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WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

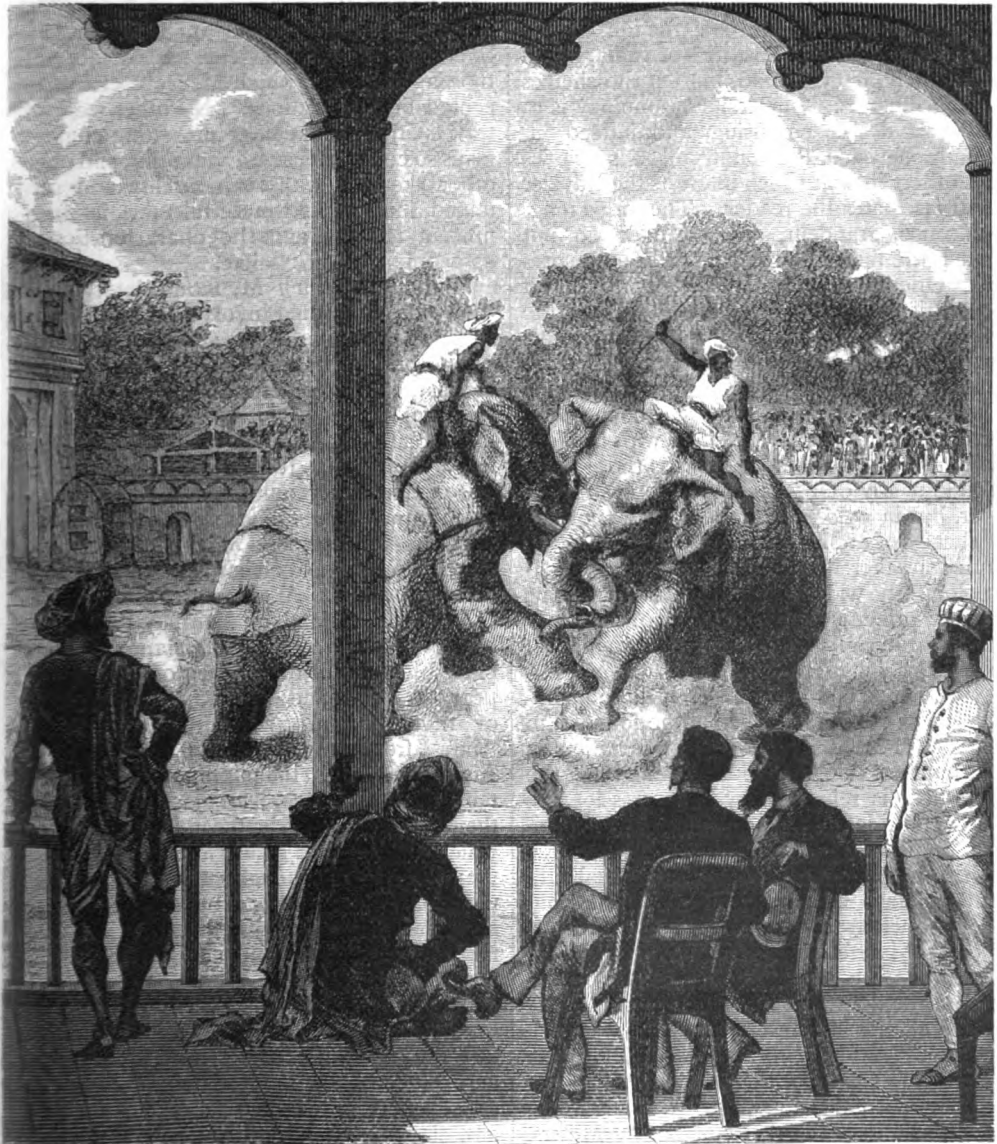


WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE—BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1859.

"WILLIAM AND MARY," the oldest of American colleges, with the single exception of Harvard University, has so many historical associations connected with it, that a full and minute history of it from its foundation to the present time would be almost the history of Virginia. It began its career soon after the settlement of the country, and is, consequently, now nearly two hundred years old. During all this long period it played an important part, first in the colony, and then in the commonwealth. Founded in the reign of William and Mary, it was a flourishing institution when Marlborough was fighting Louis XIV., and Addison was writing the "Spectator." The royal governors, from Spotswood to Dunmore, began and ended their official careers, and the country, from being a dependency of the British crown, became a great confederated republic, and the old college was still in the full tide of its energy and usefulness. From its situation at Williamsburg, the colonial capital, it witnessed and was a part of all

that was eminent, brilliant, and attractive in Virginia society. The sons of the planters were uniformly sent to the college to be educated, and the sons in turn sent their own sons to the venerable institution. It was always regarded as an important and conspicuous feature of the "viceregal court" under the old royal rulers, and had in its library rare volumes with the coats-of-arms of kings and noblemen who had delighted in connecting their names with its history. Burned down more than once, the buildings were always erected again, and the work of education was steadily resumed. Almost every Virginian of any eminence in the eighteenth century had been trained for his work in the world within its walls. It gave twenty-seven of its students to the army in the Revolution; two Attorney-Generals to the United States; it sent out nearly twenty members of Congress, fifteen United States Senators, seventeen Governors, thirty-seven Judges, a Lieutenant-General and other high officers to the army, two Commodores

INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.



ELEPHANT-FIGHT AT BARODA.

