

ONCE IN A WAY.

A

JUBBULPORE MISCELLANY.

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ONCE IN A WAY.

A JUBBULPORE MISCELLANY.

Christmas.

Christmas! at Home how they're playing it
Away with good fun and good cheer,
The holly in house and in street,
The welcome how old, yet how sweet,—
They are all of them saying it,
'A merry Christmas and happy New Year!'

How keen the cold air out of door is;
Within, ah! the fireside dear:
O the kisses of sisters and mothers,
O the hearts of our Own and of others!
The song of the rich and poor is
'A merry Christmas and happy New Year!'

Christmas! just think how they are feeling,
Those at Home upon furlough this year;
How gladly they are taking a part,
Mid prayers going up from the heart,
In the laughter that's pealing
An English Christmas and happy New Year!

Out here is it Christmas? before us
So few of its features; we hear
Kind wishes of friends glad at meeting,
But how much do we miss in the greeting—
Well, well, we will join in the chorus,
'A merry Christmas and happy New Year!'

For 'tis Christmas all over. If aching
Be mixed here and there, never fear,—
There's the thought of the Prince of the Morn,
Of peace and goodwill ever born
To all, for continual making
Of merry Christmas and happy New Year.

forward.

A DREAM AND MEDLEY.

“For I looked into the future far as human eye could see.”

AND, it may be, a little farther.

I * remembered * one thing * plainly *—fishing * in the Nerbudda. It was in the neighbourhood of some very beautiful rocks; a friend was with me of about my own age, which, however hazy my memory may be as to the exact number of years, was at any rate under thirty. Neither of us had been more than ten years in the country: neither of us were expert fishermen. But the last sound of his voice—as I stood on a rock overhanging a deep pool, with a strong mahseer on my line that had been straining my tackle and patience for something like twenty minutes—inculcated a piece of advice which holds good concerning fishing in all waters, European or Indian. “Look out, whatever you do, don’t overbalance yourself; if you tumble in there, there’s no saying when you’ll be fished out.”

Scarcely said, and the mahseer seemed all but ‘done;’ close to land now,—and, by Jove! a twenty-pounder at least. If I were only on that tongue of rock jutting out there a couple of yards off, it would be easier work pulling him out—one skip, and I alight on it—but at that very instant, a bound as of a young horse lashing out into my face—the rod pulled down to the water’s edge with a sudden jerk—my foot slips—whose is the face so close to the water?

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Indistinctly, as in a dream, I hear: “Perhaps you had better awake the old man; he may want to get out here, or be going on the branch line.”

I am awake now—broad awake—but where? In the midst of sound and bustle, people hurrying about, a bell ringing, the smell of cooked viands rushing into my face, a sound close to my ears of ‘Change here for Nagpore.’ To my astonishment, I am in a second class railway carriage, staring at the only other occupants of it, a Parsee gentleman and (I suppose) his wife. The gentleman is apologizing for having awaked me, saying ‘We thought you might be going on the other line;’ and,—heavens and earth! what

is this in my lap? *A beard, white as snow,* and the wonder of it is—IT IS MY OWN.

How it came to pass that in the course of a few minutes I realized, in some sort, the fact of my being an old man—grown old, as it were, in an hour—is more than can be described. I sat marvelling whether the past would ever be unsealed to me: and the train bowled on. Presently it occurred to me to enter into conversation with my neighbour.

“The name of the station which we have just left, ‘Bhosawul,’ is familiar to me, and I perfectly recollect the fact of its being the junction of the two lines; will you please inform me of the name of the province through which the branch line passes?”

“It passes through Berar first, and then Nagpore, and so north.”

The effect of these two names is magical. My memory is clearing.

“‘Berar,’ of course I remember, a magnificent cotton field, but a weary desert to the eye of the traveller. And the Government dāk bungalows, without exception, the dirtiest, most uncomfortable sentry boxes imaginable. Nothing too could be worse than the untidy state of the premises around the railway stations. And yet there used to be one place—I forget its name, but think it began with a B—where tolerable accommodation could be had, but after all very inadequate.”

“I can’t say to what period you may be alluding,” said my fellow passenger, “but your picture is not a true one now-a-days. Though the term ‘dāk bungalow’ is new to me, and I hardly apprehend what you mean by it, I can say there is scarcely a single place on the line where ample and good hotel accommodation cannot be found; and this has been the case for years and years. The station premises too are all that can be desired, as I may testify from frequent inspection.”

“Then you know that part of the country, and Nagpore perhaps?”

“Well, yes: considering that my wife’s father is President of the Nagpore Chamber of Commerce, one of the few leading merchants of our race remaining in the country. The firm of which he is the hereditary head has been so long in Nagpore that he dislikes the idea of transplanting it—foolishly, as I think.” To this the lady by his side said with a smile—“And yet you will put off leaving India from year to year.”

There was enough here to set me ruminating. It was no use, however: my thoughts could make nothing of it, so I pushed my enquiries again, apologetically.

“Excuse me, sir, but I do not think I have been at Nagpore for some years. The Chamber of Commerce is a recent institution, then? Certainly in my day there was nothing of the sort, nor any material for it. And as for merchant firms, Nagpore was not the place to attract them. The head-quarters, it is true, of an important Commissionership—”

The incredulous amazement on my companion's face made me stop : it was he who broke the pause with a speech that sounded rudely :

"You are an old man, and doubtless tired out with travelling—may I offer you a glass of wine? As for the Commissionership, you are mistaken; there is a Governor at Nagpore, one of a long line who ever since the time of the great Sir Richard in the last century have been, generally speaking, marked administrators. But never mind that now, let——"

"One question more, if you will allow me. You spoke just now of 'one of the few Parsee firms remaining in the country,' and used the word 'transplant.' Let me ask why you say 'few,' and whither your father-in-law should transplant his business?"

"Few," was the answer, "because the Parsee firms in the country are few, compared with the number and importance of those which now monopolize half the streets and wealth of London. It is of course to London that I should wish to see my father-in-law transplant himself, for though some of us have found grand openings in Russia, and still more in America, I cannot say I like Russia or admire the American conventionalities so much in vogue in India, and to some extent among my own countrymen. Servility to rank may be as odious as it is out of date, but the measuring a man according to his wealth and the display he makes of it, is hardly less contemptible in my opinion. Now I can assure you there are one or two of my constituents in this train whose faces, when I saw them not many minutes ago, showed an absurd horror of the idea of my wife and myself travelling in a second class carriage; quite forgetting that among the delights of first class carriages are luxurious couches saturated with tobacco smoke, luxurious gentlemen given to innumerable brandy cocktails, and as expert, through practice, in the art of shooting a quid past a man's ear or trousers as a Yankee himself."

"What"—I mused half absently—"would they have thought if they had seen your wife separated from yourself and locked up in a crowded third class carriage, herded with a motley group of persons of various classes and characters, without reference to any consideration, save that she came under the heading 'Female?' And yet it is not so long since this fashion was introduced by the railway authorities."

Some inkling of the light in which my enquiries were being regarded now dawned on me, for the rapid whisper that issued from the lady's lips was not so low that it escaped my ear. She spoke in French, "*Bon Dieu! Comme ce vieillard radote!*"

Radote! Had I not seen this thing of which I spoke but yesterday, as it seemed? I thought to myself, 'perhaps the lady's father, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, is a Director of the Railway, and his family do not like to be reminded of these——'

'*Hæc olim meminisse non'*—I suppose I was thinking aloud again, for my neighbour broke in :

"That is a Latin sentence, is it not? It sounds not unlike the language which my old school tutor used to tell me was once considered essential to the education of an English gentleman. Is it not extraordinary how times change?"

"Change, sir," I exclaimed, "how do you mean? There are few English boys who do not know something of the Latin Grammar; and in a few years who shall say that the youths of this country also will not be introduced to the same bugbear of ingenuous boyhood?"

"'Introduced!' why, the language has come and gone years ago. It is astonishing to me how the study of Latin could have lived so long as it did in enlightened England. In our own schools indeed, if one may believe all that's written, it seemed at one time as though the old classical barbarisms were about to take growth, but the mania for so fantastical and effeminate a pursuit was soon scotched, and died a natural death within half a century of its birth. Think of the waste of time our forefathers were answerable for. Think, if you will permit me to point a reflection on your own country—I am right in presuming you to be an Englishman, am I not?—think, I say, that at a time when Englishmen had really grasped something of physical science, stumbling even on the laws of electricity; knew how to subdue steam to the uses of man, and though ignorant of sanitary science, and scarcely apprehending the first principles of political economy, had yet made valuable discoveries in the region of mathematics—at such a time, the intellect of the country was suffered at the first seats of learning to evaporate in the lazy contemplation of a few Ciceronian platitudes, and wade day by day through the meaningless rhetoric of an old Greek ignoramus! Contrast such a picture with the universal civilization of the present age, and have we not reason to be thankful? Now, were my boy at the Eton of a century or so back, he would probably be listening to the drivel of a few useless professors, as ignorant perhaps as old—what do you call him?—Socrates, yes, that's his name—instead of being trained to understand the practical requirements of the day: the uses of artificial digestion, for instance: the commercial relations subsisting between newly discovered races, like those inhabiting Jupiter and Saturn: the navigation of the air: and the thousand and one interesting phenomena deducible from the quadrature of the circle."

My companion had evidently mounted a hobby, for he warmed to his task, and proceeded in a strain which, judging from the sound, was of unusual eloquence. Alas, that I could judge of it only by the sound! My benumbed faculties refused to take in the meaning of those wonderful utterances that came pouring out in a stream that took away my breath, as though a water engine were playing into my face. I was roused to consciousness by the train stopping again.

We were to halt here for half an hour. A magnificent city: as I could see even from the station. And but for the smoke of busy factories, what a panorama of noble tower and spacious square, with fountains gleaming in the sunshine; broad streets and well built houses, and in the midst a People's Park; all new to me. And yet it seemed for an instant that the city had features not altogether unrecognizable. What a clanging of clocks! No sooner had the big clock in the market-place close by given the sign, than from all sides in varying sounds rang out the hour.

I wondered if there were any refreshment rooms in the station, for I was both hungry and thirsty. A 'guard' stood near; so I enquired. A strange figure that guard: but for his skin he might have passed for a Yankee; that was unmistakeably of the tropics. Could he speak English?—for suddenly it occurred to me that my stock of Hindustani was gone. English? the man's answer startled me. "Refreshment rooms?—Wal, I guess if you couldn't find refreshment rooms at HURDAH, it would be a go: but look spry, old Frosty Beard, you aint got too much time to chaw your grub."

It was astonishing how suddenly my Hindustani came back to me. "*So-o-or*"——. But the beast was out of hearing before I had finished my objurgation.

The whole train seemed to be in the refreshment room as I entered it. A small table in a corner was unoccupied, and thither in a very short time they brought me a fine 'hump' to experiment on. Surely this was veritable meat between my teeth; surely my appetite was no illusion! But now what awful vision made my knife and fork drop from my fingers? A respectable Hindoo gentleman had possessed himself of the carving knife and fork I had just laid down, and having attacked the hump in front of me, was coolly discussing in large morsels a slice of—BEEF. Small wonder, if forgetful of the cravings of the inner man, I remained gazing helplessly on that venerable texture upon my breast, which "youth gone out had left in ashes."

This time, however, I did not betray my feelings by any outward demonstration or breach of good manners: nay, was even able, after the lapse of a few minutes when the train was again in motion and my kind fellow-passenger sat facing me as before, to enquire, without manifest symptoms of alarm, who the carnivorous Hindoo was, and why he had perpetrated in a public room such a glaring violation of the laws of caste.

"That is one of my most influential constituents (I could not help noting the repetition of this word 'constituent'), and, I am proud to say, no longer one of that very insignificant minority who are content to bow down to the absurd, tyrannical, and obstructive dominion of the Juggernaut which has been suffered to enslave and debase our forefathers from time immemorial. 'Minority'—what am I saying? I question if you could find one man in five

thousand on whom the laws and prejudice of caste have any appreciable influence now-a-days. Take my word for it, there are those among us who will live to hear the very mention of that word 'caste' as

'A tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.'

I might be pardoned for scarcely noticing the waving expanse of cultivation through which the train was speeding fast, or exclaiming at the golden promise on all sides of a magnificent harvest. The unbroken hill ranges on either hand, bounding with their misty, mystic, purple and grey, the glorious valley of the Nerbudda—a glory to me in days I scarcely wot of—were to my eyes but beautiful impalpable shadows, drifting ever and anon into the cloud-land wherein my senses lay tranced and rarefied. Vindhya and Satpooras! if such were my feelings, what must have been, what must be, yours?

We were now in a part of the country where my companion was evidently well known, for at every station where we halted for a minute or two to take up passengers, some friendly face would exchange a nod of recognition with him, some friendly voice give out salutation. I presumed his home was not far from this neighbourhood, and remarked as much. "You are right," he said; "in a few minutes we shall be at Hoshungabad, where I reside: but we do not get out there, being on our way to the Capital, as you have probably surmised."

How I could possibly have surmised the destination of this gentleman and his wife—especially as I was not aware of my own—seemed a riddle beyond my powers of comprehension. It was but some seven or eight hours since I had seen him for the first time; and I had not yet thought of enquiring who he was; an omission I determined to rectify on the first opportunity. Arrived at Hoshungabad,—it was getting dusk as we steamed into the station,—the looked for opportunity did not present itself immediately. Indeed, my perplexity was increased, not dispelled, by the sight of a body of natives of various classes drawn up on the platform, for the purpose, as it soon appeared, of welcoming my unknown Parsee friend.

"A deputation!" he exclaimed, with instantaneous sigh and prophetic glance—"they'll bother the life out of me."

"No, no," pleaded his wife quickly, "you must not let them detain you. Remember the train leaves again in a few hours; and you have only just time to go home and get some dinner and put your papers together. Perhaps if this gentleman"—here she whispered into her husband's ear, evidently from the glance turned in my direction, with reference to myself. "Certainly," was the hasty answer: then addressing me, the Parsee gentleman spoke: "As we stay here till midnight, may I ask you to drive to my house with myself and wife, and take some dinner with us; you

will find it less tedious than sitting in the waiting-room, and will furnish me—if I may advance a selfish reason—with a good excuse for cutting short the interview my friends on the platform here evidently intend for me.” I believe I accepted the invitation with thanks, and suffered him to place his hand on my arm and lead me away from the door of the carriage, just as the spokesman of the deputation advanced and requested permission to read an address he held in his hand.

“By all means, Mr. Chuckerbutty, but, to tell you the truth, I am anxious to get home as fast as possible, particularly as this gentleman will do me the honor of accompanying me, and we leave again at midnight. So excuse my apparent incivility in begging you to be brief and use despatch.” Saying which my friend composed himself to listen, standing—and without changing his attitude of progression or letting go my arm. The lady’s countenance showed a gravity demure and comic, as she bent her eyes on the ground, having moved a step or two behind us.

The foreman of the deputation cleared his throat and began: (such a pury incarnation, by the way, of blustering, brawling ignorance I had seldom set eyes on. It was easy to see he was a Bengalee).

“It having been currently reported in this township and environs that the agitation entered into by the enlightened supporters of Universal Democracy and Liberty throughout the length and breadth of this unrivalled Peninsula, for the purpose of promulgating and establishing, with a view to the instantaneous amelioration and amplification of statutes incorporated into legislative enactments undeniably inapplicable to a period of such inexhaustible opulence and illimitable enlightenment as the present—in order that the overflowing intelligence disseminated among the untold millions around us, and surging, as it is unnecessary to demonstrate, with oceanic fervour and vehemence, to such congratulatory extent that it would be presumptuous and altogether supererogatory to endeavour for a moment to anatomize, as it were, its kaleidoscopic proportions and pulsations, or direct allusion to its ramifications by reference couched in other than language of the simplest and most intelligible description—by a series of popular and deep-souled—not to say, philanthropically minded assemblies, may be represented in a manner alike indicative of—”

I gave up attempting to follow the reader very soon after he commenced: notwithstanding that in younger days I had served for some few months in a Secretariat appointment, and had consequently been obliged to study involved English, I confess to having been beaten by this extraordinary address. The person at whom it was levelled, however, seemed to understand what it was all about; at any rate, he replied to the deputation before its spokesman had got half way through his windy effusion:

“Gentlemen, I am obliged to you for this lucid expression of

sentiments that will doubtless be advocated in the Legislature during the approaching Session, and which are entitled to and shall receive my careful consideration. Though I cannot assure you of my entire concurrence in many of the views and arguments set forth of this momentous question, I readily admit the force and sincerity with which they have been urged in the address just read."

Talkative enough though my friend appeared to be, it was clear he did not care to waste words on that particular deputation. "All rubbish, of course," he whispered in my ear, as we turned to depart; "but where should we be without these 'extra-parliamentary utterances?'"

The scene, as may be imagined, began to impress me with some idea of the importance of the individual who was taking me to his house to dinner. 'A Member of Council!' was my first thought, 'but, then, Members of Council don't travel in such unostentatious easy fashion; and an Indian big wig, especially a native, always takes good care to let you know his exact status and position in no time.' The bubble was not long bursting. As we drove away from the station in his carriage, I introduced a casual enquiry as to the date on which the Council would meet after the return of the Viceroy from the Hills. The Parsee, strangely enough, appeared not to understand the question, so I essayed to repeat it.

"I enquired as to the opening date of the Session, to which you referred just now in your reply to the depu——"

"I beg your pardon, but it seemed to me no one could possibly be unaware that the President will open Congress to-morrow."

"OPEN CONGRESS!"—Bless my soul, sir, what do you mean, and who are you?"

A delicate mode of enquiry: but it leapt from me before I knew what I was saying. Surely the provocation was enough to make a man forget his manners. The forgetfulness was entirely on my side. My companion started, and his wife opened her eyes in a manner indicative of slight alarm; but a moment after, and I was abashed by the quiet rejoinder: "My meaning is surely explicit enough. Congress opens to-morrow evening; and the question of Universal Suffrage, now so hotly debated on all sides, will be decided one way or other before the world is many hours older. As to who I am—you must be strangely ignorant of the news and politics of the country if my name as that of the member for Hoshungabad has not been mentioned in your hearing."

I had just enough of my senses left to pour out hasty apologies, before relapsing into the semi-coma that had gradually been stealing over me: and well for me that my apologies produced the desired effect, else how could I have found my way back to the Railway station after dinner?

Of what intervened between the making of that abrupt speech and the whistle of the engine, as it prepared to divide the blackness

of midnight by rushing out of the illuminated station, memory furnishes me with but scanty record. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer" must have come to the rescue, for my next reminiscence was of a rumbling sound underfoot,—a prolonged piercing whistle,—and I open my eyes to see the dawn breaking on the horizon, and revealing the slumbering countenances of my fellow passengers. Looking out of the window, I saw that we were crossing a river. "Bhera Ghât!" yawned the member for Hoshungabad, as he rubbed his eyes.

"Then we are close to Jubbulpore," I exclaimed; to which he assented with a nod. In doubt as to whither I had been booked, I took out my ticket, determined in any case to get out at Jubbulpore and seek from my friends there some explanation of the mystification to which I had been condemned the preceding day. "My Parsee friend may go on to Calcutta," I said to myself, "but this talk of Congress and Presidents is too much for my weak nerves, so at Jubbulpore I stay."

The well remembered scenery, though possessed of a million new features of various kinds in stone and brick, exercised a soothing influence: there was a freshness in the morning breeze delightfully exhilarating. When the train next slackened speed I knew that *my* journey, at any rate, was near its finish: I prepared to thank my host of the evening before for his hospitality, and take leave of him and his amiable partner. Imagine my astonishment at his adopting as his own the very sentiment that was about to issue from my lips—"Thank heaven! here we are at last!"—he addressed his wife—"and I'm quite ready for breakfast, aint you? You, sir—turning to me—"will now find yourself in the thick of the 'universal suffrage' cry, and will have an opportunity perhaps of witnessing the opening of that Congress, of whose existence," he added with a smile, "you appeared to be so oblivious last night."

"No," I answered, "I leave you here, and must be content to glean my notions of the opening debate from the Calcutta newspapers."

"You are going on to Calcutta? That is a disappointment. I had thought you would have accompanied me to the House this evening, and heard the debate for yourself; or, at any rate, perused the account of it in the Jubbulpore 'Dailies.'"

"Excuse me," I said, "I am not going to Calcutta—you appear to be labouring under a mistake. Jubbulpore is *my* terminus—you—"

"Then there is no mistake after all—all the better. Let me hope you will change your mind, and come and hear my speech."

"Your speech!"—It seemed as though the man were bent on misunderstanding the plainest language—"how? Surely you told me you were going on to the capital!"

"And so I tell you still; and in a few minutes we shall be there"—the train came to a stand-still while he spoke—"they

always stop us a mile or two outside the station to take the tickets. See, here's the guard at the next window!"

There are people living whom lightning has struck and spared: men there are, it is said, who have solved in the shock of a single moment the secret of things that had lain hid from them for years and years. They may understand the power of that instantaneous flash of thought which, lighting up every nook and cranny of my confused intelligence, suddenly explained and lifted the cloud of enigma darkling—Yes! the beard on my breast was no creation of fancy: **JUBBULPORE WAS THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE!**

Hence these miles of town and rambling suburb; this battle-mented sea of shapely column and towering mansion; this lamentable dearth (alack the day!) of green tree and sward and purple hill. O where the low hills I had loved to look on, a never failing dreamy rest for eyes pained by Indian glare and toil? Where the curious watch-chamber built on the top of a single huge stone, resort of moonlight picnics and morning chota hazeree parties, conjured into being, as fancy loved to tell, in a single night, at the whim of a spoiled favorite of the Harem—where was Muddun Mahull? 'Ah, that the chrysalis had never cracked into this gigantic staring butterfly!' That was my inward thought, as I learned what a child Nature had become to Man.

"'Hills?'—Yes, I believe there were a few about the place many years ago; but they had to be pared away, to meet the encroachments of the city. A wonderful metropolis! and to a foreigner like yourself the sight of it must be very extraordinary. We, however, have so many large cities, scarcely a third less in size, that our admiration does not run into such unbounded surprise."

'*They had to be pared away!*'—It was these words that made me feel the old man—ay, older than my beard declared me. A longing to get away into some country solitude, fling myself down on the ground and bury my face in green grass, came over me: what was the wonderful metropolis to me? These victories of human science (victories! why, what remain to be conquered?) these chequered leagues, this everlasting din of street on all sides—what was it all to me? And then the cold thought that sank into my heart like a millstone, and transformed the shining swarming squares into a solitude, a city of the dead—What, if no single friend be here to welcome me! 'If—could there be any *if* to the reflection? 'THEY HAD TO BE PARED AWAY!'

The knell of the hopes I had formed at daybreak was rung in these few words—spoken as unconcernedly as though applied to the well trimmed finger nails of the speaker.

