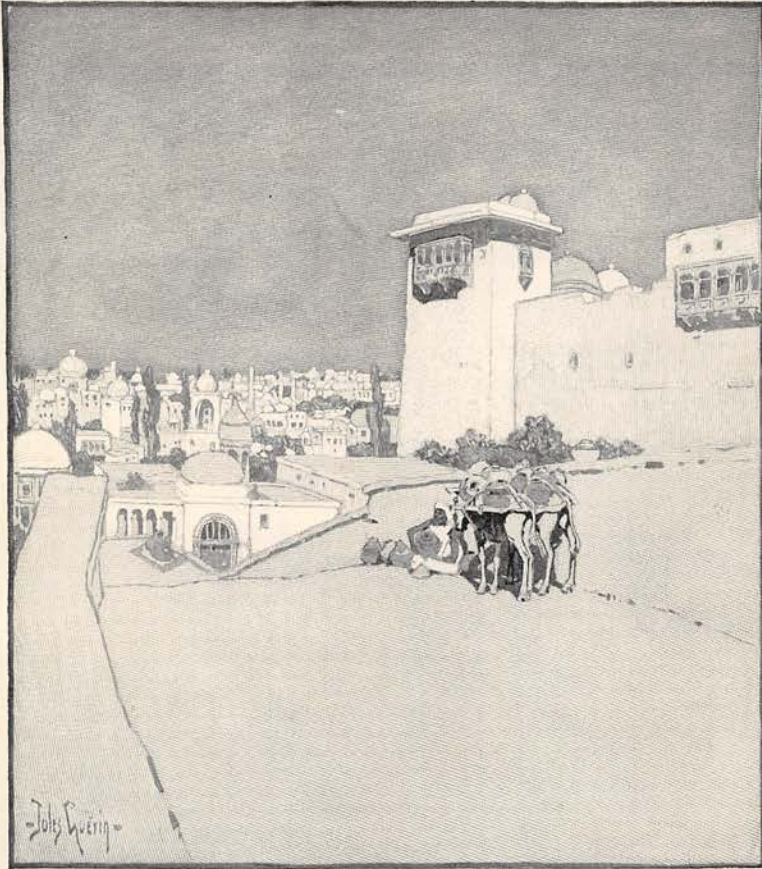


THE MONKEYS OF AMBER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.



THE CITY OF JEYPORE.

THE city of Jeypore is a wonderful place, with its citadel two miles long and a mile wide, its palace half a mile long and eight stories high, surrounded by a labyrinth of gardens, galleries, pavilions, and terraces. So many of its edifices are of a rosy pink color that it seems to be lighted by an ever-enduring sunset; and this, beneath a rare blue sky, in the brilliant Indian atmosphere, makes a marvelous effect. Then, too, it is a gay city; its streets and bazaars are full of life, and the frequent public displays add to its attractions.

Our house in Jeypore had a cool, shady garden at the back, on which our veranda opened, and we sometimes rebelled when tea and toast were brought to us at four o'clock in the morning, and we knew that we must be up and away for our sight-seeing in order to be home again before the heat of the day. But on the morning of which I speak we were to have an unusual experience, and were promptly ready at half-past four.

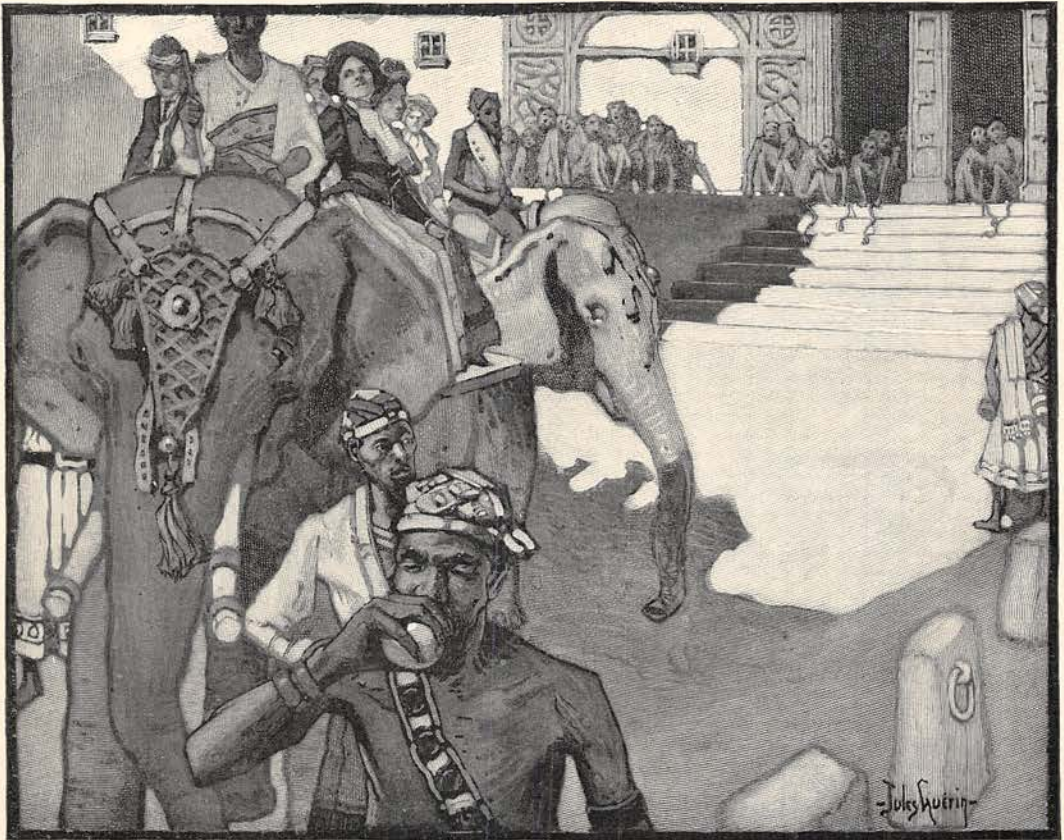
We drove through the city, already alive with people, out into the country, which was de-