INDIA is the land of ancient traditions, and the birthplace of languages and religions. According to the system of the Hindus, the present age of the world is divided into four grand periods, comprehending to the year 1875 a space of three million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine years. That "boastful

and turgid vanity" which Mr. Mills, the historian, tells us characterizes all Oriental nations, might as well have claimed double this number of years as the measure of Hindu antiquity, for one period could have been comprehended by the mind as easily as the other. On the other hand, philologists and students of mythology, or of the history of

religions, could have found a few hundred thousand years quite as ample as three or four millions to beget that obscurity, uncertainty, and contradiction which have afforded ample scope for the exploitation of all sorts of theories and for the construction of systems innumerable. Histories of India, which are rarely, if ever, read, burden the shelves of all libraries. But, if its chronology is to the last degree confusing, and, indeed, incomprehensible, the country itself surpasses all others in that which interests the traveler and fascinates the reader. The terms magnificence, grandeur, and splendor do not reach the limit of hyperbole without the prefix "Oriental," and India is the country, of all countries, which has given this adjective to the vocabulary. Its luxuriant forests and interminable jungles abound in the noblest game that ever falls before the sportsman's rifle. Accounts of travels through the country are therefore sure to be diversified with thrilling adventure. Its temples surpass those to be found in any other country, not only in number, but in colossal grandeur and exquisite delicacy of architecture; the antiquity of its ruins and their wonderful extent give the archæologist the widest scope for research; and its native princes, although shorn of much of their former glory, still live in a magnificent luxury, which revives the glories of the "Arabian Nights," and makes even those imaginative tales seem at least to be founded in fact. There is a marvelous fascination in accounts of this strange land, and when the narrative is rehearsed by an impressionable and enthusiastic Frenchman, whose imagination is keenly alive to the scenes through which he passed, and who has unusual skill in depicting with pen and pencil the wonders he witnesses, we have a book of travels not only interesting and valuable for the information it conveys, but which, in its external attractions, reaches the dignity of a work of art. Such a volume is that superb quarto, "India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal," by M. Louis Rousselet, just issued in this country by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M. Rousselet's journeys in India covered a period of between four and five years,—from 1864 to 1868. During this time he visited the extreme southern part of the peninsula, reaching Seringatam and Outakamand, Hyderabad and Aurungabad. To the northward he visited Agra, Delhi, Meerut, and the mountainous region of Peshawur, meanwhile traveling extensively in the interior. Crossing the country,

he stopped at Lucknow, Benares and Patna, thus reaching Calcutta, whence he visited all the points of interest in the adjacent country. Then going down the coast to Madras and Pondicherry, he made a short stay in Ceylon, and so returned home. This brief itinerary is sufficient to indicate the thoroughness with which M. Rousselet prosecuted his explorations. No other work of travels in this extremely interesting country gives so comprehensive a view of it, and none other sketches with such fidelity and sustained interest its wonderful ruins, its magnificent temples, and the characteristics of its people and their rulers.

Without following M. Rousselet step by step—for this would involve a reproduction of the volume itself—we shall present, with slight abridgment and disconnectedly, a few of his picturesque descriptions and instructive paragraphs.

Reaching Bombay in the midst of the rainy season—in July, 1864—our traveler was detained there until it should be practicable to penetrate the interior. But the two or three months spent in this active commercial city and its vicinity were industriously improved. A glance at the map will show that the island of Bombay forms part of an important group of islands, which, placed in front of the estuary of a river, appear to form a kind of delta. It is the port of arrival for all who come from Persia, from Arabia, from Affghanistan, and the coast of Africa; and from it the pilgrims from Hindustan, bound to Mecca, Karbala, or Nujiff, take their departure. Besides the indigenous races, which still present great variety, one meets the Persian with his high cap of Astrakhan; the Arab in his Biblical costume; the Tomale negro with fine, intelligent features; the Chinese, the Burmese, and the Malay. The corpulent Buniahs of Kutch or Goojerat, with their pyramids of muslin on their heads, raise their voices in rivalry with the natives of Cabul or Scinde; the Hindu fakir, naked and hideously painted, elbows the Portuguese priest in his sable robe, and the beggar, clad in tatters and repulsive in the extreme, clamors for alms.

Bombay supplies the products of Europe to two-thirds of India. The trade of which it has legitimately the command, apparently ought to be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of its merchants, but M. Rousselet reminds us of a time when they boldly grasped after more, and, failing, plunged the community into the disorders of a terrible crisis. The series of events which had this

culmination took place in the year 1864-65, and is thus graphically sketched: "America, rent asunder by the horrors of civil war, had deprived Europe of one of the elements most necessary to its industrial existence, viz., cotton; and India, which had comprehended how important it was that she should attempt to step into the place then, for the time being, vacant, had (thanks to her intelligent efforts) become able to supply in a great degree the void that had been produced in the means of feeding the manufactures of the world. Bombay had then become the emporium of all the cotton of India. Availing herself of the immense advantages of her position, she had contrived to attract to herself the whole of this branch of commerce, and had become almost the sole mistress of it. Incredible fortunes were rapidly accumulated, and then, impelled by the longing after speculation which had begun to possess their souls, the Indians disinterred the treasures that had been buried for centuries, and money overflowed upon the ground. Considering the reconstruction of the United States an impossibility, the Bombayans foresaw for their city a most magnificent future. In-

stead of seeing in that season merely an exceptional piece of good fortune, they thought that nothing could possibly reverse their prosperity. Projects sprang into life on all sides; cotton, while remaining as the basis of their commerce, became merely the pretext for unlimited speculation. Intelligent but inconsiderate men established gigantic companies to develop resources which had already attained the height of their development. A project was organized to enlarge the island,