The member for Hoshungabad, pitying my bewilderment, drove me away in a cab from the station to his hotel, where I procured

by good fortune a small room—the only corner that happened to be disengaged. After breakfast he again took me under his wing on a voyage of sight-seeing, and brought me back in the afternoon wearied, body and mind; helpless to sum up what I had seen, or my impressions thereon, for the delectation of the honorable member's partner and consort. 'Had I been to the Central Museum?' 'The large building in which people were pushed about on tramways?—Yes.' 'Did I visit the Zoologic Gardens?' 'Yes, and had been nearly knocked down by a passenger alighting from his balloon: the number of people travelling about in what were called the 'aërial velocipedes,' had astonished me greatly; in one crowded thoroughfare, in fact, the mass of these air vehicles, passing and repassing one another like so many cabs, had quite darkened the street underneath and protected me from the heat of the sun.' "Yes, and though it was such a simple contrivance, yet the man who patented the invention many years back had made an enormous fortune by it. Then had I seen the Ram Pershad Column, and wasn't it a height? The ices at the Russian confectioner's, Ikativich, weren't they good? Was there any shop in Europe to compare with Armand and Balmokund's, the French perfumers at the corner of Gunesh Street? And the diamonds at Thomson's, the American jeweller—'had I ever beheld anything' so truly *ravissant*, so *superbe*?"

How I answered these and a hundred other queries of the fair lady I have not the remotest idea. I knew that my reason was unimpaired, yet felt sure my Parsee friend was beginning to entertain an opposite conviction. His kindness, however, did not abate; nor did he hesitate about taking me with him to the Senate House that evening. What made me so eager to go is more than can be explained: I suppose it was a restless desire to wipe out the effect of one wonder by looking on another. But I went: so much may be recorded, though I have little more to tell. I went, and obtained a seat in the gallery that ran round the handsome dome-roofed hall which formed the place of assembly for that Imperial Council. Gradually the members of the Senate filed in and filled the spacious area. The most distinguished of them were pointed out to me and named, but the information thus imparted fell dead and void of interest on my ears and mind. My eyes wandered round the building—roving mechanically, as it were, from arch to arch, as though the harmonious grace displayed in every curve and at every turn recalled some stirring memory of the past. Was it some vision of Italian art that haunted me, or was it the Grand Mosque at Cairo translated with enhanced magnificence and glory to this great Eastern Capital? Was it ———

A hush in the buzzing universal whisper round and below made

me look down. The PRESIDENT had arrived. He passed up to the tessellated dais, and amid profound silence began to read his address :

“At length, the great question that has been agitating the several and varied communities of this vast country is about to be discussed and decided. And surely we must all feel that no arena more fit for so momentous a discussion could be found than this time-honored hall, proclaiming with the voice of an antiquity which none this assembly, however diverse the opinions that prevail, can refrain from reverencing, the inauguration of an event that may be styled the Magna Charta of Indian civilization ! When we think there are men this day living whose grandfathers have related to them, with all the authority attached to the statement of an eye-witness, the circumstances that led to the erection of this noble building——”

All at once the dim lights that had been breaking in on my senses fitfully, only to leave them more enshrouded in darkness than ever, suddenly burst forth and shone—a blaze of dazzling clearness ! The blurred outline of my youth stood out as though it were the diary of yesterday. I rose, and interrupting the President for a moment, addressed that wondering Senate :

“Gentlemen, I perfectly recall the circumstances alluded to. I recognize this noble building as a structure the foundations of which I myself saw laid ; as the temple in which the JUBBULPORE EXHIBITION of 1866 was declared open !”

* * * * *

Of the immediate effect wrought by this sudden announcement I can say nothing. What became of the Parsee member for Hoshungabad, or the question of Universal Suffrage, I know not. My next memory (I must have been ill and some time must have intervened) was that of a large courtyard in which I found myself promenading : a mild-looking Hindoo gentleman was conversing with a companion who addressed him as ‘ Doctor,’ and said as they passed near me,

“Quite harmless, I assure you ; merely an extraordinary hallucination ; fancies himself something like two hundred years old. I hardly know whether we are justified in detaining him here on a charge of lunacy or not.”

Lunacy !—I felt that the supporters of Universal Suffrage had triumphed—my blood boiled—I turned, and

After plunging my head in a basin of cold water, realized these two facts—
1st, that I *had* eaten my Christmas dinner ; and 2nd, that this was the glorious morning of the 26th of December, 1866.

M u d h u M a h u l l .

THE ANCIENT LEGEND

As reduced into English *not* by SIR THOMAS MALLORY, *Knight*.

AND in that far land right over the great water to wit Indy, lay a city hight Gurha, which was nigh Jubbulpoor by a league, but hath now no more than a remnant of its former ancient estate. Whereof the signs may be plain beheld this day and are perspicuous.

But in the year 1534 Sumbut, which be a space of 389 years from this present era, in the days of Rajah Singram Shah, which was mighty and noble king in those parts and so reigned, it befell that much and sore battaile grew. Then in all haste King Singram Shah called to him his Prime Council and told them of his wonderful wroth, because of that great host which laid a siege about his city and there pitched many pavilions. "Sirs," said the king, "there be great war made on both parties, and much people slain to our hindrance. Wherefore it is my desire to be delivered of mine enemies full soon: so fetch cunning men straight way, and make this place to be strong fortified, as ye shall devise." Therewithal the Prime Council devised, and after not many days came and said, "Sir, there be fifty and one strong places set up, and if thou wilt have it, thou shalt ride and see them the morrow tide."

Then was Singram Shah glad, and on the morrow tide took horse and rode on more than a pace till he had seen them all. And with him went the chief damsel of his Harem, a right fair lady as any might be, and she chewed the nut of the betel, and Mudh Mahull was her name. 'For' said Singram Shah, "She is a passing wife and sooth the *honey* of my palace."

Now when Mudh Mahull came nigh a big rock, the like of which for flatness she had not espied aforetime, she cried out for gladness and said, "I will have it that a fair tower be prepared on this great stone to pleasure me—ay, and afore the springing of the day." Then she kneeled down all at once, and for pure love the king sware and gave commandment—"Now will we do this, lady, that your heart shall be pleased." But always he marvelled within

himself how we may perform this thing right quickly. "There is none other remedy," he said, "so let purvey much serfs and bondsmen, and make them to understand my ordering that they rear a tower hereon the morrow morn. With that stood the bondsmen in jeopardy a long while, as they wend and were ware how the king was of a fierce countenance and had much bile. But by divers sweatings and stirrings of them here and there, on the right hand and on the left, it fell that work was ended by the fellowship of such a host of coolies, or ever the springing of the day. And when Mudh Mahull rising early had seen that a fair palace and tower was builded on the stone, she had full joy and marvel, and took a pipkin of water in her hand and therewith washed her mouth thrice or more, and so let spit on the earth. Anon, she called the Prime Mistree, which had overlooked the setting of that wonderous chamber, and kissed him, or ever he had knowledge of her intent; for she thought 'I may well kiss him that is a dear *soor*, and passing rich with odour of the cocconut.' As she thus did came in all haste the king, and taking off his helm like a true knight and Gond exclaimed, "Gramerey, lady, me seemeth those lips are mine." Whereat either looked on other and were mightily shamed; the while that Prime Mistree vanished right quickly. But that strange adventure King Singram Shah full soon forgave, through his exceeding nobility and manly prowess, and because he had the flower of chivalry within him. Presently said the lady, "Let bring a rare vessel of wine, so we may keep to our wont and christen this same wonderous chamber." With that a vessel was brought (the which wine came from a far country hight Tod Heatley) and she assaied to hurl it on that tower, but on a sudden her arm was stayed by her worshipful knight and lord. "Pity," said the king, "this fair beverage were poured out and wasted on a thing which hath no life or taste:" whereupon he let trickle that good liquor down his own throat and gullet, and took no heed, though the damsel by his side made petition crying out 'Shares!' Therewith she pouted full fiercely, and swore it was a foul shame and chouse. Thus and without farther parley or wine-shedding was that turret called 'Mudh Mahull.'

Now when the day gan droop and victual was being served in that fair chamber, King Singram Shah cursing lustily because of the smoke in his soup, came one and said, "Come down, my lord, and you noble knights and gentlewomen, for me seemeth this new turret is well nigh downfall." The while a strange shaking and marvellous grew, so that all which sate round and wassailed became as ghostly visages, and were discomfited, and came down in all haste lest they said "we be hurt and whelmed in the overthrow." Then that overthrow came to pass full soon after that they had gat them out. And Mudh Mahull made sorrow and moan out of measure. But King Sing-

ram Shah waxed wroth, and commanded that all these work-people which have misdone the preparation of this Mahull be slain into small pieces. (Now and if those knights and bondsmen obeyed such fierce commandment I wot not, seeing herein tradition maketh not relation). Also he commanded other pavilion to be reared on that same spot, and furnished on the costs of the public weal : which was done by a space of eight days from the time of ordering. But by hap, a strong wind felled that pavilion likewise, after that it remained standing no more than a sennight. And always as they builded it again came dire overthrow and downfall like as at the first, until all the people in that realm wondered and were discomfited to the uttermost. Then the mistrees and chief workmen rested their hands, Also said the Prime Council : ' Here is a marvel, sans doubt, the cause whereof may be enchantments and incantations by witchcraft ; let dry wood therefore be gathered, so shall we burn those old womenfolk, each and every, which hath an evil eye.' But after they so did and had burned divers ancient women, came a sore adventure and disaster of overthrow. So that King Singram Shah averred and made avowment, ' Me repenteth the burning of those old womenfolk,'—“ Verily,” the old minstrel of Rome saith sooth and troth “ no man in all hours keepeth sapience. Nevertheless an we find not a remedy against this miscarrying it shall be to our shame, so that peoples in a distant royalty may marvel at our lack of prowess.”

Then King Singram Shah let call a common assembly for the deliberation of this matter, but all knights and ambassadors made relation of their answer ' We cannot find no remedy, no, by the faith of our bodies. Until hied one into the chamber of assembly, which was most awsome and mishapen for outward seeming, also his hair was tangled and his beard unkempt. Ne helm ne body covering of what sort soever had he but white chalk marks on his forehead, not streaked delicately but in rude guise, for he was a Byragee. Without warning or bidding of Seneschal he called out, “ Sir king, now will I remedy you.” Anon, when the king listed and made inquiry, he said “ By what small things may big matters be confounded. Here hath great ruin happened through misnaming. It may be, as hath been said by a good ministrel, that a rose by what name soever ye call it shall smell with no different sweetness, but that ancient proverb may not be referred upon me (for sweet-smellingness) neither against this turret which ye would fain accomplish. Therefore call not you fair turret and chamber by the name of your fere Mudh Mahull, but because of my famed reverence and pietude unwashed let it be Muddun Mahull ; for Muddun am I named. And if after it abide not without overthrow, ye may exact full penalty, and condemn me fo go cleansed of soap and water for the remnant of my days, than which, as ye well know, shall no graver torture be found. To all which the king agreed and

assented. So the chamber was builded once more on the great stone and named Muddun Mahull. Then was there marvel upon all that it stood and remained, even as the strange Byragee had foretelled.

Boots not to tell in this present compass how that ninety and nine years from that building the Muddun Mahull, passed for possession unto the noble Ranee Doorgawattee, which was a brave queen and void of fear, for when the great King and Emperor at Delhie desired her exceedingly, and made war upon her people that he might achieve this sweet treasure by strength of arms, she mounting into that same pleasure chamber and tower cast herself down from the embattlement strait, saying: "That liege brute and sovran may have my fair corse an he will." Then after this brave queen thus died none lived any more in that wonderful palace, but eschewed it. So it fell into some ruin by reason of oldness and much stress of hurricane. But ever Frankish knights and ladies, since the great country Indy came under fealty and sway of Britain, pleasure their hearts and make merry on that beauteous hill, and refresh themselves, as well they may, by chota hazeree or otherwise at MUDDUN MAHULL.

Mud' Mehal.*

THE MODERN LAY.

By an Exhibition Committee-man, with a confused notion of 'LOCKSLEY HALL.'

Comrades, let me off a little, while as yet it is early morn ;
Let me off, and please remember what I have already borne.

In this place and all around it as I heard the mocking call,
" Snooks, my boy, come join a picnic party to the Mud' Mehal !"

Mud' Mehal (it should be ' Muddun') overlooks the pleasant tracts
Which we cannot help admiring, though in places swampy facts.

Many a time from off its summit have I filled with air my chest,
Yes and cursed the tardy Railway creeping slowly from the west.

Many a time I've seen the landscape at its feet in beauty laid,
Purple rock, and tree and temple, steeped in glorious light and shade.

And again I'd like to see it, specially this morning, when
I've an invite to be present—' picnic—party—one of ten'—

Can I, must I, then refuse it? It would be an awful bore,
For among the fair invited is the girl whom I adore.

And if I don't go, another will escort her up the hill ;
If it should be Tomkins !—O the thought is madness, go I will !

For he knows a lot of dodges ; and with ladies he'll pretend,
Climbing up the hill is dangerous without aid of some male friend ;

And his nasty hand he'll offer her, I know, in case she slips—
With a score of pretty speeches, base excuses, on his lips.

Then, if he should squeeze her fingers !—what to me were Christ-
mas time,
What to me were Exhibitions, but a dismal pantomime ?

* Those acquainted with British customs in the East, as elsewhere, will not be surprised to hear that " Mud' Mehal" is a popular Cantonment rendering of *Muddun Mahull*.

Though the Chairman of the Live Stock burst his buttons at the show ;
 Though the Nagpore bulls get medals, and the buffaloes from Dumoh ;

Though the sheep and goats triumphant press against their wooden
 gates,

Though the squirrels clamour loudly for their prize certificates,—*

I should pass them by unheeded ; and I rather think I'd roam,
 With a vacant eye unheeding the bright things beneath the Dome ;

Certain sure I am that Tubers never would attract my gaze—
 What to me were rice and barley, cotton, Indian corn or maize ?

What to me, then, of Raw Produce, all the kind that may exist ?—
 Me who read the ' papers' daily, knowing nothing of Mule Twist !

Squeeze her fingers !—that owdacious Captain with the brazen brow ?
 No, but surely such presumption Angelina wont allow.

Does she know, or can I tell her ?—that in spite of ready tongue,
 Captain Tomkins is the greatest, greatest ruffian yet unhung.

He may sing and waltz divinely, but in spite of voice and leg—
 This I know that every morning, regular, he takes a ' peg ;'

Pouring out the brandy quickly with a hand that often shakes ;
 Claspng round the glass, lest others see the quantity he takes.

And his ' honorable' connections, I believe, are all a myth :
 Anyhow, he's not a penny for to back his offer with.

Fool, again—the dream, the fancy ! But I know my words are wild,
 Could she take a needy Captain, while a rich civilian smiled ?

Could her mother ever sanction such departure from the rule ?
 Not for this are British maidens taught and ' finished' off at school.

Yet I would that I were thinner, for, however tightly laced.
 That confounded tailor's measure makes me ' forty' round the waist :

And I would that Angciina talked a little less of slang,
 What she said the other morning really gave me quite a pang.

* Evidently alluding to the medal bestowed, at an Exhibition which took place not 100 years ago, on a gallant officer who exhibited a squirrel from the wilds of Upper Godavery.

Said she, " Humbug ! Stuff and nonsense ! it's no use that I can see,
Eat dry toast and give up sugar : drink no milk or cream with tea !

Take no tiffin, and for dinner have a chop that's underdone—
Banting may be good for some folks—I could never see the fun."

All the same methinks her judgment with her good mother's good
sense chimes—
Sees the force of banker's credit, though I have my doubts at times.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Here in India, if you
please,
You can find out in a moment what a man gets in Rupees.

Better than the English practice which would hide one's money-
worth,
Letting chaps who live in attics pass for gentlemen of birth.

(This I feel sounds rather snobbish—Some might deem me unrefined,
But I'm 'letting out' at Tomkins—and at Tomkins only, mind !)

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. O my Angey, you are aware
That in this infernal country you can't catch a millionaire ;

And your knowledge of my income must be tolerably correct,
Otherwise maternal duties have been shirked through strange neg-
lect.

I have seen the young and foolish, ignorantly looking down
On my want of curling whisker, and the bald patch on my crown.

Overlive it, never mind it, what's the odds ? and don't despair,
I myself will use Macassar, and soon renovate my hair.

Oh, 'tis well that I should woo thee tenderly with words of sense,
Laying bare the flimsy texture of the Captain's vile pretence.

Mated with a horrid Tomkins, quartered in some country town,
You'd be yawning all the day long, always 'pushed' for half a
crown ;

While the jingling of the guinea you would never never hear,—
Better thou wert linked in squawdom with a South Sea buccaneer !

Better thou and I were lying jammed within a jammy place,
Mashed up in a rowley-powley that would prove a cook's disgrace !

There methinks would be enjoyment—if they'd only roll us whole,
(Oh, of course, of course, I'm joking; yes, I am, upon my soul.)

I to be served up with custard, handed by a flunkey train,
Like a mess of 'Europe' tart fruit, or a pudding *a la reine!*

Nonsense, nonsense! nought could do it, no amount of strange
 mischance
Bring such sticky consummation of my young love's wild romance.

Drug they memory lest it haunt thee, interfering with thy sleep;
Dreams of raspberry jam intruding, till thou wakest for to weep.

What is this? thine eyes are watery: think not that I ever meant
Serious notice to be taken of so queer a sentiment.

Not a word of rowley-powley had I breathed to give thee pain.
Turn thee, make them pull the punkah—get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but this should bring conviction, reason why thou shouldst
 be mine—
Ask Papa, and he will tell thee, I came out 'in forty-nine:'

Not in vain my pension beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
And in Europe spend our sovereigns, saying grandly "Hang the
 change!"

Hark! my steed 'Sir Toby' calls me, neighing on his nasal horn,
He of whom I gave the order, 'saddle him at early morn.'

There! my youngster, match me such a charger on the General's
 staff;
"Legs are groggy!"—"Spavined!"—Where?—Now, none of your
 confounded chaff!

Comes a vision of the party, riding there along the road,
(That's all nonsense, 'turn for duty'—'shirk' yourself!—and you
 be blown!)

Comes a syce to say she's started,
 What care I for jeer or scoff?
Let the whole Committee swear, sir—Mr. President, I'm off.

* * * the monarch of mountains,
 They crowned him long ago,
 On a throne of rock—in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.

WINTER in the Himalayas! Lucky is the mortal, be he soldier or civilian, to whom a kind fate grants a sojourn in the hills, during the months of October, November, and December.

May, I admit, is a glorious month; very grateful its glad sunshine after the sleet and snow, the cutting winds and biting frosts of February and March, and in some seasons this sort of weather lasts till near the end of April—always a fickle month in either hemisphere.

“The uncertain glory of an April day”

has been sung by many a poet besides Shakespeare,—but at Simla “winter lingering” never “chills the lap of May;” bright, green, and genial, the weather is all one can wish.

June brings with it the rains, and September ends them; and for the three months that follow the climate is perfection, for snow seldom falls till January has begun.

But so far as society goes, Simla in this season is a desert. The parson, the doctor, a superintendent of roads, and the Deputy Commissioner are all you can count on, and the two last are usually away in the district; but when these personages and their wives are pleasant people, a winter at Simla is far from being the unbearably dull thing some would deem it.

I have many pleasant memories of one I spent up in there in 186—; memories of bright fires and brighter eyes, of warm rooms and warmer welcomes—an exceptional winter, I grant—for it chanced that there were other residents than the officials I have alluded to, and the officers of a Goorkha regiment at Jutogh contributed not a little to the unwonted gaiety; but will the ladies forgive me if I confess that of all these pleasant memories, the one which recurs to me the oftenest is that of our Padre? Would there were many like him. A Lawrence Sterne in his quaint humour, a Sydney Smith in his ready wit, a genial, laughter-loving, worthy gentleman, respected in his sacred profession, and beloved alike by rich and poor, he was the life and soul of our little circle.

I think I see and hear him now. “My face,” he would say—

"my face, dear lady, is the sort of face that gives to the man who possesses one the right to try and make himself agreeable." And he certainly availed himself of his right. It has seldom been my good fortune to meet a conversationalist like him, and his literary powers were of no mean order.

I have spent some pleasant hours hearing him read to us manuscripts which would some months later appear in Blackwood or Fraser—tales grave and gay—the production of which was a favorite recreation of his. He read admirably well, and insisted on marked attention on the part of his audience; it was pleasant to see him pause after some pet passage, and peer over his spectacles at the faces near him, to gather from their expression how their owners liked it,—and then continue his lecture with, at times, a complaisant smile, at times a look of disappointment, as our features showed due appreciation or the reverse. He was a great believer in ghosts, and the best teller of a ghost story I ever met; for he told them with such a self-evident conviction of their reality, that they impressed you despite yourself. "My dear sir," I have heard him say, "the man who does not believe in ghosts, discredits the existence of supernatural agency, and denies his God."

But enough! I have introduced him to such of my readers as do not know him, while those who have that privilege have recognized him long ago.

It was Christmas Eve. The Padre and I had been dining with some mutual friends; our charming and accomplished hostess had closed the piano after enchanting our ears with a voice that still

"Vibrates in the memory."

H—had thrown another log on the bright wood fire, and brewed,—well, no! *not another* tumbler,—and drawing round the fire we prepared ourselves to listen to the Padre's last effusion.

I say prepared ourselves, for there are many essential conditions to the power of listening well—such as physical comfort,—I could not listen in a straight backed chair;—concentration of ideas on the subject of the lecture,—for to listen well one must be prepared to criticise, and in our capacities as amateur critics, we did not spare the Padre;—utter idleness of hand or foot, I could not draw or paint and listen well,—I could not pace the room and listen well,—and you, fair lady, however deftly you may ply the needle, or knit, or *do* crochet work, or embroider, I say you can't do it and listen well too. No; follow the example of our hostess, take, as is your birth-right, the most comfortable chair in the room, and give yourself up to the pleasure of listening, and listening only.

"A poor thing, but mine own," said the Padre, as he pulled from his coat pocket a closely written manuscript, and placed it on the table at his side. "The night is raw, H—, eh? Reading apt to cause a certain dryness of the th—: thank you, you anticipate my wishes. Hot? Yes, hot by all means. Le-mon peeeel? Umph!

—well, yes, but you must cut it *very* thin—*shave* the lemon, H—— ; treat it tenderly, as though it were the classic contour of your own ;—but you wear a beard. Orson ! you’ve spoilt my simile, but as you love me, H——, draw it—I mean cut it thin !—now—one more lump of sugar—and—a thousand thanks !!!

“The story I am going to bore you with,” continued the Padre, as he rubbed and adjusted his spectacles, “was told me some years ago by the man to whom the events therein related” (and he tapped the manuscript) “occurred—ahem !—*occurred*,” repeated he sententiously with a quick look at my face, of which I fear smiling incredulity was the dominant expression. “I have written it in the first person therefore, as ’twas tell’t to me,—and though, of course, I have amplified it in parts, yet the facts are precisely the same.” With this preface the parson blew his nose—arranged the reading lamp to his satisfaction—leant back in his arm chair, and commenced—

The Padre's Story;

OR,

“THE FERRY WAITS.”

I AM no longer young. Forty-five winters,—I will *not* follow the fashion and call them summers,—it is the winters that age us—(E.E.—the East excepted, here interpolated the Padre)—and on a fine summer morning I often feel young again, so deeply does ripe nature bathed in sunlight affect even the most unimpressionable of us, for I am unimpressionable,—a hard matter-of-fact gentleman farmer, and what to me now are summers or winters save as they vary my crops, or my sport;—but I ramble, I meant to say *years*. I will say what I meant. Forty-five years then have passed over my head. The last ten have been spent in this farm house, and form a complete contrast to my previous life,—one of wild excitement, and at times of reckless extravagance, for I was rich, and my own master from early youth,—impetuous and hot-blooded, with nought but that sense of honor, which in a gentleman is innate, to guide me in my actions. What wonder then that my vices were active, if not rampant—my virtues passive, if not dormant.