lightful in the cool morning air. The charm of the semi-tropical vegetation, the lovely flowers and luxuriant vines, the towering palms and odorous evergreens, was new every morning and fresh every evening.

The costumes at Jeypore are brilliant and varied in color. Hindu women wear skirts, and Mohammedan women wear trousers, with gaily colored muslins twisted about their heads

stables of the Maharaja of Jeypore to take us up to the old capital, the city of Amber, deserted by the inhabitants when Jeypore was founded in 1728.

These elephants were not dressed in gold-embroidered velvets, bearing sumptuous howdahs, as we frequently saw them in processions on the grand occasions at which the high-caste Indians assisted. These monstrous beasts were



IN THE CITY OF AMBER.

and bodies down to the waist. Below the elbow they wear bracelets of silver, glass, or lead, and on the upper arm a broader and heavier band called an armlet. They have anklets of metal, and toe-rings that jingle as they shuffle along in bare feet. But their ear-rings are their most effective ornaments, and are in rows around the ears, numbering from four to ten in each one.

We were soon beyond the town, driving on a wide country road, and saw in the distance the huge elephants which had been sent from the

not very clean, and had broad wooden platforms across their backs, with narrow strips of board hung by strings on each side, falling about eighteen inches below the platform. Over all this a rug was thrown, and on it three or four people were to sit in a row on each side, resting their feet on the hanging strips.

This primitive arrangement was not attractive; but when several carriages arrived, and the party was complete, the mahouts (elephant-drivers) made the elephants kneel, and mount-



A STREET IN JEYPORE.

ing short ladders, we seated ourselves as well as we could, and awaited, with curiosity and trepidation, the crucial moment when the elephant should tip us from one side to the other again and again, and, after seeming to stand on both ends of himself at the same instant of time, should right himself on his four feet and remain motionless, with his usual air of repose and dignity, holding eight people on his back.

It was a tilting and ticklish operation, but it was accomplished, and nobody fell off. As we had no support to hold by, we unceremoniously clutched one another, and indulged in an explosive chorus of those harmless exclamations which lessen the nervous strain of such an experience. We were soon clumsily joggling up toward Amber, quite absorbed in the view before us.

The hill on which the old city stands is surrounded by other high hills, crowned with towers and ramparts and covered with trees. The great castle-fortress stands out boldly, but

far above this, beyond miles of jungle in which tigers and boars abound, the ruins of a still more ancient fortress look down upon the deserted city; and up, up, as far as the eye can reach, is the shrine of the Lord of the Demons, so old that its origin is unknown. The wonder and novelty of the scene was fascinating; but the discomfort of our position was such that we welcomed the sensation of topsyturviness we had when the elephant knelt down and we were free to explore Amber on foot.

I shall not here describe this deserted city, which is a wilderness of beautiful palaces, courts, pavilions, terraces, and gardens. The entire walls of some apartments are incrustated with flowers and arabesques of crystals that sparkle like diamonds. Agate, turquoise, sandalwood, and ivory are freely used in the rich decorations, as well as lapis lazuli and many beautiful marbles, and the exquisite Oriental alabaster.

It is the old zenana, or women's apartments,

that now concerns us. This extensive block of buildings, surrounded by a court, is the only place in this abandoned city which is inhabited. Outside this zenana, few living creatures dwell here. This is a well-populated and lively quarter, since a tribe of langour or hoonoomaun monkeys have taken possession, and dwell here in comfort and freedom. The Hindus religiously refrain from hurting or killing any animal, and the monkeys, having no fear, are monarchs of all they choose to take.

