasts, none is perfect, each brings with it, or after it, some sorrow, some pain, some grief, often some sin. Any man who thirsts for life *must* endure the sorrows of life and the pains of life. The wise man trains his firm mind

> " To seek not, strive not, wrong not."

Meekly he bears all ills which come on him from evil thoughts or actions done by himself thoughtlessly in this birth or in some former birth, and subdues all desire for empty joys and pleasures, so that at last he ceases to have any desires. Then,

> " All the sum of ended life—
> The *Karma*—all that total of a soul

Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
The ' Self ' it wove,
Grows pure and sinless ; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
In new existence that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus ' finishing the Path ' ; free from Earth's cheats ;
Released from all the trammels of the flesh ;
Broken from earthly ties—for ever saved
From whirling on the wheel ; aroused and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad !—
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed NIRVANA sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes ! "

Now indeed the Prince had ended his quest. He was no longer Siddārtha, Prince of the Sākyas. He was BUDDHA, the Enlightened, the Wise. Then he arose and gazed on the sun.

" Lo ! the Dawn
Sprang with Buddh's Victory ! lo ! in the East
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.
High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson ; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold

Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutation ; darting beams of gold
Into the glades ; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby ; in the brake
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying ' It is day ' ; in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering, ' Children, praise the light of day ! '
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The köil's fluted song, the bulbul's hymn,
The ' morning, morning ' of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,
The never-finished love-talk of the doves."

7. The Buddha returns to his Home.

Seven long years had passed since the Prince Siddārtha had left his palace, his father King Suddhodana, and his wife Yasōdhara. To her had been born, shortly after he had departed, a son who had been named Rahula.

These years had been years of sadness for his father and his wife. Especially the sweet Yasōdhara knew no joy of life. She lived like a widow, for her prince was, to her, dead. Now and then a messenger had gone into the country round about, wherever he heard of some

holy sage living in the forest. Many a rishi the messenger had visited, but he was not the Sākya Prince. As the time passed and no news came, the lonely Princess grew more and more sad. Her face grew very pale, for she spent the days in weeping; her beautiful hair was hid under a cloth so that she looked like a widow. Her dress was of white cloth and she wore no ornament. Very slowly she walked, and seemed to care not for life. Indeed, she would have died of grief but for the faint hope she had, and very faint it was now, that her loved husband would one day return. And one person she had to love and to care for—her little son Rahula, now seven years old.

One day in the pleasant springtime, the season when the mango trees are in bud and the birds are singing sweetly, Yasōdhara went for a walk in the garden, taking with her the little boy Rahula. He was full of life and play, as he fed the gold-fishes in the lotus pools in the garden. Then suddenly one of her servant-maids ran up and cried, "Great Princess, a band of merchants from far-off Hastinpur have just arrived. They have brought with them many rare and costly things—rich cloth of gold, bowls of shining brass, boxes of ivory, jewels of every sort and kind, spices and scents and rare singing birds in cages, and oh, dear lady, they bring tidings of HIM, our lord Prince Siddārtha, the hope of all our land; they have seen him face to face, they have bent their knees to him in worship, for he has become a great teacher, a holy rishi, honoured by all men, a *Buddh*, who, they say, with sweetest speech and pity vast as heaven, looks indeed divine, and these merchants say that he is even now on his way here."

When these words fell on the ears of Yasōdhara she

went almost mad with joy; she danced and clapped her hands, and laughed and cried in turn. Then she said, "Oh, bring those merchants to me, for I long to hear their news myself. I will fill their girdles with gold and costly gems. You too, my girl, who have brought me these joyful tidings, come with them, for you shall have gifts and gold."

Then the merchants went to the palace of the Princess, wondering at the beauty of the place; they went in and stood outside the purdah, while Yasōdhara talked to them from within. "Have you seen my lord, fair sirs?" she cried. "Is it true that he has become a Buddh, holy and world-honoured, and is he coming here? Oh, tell me if this is so. Tell me what you have seen and heard. Tell me all about my lord. These many years he has left me. I have been as one dead. Now I am alive again. I can scarcely speak for joy. Oh, tell me, my friends, quickly, quickly."

"Then answer made the merchants, 'We have seen
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; he who was lost a Prince
Is found a greater than a King of kings.
Under the Bodhi tree all through the night
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him—the Friend of all, the Prince of all.
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted far above all earthly woes,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.
Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves

Troop to the wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence :
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

When she heard these words, which she drank in as the thirsty earth drinks in the dew from heaven, she said, " It is good news, worthy sirs. Be it well with you, now and at all times ! But can you tell me how all this happened ? What do men say about it ? "

Then the chief merchant told her what they had heard from the country folk, for everybody, they said, was talking about it. Truly it was a wonder such as living men had never heard of before. They could talk of nothing else. " It was a dreadful night," he said, " when the Prince became a Buddh. Men say that he fought all the powers of darkness and overcame them all. Then the glorious morning dawned, and he sat rejoicing under his tree. But for many days he pondered on the duty which lay before him. He, indeed, was happy, for he was a Buddh. He had found wisdom. He saw through all things ; he knew all. But the world was still dark and sunk in ignorance and sin. Men knew not, cared not, had no hope ; no mind to see, no strength to break the chains which bound them. Should he leave them in their sin and misery, passing himself at once into Nirvana ? He felt that he could not do this. Then he seemed to hear a voice, as if the whole earth cried to him in its agony :

" ' *Surely I am lost, I am lost,*
I and my creatures.'

Then there was a pause and the same voice cried again :

" ' *O mighty one, preach thy great law.*'

"The Buddh heard the cry of the earth and at once he made up his mind. His way was clear; he saw what he had to do. He spoke aloud and the earth heard him:

"'*Yea! I preach!*
Whoso will listen, let him learn the law.'

"Then the Master arose, the great teacher who was to teach the world how to live, how to obtain peace. First he went to the holy city of Benares, where he chose



BUDDHA TEACHING THE LAW
(From a sculpture at Gandhara)

five of his followers, for many men followed him. These five disciples he taught the law, the secrets of life and death, how men have no fate except the fate which they themselves have made for themselves by their own acts in this birth and former births; there is no hell other than the hell each man makes for himself; there is no heaven other than the heaven each man makes for himself, and no heaven is too high for any man to reach by himself with no help from anyone else. Then he taught these truths to fifty-five nobles of the land, who all heard his words and followed him, and as

he walked through the land peace sprang up all round, all war and fighting ceased. Then he called out sixty more of his followers, holy men who had become perfect in patience, and had laid aside all worldly desire, and sent them forth to teach the way and the law.

"When he had done this he went on to the kingdom of Bimbasara, where he had been before. The King, his son, and all his people believed and learned the new law of love and how to live. And nine hundred men became monks and wore the yellow robe, as Buddha himself did, and went forth to spread the law—which was:

"'*Evil deeds are debts which must be paid,*
Good deeds pay for evil deeds.
Shun evil, follow goodness,
Rule yourself. This is the Way.'"

When the chief merchant had said this he was silent. Then Yasōdhara sent them rich gifts and asked them by what road the Buddha would come and how long it would take him.

"He comes," they replied, "by way of Rajagriha, which is about a month's journey away." The merchants then took leave of the Princess and departed.

When King Suddhodana heard the news, he sent nine trusty messengers to the country ruled by Bimbasara, one after another. Each of them was charged with the same message. He was to tell his son that his father, now seven years older than when his son had left him, begged him to return to take the throne and rule the realm of his father, lest he should die and see his face no more. Yasōdhara also sent nine nobles of the court, men who had been the playfellows of the Prince in his youth, to beg of him to come back to her and to his son

Rahula, who was part of himself, but whom he had not yet seen.

But when the messengers, the Sākya lords, reached the court of Bimbasara, one after another, and heard Buddha preaching and teaching his new law of love, each of them was so charmed by what he heard that he forgot his message, forgot his own King, forgot Yasōdhara, forgot everything and everybody, unable to speak a word, able only to gaze upon the Master and listen to his words. When King Suddhodana found that not one of his messengers returned, he called for the chief of his councillors named Udayi, who had been the playmate of Prince Siddārtha when he was a boy, and bade him take the same message, and to stop for nothing till he found him. When Udayi drew near and saw the messengers in the crowd listening to the words of the great teacher, he guessed the reason why they were so charmed, and he picked some cotton from the cotton trees that grew in the garden, and stuffed his ears full of it so that he might not come under the spell of the words of the Buddha like the other messengers. Then he went right up to the preacher and delivered his message, every word of it, as well as the message of the Princess Yasōdhara.

When he had heard the messages, Buddha meekly bowed his head and said before all the people, "Yes, I will go to my father, for it is my duty to do so, and it is my wish to do so. Let every man revere his parents who gave him being, so that he may live a pure and holy life, wiping out by good actions in this life the effect of evil actions done in former lives, and thus get nearer to the blessing of Nirvana when his *karma* is complete. Now I go to my father."

When the messengers heard this, they ran on in front to give the news to the King. When he heard the glad tidings he sent out orders to all the people to be ready to welcome their Prince. So the city of Kapilavastu was made ready; the streets were swept and watered, and leaves and flowers laid on them; a beautiful pavilion was raised at the south gate of the city, by which he would enter, with pillars and walls of silk and gold cloth;



YASŌDHARA GOES FORTH IN HER LITTER TO MEET HER LORD
(From a sculpture at Gandhara)

flags waved from the windows of every house, and elephants with silver howdahs and tusks tipped with gold were held in readiness, and troops of dancing girls were ordered to go forth and dance and sing as soon as they should hear the drums and trumpets announce the coming of the Prince.

But Yasōdhara, anxious to be the first to welcome her lord, got into her litter and was carried out in it, out of the south gate, along the southern road, right into the suburbs of the town where lived the base-born, the

untouchables, who could not approach the Brahman or the Kshatriya, for their touch would defile them. Yet even these poor and despised folk had got up early in the morning, and swept clean the ground in front of the cottages; and although they dared not go on the road, they stood in the doorways of their houses with smiling faces, while some climbed on the trees, to catch the first sight of the elephant on which, it was said, the Prince would ride into the city. Yasōdhara saw all this and it pleased her, but onward she went, and then stopped to look out for the Prince on his elephant. As she sat there, looking out of her litter, suddenly she saw

" One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,
With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
'Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?
But as he came with quiet footfall on

Nigh the pavilion, lo ! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasōdhara
Stood in his path crying, ' Siddārtha ! Lord ! '
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay."

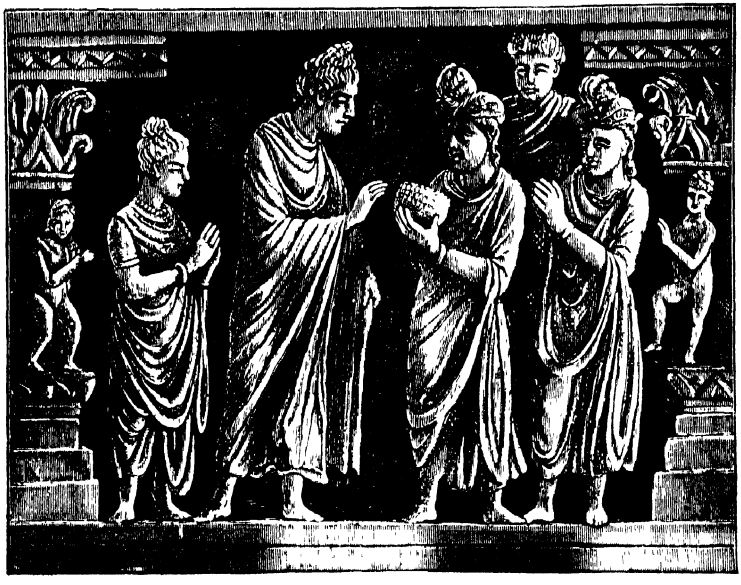
Tidings of all this soon reached the King. When he heard how his son, the Prince of the land, was coming to see him dressed like a beggar in a yellow robe, with his head shaven and a beggar's bowl in his hand, begging for food from outcasts, he grew furious. Filled with wrath, he mounted his war-horse and rode forth to meet him, his lords with him, through the crowded city. But when he met his son his heart went out towards him, for he loved him, especially when, with gentle eyes, his son gazed at him fondly, and then sank on his knee in reverence, as a son ought to do when he meets his father. He saw, too, the divine majesty and glory in his face, and noted how all men stood awed and silent before him. Nevertheless he said, " Is it come to this, that my noble son, Siddārtha, steals back into his own kingdom like a beggar ? Why does he not return in pomp and grandeur to his subjects, and his father and his wife, who have waited for him all these evil years ? Oh, my son, why is this ? What does it all mean ? "

" My father," replied the son, " this is the custom of my race."

" Thy race ! " exclaimed the King. " Thy noble Kshatriya race counts a hundred throned kings before thee, but none of them has ever done a deed like this ! "

" I speak not of a mortal line of descent," replied his son, " nor of earthly race, but of the race of Buddhas,

the Buddhas who have been and who shall be. Of them I am, and what they did I do; how they lived I live. In love and self-control, and doing of good, a Buddha is greater than any king who ever ruled. Now I come as a Buddha, to offer first to thee, my father,



KING SUDDHODANA TAKES HIS SON'S BEGGING BOWL TO CARRY IT
(From a sculpture at Gandhara)

with my deepest reverence, of the treasure of wisdom and of knowledge which I have found, even the holy law of love and of goodness which rules the universe, which I now teach and preach to all the world."

He said this with such majesty and with such love and such grace that the King was deeply moved. All anger left him. He dismounted from his horse and took the hand of his son, and so, hand in hand, father and son

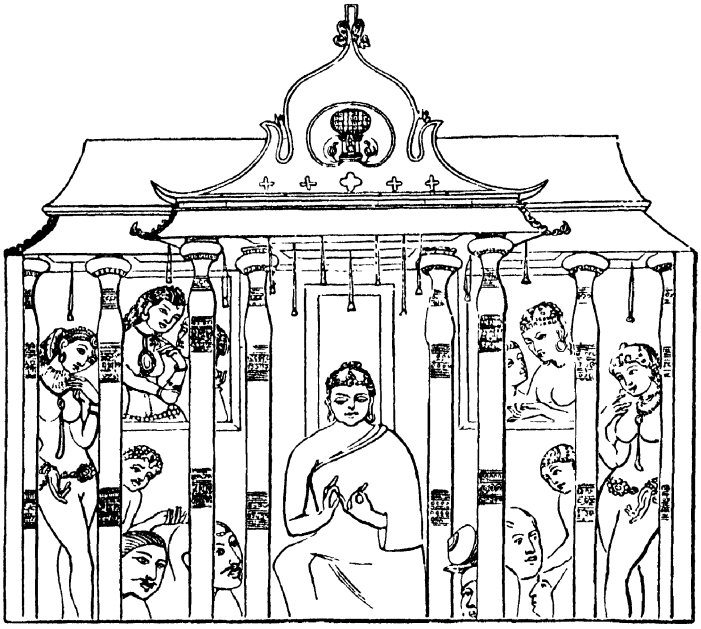
walked down the crowded street, the King holding his son's bowl in his hand, all men bowing to the ground as they passed, up to the palace. With them went Yasōdhara, and on the way Buddha told them his new law. They drank in his words, full of grace and wisdom, and before they slept that night King Suddhodana and the Princess Yasōdhara entered on the Path and became disciples and followers of the Buddha.

8. The Law of Buddha.

There in Kapilavastu, the city of the Sākyas, Buddha proclaimed his new law of love and wisdom, and taught men how to live and how to enter the heaven of Nirvana, the blest abode of eternal peace. It was in the evening. The King was there, and around stood the Sākya lords, and all the courtiers were behind. There, too, were the disciples of the Buddha, clad like their Master in yellow robes. At his feet sat sweet Yasōdhara, all her heartaches gone, swept away by the teaching of her lord; for she saw now in front of her that life which knows no age, and then the death when Death itself has died, and the blessed Nirvana hers for ever. As the Master spoke, right through the evening, the Night, it is said, stood still to listen. Night seemed like a goddess: the clouds were her hair in thick rolls, the stars were the pearls and diamonds in her crown, the moon was her forehead jewel, and deepening shades of darkness were her garments trailing along the skies. In the gardens, as far as eye could see, there stood a vast crowd of men of all castes and colours, listening eagerly to every word. So long his speech was, and so many were his words,

that they cannot be told here. They may all be read in the sacred books. But this is a little of what he taught.

The Shastras tell us that, first of all, there was dark-



BUDDHA PREACHING IN THE GARDEN
(Mrs. Manning's *Ancient India*)

ness, no light at all, only Brahm thinking, thinking, thinking. Yet I tell you that even before Brahm there was a POWER, but what that Power was no man can know, or think of, or dream of, for as far back as he can go in his thoughts there is something still behind. This is infinity, which has no beginning. Man is finite, and his mind is finite. Everything, he thinks, had some beginning; but here there was no beginning.

All we see or hear around us, we ourselves and the earth, and all the worlds and suns and stars, are changing, changing, changing—they have always been changing and will always change. Nothing lasts. All is *māya*, illusion, empty show—nothing real, nothing lasting.

Ah, my brothers and sisters, the gods are helpless to help you. Do not seek their aid by prayers and hymns and sacrifices and offerings. These are vain ; the help you seek lies in yourselves. Each man makes his own prison, brings pain and evil and death on himself by his own deeds. His own happiness, too, depends not on any favour of any god, but on himself alone, on his own deeds in this life or in some former life. The angels in heaven are now reaping the fruits of their own good deeds in the past. The devils in hell are now suffering the punishment for their own wickedness in some bygone age. He who now toils as a slave in misery and pain may in his next birth into this world be born a prince, because of his good deeds as a slave. And he who rules as a king may in his next life wander over the land as a slave in rags, because of things he has done or left undone. Life is a wheel that is ever turning. He who goes up the wheel to-day must go down the wheel to-morrow—he who goes down to-day will come up to-morrow. This is life. Not till a man ceases to live will he cease to turn. Not till he ceases to sin will he cease to live this mortal life.

Yet there is for man a way of escape. Do good, think good, then will you suffer no more but pass into blessed Nirvana, where there is no change, no whirling on the wheel.

Every man who sins hurts himself. The thief steals his own goods, for he steals away his own merit and

must suffer for it. He who kills another kills himself, and dreadful will his sufferings be in many births to come. He who does good to others is doing good to himself and drawing near to Nirvana, the heaven of heavens. He is cancelling the effect of some evil action, it may be, done in some former birth.

In the great account kept by *Dharma*, the great Law of the Universe, every action, good or bad, is written down; every word, even every thought, is noted. In that great Law pardon is not known; no man can suffer for another; the Law cannot be bribed; no offering, however costly, will make amends for any sin, however trifling; the blood of no beast offered in sacrifice can wipe out the slightest part of the debt; no man can atone for the sin of another man, or wash away the guilt of any sinner; the man who sins must die, and must himself pay for his sin. He cannot escape from the punishment due for his sin; he must pay his own debt. It may take ages to do it, but it must be done.

What a man sows he reaps. If you sow corn, you will reap corn; if you sow oil-seed, you will reap oil-seed. This is the eternal law. If you sow evil, you will reap evil; if you sow good, you will reap good.

He who shall day by day be merciful to all around, to man and beast; he who is holy all his life, and kind and loving and true; he who has ceased to desire earthly pomp and show, riches and high rank; he who is quite free from selfishness, who thinks not of himself but of others, who returns good for evil, such a man is free from guilt. At the end of his life he is like a debtor who has paid all his debts and owes no one anything. His *karma* is finished. He need not live again; he

will not die again. He is in perfect peace; he has earned rest; he has reached Nirvana.

Dharma, or the Law of Justice, is the great balance which weighs the actions of man. In one scale his good actions are put, in the other scale his evil actions. It is a perfect balance, far more exact than the balance used by any goldsmith. When all the good that a man does is exactly equal to all the evil that he has done in all the lives that he has lived, then the two scales are balanced. The man is without guilt; he need not live again; his spirit is pure; he enters Nirvana.

Then Buddha told them his Five Rules of Life. They were:

Firstly. Do not kill any living creature.

Secondly. Give freely and take anything that is offered you, but do not steal.

Thirdly. Do not lie, nor bear false witness, nor slander anybody.

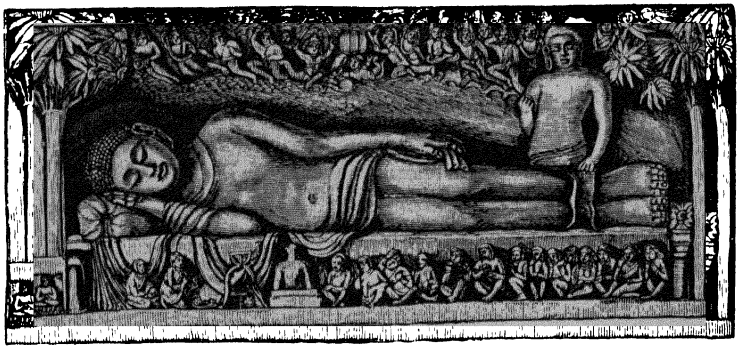
Fourthly. Do not touch strong drink nor drugs of any kind; keep your minds clear and your bodies clean.

Fifthly. Be pure in thought and word and deed.

For forty-five years after this, Buddha wandered over many lands with a band of followers, preaching and teaching. Then he passed into Nirvana. He taught men to live quiet and peaceful lives, not to indulge in luxuries nor to practise austerities, neither to fast nor to feast unduly, but to walk in his "middle path," keeping his "Five Rules of Life." Above all, he taught men not to hurt any living being. All wars ceased in the countries which followed his teachings. No sacrifices were offered in temples.