The change came thus. One drizzling afternoon in the winter of 18—, I found myself stretched helpless on a shutter, the jolting of which, on the unsteady shoulders of four slouching labourers, had recalled me to consciousness by the torture it subjected me to.

I remembered now—it *was* a nasty place that hog-backed stile, with its slippery plank over the narrow, but deep ditch beyond,—but “Shamrock” had jumped it before, so at it we went. He slipped twice as we neared it—the late rains had made it a bad take-off,—he cleared the stile with an effort, and I knew at once what was coming.

His hind feet struck on the slippery plank,—glanced off—and before I could throw myself clear, he was falling back on me. I remembered no more, save the sudden chill of immersion, and the thought, rapid as light, that flashed on my brain—perchance I had met my death.

’Twas not so bad as that though—assistance was at hand, and there I lay helpless on a shutter, conscious of little save that I had had a fall—and of pain, horrible pain!

I had three ribs broken, and a badly fractured leg:—the doctors shook their heads, and it was more than a year before my wonted

health and strength came back to me. This year of helplessness changed my character—or rather sobered and strengthened it; and I rose from the couch of the convalescent a wiser and, if you will, a sadder man.

My lawyers had profited by my enforced confinement, and succeeded in getting me to look into my affairs. I found that four or five years would, at my former rate of living, swallow up my entire fortune; and I had strength of mind to decide on retrenchment.

I bought this farm and house with the remnant of my money, which was all in the funds, and have since led an active country life. I take more interest in market day than I did of yore in the Derby, and my beeves, and sheep, and pigs are as much my pride as formerly was my stud. I hunt and fish and shoot, but I eschew hog-backed stiles, and go not to Norway for my salmon, nor to Scotland for my grouse.

I have bored you with these experiences of my life, and description of my present condition, with a view to impress on you that I am about the last man in the world on whom spiritualism, or superstition, would have any influence, or who would, as the saying is, believe in ghosts. My intellect—never a speculative one—has for years employed itself on matters of fact only. I am essentially a man of business,—look at that row of red bound volumes, they are my account books for the last ten years; you will find that they are in my own handwriting, and kept with the neatness and accuracy of a professional accountant. Look at that still longer row, half of them bound in morocco with gold clasps, the rest in plain boards,—an apt illustration of my life,—for that is my diary:—even in my young days I possessed the germ of that methodical habit of order, which late years have so distinctly developed, and I have kept a diary since I was twenty-two. Look at my library,—you will find that besides the Bible, Prayer Book, and Greek Testament, in which by the help of the English version I read a chapter every Sunday, and call it keeping up my classics, there are no books save on the subjects of agriculture, sport, veterinary surgery, and physic. I read nothing else. The county paper tells me all the news I care about.

From morning till nightfall I am busy, and am often too sleepy to smoke my after-dinner pipe, the indulgence in which is the only bit of *dolce far niente* I allow myself. I am unmarried,—have no lady friends, and few acquaintances,—but my neighbours look on me with good-will, for I meddle not with their affairs. Now that they have given up wondering at my continued celibacy, I am on friendly terms with them all, though I seldom leave my own fireside, and never see company.

Am I a man likely to be misled by my imagination, or, as I said before, to believe in ghosts? Yet I am going to tell you a story of which the action is influenced by an unaccountable power, that many will say must owe its being to supernatural

causes,—and I tell it you with the positive assurance that what I am going to relate actually occurred.

Picture me to yourselves then seated in my dining-room, the county paper uncut on the table, a glass of cold gin and water near it, and my meerschaum pipe in my mouth,—solitary, silent, and sound asleep. Of a sudden my pipe drops on to my lap,—I jump from my chair, look at my watch, gulp down the gin and water, take up my candle—and walk upstairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep; I soon find myself regretting the sound slumbers I had enjoyed in the wooden arms of my old fashioned chair, and which refused to follow me to my pillow. I shuffled down in slippared feet, and possessed myself of the paper in the hope that its bucolic platitudes would bring me sleep,—but no!

* * * * *

Hark! "*The ferry waits.*" Distinctly and deliberately spoken these three words fell on my ear. I sat up in bed and listened. "*The ferry waits*" was repeated again, as slowly and as distinctly. There was no doubt about it now, the man who spoke those words must be standing on the grass-plot below the window. I jump out of bed, unfasten the shutters, pull up the blind, throw open the window, and cry "Who's there?" "What do you want?"

No answer.

It is by no means dark, and after peering out into the night for a second or two, I can see quite clearly enough to discern a man's figure, but no one is there,—the little garden was empty!

I light a candle and look at my watch, it was 2 A.M.—Another minute, and I am laughing at myself. "What! am I to turn a dreamer of dreams in my old age?" So the window is closed again, and back I go to bed.

Now many to whom I have told this story have informed me that it possesses a thrilling interest for them even at this period of the tale, and that even my simple matter-of-fact narration so impresses them that their blood runs cold, and their "flesh gets creepy," whatever that may mean. Now I beg you to bear in mind that such an impression was very far from my thoughts when I laid down on my bed again: to superstitious fear I was, and am, an utter stranger. I believed that my imagination had for once led me astray,—and in that belief I laid me down.

But I could not sleep, and lay there "longing for dawn"—for another weary hour or so.

* * * * *

"THE FERRY WAITS."

Louder and with equal distinctness the words fell again on my ear, and graved themselves, as it were, on my brain. Again I threw open the window, again I saw nothing—and for the first time in my life a species of, not fear, but of recognition that something

“uncanny” was at the bottom of this suggested itself to me. The idea that it could be a practical joke never entered my mind; there was a reality about it, a persistence, that seemed to assert itself irresistibly. I could not go to bed again. I determined to dress, go out, and take a gallop; the fresh morning air would soon dissipate these strange fancies, and restore the healthy tone to my mind.

It was no use brooding over the matter—the voice came from the garden, but there was no one in the garden, and a voice must have an owner, consequently there had been no voice at all—it was pure imagination, my liver must be out of order. These, you must know, were hardly my actual thoughts at the time,—they were the ideas my intellect was trying to force on me, not spontaneous thoughts, yet they serve to show the sort of struggle going on in me—the mental effort to bar the door against a conviction that would not be denied.

‘*Vox et praterea nihil,*’ I muttered, as I buttoned my gaiters. Bosh!

I was not long dressing, feeling my way downstairs, and reaching the stables. All my servants and farm labourers were asleep, but I needed not their assistance, saddled my nag myself, and mounted. Where shall I go was my next thought—to Farmer Stiles to ask about that colt, or to—but, no! all sensible people will be asleep for another hour or more; it was hardly dawn yet.

Here is some soft grass by the side of the road, the very place for a canter; “Come up, old mare.”

I must now pause in my narrative in order to give you a notion of the locality, insomuch as is necessary for the due appreciation of the salient points of my story.

My farm was situate in a western county to which as yet the railroad had not penetrated, a quaint old fashioned part of England. It was distant from the county town about fifteen miles, connected with it by a cross country road and a ferry,—and a horrid nuisance that ferry was. The ferry-boat was moored on the right bank of the river citywards, where too stood the ferryman’s cottage,—a surly, deaf old man, who has many a time kept me waiting on the left bank in a pour of rain, shouting for him to take me across. Once over the river the road was good, and a pleasant ride of some five or six miles brought me to the door of the Red Lion, the best hotel in the capital of —shire.

It was a delicious morning—the fresh perfumed air, and the exhilarating sense of rapid motion soon made me forget my weariness, and chased all sick fancies from my brain. The old mare felt as fresh as a three-year old; we sped along merrily, without a thought as to where we were going,—and it did not occur to me that it was getting time to think of returning, when a sudden turn in the road showed me I had reached—the *ferry!*

For an instant I seemed to hear again the mysterious voice of

last night. "The ferry waits"—and can I believe my eyes? the *ferry does wait!!!*

There is the boat ready for me on my own side the river, and the old man waiting to take me across.

"How is this," I said to myself, "am I no longer a free agent; am I impelled irresistibly by some unseen power; or is it merely a chain of chance coincidences that has brought me hither?" Whatever it was, I felt constrained to go on, and dismounting I led the mare into the boat—saying to the ferryman,

"Why, John Sparks, you are mighty spry this morning; did you see me coming?"

"See'ee?—No," said John, "but I *heard'ee hollering and shouting like mad.*"

Not a word more was spoken, and in a few minutes I was in the saddle again, winding my way towards T——n——utterly bewildered. It seemed to me that my mare was also under the same unaccountable influence, as, I was beginning to confess to myself, was guiding my movements,—never had she gone so well, and it was still early when I handed her over to the ostler at the Red Lion. "Why what's up, Jim," I said, "I never saw the yard so full before."

"Lord love 'ee, sir don't 'ee know it be 'sized?"

Assizes! !—to be sure I had forgotten.

"Great murder case," continued the communicative Jim—but I turned on my heel, and found my way into the coffee-room. The stir and bustle that reigned outside had not penetrated here; a solitary waiter with a very limp white tie was the only occupant, and he fast asleep—poor devil! I did not wake him, and continuing my explorations, came at last on a stray slip-shod chamber-maid, got her to show me to a room, told her to bring me some hot water at 9 o'clock, and to try and borrow a razor for me, and throwing myself on the bed was soon asleep. The long vigil, the rapid ride, and the mysterious circumstances attending both had overtaxed both body and mind; I slept at last.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before I entered the coffee-room, and ordered breakfast,—refreshed by sleep, conscious of a clean chin, and hungry as a hunter. I felt a new man.

"How are you, Rolles—come in to hear the murder case, eh? A case of black cap, I fear, for though I believe the prisoner to be innocent, the evidence is dead against him." It was a young barrister of my acquaintance who spoke to me. "Finish your breakfast," he continued, "and come along with me. I'll get you a good place."

On our way to the court, my friend Dacres gave me an outline of the case, and I was beginning to take an interest in it before we reached our destination. A curious case enough! An old man, a rich miser, who lived with one servant in a secluded part of London, was found murdered in his bed on the 6th April, 18—,

some fourteen years before. He was found with his throat cut—an iron chest which was under his bed had been opened, and cash to a large amount abstracted; the notes, drafts, and other documents were left untouched. The murderer had escaped, but not without having been recognized by the murdered man's servant, John Stacey, who, aroused in the dead of night by his master's cries for help, rushed upstairs to his assistance. On the landing he met his master's nephew, a dissolute young man, coming downstairs in a state of great excitement and covered with blood. Stacey at once grappled with him and shouted murder, but he was no match for the murderer: when daylight broke, it found the faithful servant lying senseless at the foot of the stairs. On recovering his consciousness, his first act was to call in the police, and denounce his master's nephew as the murderer. A hue and cry was instantly raised, but no trace of the nephew was discovered till a few months ago, when he made his appearance in T——n, his native town, where abode the brother of the murdered man, to whom John Stacey had transferred his services as confidential servant.

The nephew was at once arrested, and duly committed for trial, though he persistently declared himself to be innocent.

The principal witness for the prosecution, John Stacey, was being examined when we entered the Court.

He was a respectable looking old man, who gave his evidence with great readiness and fluency,—never hesitating except when he met the prisoner's eye; he then seemed to lose his head, and answer at random; but this was attributed to a natural emotion at the sight of his loved master's nephew in such a position, and gained him favour with the lookers-on.

The appearance of the prisoner was very prepossessing—tall and slight, with delicate features and a bronzed bearded face, he stood at the bar in an attitude not devoid of grace, dignified and self-reliant: his frank, fearless gaze was fixed on the judge with a look that seemed to assert his innocence, but when it turned on the witness box, a marked change came over the expression—indignation, scorn, loathing, ruffled the calm of his features, and the witness writhed under it. I felt sure that some deep mystery lay behind. In my heart I acquitted the prisoner and condemned the plausible witness. I have a true Bohemian distrust of sanctimonious respectability, whereas the gallant—somewhat devil-may-care—look of the prisoner won my heart. ("The narrator's, not my sentiments, remember," said the Padre).

Where had I seen that face before—that face and figure as they were in early youth, before the beard had hid the firm set chin, before tropical suns had bronzed the features, or care and hardship left their mark there?

But the trial went on.

It came out in evidence that the prisoner had been a wild and extravagant lad, scandalising his uncle by his excesses; that on the

evening of the 5th April, an angry interview had taken place between uncle and nephew, and had ended by the old man's forbidding him the house, and by the nephew's declaring with an oath that he would never darken his doors again. Since then he had not been seen save by the witness, John Stacey, red-handed on the stairs, fleeing from the scene of his crime.

All this time my brain was busy in the past. What would I not have given for my diary!! As it was, dates, and faces, and days of auld lang syne were dancing before my mind's eye, but I could not arrange them into order: and yet I had a conviction that I had seen that face before, but where, when, under what circumstances,—and with that conviction came a species of moral consciousness that I, and the prisoner at the bar, and the incidents of the past night, all formed broken links of a chain of events which it behoved me to join, but which I was impotent to effect. The thought was maddening!

But the trial went on.

The case for the prosecution closed; that for the defence began. Evidence and public opinion were dead against the prisoner, but yet the counsel for the defence made a gallant stand.

"It's all up with him now, I fear," whispered Dacres to me; "if he can't establish an *alibi*, the jury must convict him." But I heeded him not: old memories were crowding confusedly over me. I was endeavouring to concentrate all my power of thought on the events of 18—. What was I doing in that year? Doing—I was in American prairies after the big game. I had gone out in the spring from Liverpool by Cunard's line on the—let me think, yes,—on the 6th April, but when and where did I see that face? O God, grant me memory!! Dacres is nudging me again.

"A glorious defence, isn't it—but it's all no use. There's not a person in the world that can speak in proof of the prisoner's account of himself." I looked up, and forced myself to listen.

The counsel for the defence was addressing the jury, pointing out how unlikely it was that a guilty man should, after a lapse of so many years of successful evasion of the law, have deliberately and without disguise come back to his native place, and tried to renew connections with the brother of the man he had murdered.

He admitted the force of Stacey's evidence, if it were true, but he reminded the jury that grave suspicions had fallen on *him* at the time of the murder, and that men lived yet who held the firm conviction that *he*, and not the prisoner, was the murderer.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "the facts of the case are these, and though I regret it is not in my power to bring forward evidence in support of them, yet they are so consistent with probability that I earnestly beseech you to weigh them well ere you come to a decision.

"Imagine a youth, whose faults were those of youth only—extravagance, and impatience of control. Can you reconcile it with,

I do not say probability, I say possibility, that this young man of birth and education—wild if you will, but not vicious—impetuous and headstrong, but tender-hearted—could deliberately commit the cold-blooded murder of which he is accused, the victim being his own uncle, and not only his uncle, but his benefactor. Why, on the very day preceding the murder the prisoner at the bar was presented by his uncle with a sum of money to enable him to proceed to America, there to try his fortunes. It is in evidence, gentlemen of the jury, that the interview was a stormy one. But on whose evidence is it so stated?—On the evidence of a man himself suspected of having committed the very crime of which he accuses the prisoner.

“I would I could impress on you the conviction that possesses me that John Stacey’s testimony is a lying testimony. The prisoner at the bar was *not* in London on the night of the 5th April; he left Town for Liverpool by the mail train at 8 P.M. that evening.”

God be praised!! I see clearly now—bright and distinct as noon-day the events of the 5th April arrange themselves in my memory.

“He is innocent. I can prove the *alibi*.”

How it happened I do not know, but shortly afterwards I was in the witness box, I deposed to having left London for Liverpool by the mail train at 8 P.M. on the 5th April 18—, the night of the murder,—that there was only one passenger in the carriage with me, and that that man was the prisoner at the bar. He could at that time have been little more than twenty. A mutual love for tobacco induced wakefulness and conversation. I got interested in the comely youth, and ere we got to the end of our long journey, he had confided to me his history, which coincided in every detail with the statement of the counsel for the defence.

I was proof against all cross-questioning: corroborative evidence cropped up on all sides, now that the clue had been found,—and—but why should I add more? Suffice it to say that the prisoner was found “not guilty.”

The cheering and excitement in the court knew no bounds. Congratulations were showered on the prisoner and myself from all sides, and when I grasped the loyal hand of the man my evidence had saved from an ignominious and undeserved death, and watched the moistening of his honest eyes, and the quivering of his well cut lips—poor fellow! he could not speak—I felt a rush of long forgotten sensations about my heart, and acknowledged that God is merciful to us sinners.

My story is done. You will each of you draw your own conclusions from it. I leave it to you. But I think few of you will say it was *chance* that led me to attend the T—n assizes.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*.”

The Scenery of the Nerbudda.

The River Nerbudda is famous for its beauty, for traditional sanctity, for the interest attaching to it, rather than for its greatness or its usefulness. It does not, like some Indian rivers, pour the waters near its source into canals to irrigate thirsty provinces; nor bear in its midcourse, on a broad bosom, fleets of boats and freights of merchandise; nor reflect on its surface the image of the edifices of thriving and busy cities, hugging the water's edge; nor does it present deltas, threaded with a net-work of artificial channels, stimulating the industry of millions of people. But though destitute of these, perhaps the greater claims to consideration, the Nerbudda is truly a beautiful stream, which, decked with the varied glories of nature, has for ages stirred the heart, and elevated the imagination of all beholders.

In this brief memorandum it is not intended to give a topographical or statistical account of the Nerbudda, but merely to depict in a general manner a few of the principal scenes to be met with on the river.

The source is at Umurkantuk, a massive flat-topped hill forming the eastern terminus of that long mountain range which runs right across the middle of India from west to east. If the peninsula may be imagined as a shield, and if any spot be the boss of such a shield, then Umurkantuk is that spot. South of the Himalayas there is no place of equal celebrity so isolated on every side from habitation and civilization. To the east and to the north hundreds of miles of sparsely populated hills and forests intervene between it and the Gangetic countries. On the west there extend hilly roadless uplands of what are now called the Sâtpoora regions. To the south, indeed, there is the partly cultivated plateau of Chutteesgurrh, but that after all is only an oasis in the midst of the great wilderness. It is amongst these mighty solitudes that the Nerbudda sees the light.

The river is not ushered into existence amidst the pomp and grandeur of nature; the water does not issue from a cave, nor burst forth from frowning rocks, but it bubbles up gently in a very small tank in one of the undulating glades on the summit of the mountain. Thence it flows through a little channel, and winds through the perennially green meadows, affording drink to the pasturing herds and flocks. But soon the waters are reinforced by the countless springs which abound in those trap-rock formations,

and then the young giant begins to babble and brawl over rocky beds, or to rest in deep-blue pools, till, after a course of some three miles from the source, the abrupt edge of the Umurkantuk plateau is reached.

There it tumbles over the ledge of a black basaltic cliff with a sheer descent of seventy feet, a glistening shoot of water against the intensely dark rock. After its fall it is for a brief space hidden amongst the crevices of the stones, but soon struggles upwards and dashes along through a glen with lofty precipitous sides, a splendid confusion of rock and foliage, of wild beauty not easily surpassed. These the first, and perhaps the loveliest, of all the many falls of the Nerbudda are called *Kúpil-Dhára*, from a Hindoo legend about Kúpil, the sacred cow of the god Krishna. A short distance from the stream is another fall of lesser height, called *Doodhdhára*, or the "stream of milk," the myth being that once the river here ran with that liquid. The mystic character of the place is sustained by a Hindoo Saint, who lives in a narrow cave-prison and declares himself to be fed by superhuman nurture.

The scenery of the Umurkantuk plateau, several square miles in area, is agreeable without being wonderful. The whole was originally covered with a thick forest of saul trees crowding together in astonishing abundance. These have in course of ages been partially cleared to form pasture grounds. The stumps of the felled saul forests throw out numberless shoots of leaves of exquisitely bright green. These spread over large patches of ground in all directions, and in the spring season the beholder might fancy that a carpet of the richest emerald had been thrown over the earth. The hollows of the undulating surface are generally grassy and the ridges are wooded; close to the little tank there are clusters of Hindoo temples and some fine mango groves. Of these buildings some few are perhaps two centuries old, and fairly built. Of the remainder many are modern and of a common style. There are some of the usual classes of pious Hindoos living on the spot, and there is the constant arrival and departure of pilgrims many of whom take Umurkantuk on their way from Upper India to Juganâth in Orissa. These people live by supplies brought in their wallets or procured from a distance; for there is scarcely any cultivation on the spot. At sunset the place resounds with the tinkling of bells in the temples and the clang of gongs. Besides this small colony of Hindoos, who though resident are really foreigners to the place, there are no inhabitants save the Gonds, Bygas, and other aboriginal tribes, who are the wild men of the woods.

The place has no antiquarian remains. There are legends, of Hindoo origin, telling how the goddess Nerbudda appeared to a traveller from the north in a dream, complained that she was oozing forth obscurely from a half-hidden spring, and commanded him to build a fountain where she might display a clear bright

face to be worshipped by multitudes. There is also a legend to the effect that his majesty the Sone and her majesty the Nerbudda, rising from the same mountains, had intended to be united in marriage and to roll their joint undivided waters towards the eastern seas; but this was frustrated by the machinations of a handmaid—the little river Johille, which has its source hard by. Thereafter the Nerbudda incensed betook herself westwards towards the Indian Ocean, leaving the Sone to pursue his own way eastwards.

Umurkantuk, however, by the natives on the spot reputed to be the source of the Sone, the famous river which joins the Ganges near Patna, and believed perhaps by some geographer to be so, must be shorn of one of its honours, for it is certainly not the source of the Sone, nor even of the feeders of that river. The "Sone Bhadra" (or Saint-Sone) shown to strangers by the priests as the source of the great river, is a little spring gushing out of the hill-side, about a mile from the Nerbudda fountain. If this spring were really the cradle of the Sone, then the mile or so of ground between that and the Nerbudda would be a remarkable spot as being a clearly distinguishable watershed for the oceans which bound the east and west of India respectively. But in fact the Sone Bhadra streamlet glides over the scarp of the mountain and descends into a deep dell which is separated by a range of hills from the place near the chiefship of Pandra where the true source of the real Sone is traceable. This fabled Sone must therefore ultimately find its way not into the basin of the real Sone, but into that of the Mahánuddi. The priests with their usual ingenuity explain that the Sone Bhadra after descending into the dell mysteriously buries itself, and passing by a subterranean passage underneath the base of the mountains, emerges some thirty miles off at a place known to be the source of the Sone!

The Sone Bhadra, though bereft of actual importance, is still an object of uncommon beauty. The thin body of waters has a continuous fall of more than a hundred feet over a precipice, out of the crevices of which there are great trees growing. Sometimes it may be seen trickling over the rocks or dripping in minute drops amongst the foliage. And from the verge of the falls the view extends over a series of hills and valleys succeeding one another like waves of the sea, till they become blended with the plains of Chutteesgurh in the misty distance. This spot, next after the Kapidhara falls, is the great attraction of Umurkantuk.

The climate of Umurkantuk, at an altitude of 3,500 feet above sea-level, is cool and enjoyable in the summer, cold in winter, windy in spring, and cloudy and misty during the rainy season. The sovereignty of the place originally belonged to the Gonds, who ruled over all the hill regions in that quarter; then it was claimed by the Rajpoots, then it fell into the hands of the Saugor and Nagpore Mahrattas, and thence into those of the British; latterly

it has been made over by the British Government to the Raja of Rewa, together with other territory, in reward of his services in 1857.