A HINDU BEGGAR.

and reclaim from the sea the Back Bay. A company was started; and when, some days after the issue of the shares, they attained a premium of £3,000, the speculation knew no bounds. Many new banks were founded; but all this was on paper only. It was merely a game at which everybody was playing. Merchants, officers, public functionaries, were only too glad to exchange their silver for wretched scraps of paper; some humbled themselves so far as to solicit the lead-

ers of the movement, and the leading men were regarded as millionaires and demigods. In spite of the efforts of some honorable men, who foresaw the ruin in which this folly would certainly end, and who endeavored to stop the people on the brink of the abyss, the contagion spread throughout the whole island. Even the ladies, seated in their chariots by the sea-side, conversed together eagerly on the fluctuations of Exchange; servants risked their wages, and workmen their pay, in this insatiable speculation. But when the news of General Lee's defeat reached Bombay, when the banks were closed, when well-established commercial houses collapsed, and all these shares became waste paper, then there was universal ruin—from the greatest to the least, all were struck down. The crash was so severe that even the Bank of Bombay was obliged to suspend payment, and the most prudent were in their turn dragged into the abyss created by the speculators. Bombay has

raised herself slowly and painfully from this fearful crisis, and now aspires anew, but with more prudence, to become once more the commercial metropolis of India."

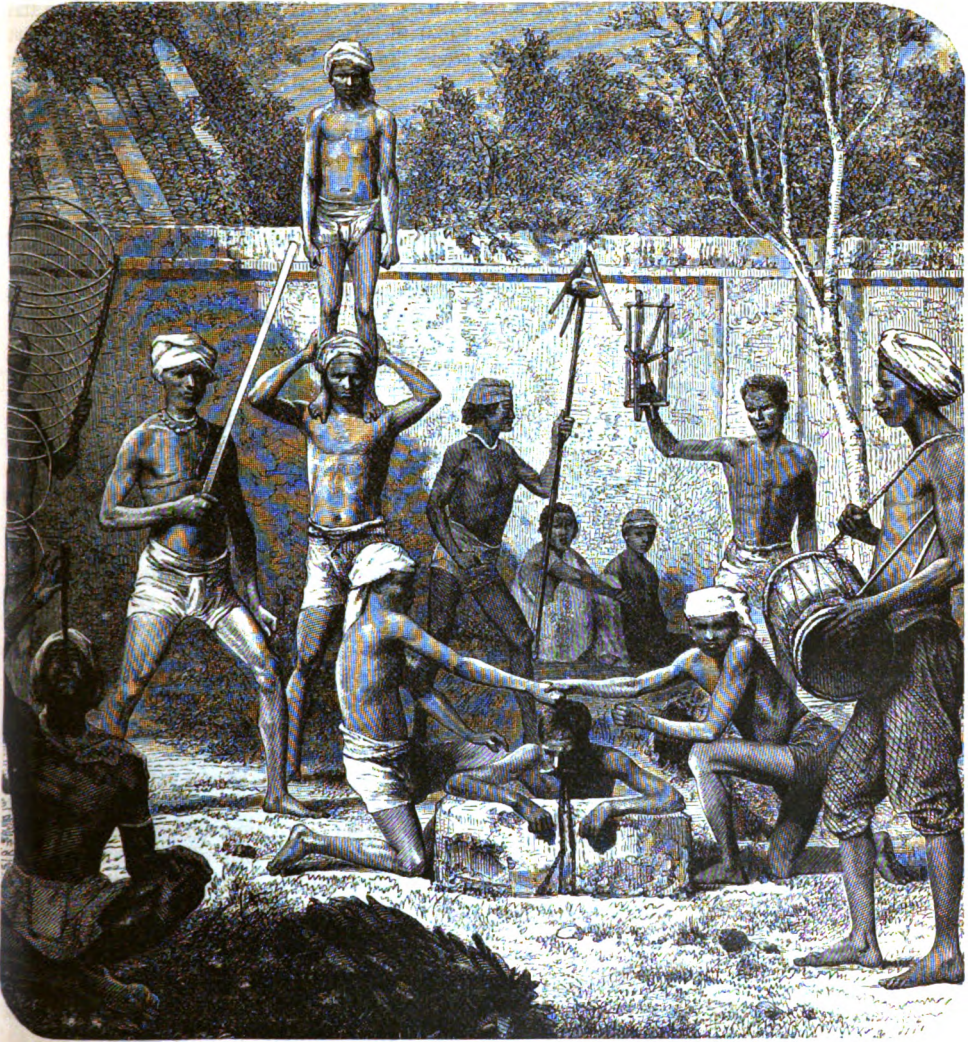
Everywhere in India one meets with the jugglers and serpent-charmers, whose feats are famous the world over. Matheran, a locality in the table-land of the Ghauts, 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea-level, where the English have established sanatoria both for the soldiers and the residents, is naturally one of the leading rendezvous for these jugglers. They assemble during the season on this table-land and perform their tricks from one bungalow to another. Some of them are very skillful. Almost entirely naked, and in the middle of your room, they will make a serpent disappear, a tree grow and bring forth fruit, or water flow from an apparently empty vase. Others will swallow a saber, or play tricks with sharp knives. Each has his special accomplishment. One of their most curious tricks