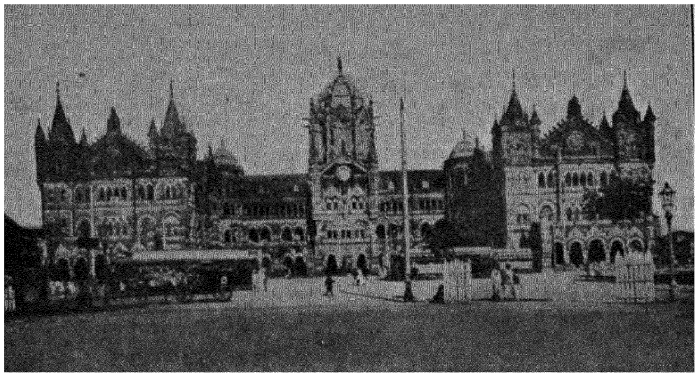
For those who wished to give themselves wholly

to a religious life, to be rishis like himself, he made special rules. They lived apart from the rest of the



THE BUDDHA IN NIRVANA
(From a fresco in the Caves of Ajanta)

world, in a *vikara* or monastery, often a cave on the side of a hill. Their only possessions were a yellow robe, a begging-bowl, and a staff. There were women called nuns, as well as men who were called monks. At this day there are numbers of them in Tibet and in Ceylon.



VICTORIA TERMINUS, BOMBAY

India Revisited.

1. NEW BOMBAY.

AUGUSTUS, who ruled the Roman empire about 2000 years ago, said of Rome, "I found it mud; I leave it marble," and the visitor to India after so long an absence as mine might justly exclaim, "I left Bombay a town of warehouses and offices; I find her a city of parks and palaces."

Even the main streets of business and traffic are considerably developed and improved, with almost more life and colour than of old. Crowds of Asiatics fill the bazaars and the chief mercantile thoroughfares. Nowhere could be seen a busier and brighter city life! Beside the endless crowds of Hindu, Guzerati, and Mahratta people coming and going—some in gay dresses, but most with next to none at all—between the rows of painted houses and temples, there are to be studied here specimens of every race and nation of the East. Arabs

from Muscat, Persians from the Gulf, Afghans from the Northern frontier, black shaggy Biluchis, negroes of Zanzibar, islanders from the Maldives and Laccadives, Malays, and Chinese push past Parsees in their sloping hats, with Jews, Lascars, fishermen, Rajputs, Fakirs, Europeans, Sepoys, and Sahibs. Innumerable carts, drawn by patient, sleepy-eyed oxen, thread their creaking way amid tram-cars, palanquins, and handsome English carriages. Familiar to me is this play of bright colours and these noisy crowds. But Hindu fashions and manners remain unchanged and unchangeable. Still, as ever, the population lives its accustomed life in the public gaze, doing a thousand things in the roadway, in the gutter, or in the little open shop, which the European performs inside his closed abode. The unclad merchant posts up his account of pice and annas with a reed pen upon long rolls of paper under the eyes of all the world. The barber shaves his customer, and cleans his ears, nostrils, and fingers on the side-walk. The shampooer cracks the joints and rubs and squeezes the muscles of his clients wherever they happen to meet together. The guru drones out his Sanskrit shlokes to the little class of brown-eyed Brahman boys ; the sitar-singer twangs his wires ; worshippers stand with clasped palms before the images of Rama and Parvati ; the beggars squat in the sun, rocking themselves to and fro to the monotonous cry of " Dhurrum " ; the bheesties go about with water-skins sprinkling the dust ; the slim, bare-limbed Indian girls glide along with baskets full of chupatties or " bratties " of cow-dung on their heads, and with small naked babies astride upon their hips. Everywhere, behind and amid the vast commercial bustle of modern Bombay, abides ancient, calm, conservative India, with

her unchanging customs and deeply rooted popular habits derived unbroken from immemorial days. And overhead, in every open space, amid quaint roof-tops, and rows of red, blue, or saffron-hued houses, the feathered crowns of the date trees wave, the sacred fig shelters the squirrel and the parrot, while the air is peopled with hordes of clamorous, grey-necked crows, and full of the "Kites of Govinda," wheeling and screaming under a cloudless canopy of sunlight. The abundance of animal life, even in the suburbs of this great capital, appears once more wonderful, although so well known and remembered of old. You cannot drop a morsel of bread or fruit but forty keen-beaked, sleek, daring crows crowd to snatch at the spoil; and in the tamarind tree which overhangs our verandah may at this moment be counted more than a hundred red-throated parakeets, chattering and darting, like live fruit, among the dark-green branches. India does not change!

One cannot be a day in this land without observing how the ancient worship of the cow still holds the minds of the Hindus. Those baskets of "bratties" (flat cow-dung cakes) are the established fuel of the country. The Banjaras are the only sect in British India which allow the cow to labour, and good Brahmans will feed a cow before they take their own breakfast, exclaiming, "Daughter of Surahbi, formed of five elements, auspicious, pure, and holy, sprung from the sun, accept this food from me. Salutation and peace!" Everything which comes from the cow is considered to be sacred and purifying—the droppings are plastered with water over the floors and verandahs of nearly all Hindu houses, and upon the cooking-places; the ashes of cow-dung are used. with colouring powders, to mark the foreheads,

necks, and arms of the pious. I observed this morning my hamal (bearer) reverently touch the compound cow as she passed him, when nobody was looking, and raise his hand to his mouth. He doubtless muttered the mantra, " Hail, O cow ! mother of the Rudra, daughter of the Vasu, sister of the Aditya ! " India does not change !

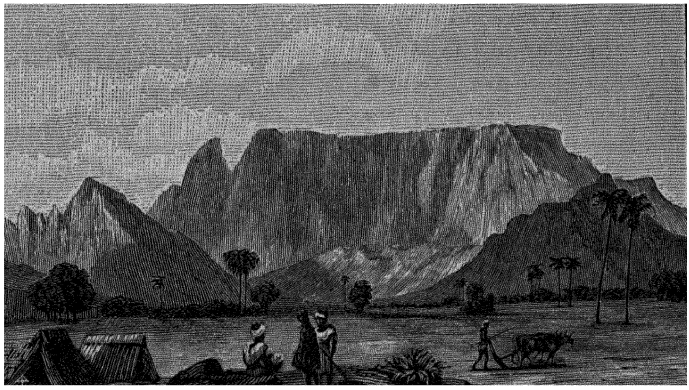
Yet, a visit yesterday at the house of a well-known Hindu gentleman showed me that certain social alterations are silently operating at this Indian metropolis. He was a remarkably advanced and enlightened Hindu, renowned for his freedom from prejudices ; but twenty years ago even this courteous and kindly personage could not have received me in his mansion as he now did. Meeting us at the door of his house, in spite of feeble health, he led the ladies of our party up his staircase to the drawing-room, where they were at once joined by the wife and daughters of the Hindu knight. These amiable Indian ladies could talk English perfectly, chatted on ordinary matters, on ladies' dress, and on their colours, and in all respects observed our own manners, except that at the close of our visit they presented to their English friends deliciously fragrant bunches of roses and jasmine, and offered the aromatic *pan supâri* (betel-nut) and the rose-water. Later on in the same day we again met the daughters and sons of our host at a " musical afternoon " given in a large house on Malabar Hill by a Parsee gentleman. Here there were assembled in a really magnificent pillared hall, paved with white and blue marble, some eighty or a hundred of the leading members of Parsee, Hindu, and Mohammedan society, including at least forty Indian ladies. A number of English officials of high rank and other residents

mingled with the large Indian party on perfectly easy and equal grounds, but no London drawing-room could have presented a scene so bright in colour and character. The Parsee and Hindu ladies—many of them personally most charming in appearance, and all gentle and graceful in demeanour—wore lovely dresses of every conceivable hue: rose colour, amber, purple, silver, gold, azure, white, green, and crimson. A Guzerati girl in red and gold sang "The Last Rose of Summer," with great skill, to the piano played by her sister; and then a ring of Parsee maidens, in flowing silk robes and dark glossy tresses, chanted a "song-circle," softly singing in chorus, and beating time with their hands, while they moved gracefully round and round in a ring. The music ended with "God Save the Queen," quite correctly sung in their own language by a number of these Indian maidens; and after refreshments had been handed round, chaplets of flowers and little balls of rosebuds and the fragrant champa buds were distributed, and the well-pleased company separated by the light of innumerable oil lamps set among the shrubs and trees of the compound. Assuredly such a gathering is a great and signal token of the increasing friendship arising between the races; nor could anything be calculated more to impress and gratify a fresh observer coming back, after many bygone years, to modern Bombay.

The new municipal institutions of Bombay are also very notable. In that collection of handsome and spacious halls called the "Crawford Market," fish, flesh, vegetables, flowers, fruit, and general commodities are sold in separate buildings, all kept in admirable order and cleanliness, and all opening upon green and shady gardens. The Hindu or European housewife finds

printed lists affixed at the gates giving the day's prices. The quotations are given for cocoa-nuts, plantains, pomegranates, and limes—for meat, poultry, and green stuff; and numbers of bright-eyed naked Hindu boys attend each customer, with basket on head, eager to carry their purchases. Great as the morning heat was when we strolled through the crowded thoroughfares of this fine market, everything seemed fresh and clean. In the side-walks of the place Persians with white bushy-tailed cats for sale, bird-catchers with quails and snipe, jungle people with monkeys and wild animals, pitch their little camps; and on all sides there seemed evidence of plentiful supplies and general well-doing. In fact, the population of Bombay, to judge from the streets and marts, are well employed, well fed, and contented, with few beggars about and perfect public order. Here and there, under the walls of a temple or bridge, will be seen rows of beggars, exhibiting their deformed limbs or diseased bodies as a means of livelihood; and strings of blind people, led by a sharp-sighted lad, go about in the morning from shop to shop, asking for the pice, or handful of grain, which is seldom refused by the charitable Indian. But there seems little general poverty in the busy ways, and its death-rate at the present moment would be considered good even for a European city.

2. The Ghauts and Poona.



Flat-topped Syhadri Hills in the Deccan

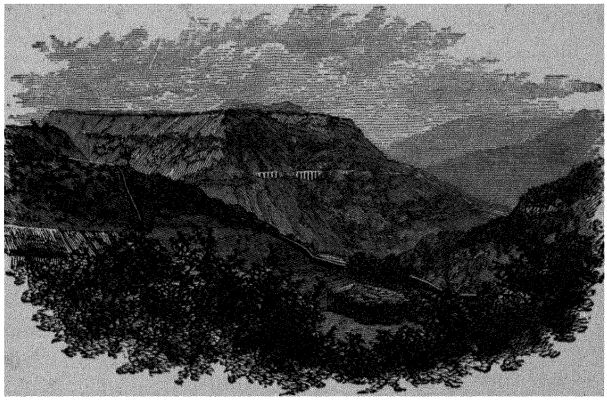
That section of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway which runs from Bombay to the capital of the Mahratta country is as interesting as any hundred miles of iron road in the world. Leaving Byculla Station, the train rushing through groves of date and cocoa palms, amid temples, mosques, and churches ; dyeing-grounds spread with acres of new-dipped brilliant silks and calicoes ; by burning-ghauts and burying-places ; by mills, stone-yards, and fish-drying sheds, through herds of wandering brown sheep and grey goats, droves of buffaloes and kine, and great throngs of busy people : all these combine into a continuous picture. Crossing an inlet of the sea, the line next coasts the island of Salsette and arrives, past many a low-roofed village and tangled patch of jungle, at Tanna. Here the outlying spurs of the Syhadri

Mountains—coloured red and black, and capped with extraordinary square rocks, like walled fortresses, or domes and pinnacles constantly resembling temples—shut in the sea-flat upon which the town stands ; and we come to a spot where, with natural beauty on all sides, the thickets on the hills shelter tigers and panthers, and the water swarms with alligators. Of late years these wild creatures have been largely evicted by sea and land, and even the pretty striped palm squirrel—whose back is marked with Parvati's fingers—and the green parakeets with rosy neck-rings are becoming rare in places which once abounded with them.

The town of Tanna is interesting historically. Portuguese, Mahrattas, and British have fought stoutly for these rich fields and tree-clad hill-sides, and in the old fort here was once confined Trimbukji, the wily minister of Baji Rao, last of the Peishwas or Deccan kings. That famous chief was under guard in Tanna, watched by a strong force of European soldiers ; but a Deccanee groom, pretending to exercise a horse beneath the prison walls, managed, while singing a Mahratta song, to convey to Trimbukji, by the words of his loudly chanted ballad, all the information necessary to enable the prisoner to know where and when the fleet horses would be waiting, which the same night carried him away. Next, crossing to the mainland, the railway proceeds along the banks of a creek—lined with palm groves, mangoes, and fig trees, and peopled with snowy egrets and flocks of the green bee-eaters—to Callian, which was in far-away times a very large and flourishing place, and the abode, among other ancients, of Chânakya, the teacher of King Sandrocottus or Chandra-gupta. In the *Ratna-Mâlâ*, or " Jewel-wreath," it is written how, in the time of Vikram,

A.D. 696, " the capital city, Kalyan, lies full of the spoils of conquered foes, of camels, horses, cars, elephants. Jewellers, cloth-makers, chariot-builders, makers of ornamental vessels, reside there, and the walls of the houses are covered with coloured pictures. Physicians and professors of the mechanical arts abound, as well as those of music, and schools are provided for public education."

By this time the vast wall of the Syhadris—black in



THE BHOR GHAUT, BOMBAY TO POONA

the sunrise and golden in the sunset—is closely approached. Many a striking mountain mass appears along this great barrier which runs north and south for two hundred and twenty miles, affording only two breaks in all the extent of the continuous range where a cart-road or railway could be constructed—the Bhor and the Tal Ghauts. At Kurjat the railway boldly attacks this enormous obstacle, beginning to climb aloft by a zigzag route of sixteen miles from the steaming Concan

up to the breezy Deccan. In that distance the powerful engines lift the train nearly two thousand feet, diving into tunnels, rushing into dark cuttings, amid scenery alternately terrible and lovely, which now presents fair and far-stretching plains, dotted with rice-fields and villages, and now abysses of awful depth, down which we gaze a thousand feet, awed yet charmed by the combination of gloomy rock and gleaming verdure, of streams trickling or foaming through the bottom of the lonely glens, and solitary hamlets half hidden by palms. Emerging at last on to level ground, a bungalow is seen perched upon the utmost edge of the very wildest crag of the range. The garden wall of this singular abode rises over a ravine fifteen hundred feet deep, which used to be the haunt of numberless tigers, leopards, bears, and other forest animals. Wolves, wild boar, and the great Indian deer called "bara-singh," or "twelve-horns," are still comparatively common throughout the brink of the table-land, which here brings us into the plateau of Central India, upon the wide maidans and rocky flats of Maharashtra, the "Great Kingdom," the Deccan of the Peishwas. In this region—familiar enough to myself in bygone years—our train still rushes along under the shadows of the quick-falling night, until Poona is reached, and we descend, in clouds of dry, white, fragrant Indian dust, at the capital of the Mahrattas.

A drive next day about the cantonments and a walk through the bazaars serve to disclose how little India changes amidst all the alterations which have come with British rule. Twenty-three years will naturally make a difference alike in men and cities, and Poona in that period has become a much larger and handsomer station. Maidans, which once stretched without a tree or hut to

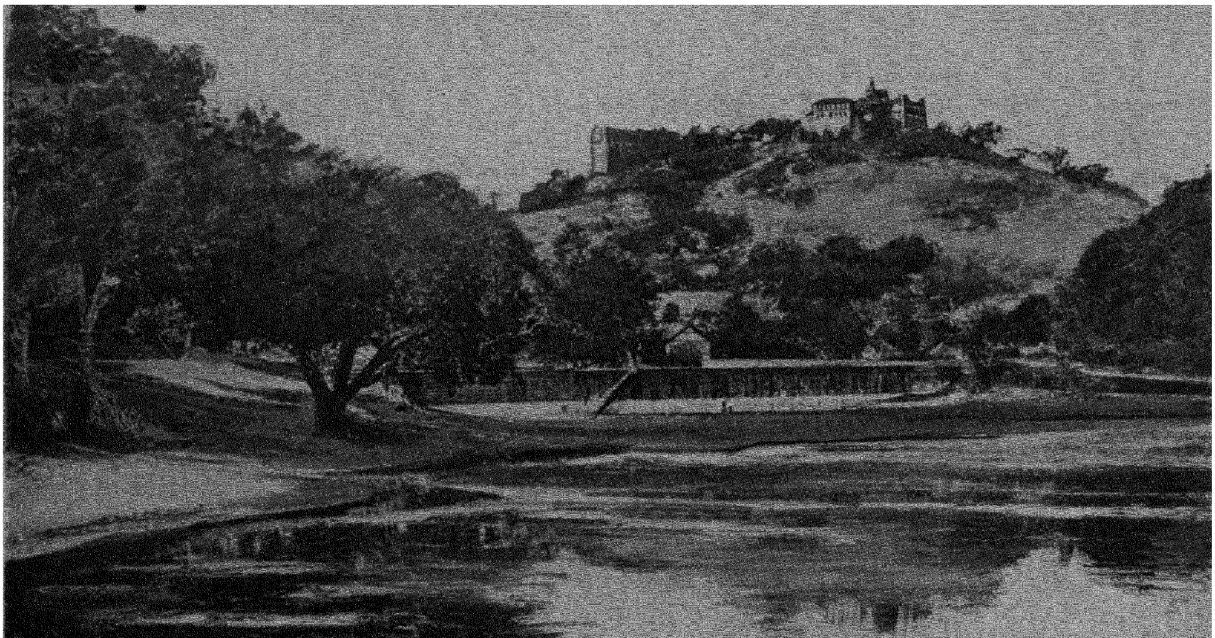
the feet of the flat hills, are now covered with bungalows and gardens ; a fine new bridge spans the river, and my ancient College of the Vishrambagh has been replaced by a magnificent new edifice beyond the Bund, where the Brahman students find lodging as well as tuition. A charming public garden overlooks the water, where fields of bajri and jowari once harboured quail ; and all the suburbs outside the city have been so transformed that I must confess to have wandered wholly lost amidst the new roads and houses, unable to find the spot where I once lived until after considerable search. The city itself, however, remains almost exactly what it was a quarter of a century—or, indeed, a century—ago. The same picturesque crowd of Brahmans, Purbhoos, Mahrattas, Koombies, Gosaeins, Banias, bright-eyed women, and naked brown babies fills the narrow lanes and the great bazaar of the Moti-chouk. The same painted house-fronts open their little shops—with the merchant squatting amid his small commodities—to the chattering street. There still are the old temples in full swing ; Nandi the stone-bull is staring, as always before, into the open corner of the potters' quarter, where Siva sits in red and gold under his canopy of snake-heads. Round the great red Lingam in the next street on the right hand used to be ranged in succession a sweetmeat shop, a dyer's shed, a tobacco-stall, and a store for the sale of purple and green glass bangles. We turn, and there they are, the little shops, son succeeding father in the usual Hindu fashion, so that he who comes in the same way after another quarter of a century's absence will probably find the next generation of Poona dealers keeping up in the same abodes the same settled business. Here and there fire has destroyed some well-remembered

building, and the outer square court of my pleasant old Vishrambagh lies, alas! in ruins. We enter, and pass up the familiar stairs into the familiar *diwan-khana* (hall), its windows looking out as ever through the carved teak columns and graceful arches, upon the palms and plantains still waving over the same stone tanks. Underneath the College walls the same potter, so it seems, is banging a *gindi* (earthen pot) into the usual shape, who was at work upon it in 1861; and the same women—one would almost say—are beating their wet clothes upon the slabs by the well, or pouring lotas (pots) of water over their comely bodies. An old gatekeeper of the College—not so much older than he used to look, notwithstanding these many years—makes many salaams, and "Sadhoo" presently brings up other people of the quarter who recognise the former "Principal." A good many well-remembered faces have, however, quitted this world of illusions for "Swarga." Krishna Shastri is dead, Kero Punt is dead, Baba Gokhley is dead! The list is long and sad, but the quiet, happy life of my little quarter goes on, and things are generally pretty well with everybody.

Then we visit the grand new College, which has replaced that ancient Mahratta Palace where I taught my Brahmans and Parsees; and find, with a certain feeling of envy, mixed with satisfaction, Gunpati, the God of Wisdom, much better lodged now than in the days when education was beginning in the Deccan. The Persian Professor and the Acting-Principal show us the halls and lecture-rooms of their imposing edifice, which stands finely amid an extended prospect stretching from the battlefield of Kirkee to Koregaon, beyond the "Sister-hills." The same afternoon is fixed for a little expedition

to Hira Bagh, the "Diamond Garden," and to the temple of Parvati, which takes us again through the unchanged, unchanging Hindu city. The vegetation of the Deccan is seen to perfection in this pretty retreat, where sacred fig trees and palm clumps, bamboos and tamarinds, mangoes and the gold-flowering baubul make a delicious shade. As we wander by the large lake, covered with Indian rushes and aquatic plants, a brown and white snake slips from beneath our feet into the clear water, and swims quickly away to the shelter of a ruined wall. This silent presence everywhere of deadly serpents in India gives a watchful feeling to the wanderer about her groves and buildings. They turn up just when you expect them least. Last week, at Malabar Hill, a resident, sitting in his verandah, heard a rustling beneath his chair and, taking the sound for his little dog's movement, snapped his fingers under the seat, calling the animal. Nothing answering, he looked and, to his horror, saw two cobras there dallying with his suspended palm. All the same, one may sometimes pass half a year without ever seeing a snake; but how really awful is the power of their fangs may be judged from the fact that, between 1875 and 1880, 103,000 persons died from snake-bite in British India, and 1,073,546 poisonous reptiles were killed for the Government reward. It is a curious fact that you may boil snake poison without diminishing its venomous properties, which seems to prove that there are no germs in it. Permanganate of potash, however, renders it quite inert.