At the foot of the Umurkantuk hill, on the north side, near the village of Karinjea, is the last resting-place of four German Missionaries, who about thirty years ago came hither in the hope of establishing a Christian colony. The circumstances seemed propitious. For, from the base of the hills, there stretches a valley which, though but partly inhabited and cultivated, possesses a rich soil capable of being successfully farmed. The climate is temperate and the scenery pleasing. The Gonds and the other aboriginal inhabitants are of a placable and teachable disposition. So it was hoped that the Missionaries, as practised philanthropists, would gradually civilize the people by teaching them better methods of agriculture, by imparting sound secular knowledge, and then lead them to higher truth. If a few were thus instructed and reformed, they would influence others, and a nucleus thus formed would grow. Whether with the experience, since gained in various quarters, the scheme, so far as its features can now be learnt, would be considered practicable, may be doubted. The idea was a noble one at all events. But they had arrived only a few months and had only just begun their work, when unhappily an outbreak of cholera ravaged even that thinly inhabited region, and decimated even that scanty population. Out of the four Missionaries three perished of the disease, and the survivor departed. Such is the account now given on the spot by the villagers. The three graves are marked with stones taken from the ruins of an old temple hard by. They are underneath the shade of trees, on the trunks of which the mark of the Cross has been cut in the bark, and from the boughs of which red flowers are shed every spring.

After descending some hundreds of feet by falls and rapids from the heights of Umurkantuk, the Nerbudda skirts the upland valley just mentioned, and winds about the hills of the Mundla District, pursuing a westerly course till it flows under the walls of the ruined palace of Ramnugger, a few miles from the town of Mundla itself. Mundla was the last of the many places where the kings of ancient Gondwāna fixed their capital. The Gonds of the present day are but a subordinate section of the population; they occupy only the hilly districts, and have but little influence in the inhabited country of the plains. But some centuries ago they had sovereignties and dynasties of their own. Their kings and chiefs ruled over all the territory now comprised in the Central Provinces, and even over some districts beyond those limits. And in many places architectural remains exist to show that these aboriginal chiefs attained to a certain degree of external wealth and style, if not to actual civilization. Among them the oldest, and perhaps the strongest and best known, were those who lorded it over Gurrah-Mundla for many generations. They had intermarried with

Rajpoots from the north, and thus had a considerable admixture of Aryan blood in their veins. Their capital was first at Gurrah, an old town near the modern Jubbulpore, whence they could well command all the rich plains of the Nerbudda. They moved back within the hills, which were always regarded as the home of their race. At Mundla they raised a fort, overhanging a fine bay formed by the Nerbudda, and founded a small city. Previously to this, some ten miles further up the stream, on a site most picturesque, they had erected a palace and founded a city. This was at Ramnugger just mentioned. They remained at or near Mundla till after having long resisted Mahomedan usurpation, they yielded to the Mahrattas under the Peshwa about the middle of the last century, and afterwards fell under the sway of the Nagpore Bhonsla family.

The palace at Ramnugger, though much decayed and partly ruined, has all its robust framework standing, and its masonry is still firmly compact. It stands right on the Nerbudda's left bank; and from the lofty roof a striking view of the river is obtained. Since quitting Umurkantuk the Nerbudda has run a course of near a hundred miles, and receiving the drainage of a long hill district has become a fine river. At this point its reach forms almost a semicircle, so that the spectator can see several miles both up stream and down stream. The river does not flow here in an unbroken expanse, but is divided into several channels between which there rise wooded islets; in mid-stream too there protrude peaks and ledges of black trap-rock in all directions. The banks are clothed with thick foliage to the water's edge, and the horizon is bounded all round with hills, some near, some distant. Thus from the towers of Ramnugger the river is seen to spread majestically among its islands, its rocky bulwarks, its sylvan boundaries; and to reflect on its smooth face all the delicate azure of the clear eastern sky.

Thus far the river's course, constantly interrupted by rocks and islands, has been frequently tortuous. But below Ramnugger, for several miles down to Mundla, it flows in a comparatively straight line, with an unbroken expanse of blue waters, between banks adorned with lofty trees from which the drooping boughs sometimes cast a darkling shadow on the stream, and sometimes upon the liquid mirror reflect their forms and colours with a softness and richness surpassing even Nature herself. In the summer months when the hill sides are burnt up, and the forests put on a sere and withered garb, when even the Nerbudda, rock-bound at so many points, has a garish glaring aspect, the broad waters here have a lasting freshness, and the trees an unfailing verdure. These pools or reaches (called dôhs by the natives) in many of the rivers of the Central Provinces are reckoned as gems in the landscape. This dôh or pool of the Nerbudda, between Ramnugger and Mundla, is quite the finest of them all.

Below Mundla at the point Goáree ghát, where the Trunk road crosses from Jubbulpore to Nagpore, the river for a moment wears the look of trade and industry. For here are collected many hundreds of logs of timber cut in the forests, and thence thrown into the stream to be floated down by the current, like rafts, to the marts of Jubbulpore. But shortly afterwards the old appearance of sombre picturesqueness is restored; and monuments of suttee widows who ascended the pyre are erected in numbers on the banks of the sacred stream.

Then the Nerbudda becoming pent up among magnesian limestone rocks, flings itself tumultuously over a ledge with a fall of some thirty feet, called "*Dhooan-dhar*," the "misty shoot," and then enters on a deeply cut channel, literally carved through a mass of marble and basalt for nearly two miles. That river which above the point would have a breadth of a hundred yards, is here compressed into some twenty yards. At the channel, below the surface of the surrounding country, the river passes through a double row of marble bluffs, or even between a wall of marble on either side. These glittering white steeps are from fifty to eighty feet high. This is the place known as the "Marble Rocks."

The marble has of course many stains of time and weather. But these set off in stronger relief brilliantly white edges catching the light. Again the snow-like masses are contrasted with formations of basalt black as jet. The water pressed into its narrow bed has a great depth, and glides very smoothly. This causes its hues to be of a blueish green, which though rich and strong is yet transparent, and receptive of the reflections from the bright cliffs above. Indeed, whenever a full strong light either from sun or moon is thrown upon the rocks, the combined effect of the object and its reflection,—the marble being seen double—rock and shadow—is actually dazzling. By moonlight the whole scene is weird-like. At any hour, especially at midday, the quietude and the silence of the place, so excluded from all the sights and signs of life in the outer world around—the utter solitude, as if the spectator were left alone with the Nerbudda in her marble dwelling—strike the senses with a sort of awe.

On the summit of a low hill overlooking the marble rocks there are some fine Hindoo remains, consisting of a ruined temple with a large circular enclosure containing niches in which were images in the most florid style of Indian sculpture. These images are now much defaced and mutilated, doubtless by the iconoclastic zeal of the Mahomedans. Traditions on the spot attribute this to the orders of the Emperor Aurungzebe himself. At the foot of this hill, at a spot called Bheraghát, the Hindoos still hold annually a religious gathering and a fair, attended by many thousands of people, in the moonlight quarter of November.

At a short distance from the right bank granite ridges protrude, and boulders of enormous size are scattered about in the wildest profusion. Near the town of Gurha (some five miles distant from the

river) there are towers and summer houses erected by the Gônd sovereigns on the peaks of the granite ridges. One of these is the "Muddun Mahull," named from its founder, the Gônd King Muddun.* From its terraces a fine view of the city and station of Jubbulpore and the surrounding country is to be seen. Around the base of these rugged ridges are numerous tanks and umbrageous mango groves, contrasting strangely with the granitic masses.

Close at hand at a place now named Kurum-bel are the buried ruins of Tripoori Poorum, an ancient Hindoo city. These and similar remains found elsewhere in the valley afford the only faint evidence now remaining of powerful and comparatively civilized dynasties of the Aryan or Hindoo races, which originally subdued the aboriginal tribes, Gônds and others; and afterwards from some political convulsion became weakened and succumbed to the Gônd chiefs who rose to power. Thus the conquerors must in their turn have yielded to the conquered. At Kurum-bel the debris gathering for ages have quite covered over the vast quantities of stone and other materials. Thus all that remains is subterranean; a few carved or sculptured blocks or pillars are the only traces above ground

"To show here was or is,
Where all is doubly night."

But in these days the stones of the old structure (of a good sandstone description) are dug out and used for the railway viaduct over the Nerbudda; regular quarries being established, and the materials thus obtained being carried by a tramway to the site of the viaduct. It is indeed a strange coincidence that the exhumed remnants of antiquity should be turned to such utilitarian account.

Up to this time the Nerbudda has not been troubled much by the works of man, having only passed through wild hilly tracts inhabited by half-civilized races, doubtless of a temperament congenial to the localities. But now it has to enter upon a valley, broad and rich, highly cultivated, thickly populated, for some two hundred miles. It is near here crossed by a great railway viaduct with massive piers. Thereafter it flows in a generally straight westerly course between the two parallel mountain ranges of different geological structure, the Vindhya on the right bank being sandstone; the Sâtpooras on the left bank being trap at most points, save the noble Puchmuree or Muhadewa group with its bright reddish escarpment of sandstone. But inasmuch as many miles of fertile plain intervene on either side, the mountains are seen only in grey distance in a sort of vanishing perspective. The channel of the river from about here down to Hoshungabad, a distance of near 200 miles, is not obstructed nor blockaded by

* The writer is aware that there is more than one version of the founding and naming of the Muddun Mahull: he believes what is here stated to be correct.

any marked bars or barriers, but the constant occurrence of rapids and rocky interruptions renders it quite unnavigable for three-quarters of the year. During one, the rainy quarter, in the full flush of the floods, boats can pass down with the current, which is somewhat violent however; and in this way there is some brief and precarious traffic.

The soil of this broad valley consists of alluvial deposits of a recent geological epoch. By some it is supposed that at a pre-historic period there were vast inland lakes in this region. Fossil bones of extinct animals have been discovered of great value to the geologist. On some of the hill sides bordering the valley, there have been discovered some of those strange flint implements which in other parts of the world have so roused the curiosity of antiquarians. Their discovery by the late Lieutenant Downing Swiney has added one more to the many associations connected with the Nerbudda.

In this valley the river quitting the district of Jubbulpore, and entering that of Nursingpore, reaches the spot known as Birmánghát. Here one of the largest annual fairs in the Central Provinces is held in the month of November. The high banks are crowned with structures, and flights of steps lead down to the water's edge. The bed of the river is broad here; and the waters receding and subsiding after the rainy season is over, leave a broad space of sand and shingle. In preparation for the gathering, the authorities mark out rows and streets and squares in the dry bed of the river. As the traders come with their wares, they erect their booths and stalls and pitch their little tents in the prescribed order; and gradually crowds flock to the assembly in holiday clothing as on a gala day. All day long ferry boats, freighted with gaily dressed multitudes, ply backwards and forwards across the river. As many of the merchants come from long distances, the goods exposed for sale are varied and multifarious, comprising not only all the manufactures of Central India, and the stuffs and fabrics from Hindostán and the Deccan, but also the piece goods and cutlery from Europe. The fair lasts more than a month, the best day being that of the full moon, when religious ceremonies are celebrated by the priests in honor of the goddess Nerbudda. On such a day as many as fifty thousand persons have been known to be present. But even on the ordinary days of the fair, crowds may be observed towards evening, dipping their hands in the waters, and crying reverentially "*Nerbudda Mái kee Jye*," or "Victory and glory to our mother the Nerbudda." To a spectator standing on the high bank and looking down on the river bed, the view is remarkable. The whole space seems whitened with tents even up to the very ~~rim~~ ^{brim} of the water, and alive with a surging, swaying concourse clad in every variety of gaudy oriental coloured clothing.

On the northern face of the *Sátpoora* hills, not far to the south of this place, are the remains of the fort and palace of Chouragurh

built by the Gond sovereigns. The architecture, though a poor imitation of the Hindoo style, is yet far from bad, and its compactness of construction is perhaps surprising when the primitive character of the Gond race is borne in mind. From these towers a complete prospect is afforded of the finest portions of the Nerbudda valley, and thence the Gond chiefs used to gaze on the fair dominions they had won.

In this quarter also the remnants of a Hindoo city, entombed beneath the surface of the ground during the lapse of ages, are met with. The stones (of sandstone excellently cut) have been excavated and used on the Railway works. A few carvings and sculptures only have been discovered and preserved; but these suffice to show that, prior to the establishment of the Gond power, there must have been vigorous and wealthy Hindoo rulers in the Nerbudda valley, with a civilization which, with all its defects, must have been superior to anything since displayed by any native race in this region.

The next section of the river's course, though not remarkable in its external aspect, is noted for agricultural industry; the country being a great cotton field, and also a great granary producing wheat of such quality and in such abundance as often to have afforded succour to famine-stricken districts in other parts of India. It is equally noticeable for its mineral wealth, rich seams of coal having been found near the left bank, and iron ores being worked near the right bank. These combined coal and iron operations may ultimately render the name of the Nerbudda a household word among the mercantile community.

Thus the river traverses long-stretching plains clothed with waving harvests twice a year, past Hoshungabad—past Hindea and Nemâwar, towns now decayed, but once famous in Mahomedan story—past Jogeegurh, where it rushes with clear, swift rapids right beneath the battlemented walls and bastions, till it once more enters the jungles.

These jungles, in the Nimar District, are the wilds which, at the beginning of this century, furnished a home and refuge to the Pindarry hordes, where these predatory bands were at last brought to bay by the pursuing vengeance of British power, where their leaders were hunted down, and where the fugitive Cheetoo died a robber's death in the grip of a tiger.

At Hursood, (a few miles from the Nerbudda,) which is in this age an insalubrious jungle, there are the traces of Hindoo temples and other large structures, indicating the handiwork of the Hindoo rulers who preceded the Gonds, and of whom no authentic records now survive.

Emerging from these horrid wilds the Nerbudda again becomes beautiful, crashing in grand turmoil over dark trap-rocks, then flowing quietly down in the shadow of wall-like ridges, and then surrounding the sacred island of Oonkar-Mandatta, the heights

of which are covered with temples and priestly buildings. Here again the river forms itself into deep pools of still water, in which are imaged all the forms of the rocks and the structures. Here also at stated times are held religious gatherings, which greatly add to the beauty of the place. In former days devotees used to precipitate themselves from the rocky peaks, to earn immortality by perishing in the Nerbudda.

A few miles on, below Burwai (where the road from Bombay to Indore crosses), the Nerbudda is once more ruffled by mechanical improvement. For, between Mundlesur and Muhesur (the country residence of the Maharaja Holkar), in one of the deep-water reaches of the river, there plies a small steamer belonging to His Highness. At Muhesur there are stately religious edifices, with broad flights of steps leading down to the river, erected by the famous Mahratta Princess Ahalya Baicee.

At some distance from the right bank the head land and promontories of the Vindhya have a well defined outline. On one of these there stands all that remains of Mándoo, the once splendid and royal city of the Mahomedan Kings of Malwa and Nimar. These are among the most instructive and interesting Mahomedan ruins in all India. Among them are the terraces and cupolas built on the verge of the cliff by Baz Bahádur, the last of the Mándoo rulers, for Roop Muttee, his foreign Hindoo bride, in order that she might daily be able to behold in the distance the shining silvery line of the sacred Nerbudda as it rolled through the valley.

Thereafter the river runs for some way through an open country till it approaches that point where the parallel ranges of the Vindhya and Sâtpooras (which have heretofore been separated by the broad valley above-mentioned) gradually trend nearer and nearer towards each other till they almost converge, before finally they both become lessened and drop downward towards the western coast territory of Goozerat. At the nearest point of this convergence they are separated from each other only by the Nerbudda itself. And about here the scenery is of a mountainous character. The river courses along the bold passes (sometimes with rocks jutting out diagonally into midstream) with falls and rapids, some of which are said to extend for miles, past the hill of Toorun Mull, which has a fine lake on its broad summit, and has been thought of as a sanatorium, through the gorge of the Hirun Pál, said to be so called from being a "deer's leap."

From Hirun Pál to the temple of Soolpan Mahádeo, a distance of some seventy miles, there occurs the main barrier of the Nerbudda. Hitherto we have dwelt chiefly on the beauties of the river. But here the Nerbudda displays all her terrors. Twice has the passage been essayed in the flood season by spirited British officers—Captain Evans and Captain Fenwick.

Thrilling are the accounts given of the perils of the whole way, and of the hopelessness of any craft living in some of the worst parts of the stream.

It is said that sometimes the water lashes itself into waves, curling, crisping, crested. Sometimes it swells, curves over rocks, and thence rushes headlong into deep troughs. Again it tosses foam and spray about in its fury, or it whirls in countless eddies, and sweeps round in swift-moving circles: sometimes in little maelstroms bubbling up from the bottom with roaring surge. At length its force culminates at the great whirlpool near Mukrec, described as actually terrific, and embracing the whole bed of the stream, some four hundred yards, from bank to bank.

Thereafter the Nerbudda enters on the rich plains of Broach, which border on the sea. In this particular section it is securely navigable, and is actually navigated by country craft. It is here compared in appearance by Captain Fenwick to the Hooghly.

It has now run a course of near eight hundred miles, and has attained, opposite the city of Broach, a width of about two miles. It is here spanned by a viaduct of imposing length and dimensions belonging to the Railway between Bombay and Baroda. The lofty piers are formed by iron screw piles driven down into the sandy ground to a depth of many feet. The immense structure has the appearance of wonderful lightness for its strength and size; and the trains passing over it seem as if suspended by a slender framework in mid-air. This work has been severely tried by the floods of the river, which (swollen with the fast accumulating drainage of the hills that are in such close proximity) descend with mighty volume and velocity, carrying with them the drift trunks of forest trees and other masses of debris (sometimes even the bodies of wild animals in token of the devastating character of the inundation), and causing a tremendous collision with the opposing piers of the viaduct. The importance of this bridge, the obstacles successfully encountered in its erection, the scientific questions involved in the method of its construction, and the force of the flood which it has to withstand, keep alive to the last the interest which has pertained to the Nerbudda.

The city of Broach, though doubtless growing in wealth and with a great future before it, is not a city remarkable for external appearance. Up to Broach, sea-going ships of considerable burden and draft can penetrate. The river in fact is here an estuary, and the associations are almost those of a seaport.

From this point the Nerbudda has but some thirty miles to proceed before it pours itself in the Gulf of Cambay.

This brief outline of the Scenery of the Nerbudda is now concluded. Such a sketch can give but a dim idea of the beauties of the river. The stream will perhaps never (not at least in one generation) be made navigable nor become the parent source of canals, still it will not be unknown to industrial fame, for the most important of all the Indian Railways, the main line from Calcutta to Bombay, will run along its left bank for some 250 miles.

Ayodhya' in the Olden Time.*

On pleasant SARJU's fertile side
 There lies a rich domain,
 With countless herds of cattle thronged,
 And gay with golden grain.
 There, built by MANU, Prince of men,
 That saint by all revered,
 AYODHYA', famed through every land,
 Her stately towers upreared.
 Her vast extent, her structures high,
 With every beauty decked,
 Like INDRA's city, showed the skill
 Of godlike architect.
 Or, like a fair creation sprung
 From gifted painter's art,
 She seemed too beautiful for stone :
 So perfect every part.
 Twelve leagues the queenly city stretched
 Down the fair river's side,
 And, guarded well with moat and wall,
 The foeman's power defied.
 Her ample streets were nobly planned,
 And streams of water flowed
 To keep the fragrant blossoms fresh,
 That strewed her royal road.
 There many a princely palace stood,
 In line, on level ground ;
 Here temple, and triumphal arc,
 And rampart banner-crowned.
 There gleaming turret rose on high
 Above the waving green
 Of mango-groves and bloomy trees,
 And flowery knots between.
 On battlement and gilded spire,
 The pennon streamed in state ;
 And warders, with the ready bow,
 Kept watch at every gate.

* Freely rendered from Valmiki's Rámáyana, Book I.

She shone a very mine of gems,
 The throne of Fortune's queen :
 So many-hued her gay parterres,
 So bright her fountains' sheen.
 Her pleasure-grounds were filled at eve
 With many a happy throng,
 And ever echoed with the sound
 Of merry feast and song.
 For meat and drink of noblest sort
 In plenty there were stored :
 And all enjoyed their share of wealth,
 And never cared to hoard.
 At morn the blossom-scented air
 The clouds of incense stirred,
 And blended, with the wreath's perfume,
 The sweet fresh smell of curd.
 Streamed through her streets, in endless line,
 Slow wain and flying car :
 Horse, elephant, and merchant train,
 And embassies from far.
 Her ample arsenals were filled
 With sword, and club, and mace :
 All engines and artillery
 Within her walls had place.
 Nor there unknown the gentle arts
 That youthful souls entrance,
 Of player, minstrel, or of bard,
 Or girls that weave the dance.
 There might you hear the Veda-chant,
 And here the lyre and lute :
 Then here the well-drawn bow-string's clang,
 And there the drum and flute.
 AYODHYA's horses were her pride,
 Of noblest form and breed :
 Wild VA'HILI's* courser, fleet as wind,
 VANAYU's† metttled steed.
 Her elephants, that once had fed
 On VINDHYA's mountains, vied
 With monsters from the bosky‡dells
 That shag HIMA'LAYA's‡ side.
 The best of Bráhmans, gathered there,
 The flame of worship fed ;

* Balkh.

† A country to the N. W. of India.

‡ The fair reader is entreated to accent, in the classical and correct way, the *second* syllable. If she cannot or will not do this, she is supplicated to read "On Hima-laya's side."

And, versed in all the Vedas' lore,
 There lives of virtue led.
In penance, charity, and truth,
 They kept each sense controlled,
And, giving freely of their store,
 Rivalled the saints of old.
Her dames were noted for their charms
 Of figure and of face :
For lovely modesty and truth,
 And woman's gentle grace.
Their husbands, loving, true, and kind,
 Were heroes in the field,
And, sternly battling with the foe,
 Could die, but never yield.
The poorest man was richly blest
 With knowledge and with health ;
Each lived contented with his own,
 Nor envied other's wealth.
All scorned to lie : no miser there
 His buried silver stored :
The braggart and the boast were scorned,
 The slanderous tongue abhorred.
Each kept his high observances,
 And loved one faithful spouse,
And troops of grateful children crowned,
 With fruit their holy vows.

G.

Witchcraft in the Central Provinces.

AN ATTEMPT AT HISTORIC PARALLEL.

THERE is a very remarkable little book called "The Stars and the Earth," in which the writer takes up the well known fact that the light of any very distant star must have left it many years before the ray strikes upon the retina of a star-gazer upon earth. He then reverses the proposition, and shows that a dweller in the star, if he were gifted with vision sufficiently powerful to descry all that occurred on earth, would now be watching, not the events of our day, but events distant in time by months, years, or centuries, in proportion to the period in which the light can travel over the vast interval of space between the two points. If he were, for instance, in a fixed star from which the light reaches the earth in about three hundred years, he would see England as it was in the days of Elizabeth, and India under the Emperor Akbar. There would be spread out before his eyes an actual and true representation of all that had been then,—clanging fights and burning towns—the kingdoms of the earth and their glory—marriages, heretic burnings, and all the minute detail of every-day life in the sixteenth century.