is that of the basket and child. A child of seven or eight years old, standing upright in the basket, writhes in convulsions under the influence of music, and disappears slowly into the interior, which is barely large enough to contain it. Scarcely is it inside when the musicians throw themselves upon it, close the lid, and pierce the basket in every direction with their long knives. They strike with all their might until, the bamboo giving way, the basket is almost completely flattened, and seems no longer capable of containing anything. They then re-form the circle and resume their chant, to which a voice now responds from the forest. The sound gradually approaches, and at last seems to come from the basket, which becomes more and more distended; the lid is removed, and the child springs out. This trick is very adroitly performed, and, though capable of being explained to Europeans, excites lively astonishment in the Indian spectators.

The top trick is likewise very curious. The juggler gives a vigorous impulse to the top, which he places on the top of a small stick balanced on his nose; then, according to the request of the spectator, the top suddenly stops, or again goes on spinning. This last part of the operation M. Rousselet thought by far the most extraordinary. That the top should stop is intelligible; but that



SERPENT-CHARMER.



INDIAN JUGGLERS.

it should afterward continue to revolve, without any new impetus, and perform these alternate maneuvers for several seconds, is the inexplicable point. Our traveler attentively examined both the stick and the top, but could discover no trace of mechanical contrivance.

These jugglers have a number of secret artifices of this description, which gain them, among the Indians, a reputation for sorcery that proves greatly to their advantage. The acrobats go through all the feats familiar to Europeans at home, such as swinging on the trapeze, climbing and balancing poles, etc.; but that which consists in receiving on the shoulder a ball of stone of great weight dropped from a very considerable height,

without the juggler appearing at all hurt, was most astonishing.

Religious mendicants of all sorts, each of whom has his special avocation, are little less notable than these jugglers. One excites the pity of the public by showing himself in the streets entirely naked, or covered only with a coating of ashes; another shows proudly his arm, which sticks up bare and emaciated, the nails having grown through the hand; while a number of them stand in the bazaars and sell amulets and charms, and ply many other lucrative trades. But every season there is at least one fakir, who contrives, by some novel trick, to make himself the lion of these religious circles. The year M. Rousselet visited Jeypoor, it was a



FAKIRS.

Goussain, and this was the method by which he succeeded in making himself famous. One morning some peasants who were coming into the town saw, near M. Rousselet's bungalow, at the cross-roads from the Residency, a holy man occupied in tying several thick ropes to the branch of a tree overhanging the road; and great was their astonishment when they saw the Goussain place his feet in two slip knots, and then, having stretched himself on the ground, haul himself up gently by means of a third

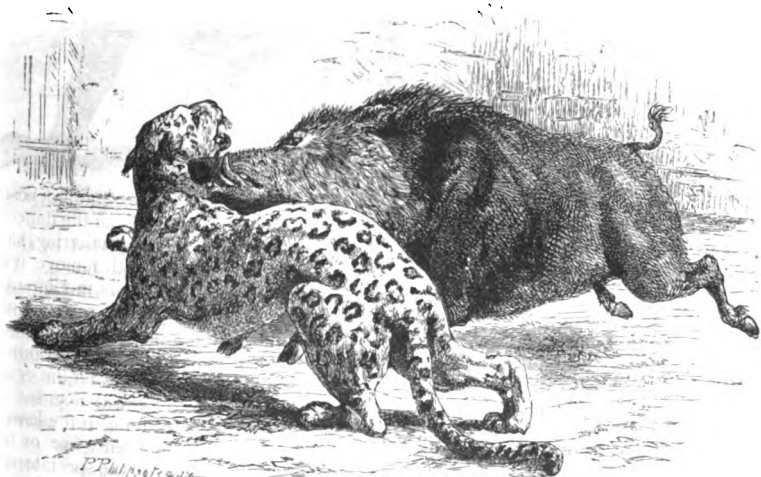
rope, until he was suspended by the feet, like a calf in a slaughter-house. In the course of an hour a vast crowd surrounded the fakir, who, still in the same position, tranquilly mumbled his prayers, while telling his beads. After hanging in this manner for several hours, he let himself down and returned to the town, escorted by a crowd of enthusiasts. On the morrow he returned to the same spot, to go again through the same performance. M. Rousselet went there with several Europeans, and

they all saw that, although the Goussain had then been suspended by the feet for some hours, his face was calm, that he spoke without difficulty, and certainly appeared to feel no inconvenience; when they asked him how he had managed to accustom himself to that position, he answered that God had given him this power as an evidence of his sanctity. Of course it would have been difficult to obtain any other explanation. For more than a month this holy man remained thus suspended like a ham during the greater part of each morning, and gained by it a good round sum. The rajah, however, never came to see him.