Parvati's Hill, with the renowned temple on its summit, overlooks the "Diamond Garden." A long and winding flight of spacious stairs leads up to the shrine, so gradual that mounted elephants can quite easily



PARVATI'S TEMPLE AND HILL, POONA

carry visitors or pilgrims to the platform of the deity. Parvati, the "Mountain Goddess," was Siva's consort, and is worshipped everywhere in India under forms now terrible, now lovely and benign. Among the latter is her personification as Annapurna, "the food-giver" of the household. Parvati was also the presiding deity of Sati sacrifices. Half-way up the ascent to the holy hill is seen a stone memorial of a Sati, with the usual hand, arm, and foot marks engraved which show that a Hindu widow here immolated herself. The bright-eyed Brahman lad who conducts us points to the spot with pride. Here was the place where one great-hearted wife—believing the Shastras, which promise union in heaven with the dead man, and as many lakhs of happy years with him as there are hairs upon the dead man's body—here was the spot where some Hirabaee or Gungabaee gave her gentle life to the flames, undeterred by the heaped-up wood and lighted torches, unrestrained by the beauty of this Deccan prospect which stretches, fair and fertile, to Sivaji's distant fortress-peaks. The Romans—Stoics as they were—knew the custom, and admired it. It was not very wrong of me, it may be hoped, to lay a flower upon the carved stone which recorded where the Sati—the "Excellent One"—had last set her fearless foot upon this earth of selfish hearts and timid beliefs. The verse translated from the "Hitôpadésa" came vividly to my mind :

"When the Hindu wife, embracing tenderly her husband dead,
Mounts the funeral pyre beside him, as it were a bridal bed ;
Though his sins were twenty thousand, twenty thousand times o'er told,
She should bring his soul to Swarga, for that love so strong and bold."

The bright-eyed Brahman lad, Hari Govind, was son of the hereditary priest of the temple, and would himself some day succeed to the charge of the great goddess and of her house upon the hill. He talked English volubly and well, and was reading Macaulay's History. A promise of some English books pleased him more than the offering he was expecting to receive for the poor of the temple ; and he did us the honours of the shrine with alacrity and grace. He lighted up the largest approach to the goddess, in favour of such very special and interested visitors ; showing the great silver image of Mahadeo sitting in the darkness, with Parvati his consort on one knee, and Gunpati on the other, both wrought in solid golden plates ; also two great snakes in silver and gold rearing their shining hoods overhead. When it was laughingly suggested that, since I knew it, I should recite the sacred verse, the Gâyatrî—which only Brahmans must ever utter, the boy took it very lightly, only observing, " Nako "—" Please don't." Hari Govind, I think, cared very little, but he had the proprieties to observe and defend. There were worshippers in the temple precincts, laying little offerings in front of the barred shrines—flowers, nuts, leaves of holy trees, anything—for Mahadeo values the motive more than the gift, and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* says :

> " He who shall proffer me, in heart of love,
> A flower, a leaf, a fruit, water poured forth,
> Hath worshipped well."

3. The Enchanted Lake.

From the *Vana Parva* of the Mahâbhârata.

[*The five Pandu princes—Yudhisthira, Arjuna, Bhima, Nakula, and Sahadev—have been wandering in the forest, greatly distressed for want of water.*]

Then Yudhisthira spake to Nakula :
" Thou Son of Mādri ! climb upon a tree,
And look to all ten quarters, if, by chance,
Water be nigh, or plants which love the pool ;
Thy brothers faint with thirst."

So Nakula
Climbed a tall tree ; and looking, cried aloud,
" Green leaves and water plants I see, which love
Marshes and pools ; also, I hear
The cry of cranes ; yonder will water lie ! "

" Go ! " said the King, " and fetch for us to drink,
Filling thy quiver."

Then sped Nakula,
Obeying Yudhisthira with swift feet,
And found a crystal pool brimmed to the bank :
The great red-crested cranes stalked on its marge.
And down he lay to drink ; but a Voice cried,
" Beware to drink, rash youth ! ere thou hast made
Answers to such things as I ask of thee ;
The law of this fair water standeth thus :
Arise, and hear, and speak ; afterwards drink,
And fill thy quiver."

But the eager Prince
Being so parched, quaffed deep, not heeding him,
The Yaksha [1] of the place, and thereupon
Fell lifeless in the reeds.

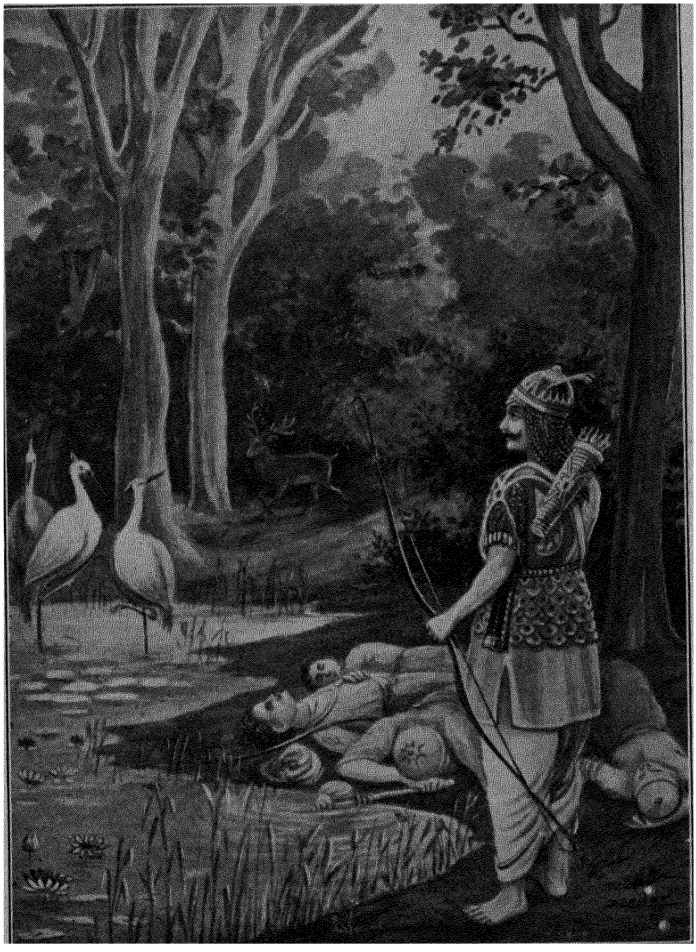
So when they looked
To see him coming, and he tarried long,
Again spake Yudhisthira : " Nakula
Lingers too long, my brothers !—Sahadev !
Go thou ; and bring him back, and bring us drink."

" I go," said Sahadev, and sought the pool,
And saw the water, and saw Nakula
Prone on the earth. Then mightily he grieved,
Spying the Prince outstretched ; yet, all so fierce
His thirst was, that he ran and lay flat down,
To drink ; when, once again, the Voice
Sounded, " Beware to drink, ere thou dost give
Answer to what things I will ask of thee :
This is the law of me, who am the Lord
Of this fair water ; rise, and hear, and speak ;
Then thou shalt drink, and draw."

Yet, so the stress
Of thirst o'ercame him, that he heeded not,
But drank, and rose, and—reeled among the reeds
Lifeless.

Then, once again, great Kuntî's son
Spake, saying : " O Arjuna ! Fear of foes !
These, our twain brethren, tarry : go thyself,

[1] Demigod.



THE FIVE PRINCES ENCHANTED LAKE

And speed, and bring them back, and bring us drink ;
Our trust thou art, for we are sore distressed."

Which hearing, Gudâkeśa [1] seized his bow
And arrows, and with drawn sword sought the pool.
But coming thither saw those heroes stretched,
His brethren, best of men, and deep distraught he stood,
Seeing them thus. All round the wood he gazed,
With lifted bow, and arrow on the string,
Seeking some foe ; but when none came in sight,
So wild his thirst was, and the pool so clear,
He bent his knee to drink, but bending, heard
That Voice cry, " Dost thou this without my leave ?
Despite me, Kuntî's son ! thou canst not drink,
And shalt not, till thou makest answers good
Unto my asking ; then may'st thou be free,
Oh, born of Bharata ! to drink and draw."

Thus sternly stayed, the Prince exclaimed in wrath :
" Come forth and show thyself, and fight with me !
Pierced by my arrows thou shalt yield the pool."
Then shot he shafts this way and that ; and spoke
Those spells which make a feathered barb fly straight ;
And darts he flung, of magic might, which find
Th' escaping foe, tracking his winding feet ;
That angry Prince, covering the sky and wood
With searching steel. Thereat the Voice anew
Mock'd him, low-laughing : " Son of Pritha ! vain
Thine anger is, answer me fair, and drink ;
But if thou drinkest ere thou answerest,
Thou shalt not live." Yet was his throat so parched

[1] " He of the knotted locks," a name of Arjuna.

The Prince regarded not ; and stooped, and drank,
And fell down dead.
Then Yudhisthira spake :
" Bhima ! thou Terror of thy foes ! see now !
Arjuna, Nakula, Sahadev are gone
To fetch us water ; but they come not back.
Seek them, and bring me drink."
And Bhima said,
" So be it " ; and he went unto the place
Where those, his mighty-hearted brethren lay.
But when he saw them—all three—dead and stark,
Sore grieved that long-armed lord, and gazed around,
Deeming some Yaksha or some Rakshasa [1]
Had wrought their doom, and chafing for the fight.
" But first," quoth he, " 'twere good to drink,"– so sore
The thirst oppressed,—and to the pool he sped,
Thinking to drink, when yet again that Voice
Echoed, " Dare not to drink—so stands the law
Of this fair water ; answer first—then drink ! "
But Bhima, parched and haughty, answered nought,
Lapping the sweet wave ; and in lapping fell.

Then, long time left alone, Kuntî's wise son
Uprose—great Yudhisthira—sorrowful,
Perplexed in thought ; and strode into the wood :
A leafy depth, where never foot was heard
Of man, but shy deer roamed, and shaggy bears
Rustled, and jungle-hens clucked in the shade ;
With tall trees crowded, in whose crown the bees
Swarmed buzzing, and strange birds pulled their nests.
Through this green darkness wending, Yudhisthir
Passed to the pool, and marked its silver face

[1] Devil, demon.

Shine in the light, rimmed round with golden cups
Of lotus-blossoms, all as if 'twere made
By Viswakarma, architect divine ;
And all its gleaming shallows and bright bays
With water-plants were broken, lilies, reeds ;
And framed about with ketuk groves, and clumps
Of sweet rose-laurel and the sacred fig ;
Insomuch that the King stood wondering there,
Albeit heart-sorrowful.

For there he saw,
Stretched dead together—as the world's lords die,
Indra and all, at every Yuga's [1] end—
His warrior brethren. There Arjuna lay,
Beside his bow and arrow ; Bhima there,
With Nakula and Sahadev ; each void
Of life and motion ; and beholding these,
His soul sank, and he fetched a grievous sigh.
Bitterly at that sight lamented he.

Nor wist he, though so wise, whither to look
For that which slew them. Yet, close-pondering,
Unto himself he spake : " No hurts they bear
Made by a mortal, nor is print
Of footmark nigh, save theirs ; this is some Bhút !
Some Spirit of the Waste !—But let me drink,
And afterward consider ; it may be
The vile Duryodhana [2] hath drugged the pool,
By counsel of Gandhâra's [3] king ; the wise
Trust never him with senses unsubdued,

[1] Age.

[2] The eldest of the hundred sons of Dritarāshtra, and leader of the Kouravas against the Pandavas in the Great War.

[3] Now called Kandahar. The King was an ally of the Kouravas.

To whom things lawful and unlawful count
One and the same ; yea ! but this thing may be
Wrought by hid hatred of Duryodhana."

Thus mused the King, but murmured presently :
" Pure and unsullied seems the water ; fresh
My brothers' faces are ; no poison-stain
Mars limb or lip ! 'tis Yama's self hath come,
The conqueror of all, and slain them here,
Whom none but he dared strike, being so strong."

So saying, to the brink he drew, athirst,
And stooped to drink ;- -when, close at hand, he heard
A bird's cry, and the Yaksha, taking shape,
Spake : " A grey crane I am, feeding on fish
And water-weeds ; 'tis I have sent yon four
Unto the regions of the dead, and thou
Shalt go, the fifth, great Raja ! following them,
Except thou makest answers fair and good
To all that I shall ask. Dare not to drink,
Thou son of Kuntî ! for my law is strong ;
Answer ; and afterwards, drink thou, and draw ! "

Spake Yudhisthir : " Who art thou ?
Tell me ! No bird wrought thus, unless a bird
Might overthrow Himâvan, and the peaks
Of Paripatra,[1] or the Vindhya crags,
Or Malabar's black ghats. Ah ! terrible
And mighty One, this is a dread deed wrought !
This is a marvel, if thou hast slain those
Whom Gods, and Gandharvas,[2] and Asuras,[3]

[1] Northern part of the Vindhyas.
[2] Demigods, musicians of Heaven.
[3] Devils, enemies of the gods.

And Demons dared not face in fight. I know
Nought of thy mind, nor if thou didst this thing
Desiring aught; wonder and fear possess
My burdened heart! I pray thee, show thyself,
Reveal what God thou art, who hauntest here."

"Yea, King!" came answer; "I am not a bird
Wading the shallows, but a Yaksha dread,
And I, as now thou seest me, killed these four."

Raja! (so Vaisampayana [1] went on),
When Yudhisthira heard those scornful words,
And saw that form, backward he drew a space,
Gazing upon the Shape with eyes of flame,
Bulked like a crag, with towering head which topped
The fan-palms waving near; shining as shines
The glory of the sun, not to be borne
For splendour; coloured like an evening cloud,
And like a cloud still shifting. Then it spake,
That monstrous Shade: "These four, though I forbade,
Drank of the pool, despite me, and were slain.
Drink not, O King! if thou desirest life;
O son of Pritha, drink not! Kuntî's child!
Answer my questionings, then drink, and live!"

. . . . . .

Yaksha.

"Good Prince! tell me true, is a Brahmana made
By birthright? or shall it be rightfully said,
If he reads all the Veds, and the Srutis [2] doth know,
He is this? or doth conduct of life make him so?"

[1] The poet who composed and recited the poem to the Rajah Bharata.

[2] Revelation, truths *revealed* by the gods, not traditions.

King.

"O Yaksha! listen to the truth:
Not if a man do dwell from youth
Beneath a Brahman's roof, nor when
The Srutis known to holy men
Are learned, and read the Vedas through,
Doth this make any Brahman true.
Conduct alone that name can give;
A Brahmana must steadfast live,
Devoid of sin and free from wrong;
For he who walks low paths along,
Still keeping to the way, shall come
Sooner and safer to his home
Than the proud wanderer on the hill;
And reading, learning, praying, still
Are outward deeds which ofttimes leave
Barren of fruits minds that believe.
Who practises what good he knows
Himself a Brahmana he shows;
And if an evil nature knew
The sacred Vedas through and through,
With all the Srutis, still must he
Lower than honest Sudra be.
To know and do the right, and pay
The sacrifice, in peace alway,
This maketh one a Brahmana."

Yaksha.

"Right skilfully hast thou my questions met,
Most pious and most learned Prince! but yet
Tell me who liveth though death him befall?
And what man richest is, greatest of all?"

King.

" Dead though he be, that mortal lives
Whose virtuous memory survives ;
And richest, greatest, that one is
Whose soul—indifferent to bliss
Or misery, to joy or pain,
To past or future, loss or gain—
Sees with calm eyes all fates befall,
And, needing nought, possesseth all."

Then spake the Yaksha : " Wondrously, O King !
Hast thou replied, and wisely hast fulfilled
The law of this fair water ; therefore drink !
And choose which one of these thy brethren dead
Shall live again."

So Yudhisthira said,
" Let Nakula, O Yaksha ! have his life—
My dark-browed brother with the fiery eyes—
Straight like a tala tree, broad-chested, tall,
That long-armed lord."

" But see where Bhima lies
Dead," spake the Spirit, " dearest unto thee ;
And where Arjuna sleeps, thy guard and guide !
Why dost thou crave the life of Nakula—
Not thine own mother's son—in Bhima's stead,
Who had the might of countless elephants,

Whom all the people called thy ' Well-Beloved ' ?
Or wouldst thou see Nakula alive again
In place of great Arjuna, thine own blood,
Whose valour was the tower of Pandavas ? "

But Yudhisthira answered : " Faith and right,
Being preserved, save all, and, being lost,
Leave nought to save : these therefore I will set
First in my heart. Faithful and right it is
To choose by justice, putting self aside.
Let Nakula live, O Yaksha ! for men call
King Yudhisthira ' just ' ; nor will he lose,
Even for love, that name ; make Nakula live !
Kuntî and Madrî were my father's wives ;
Shall one be childless and the other see
Her sons returning ? Madrî is to me
As Kuntî, as my mother, at this hour ;
As she who bore me she that bore the twins :
And justice shall she have, since I am judge :
Let Nakula live, thou Yaksha ! "

Then the Voice
Sighed sweet, evanishing : " Thou noblest Prince !
Thou best of Bharat's line ! as thou art just,
Lo ! all thy brethren here shall live again."

4. A Model State—Bhaonagar.

We are living in a bungalow allotted to us by the hospitality of the Thakoor of Bhaonagar. Groves of acacia and mango trees relieve the dry grass and cloudless sky, and a sea breeze blows lightly through our painted kus-kus curtains from the creek which runs into the little city out of the Gulf of Cambay. A Hindu temple, sacred to Mahadeo, peeps, white and graceful, over one corner of the compound, and over another rises the roof of the Thakoor's palace. Two of his sowars—stalwart Rajput cavalrymen, in uniforms of scarlet, with long

curved sabres, and mounted on Kattiawar horses—sit motionless in their saddles outside, ready to ride on any errand. A water-wheel creaks melodiously beyond the gate, pouring incessant streams and refreshing moisture over the thirsty plants and flowers in the Moti Bagh, the "Pearl Garden." Servants of the Prince, dressed in scarlet, sent to attend upon us, sit about in groups under the trees, or stand with crossed arms, awaiting every order. The people of the city come and go in full view; the men in white, with high turbans, the women in many-coloured garments, bearing heavy loads on their heads; indifferent to the afternoon heat. The great, milky-coated, high-humped cattle of Guzerat plod along the hot white road, with heads bent low in the wooden yoke, dragging huge loads of cotton, grain, or fodder. Some tents pitched in the grounds cast broad black shadows on the burned-up grass. Kites circle in the sky; parakeets and mynas fly about. The Mihtarani (sweeper woman) passes, in crimson and blue sari, the lowest of the low in caste, yet walking under her load of refuse with erect figure and graceful gait like a brown statue. The Bhisti, with his cream-skinned bullock, laden with the heavy leathern *mussaks* (bags) of water, goes hither and thither, sprinkling the dusty paths. It is a typical afternoon in the Indian "cold weather," bright, placid, and salubrious.

Usefulness of the Railway.

We left Baroda by the mail train for Ahmedabad and Bhaonagar, starting in the pleasant coolness of an Indian dawn. Guzerat is known as "the garden of India," and Baroda is the best wooded part of Guzerat, so that the

day broke upon endless groves of clustered trees and broad stretches of fields green with many crops. Everybody seemed glad of the fair, cheerful morning. The popularity of every railway in India is remarkable. The third-class carriages, divided into compartments for male and female passengers, are crowded with chattering friendly swarms of people, who have, apparently, relations and acquaintances at every station, and an immense deal to say to them. As soon as the train stops the pani-wallahs—the men with water—come round, and give fresh water to thirsty lips, for it soon grows hot and dusty. A high-caste Hindu is always selected to carry up and down the station-chatty (water-pot); the Brahman can then drink directly from this store: if a low-caste person is athirst, a lota (small pot) is emptied into his hands, and he quaffs from his hollowed palms, and then washes his perspiring face and mouth. Nevertheless, in spite of that strong survival of caste, the Hindus are a democratic and easy-going people, so that you will see a Thakoor's son, in turban of red and gold, with coat of fine muslin, and strings of precious pearls round his neck, pushing his way amicably among coolies, cattle-drivers, and bunia folk. He would not, however, eat a morsel of bread with one of them, or, for the matter of that, with ourselves, if he were pinched with utmost hunger.

Good-looking Hindus.

As a rule, the Indians hereabouts are remarkably good-looking. One hardly sees an ill-favoured face—many have countenances of the highest refinement and gentleness of expression; whilst some of the children of

from eight to twelve are positively beautiful. But the mothers do not like to see them too openly admired. For this reason they often introduce into their dress some common article to catch the " evil eye," just as they will occasionally plant one ugly, rough, wooden post among the handsome stone pillars of a house-front, and hang an old shoe round the neck of the most comely cow in a herd. To avert the *chashm-i-bad* (evil eye) from houses or fields, the Hindu puts a whitened chatty on the roof or amid his crops. A Hindu mother, if she thinks an evil glance has fallen on her little one, waves chillies and salt round its head, and afterwards burns them. One of the reasons for displaying jewels on the children is that the mischief-darting eye of the malevolent may fall there, and not on the boy or girl.