All of us have some time or other been filled with a longing to see such a sight, to turn back along the broad path of history, and to see, if it might be possible, with our own eyes the scenes and men of which we read, in order to get at some understanding of, and sympathy with, those bygone times when men from whom we are descended, who were of like passions with ourselves, and in no way inferior as to intellect and mental power, yet firmly held beliefs which their posterity rejects with utter contempt, and deliberately and conscientiously did deeds which we look back upon with horror and amazement. Nothing is more difficult than to catch the 'note' of a generation long past by, to realize its manner of thinking, and to comprehend the motives which actuated it. It is this very rare capacity for placing yourself '*en rapport*,' as the mesmerists say, with the earlier ages of history that makes a great poet or a genuine historian. It is the want of this which produces the unfair and even absurd judgments that very clever men every day pass upon the characters of persons or of nations belonging to past times, and which has generated the overweening and pompous self-conceit with which the ordinary Englishman talks of our "nineteenth century civilization." Charles Dickens is a man of no great breadth of mind, but

he is undoubtedly very clever, yet his "Child's History of England" gives quite as grotesque and false a description of the characters of our earlier kings as an intelligent, well-educated Bengalee would probably draw. And this illustration reminds us that people fail not less signally to understand cotemporaneous personages and events when they have to deal with foreign nations, and especially when they criticise a form of society to which they are unaccustomed, or have to interpret a set of facts which are without parallel in their own experience.

A large majority of Anglo-Indians will admit the truth of what has been said just above. For though the traditional authority of the "old Indian," whether official, planter, or missionary, is very much at a discount now-a-days, and the belief is gaining ground that we should deal with the natives on broad general principles common to all men of all nations, yet few men who have lived ten years in the country, and have kept open their ears and eyes, will not agree that a people utterly alien in customs and creed requires special study. Foreign ideas and strange prejudices are far more intricate subjects than foreign languages; it is possible for a clever man to pick up the language in a very short time, but the general incapacity to master ordinary characteristics of the people among whom we live is shown every day by the deeds and words of average Englishmen, be they missionaries, newspaper writers, or mere "purblind" officials. Not that the official is one whit blinder than the rest, only as his blunders are apt to be the more important and notorious, he very properly gets best abused for them. Anyhow, all classes of Europeans who have lived long in India will, I believe, admit that long intercourse with the natives shows us a very striking difference between the two races in ideas, convictions, and modes of reasoning. I am not now entering upon politics: I do not propose to demonstrate that Indian rulers must have Indian experience, or that a Governor-General is the better for understanding Hindoostanee and '*maurusee*' rights. If I were to offer any opinion at all, it would incline towards the modern theory of governing by broad principles of universal application, of compelling the natives to adjust their minor prejudices and notions into conformity with these principles, instead of attempting to twist and modify the principles so as to fit in with the curves and angles of oriental peculiarities. But I have no desire to re-open this much-debated question. I know that the only topics which are now-a-days discussed with any interest in India are politics and commerce; I also know that because politics and commerce are now held to be based on scientific principles, which are as good in India as in England, therefore that peculiar knowledge, usually called "knowledge of native character," is for this, among other reasons, falling more and more out of estimation. And I am aware that the most curious social and religious phenomena may be passing under our eyes, may

be dimly known by Englishmen to be going on around them, and yet not excite the slightest interest unless these phenomena come within the sphere of official duty, or interrupt the course of business. The men of politics and commerce are probably quite right to pass over matters that do not concern them; against this I have nothing to say, and if I had, I would not say it here to readers who have all been grinding either in the political or the commercial mill for the last twelve months. It is true that my object is to show that a knowledge of native life and character is of much value, and to deprecate the increasing neglect with which such matters are treated. But for my reasons I must go back to the opening paragraphs of this paper.

All of us, I said, have some time or other felt a strong desire to realize past scenes, and to comprehend the motives of men who acted in them, while the capacity for such realization, the power of sympathy with the feelings of past generations, is exceedingly rare and precious. The chasm which separates us from the days of the Tudors or the Plantagenets is too great for any but first-class intellects to cross. And the fact that we are continually misconceiving the causes and tendencies of cotemporaneous events, merely because they occur in foreign countries, illustrates forcibly the extreme uncertainty with which we must be judging of past history. If only, like the man in the star, we could see face to face the scenes which we now descry through old books darkly blurred with ignorance and prejudice; if we could hear the men of those days explain their motives and passions, what would be the value of such a privilege?

And is this utterly impossible?

The things that were done in England three centuries or more ago will never be done there again; but may they not happen elsewhere? Might we not turn from looking back to looking around us? We are living out here in a country which a strong civilized Government is driving with unnatural rapidity through a series of phases which have extended over long periods in the history of other nations. But this forcing process only affects at present certain classes and places; the great mass of the people still belongs to a very backward stage of social progress. And it requires no great research to discover among the people with whom we are living the same or analogous habits of mind, standards of belief, and methods of action which are recorded of our forefathers, and which are scarcely comprehensible to their descendants. I maintain that the knowledge acquired by such discoveries is of great value on account of the light which it throws upon the past history of other countries, that we in India have greater facilities than any other class of Englishmen for acquiring this knowledge, and that it is a pity we should neglect our opportunities more and more.

One of the best instances that I know of these historic analogies—

of a phenomenon now actually visible in this country, which has disappeared in England—is the belief in witchcraft. The subject has lately been treated in Europe by influential writers. Michelet has brought out “*La Sorcière*,” and Leckie devotes to magic and witchcraft the opening chapter of his “*History of Rationalism*.” He describes the universal prevalence of this belief throughout Europe up to the 18th century, and attempts to explain its origin, spread, and gradual decline. Now, most of us are dimly aware that at this moment the belief in witchcraft possesses all classes of natives throughout the Central Provinces, and more or less throughout India. Many officers are intimately versed in the details of this curious superstition as it exists within their respective districts. But the phenomenon has never been systematically studied; and yet I believe that if we could collect from different parts of the country minute accounts of the rites and ceremonies of witchcraft, the supposed powers of sorcerers, and the effects which they are understood to produce, we should hit upon several very curious analogies, and should be able to draw strikingly suggestive conclusions.

But the material has still to be collected, sifted, and compared. The scope of this article only permits me to sketch the outline of an enquiry which seems worth making, for I doubt whether any systematic investigation of these obscure superstitions has ever been made. Ward, in his voluminous work upon the Hindoos, devotes *one* paragraph to the witches!

At any rate, we may safely take it to be an undoubted fact that throughout the Central Provinces the belief in witchcraft is universal among all classes. It meets you at every turn, if you mix with the natives freely, and can listen solemnly to their queer notions, almost as queer as those held by our ancestors, but less harmful practically. In Sleeman’s “*Rambles of an Indian Official*” there is a chapter on the subject, with anecdotes of sorcery in Jubbulpore and Mundlah. It appears that the country which in all India is most infested by witches, lies between Mundlah and Cuttack, and that the Gond women are terribly addicted to magical practices. In all ages and countries the “witch” has been ordinarily a woman, and most commonly an old woman, though the English word is applicable to both sexes. In Sleeman’s narrative the old women maintain their reputation, but use their power in a manner rather to be encouraged by a conscientious district officer. A trooper takes milk from an old woman without paying for it—it is for his master’s breakfast. He, the trooper, is soon down on his back with horrid pains in the stomach. A chuprassee of the Jubbulpore Deputy Commissioner carries off a cock, eats it in a curry, and dies apparently from the exhaustion produced by the bird’s incessant crowing inside him. Here is a plain substantial motive for investigating the origin and range of these supernatural powers. We should soon put a stop to depre-

dations in camp by chuprassées and sowars, if we could establish sorcerers at the halting places along the principal lines of road, and if we could find means—by book circular or otherwise—to regulate and direct their operations.

But although witchcraft may now and then be righteously used—and you must not complain if a witch directs her power as a weapon against you whenever you are so unlucky as to pick a quarrel with such folk—yet these are only exceptional cases. In these provinces, as elsewhere, witchcraft is ordinarily employed in a wanton evil manner, from the mere capricious delight in causing mischief. Sleeman's informant says that the witches feed evil spirits on the livers of their victims; he also mentions two examples of their power to draw all the blood from a victim's body. This art of blood-sucking is known all over India to those who are learned in the ways of witches, and caused wide consternation formerly in Europe, where it appeared under the variously hideous forms of vampire, succubus, kraken, or simple sorcerer. The Indian witch is sometimes supposed to be able to draw blood from you by her gaze, but actual personal contact is usually required, as when you incautiously seize her, or when she visits her miserable victim during sleep.

In such cases, however, you have occasionally this advantage, that the cause of your malady is as obvious as the malady itself. You struggle with a witch, or have words with her,—you immediately discover that your blood is draining from your body—and, if you are a man of presence of mind, you save yourself by knocking the old woman on the head, or you may run for your life, and carry your circulation beyond the range of her spells. Whereas to the subject of bewitchment through invisible or intangible agency the seat and origin of his complaint is unknown. But the ordinary practice of sorcerers consists in the causing death or illness, not only to an obnoxious person, but to whole families, or even villages,—to their crops and cattle also. Here, of course, the general features and tendencies of the superstition are identical in all ages and countries; the prevalence of an epidemic, mysterious disease of man or beast, barrenness of women, brain delusions, and the like—are all attributed to sorcery in the Central Provinces, exactly as in our England of the 16th century. And the magic powers of witches extend over natural phenomena as well as over the human body, producing evils scarcely less afflicting. Drought, blight, bad harvests, hail, &c., are all caused by the malice of enchanters, to whose indirect machinations is probably referred so much of the responsibility for the present high prices as cannot be directly fixed upon the corn-dealers.

In all these cases the cause of the affliction is clear enough to those learned in such matters. The people in these provinces have no more doubt of the existence of witchcraft, no more hesitation in recognizing the outward manifestations of its effect, than

had the English judges of the 17th century, or the Scotch ministers who piously burnt a woman for this crime early in the 18th century. Hence has arisen, as everywhere else, the necessity for religious ceremonies, exorcisms, counter-charms of various sorts, and cunning devices to discover the concealed agent. The most obvious and effective remedy being the detection and destruction of the evil worker, professional witch-finding and divining has long ago taken its place among the learned professions. Sometimes the patient himself instinctively recognizes his persecutor, or has seen him in a dream standing over him and performing hideous rites. Instinct is usually guided by personal animosity, but is accepted as infallible nevertheless. When these proofs are wanting, recourse is had to professional counsel. It is not to be expected that your witch-finder, any more than your medical man, will ever own that the case puzzles him; he enquires into the symptoms, consults his book, goes through some queer ceremonies, defines confidently your malady and its origin, and ends by pocketing his fee, just as if he were a regular practitioner.

The general type of the disease has now been rapidly sketched. We next come to the methods of cure.

The best descriptions of the treatment most in vogue in these provinces will, unhappily, be found in our Police Reports. In cases of doubt, or, more probably, where the accused has friends to intercede for him, the trial by ordeal is used. This is a very ancient Hindu institution, and is much commended by the Shastras, who prescribe several methods of trial—red hot iron being a very favourite test, as among the Anglo-Saxons. But it is certainly a curious coincidence to find that the common ordeal for witches in the eastern districts is by water. In the Raepore district, and in Chota Nagpore, you are tied up in a sack and thrown into a river, and the onus of proving innocence by floating is left with yourself, exactly as if you were in Essex, where they drowned an old Frenchman in the year of grace 1863. But the injured persons very seldom require the direct evidence of an ordeal; they usually have that intimate conviction of guilt which is sometimes accepted by Magistrates under the form of "moral" certainty, and which means that you think a man guilty although you cannot prove it. The following extract from the Police Report for 1863, by the Inspector General, Central Provinces, gives a specimen of treatment under such circumstances, and also describes one sort of ordeal:—

"An old man was accused of being a sorcerer, and of having bewitched the family of a person named Bunsee, whose father and several of his children had died of cholera. It became therefore necessary to exorcise the devil, and accordingly Bunsee and three of his friends, taking the sorcerer into the jungle, proceeded to operate upon him in the prescribed orthodox fashion. This Captain Baker describes to be, first, to break out two of the front teeth with stones; next to shave the top of the head with a blunt knife; then to beat

the 'possessed' with switches; and lastly, to administer a potion, consisting of the coloured liquid from a tan-yard. In this case the last prescription only was omitted. All the other inhuman rites were observed. In the case of riot, cholera having been prevalent in the village, it was determined to ascertain, by the regulated ordeal, whether there was a witch in the community. It would appear that the trial is conducted in this manner. A pole of a particular wood is erected on the bank of a stream, and each person, after bathing in the water, is required to touch the pole. When the turn of the person in whom resides the evil spirit comes, her hand, after touching, immediately swells to an enormous size. In this instance, a woman refused to touch the pole, and boldly proclaimed herself to be a witch, whereupon the villagers fell upon her and flogged her with switches; but it does not appear that they either knocked out her teeth or shaved her head."

And in 1865, Captain Steuart, District Superintendent of Police of Raepore, writes:—

"The strangest part about this superstition is that no rules seem to be laid down for attaching suspicion to any particular persons, for the cases which have come to light this year show that persons of all ages and both sexes (though women are the chief victims) are selected and accused upon the most whimsical and arbitrary grounds, while the treatment which the accused receive at the hands of their persecutors varies according to the amount of inventive genius for torture possessed by the inhabitants of the village in which the exorcising of witches is resorted to; but the scourging with rods of the castor oil and tamarind tree is universal, for the sticks are supposed to possess some peculiar virtue in respect to witches and their idiosyncrasies. Shaving the head and knocking out a front tooth or two, are, as my predecessor stated in his report for 1863, very generally had recourse to, but in none of the cases under notice were these ceremonies performed. Firing on the buttocks, tying the legs to a ploughshare, seating in the sun, and other cruelties were, as has been related in the narratives of these cases, the description of cruelties practised."

Several of the more heinous cases are mentioned at length in Captain Steuart's report. A woman named Boodnee was seized by the villagers on suspicion of having brought cholera into the village. She was deliberately and slowly beaten to death with castor oil rods, the whole population of the village assisting. Three men were hanged for this murder on the scene of their crime; and Captain Steuart believes that this counter-charm will work usefully.

Four women were charged in another village with the same offence—spreading the cholera. They were scourged for two days with castor oil rods before the village idol: on the second night they were stripped naked, and one of them was branded with a red hot sickle. An old woman died, and the exorcisers were transported for life.

The mention in the Police Reports of the practice of knocking out the teeth of the supposed witch, reminds me that I have omitted notice of a very curious and widely spread form of the superstition,—the power of sorcerers to assume animal shapes. Traill,* in his "Sketch of Kumaon," writes of "an old man practising as a physician near Sreenagur who is a most notorious *bogsa* or sorcerer, and is believed to be not less than 200 years old. The reputation of having devoured many persons under the form of a tiger cost him the loss of his teeth, many of which were extracted by order of the Rajah, to render him less formidable in his future metamorphoses." In these provinces witches, ghosts, and demons usually take the shape of a tiger, of course, because it is the animal most generally destructive; the spirit of a man killed by a tiger will haunt the place in the form of the beast, and requires careful propitiation. One analogous superstition in Europe was lycanthropy: no opinion lasted longer or was more thoroughly credited, especially, as might be supposed, in countries where wolves abounded. The existence of "Loups Garons" was attested by law courts, and of course by all orthodox theologians of the middle ages; while in Abyssinia the change is into the hyæna, and I wonder that the diabolical noises which this animal can make have not got him an uncanny reputation wherever he is found. I note that all over the world the domestic cat has been counted to be a familiar demon of sorcerers, or, at least, an ill-omened creature whom it is dangerous to offend. However, to return to my point, the practice of knocking out teeth in these provinces is clearly connected with the belief that the witches transform themselves into wild beasts.

While I am on this subject, I may remark that I cannot discover that our Indian sorcerers often assume the form of other *men*, as was common in the early ages of these beliefs in Europe, by which much confusion and unjust slander was caused. Leckie ("History of Rationalism") relates how the devil was dragged out from under somebody's bed in the shape of St. Sylvanus, and that a miracle was required to clear the reputation of the holy man.†

Of this kind of metamorphosis I find no mention in the few books on Indian superstitions which I have been able to consult, but I have been *told* that sorcerers do take the forms of other men, sometimes for the purpose of pilfering, usually for the purpose of intrigue.

A learned pundit quoted to me a story which he read in a native journal, of a Gosain who by magic succeeded in transforming a boy

* Bengal Civil Service.

† This recalls the anecdote in the *Spectator* of the breed of dogs who had the peculiar virtue of detecting unchastity, and were kept for many years at a monastery, which they guarded from the contagion of the outer world. But one night they worried a monk who was coming in late, and were all destroyed as having lost their power of delicate discrimination.

into a girl. He was accused of sorcery before the authorities at Hyderabad, but the decision of the Court was not known to my informant.

I return from this digression to the subject in hand,—the mode of discovering and remedying witchcraft. From Captain Glasfurd's very interesting report on the Dependency of Bustar (1862), I have extracted the following curious account of trial by ordeal for witchcraft, which is of course the catholic creed of that wild and remote country.

“On the accused person being arrested, a fisherman's net is wound round his head to prevent his escaping or bewitching his guards, and he is at once subjected to the preparatory test; two leaves of the peepul, one representing him, and the other his accusers, are thrown upon his outstretched hand; if the leaf in his name fall uppermost, he is supposed to be a suspicious character; if the leaf fall with the lower part upwards, it is possible that he may be innocent, and the popular feeling is in his favour. The following day the final test is applied: he is sewn into a sack, and, in the presence of the heads of the village, his accusers, and his friends, carried into water waist deep, and let down to the bottom; if the unhappy man cannot struggle up and manage to get into a standing posture, with his head above water, he is said, after a short pause, to be innocent, and the assembled elders quickly direct him to be taken out;* if he manages, however, in his struggles for life, to raise himself above water, he is adjudged guilty and brought out to be dealt with for witchcraft. He is beaten by the crowd, his head shaved, and his front teeth knocked out with a stone; this is said to be done to prevent him muttering his incantations. All descriptions of filth are thrown at him; if of good caste, hog's flesh is forced into his mouth, and lastly, he is driven out of the country, followed by the abuse and execrations of his enlightened fellow-men.”

The reader will observe that the knocking out of teeth is here attributed to a different motive, but as there is no reason why an incantation should not be mumbled with toothless gums, I prefer the hypothesis which I have above suggested. Toothless hags have never been supposed to be disqualified for practice in sorcery.

My next extract is from Captain F. G. Steuart's journal of a tour through Bustar in 1862; it is rather striking as an incidental illustration.

“On the road to Michenar saw tied up in a saj tree the tresses of a woman; on enquiry I found that they had belonged to a reputed witch. The supposed witch was suspected of having killed her own child by enchantments, in consequence of which the people of her village assembled, put her on her oath as to whether she had thus killed her child or not, and on her denying her having so done she was led to a stream, where four men took her into water up to their necks, and laid her flat at the bottom, the criterion of her

* *Sic.* Query his body?—Ed.

guilt or innocence being her rising up to the surface forthwith or being carried a short way down stream ere this happened. If the former occurred, she was to be proclaimed guilty; if the latter, innocent. The former happening, she was seized, her hair shaved completely off, and hung up, as I found, in a tree, to prevent her doing further mischief, while she herself was expelled the village and forced to go elsewhere and to gain her livelihood by cutting sticks, cow-dunging fire-places, and such like jobs. Her husband, too, is obliged to cast her off and is at liberty to take to himself another wife if so inclined. Such is the treatment of supposed witches, if indeed it be not even worse than this."

It will have been noticed that in every extract the shaving of a witch's head is mentioned. It is clearly employed as an antidote, not merely as a degrading punishment, and we might possibly trace its origin to the notion of power residing in the hair, or of the hair's magical attraction.

Samson's story will occur to every one. Circe, the witch in the *Odyssey*, had beautiful locks, and Leckie notes that the familiar devils of early times had a peculiar attachment to women with fine hair. These indications may be traced back by those who have leisure to some reconдите vein of primitive superstition.

A murder was committed lately in the Nagpore Division, which was brought about entirely by professional witch-finding. One *Sadoo* had a sick cow, which was treated for several months by the cunning man of the village, but it died at last, whereupon the doctor, to save his reputation, pronounced it to be a case of witchcraft, and succeeded, under pressure, in discovering the sorcerer in another inhabitant of the village. This unlucky man must previously have gotten himself an ill name for magical practices, or the witch-finder must have detected the offender solely by virtue of occult science, since it is difficult to explain otherwise how the scent was hit off, and the witch run to earth. However, there he was at last, though discovered too late to save the cow; but *Sadoo* desired to pay him off in his own diabolical coin, and employed the professional adviser to vex his enemy by counter-incantations. Here it must be noticed that the witch-finder is usually a witch himself—not, as formerly in Europe, the orthodox enemy of an accursed class. This distinction will be discussed when we come to compare the eastern with the western phase of the superstition. It is not clear whether *Sadoo* wanted to compass the death of the sorcerer; nevertheless, one night when the latter was known to be sleeping at his corn stacks, the witch-finder stationed himself with *Sadoo's* son at a short distance from the spot, and there performed hideous rites, cutting up a fowl and burying it with potent herbs. After some time the conjurer seems to have volunteered to go up to see how his experiments were working on their subject; he did so, and both the men returned home with a satisfactory report, but next morning a man was found at the corn stacks with a fractured skull, and stabbed in several parts

of his body. Sadoo and his son declared that they only employed the conjurer to revenge their cow's death by bewitching the witch, and that they had no notion of instigating a deliberate murder of this sort. The conjurer admitted that he was engaged professionally, but denied having supplemented his ghostly art by mere carnal weapons; he was nevertheless convicted and hanged satisfactorily. Some nice points arose, however, in regard to the guilt of the old man Sadoo, who at the worst only abetted the intention to kill by witchcraft. Is an attempt to kill by magic or sorcery punishable under the law? The question is an old one. Selden, a distinguished lawyer and writer of the 17th century, says that "if one believes that by turning his hat thrice and crying *Buz*, he could take away a man's life, this were a just law made by the state, that whoever should turn his hat thrice and cry *Buz* with the intention to take away a man's life, should be put to death." The argument has some logical force; and it may be added that as such practices do often lead to crime, or are used to veil acts of real violence, any interpretation of the literal law which can prevent them is productive of good. Some such view of the question was taken by the Sessions Court in the case to which I now refer, for Sadoo was sentenced to be imprisoned for abetting an attempt to murder, but the ruling of the Court of final revision, which quashed the sentence, was probably more in accordance with sound law.

I am well aware that this gossiping account of witchcraft and witch-finding among the country folk of these provinces is bald and inadequate as a treatment of the whole subject. All sorts of curious and characteristic particulars might have been collected, arranged, and analysed by comparison with the minute descriptions which we possess of the beliefs and practices once prevailing in Europe. Want of time and of material must be my excuse, but perhaps by drawing the outline of an enquiry I may induce more capable hands to fill in the sketch hereafter. In the meantime I hope I have written enough to show, as I proposed, that there exists around us a state of belief exactly similar to that which existed in (say) England in the 17th century, and that by studying the phenomenon from the life, we may gain much clearer and more vivid ideas of those bygone days than we could ever get from books. The story of Sadoo and his cow, up to the point where justice interposed, might have had any English village for its scene. In India, as far as I can understand, no prejudice is felt against the professional magician as long as he uses his magic powers beneficially to cure your fever, to help you out of a dilemma, to point out your stolen property, &c. It is only when he takes to malignant and baneful practices that he comes under Lynch law; but of course the mere possession of magical powers will always render him liable to suspicion, if anything goes wrong with women or cattle especially. I find that the same distinction between workers in the black art for good and workers for evil, must have

been substantially observed by the people in England, though the church and the law impartially condemned both. The following quotation from *Hudibras* (written by Butler, a cotemporary and acquaintance of the Selden above-mentioned) would apply wonderfully well to the ordinary village sorcerer of these provinces :—

“ Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
 That deals in destiny’s dark counsels
 And sage opinion of the moon sells,
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair.
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen slinks out of the way ;
 When geese and pullen are seduced,
 And sows of sucking pigs are choused ;
 When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need the opinion of physician ;
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip ;
 When yeast and outward means do fail,
 And have no power to work on ale ;
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love proves cross and humoursome,—
 To him with questions * * * * *
 They for discovery flock, and curing.”