Still another type of these religious enthusiasts and beggars M. Rousselet encountered at Bhopaul. These fakirs go about entirely naked, except a strip of cloth around their loins, and announce their presence by a series of lamentable cries while they dance a mournful kind of dance. In the midst of their contortions they brandish about long, sharp poniards of peculiar shape and ornamented with little charms of steel. From time to time one of these enthusiasts thrusts the poniard into his body, for the most part striking his chest, his arms, or his thighs. He keeps up these stabs until, to calm his apparent madness, the by-standers have thrown him a goodly number of coin. These unfortunates, streaming with blood, were hideous to look upon, and M. Rousselet's sympathies with them were excited not a little until Houssein

Khan, who accompanied him, satisfied him that the daggers which they flourished so furiously, and which they thrust into themselves so recklessly, were purposely so made with rounded points that it was almost impossible for them to inflict serious wounds. Besides, the fakirs were careful to strike themselves always in parts which were not vital, and the wounds they made were seldom more than skin deep.

A much more pleasing performance, and one which might perhaps better have been mentioned in connection with the exploits of the jugglers, is the "egg dance." This is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened, equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip nooses, and, with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrif-



FIGHT BETWEEN A PANTHER AND A BOAR.



THE EGG DANCE.

ugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip nooses until they make a horizontal aureole or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid, so rapid in fact that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl; the moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way,—that is, to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place.

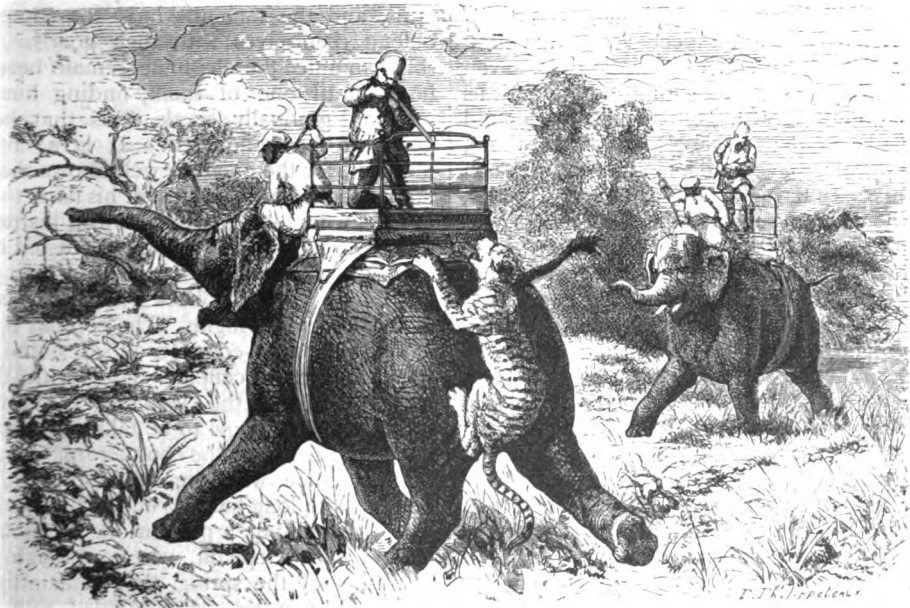
This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg, and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are successfully removed; the dancer suddenly stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by this dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, she advances to the spectators with a firm step, and presents them the eggs,

which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick about the performance.

Shortly after his arrival at Baroda, M. Rousselet was formally received at the Palace by the Guicowar, one of the most powerful of the Indian sovereigns. The manners of the Guicowar were full of courtesy and affability. After smoking a few minutes, he handed his hookah to a servant, and began to question M. Rousselet as to the object of his journey, and the length of stay he proposed to make at Baroda. "He was charmed," writes our traveler, "to find me answer him direct in his own language. We conversed for some hours, during which he passed in review, with much interest, all the States of Europe, asking me respecting their relative importance, their revenues, their forms of government, and their intercourse with one another. He appeared well informed in the affairs of France, England, and Russia, and the encroachments of the Muscovite Power in Central Asia engaged his attention considerably. With the other nations he was quite unacquainted. When we rose to take leave, he held my hand while he expressed the pleasure my visit had afforded him; and I took it for granted that this was merely a complimentary form; that he saw in our sojourn a means of recreation, and that was enough for a man of so capricious a character. But

he made me promise that I would come to see him every morning of my stay at Baroda, and when I tried to excuse myself by alleging the great distance between my abode and the palace, he told me that he would have a residence prepared for me in a place nearer at hand." And the Guicowar was as good as his word. A few days afterward, M. Rousselet was notified that the Motibaugh, or "Garden of Pearls," not far from the Royal Palace, was at his disposal, and he was soon duly installed there. Statues, fountains, and kiosks surrounded this delightful retreat, to which coolness, shade, and a beautiful prospect all lent their attractions. In addition, the Guicowar placed at the disposal of M. Rousselet a numerous staff of servants, and his table was supplied with the choicest dishes and the best wines of Europe, all at the expense of his generous host.