A Land of Monkeys.

As the train nears Ahmedabad, it comes into a country full of apes—a " wilderness of monkeys." At first the traveller can hardly believe they are not grey old men, squatted under the hedges or grouped upon the embankments. Soon, however, he sees numbers of monkeys " jumping " off on either side of the advancing train in half-dozens and dozens, their long tails erect in the air, their faces peering at the passing carriages. There are two varieties—the black-faced and the Hanuman—and hundreds of them are to be observed from the windows of the train, walking ahead on the rails, jumping over the cactus fences, perched with long drooping tails upon the branches of the trees, or solemnly assembled on some open field in a grave parliament of " four-handed folk," discussing the next plundering expedition. They steal

in truth a good deal of fruit and grain, but the people seldom or never molest them—thanks to the legend which recites how the Monkey God helped Rama to recover Sita—and it is the oddest thing to watch a knot of Guzerati peasants walking through another knot of monkeys as if all alike were fellow-citizens.

Kattiawar.

After stopping during forty minutes for breakfast at Ahmedabad, the train turns into the remarkable peninsula of Kattiawar. Near the latter place the territory of his Highness commences, and thence the Maharajah has, with his own resources, constructed an excellent railway which runs one hundred and four miles to his sea-coast capital of Bhaonagar. It is managed as well as any first-rate line in England, and passes over several bridges and viaducts very solidly built. For one engineer it was easy enough to make, for almost all this part of Kattiawar is quite flat, and you travel hour after hour through endless fields of cotton and wheat, the surface unbroken by anything bigger than an ant-hill. And here, again, it is astonishing how the people enjoy and value their railways. Every third-class carriage is full of happy, chattering passengers, in dresses which make a crowd of them look like a bed of flowers, the red sari and white puggree of the Rajput men and women being seen everywhere. The rivers which we cross, from time to time, are already much shrunken in their beds since the rains, and trickle to the Gulf of Cambay between broad expanses of sand. Yet there has been a good monsoon, and Kattiawar will this season supply many a yard of calico and many a loaf of bread to Manchester and London. There are no monkeys

hereabouts, but a black buck is occasionally seen, with flights of sand-grouse; and the asoka, the "sorrowless tree," grows freely. Its spear-shaped, wavy leaves are not now diversified by the bright blossoms of orange, scarlet, and saffron which Wasanta-time will bring, but there is no tree more celebrated in Indian poetry. It was to the asoka that Damayanti addressed her pretty appeal, in the Mahâbhârata, when she adjured the "Heart's Ease" to tell her where Nala had gone, and said to it:

> "Truly 'Heart's Ease'—if, dear 'Heart's Ease,'
> Thou wouldst ease my heart of pain."

The beautiful asoka is sacred to Siva as the lotus is to Lukshmi, the jasmine to Vishnu, and the round golden blossoms of the kadamba to all the gods. It grows about as high as a large apple tree, and women love to cast its blooms into their bathing-water. One charming superstition has it that the buds upon the asoka will instantly open into full splendour if the foot of a beautiful person touches its roots.

The soil hereabouts is evidently very fertile and full of wells, built with the sloping platform, where white bullocks draw the big skins of water up, and then go backwards to plunge them in again to the monotonous song of the byl-wallah (bullock men). But Kattiawar wants trees. Trees will save India, and are saving her, from the fate of Central Asia, dried up by the want of trees. The Forest Conservancy, promoted by the British Raj, is one of its greatest benefits to the Peninsula. It is her trees which hold the precious water in the earth and give shade, moisture, life. The peepul, the asoka, and the aswattha have never been half enough

worshipped. Every forest officer is the priest of a true religion.

Hospitality of the Maharajah.

We were received with kindliest welcome at the Bhaonagar Station by a very old friend, Mr. Bhownagri, the accomplished agent of the Maharajah, and also by the Diwan and the revenue officers of his Highness, who conducted us to the comfortable quarters provided by this enlightened Prince. The hospitality of an Indian sovereign comprehends everything—house, carriages, servants, cooks, furniture, flowers, books, letter-paper, fruit, food, whatever possibly can be needed—all is found foreseen and prepared. Dinner and a quiet night soon rid us of the fatigues of travel, and early next morning the chief representatives of the State pay their visit of welcome. They are Nâgar Brahmans of the best class, speaking English fluently—for this is the Court language here—and among them are gentlemen in the highest degree experienced and capable as administrators. It would be difficult, indeed, to encounter anywhere statesmen better informed upon the affairs of their own and other countries than the Diwan and the Finance Minister of Bhaonagar; but we are arrived, as I have noted already, at a model Indian State. Nor does Poona or Bombay contain many Shastris with clearer conclusions on Hindu theology and philosophy, better command of lucid language, or ideas more enlightened and profound, than Mr. Dvivedi, Professor of Sanskrit in the College here, whose book just published on the *Râja Yoga* ought to become widely known among the learned in Europe; and to converse with whom has been a real privilege.

The Town of Bhaonagar.

In company with these gentlemen, the city and its environs have been pleasantly explored. Trade is brisk in Bhaonagar; the well-kept streets are full of busy crowds; the little shops do a constant commerce; in the port lie more than a hundred dhows, buglas, or bunder-boats which have come from Kurrachee and Surat, Muscat and Mocha, Zanzibar and the Islands. The Thakoor spares no expense or pains to develop his capital. He has completed an excellent supply of pure water by "bunding" the lake; he has established a College, a High School, a Dispensary, a Horse-breeding Establishment, and a Cotton Exchange, and is building a spacious and handsome hospital. He has beautified the town with temples, tanks, and country villas, and is now erecting upon the "Pearl Lake" a lovely *chhatri*, or pavilion, in white marble, to the memory of his late favourite wife. Rawul Sahib is a prince of pleasant demeanour, courteous and frank, but with a truly royal dignity, evidently full of desire to develop his State and to benefit his subjects. We spent an agreeable afternoon at the palace, where all the "society" of Bhaonagar was gathered. The Maharajah—wearing his riband of the Star of India and a string of priceless pearls—received at the door his guests, who were led through spacious apartments to the Badminton court. There his Highness played a capital game with his Prime Minister, State Treasurer, and the English ladies, exchanging his scarlet and gold turban for a skull-cap. A Court musician played some Indian tunes by striking basins of water of different sizes; and refreshments were handed round.

Next we passed through lines of mounted guards to the Palace Gardens, prettily kept with all sorts of plants and flowers, where there were tame antelopes running about, and cages containing two Guzerat lions, a wild boar, some monkeys, civet cats, and other animals.

On returning from the gardens the conversation diverged to Rajput legends, one of which I was enabled to remember, and recited it to the satisfaction of many of the Rajput gentlemen present, if I might judge by the patriotic delight exhibited. A poet was introduced, who has the gift of improvising interminable Guzerat verses upon ancient themes. The land is indeed full of strange folklore and legends, to collect which would repay the labour of any intelligent resident. The chiefs of Bhaonagar belong to the Gohil clan, which descends from the Solar Dynasty of Udaipore. They have fought, and "drunk from the white cup of peace," and fought again, ever since Akbar's time in A.D. 1580, and have a whole literature of bardic ballads. Every village possesses its martial or religious legend.

The reception at the Maharajah's concluded with the accustomed distribution of *attar* and *pán*, the Prince himself placing garlands of flowers on the necks of every guest, giving to each a little gilded flask of rose essence, and sprinkling each garland with the scent. A similar visit was paid, by invitation, to the present Diwan, and also to his predecessor, the very accomplished Mr. Gouriashankar, C.S.I., a statesman who, for forty years, administered the affairs of Bhaonagar with great renown. Although now upwards of eighty years of age, this venerable Hindu gentleman retains all his faculties, together with a most retentive memory, which allows him to talk with singular erudition of his favourite

Sanskrit studies. The apartment where he sat was full of ancient MSS., old inscriptions and carvings, fossils, coins, and bound books in Sanskrit, evidencing the wide and cultivated taste of the retired Minister. Two other visits of the utmost interest must be mentioned. These were to the High School and to the Bhaonagar College, both handsome and commodious buildings, which stand near each other in the city. A large number of bright, intelligent lads were gathered in the former, reading a lesson from the *Lady of the Lake*. One of them, named Hari Shankar, had prepared for me a complimentary ode in Sanskrit, and chanted it in the true orthodox manner, not to be attained except by long training. In this college, however, only the Shastris were present, the students being away on examination. After a courteous and cordial welcome from these learned Brahmans, a very interesting conversation arose, with the aid of Mr. Manilal, upon various philosophical and religious points. The Pundits were questioned about the origin of the *Samas* in Sanskrit writing, on the authorship and authenticity of the text of the Mahâbhârata, and the real meaning of *Māya*, or the "Doctrine of Illusion." We grew so friendly that no objection was made to the request that a passage from the *Yajur-Ved* should be recited in the ancient way—the way only known to very learned Brahmans after long years of instruction. A dark-faced "Twice-born" from Southern India, with dreamy emaciated face and ardent sunken eyes, cast off his shoes, bared his right shoulder, and covered his hands, while he began in the three mystical manners his recital of the sacred text. Some of those present, even among the Brahmans, had never listened before to those chanted formulas, the mere sound of which, fantastic as

it seems to foreign ears, is salvation even to hear. We spoke next of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, which calls all this verbal exercise "mere words"; and it was generally agreed that names and forms are nothing, that truth in all religions is one and the same; that—at the last—the Vedantist, the Buddhist, and the illuminated Western Philosopher see by one light.

We paid our farewell visit to the Thakoor Sahib feeling a real regret to quit so hospitable a capital. His Highness showed us his jewels, which are splendid, especially an emerald of unparalleled size and colour, a belt of sapphires and table diamonds, and some marvellous clusters of rubies for the ears and turban. He spoke with earnestness of his wishes to develop and benefit his State, and engaged us all never to forget Bhaonagar, which was an easy thing to promise after such boundless kindness.

5. An Indian Temple.

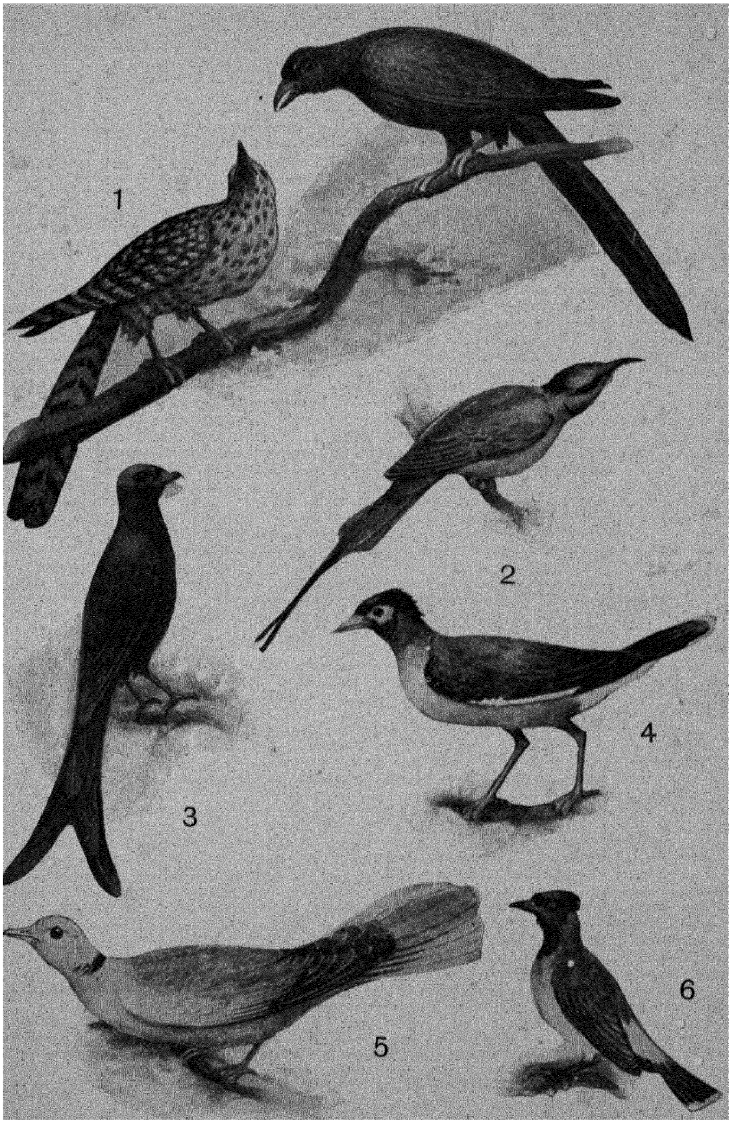
Along the river's shining banks
Neem and acacia trees in ranks
Shaded the flood, making cool homes
Of leafy peace for all that comes
To river-side, the pheasant crow,
The jay, the coppersmith whose blow—
In his green smithy stoutly plied
Ringing from dawn till eventide—
Falls "klink, klank, klink" upon the ear;
And social weavers who, from fear
Of thievish snakes, their nests suspend
Swinging from every branchlet's end:
There, too, the nine brown sisters talked;

The lovely painted peacock stalked ;
The *muchi-baug*—" tiger of fish "—
Shot from the air with arrowy swish
And soared again—his pearly prey



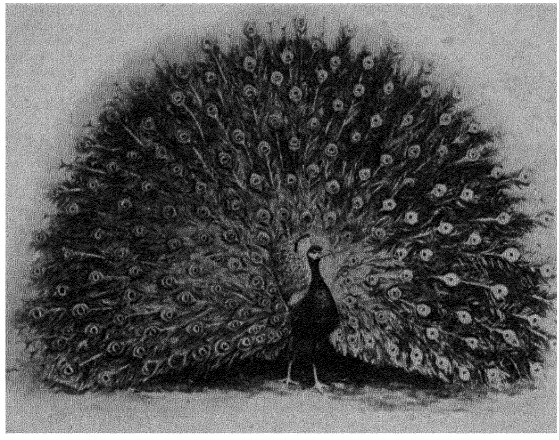
WEAVER-BIRDS

Clutched in red talons. All the day
You heard the necklaced jungle-dove
Cooing low songs of ceaseless love ;
While, brooding near, his listening wife
With soft breast warmed her eggs to life ;



1. Koels
2. Bill-eater
3. Pheasant Crow
4. Myna
5. Ring-dove
6. Bulbul

And, from the hot vault of the sky
The circling kite made fierce reply
To bulbul, myna and kooil;



PEACOCK

For Love and Hate were neighbours still
Even upon that holy hill!

6. RAJPUTANA AND THE RAJPUTS.

JEYPORE.

If the country around Delhi and along the banks of the Jumna must be called the classic district of India, Rajputana is her land of romance and chivalry—the region where Nature, Art, and a high-bred race of

warriors have combined to render every aspect of the province attractive. Here we arrive in an India different in many marked ways from the British Indian provinces. The Central Districts and Rajputana, with the Sikh States and Bahawulpore, form a still independent part of the Peninsula, where old Indian manners and customs hold sway still. Rajputana is especially interesting in this regard. It is the land of the "king's children," of those proud and war-like people the commonest among whom claims royal descent, and bears himself like a soldier and a prince. A poor Rajput yeoman holds himself as good a gentleman as the richest zemindar of Bengal or the North-West. He calls his king *Bapji*, "my father," and in many a point preserves quite as lordly a demeanour. In the clan all are peers and brothers, and marriages within it are regarded as unlawful.

As one draws nigh the long vale in which the city of Jeypore is embosomed, ranges of hills rise abruptly from the level fields, sharply ridged, and deeply cloven with glens and hollows. Streams wander downwards from their sides, which in the wet season become picturesque waterfalls, and fill the nullahs to their brims. Upon the plains through which they wind, antelopes roam in herds, constantly visible from the passing train; and the red-headed crane stalks about. The peacock, sacred to gods and men, spreads his jewelled train upon every village wall, and forages unmolested with his family of peahens in every patch of cultivation. The little villages; the fields divided by mud-banks, topped with tiger grass; the slinger upon the machan (platform) frightening away the parrots from the grain; the wandering caravans of traders; the lonely Rajput rider with his round shield

and lance; the dark-eyed, graceful women, and the fearless-looking, handsome men, are all much as they stand described in the ancient writings. For Rajputana is measurelessly old. The bluest blood of Europe is but of yesterday compared with that of the haughty families of this region. The five great Pandu Brothers of the Mahâbhârata were Rajputs, and wandered over the face of these dry plains and marbled hills. The first ancestor of the Rajput kings ruling these valleys was Surya, the Sun himself, who was the father of Rama Chundra, the hero of the Ramâyana, and an incarnation of Vishnu. The princes whom we shall visit hereabouts call themselves, and are familiarly styled, *Surya-vansa*, the "Children of the Sun." The unbroken pedigree of the Maharajah of Jeypore goes back through one hundred and thirty-nine names to Kusa, who was the second son of Rama. Even the haughty Emperor of Delhi bestowed on Jey Singh, the renowned astronomer, king of this land, the title *Siwai*, meaning "one and a quarter"—still borne by Jeypore princes—as if these immemorial Houses of Rajputana, and their lords, exceeded by a fourth the standard of human pride and prowess. It was esteemed extraordinary condescension when a Rajput princess espoused a Great Mogul in the zenith of his power.

Of the martial qualities of the race Indian annals are so full that volumes of stirring verse could be written about the daring deeds and boundless loyalty of the Rajput clansmen. It was at Chittore, near Udaipore, in these same highlands, that fifteen thousand Rajput women committed the *johur*, or wholesale suicide, to save their honour. And when Dulhai Rao promised the front post in all future battles to the Rajput chief who should

first enter a certain besieged town, the leader of one clan was found in the hour of victory impaled upon the elephant spikes at its north gate, and the dead body of another was flung by his own men over the battlement, at the south side, so eager were those dauntless Rajputs, or "king's children," to sustain their name and to conquer or die for the *Surya-vansa*. I had myself put into verse a touching story of Rajput fidelity, which I twice recited in India among the "king's children," and on each occasion with the effect of awakening an extraordinary emotion of patriotism and satisfaction.[1]

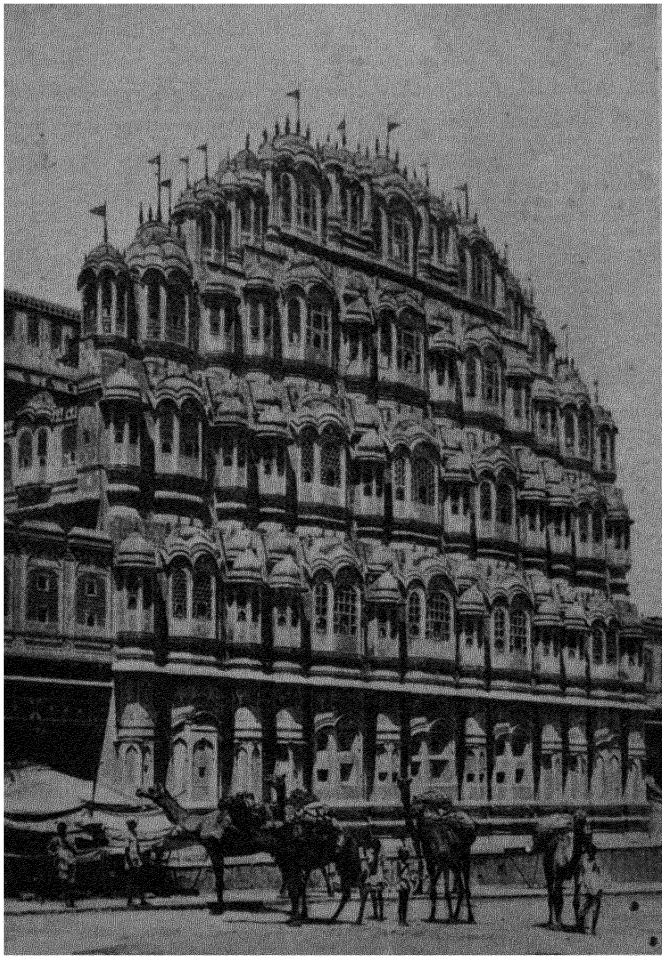
Jeypore City.

Were the capital of such a land of the ordinary Indian type it would be interesting, but Jeypore is a city that might be built in his dreams by some poet. There is nothing like it in India or the world; and although not at all ancient—for the present metropolis was founded by Jey Singh in 1728—it no doubt reproduces many traditional features of the old times, and well suits the romantic chronicles of the country by its extraordinary beauty of aspect and site. The rose-red city of Jeypore, with its beautiful streets and fairy-like palaces, is shut within a fence of high seven-gated walls, just as the Rajput ladies of proud degree are screened from view by latticed windows and jealous portals. But you turn from the open space before, say, the Amber Gateway, where camels are loading, and suddenly there opens on the well-pleased but astonished gaze the view of a busy thoroughfare matchless and beautiful; in general effect, indeed, almost beyond description. The entire city

[1] See p. 133 for this poem, "A Rajput Nurse."

from this first point of view is of one and the same tint—a delicate rosy red, mingled with white. If a conqueror could dream of building a capital with pink marble or coral, this is how it would look! It is an endless view of rosy house-fronts, bathed in soft sunlight, nowhere ungraceful in style of building, and at many spots on either side of the way rise stately fronts of palaces, and long lines of light buildings embellished with columns and domes. The splendid street, thus entered, runs on a perfect level from east to west, more than two miles, always of the same grand breadth of one hundred and eleven feet, and so absolutely straight that throughout its entire length each house, each palace, each trader's shop, can be seen on either side, fading away in the long view of rose-red to the fortified Ruby Gate in the far distance. A gay and bustling crowd of citizens gives life to the charming scene, which is backed by mountains rising nobly to the pure blue sky, almost every peak of them covered with some commanding fort or lovely pleasure-house. Two main roadways, of the same rosy colour from end to end, and each of them as wide as the great central street, cross it at right angles, forming at the points of meeting two spacious squares called the "Amber Chauk" and the "Ruby Chauk." These streets are each a mile and a quarter long, and have the same beautiful rosy lines of dwellings and shops, broken in a similar way by buildings of the strangest fancy, richly ornamented.