But Sir Hudibras had his doubts, which would trouble no Indian, as to the permissibility of such enquiries, and asked to be assured

———that “ the saints have freedom”
 To go to sorcerers when they need ’em.

This is proved to his exceeding satisfaction by various godly precedents in a passage from which I can only take the subjoined extract (also borrowed by Leckie) to illustrate the treatment which witches underwent in those days, and to point out that a witch-finder, in England as well as here, occasionally turned out to be a witch himself.

“ Has not our present Parliament
 A Ledger* to the Devil sent,
 Fully empowered to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out ?
 And has he not, within one year,
 Hang’d threescore of them in one shire ?
 Some only for not being drowned,
 And some for sitting above ground

* Name of this Special Commissioner.

Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
 And, feeling pain, were hanged for witches.
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
 Or pigs that suddenly deceased
 Of grief unnat'ral, as he guessed—
Who after proved himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.”

This may be enough to show that the powers ascribed to sorcerers, both for evil and for good, were the same then in England as now in India. The reasons of this coincidence are obvious enough; ignorance and superstition produce everywhere similar, though not quite the *same*, effects. The Indian sorcerer is better off than his English prototype in some important respects. Both have been always in danger of the popular fury, of seizure by a mob, trial by ordeal, torture, and death; but in India the priesthood, the stewards of religious mysteries, seem always to have regarded the practice of sorcery with entire indifference, as far as their own doctrines were concerned, while the law actually interferes vigorously to protect the sorcerer—I mean of course the *English* law in India. Whereas in England, and still more notoriously in Scotland, the mob was usually hounded on to a witch by fanatical priests; in the middle ages, the Church eagerly hunted up sorcerers and burnt them by slow fire (the Scotch Presbyterians burnt a woman so late as 1727), and up to the eighteenth century they were punished capitally by the law. The Christian Church regarded witchcraft and magic as visible signs of an unholy alliance *with* the devil, and, consequently, *against* God, hence their pitiless persecution of such evil doers. But there is nothing in the abstract doctrines of the Hindoo hierarchy, with its transcendental belief in an all-pervading spirit, which need oppose or condemn supernatural manifestations of any sort, and the popular religion, which recognizes hundreds of millions of deities, and is incredibly marvellous and grotesque, will not be likely to take exception to the black art on the score of heterodoxy. But I should certainly have expected that the Mahomedans, who are so intolerant of infidels and heretics, would be led by their religious tenets to wage war against magicians, yet I have never heard that they were persecuted or even discouraged, except in special cases, when some enchanter was supposed to have bewitched a powerful official. Mahomedans divide the science of magic into two departments: the *Rahmānee*, or divine, which works through the agency of God, of his angels, or of good genii; and the *Sheitānee*, which depends on the agency of the devil, evil spirits, and unbelieving genii.* yet, as far as I can make out (though

* Lane's "Modern Egyptians."

I have no proper knowledge of the subject), they tolerate both kinds indifferently. In a remarkable book on the "Customs of Indian Mussulmans," composed under the direction of Dr. Herklots, a Madras surgeon, there is a minute description of the various methods used by exorcists, sorcerers, and conjuring magicians. The objects for which these methods are used may be good, as when devils are to be cast out, or disease is to be cured; but they are just as often extremely bad, and I find enumerated among the purposes for which the science is employed, such objects as the death of an enemy, or the gratification of any temporal wish. Nevertheless I should not infer, either from Dr. Herklot's book or from the style in which Lane writes on the subject, that even the *Sheitane* magic was ever under the ban of the Mahomedan law as a crime.

This toleration of witchcraft by law and religion in the East makes an important point of divergence in our historical parallel. It is one reason why the superstition exhibits itself under a much less intense and painful type in India than formerly in Europe; it leads one to hope that the disease may be much more easily and quickly eradicated.

Our modern treatment of this mental epidemic may not be strictly logical, but is none the less likely to be effective. In Europe, ecclesiastics, lawyers, and writers of every class proved the existence of witchcraft most unanswerably, by Holy Writ, by universal tradition, and by the positive testimony of hundreds of credible eye-witnesses. There was simply no possible refutation of the evidence arrayed to support the belief; there is at this moment no logical method whatever of *demonstrating* to a malguzar of Raepore that witchcraft is nothing but a delusion and an imposition. Your only chance would be the proving that such things are contrary to experience, but unluckily they are by no means contrary to every-day experience in Raepore, and the facts are positively asserted and attested; wherefore we are reduced to abandon logic altogether, and to give out boldly that any one who kills a witch shall be most illogically hanged—a very practical and convincing line of argument.

We must leave the extirpation of the belief in witchcraft to the gradual spread of education and intelligence, by which alone it was finally expelled from England.

Thus we find that the Indian sorcerer, Mahomedan or Hindoo, has two great advantages. He lives under a Government of enlightened sceptics in regard to all beliefs in the supernatural, and he is not persecuted by his own countrymen on religious grounds. The savage hatred of reputed witches, the hideous cruelty exercised against them in Europe, seem never to have been known or felt in the East; and the difference must, as I pointed out before, be traced to a different theological conception of the supernatural agency at work. In the earlier ages of the Christian Church, when magic was universally believed in, the persecution of witches was comparatively mild, and it may be noticed that the state of

popular superstition in those days then resembled that which now exists and has long existed in India much more nearly than in later times. People believed "in wild legends, fairies, mermaids, giants, and dragons—of miracles of saints—conflicts in which the devil took a prominent part, but was invariably defeated, or illustrations of the boundless efficacy of some charm or relic."* This phase of faith, in which credulity has no bounds, where the popular belief has no system or central idea, but admits all kinds of grotesque and fanciful notions,—this phase of semi-pagan Christianity is to a certain degree analagous with the state of India as we may now examine it. A very accurate understanding of the Hindoo theogony is required for the exact definition of the agency by which the ordinary rural sorcerer is supposed to work, but from what I can gather, I infer that he has familiar spirits, neither bad nor good, belonging to that host of extra-natural beings with which the universe seems to be peopled by the Hindoos. The sorcerer also pays especial worship to some recognized god, obtaining his favour and aid by propitiatory offerings, but this is usually some obscure ill-conditioned deity, who is neglected by the mass of respectable religionists. He holds communion with ghosts and fairies, with "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey," indifferently and without prejudice to his character. This appears to have been very much the form of witchcraft in the old pagan times of Europe, and until Christianity had been firmly established and systematized, it is easy to perceive that under such a religion the mere practice of magic need not excite persecution, or even be stigmatized as sinful. But when the conception of Satan as a powerful adversary of God became vividly realized, when men thoroughly believed that he was incessantly laying snares for their souls, and dragging them down into eternal flames, then followed the notion that witches were the direct agents of Satan, who had entered into an evil compact with him, and that no remedies could be too horrible or hideous for this disease. Luckily for Indian sorcerers, the Hindoo superstitions have never assumed this form, though the Mahomedan doctrines do recognize it in a mitigated and less uncompromising sense, for their lawful and beneficent magic is performed by the agency of angels and believing genii, while the wicked enchantments are accomplished by the help of unbelieving genii and demons, and of the devil. But here again we make an important distinction between Mahomedanism and mediæval Christianity, in the admission by the former religion of at least *one* kind of magic as lawful and even meritorious, while the latter faith condemned as a deadly sin any kind of pretence to work by supernatural means. The truth is that the Church of Rome originally allowed no communication with the spiritual world that had not her sanction; she recognized miracles performed by her

* Leckie's "History of Rationalism," Vol. I.

own saints, but by no other influence.* The Mahomedan creed pretends to no such monopoly. The science of exorcism, used principally for the casting out of devils, is one that can be studied like mathematics, and its professors are to this day honoured in proportion to their condition and efficiency. They practise in most of the large cities of India, they write amulets and charms to order, and they are well acquainted with talismans for causing a devil to enter your body. I am astonished to find that even this fearful power is mentioned by pious Mahomedans without denunciation, and with all the philosophic calmness that befits scientific discussion, for nothing more inconvenient and unpleasant than such an infliction can possibly be imagined.

Amulets and charms are as much used by Hindoos as by Mahomedans. The unconscious Briton is often experimented upon in this way. I do not know whether the results are usually satisfactory to the charmer. There is one other branch of witchcraft, belonging to all ages and countries, which perhaps deserves notice—I mean the preparation of philtres, love potions, and other potent mixtures for producing magical effects on mind or body. This art flourishes now in India as widely as ever it did among the Greeks or Romans, or in Europe, where it cannot yet be said to be quite extinct. It is mostly practised here, as everywhere else, by jealous women, or desperate lovers of either sex, for the purpose of captivating affection, of infatuating and entralling the object of desire. But it is also used for baneful purposes, to cause disease, death, or some strange aberration; and, whether employed by love or by hate, it has certainly always been intimately connected with some real knowledge of medicine, and has veiled a great deal of downright poisoning. Not many months ago a man was tried before one of the courts of these provinces for giving to a woman a poisonous mixture which she administered to her husband, and from which the husband died. His defence was that the wife asked for a love potion, and that he supplied nothing else; but there was clear evidence of an intrigue, and he was convicted of abetting the murder. The ingredients of which these philtres are ordinarily compounded, are to this day not a whit less disgusting than the contents of the witch's cauldron in *Macbeth*; and perhaps Shakespeare got from the East the idea of adding a tiger's chandron (entrails) and a baboon's blood, though the notion of flavoured with "liver of blaspheming Jew" is, on the other hand, entirely ecclesiastic and mediæval.

I may conclude by mentioning one or two forms of magic which appear to have come originally from the East (where they are still well known and practised) to Europe, probably in the time of the Crusades. There is occasional illusion in romances to the magic mirror, wherein the crusader or pilgrim in far distant lands might

* The Janseinet miracles were stopped by the police.

"De par le Roi—defense a Dieu
De faire miracle en le lieu."

see reflected all that was going on at that moment among his friends at home in his absence; and many awkward scandals were thus revealed. It is well known that Lane, in his "Modern Egyptians," gives a minute description of magical feats of the same kind, the mirror being represented by a little ink in a boy's hand; and that Eothen describes a ludicrous failure by the conjurer whom he consulted. But it may not be generally known that the process is very commonly resorted to now in India, principally for the discovery of stolen goods, and for the divination of buried treasure. The practitioner mixes up castor oil and lamp black (unjun), wherewith he polishes the hand of a child born foot foremost; charms and incantations are muttered while the child stares steadily into his hand, and describes the visions which successively pass across the bright surface. I may note that the image of a broom sweeping the ground, which, according to Lane, frightened a young Englishwoman who allowed the mirror to be prepared in her hand, appears to be, in India, the apparition which the mirror holder ordinarily begins by describing; and altogether I should agree with Kinglake in suspecting that Lane was much too credulous, though there is something in his remark that the whole process reminds us of animal magnetism.

I have thus sketched very imperfectly and, perhaps, incorrectly, the outline of a parallel between witchcraft as it now exists and is believed in India, and as it is described by books to have existed in Europe formerly. I have touched upon the points of analogy and divergence between the two phenomena, with the object, as I may repeat, of illustrating a dead superstition by a living one. Any one who may have leisure and ability to go fully into the subject, should take up the kindred studies of alchemy and astrology, which are still in some repute with the wise men of the East. A careful enquiry into the actual condition of these recondite sciences as now understood, would show how far they are mixed up with mere conjuring tricks, and how far they are based upon some real, though confused, knowledge of astronomy and chemistry. It is curious to find the word *kimiya* in use throughout Hindostan; the word is of course Greek, and was adopted by the Arabs, who prefixed the article 'al' and passed it on to Europe as Alchemy; but I cannot trace the path by which it has re-appeared in its proper form in India.

To conclude—the object of this essay has been to show how the position of educated Englishmen in India affords them peculiar opportunities for studying a phase of civilization and a state of society which is quite incomprehensible to students in their libraries at home. The belief in witchcraft is only one illustration of my text, though I think no better could be found, if it were thoroughly examined and compared. But we need not go beyond the Central Provinces to find another. The remarkable spread within the last forty years among the Chumars of Chutteesgurh of the

Sutnamee doctrines, is an event belonging to a class of phenomena once very common in Europe, but now almost entirely extinct. Mormonism in America affords the solitary instance of a new sect professing to spring from a modern and cotemporary *miraculous* origin, that is, to have been inaugurated by a person claiming *miraculous gifts*; and even Joseph Smith did not pretend to much wonder working. In Europe we have had no such movements for a long time, unless the insignificant vagaries of Joanna Southcote or Thom of Canterbury be thought worthy of philosophic notice. But here, in Chutteesgurb, we may collect minute information in regard to the life and works of Ghasee Dass,* an inspired prophet, who performed miracles, sojourned in the wilderness, preached successfully a new and purer creed to the poor and ignorant of the country, attacked the empty formularies and alures of the established religion, and incurred the jealousy of the dominant castes. Such is the abstract of his life as at present most imperfectly known, but it surely suggests many curious analogies. I must observe, however, that the *Sutnamee* sect did not take its rise with Ghasee Dass, as has been supposed, but that it has existed for many years under a slightly different form in Upper India.†

* See article on "Hindoo Dissenters."

† See note appended to the same article.

Hindoo Dissenters.

ANY Englishman who has watched with interest the vast crowd of natives who daily visit our Jubbulpore Exhibition naturally divides them into the two great classes of Hindoos and Mahomedans, a classification which, though no doubt in the main correct, is, as has been before remarked, very much as though the living swarms of Europe were to be classed as Christians and Jews. For as most, if not all, of us know, these apparently united communities, with outlines broad and clear, have among themselves sects and divisions of no unimportant character; sects entertaining rancour as bitter ever existed between Puritan and Catholic: divisions quite as distinct and essential as that which separates Christianity from Mormonism.

The question of the origin and growth of these various sects opens up a formidable subject of enquiry (fear not, gentle reader, we are not writing a book, however much we may talk like one): but, limiting our "field of vision," we simply purpose giving an account of a remarkable movement confined to one portion of the Central Provinces, which has severed from Hindoo beliefs and traditions a numerous and important section of the people called Chumars. The enquiry will not prove uninteresting if we hold that any new religious opinion which springs up amid universal stagnancy of thought, which faces opposition, which survives persecution, is worthy of record. The opinion may be mistaken and superstitious, but if there is any virtue in it, reason will gradually triumph over prejudice, and truth eventually supersede error.

The Chutteesgurh plateau, largely inhabited by Chumars, who, as we have remarked, have dissented from Hindooism, forms the eastern division of the Central Provinces. Its isolated position, surrounded on all sides by continuous mountain ranges, has cut it off from the enlightening influences which slowly but surely have modified the force of superstitions and prejudices in other parts of India. This vast tract, covering several thousand square miles, contains a population purely agricultural, with only one town of any importance, and with a people who, before the period of British rule, seldom crossed their village boundaries. Of the outer world they never heard, except at distant intervals from some devoted pilgrim performing the sacred pilgrimage to Juggurnath, or perhaps a band of gipsy carriers, who had penetrated thus far with their

bullocks for grain, hearing that this was a "land of Goshen" where plenty existed and prices were unaffected by competition. As a result, there being no Mahomedan element, the influence of Brahminism reigned supreme. The privileged classes were overbearing and tyrannical; the lower castes were their slaves, obliged to carry out their behests under penalties heavy to be borne, and under dread of curses which would bring desolation to their hearths. No section felt this degradation more bitterly than the Chumars. And here it must be remarked that these Chumars bear no affinity to the leather-working classes bearing the same name in other parts of India. Their trade is not that of tanning. On the contrary, they are distinctively an agricultural community, occupying a large portion of the land in the Chutteesgurrh plateau, and constituting a fourth of the entire population, numbering probably half a million souls. To suppress anything like free human action on the part of this important section; to govern them for selfish ends; to condemn without scruple; such was the task the Brahmin loved to perform. And as the work of repression and persecution is always carried out heartily when sanctioned by religious convictions, what wonder if the Chumars suffered the most galling oppression? There was no sympathy for them anywhere, for all classes of Hindoos clung to the Brahmins. Their hope seemed to lie in their numbers, but at best the employment of force seemed a doubtful alternative. At this juncture the movement originated which led to a final break with Hindooism.

Ghasee Dass, the author of the movement, like the rest of his community, was unlettered. He was a man of unusually fair complexion and rather imposing appearance, sensitive and silent, given to seeing visions, and deeply resenting the harsh treatment of his brotherhood by the Hindoos. He was well known to the whole community, having travelled much among them; had the reputation of being exceptionally sagacious, and was universally respected. By some he was believed to possess supernatural powers, by others curative powers only; by all he was deemed a remarkable man. In the natural course of events, it was not long before Ghasee Dass gathered round himself a band of devoted followers. Whether impelled by their constant importunities, or by a feeling of personal vanity (generated by his conscious superiority to the rest of the community), or both causes combined, he resolved on a prophetic career to be preceded by a temporary withdrawal into the wilderness, with the view of seeking in solitude and despair kindly counsel from heaven. He selected for his wanderings the eastern forests of Chutteesgurrh, and proceeded to a small village called Girode, on the outskirts of the hilly region bordering the Jonk river near its junction with the Mahanuddee. He dismissed the few followers who had accompanied him with the injunction that in six months' time he would return with a new revelation, and mounting the rocky eminence overhanging the village, disappeared into the distant forest,

What he did or how he lived during his self-appointed exile, we know not; the subject is considered too sacred for enquiry. It is possible that some hospitable Gond roof in the depths of the forest afforded him shelter and safety, and that his savage friends, when grain was scarce, initiated him into all the nutritive qualities of boundless roots and fruits. Whatever the dangers were, real or imaginary, he faced them, and the Chumars believe that he was miraculously sustained. It is sufficient for us to note that he must have had ample leisure for contemplation, and for the elaboration of the message which it behoved him to deliver to his people; and that he failed not to improve the opportunity.

Meanwhile, their leader departed, the few who had accompanied him to the foot of that henceforth mysterious hill were active in spreading through the whole Chumar community his farewell message, with the warning that all should appear at Girode as the termination of the six months' interval approached. Among a superstitious people these tidings worked marvels, and created a perfect ferment of expectation. For the period of suspense nothing else was talked of, and the public mind anxiously looked for some revelation. As the close of the appointed time drew near, Chumars from all parts of Chutteesgurh flocked to Girode. The scene as described by an eye-witness was strange and impressive. The roads leading to this hitherto unfrequented hamlet were traversed by crowds of anxious pilgrims. The young and old of both sexes swelled the throng—mothers carrying their infants, and the aged and infirm led by stronger arms. Many died by the way: but the enthusiasm was not stayed. Arrived at the spot, the plain skirting the rocky eminence presented to the eye a vast multitude of human beings, divided into different knots, discussing the strange crisis which had brought them together. At last the long looked for day arrived, and with it the realization of the hopes of the hitherto despised Chumars. In the quiet of the early morning, their self-appointed prophet was seen descending the rocky eminence overhanging Girode, and as he approached was greeted with the acclamations of the assembled crowd. It must have been a proud moment for Ghasee Dass, who soon commenced haranguing the expectant multitude. He explained to them how he had been miraculously sustained for the period of six months in the wilderness, how he had held communion with a Higher Power, and how he had been empowered to deliver a special message to the members of his own community. This message absolutely prohibited the worship of idols, and enjoined the worship of the Maker of the universe, without any visible sign or representation. It appointed Ghasee Dass the High Priest of the new faith, and added the proviso that this office would remain in his family for ever. In its essential conditions this new phase of belief was simple enough, but when Ghasee Dass had added certain dietary regulations and rules also for social excommunication, he showed Hindoo prejudices in all their strength. These additions,

however, were natural enough, and doubtless attracted the ignorant masses of his brethren. All their associations inspired the conviction that the scrupulous diet of the Brahmin was a mighty element in the sacred hedge that surrounded his person. Had not in fact the absence of all dietary restrictions subjected their community hitherto to the bitter taunt of general uncleanness? Here anyhow the new faith would take high vantage ground, and surpass the Brahmin regimen even in strictness and eccentricity. Again, the higher castes of Hindoos preserved the dignity of their order, and maintained a prominent social exclusiveness by visiting with all the rigour of social excommunication any departure from prescribed rules. This discipline, shrewdly recognised as a source of strength, was incorporated by Ghasee Dass into his new system.

Such then was the origin of the Chumar Reformation, and such the belief which replaced idolatry, and which may best be termed a "Hindooized Deism." The movement occurred between the years 1820 and 1830, and is scarce half a century old. It includes nearly the whole Chumar community of Chutteesgurh, who now call themselves "Sut Namees" or true named. They would fain bury the opprobrious epithet Chumar among other relics of the past, did it not with traditional pertinacity refuse to forsake them. In the early years of the movement an effort was made to crush its spread, but in vain, and Ghasee Dass lived to a ripe old age to see the belief he had founded a living element in society, constituting the guide and directing the aspirations of half a million souls. He died in the year 1850 at the age of 70, and while the work he accomplished by our clearer light seems darkened with prejudice, ignorance, and infesture, yet there can be no doubt he did good fight in demolishing, even within a small area, the giant evils of idolatry, and thus probably preparing his community for the reception of a higher and purer faith.

On the death of Ghasee Dass, he was succeeded in the office of High Priest by his eldest son, Baluk Dass. This Baluk Dass carried his feeling of equality to so high a pitch, that he outraged all Hindoo society by assuming the Brahminical thread. Wherever he appeared he offensively paraded the thin silken cord round his neck as an emblem of sacredness, and hoped to defy Hindoo enmity under cover of the general security against violence afforded by British rule. So bitter, however, was the hostility he raised, and so few the precautions he took against private assassination, that his enemies at last found an opportunity. He was travelling to Raipore on business, and remained for the night at a roadside rest-house. Here a party of men, supposed to be Rajpoots, attacked and killed him, at the same time wounding the followers who accompanied him. This cruel murder occurred in the year 1860; the perpetrators were never discovered. It exasperated the whole Chumar community, and a deeper animosity than ever now divides them from their Hindoo fellow-citizens. Baluk Dass was succeeded by

his brother Agur Dass, who is now High Priest. The duties of this office are more of a dignified than onerous character. The High Priest decides finally all questions involving social excommunication, and prescribes the penalties attending restoration. For those who can attend on him personally, or whom he can arrange to visit, he performs the ceremonies at marriage, and on naming of children ; at the latter ceremony a bead necklace, in token of entrance into the Chumar brotherhood, is placed round the neck of the child. It is not absolutely necessary, however, that the High Priest should officiate at any ceremonies. They are sufficiently solemnized by meetings of the brotherhood. Most Chumars once a year visit the High Priest, and on these occasions a suitable offering is invariably made. They have no public worship of any kind, and consequently no temples ; they have no written creed, nor any prescribed forms of devotion ; when devotionally inclined, it is only necessary to repeat the name of the Deity, and to invoke his blessing. No idol of wood or stone is seen near their villages. They believe in a future state, but this belief does not seem to exercise any practical influence on their conduct. Their social practices correspond for the most part with those of Hindoos. They ignore, however, Hindoo festivals. As a rule, they are monogamists, though polygamy is not specially prohibited. Their women are not in any way secluded from public gaze, and are equally with men busy and industrious in home and field pursuits. In fact in most of their arrangements, to a superficial observer, the Chumars present nothing peculiar, and it is only after enquiry that many of the distinguishing features we have noted are discovered. There can be no doubt that this Chumar element is an element of discord ; of discord all the more deep-seated, because an offshoot of Hindooism ; it ignores, despises, and repudiates the very source from which it has sprung. On the one hand, is Brahminism with its roots in the distant past, the very centre of every sacred tradition, and claiming an acknowledgment of superiority for its living representatives : on the other, the bold front of a despised community, imbued with new ideas, and resenting the position of social inferiority which tradition and authority would fain prescribe as its destined lot. The result is often unhappy conflicts which time will doubtless soften, and increasing enlightenment subdue. Wealth, intelligence, and influence rest with the higher castes, and carry their due weight in social position and standing. The Chumars are as yet an unlettered class, and we have never met with one of their number who could read. Schools have recently been established among them, and we may hope that at some distant period the community will, by education and refinement, better claim a footing of equality with their more fortunate rivals. Till then we can fully sympathize with their independent spirit, and recognise much in their change of belief which opens up the prospect of a brighter future.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

It might be inferred from the above that Ghasee Dass founded the Sutnamees. We append a few notes on this point, for which we are indebted to the writer of the paper on "Witchcraft in the Central Provinces."