One of the entertainments which the Guicowar ordered for the amusement of his guest was an elephant-fight. This combat is of so novel and extraordinary a character, that we give M. Rousselet's account of it in full. The elephant, which is personally known as an animal of very gentle disposition, can, it seems, be brought, by a system of exciting nourishment, to a state of rage, which the Indians call *muth*. He then becomes furious, and attacks whatever comes in his way, men or animals. Males alone, however, are



PANTHER SHOT FROM AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

capable of becoming *musthi*, and to bring them to this state, it is necessary usually to feed them with sugar and butter for three months. The day before the combat M. Rousselet accompanied the king to see the elephants which were to fight, and upon which many wagers had already been staked. The immense brutes were loaded with iron chains of considerable weight, and were shut up separately in strongly fenced enclosures. A dense crowd was pressing round them, praising or criticising the good qualities or defects of each. The king went to and fro in the midst of the courtiers like a private individual, gesticulating and shouting like the others. The betting was carried on with spirit, and M. Rousselet laid wagers with the king and several of the courtiers, merely for the sake of following the general example, for it would have been difficult for a novice to decide on the merits of one animal over those of another. On the occasion of the combat M. Rousselet was favored with a seat in the king's box, overlooking the elephants' arena, occupying a chair next the Guicowar, while the nobles were disposed of on cushions. The arena was in the form of a vast parallelogram, about three hundred yards long by two hundred wide. It is entirely surrounded by thick walls; a great number of narrow doors allow of entrance or exit to the attendants, without permitting the elephant to follow them. The summits of the walls are provided with balconies, open to the public, who seem passionately fond of spectacles of this kind. The roofs of the neighboring houses, even the trees, are covered with a motley and, as usual, noisy crowd. On an elevated mound are placed the female elephants, and these, it appears, have a decided taste for such sights. In the arena itself are the two males, each chained to one of the extremities, expressing their wrath by trumpeting, and fiercely digging their tusks into the sand. By instinct the elephant always recognizes his *mahout*, or driver, and allows him to approach him even while in this condition. Gracefully formed young men, nearly naked, are walking about in groups. These are the *sâtmari-wallahs*, who play the same part here as the *toreadors* at bull-fights in Spain, and who may be called *elephantadors*. They wear nothing but a light, colored turban, and a scanty, tight-fitting pair of drawers, which give the elephant nothing to lay hold of. The most active carry only a horse-whip and a veil of red silk; others are armed with long lances; and, lastly, a small num-

ber have only a fuse fastened to the end of a stick, and a lighted match. These last have the least showy but the most important functions to perform. They must post themselves at different points of the arena, and run to the rescue of the elephantador when in danger. Rushing in front of the infuriated animal, they flash their fuses in his face, when he recoils in terror, and they succor the wounded. But they are not allowed to have recourse to this stratagem unless there is real danger. If they make a mistake, they are reprimanded; if they allow the elephantador to be killed, they are severely punished. They are all selected from among the handsomest and best-made men that can be procured, and are endowed with wonderful agility.

A few minutes after the arrival of M. Rousselet and his friend, the Guicowar entered the box, and took his seat between them. At a given signal the arena is cleared for the contest. Each mahout seats himself on the neck of his elephant, the chains are cast loose, and the two animals are in full view. After an instant's hesitation, they approach each other, with their trunks raised, and trumpeting fiercely; their pace increases, and they meet in the center of the arena. Their foreheads strike together, and the violence of the shock is so great that their fore feet give way, and they remain leaning against each other. They wrestle with their trunks, which they entwine like arms, and the mahouts have sometimes to defend themselves with their goads. For some minutes the elephants remain head to head, until one of them, finding himself growing gradually weak, feels that he is going to be conquered. It is a critical moment, for the creature well knows that in taking flight he must present his flank to the enemy, who may pierce him with his tusks, or throw him prostrate. The worsted one, therefore, summoning up all his strength, pushes his adversary back by one desperate thrust, and takes flight. The combat is decided; shouts re-echo on all sides, and the spectators are occupied more with their wagers than with the elephants. The vanquished one has now to be taken away, and the field left free to the conqueror. A party of men come with great iron pincers, indented, with long handles united by a spring. They skillfully fix a pair on one of the hind legs of each elephant, where, through the operation of the spring, they remain tight. The long handles get entangled with the other three legs, and, as the teeth of the

pincers at every step bite a little into the skin, the elephant stops short. He is forthwith surrounded, chained, bound with cords, and, if vanquished, is led by a band of armed men behind the arena. The victor remains alone; his mahout dismounts, the pincers and fetters are removed, and the *sâtmari* commences. This is the second act—a combat between the elephant and men. The arena is invaded by elephantadors and fuse-bearers, this brilliant troop, with loud cries, approaching the elephant from every side. The latter, taken aback by this sudden onslaught, stands undecided at first; but soon he receives a stroke of the whip on the trunk, the lances prick him all over, and he rushes with fury on one or another of his assailants. One comes in front and waves his red veil; the elephant pursues him, but, constantly plagued in this way, he repeatedly changes his course, and never catches any one. After a short time spent in useless efforts, he at length perceives his mistake, and changes his tactics; he waits. Then one of the best elephantadors advances, gives him a vigorous stroke with his whip, and springs to one side just as the trunk is on the point of seizing him. But the elephant does not let him go in safety. This time he has fixed on his enemy, and nothing will make him abandon him; all that remains for the fugitive is to reach one of the small doors, and so make his escape out of the arena. The animal, blind with rage, strikes the wall, and, fancying he has at last got hold of his assailant, furiously tramples the soil. He who has not seen the elephant in one of these combats, or in a wild state, can form no idea of the rapidity of his course. A man pursued, and having to run some two hundred yards before he could find shelter, would infallibly be lost. In the first combat at which M. Rousselet was present the elephant resolutely pursued a young man, who was a very good runner, and, in spite of the thrusts of lances with which he was assailed, never lost sight of him for an instant. The unhappy man made desperate efforts to gain one of the outlets; but, just as he reached it, the creature's trunk seized him by the wrist, lifted him into the air, and dashed him violently to the earth. A mo-



PRINCESS CHAH JEAN OF BHOPAUL.

ment more and the enormous foot, already raised, would have crushed his skull, when one of the fuse-bearers sprang in front of the elephant, covered him with flames, and the terrified animal fled bellowing away.