All the north side of the great street between the two squares is occupied by an enormous and astonishing palace, which covers, with its gardens and zenanas, a seventh portion of the entire city. Near this rises from the busy street an edifice called the Hawa Mahal, or



THE HAWA MAHAL, JEYPORE

"Hall of the Winds," a vision of dainty loveliness, nine stories of rosy masonry and delicate overhanging balconies and latticed windows, soaring with tier after tier of fanciful architecture like a pyramid, a mountain of airy beauty, through the thousand pierced screens and gilded arches of which the Indian air blows cool over the flat roofs of the very highest houses.

The Jeypore Tigers.

On the dawn-lit hills above stands a temple of the Sun, looking down into the Gulta, a deep pass through the hills filled with shrines and fountains; and if you drive through the rosy street which opens opposite, the Indian style of it all is well maintained by a low one-storied building, containing a row of strongly barred cages. Here, full upon the open square, as if it were part of the natural belongings of a Rajput capital, are confined eight man-eating tigers, criminals of the neighbouring jungles and hills, taken in the act, and imprisoned as State captives. The huge striped beasts crouch at the bars, savagely glaring forth upon the moving crowds outside, too busy with pleasure and traffic to notice them. Each tiger has tasted deep of human blood—one monstrous brute, lying in the hot sunlight on his back, has devoured seven, another ten human beings, and the tigress growling in the last den is declared by her custodian to be known to have slaughtered and consumed fifteen men, women, and children. Most of such malefactors would elsewhere be shot, but these, after much patience, have been snared in pitfalls, where the tiger is left until hunger has reduced him to extreme weakness, upon which

the captors manage to draw him forth, and shut him up in a lifelong imprisonment.

Jeypore Manufactures.

To Surgeon-Major Hendley, an officer of high and varied accomplishments, Indian art and the sciences in general owe a very deep debt. Not only does this gentleman superintend the hospitals and dispensaries of the State—more than twenty in number—extending the benefit of the best medicine and surgery to nearly ninety thousand patients in the past year, but he supervises a first-class observatory established near his residence. Dr. Hendley has, further, gathered into the museum an interesting and valuable collection of objects illustrating Indian arts, industries, and antiquities. Here are textiles, carpets, sculptures, coins, brass-work, pottery, lacquer carvings, glass, enamelling, jewellery, and natural products, which have been visited in the last five years by over a million Indians. In the "Albert Hall" Dr. Hendley had bands of native artificers busy at their various crafts. The wood-carvers were squatting round large beams and planks of teak, finishing the panels for a great screen; and, while all exhibited great dexterity and artistic gifts, it was positively wonderful to watch one boy of fourteen years, whose nimble chisel and unerring mallet seemed to make the pattern leap, as it were, alive from the hard wood. He was receiving a man's pay, and seemed to be the pride and favourite of his fellow-artisans.

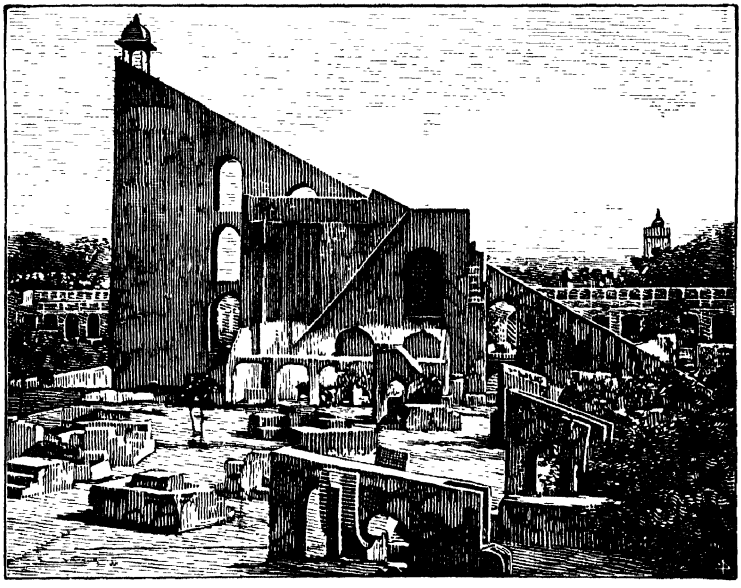
Dr. Hendley says of this young wood-carver: "In his very earliest days he probably played by the side of

his father as he carved, while his mother was engaged in some domestic occupation close by, or worked as a cooly near her husband. As soon as he could hold a piece of charcoal he would have begun to draw outlines on a board, sketching and re-sketching, it might be the features of Gunesh, the Elephant-headed God of Wisdom, who should be invoked at the beginning of all labour; or perhaps a flower. In time, without conscious effort and with a keen sense of pleasure, he could draw these objects with his eyes shut. Hand and eye insensibly acquired power and precision, so that his art became a part of his nature at the time when his mind was most impressionable and his fingers most capable of acting in unison with it. From drawing he advanced to coarse carving of window or door frames or spinning-wheels; and when intrusted with finer work he copied the designs of his father and his friends; and, perhaps, when he attains manhood, he will one day hit upon a new design which may be liked by the craft and be imitated, and so become a permanent addition to the number of grand traditional patterns which represent the experience and sense of the beautiful of all ages."

The Observatory of Jey Singh.

At the second gate of the palace a great square is entered, with marble pavilions in the centre, and on one side the painted lattices of the zenana, on the other a temple of Krishna and the astronomical observatory of the famous Jey Singh, who founded the modern city. This Jeypore Observatory is the largest of five, which were erected here and at Delhi, Mathura, Benares, and Ujain,

by Maharajah Sawai Jey Singh, early in the eighteenth century. He founded Jeypore in A.D. 1728 and died in 1743, solved many astronomical problems, and patronised art and learning of all kinds, besides taking a very prominent part in the political events of his time. Before his days the instruments employed by Eastern



JEY SINGH'S OBSERVATORY, JEYPORE

astronomers were of brass, and on too small a scale for accuracy; hence the construction of these enormous edifices of masonry, which tower on all sides in quaint shapes of stone and metal: the huge Nariol, or sun-dial; the Druv Nal, or pointer to the North Pole; the Yantr Samrat, "King of Dials," one hundred and eighty-nine feet high, registering the true sun time; and a variety of other ancient and wonderful instruments. Passing by

the great astronomical court and passing through a wilderness of marvellous archways and fanciful buildings, the grand entrance of the palace, the Siran Deorhi, is now attained, beyond which stands, in another splendid square, the Hall of the Nobles, girdled with marble columns, and the Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience.

The Silver House.

A small gate to the west next brings you to the Chanda Mahal, or "Silver House," the heart and marvel of all this immense abode. Seven stories of such wild and lovely structure as you would expect to see only in dreams rise here one above the other in rose-red and snowy-white balconies, windows, arches, pillars, lattices, and domes—gay everywhere with paintings and carved flowers. In the lowest floor, which is kept—like the second and third—as a winter residence, we are permitted to inspect a priceless volume, the abstract of the Mahâbhârata in Persian, made by the orders of Akbar the Great at a cost of forty thousand pounds, and illustrated in the most exquisite manner with coloured and gilded miniature pictures, all painted beautifully. The Shobha Newas, one floor above, is full of strange paintings on the wall, and arched passages embellished with gorgeous shells of copper and silver. Next we ascend to the Chhabi Newas, or "Hall of Splendour," shining with polished marbles and coloured glass. Above this is the Shish Mahal, the hall of glass, with endless patterns wrought in little mirrors let into carved plaster-work; and above that we step forth upon the Mokt, or "Crown" of the palace, where the vast flat

roof is encircled with shady alcoves and open chambers, vaulted by graceful curved domes. Beneath lie the green palace-gardens, full of pomegranates, palms, and bananas ; and beyond, the spread of the countless busy streets and lanes, girdled by the walls, and overhung by the encircling hills, topped with forts and temples. It is vain to attempt any description of that enchanting prospect of royal houses, busy streets, beautiful gardens, and green country-sides, more novel and absorbing than any other which India herself can offer. Nature and man have here allied themselves to produce the most perfect and lovely landscape conceivable. In green and gold, in rose colour and white, in distant dim blues and greys, the pleasaunces and the city and the far-off walls and mountain ridges of Amber group together at our feet, a picture to delight the eye and feast the mind.

Ulwur.

Ulwur is a Rajput State, 3024 square miles in area, and containing 800,000 inhabitants, of whom the majority are those war-like Meos who used to be the trouble and even terror of the Delhi emperors. There were times when the gates of the great city had to be closed at the " Azan " prayer, after which hour none ventured forth for fear of the Ulwur Meos. They are quiet enough now under the rule of their young Maharajah, an intelligent and high-minded prince, who governs excellently. As in other parts of Rajputana, ridges of parallel hills shut in the central and picturesque valley of the province ; game is plentiful among the jungles, and the two large lakes, near the capital, swarm with fish and fowl, the

latter being also so full of water-snakes that the palace on an island in its midst has become uninhabitable. Alligators, too, occur in these Ulwur pools, and carry off goats, donkeys, and even ponies. Among the trees of the uplands are the ebony ; the *simul*, a cotton-tree, of which the buds are largely eaten by monkeys ; and the *jiwapot*, furnishing rosaries from its berries ; while the plains abound in *neem* and *baubul*, with fig, tamarind, and jujube, bamboos, and palms. Tigers and panthers roam in the hills, as also sambhur, nilghai, and black buck, as well as the hyæna.

There is, moreover, the *seh* or porcupine—whose quill stuck in a door will, it is said, make the household quarrel fearfully until it be removed—the *sâla* or ant-eater, together with foxes, wild-cats, badgers, otters, lynxes, flying foxes, and endless monkeys. Peacocks sun themselves everywhere, in town and wilderness ; the little weaver-bird, *baiya*, swings his bottle-shaped nest in every grove. In almost all parts of India, indeed, one observes the swinging home of this sociable creature, which does not fear man so much as snakes, and chooses a pendulous twig—if possible over water—from which to hang its exquisitely woven abode. Mahouts, however, use the nests to stuff the pads of their elephants. In Ulwur-land, moreover, two kinds of parrots abound, along with bulbuls, green pigeons, the owl called " King of the Night," the *tintori*, which chatters when a tiger moves in the grass, the *lanklat* and *bandânî*, " which perch upon his head, and pick meat out of his mouth as he sleeps " ; and the *kanjan*, a little dusky bird, having a black feather in its head which will render anybody invisible if he carries it.

The Maharajah, on befitting occasions, keeps great

state. On high festivals he is accompanied by the *Máhi Marátib*, the famous ennobling insignia of "the Fish" received from Delhi; by the images of Sita Ram; by a person supporting a gilded umbrella; people carrying pankhás representing the sun and moon; by mace-bearers, *morchal* or peacock-plume bearers, *chonrí* or yak-tail bearers, men wielding curious spears, *ballam wálás*, carriers of silver tiger-headed clubs, *ghota wálás*, runners carrying guns, *khás bardárs*, and ordinary spearmen. Yet, personally he has the simplest tastes imaginable, and, next to the solid business of his kingdom, cares for little except good horses and manly sports.

The city of Ulwur contains about 50,000 inhabitants. It has none of the narrow unpaved streets, and few buildings of importance. The people, however, are interesting, blending, as they do, many races and castes, and pursuing a great variety of arts and industries. Some of the women—particularly those from the villages—wear the peculiar cloths of yellow and brown or blue and yellow called *phoolkaris*, which are inlaid with little circular pieces of looking-glass. In the sunshine they seem, at a distance, as if clothed with gems. In the heart of the city is the Banni Bilas Palace, which commands from its roof a prospect so enchanting that it may compare with the view from the top of the Royal Residence at Jeypore. The pavilion is of white marble, its roof and walls inlaid with coloured stones, and with that pretty tinsel-work of glass and mother-of-pearl or mica let into the arches, which sheds the indescribable effect as of soft moonlight already mentioned in describing the Jeypore palaces. The open front of this beautiful apartment gives upon a large lake, surrounded by white marble walls, embellished at every angle with elegant

domed kiosks. Behind the lake rise abruptly the steep hills embosoming the city, hills of a rich warm colour, belted with light green vegetation, and crowned with the walls of an ancient fort.

Inside the palace are a library, an arsenal, and a *Tosha-Khana*, or treasure-house. The library is rich in Sanskrit and Persian MSS., which certain skilful scribes were copying. It contains some marvellous illuminated scrolls, some ancient Korans, and one special copy of the Gulistan which has been valued at £50,000, but is beyond price for the purity of its script and the splendid colour and delicacy of its pictures. In the armoury there were hundreds of famous swords, with hilts of gold, jade, and jewelled work. Some of them had pearls enclosed in a slot within the breadth of the blade, so that the pearls run up and down as the point is raised or depressed, a well-known trick of the old Oriental sword-makers. The Rajputs have always worshipped the sword. There were shields in the Ulwur armoury of great beauty, some of transparent rhinoceros hide, studded with gold and jewels; some of nilghai skin, the tuft of hair upon the breast being retained, and made to furnish the tassel of the boss. A shirt of mail worn by Holkar's grandfather, and a rifle ten feet in length, were shown with special pride by the Maharajah's armourer, who is the best judge of the water and temper of a sword-blade in Rajputana.

In the *Tosha-Khana* (treasury) were numberless chests of teak bound with iron—containing the surplus funds of Ulwur in rupees and gold mohurs—elephant trappings, gilded saddles and bridles, dresses of honour, costly shawls, and the jewels of the Royal Household. The glories of these latter were exhibited amid a crowd of

proud and respectful Rajput guards and attendants. There was a diamond worth £10,000, and two emeralds of prodigious size, with Persian couplets carved upon their lucent green, and a rope of pearls, for which the seas of Ormuz and of Lanka must have been ransacked. The *Tosha-Khana* also buys and stores perfumes; and the air in the dark little treasure-chamber was sweet with all sorts of essences, laid up for State occasions and for the pleasuring of the ladies of the zenana, in flasks, jars, and little leathern *dubbas*. Here was the *Majmuah*—"all the sweetnesses" and *Rahat-i-Ruh*—"comforts of the soul," with attar, the real rose-scent, a greenish yellow oil, of which a lakh of rose-blooms will only furnish 180 grains.

Yet the Prince, as has been said, sets but light store by these vanities. He is devoted to horses, and has a splendid breeding-stud, comprising some of the best Kattiawar, Arabian, and even English blood. The riding-stallions inhabit a vast range of stabling, where every stall has affixed the name, age, and pedigree of the occupant; while the mares are camped in a still larger enclosure, their colts and fillies running about near them in comfort and solitude. As a result of this establishment the cavalry of the Maharajah is magnificently mounted. The Kattiawar horse has a little curled tuft to the ear, somewhat like that of a lynx; and possesses very good legs. They brought us out the little Prince's ponies for inspection—one of them a tiny creature from Burmah, the gift of Mr. Grant Duff. We had seen the Heir-Apparent at the palace, and kissed his small, tender hand—a baby of between two and three years, with a pretty face and charming infantile manners. He was toddling about under the early morning sun in one of the pavilions, learning little words of Persian, and said in the sweetest

manner, "Good evening!" Not far from the stables was the lane of mud-built houses where the cheetahs, lynxes, and falcons were kept. The hunting leopards—very fine animals—were lazily stretched on charpoys in the hot noonday, their cream-coloured hides with the black velvet dots, and their savage faces, making wonderful pictures under the sunlight.

In every field and grove the pea-fowl strutted about, sacred and secure; and the grey red-headed cranes in pairs—which nothing but death can separate—stalked the edge of every pool. Peacocks are great favourites with the Rajputs. The bird is sacred to their war-god Kumara, and its feather was often carried in the turban of the Ulwur warriors; the reason, they declare, why it screams so loudly when thunder is heard is because the martial fowl "takes the noise for battle-drums."

Our royal friend has a palace and a steam-launch here, and sometimes brings the ladies of the zenana for a little ruralising into the pure upland air. Sri Ram's brother beguiled the way with anecdotes of the young Maharajah's goodness. A week ago he was walking, staff in hand, when an old Rajput met him, and this conversation ensued:

"Ram! Ram! they say the Maharajah is here; where can I see him?"

"What do you want?"

"I have a petition to him; I am old and poor, and have been wronged by a great man."

"Give it to me, Baba!"

"Not so. I will trust nobody except Mangal Singh."

"But I know him, and will give it into his hand."

"Tell me where he is; they say he will always do justice."

"*Such bāth*, old man! they say true. If he can, he will. Let me see the paper."

"It's only for the King's eye, Ji!"

"Well, then, I am the King!"

And then and there the Prince read the petition, and, finding it reasonable in its demand, issued on the spot an order which repaired the Rajput's wrongs. We left the picturesque valley of Ulwur, glad to have become the friends of its loyal and gracious sovereign.

7. A Rajput Nurse.



Môti, the Rajput Nurse, saves the Life of the Prince

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo! under this tamarind tree,
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see,

Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or Chief of the Rajput line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine ? "

" May it please you," quoth Vittoo salaaming, " Protector of all the Poor !
It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate door ;
Nor for Yogi, nor Rajput Rana, built they this gem of our land ;
But to tell of a Rajput woman, as long as the stones should stand.

" Her name was Môti, the pearl-name ; 'twas far in the ancient times ;
But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes ;
And because she was young and comely, and of good repute, and had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband,[1] the Palace-Nurse she was made :

" For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudpore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride ;
The heir of the peacock banner, of the five-coloured flag, of the throne
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone ;

[1] A Hindu father acknowledges paternity by receiving in his arms his new-born child.

" From times when, forth from the sunlight,[1] the first of
our kings came down
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars
for his crown,
As all good Rajputs have told us; so Môti was proud
and true,
With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own
brown baby too.

" And the Rajput women will have it (I know not myself
of these things)
As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and
the Joudpore King's,
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of
her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust
its part.

" He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince
had drunken his fill;
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was
lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round
the Rana's child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from
treason wild.

" For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men
had sought
The life of the heir of the *gadi*,[2] to the Palace in secret
brought;

[1] The Rajput dynasty is said to be descended from the sun.
[2] The " seat " or throne.

With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.

" There Môti, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees and the King's son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal's skin
Keeping the time of her soft song—when—Sahib!—there hurried in

" A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face:
'Oh! Môti! men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares,
Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars,[1] the clatter upon the stairs!'

" For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt of her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

[1] Indian swords.

" And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's son wore ;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Raja's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

" But there (so they deemed) in his jewels lay the Chota Rana,[1] the Heir ;
' The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one, ' it is right and fair
She should save her own baby ; no matter ! the edge of the dagger ends
This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight ; stab thrice and four times, O friends ! '

" And the Rajput women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Môti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince,
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

" Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line of our kings."
" Oh ! Vittoo," I said, " but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,

[1] " Little King."

And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace! Maybe
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so! they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would have;
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife, and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my child!'"

8. The Mosques of Ahmedabad.

Ahmedabad, the finest city in the rich province of Guzerat, owes its origin to Ahmed Shah, who laid the foundations of the stately capital in the earlier part of the fifteenth century. To build his new city the conquering monarch freely pillaged the marble masonry of Chandraoti and Anhilwâda, the two ancient Hindu capitals of Guzerat; and, later on, Mahmud Shah built the great wall which now encircles it, a massive rampart nearly six miles in circumference, having round towers at every fifty yards, the curtain being thirty feet high in many portions, and six feet thick. There are eighteen gates in this wall, each of them provided with huge folding-doors of teak, in the upper section of which sharp iron spikes are thickly planted, in order to prevent the elephants of a besieging enemy from battering them open with their heads.

Akbar, in his turn, greatly embellished the place, and

opened broad streets where ten bullock-carts could drive abreast. Ahmedabad is now a thriving city, containing a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, the head-quarters of the Northern Division of the Bombay Army, and possessing one of the most picturesque and healthiest cantonments in India. There is, indeed, no finer road to be seen anywhere than that which leads from the city to the camp, under a three-miles-long avenue of red tamarind and peepul trees.

The great boast of Ahmedabad, as regards architecture, lies in its old Mohammedan mosques, built mainly of white stone, delicately and marvellously carved. Northern Guzerat and Rajputana abound in a milky marble; and having this material, and all the ruins of the Hindu capitals at hand, the Sultans of Ahmedabad reared during their reigns some of the loveliest little buildings in the world. They are all ruined and defaced now, and in more than one instance—such are the chances of Fate!—a Hindu custodian keeps the shrines of Islam; but their ancient beauty shines through their decay, and weeks might be spent in the study of the delicious things wrought here in snow-white blocks by the carvers and masons of the Mohammedan period. The city itself, in all its streets and lanes, is full of wonderfully fine work of the same kind, executed upon the timbers and wooden pillars of the houses. There winds, in fact, hardly a byway in Ahmedabad where you will not observe some main beam or "king-post" of a trader's dwelling sculptured by the patient chisels of those true artists of old into admirable figures of gods, men, and animals; for wood and stone carving seems to be an ancient Hindu art which the conquerors adopted.