The hoonoomaun, or langour, is the sacred monkey, and the largest found in India. Its height is from two and a half to four feet; its body is singularly slender and supple; its face is black and smooth, except for long white whiskers; the hair on the body is gray on the back, and white under the stomach; its tail is long and bare, with a single tuft of hair on the end. The Hindus have a legend which explains its very black face. It says that, ages ago, Hoonoomaun, the king of the monkeys, went to assist Rama in the conquest of Ceylon. The demon-king of the island had carried off Lita, the wife of Rama, and he was determined to rescue her. As they came near to the island, Hoonoomaun easily leaped over the Straits, so skilful a jumper was he, and, finding Lita, he was comforting her with the news that her husband was approaching, when Ravana, the demon-king, appeared and made Hoonoomaun prisoner. After setting fire to the monkey's long tail, he gave him his freedom, that he might return to Rama. Hoonoomaun succeeded in blowing out the fire at the end of his tail, but in so doing he blackened his face and singed his hair in a most unbecoming fashion. The loss of his beauty so saddened the poor beast that Rama made all the monkeys of his kind *kala-moukh*, or black-faced, which they remain to this day.

The hoonoomaun monkey has an intelligent expression, and the tribe is obedient to a ruler, and seems to live by a fixed rule. At Amber a number of them acted as sentinels; standing on the parapet, they gave cries of warning on the approach of man or beast. The mothers, who hold their babies in their arms and care for them devotedly, rush off to hide with their little ones when they hear the danger-signals, while the male monkeys fly to the walls with hoarse

cries, show their teeth, and appear to be determined defenders of their homes and families. At times the whole tribe engage in games, or trials of strength, and show such agility and power as would make them dangerous enemies. It was most interesting to watch these monkeys, and after they became somewhat accustomed to our presence, they were apparently much entertained by us.

In our garden I observed that the fruit was inclosed in little pottery cases, tied together. They were made in two parts, hollow, and of a proper size to cover such fruits as lemons, apples, and peaches, which were thus protected from the monkeys. Fancy so much trouble as this being taken in an American garden or orchard!

Besides the thousands of monkeys, this once magnificent capital is inhabited only by a few priests, who cling to the altars of their fathers, and wander through the deserted streets, overgrown with vines and cacti, or repose in the groves which have grown up in the very courts of the palaces. At morning and evening the kettledrums salute the rising and the setting sun, and the echoes repeat the sounds all through the valleys, where they mingle with the call to prayer of the bronze gongs in the lower sanctuaries.

Amber is altogether a singular place — a sort of "Arabian Nights" or "Alice in Wonderland" city. When one is away from the monkeys, it seems as if the silence of the beautiful palaces must come from the spell of an enchanter, and one involuntarily listens for the movement of a new life. It was a fascinating scene, and we lingered long after being warned that we must go, or remain until the cool of the evening. We would gladly have remained, but we were hungry, and six miles away from anything that we could eat or drink. Thus the ladies could do nothing but remount the elephants, while the gentlemen walked down the hill.

As we neared the level ground, we heard such a noise of shouting as I heard on no other occasion in all India; and soon we came in sight of a large troop of monkeys, which were being chased from the gardens and fields of the neighborhood toward a somewhat distant forest. All this trouble on the part of the people seemed very childlike and useless; for, however

far the monkeys were driven, they could return to the gardens almost before their pursuers could reach them. Being perfectly secure against receiving any severe treatment, they have no fear, and simply follow their own sweet wills, and go where they find the food that pleases them most.

The spectacle of this monkey-driving, however, was most unusual. Hundreds of large, sleek, well-fed langours were trotting off at good speed, and chattering in their language as volubly as the human beings were shouting in theirs. They were surrounded and pursued by a troop of lithe, slender men, whose graceful freedom of motion was not concealed by the

very simple drapery they wore. Here and there a white or red sash streamed out as they ran, and their heads were wrapped in a variety of white turbans and artistically twisted cloths, held in place by gaily colored bands. A small army of boys ran behind, in great glee, talking gaily and shouting with laughter.

The whole scene was unique and most amusing, and had an air of being prepared for our benefit, as we watched it from the height of our elephants. We saw the last of this strange race disappear around the base of a hill with regret, for we felt — what in my case has so far proved true — that we should never be fortunate enough to look on such a sight again.

HER CHOICE.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A LITTLE maid went to a book-store one day
 To buy something jolly to read;
 And the queerest old clerk, in the busiest way,
 Came forward and sang her the funniest lay,
 At the very top of his speed:

“There ’s Chaucer and Spenser and Milton and Pope,
 With Dante and Homer and William Shakspeare;
 Kipling and Barrie and Anthony Hope;
 Tennyson, Browning, and Sidney Lanier.
 There ’s Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Poe,
 With Petrarch and Plato and Bacon and Gray;
 There ’s Richardson, Fielding, and Daniel Defoe,
 Cowley and Chatterton, Collins and Gay.
 We ’ve Goethe and Schiller; we ’ve Heine, Carlisle,
 Kingsley and Bancroft and Howells and Grant;
 Beaumont and Fletcher and Madame de Staël,
 Ian Maclaren and Walter Besant.
 There ’s —”

“Oh, Mr. Clerk,” the little maid said,
 “You have really been very kind;
 But I can’t get all of those names in my head;
 But I think I will take from that shelf, instead —
 ST. NICHOLAS, if you don’t mind.”