At last the trumpets sound, and the elephantadors disappear through the small doors. The elephant does not understand the meaning of this sudden flight, and appears to be on the look-out for some unexpected attack. A door opens, and a Maharratta horseman, lance in hand, and mounted on a beautiful steed, enters the arena. Prancing up to the royal balcony, he gracefully salutes the king. The horse has his tail cut very short to prevent the elephant laying hold of him. The latter runs toward him with his trunk raised aloft in order to annihilate the creature whom he hates most of all. He has, in fact, a peculiar aversion for the horse, which he manifests even in his gentlest moments. This third act of the combat is the most attractive. The horse, admirably trained, does not stir, save by order of his rider, so that the latter allows the elephant almost to touch him with his

trunk before getting out of his way. He attacks the enormous beast with his lance, sometimes in front, sometimes in flank, driving him into a paroxysm of rage. But even at this moment the elephant displays his extraordinary intelligence. Pretending to take no notice of the horseman, he allows him to approach behind, and, suddenly turning round with astounding rapidity, he is on the point of seizing the horse, who only saves himself by a desperate bound. At length the combat terminates; the horseman again salutes the royal party, and withdraws, and the pincer-bearers enter, welcomed by the shouts of the crowd, to secure the elephant. These poor fellows have hard work of it, for the elephant charges them, and they have great difficulty in bringing it to a stand-still. The king calls before him the fuse-bearer who saved the life of the sâtmari-wallah, and rewards him with a piece of figured stuff and a purse of five hundred rupees.

Another sort of combat, though not so attractive, nor on so grand a scale, is not wanting in originality—rhinoceros-fights. The two animals are chained at opposite extremities of the arena. One is painted black, the other red, in order that they may be distinguished, for otherwise they resemble each other in every point. When the company is assembled (M. Rousselet describes a scene of which he was an actual witness), the two hideous animals are let loose, and start off in an ungainly trot, raising angry cries. They seem to have very bad sight, for they pass one another several times without stopping; but at length they meet, and attack each other fiercely. Horn against horn, they exchange passes, as though fencing with swords, until one succeeds in passing his horn beneath the head of his antagonist, which is the vulnerable spot. The animal, therefore, who finds himself in this predicament, suddenly turns, so that the point of the enemy's horn rests against his jaw-bone, instead of penetrating his throat. They remain in this position, motionless, for some minutes, then separate, and one of them takes to flight. For a whole hour the fight is many times renewed with increasing fury; their horns clashing together with a great noise, their enormous lips covered with foam, and their foreheads stained with blood. Their attendants surround them, and throw buckets of water over them to refresh them, so that they may sustain the combat. At last the Guicowar orders a cessation of hostilities; a fuse is employed to separate the

combatants; they are secured, sponged, and led away.

In these beast-fights buffaloes also display a terrible degree of fury. Their vast horns are formidable weapons that repel the tiger himself, and their agility makes them more dangerous than even the elephant. But the oddest of all these contests was one our traveler saw one day, in the *hâghur* at Baroda, between an ass and a hyena, and—who would have thought it?—the ass gained the victory! The sight of the hyena filled him with such rage that he immediately attacked, and, by dint of kicking and biting, very soon disabled him. The victor was covered with garlands of flowers, and led off amid the cheers of the multitude.

Perhaps the most exciting of the combats of this description which M. Rousselet witnessed was a fight between a panther and a boar which the Rana of Odeypoor arranged for his amusement. This combat took place in a handsome building surmounted by turrets, and picturesquely situated on the shores of the lake opposite to Odeypoor. The arena was surrounded by high walls with marble balconies on either side at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent the panther from reaching them in his frantic leaps. The wild boar was alone; a splendid animal, above the average size, and armed with long, sharp tusks. He had been captured in the neighboring gorges, where he was the leader of a herd, and the loss of his liberty had rendered him fierce and savage; he looked around him in search of an antagonist, and pawed the ground with impatient fury. Suddenly he paused, and trembled for an instant, while his huge mane bristled all over his shoulders. At length he saw his adversary. A trap-door opened, and a magnificent panther slowly entered the arena, and, crouching down in one corner, fixed his eyes upon the wild boar. The latter was the first to begin the attack. He rushed impetuously forward, and, allowing the panther to spring on him, tore his flanks with his tusks. His movements were so rapid and violent that the panther attempted to escape; but that attempt was fatal to him, for the wild boar, taking advantage of his enemy's distress, redoubled his efforts, and each successive attack told on his adversary, who, with mangled sides, his skull shattered, and blinded with blood, could no longer defend himself. A rifle-ball put an end to the sufferings of the poor beast, and the victor was loudly applauded by the spectators. The wild boar soon reduced the body of his



THE CARAVAN.

victim to a shapeless mass, trampling it under foot, and occasionally tossing it in the air to the opposite side of the arena. The reward of his courage was liberty. The trap-door was opened, and, amidst the acclamations of the crowd, he trotted off, slowly and philosophically, toward the mountains. On turning to the Rajpoots, it was easy to see, by the expression of their countenances, how pleased they were at the victory of their favorite adversary.