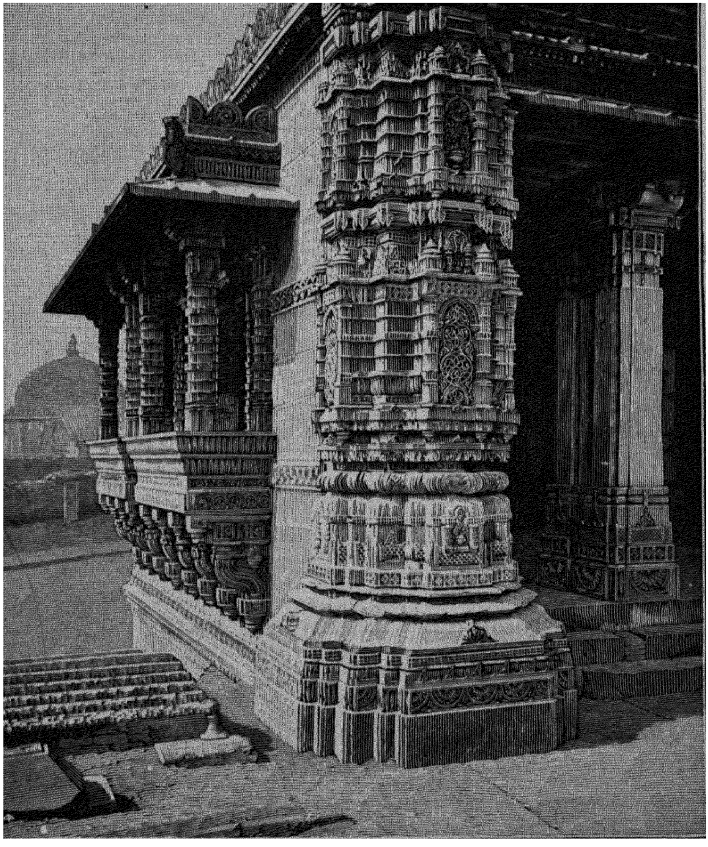
Among the many edifices which display the skill of

those old artificers we visited the Rânî-kî-Musjid, or "Queen's Mosque." The minarets of this monument are broken off short at the level of the mosque-roof, and the place is so wild and neglected that some years ago a tiger is said to have been shot sleeping within a few yards of the fakir who always occupies the platform under the rozah. Bats hang in clusters beneath the fretted dome, and long-tailed monkeys squat upon the cornice, where Arabic inscriptions in mother-of-pearl proclaim the glory of Allah and the merits of the pious founder. The window-work of pierced marble, however, remains utterly wonderful for its variety and delicacy. The silky stone is cut into patterns, which change with every lattice. They are all, it is true, geometrical, for it is the Hindu only who revels in imitations of nature, and loves to reproduce in marble climbing plants or the leaves and blossoms of the lotus. The Moslem, shunning all likeness of living things, has yet woven out of lines, circles, and triangles, and above all, from the beautiful letters of his Arabic alphabet, designs of exhaustless fancy, through which the bright light softly shines as if golden wine were poured through lace. There will be seen in all these buildings, first, a mosque proper, with minarets, a praying-place, and mimbar (pulpit); and next, a rozah or garden-canopy, covering the tomb or tombs of those in whose name the edifice was erected. This is generally an open pavilion, with double rows of columns, supporting a central dome surrounded by four small cupolas at the corners, the area being paved with marble, and approached by marble steps. The columns are crowned with capitals, engraved with minute luxurious embroidery in stone; and everywhere appears the same lavish wealth of work and fancy; for it is characteristic

of the Hindu art, which the Moslem also in this respect adopted, to leave no naked places in the stone. Wherever artistic toil can be bestowed it is freely given ; so that even the lower surfaces of all platform edges, and the hidden recesses of domes and niches, are completely covered with beautiful labour, on the old Greek principle that " the gods see everywhere."

Near the Jamalpur Gate rises another exquisite mosque, possessing still unbroken its graceful minarets of white marble, and embellished in the same, or even in a more astonishing manner, with elaborate carvings and pierced work. One of the panels upon the principal building here, fashioned in a fairy-like pattern, is worked out of the solid stone. An upright lamp-stand, wrought from the solid side of a column, stands here, of a conception admirable for elegance and utility ; and the pillars sustaining the five cupolas of the rozah are well worthy to form a canopy for the relics of that beautiful princess, the Ranî Siprà, to whose memory the mosque was erected. Briefly, words fail to describe the dainty loveliness of many among these Mohammedan memorials, dusty and decayed as they are at present. Some of them, like Haibat Khan's mosque, interest by exhibiting the way in which Moslem and Hindu styles of architecture were combined. The Manek Burg, or " Ruby Tower," contains a window of perforated alabaster, by some Hindu master-hand, where the stems and foliage of a creeper are so simulated that nature is not more lithe and living than the stone. The carving on the Tîn Darwaza, or " Triple Gateway " ; the lacework round the Tomb of Shah Alum ; the sculpture at Dhaee Harir's Well, might each of them supply pages of admiring comment ; and the bygone opulence of Ahmedabad in

these delicate triumphs of art may be gathered from the fact that in the sixteenth century there were not less than



RANÎ SIPRA'S MUSJID, AHMEDABAD

a thousand stone and marble mosques, tombs, and kiosques in or near her walls.

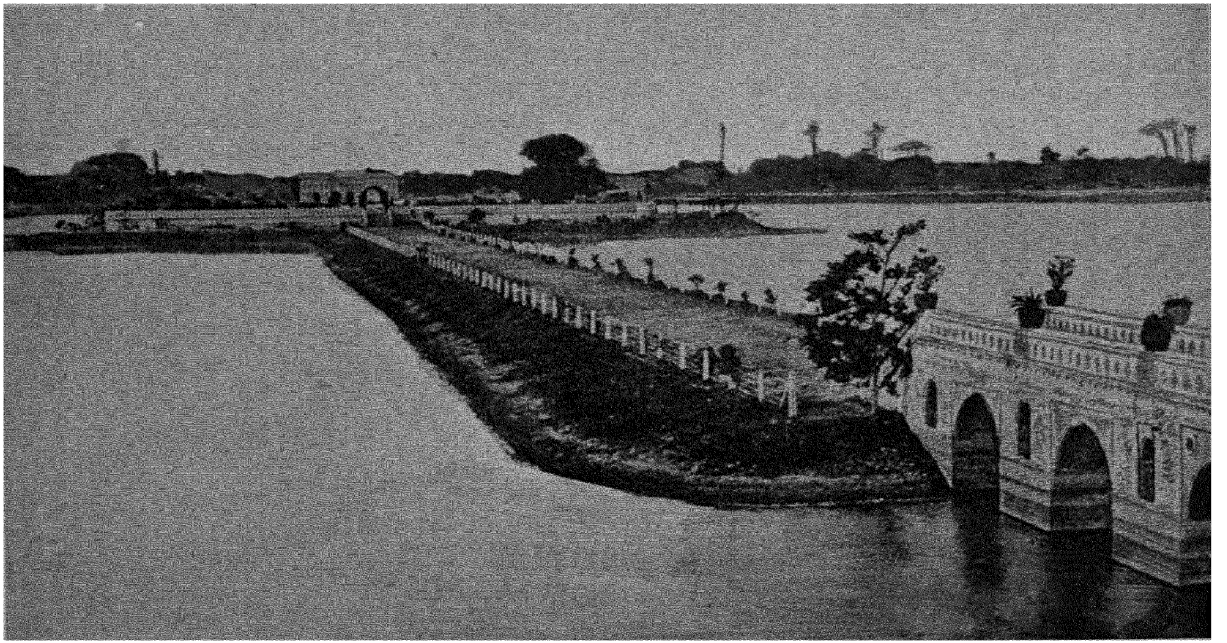
We visited also the pretty Kankaria Tank and Nagina Gardens, near the city. This is an artificial lake surrounded by steps of masonry and colonnades of marble, with an enchanting island in the middle, linked by a bridge and a causeway to the shore. The little palace in the island has been restored by the British Government, and affords a pleasant waterside retreat for the citizens of Ahmedabad. King-fishers, green and blue, were hovering over the placid surface ; the monkeys gambolled and chattered in the tamarind trees, and flowers of a hundred hues were reflected along the edges of the verdant island. A Byrâgi, or religious ascetic, had pitched his station under a peepul tree near the bridge, and was being devoutly worshipped by some Hindus, with offerings of meal and fruit.

9. The Song Celestial ; or, Bhagavad-Gîtâ.

Arjuna asks Krishna to drive his chariot on to the field that he may view the armies.

" Drive, Dauntless One ! to yonder open ground
Betwixt the armies ; I would see more nigh
These who will fight with us, those we must slay
To-day, in war's arbitrament ; for, sure,
On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain.

Thus, by Arjuna prayed (O Bharata !),
Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer
Drove the bright car, reining its milk-white steeds
Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their lords.
" See ! " spake he to Arjuna, " where they stand,
Thy kindred of the Kurus " : and the Prince



THE KANKARIA TANK, AHMEDABAD

Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,
Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,
Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed
With friends and honoured elders ; some this side,
Some that side ranged : and, seeing those opposed,
Such kith grown enemies—Arjuna's heart
Melted with pity, while he uttered this :

Arjuna says he cannot slay his kinsfolk.

Krishna ! as I behold, come here to shed
Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
Bristles with horror ; from my weak hand slips
Gandîv, the goodly bow ; a fever burns
My skin to parching ; hardly may I stand ;
The life within me seems to swim and faint ;
Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail !
It is not good, O Keshav ![1] nought of good
Can spring from mutual slaughter ! Lo, I hate
Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
Thus sadly won ! *Aho !* what victory
Can bring delight, Govinda ![1] what rich spoils
Could profit ; what rule recompense ; what span
Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood ?
Seeing that those stand here, ready to die,
For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,
And power grew precious :—grandsires, sires, and sons,
Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
Elders and friends ! Shall I deal death on these
Even though they seek to slay us ? Not one blow,
O Madhusudan ![1] will I strike to gain

[1] Names of Krishna.

The rule of all Three Worlds ; then how much less
To seize an earthly kingdom !
Thus, if we slay
Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power,
Ahovat ! what an evil fault it were !
Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,
To face them weaponless, and bare my breast
To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts,
Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,
And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

Krishna asks him why he will not fight.

How hath this weakness taken thee ? Whence springs
The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,
Barring the path of virtue ? Nay, Arjun !
Forbid thyself to feebleness ! it mars
Thy warrior-name ! cast off the coward-fit !
Wake ! Be thyself ! Arise, Scourge of thy Foes !

Arjuna repeats that he cannot bear to kill his kinsfolk.

How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts
On Bhishma, or on Drona—O thou Chief !—
Both worshipful, both honourable men ?

Better to live on beggar's bread
With those we love alive,
Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,
And guiltily survive !
Ah ! were it worse—who knows ?—to be
Victor or vanquished here,
When those confront us angrily

Whose death leaves living drear ?
In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,
My thoughts—distracted—turn
To Thee, the Guide I reverenced most,
That I may counsel learn :
I know not what would heal the grief
Burned into soul and sense,
If I were earth's unchallenged chief—
A god—and these gone thence !

Krishna says that he cannot kill them ; he may kill their bodies but he cannot kill their souls.

Thou grievest where no grief should be ! thou speakest
Words lacking wisdom ! for the wise in heart
Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
Nor I, nor thou, not any one of these,
Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
For ever and for ever afterwards.
All, that doth live, lives always ! To man's frame
As there comes infancy and youth and age,
So come there raisings-up and layings-down
Of other and of other life-abodes,
Which the wise know, and fear not.

Eternity of the Spirit.

Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall cease to be never ;
Never was time it was not ; End and Beginning are dreams !
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever ;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems !

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day!"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life;
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it.
How wilt thou, then,—
Knowing it so,—grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death; the end of death
Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
Of living things comes unperceived; the death
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?

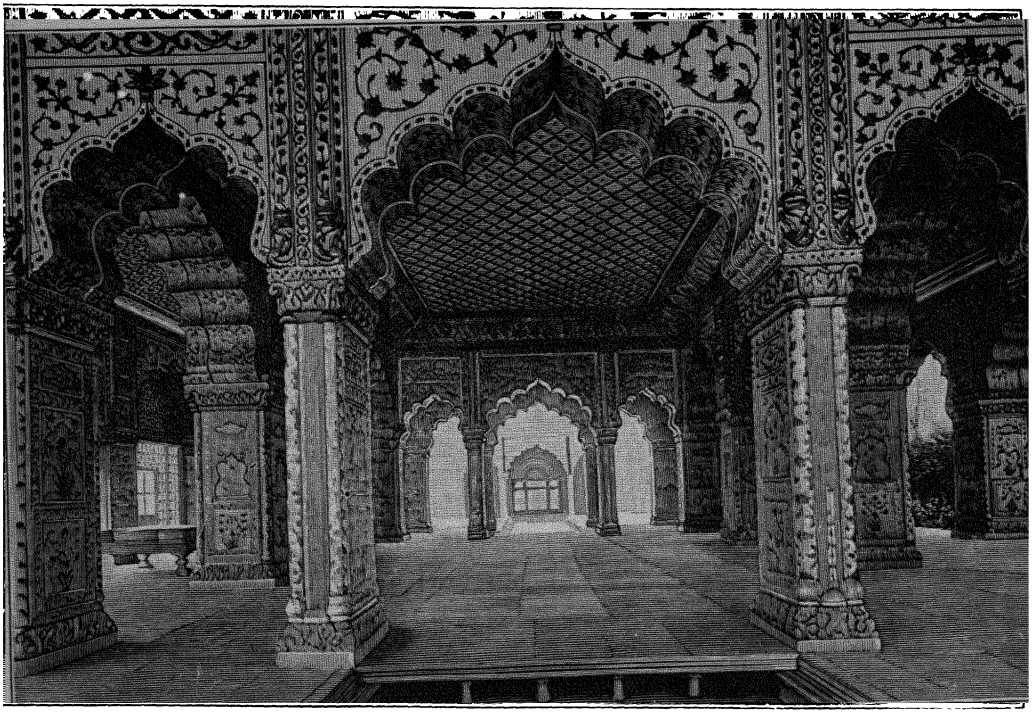
Krishna tells Arjuna that it is his duty as a Kshattriya to fight; not to fight would be a sin.

This Life within all living things, my Prince!
Hides beyond harm; scorn thou to suffer, then,
For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part!
Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
Nought better can betide a martial soul
Than lawful war; happy the warrior

To whom comes joy of battle—comes, as now,
Glorious and fair, unsought ; opening for him
A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st
This honourable field—a Kshattriya—
If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
Duty and task go by—that shall be sin !
And those to come shall speak thee infamy
From age to age ; but infamy is worse
For men of noble blood to bear than death !
The chiefs upon their battle-chariots
Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray.
Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn
Thou must abide, while all thine enemies
Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock
The valour which thou hadst ; what fate could fall
More grievously than this ? Either—being killed—
Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or—alive
And victor—thou wilt reign an earthly king.
Therefore, arise, thou son of Kuntî ! brace
Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—
As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat :
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin !

10. Delhi.

At the end of the Chandni Chauk (Silver Street) is the Lahore Gate, which leads by a covered bazaar to the magnificent fortress-palace of the Mogul Emperors. Passing through it, you come into a spacious square, where stand the majestic Diwan-i-Am, with its thirty-



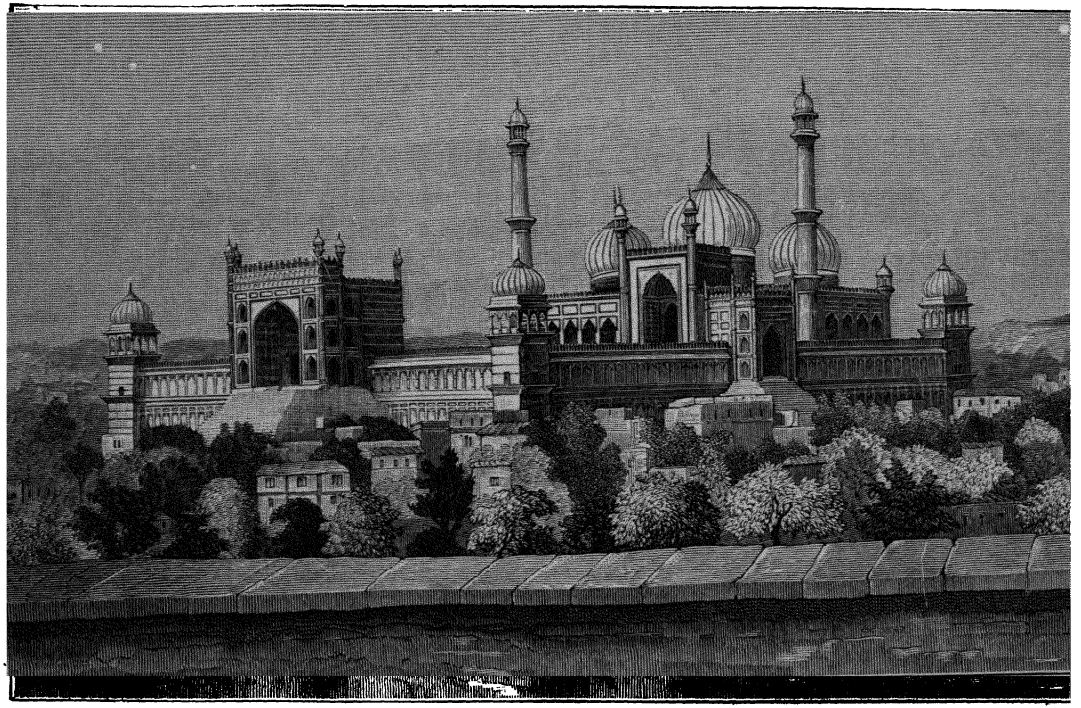
DIWAN-I-KHAS, DELHI

two red columns, and the royal seat of white marble; to its right the splendid and beautiful Diwan-i-Khas, the Hall of Private Audience of the Emperors, with close at hand the Moti Musjid, or "Pearl Mosque," a white wonder of architecture, and the sumptuous Akab Baths. In the audience hall once stood that throne—the Takt-i-Taüs—which cost six millions sterling, being composed of two peacocks of gold with spread tails, all fashioned to the life with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, between them hovering a parrot of the natural size carved out of a solid emerald, and overhead a canopy of beaten gold supported by twelve golden columns. Here sat in state the Great Moguls; but an almost higher idea is given of their grandeur by the white marble Bath Chambers adjoining, where rivulets of crystal water were made to wander through channels of polished alabaster, over slabs of inlaid stone, and the lips of silver and gold basins. Nothing in imperial Rome ever exceeded the magnificence of these royal retreats of Shah Jehan and Aurangzebe, or the delicate beauty of their zenana, looking through pierced marble lattices upon the Jumna. Over one gold and satin archway of this building the architect has written in a proud Persian verse:

> "If on the earth there be a bower of bliss,
> That place is this, is this, is this, is this!"

Here you may now buy bulbuls at two annas apiece on the steps and in the courts of the stately and exclusive Jumma Musjid; stroll through the chattering crowd, and feed monkeys in the gardens of the princesses of Baber.

All the district around Delhi, near and far, is covered with ruined mosques and tombs, some in marble, some in sandstone, some of both materials mixed; so that



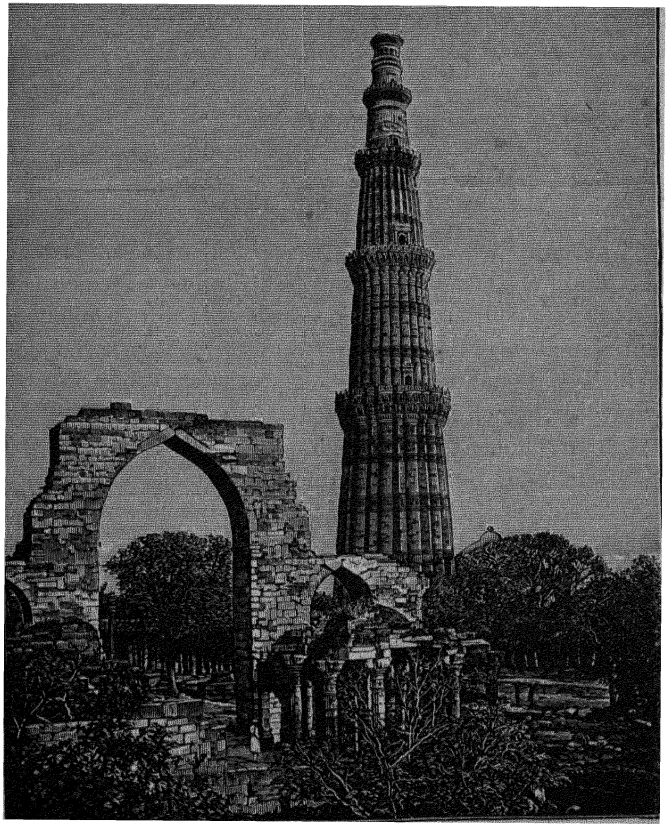
DELHI, JUMMA MUSJID

wherever the eye falls it lights upon domes, arches, and columns, showing amidst the groves, or towering above them, a very wilderness of vanished pride and splendour. There must be hundreds of stately edifices scattered over the face of this Southern plain, and beneath their ruins lie the remains of five or six successive cities, for here is the grave of dynasties of bygone empires.