Kabir Panth is one of the most celebrated of the founders of reforming religious sects among the Hindoos. He attacked the whole system of idolatrous worship, he ridiculed the priests, and he preached mystical unitarian doctrines which are still taught in a great variety of written works. He was one of the twelve disciples of *Ramanand*, and his birth is, as usual, said to have been miraculous. The sect extends all over India, and pays implicit obedience to the Guru, who seems to appear from time to time by an incarnation after the manner of the Buddhists. The Kabir Panthis are divided into twelve branches, each of which traces its origin to one of Kabir Panth's twelve disciples. The *Sutnamee* sect is one of these twelve branches from the stock of Kabir Panth; its founder was the disciple Jug Jiwan Dass. The *Sutnamee* tenets are described by H. H. Wilson in Vol. XVII of the *Asiatic Researches*. They belong to that class of doctrines which accepts one all-pervading deity, which enjoins meditation and ascetic contemplation of the one true Author of all things, and which totally rejects all external forms of worship, or anthropomorphism religion.

Ghasee Dass must certainly have learnt his doctrines from some of the *Sutnamee* teachers of Hindustan. It is a remarkable coincidence that the *Kubeer-panthee* Guru, or spiritual chief of the whole sect, has, I am told, been lately discovered in the Belaspore District, an inhabitant of the country having been fixed upon as the incarnation. I may also mention that another of *Ramanand's* disciples was Rai Dass the *Chumar*, who founded a sect among his own people, but it is uncertain whether it is not now extinct in Upper India. The *Kubeer-panthees* are still very numerous and flourishing; the *Sutnamees* are only a sub-division of this well known sect, and the narrative of the life and preaching of Ghasee Dass merely affords a fresh instance of the unvarying rule, according to which the supposed founder of a religion is always invested with miraculous attributes, if not by his contemporaries, then by the generation of believers which succeeds that in which he lived. It will now be impossible to trace precisely the source from which Ghasee Dass derived his instruction in the *Sutnamee* faith, or to separate mere tradition from the authentic facts of his career.

But even if Ghasee Dass had originated the *Sutnamee* sect, it must not be supposed that he was by any means the first of Hindoo reformers. History shows that men who have openly attacked idolatry and all outward forms of worship, empty ceremonies, ritualism, and the pretensions of an exclusive priesthood, have been as numerous in Hinduism as in Christianity.

Dawk Bungalow Cheer.

A FRAGMENT BY INGOLDSBY, JUNIOR,

Partially descriptive of a journey from Nagpore to Raepore at a very unseasonable time of year for travelling :—The fragment would appear to be in the form of a letter to a lady.

In the Rains
 When the plains
 Are softish and good for feet with chilblains,
 (Though folks so diseased
 Are rare in the East)
 One's pleasure is sure to be greatly increased,
 Though one's collars perhaps,
 And one's linen 'traps'
 May suffer collapse

At the thought of being robbed for so long of their starch.

[By the way, on this head
 There is little to dread
 In the way of discomfort, yet as I just said,
 Before that digression,
 And doubtful expression
 Concerning the value (for collars) of starch]—
 One's pleasure is sure to be greatly increased,
 Both to man and to beast—
 By a nice little order that tells you to 'march.'

And if you'll suppose,
 What every one knows
 Who has travelled the road, that the dawk bungalows
 Are distant the one from the other twelve 'koss'—
 By the aid of a clear
 Wit, if not of exper-
 ience itself, you'll be able to form some idea
 (I meant to say notion)
 Of the comforts attending my late locomotion.

People critically versed
 In good manners may burst
 Into shocked-etiquette cries at what I say first :
 But as I intend,
 In a note to a friend,
 To speak of each thing as it comes up on end,
 Instead of selecting one out of a ruck ;—
 And as I was struck
 With that compound of ' muck'
 (This is Yorkshire and vulgar—translate it ' pot-luck'
 Or ' potage de bungalow') let me now talk
 Of the grub that I got when I ventured to *dawk*.

On a march it's my rule
 To do that which you'll
 Comprehend in a moment, when without any cul-
 inary adjuncts I dine à la poule—
 That is, upon fowls—which are slaughtered a jiff in
 And dished up for breakfast, dinner, and tiffin.
 They are white meat
 And light meat—
 That's for rhyme—but without any joking they're tight meat,
 Taking ' tight' to mean ' tough'—
 Verbum sap, that's enough
 (Though there's not much of *sap* in that sort of stuff.)

Well, I got to Bhundarra,
 But not very much far-*er*.
 (No such word, Ma'am, I grant you, but pray let it stand.)
 I got so far, I say,
 On my troublesome way
 Pretty well, though 'twas four o'clock in the day
 Ere I managed to land
 Myself and my ' traps' on the welcoming step
 Of a house and shook hands with the Bhundarra ' Dep.*'
 Well, there I remained
 Four days, for it rained,
 And I, as a matter of course, was detained.
 As we're talking of faring, I may as well tell
 You that here I was treated uncommonly well.

But O after this
 Came my bungalow bliss !
 I confess the khansammahs were somewhat remiss.

* We presume ' Deputy Commissioner' is meant by this abbreviation.—ED.

They seemed to expect
 Supplies to collect
 Of their own accord, or else drop down direct.
 One or two had grown rusty and wanted well rubbing.
 —Put a 'd' if you like before it and hear
 A true programme,
 Without any cram,
 Of what I think I may call a tolerable sam-
 ple of Bungalow cheer
 (Alias, for the vulgar—of bungalow 'grubbing'.)

First, for breakfast I got
 A fowl smoking hot
 Which might have been juicy, but that it was not.
 Indeed were I inclined
 To speak out my mind,
 In prose or in verse
 I'd take affidavit
 That in spite of the gravy
 So far from being juicy 'twas just the reverse,
 But the village ménage
 Being not very large
 I ate up my friend who was stuffed with 'péáj'
 —Hindustani for 'onions'—which I should have written.
 But that I was smitten
 With a fancy that 'péáj' would sound somewhat funnier:
 And hence introduced
 A word I deduced
 With the thing represented from the shop of the Bunniah.
 Then I turned with delight.
 "Khansammah! appetite
 Is my forte, and I never shall turn anchorite.
 Give the monk, sir, his cowl,
 But give me for a change
 Some curry—" 'Twas strange,
 But yet I could swear that curry was—*fowl!*

I spoke now of tiffin—
 Yet I take but a whiff in
 The day (that's a w'iff of a fragrant cheroot).
 For to tell you the truth,
 Though I've a pretty good tooth—
 And 'grinders' to boot—
 Yet when all alone
 It's a fact, though a sad one, I can scarce pick a bone.

* * * * *

But I muse and I muse
 On thousands of things ;
 On the prayers of the poor
 And the statecraft of kings ;
 On the bountiful earth
 With its mystery crowned ;
 On the shadow of death
 Ever darkling around.
 O that terrible shadow
 Blighting hopes as they smiled !
 O the tears of the widow,
 The fatherless child !

* * * * *

And I muse, and I muse
 On the latest Home News—
 The last clever ruse
 Of the swindler whose views
 Most uncommonly loose
 Think nothing of standing in other men's shoes.
 And I muse, and I muse
 On the ragged purlieus
 Of crime where whole crews
 Go fast to the deuce,
 And the little boys play without stockings or trews.
 And I muse, and I muse,
 As new fancies infuse
 In my mind brighter hues,
 On the matches at cricket, who win and who lose ;
 And I think ' it's a nuis-
 ance being here, could I choose
 I'd like to be use-
 ful in Parliament, else (for a joke) in the Blues.'
 Then as daylight grows less
 I bathe and I dress,
 And begin to express
 A wish to the effect that they'd bring me my mess.

Lo! the dinner delayed
 At length has been laid
 Before me. I find that no soup has been made,
 And reasonably wish to have somebody flayed.
 However, not being a daintified liver
 I make a grimace
 And having said ' grace'
 I summon my slavey to take off the kiver.

This joke's whole gist
 You'll find to consist
 In the fact that the kiver refused to exist.
 Yes! a cover he lacked.
 There he lay a stern fact,
 Though no longer he clacked,
 As of yore horny backed
 I saw him—done brown and smeared over with pure (?) ghee—
 My friend—my old friend—a delicious old *moorghee*.*

* * * * *

[*Mr. Ingoldsby's abrupt ending is probably owing to his feelings having been 'too many' for him.—ED.*]

* Anglice, a fowl.

Stray Leaves of an "Indian Horace."

WE insert these contributions with some diffidence, as it may be thought that we owe an apology, or at least an explanation, to those of our readers who still retain a tincture of classics, for attempting to metamorphose Horace into an Anglo-Indian. But perhaps the novelty of the idea may be allowed to counterbalance some of the shortcomings in execution. No ancient poet is half so easily transformed into a modern as Horace. His well-bred banter, his melancholy musings on human life, his Epicurean resolves to enjoy the passing hour, are as much appreciated now as 1900 years ago; and would suit the taste of readers in the Cornhill Magazine, if his odes were to appear there in English for the first time. And we are bold enough to believe that they may bear the voyage to India, as well as the ill-treatment they may have received from their importers, without losing all their flavour.

Paraphrases from Horace with Indian, or rather Anglo-Indian, colouring and allusions, explain most correctly the character of the verses now selected for insertion: the aim of the writers has been to imitate the sense and spirit of the original—with what success we must leave those for whose convenience the true Horace inimitable is reprinted side by side with the English paraphrase, to determine.

Keep up your spirits in grief, my friend,
 And an even temper if luck runs low:
 When times grow better, and fortunes mend,
 Don't be too ready to chuckle and crow;
 For whether you swelter the live-long day
 Toiling under an Indian sun,
 Or whether you lie amid English hay
 Drinking the summer hours away—
 What will it matter?—when life is done.

Where the spreading beech and the poplar tall
 Join their boughs o'er a shady nook,
 Just where the slanting waterfall
 Hurries the flow of the gliding brook—
 Carry my wine to that cool green bower,
 Light me a leaf of choice Manille ;
 Cull me the rose which blooms for an hour,
 While lasts our money, and life's young flower,
 While the Fates still pity, and spare us still.

Soon you must leave your favourite wold,
 And the pleasant villa by Isis laved,
 And the heir will reckon your piles of gold
 Hardly won and thriftily saved.
 Be you a wretched laboring kerne,
 Or a baron rich, with a blazoned coat—
 Soon as your lot is drawn from the urn
 Go you must—there is no return
 When you have stepped into Charon's boat.

LIB. II.—ODE III.

Ad Q. Dellium.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Lætitia, moriture Delli,*

*Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris,
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
 Testos reclinatum bearis
 Interiore notâ Falerni ;*

*Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
 Umbram hospitem consociare amant
 Ramis, et obliquo laborat
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.*

*Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
 Flores amænæ ferre jube rosæ,
 Dum res et ætas et sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.*

Cedes coëmtis saltibus, et domo,
 Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit :
 Cedes ; et exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur hæres.

Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an pauper, et infima
 De gente sub divo moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orçi.

Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium
 Versatur urnâ serius ocus
 Sors exitura, et nos in æter-
 num exsilium impositura cymbæ.

Alas, old friend, that each year
 Of our life is rapidly flying !
 No charity softens the sentence drear
 Of wrinkles, and age, and dying.

You may fill with your gold the church plate,
 Each Sabbath day morn in the portal ;
 You can never appease remorseless Fate
 Who laughs at the tears of mortal.

Monarch and warriors stout,
 She holds them all in her tether ;
 So whether you now be a lord or a lout,
 We must travel that road together.

A prince of lofty birth—
 Or a half-starved laboring slave—
 You've had your share of the bountiful earth,
 You'll both be one in the grave.

In vain you keep clear of our foes,
 Are cautious at crossing the channel ;
 Stay at home when the piercing March wind blows,
 And wrap up your chest in flannel,—

You must go from your hall and estate,
 Of your loving wife they'll bereave you ;
 They may plant some yew at the sepulchre gate,
 But that will be all they'll leave you.

The heir will inherit your keys,
 And deep from the bins will fish up
 The Madeira you thought to drink at your ease,
 And Port laid down for the bishop.

LIB. II.—ODÆ XIV.

Ad Postumum.

Eheu ! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
 Labuntur anni ; nec pietas moram
 Rugis et instanti senectæ
 Afferet, indomitæque morti.

Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,
 Amice, places illa crimabilem
 Plutona tauris ; qui ter amplum
 Geryonen Tityonque tristi.

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
 Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,
 Enaviganda, sive reges
 Sive inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,
 Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ ;
 Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
 Corporibus metuemus Austrum :

Visendus ater flumine languido
 Cocytos errans, et Danaï genus
 Infame, damnatusque longi
 Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
 Uxor ; neque harum, quas colis, arborum
 Te, præter invisas cupressos,
 Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior
 Servata centum clavibus ; et mero
 Tinguet pavimentum superbo
 Pontificum potiore cænis.

‘ WHAT’S THE ODDS.’*

Don’t trouble yourself, ’tis wrong—
 To learn how your fate has been sorted—
 If ’t will be short or long
 Before you are hanged or transported :

* This paraphrase appeared anonymously in an Indian print some ten years ago. The unknown author will perhaps forgive our inserting it in this collection.

Whether the shower that's o'er
 Is the last you will feel, old fellow,—
 Or whether a thousand more
 Will drop on your old umbrella.
 Don't look out of humour, or glum,
 If fate o'er the future has dropt a mist,
 But enjoy the days as they come,
 And live like a practical optimist.

LIB. I.—ODE XI.

Ad Leuconœn.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
 Finem Di dederint, Leuconœ; nec Babylonios
 Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
 Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam.
 Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
 Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

25, ST. JAMES' SQUARE.

A.D. 1861.

Ah, Frank, with whom often reclining
 Under canvass at close of the day,
 In a very loose uniform dining,
 I have drank the short twilight away,—

With whom through those perilous shindies
 I rode in the days of old Clyde—
 What has brought you at last from the Indies
 To your country and own fireside?

'Twas with you that I bolted from Delhi,
 When our soldiers joined arms with the foe,
 And, basely shot down in the melee,
 The best of our mess were laid low :

But, saved by kind fate from the shooting, I
 Was sent from the battle scene far ;
 While you the high flood tide of mutiny
 Swept off down the torrent of war.

Then a banquet in honour preparing,
 'Tis meet that we gratefully dine.
 Come, rest your worn limbs the arm chair in,
 And try just a glass of this wine.

We'll drown all our sorrows in Claret,
 In balmy care-soothing Lafitte—
 (I have broached it for you, so don't spare it)
 And a thimble of Eau-de-vie—neat.

Let propriety go to the devil—
 We'll toss for the chair at the feast—
 I can't see the harm of a revel
 With a friend who is home from the East.

LIB. II.—ODE VII.

Ad Pompeium Varum.

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
 Deducte Bruto militiæ duce,
 Quis te redonavit Quiritem
 Dis patriis, Italoque cælo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium ?
 Cum quo morantem sæpe diem mero
 Fregi, coronatus nitentes
 Malobathro syrio capillos.

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
 Sensi, relicta non bene parmula ;
 Cum frac' & virtus, et minaces
 Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
 Denso paventem sustulit aère :
 Te rursus in bellum resorbens
 Unda fretis tulit æstuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem,
 Longaque fessum militiâ latus
 Depone sub lauru mea; nec
 Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

Oblivioso levia Massico
 Ciboria exple; funde capacibus
 Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
 Deproperare apio coronas

Curatve myrto? Quem Venus arbitrum
 Dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
 Bacchabor Edonis: recepto
 Dulce mihi furere est amico.

THE RETURN FROM FURLOUGH.

Charley—it's time that we were away,
 Well I know you will come with me.
 We must be tossing in Biscay's bay,
 Cross the desert, and steam away
 Down the Gulf to the Indian sea.

Ah, the hamlet in Saxon Kent—
 Shall I find it when I come home,—
 With toil and travelling well nigh spent,
 Tired with life in jungle and tent,
 Eastward never again to roam?

That is a land with honey may flow,
 Sunny corner that smiles on me—
 Where strawberries wild in the woodland grow,
 And the cherry tree branches are bending low,—
 No such fruit in the South countree.

Winter melting in spring sunshine,
 Flowering hops in the autumn vale—
 Little care we for the trailing vine,
 Mightier drink than Gascon wine
 Foams in the tankard of Kentish ale.

Shelter for me—and for you, my friend.
 There we'll settle when both are old:
 And when I come to my journey's end,
 There you shall see me laid, and blend
 Just one tear with the falling mould.

LIB. II.—ODE VI.

Ad Septimium.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
 Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
 Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
 Æstuat unda ;

Tibur Argeo positum colono
 Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ ;
 Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
 Militiæque :

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
 Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
 Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
 Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
 Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedunt, viridique certat
 Bacca Venafro :

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
 Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
 Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
 Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beata,
 Postulant arces ; ibi tu calentem
 Debitâ sparges lacrimâ favillam
 Vatis amici.

 THE GOLDEN MEAN.

Launch out into the open main,
 Or always hug the shore :
 Waste in a year a lifetime's gain
 Or keep a miser's store?—
 Do neither ; but with aim serene
 Preserve, my friend, the golden mean.

Thus, free from sordid solitude,
 You shall not vaunt a full-blown state,
 And raise the common envious mood
 That carps at every palace gate.
 The winds, you know, when stirred to gale,
 The lofty pine trees most assail :

High towers fall heaviest in the squall—
 A great man's lot is often hard—
 And when the angry lightnings fall,
 The mountain tops are ever scarred.
 You see my drift? wise men, I say,
 Fear most when sunned by Fortune's ray.

And adverse times freeze not their hopes,
 For well they know the selfsame power
 That binds with frost the grassy slopes
 Will bring again the summer flower :
 If now we feel the wintry blast,
 Think this—the hard times will not last.

Tho' silent now, who knows but what
 A note of joy he soon may sing?
 Shall Fate for ever wound—and not,
 At times, my friend, lay by her sling?
 When Fortune lours show heart and pluck,
 But shorten sail when winds blow luck.

LIB. II.—ODE. X.

Ad Licinium.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
 Semper arguendo; neque, dum procellas
 Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
 Littus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
 Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
 Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
 Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
 Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
 Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
 Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
 Alteram sortem bene præparatum
 Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
 Jupiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
 Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentum
 Suscitât Musam, neque semper arcum
 Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
 Fortis appare; sapienter idem
 Contrahes vento nimium secundo
 Targuida vela.

TO LYDIA.

While to thee I was sweet heart,
 When no other was found
 More potent in charms
 To throw loving arms
 Thy white neck around—
 Than the king of the Persians more blessed was I.

LYDIA. While you burned for no other,
 And great was my name—
 When Lydia was reckoned
 To Chloë not second,
 In maidenly fame
 Than Ilia of Rome more renowned was I.

HOR. Me Chloë's now queen of,
 The girl of sweet strains—
 In my bosom she reigns.
 For whose sake, I swear,
 To die I'd not fear—
 So the Fates to survive me would spare my sweet dear !

LYDIA. Me Calais is lord of—
 The love-flames that shine
 In his breast grow in mine
 For whom with love sure
 Death *twice* I'd endure—
 So the Fates to survive me would spare my sweet ' puer !'

HOR. What ! if former love come back,
 And bind with strong chain
 Hearts disjoined again ?
 If to Chloë with hair of gold
 This heart again be cold—
 And to Lydia rejected its portals unfold ?

LYDIA. Then—tho' my Calais is
 Star of Eve brighter than—
 Though thou art lighter than
 Down, and thy temper be
 Hotter than raging sea—
 Yet will I live and die gladly with thee !

LIB. III.—ODE IX.

Ad Lydiam.

- HOR. Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigni rege beatior.
- LYD. Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.
- HOR. Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens;
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fatæ superstiti.
- LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti;
Pro quo bis patiar mori
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
- HOR. Quid? si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aeneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
- LYD. Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

TO THE OLD 'FLAME.*

What slip of youth is wooing thee,
Bedewed in rose perfumery,
In ball-room's cool recess?
Sacred that hair to whom?—
Wanton in golden bloom,
Syren with artlessness!
Ah, he who fondly clasps thee now,
Shall often mourn thy broken vow,
With foolish tear a grieving:
Gazing on stormy sea,
Wailing the Fates' decree—
Fool for believing!
• Fool—not to know the fickle breeze,
But ever think to love and please,—
Ah! Helen, thy false witcheries
Beguile the young untried.

* This paraphrase was published some years ago in Chesson and Woodhall's *Miscellany*.

I who fell in Love's sea
 Swam out full speedily :
 Now as dry as any bone,
 With a wife of fourteen stone,
 And a fortune of her own,—
 Bid I my neighbours see
 How of Helen's witchery
 'Scaped I the tide !

LIB. I.—ODE V.

Ad Pyrrham.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
 Cui flavam religas comam,
 Simplex munditiis ? Heu quoties fidem
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens,
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea ;
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis ! Miseri quibus.
 Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris deo.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND AT HOME.

I picture you burning your Yule log in Wales,
 Mount Snowdon stands by, clad in thickly wreathed
 snow.
 And the white flakes lie heavy on woods and in dales,
 While the frost is so hard the rivers won't flow.
 Well, keep out the cold ; let your faggots blaze high,
 Produce the old Port, and be jovial to-night,
 Leave the rest to the gods : who, when tempests sweep by
 And war with the sea till he boils in his might,
 Can still them at once, so that cypress and ash
 Stir never a leaf : why, then, I maintain,
 You need not enquire what to-morrow may flash,
 But score up each day as it comes for a gain :

While you're young, sir, and blooming make the most of
your time.

Flirt, dance, and be seen every night on the Mall,
Play "Blindman's Buff" with the girls—their laughter's
sweet chime

Is delightful—' Mistletoe' shrieks, above all—

When you pounce on them suddenly under the bough,

And seize on a glove (in default of a kiss)
They'll pretend you shan't have it, but really allow
The pleasant effrontery's not much amiss.

LIB. I.—ODE IX.

Ad Thaliarchum.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte divis cætera; qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Depræliantes; nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et arææ
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ:

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

What the Sepoys saw at Thebes.