M. Rousselet's royal hosts in almost every part of India made hunting parties a leading feature in the entertainments by which they endeavored to amuse their guests. Now it was the bear which was the object of pursuit, now the nilghau, that great antelope which the Indians call the blue ox, and now the tiger or panther. Upon one of these occasions the hunters, mounted on an elephant, had followed a panther into a small wood,—when it attacked the animal with such courage that, if a ball had not come to put an end to the contest, M. Rousselet and his companions would have run great risk of being torn by the panther, or battered to pieces against a tree in the course of the elephant's flight.

Nearly everywhere, M. Rousselet seems to have exhibited a very happy faculty of finding an easy entrance to the confidence and regard of the native rulers of the districts through which he traveled. His reception at the Court of the Begum of Bhopaul was quite as cordial as it had been at that of the Guicowar; and, although his stay there was

not so prolonged, he left behind him just as sincerely attached friends. Her Royal Highness the Princess Chah Jean of Bhopaul, whose portrait we give, might be taken upon this representation of her as a young woman of intelligence and refinement, and Madame Elizabeth de Bourbon, at the same Court, he speaks of as a noble-hearted and sincere representative of her sex. The latter, M. Rousselet tells us, exhibited an irrepressible desire to see for herself the wonders of Paris which he had described to her,—doubtless, without attempting to repress his enthusiasm, or to measure his words. "At all events," she said to M. Rousselet, as he was making his adieux, "if I am too old to make the journey, you will always remember Bhopaul, and some day will visit us again." "A year afterward," adds M. Rousselet, "death suddenly removed her from her country, from her labors, and from my affectionate regard."

The methods of transportation and locomotion in India range from the most primitive and barbarous to those of the most highly civilized countries. M. Rousselet, like an enterprising traveler, adapted himself to whichever happened to be the most convenient. In starting for the country of the Bheils, he had his first experience of camel-riding. Of this he gives an amusing account. On that occasion he organized a regular caravan, containing seven riding and seven baggage camels, for which seven camel-drivers were hired. The two camels on which he and his companion were to ride

appeared on the morning of starting smartly caparisoned with housings of silk and a profusion of tassels; but all these ornaments were simply in honor of the ceremony of departure, and it was well understood would disappear when the caravan was once on the road. One morning at four o'clock our traveler was called, and found everything in readiness for starting. "The Sani, or riding-camel," he says, "squatted at the door waiting for me. I threw some coverings on the saddle to make it more comfortable, and took my place on the hind seat; my driver bestrode that in front, and the camel sprang to his feet. The saddle used for camel-riding, as no doubt most of my readers are aware, is double, so that the two riders find themselves fitted close to one another. The position of the one who is behind is not the most agreeable on account of this proximity, but I had chosen it to accustom myself a little to the motion of the camel before I

attempted to guide it myself. I remained for half an hour without being able to find my equilibrium, violently jolted and clinging to the back of the camel; my companion, however, suffered equally with myself. At the end of this time I felt more at my ease, and was able to take some notice of the road we were traveling."

A rather more exciting method of traveling was found in the mail wagon, of which we have this lively account: "'Here come the mail-cart, gentlemen,' cries our servant, and we are hardly out of our rooms when there appears on the road a fantastic equipage with three horses attached drawing a light box, painted red, mounted upon two immense wheels, which make enormous jumps, as if they wished to get ahead of the horses. In the twinkling of an eye the wagon is in front of us, the horses are unhitched, and the relay is attached. 'Quick! gentlemen!' says the courier, a



THE MAIL WAGON.



A PALACE CAR IN INDIA.

Indian, who is dressed in an old
 tunic, which lets you see his gaunt
 limbs. I get up beside him.
 "Right!" I grasp hold of the sides,
 Our horses break into a furi-
 and seem to have taken the bits
 both. The wagon jumps and bounds
 it seems to me every moment that
 fly into the air. I try to speak, but
 possible to open my mouth. The
 impassible, almost standing in his
 sors his horses constantly. Up hill
 over narrow bridges, the same
 is kept up. One can hardly get
 at the country, or tell whether the
 is passing are trees or houses. At
 is a relay. I take advantage of
 of rest to ask the driver if he
 goes at this rate. 'Bara Sahib ka
 houm,' he replies,—'That is the order.'
 My question is absurd. The mail can never

go slowly; but in India it must go fast—at
 a mad rate of speed. Every day horses and
 couriers break their legs or arms; but that
 is no matter, the letters must go forward.
 Another courier takes the despatches, and
 is off."

And, last of all, there is to be found on
 some of the Indian railways the veritable
 "palace car," modified somewhat in arrange-
 ment, and more open and roomy, to meet
 the requirements of the oppressive climate.

These brief glimpses into M. Rousselet's
 account of "India and its Native Princes"
 do but scant justice to the interest and nov-
 elty which are to be found in the volume
 itself. Indeed there could not be a country
 named in the description of whose marvels,
 beauties, and peculiarities, the pen and the
 pencil together would have wider scope for
 the fullest exhibition of what they can ac-
 accomplish.