The Kutub Minar.

Through their crumbling relics you arrive at last at the group of ancient buildings in the midst of which the Kutub Minar lifts its lofty beauty to the sky, a pillar of fluted masonry two hundred and forty feet high, embellished at each of its tapering stories with inscriptions in Arabic, which is so ornamental. The second story of the marvellous pillar is completely belted with the "Ninety-nine Beautiful Names of Allah." The three lowest stories of this pillar of victory are made of a warm red sandstone, the upper ones of white Ulwur marble. Sultan Altamsh completed it in A.D. 1230. No one can imagine the effect of this conical column, with its deep flutings and diminishing cones, soaring blood-colour and snow-white into the blue—and adorned with flowing deep-cut Arab scripts, with sculptured lamps, bells, and bosses? Hard by is the mosque of Kutbu 'l Islâm, which Ibn Batuta describes with such admiration, built in A.D. 1191 of the fragments of twenty-seven Hindu temples, the ancient fanes of Brahmanical Delhi. It is curious here to observe the mutilated figures of Indian mythology blended with Moslem inscriptions and Pathan domes; while, close at hand, is the famous iron pillar, "the Arm of Renown of Raja Dhâva." This is a

solid shaft of malleable iron, said to be more than sixty feet long, reckoning the underground portion, and



THE KUTUB MINAR

seventeen inches in diameter; deeply planted in the earth, where it is believed to rest on the head of the Great Snake, the King of the Nagas. Many inscriptions

are upon the shaft, and the dint of a cannon-ball may be seen which Nadir Shah fired at it, with the intention of breaking down the idolatrous "Lat." But it stands, and may well stand unshaken for ten thousand years longer. Should you diverge a few miles eastward, Tughlakabad may be visited—a citadel full of ruins and tombs, haunted by panthers and cheetahs, amid its thick undergrowth of thorns and cactus. The monument of Jûnâ Khan is there, the *Khuni Sultan*, or "Murderous King," a cruel tyrant, whose successor, Firoz Shah, procured written acquittances from many of those whom he had oppressed, and placed them in a chest at the foot of the King's tomb, in order that he might show them to the Angels of Judgment, Mukir and Nakir, and so, perhaps, escape punishment.

11. Agra and the Taj.

It would be difficult to find a railway station anywhere which lands its passengers upon a more remarkable scene than that at Agra. You emerge into the open space amid the usual brightly-clad crowd, and are arrested on the step of the carriage by the imposing spectacle presented upon either hand. To the right soar the minarets and domes of an immense mosque, the Jumma Musjid of the city, built by Shah Jehan in A.D. 1644, in honour of the good Princess Jehanâra, his daughter, who was buried at Delhi, after sharing the seven years' captivity of her father, deposed by Aurangzebe. This is a massive structure of sandstone, the great domes of which are covered by a zigzag pattern in layers of white marble, and to the left the vast red walls and bastions of Akbar's Fort climb upwards like sea-cliffs, facing the station with

a huge gateway, and with long lines of parapet, under which runs in a broad stream, divided by many sand-banks, the sacred Yamuna, or Jumna, flowing grandly down to join the Ganges, and forming with that river the fertile Doab, the fairest portion of Hindustan proper.

Akbar.

Within these lofty walls are hidden the finest monuments of the Mogul time, as well as some of the favourite retreats of the Sultans; and it is right that the first object to seize attention at Akbar's city should remind one of that truly great sovereign, whose tolerance and rare artistic taste created what may be called the new school of Hindustani architecture. Akbar loved India. The hearts of Baber and Humayun were always away in Central Asia; but the son of Hamida, the Persian girl, born at Umurkot on the Indus, who began to rule as a boy of fourteen, and lived to prove so powerful a monarch, knew no country except his empire of Hindustan, and gave himself, heart and soul, to the idea of blending in India



AKBAR IN HINDU DRESS

conquerors and conquered into one people. It is notable that the Hindus believed him to be one of their own people returned to earth, and all the more when one day he dug up at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges the dish, the bottle, and the deer-skin of an anchorite; articles which they supposed must have belonged to the Emperor in a previous existence. He chose Hindu princesses for his wives; favoured and cultivated Hindu literature, although he himself could neither read nor write; took Hindu statesmen into his deepest confidence, and by employing Hindu artists and masons, and giving them free play upon the old Persian and Mogul models, he founded for India what comes nearest to a national style of building, so that, even now, many a graceful private mansion or forgotten temple in the by-streets of Indian cities proves how thoroughly Hindustani architecture is a living art. The breadth of Akbar's religious views, his generous interest in all forms of thought, his love of the many good qualities in his Indian subjects; the grace, the joyfulness, the courage, and the kindliness of the man, until those later years when the vices of his children disheartened him and his strong nature yielded, make Agra a veritable place of pilgrimage for those who remember Akbar's virtues and overlook his faults.

He even invented a reconciling religion. Mr. Keene says: "The so-called 'Divine Monotheism' of Akbar was an attempt to throw off the rules of Islam, and substitute a system obtained by putting together the systems of Zoroaster, of the Brahmans, and of Christianity, and retaining some Mohammedan forms. Few leading Moslems, and only one Hindu (Birbul), embraced it; and it fell at the death of its founder, owing to the opposition of sincere believers and the indifference of

the new Emperor Jehangir. But the Hindus continued to prosper till the time of Aurangzebe. Of Akbar's peers fifty-seven were Hindus out of about four hundred; under his grandson Shah Jehan, out of six hundred and nine, one hundred and ten were Hindus. Neither Akbar nor Jehangir converted their Hindu wives to the faith of Islam." Faults the great Emperor certainly had. His city of Futtehpoor-Sikri, built at enormous cost to his people, in a place where no man could live long because of the bad air and water, was a caprice so costly as to seem cruel; and beautiful as are the buildings in this city and at Delhi, due to his hand or to his influence, who has not heard of that fatal sweetmeat box which the Emperor carried, one side of which contained innocent lozenges of honey and almonds, and the other partition sweet-scented lozenges imbued with deadly poison? If Akbar gave you a sweet from the kind side of his box you were in high favour at court, and likely to command a province soon or to receive the charge of five thousand horse. If he smilingly offered you one from the other part, you could not refuse—for none dared to say "No" to Akbar—while you rode hurriedly home in your litter, and there died before the golden palace robes could well be stripped off. They say that Akbar himself perished by making a mistake one evening when he wished for a sweetmeat.

The City of Agra.

The Fort contains within its vast red walls a whole town of splendid Mogul buildings. They are grouped together in a rich profusion of architecture not to be understood, unless it is remembered that the Mogul was

a man of camps, and imitated in walled cities his own bygone habits of the desert. Thus, alike at Futtehpoor-Sikri and in this wonderful Agra Fort, edifice is crowded upon edifice within a narrow space, just as tents would have been in a Bactrian encampment. Moreover, the general design is virtually the same. The Diwan-i-Am, which you first see, with its three rows of thirty-six columns fronting the sunlight, where the place of the throne is still marked; the Diwan-i-Khas, a marvel of elaborate work, carved and beautified beyond the power of any words to convey; the Jehangir Mahal, and the beautiful mosques themselves, the Nagina and the Moti, all suggest tents and tent-poles, and the Kanauts or curtains of tents lifted high for light and air. These buildings are, in fact, all open halls, facing with tent-like fronts the square or the river on one side, and having secret apartments or recesses at the back, like the women's portion of a Turanian *kibitka*. The Diwan-i-Khas, with its embroidered arches and its inlaying of jewel-work, would alone render any city famous. Yet this is only one of the many treasures enshrined in Agra. You pass from the columned grace and lightness of the Hall of Audience, upon a terrace overlooking the broad channel of the Jumna, with the snow-white domes of the Taj showing in the distance. Close to the foot of this terrace is placed a broad solid slab of black stone, on which the throne of Akbar was set, while he administered justice to the crowds of his people assembled in the courtyard below.

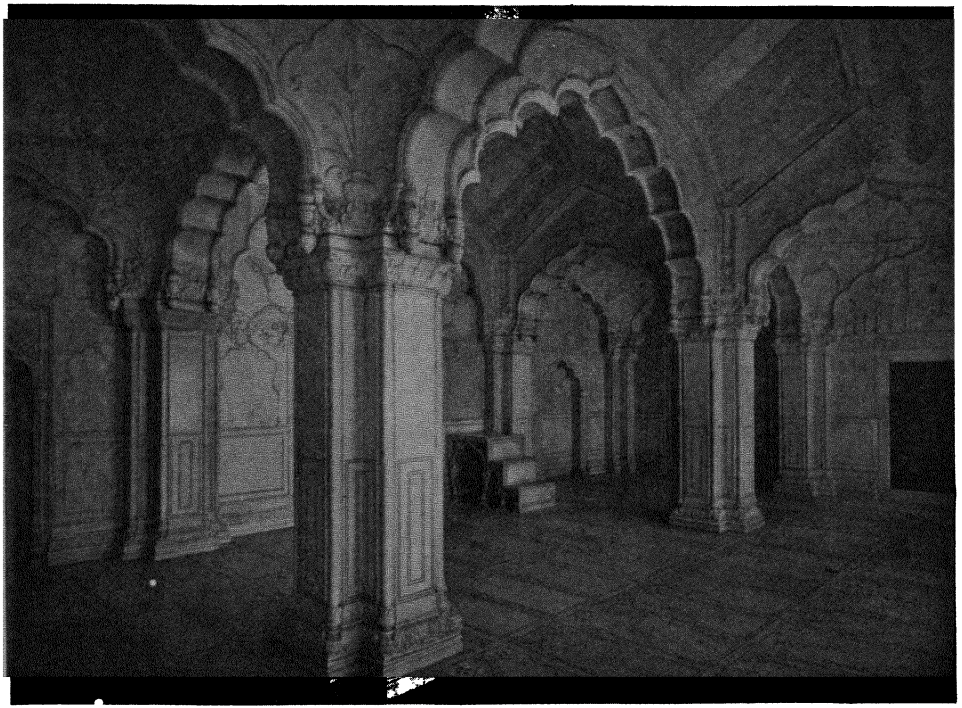
Yet again you wander, by a corridor of marble and some shining steps, by once-secret bowers of the zenana and bathrooms, cool in the hottest noon, to a pair of brazen gates, spoil brought by Akbar from Chittore;

and these admit the delighted visitor to a small, secluded mosque, dedicated to the use of those same lovely queens of the Great Mogul for their daily devotions.

The Moti Musjid (Pear Mosque).

Here is the Nagina, or "Gem"—all of white marble, and delicately beautiful enough for the knees of the sweetest and stateliest of votaries. But it is a seed-pearl only to the Great Pearl adjoining, the famous Moti Musjid, the edifice which is a fair and perfect sister to Shah Jehan's other consummate work, the Taj Mahal. A heavy door of carved timber is thrust open by the *khadim* (attendant), and you stand in a Moslem shrine, where only two colours are needed by the artist who would endeavour to depict it—the blue of the enroofing sky and the silvery white of the surrounding alabaster. All is sapphire and snow; a sanctuary without any ornament except its own supreme and spotless beauty of surface and material. Three snowy domes crown the holy place of prayer, approached by milk-white steps from the white enclosure, in the middle of which opens a marble tank, the waters whereof reflect the fifty-eight white pillars of the cloister. It is not quite exact to write that this Pearl of all Churches has no embellishment. Passages from the Koran are inscribed over some of the doorways and arches, in flowing Arabic, wrought of black marble, inlaid upon the purity of the alabaster. The delicate stone itself has here and there tints of rose colour, of pale amber, and of faint blue, and is carved on many a panel and slender pillar into soft fancies of spray and flower.

In the south-east angle of this palace-crowded Fort



INTERIOR OF MOTI MUSJID, SHOWING SARACENIC ARCHES

there are *Baoli*, or Well-Room, and the other basement apartments whereto the Emperor and his ladies would retreat when the fierce heats of the Indian midsummer had wearied him of state, and them of prayer in the mosque, or of bargains with the silk-merchant's slaves in the *Muchchi Bhawun*. "Descending," we are told, "at early morning, and followed by attendants with fruits and music, the royal party could wander about the labyrinths that honeycomb the fort in this direction, whose windows look on the river at the base of the palace. Arriving at the *Baoli* they could seat themselves on cushions in the chambers that surrounded the water of the well, and idle away the sultry hours in the manner dwelt on by Persian poets."



SHAH JEHAN

If, indeed, one would realise the pomp and luxury of this ancient Mogul Court, a very just idea may be gained from M. Bernier's account, who visited Agra during the reign of Shah Jehan. This famous Frenchman writes:

"The king appeared sitting upon his throne, in the bottom of the great hall of the *Am-kas*, splendidly apparelled. His vest was of white satin, flowered and

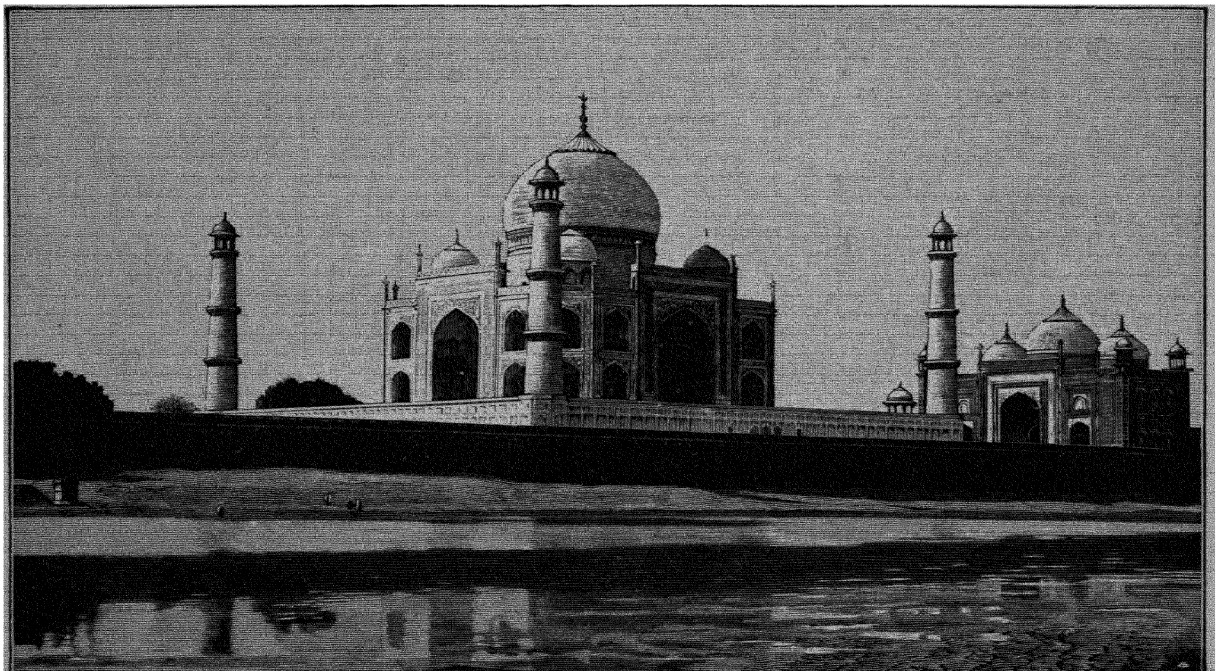
raised with a very fine embroidery of gold and silk. His turban was of cloth of gold, having a fowl wrought upon it like a heron, whose foot was covered with diamonds of an extraordinary bigness and price, with a great Oriental topaz, which may be said to be matchless, shining like a little sun. A collar of big pearls hung about his neck down to his stomach. His throne was supported by six high pillars, or feet, said to be of massive gold, and set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. I am not able to tell you either the number or the price of this heap of precious stones, because it is not permitted to come near enough to count them, and to judge of their water and purity. Behind him were two peacocks made of precious stones and pearls. Beneath this throne there appeared all the Omrahs in splendid apparel upon a raised ground covered with a great canopy of purfled gold with great golden fringes, and enclosed by a silver balistre. The pillars of the hall were hung with tapestries of purfled gold, having the ground of gold; and for the roof of the hall there was nothing but great canopies of flowered satin fastened with red silken cords that had big tufts of silk mixed with threads of gold hanging on them."

The Taj Mahal.

Yet, all this while, nothing has been written of the Wonder of Agra, and the "Crown of the World"—the Taj, the Peerless Tomb, built for the fair dead body of Arjamund Banoo Begum by her lord and lover, the Emperor Shah Jehan. In truth, it is difficult to speak of what has been so often described, the charm of which remains nevertheless quite indescribable. The Tartar

princes and princesses from whom sprang the proud line of the Moguls were wont in their lifetime to choose a piece of picturesque ground, to enclose it with high walls, embellish its precincts with flower-beds and groves of shady trees, and to build upon it a *Bara-duri*, a "twelve-gated" Pleasure House, where they took delight during the founder's life. When he died the pavilion became a mausoleum, and never again echoed with song and music. Perhaps the fair daughter of Asuf Khan, Shah Jehan's Sultana, had loved this very garden in her life, for her remains were laid, at death, in its confines, while the Emperor commissioned the best artificers of his time to build a resting-place for her dust worthy of the graces of mind and body which are recorded in the Persian verse upon her grave.

In all the world no queen had ever such a monument. You have read a thousand times all about the Taj; you know exactly—so you believe—what to expect. There will be the gateway of red sandstone with the embroidered sentences upon it from the "Holy Book," then the green garden opening a long vista over marble pavements, between masses of heavy foliage and mournful pillars of the cypress, ranged like sentinels to guard the solemnity of the spot. At the far end of this vista, beyond the fountains and the marble platform, amid four stately white towers, you know what sweet and symmetrical dome will be beheld, higher than its breadth, solid and majestic, but yet soft and delicate in its swelling proportions and its milk-white sheen. Then you pass beneath the stately portal—in itself sufficient to commemorate the proudest of princesses—and the white cupola of the Taj rises before the gaze and reveals its beauty—grace by grace—as you pace along the pave-



THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE RIVER JUMNA, AGRA

mented avenue. When the first platform is reached, and the full glory of this snow-white wonder comes into sight, admiration, delight, astonishment blend with a feeling that human affection never struggled more ardently, passionately, and triumphantly against the oblivion of Death. There is one sustained, harmonious, majestic sorrowfulness of pride in it, from the verse on the entrance which says that "the pure of heart shall enter the Gardens of God," to the small, delicate letters of sculptured Arabic upon the tombstone which tell, with a refined humility, that Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the "Exalted of the Palace," lies here, and that "Allah alone is powerful."



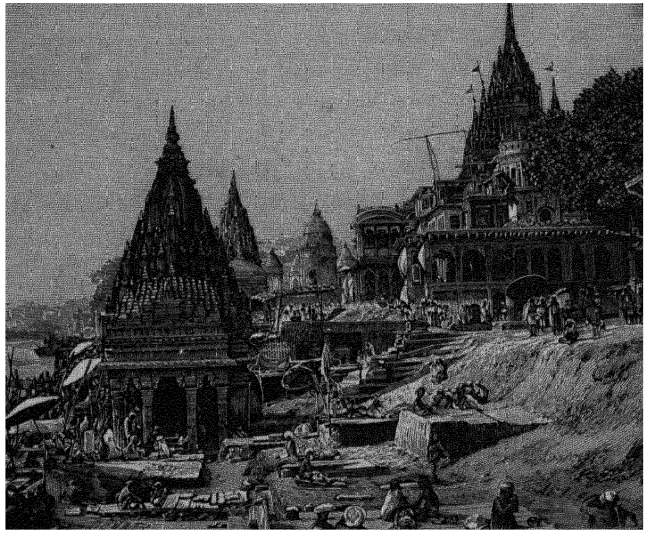
MUMTAZ-I-MAHAL
(Arjamund Banoo Begum)

You pace round the four sides of the milk-white monument, pausing to observe the glorious prospect over the Indian plains commanded from the platform on that face where Jumna washes the foot of the wall. Its magnitude now astounds. The base of the Taj is over one hundred yards each way, and it lifts its golden pinnacle two hundred and forty-four feet into the sky. From a distance this lovely and aerial dome sits therefore above the horizon like a rounded cloud. And having paced about it, and saturated the mind with its extreme and irresistible loveliness, you enter reverently the burial-place of the Princess Arjamund, to find the inner

walls of the monument as much a marvel of subtle shadow and chastened light, decked with delicate jewellery, as the exterior was noble and simple. On the pure surface of this Hall of Death, and upon the columns, panels, and trellis-work of the marble screens surrounding the tomb, are patiently inlaid all sorts of graceful and elaborate embellishments—flowers, leaves, berries, scrolls, and sentences—in jasper, coral, bloodstone, lapis lazuli, nacre, onyx, turquoise, sardonyx, and even precious gems. Moreover, the exquisite Abode of Death is haunted by spirits as delicate as their dwelling. They will not answer to rude noises, but if a woman's voice be gently raised in notes of hymn or song, its echoes in the marble vault take up the music, repeat, diversify, and amplify it with strange combinations of melodious sounds, slowly dying away and re-arising, as if Israfil, " who has the sweetest voice of all Allah's angels," had set a guard of his best celestial minstrels to watch the death-couch of Arjamund. For, under the beautiful screens and the carved trellis-work of alabaster is the real resting-place of the " Exalted One of the Palace." She has the centre of the circular area, marked by a little slab of snow-white marble; while by her side—a span loftier in height, because he was man and Emperor, but not displacing her from the pre-eminence of her grace and beauty—is the stone which marks the resting-spot of Shah Jehan, her lord and lover. He has immortalised—if he could not preserve alive for one brief day—his peerless wife; yet the pathetic moral of it all is written in a verse hereabouts from the *Hudees*, or " traditions." It runs—after reciting the styles and titles of " His Majesty, King of Kings, Shadow of Allah, whose Court is as Heaven "—" *Saith Jesus* (*on whom be peace*), *This*

world is a bridge ! pass thou over it, but build not upon it. This world is one hour ; give its minutes to thy prayers for the rest is unseen."