THERE are warriors yet living in Europe who remember the expedition under Sir David Baird for the expulsion of the French out of Egypt. It is even possible that some native survivor may be still wagging his white beard over reminiscences of what the Sepoys saw, and of much which the Sepoys did not see, on that memorable trip to the "Land of Mud."* I have no intention of entering on the vexed question of the communication between India and Egypt in prehistoric times. Major Wilford clung to his belief in the identity of their traditions, even after he had discovered the stupendous fraud of the Pundit who forged the name of Egypt in every one of the Puranic authorities quoted in his wonderful essay.† Sir William Jones was less easily persuaded: yet his translation from the Vedas about a sacred stream uniting *White* and *Blue* waters,‡ tends to support a reference to the Nile; and Wilford's assertion that the White Nile is the Cali of the Puranas (paradoxical as it sounds), has been invested with a new light by the discovery of the Victoria and Albert Lakes. "That celebrated and holy river" (writes the Major) "takes its rise from the Lake of the Gods between the mountains of the *Agagara* and *Sitanta*, which seem part of the *Soma giri* or Mountains of the Moon."§ It is certain, too, that resemblances have been traced between the religious sculptures of the two countries, which though manifestly insufficient to establish any affinity of race, were yet enough to procure the profound veneration of the Sepoys for the fallen temples of the Nile. The value of such recognitions is rendered precarious when we read that the Portuguese also prostrated themselves in the pagodas of Calicut, and only found out their mistake by counting the heads and arms of the supposed Saints and Madonnas.

Waiving then all such questions, I shall confine myself to the undoubted historical epoch of the eight thousand Sepoys who sailed from Bombay in the year of grace 1801; and in that to a

* *Cardamasthan*, "Land of Mud," is given by Major Wilford as one of the Puranic names for the Egyptian valley: it exactly agrees with the oldest of Greek names *Aeria* and the native *Ham*, both relating to the black deposit of the Nile.

† See the "Essay on Egypt" in "*Asiatic Researches*," Vol. III., p. 295, and the singular relation of the fraud in Vol. VIII., pp. 247-262.

‡ *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. III., p. 465.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 303.

description of two objects which the Sepoys may reasonably have considered among the most remarkable of what they saw at Thebes. If they did not see them, or did not think much of them when seen, so much the worse for the Sepoys. Idolaters quite as bigoted as themselves have gone on pilgrimage to these objects, and believed as they worshipped that the gods were indeed born on the banks of the Nile. Judges with whom no Pandey can venture to compare still regard them as the very chiefest of the art monuments from the ancient world. I refer to the twin Colossi which sit facing the ruins of Thebes from the opposite side of the river, looking eastward out of the wide sepulchral plain as if in quest of a sun which shall never rise again on their decaying glories. The plain is strewn with fragments of other huge statues and columns, and many more are probably buried in the thirty feet of Nile deposit which lies on the original soil. When erected, they were doubtless high and dry on the bank of the Nile, which here runs in a more majestic stream than at any other part of its course. The rise of the river's bed by the accumulation of deposit has so extended the inundation, that the Colossi are now annually surrounded by water, and have so far yielded in their foundations as to lean considerably out of the perpendicular towards each other. The images are further damaged by every feature in their broad faces having disappeared under the assaults of early Christian or Mahomedan zeal, more than by the ravages of time. Still, in spite of many mutilations, they retain the air of quiet majesty which is the characteristic of ancient Egyptian art. The sitting posture was rarely adopted in the classic sculpture of Greece and Rome. Their artists represented their heroes either in the lively action of divine or human life, or prostrate in sleep. The Egyptians, on the contrary, moulded their sovereigns, when not engaged in some act of religion, as sitting, like their gods, in calm and tranquil dignity, undisturbed by the cares and troubles of life. Their expressionless faces and ill-proportioned limbs may provoke a smile from the careless spectator of modern days, but there is a grand simplicity and an absence of anything mean or trifling which ensure the almost awe-struck admiration of the more attentive observer.

The excellence to which the Egyptians attained in this art is the more wonderful when we reflect that their statues were made by measurement alone, and the sculptor had nothing but his eye to design and his chisel to execute. Models there were none, for the mud of the Nile was too soft for that purpose. They had very little of the wood which the Greeks used to paint on; oil colours were unknown, and there were no large sheets of paper on which to practise drawing. Further, the native reverence for the dead forbade the study of the human form by dissection. Labouring under these disadvantages, the Egyptian sculptor turned to his marble and granite, and with marvellous skill hewed the rock into Colossi which command to this day the admiration of the civilized world. The

Arabs call them *Tama* and *Chama*, names in which Wilford would have recognized his *Tamah*, King of Darkness, and other etymologists may descry the *Chemi*, *Chem*, or *Ham* venerated as the patriarch of the "Black Country." What the Arabs meant by the names is by no means best known to the Arabs.

The pedestals of both statues are inscribed with hieroglyphics which doubtless told the ancient Egyptians all about them. Unfortunately the Greeks and Romans as well as the Arabs, though very superior men in their way, were not fond of learning languages, and distinctly repudiated the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Like a good many of the "Sahib log" in India, they preferred to "judge for themselves" of what they saw: and the judgment arrived at on these gigantic statues was that they represented the Ethiopian king Memnon and his queen. The name does not occur in the *Iliad*; but in the *Odyssey* Memnon is mentioned as the handsomest of the heroes in the Trojan army.* Later writers make him the son of Aurora and Tithonus: he led a powerful force of black and blameless Ethiopians to the succour of his uncle Priam, and slew the son of Nestor in single combat on the plains of Troy. Being afterwards engaged by Achilles, the duel was long and doubtful; each was assisted by his goddess mother till Mercury, at the command of Zeus, weighed the destinies of the warriors in opposite scales, and Aurora seeing her son's decline tore her hair and flew up to Jove, who granted him immortality. His tomb on the Propontis was annually visited by a flight of birds, thence called Memnonides: according to Ovid, they had their origin from the hero's ashes, and fought over his pyre.†

The epithet "Son of the Morning" clearly pointed to Memnon's birthplace in the East, and when the Greek travellers related his legend in Egypt, the priests, who never missed an opportunity of appropriating a wandering myth, informed them that Egypt was the place in question, and the northernmost of the twin Colossi of Thebes, Arabice *Tama*, was the veritable representation of his person. The story of his being killed at Troy was an invention of the panegyrists of Achilles. The blameless Ethiopian returned victorious to his native land, where his Mummy was duly buried with his fathers. His name was inscribed on the monument in their sacred letters (and there, in fact, it is still read) Amenoph, by Greeks improperly pronounced Memnon. To improve the story, it was added that every morning the statue greeted the return of day with an audible salutation to his goddess mother, and in like manner emitted a mournful farewell in the evening! The fable was

* *Κεῖνον δὲ κάλλιστον
ἶδον μετα Μέμνον διον.*

Him (Euryppylus) the most beautiful
I saw (of any) after godlike Memnon.

† *Ov. Met.*, xiii., 578.

eagerly swallowed by the credulous Greeks, who were persuaded that all their religion came out of Egypt. It was supported by the position of the Colossus facing the East, and with open eyes seeming to be watching for the appearance of the dawn over the opposite hills.

The statue is not mentioned by Herodotus, who was the first to disclose the marvels of Egypt to wonder-stricken Europe (B.C. 445). Its connection with Memnon was therefore of later invention, and due no doubt to the same spirit of rivalry which induced the Egyptian priest Manetho, two centuries afterwards, to prefix to his collection of royal names a succession of gods, heroes, and ghosts reigning over Egypt for 25,000 years before Menes, the first human king.* Diodorus Siculus, who visited Egypt B.C. 60, mentions its claim to Memnon, and speaks of some buildings at Thebes as the *Memnonium*; but he is silent on the speaking statue.† The first to reveal this wonder to Europe was Strabo, the geographer (about A.D. 25). He describes the two Colossi as made of solid stone, and one of them uninjured, but the upper part of the other had fallen down (as he was told) from the shock of an earthquake. This injury is also referred to by Juvenal's line—

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.‡

The upper part has been since rebuilt in five courses of sandstone, but the original was hewn like the companion figure out of one block of granite. Strabo says that from the remaining portion a sound was believed to issue once a day, like the report of a moderate blow. This goes to refute the notion of *speech*, since it came not from the lips, but the body of the statue. Strabo attended with a large concourse of friends and soldiers at six in the morning and actually heard the sound; but he was unable to determine whether it proceeded from the Colossus, the pedestal, or some of the bystanders. He judiciously adds that "anything was easier to believe than that stones could emit a voice."§

The miracle, however, had no lack of believers. Pausanias (A.D. 170) describes the Colossus with its upper parts to the middle still lying neglected on the ground; but the mutilation was attributed to Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, seven hundred years before.|| He adds that every day at sunrise the remnant gave

* "It is out of this fabulous jumble that Baron Bunsen proposes to extract the 'prehistoric' ages which are to carry back the Egyptian annals to a period beyond the Mosaic creation"

† Lib. ii.

‡ Sat. xv., 4.

§ Strabo. Geog. xvii.

|| Just as the Irish peasant ascribes every ruin to Black Cromwell. An earthquake is certainly a rare phenomenon in Egypt, but the ruins at Karnak exhibit strong traces of such a calamity, and it is predicted as the fate of No in Ezekiel xxx. 16-16. No or No Amon was undoubtedly Thebes, as Noph was Memphis. Amon is translated "populous" in Nahum iii. 8; but it is the name of the local deity, and may be used to distinguish Thebes from some other No, just as the Greeks called it Diospolis. The signification of No is uncertain: some render it "city" or "abode." The description in Nahum as "situate among the rivers with the waters round about it," is exactly applicable to Thebes, the only city of ancient Egypt that is known to have extended over both sides of the Nile.

out a sound *like the snapping of the harp string*. This historian remarks that it was generally called the statue of Memnon, who came from Ethiopia into Egypt, and thence marched into Assyria as far as Susa (where there was also a palace termed Memnonium); but the Thebans denied its being Memnon, and affirmed it was the statue of Phamenoph, one of their own countrymen. Pausanias leaves us uncertain whether or not he heard the sound himself, but his atheistical contemporary Lucian has not scrupled to attest the Egyptian miracle with an embellishment peculiarly acceptable to his malicious wit. In a tract appropriately entitled the *Romancer*, he declares it was no empty sound that he heard, but Memnon himself distinctly uttered to him *seven words*, which he would repeat if it were not obviously unnecessary!* There was in fact a native tradition that before the mutilation the statue used to utter "the seven mysterious vowels."

The fame of the speaking statue being thus diffused throughout the Roman Empire, pilgrims flocked to it from all parts,—as to the nodding Saints and weeping Madonnas of Europe in the middle ages. Philostratus (A.D. 200), who at the desire of the Empress Julia, wife of Severus, wrote the life of Apollonius Tyaneus (a contemporary of Christ, and extolled by the Pagans as His rival and superior), relates the visit by his hero to the temple of Memnon, who, he says, was really the son of Aurora, but never at Troy. He reigned in Ethiopia over five generations, and was mourned as a young man by that long-lived people! His statue, representing a beardless youth,† was turned towards the sun, and seemed as if about to rise up and worship him. When the rays fell upon its lips Apollonius heard it speak, and its shining eyes gazed upon the luminary like one who was well able to endure its lustre. Wherefore the Ethiopians sacrificed to the Sun and the Eoan Memnon.‡

The same author in another work declares his belief that it was not the tomb of Memnon, but *Memnon himself changed into black marble* who sat there and conversed with his mother.§ As Philostratus does not mention the head of the Colossus lying on the ground, it may be inferred that the mutilation had been repaired before his time (probably by order of some Roman prefect), and the old head was either broken up or was covered by the mud of the inundations. Callistratus completes the legend by the addition that at the departure of the day the stone emitted a lugubrious groan. He even says that tears were not wanting, and justly thinks that no other stone was ever so indulged by Nature.|| The

* Philopseudes.

† The statue was certainly bearded, but the Egyptian monuments were very generally deprived of the virile decoration—at some early period perhaps by the Persians in contumely.

‡ Phil. Vit. Apoll. Tyan. vi.

§ Icon. i.

|| Callist. *Statue*.

statue was loaded with inscriptions, which are given at length in that magnificent work, "La Description de l'Égypte," which together with the Rosetta Stone forms the only valuable result of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt.* The front of the pedestal exhibits an epigram of the poet Asclepiodotus reciting the popular legend as already given. Another Greek inscription on the southern face purports that a pilgrim whose name is effaced came in the third consulship of the Emperor Antoninus to hear the oracle of Memnon, son of rosy-fingered Aurora, and was rejoiced at his success. On the right leg five lines in Latin attest that Titus Haterius Nepos, Prefect of Egypt, heard Memnon at half-past six in the morning of the 12 Kalends of March, in the fifth year of the Emperor Hadrian. A similar favour was vouchsafed at the same hour on the last day of January, in the first year of Domitian, to Venna Vertulla, wife of the Prefect C. Cettes Africanus, after attending twice without success. Another Prefect, C. Vibius Maximus, heard the statue *twice* at half-past seven and half-past nine in the morning of the 14 Kalends of May, in the seventh year of Trajan. Another at the first hour (6 o'clock) on the 13 Kalends of April, in the third consulship of Verus. Two others follow who simply record that they heard Memnon: next, a prefect in the third consulate of Domitian; then three officers of the army in the 11th year of Nero. A Greek inscription, much defaced, speaks of a Prætor who *worshipped* the statue. Another in the reign of Hadrian, paying the same religious homage, of his own impulse could elicit no response, but having retired to the city, he was there moved by a sacred inspiration two days after, and returning to the statue heard the divine voice.

One pilgrim heard the sound four times, and *remembered his two brothers*: a record which bears a singular resemblance to the obits and masses for the dead under a later superstition. Petronius, Prefect of Egypt, records that he distinctly heard the voice of Memnon three times at the first and second hours of the day.

The left leg of the Colossus bears a Greek inscription on the inside, purporting that the pilgrim *fulfilled his vow* to hear the sacred voice of Memnon. Another in the plural number relates that having formerly heard nothing but a simple sound, the favoured votaries had now been affectionately saluted as friends and allies, and one of them declares (like Lucan) that he apprehended the sense and meaning of the words!

Lower down we meet with a dialogue between the statue and the pilgrim, in which the former says—"Cambyses wounded me, stone image of the Sun King. Formerly I had the sweet voice of Memnon, but Cambyses deprived me of the accents of joy and

* The Rosetta Stone is also in the British Museum. It was chiefly from this stone that the key to the hieroglyphics was discovered.

grief." The pilgrim replies :—" It is a sad story : thy voice is now obscure, and I deplore thy ancient calamity."

The Emperor Hadrian is himself among the votaries, and his inscription relates that he heard the voice of the adorable one, as beyond question an emperor had a right to expect. Publius Balbinus records that he attended the gracious queen Sabina in the fifteenth year of Hadrian, and heard the divine words of Memnon or *Phamenoph*. On the outside of the left leg the Prefect Upius Primicanus carves an inscription to the effect that he heard the voice twice on the 6 kalends of March, in the 15th year of Hadrian, and gave thanks to the *god*.

These inscriptions sufficiently attest that divine honours were then paid to the statue as to similar objects of superstition under all creeds. They belong, it will be observed, to the heathen period of the Roman conquest;* none are found at an earlier date, nor after the establishment of Christianity. The fall of idolatry in Egypt, and the spread of the Gospel in the fifth century, extinguished all mention of the speaking statue. This alone would suffice to show that the sound was a priestly artifice; nor is it difficult to conjecture how it was produced. Sir Gardner Wilkinson ascertained that in the lap of the statue there is a stone which on being struck with a hammer emitted a metallic sound. A wire might easily have been contrived to work a hammer, like that of a church clock, and at this elevated position would remain unseen. There was no one to institute an examination of the sacred figure, such as took place at the Protestant Reformation, when the monastic images were exposed to the ridicule and indignation of their long-deluded votaries. Nor is it at all certain that the natives of Upper Egypt would have taken such an exposure quietly. They were as different a sort of people from the volatile Alexandrians as the Norman peasantry of our day from the Parisians, or the zealots of the Sepoy Mutiny from the élite of Young Bengal. The Alexandrian was a fop of the first water. Juvenal laughs at one whom he met dragging his delicate limbs down the street on a broiling day, with his scarlet mantle hanging off his shoulders and his jewelled rings exchanged for plain gold, for lightness and coolness!† These fellows, whom the indignant Romans called reptiles spawned from the mud of the Nile, might have enjoyed putting poor old Memnon into the pillory of an enlightened criticism. But your genuine Egyptian was another kind of animal: grave as a judge, submissive as a slave, stolid and dense if you please, but with a very decided opinion about the sanctity of his antiquities, and ready at any moment to treat

* Nero became Emperor A. D.	55	Antoninus Pius became Emperor A. D.	138
Domitian	" 81	Marcus Antoninus and Verus	" 161
Trajan	" 98	Severus	" 193
Hadrian	" 117		

† Sat. i., 26.

a "free handler" to the fate of the hapless *Cives Romanus* who was torn to pieces in the very streets of Alexandria for accidentally killing a cat.* Memnon or no Memnon, it was best to let their Colossus alone.

And on the whole it is a happy thing for true science that the exposure was delayed. The secret of the hieroglyphics has been wrested from the man of antiquity by the Rosetta Stone, and we are now enabled to tell a good deal more about this stone giant than was ever dreamt of by Greek, Roman, or Arab. His true name is, as Pausanias was told, Phamenoph, or—*ph* being the definite article—"the Amenoph." His title, "Son of the Morning," is the Greek rendering of the regular style of the Egyptian sovereigns—*Si Ra*, "Son of the Sun." The well known appellation "Pharaoh" is of kindred origin: and Julius Africanus was probably not in error when in the third century he identified "the speaking statue" with one of the sovereigns of Manetho's "Eighteenth Dynasty." Champollion found his royal scutcheon on the pedestal with the hieroglyphic signs reading "*The Sun (Pharaoh) Lord of truth Amnotph.*" The name is also written Amunoph, Amunophth, and Amenheph, which last Bunsen considers the best rendering. Manetho himself wrote it in Greek letters, Amenophis and Amenophath. The meaning of the name is "beloved of Amon"—the chief god of Thebes whom the Greeks identified with Zeus or Jupiter. There are three rulers of the name in Manetho's list, of whom the second was identified with the Colossus by Africanus and Eusebius, but Baron Bunsen imports another from the monuments, and styles our statue Amenheph III. Second or Third, he was a great warrior who reigned from the island of Argo, in the middle of Ethiopia, to the copper mines of Mount Sinai. His name is found on the ruined temple of Soleb as conqueror of more than forty Ethiopian tribes; and the two huge lions brought from that place and now in the British Museum were erected to commemorate his victories. Whether or no he marched to the aid of Priam King of Troy, it would require another Homer to tell us: but Josephus opens a more interesting field of conjecture when he assigns his name to the Pharaoh from whom the children of Israel escaped at the Exodus. On the whole I incline to the hypothesis that not this Amunoph, but another who closed the Eighteenth Dynasty (according to Bunsen's arrangement), was the tyrant who perished in the Red Sea. The grounds for this identification I have already published in a volume on ancient Egypt, and cannot stay to recapitulate at the end of this article. Assuming their validity, our Colossus was sitting on the banks of the Nile in all his glory, surrounded by the temples, colonnades, obelisks, and sphinxes and rams which now lie buried "certain fathoms" in the mud, and gnziag with lack lustre eyes over the stately piles then covering

* Diod. Sic. i., 83.

all the opposite bank from Luxor to Karnak full into the face of day as it rose over the rough and barren ridge which separates the fertile valley from the Red Sea. There the huge Colossus looked down upon the long trampled foreigners whose lives he had made "bitter with hard bondage," as they hurried in wild enthusiasm to follow the leader (who had once perhaps commanded the Egyptian forces in Ethiopia) to liberty and to God. One of the last sights on which the Theban detachment of Hebrews cast their shuddering eyes as they hastened to the standard of Moses on that "night to be much observed unto Jehovah," while the Destroyer was stalking among the Egyptians, and the wail of death was raised for the first born—the Horns—of every dwelling, was the same granite giant which the Sepoys saw at Thebes.

It was some two thousand three hundred years from the Exodus to the Sepoy expedition, and even in Egypt stones alter in that lapse of time. But if any of our Military Brahmins could have fancied himself a son of Aaron in his first birth, and had been blessed with a reminiscence of his former life, he might have recognized the old Pharaoh and triumphed in his change of circumstances. For my part, I would bid him adieu with the more kindly salute—"May his shadow never be less!"

Hero's Lament.

The reader will observe that in the following lines Hero is represented as looking out on a mournful starless life after Leander's death, instead of contemplating the suicide which would drown her grief in the grave of her lover.

Before me yesterday he stood . . .
 Now he is dead, not here; and a cold blue wave
 Mars my belovèd's manly front—
 In the pitiless Hellespont
 Wasting that beauty which should have charmed away my
 maidenhood.
 And never Fate was by to save
 The Star-like, beautifully Brave!

O many times I said—
 Making my words a very earnest prayer,
 For Fear with Love did hold an anxious strife—
 'Tempt not those treacherous waters, dearest life!'
 But he would only laugh,
 And dally with my beautiful long hair:
 Ah! what if it be beautiful, when he
 Who called it so lies in the deep dark sea?

My sorrow will not flow
 In tears, to cool these burning dry-orbed eyes:
 Woe that my life should be despoiled of charms!
 No more of roaming thro' the shadowed dell,
 Nor any sauntering by the pleasant lake
 Where we two watched, when the red Sun-god fell,
 The fireflies in the brake,—
 And twining hearts and arms
 Linked every thought likewise.

Leander, weeping will not wake thee now,
 For Furies smile when mortals grieve.
 O stern-browed Sisters, O heard-hearted Ones
 Who this dark web of Destiny did weave,
 Let that same windy surge

Sweep over me and cool this fevered brow !
I hate you, for my heart is one large flame.
Because I cannot weep . . . O I will fling
 A wild scream-laughter for Leander's dirge !
 And live my life,
 Mocking and murmuring.

My life . . . that never dawned outright,
But lost its one red ray of light
And swooned into a starless night.

The Death of the Old Year.

Draw the long day to a close,
 The 'slow sad hours' that are the Old Year's last :
 To-morrow he shall sleep with those
 His ancestors, entombed in the great Past.

He dies, a warrior brave.
 And the wind makes mournful mass in the trees.
 Lower him gently into his grave
 With the cords of a hundred memories.

Speak to him—Ah no, stay !
 They are ringing the New Year's chime ;
 And he is millions of miles away,
 Making his march with the ghosts of Time.

The old man died a king,
 So royally he gave up his last breath ;
 And he shewed us that majestic thing,
 The repose of a solemn death.

Good-bye ; we must greet the heir
 Who sits already on his father's throne.
 Good-bye, old friend—we'll drop a tear,
 To make the grass grow round your cold grave-stone.

Your funeral banquet too
 We'll celebrate by crowning your young boy :
 New Year, a glorious health to you,
 New Year, I give you joy !

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Note.—Mr. G. Thomas was present at St. George's Chapel during the ceremony—Her Majesty the Queen commanded that he should be permitted to be there. He occupied seat No. 1, in the temporary gallery, directly facing the Queen's Closet, and the best conceivable position for seeing the whole ceremony and taking the necessary notes for his picture.

Mr. Thomas was likewise honoured with special sittings from all the prominent persons represented in the picture.

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