12. BENARES.



BENARES

Benares (Kasi)—the Oxford and the Canterbury of India in one—has been a city of sanctity and learning ages out of mind. Kapila taught the Sânkhya philosophy here, Gautama the Nyaya system, and Panini elaborated his Sanskrit Grammar, although, indeed, the orthodox Brahmans believe that that famous work came straight from the gods centuries before a stone was laid of any

Aryan city. Benares, as it stood in ancient days on and about Sarnâth, was certainly older than Alexander of Macedon, for its importance and large population drew thither the Great Teacher of Buddhism, Prince Siddārtha, when he had finished his meditations near Gaya. Its name comes undoubtedly from the two streams, Barna and Asi, which bound it on the north and south, and run into the great river.

There are 200,000 souls in this great city, which sits on a high bank sloping abruptly to the water, and is built principally of a stone material that gives a grey and subdued hue to its long sweeping crescent of ghauts, temples, stairways, and quays; to a Hindu's eye the noblest and holiest panorama in the world.

No one, indeed, who has ever gazed upon that vast hill of hallowed architecture can afterwards forget the aspect of the sacred city—as it rises from the shore of the Ganges in a league-long front of countless shrines and crowded bathing-places. The city presents to the view one unbroken bank of towers, shrines, chaityas, pilgrim-houses, sacred trees, images, altars, and flights of spacious steps. Every other spot in this chaos of consecrated sites is the scene of some reputed miracle, ancient or modern.

Yet far and away the most remarkable part of the spectacle presented by the river-face of the city is its population, resident and immigrant. Throughout the length of this northern shore, where the flights of steps and the slopes of the temples come down to the Ganges, is seen all day long an immense crowd of devotees, of all ages, ranks, and raiment, and of both sexes, bathing in the sacred river or praying by its edge, or washing their robes of pilgrimage, or bringing their dead to be

burned. Throngs of brown-skinned men and women, of boys and girls, stand waist-deep along the bathing-stations, whispering their supplications and pouring the holy liquid over neck and breast and loosened black hair. Groups of bright-clad women, led by their Brahman gurus, trip joyously down the stairs, from far-off towns and jungles, to lay their scarlet, saffron, green, and rose-colour saris aside with the ghaut-keepers, and wash their innocent sins away in Gunga. Big umbrellas are everywhere erected in the sand or mud, inscribed with "*Ram, Ram,*" and under them, shaded from the sun, family parties sit and chatter, or pray in silent accord, arrived, after immense marches, to be laved in and saved by Gunga. Sick people lie, wistful and wan, on charpoys, brought to her beneficent side, that they may hear the ripple of the "Great Mother," and feel the healing wind blow from her waves. Some of the visitors are "purdah women," who would never lay aside their veils and step outside the curtain except under protection of the sacred simplicity of pilgrimage. Some are old and feeble, weary with long journeys of life, emaciated by maladies, saddened from losses and troubles; and the morning air blows sharp, the river wave runs chilly. Yet there they stand, breast-deep in the cold river, with dripping cotton garments clinging to their thin or aged limbs, visibly shuddering under the shock of the water, and their lips blue and quivering, while they eagerly mutter their invocations. None of them hesitates; into Gunga they plunge on arrival, ill or well, robust or sickly, and ladle the holy liquid up with small, dark, trembling hands, repeating the sacred names, and softly mentioning the sins they would expiate and the beloved souls they plead for! I hope it is really true, as I watch these

devout and shivering women, that "all the prayers which are uttered come somehow to the ears of Keshav."

I took a most interesting walk through the city on the day after our voyage upon the river, in the agreeable society of a Jain gentleman of high rank and many accomplishments, the Raja Sivaprasâd, C.S.I. The Raja is a good Sanskrit and Arabic scholar, and deeply versed in the philosophies and histories of his country; while a long experience in public affairs has added practical sagacity to the kindly disposition and gentle tenets characteristic of the Swetambara Jains, whose beliefs are closely akin to Buddhism. The Raja is the principal native personage of Benares, after the Maharajah, and illustrates in his amiable household the tolerant spirit of modern Hinduism, his wife being a Vaishnavite, and his sister a Jain like himself. We drove through the chief bazaars of the city as far as a carriage can go. This is not a long way, for all along the edge of the river-slope the holy metropolis becomes a labyrinth of narrow lanes, where even a palanquin can hardly pass. Threading these on foot, amid a crowd of townsmen, pilgrims, sacred bulls and cows, flower and shrine sellers, gosains, priests, and brightly clad women, we first visited the house of a very wealthy banker and merchant. Followed by two armed servants, the Raja tripped familiarly into the abode, and led the way upstairs to the room of our Hindu capitalist. After pleasant conversation upon the state of trade, a door covered with silver plates and studs was opened with three keys, and the little apartment became inundated by a dazzling flood of gold and silk *kincobs*, embroidered cloths and scarves, cashmere shawls of marvellous make, texture, and tints, slippers for princesses, turbans for kings, and

cholis glittering with gems and gold lace; while from the same receptacle "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" was suddenly and splendidly illustrated by the production of a whole heap of necklaces, armlets, bangles, and chains of the most costly jewels. Benares is always rich, because good Hindus—when they have amassed a fortune—come hither to end their days, bringing their gold mohurs and rupees with them. But it has only been under the strong British Raj that a Hindu merchant can thus safely store up and display his opulence!

Arrived at last upon a spot near the Burning Ghaut, where another little group of dead lay silently, with their rigid feet laved by the running water, I asked, rather abruptly, "Did these live before their recent existence, Raja, and will Heaven grant them to live again?" The good Jain settled himself against a carved pillar of Aurangzebe's mosque, and quoted in Sanskrit those lines of the great *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, which say:

> "'He is unknown to whoso think they know;
> And known to whoso know they know Him not.'

"The true truth in all languages transcends expression! No words can tell what the informed soul knows and feels; but for work-a-day purposes it is enough to believe—as we Jains do—that the life of these dead men was the outcome of former births, and that as they have passed this existence well or ill so must their next life be surely moulded." The Raja was, in fact, full of delightful stories and deep philosophies. He told me of a rebuke administered to Sher Shah by the Moslem poet Mâlik Muhammad. The Emperor, hearing of this verse-writer's renown, sent for him to Court. The poet came—a man of genius, but a weaver by trade—poor,

mean in aspect, with a grotesque face, and eyes that squinted. Sher Shah broke into a loud laugh of ridicule at the unprepossessing appearance of the minstrel, upon which Mâlik Muhammad said gravely and sweetly, "Do you laugh, oh, my lord! at the Creator or at what He has created?"

The Land of "The Light of Asia."

It is not Hinduism which—to my mind, at least—chiefly consecrates Benares. The divine memory of the founder of Buddhism broods over all the country hereabouts; and just as the walls and buildings of "Kasi" are full of old Buddhist stones carved with symbols and legends of his gentle faith, so is the land north and south famous with the passage of his feet, and so are the religious and social thoughts and ways of all this Hindu people stamped with the impress of his doctrines. Modern Brahmanism is really Buddhism in a Shastri's robe and sacred thread. Shunkurachârya and his priests expelled the brethren of the yellow robe from India, but the spirit of Sakya-Muni's teaching remained unbanished, just as

"Greece, overcome, conquered her conqueror."

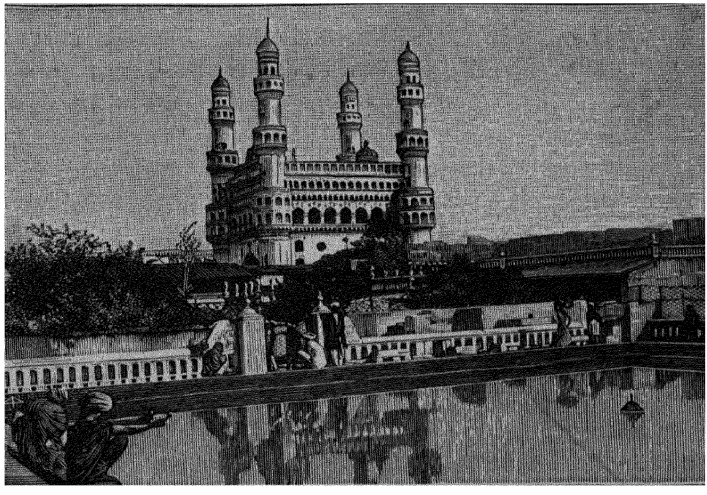
For this reason the country of *The Light of Asia* and the monuments which remain in India of ancient Buddhism ought surely to be esteemed more interesting than the most ornate Brahmanic temples, or the proudest and most beautiful mosques and palaces of the Mogul. And all the country of the Buddhist chronicles may be visited within a week by one who would see where Prince Siddârtha was born and dwelled in his Pleasure-

House; where he meditated his doctrines during six years, and where he publicly taught them; and where his body was burned. It all lies, roughly speaking, inside the three or four hundred miles between Busti in Oudh and Buddha-Gaya in the Lower Provinces, which tract, varying somewhat in scenery and races, includes four sites.

The four sacred Buddhist sites alluded to are Bhûila, which is the ancient Kapilavastu, the place of his birth; Kasia, that of his death; Sarnâth, near Benares, which is the ancient Isipatana, where he preached; and Buddha-Gaya, where—upon a spot known to a rood, to a yard, of ground—this lofty and tender teacher elaborated in solitude that statement of belief which, rightly comprehended, is so full of love, of hope, of peace, and of philosophic truth. Bhûila, now almost certainly identified with Kapilavastu, is to-day a tangle of brick and stone ruins, where gaps in the mound which was once a city wall mark the gates whereby Siddārtha rode forth to contend with the Sākya princes for the love of Yasōdhara, and to witness those sights of age, sickness, and death which filled his heart with "the still, sad music of humanity." There are to this day, in that district, the lakes from which he drank; the fields where he watched the labours of the Indian spring-time; the jungle where the jambu tree shaded his princely head; and, most significant of all, that distant view of the ranges of Himālaya which, it may be believed, lifted his soul to lofty thoughts, by the majesty and mystery of the shining peaks, which seem at once to shut in the world and to supply a pathway to heaven. From his earthly paradise in that spot beyond the Gogra the young prince fled; and one may identify and ride over the

Anoma river, which he crossed on his way southward; and traverse the vast flats of jungle, desolate with sandy patches, or rank with wild indigo, tiger grass, and thorn bushes, which his patient feet trod.

13. HYDERABAD.



CHAHAR MINAR, HYDERABAD

Hyderabad is unquestionably one of the most peculiar and interesting cities of India, although of no ancient foundation, and possessing no very remarkable buildings. Kootub Shah, who created this capital in A.D. 1589—having migrated from Golcondah for want of good water—called it after his favourite queen Bhagmatî, and beautified the place with a stately mosque and the picturesque edifice called Chahar Minar, or the "Four Minarets," through the wide archways of which the

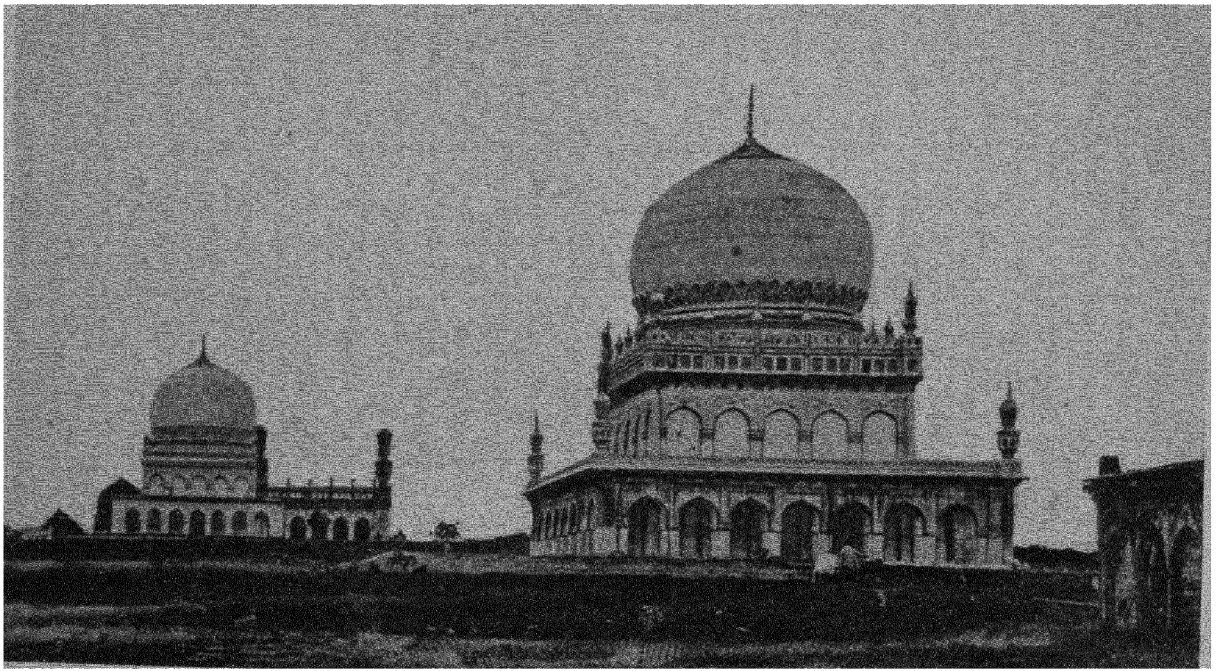
main traffic of the bazaars still passes. The name and memory of the Sultan's Hindu queen have, however, faded away, and this thoroughly Mohammedan city bears a Moslem appellation. Outside its grey and white walls runs the river Moosi in stony channels which are filled with a turbid flood during the rains, but at other seasons trickle feebly with a chain of shallow pools, where elephants bathe and the town washing is clamorously done. This rocky stream is spanned by three broad bridges, separating the Hindu suburbs from the town proper, wherein all — or almost all — is Mohammedan in character. The long, whitewashed streets of the capital, with their shop-fronts formed by Saracenic arches; the mosques occurring at frequent intervals; the tall sculptured minarets seen constantly rising above the city roofs; the signboards bearing Persian, Arabic, or Hindu inscriptions; the names of the shopkeepers, and the multiplicity of beggars on the mosque-steps and at the gateways, give the general impression of a sort of Indian Damascus or Cairo. This is intensified by the busy throng blocking up the main streets with a perpetual tide of life; for here one sees perpetually the snow-white turban of the "true believer" mingling with the red tarboosh of the Mohammedan negro and the green caftan worn by the Syed, or the Hadji, who has made his pilgrimage to Mecca.

The main streets exhibit more varieties of the Indian races, and, it may be added, more elephants, than those of any other city from Peshawur to Comorin. You see the Arab, short and square, with his silver-bound matchlock and daggers; the black-faced Sidi; the Rohilla, with blue caftan and blunderbuss; the Pathan; the Afghan, dirty and long-haired; the Rajput with his

shield of oiled and polished hide; Persians, Bokhara men, Turks, Mahrattas, Madrassees, Parsees, and others.

This population goes armed, as has been said, to the teeth—to the stomach, to the back and legs, to the neck and head. In truth, it is hardly less the fashion to wear pistols, sabres, daggers, guns, and spears in Hyderabad than to carry umbrellas in London. At the guard-houses sit the Arab troopers, with long matchlocks held spearwise between the knees, and cotton fuses smoking. The young Moslem "gentleman," as he rides down the bazaar, strokes his moustaches with the blade of his sword; the noble on his elephant lays his crooked tulwar across his knees; the messenger goes down the street with the letter which he is to deliver stuck into the sheath of his silver-hafted knife; the dealer squats at the shoe-mart with a lapful of poignards rattling against his rupees; and every fifth or sixth shop sells weapons. The whole capital gives the idea of being ready to go off at a touch into turmoil and revolution. It is, however, only an idea; and though the populace has decidedly an independent, free-and-easy manner not witnessed elsewhere, there is no sign of turbulence or any positive want of civility that I could notice; and broils are said to be of singular infrequency.

I have spoken of Golcondah and its great rock as being near the capital, and may mention that we had a memorable little dinner at this retreat of his Highness, the table being laid in the outer hall of a magnificent tomb of granite, erected to the memory of one of the Kootub Shah kings. The splendid monument had been unhappily whitewashed inside and out, but this could not spoil its stately proportions, its majestic vault, and grand outlook over the rugged hills. This same district,



TOMBS OF THE KINGS AT GOLCONDAH

lighted up for our pleasant repast by the moon and the fire-flies, as well as by coloured lamps, was that which Marco Polo describes when he visited Queen Rudrama Devi in A.D. 1292. "There be certain lofty mountains in these parts, and when the rains fall, which be very heavy, the waters come roaring down them in huge torrents. When the rains are over, and the waters have ceased to flow, they search the beds of the torrents and find plenty of diamonds. In summer, also, there are plenty to be found in these hills, but the heat of the sun is so great that it is scarcely possible to go thither." Then the old traveller also tells Sinbad's story of the eagles and the joints of mutton. Tavernier, too, came hither for diamonds, and noticed as many as sixty thousand people, in and about the district, engaged in digging for them. The Koh-i-noor was one of the famous stones thus discovered, and doubtless there are many noble jewels yet to be unearthed in the vicinity; but the clue seems lost to their precise whereabouts, and the last renowned diamond found was the "Nizam," which, after a peasant had rashly splintered it by a blow on the apex, still furnished a fragment valued at seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The gravelly laterite of Golcondah might, indeed, repay a careful search with some results which would astonish the South African and Brazilian diggers. We, however, had no graver business at Golcondah than to banquet with the kindest of entertainers, Captain and Mrs. Clerk, under the vast dome of the dead monarch's mausoleum, and to enjoy the tranquil charms of the Indian night, and of the landscape softened from wild and broken ruggedness to a silvery amenity. In this commodious edifice one understands better than before why wandering Kalenders

and enchanted Princes of the *Thousand and One Nights* so often take repose in "tombs."

The royal colour of Hyderabad is yellow, and the royal flag is a banner of the same hue with a circular disc in its middle. People have taken this for an image of the moon, or a shield, but it really represents a chupatty or cake of bread. When the first Nizam was setting forth on a dangerous expedition one of his holy men gave him the loaf which he was eating "for luck," and the King carried it with the army throughout a very successful campaign. Ever since that date the Nizams have borne the *kulcha*, the figure of the saint's loaf, upon their standards, which was floating over the Chahar Minar. M. Thevenot in 1667 described that central edifice of the city in terms which cannot be improved upon. He says: "What is called 'Four Towers' is a square building, of which each face is ten fathoms broad and about seven high. It is opened on the four sides by four arches, four or five fathoms high and four fathoms wide, and every one of these arches fronts a street of the same breadth as the arch. There are two galleries in it, one over another, and over all a *Tewass*, which serves for a roof, bordered with a stone balcony; and at each corner of that building a decagone tower ten fathoms high, and each tower hath four galleries, the whole being adorned with roses and festoons prettily cut."

14. Final Words.

Herewith my hasty and imperfect notes come to a close. I can only plead that they faithfully record our special experience, which was one of constant delight and satisfaction. We brought goodwill to India, and leave it

with that goodwill doubled and trebled. I myself have found nothing but friendliness and courtesy among the countless millions of this land, from strangers, townsfolk, peasants, servants, men, women, and children; I have witnessed a thousand instances of simple virtues—of charity, of domestic affection, of natural courtesy, of inherent modesty, of honest dignity, of devotion, of piety, of glad human life—have encountered grace and goodness in passing, as one encounters bright birds and fair flowers; have, more than in my old years of service, become endeared to this kindred and civilised population, whose intellectual and religious history is so noble, and the guardianship of whose peace and progress is Great Britain's proudest charge. I myself quit for a second—perhaps for a last—time the shores of this beautiful land, from which I carry the wealth of so many new and precious friendships, Hindu and Mohammedan; but if those impressions appear, as they may, too hopeful and too partial, or even, indeed, presumptuous—my defence is really a confession, for I declare myself not so much her friend as her lover. I leave my heart behind me in leaving these Indian peoples, who have taught me, as I have wandered among them, that manners more noble and gentle, learning more modest and profound, loyalty more sincere, refinement more natural, and sweeter simplicities of life, and love, and duty exist in the length and breadth of British Asia than even I had gathered from my old experiences, before India was "revisited."

15. An Adieu.

India farewell! I shall not see again
  Thy shining shores, thy peoples of the Sun,
  Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won
To such quick kindness! O'er the Arab main
Our flying flag streams back; and backwards stream
  My thoughts to those fair open fields I love,
  City and village, maidan, jungle, grove,
The temples and the rivers! Must it seem
  Too great for one man's heart to say it holds
So many many Indian sisters dear,
  So many Indian brothers? that it folds
Lakhs of true friends in parting? Nay! but there
  Lingers my heart, leave-taking; and it roves
  From hut to hut whispering "he knows, and loves!"
Good-bye! Good-night! Sweet may your slumbers be.
Gunga! and Kasi! and Sarâswati!

March 5, 1886,
S.S. Siam.

THE END

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