

ANIMALS AS DESPOTS

TYRANNY OF THE PAMPERED SACRED BEASTS OF ASIA.

In Benares the Person Who Ill Treats a Monkey Runs the Risk of Being Torn to Pieces—How the Holy Bull Victimizes the Poor Man.

Readers of Kipling's "Kim," which gives a better picture of Indian life than anything else in print, may recall the hero first begged on behalf of the Tibetan yogi. The bazaar woman to whom he gave the begging bowl cried:

"That bowl, indeed! That cow belted basket! Thou hast as much grace as the holy bull of Shiv. He has taken the best of a basket of onions already this morn, and, foomooth, I must fill thy bowl. He comes here again."

"The huge, mouse colored Brahmanee bull of the ward was shouldering his way through the many colored crowd, a stolen plantain hanging out of his mouth. He headed straight for the shop, well knowing his privileges as a sacred beast, lowered his head, and puffed heavily along the line of baskets ere making his choice. Up flew Kim's hard little heel and caught him on his moist blue nose. He snorted indignantly and walked away across the tram rails, his hump quivering with indignation.

"See! I have saved more than the bowl will cost three over. Now, mother, a little rice and some dried fish atop—yes, and some vegetable curry."

"A growl came out of the back of the shop, where a man lay.

"He drove away the bull," said the woman in an undertone. "It is good to give to the poor."

"Kim looked at the load lovingly. "That is good. When I am in the bazaar the bull shall not come to this house. He is a bold beggarman."

Indeed, he is, and he is only one of many. The people of India, like those of other Asiatic countries, are the slaves of their sacred animals. There is no tyranny more outrageous than that of the animal despots of Asia.

An English globe trotter of my acquaintance was being shown the sights of Benares, the most sacred city in all India, some years ago. As he passed through one of the narrow, crowded streets of the bazaar he met a huge white Brahmanee bull stalking along as if the whole city belonged to him, brushing people aside right and left, and pushing his nose unhampered into the baskets of grain, rice and country produce which were displayed outside the little native shops.

It was exactly the kind of scene described so well in "Kim."

The bull and the Englishman met in the narrow pathway—"sidewalk" it would be called here, but in India sidewalk and road are usually indistinguishable. Neither would give way, for both belonged to an obstinate, self assertive race. The bull tried to push past. The Englishman hit him a smart rap on the nose.

"Get up, you brute!" he cried with an enforcing oath.

In a moment the bazaar was in an uproar. The natives, who, a moment before, had cringed servilely to the sahib, now crowded around him, with the passion of murder in their hearts. They pelted him with dirt and stones, called him all manner of vile names (more numerous, surely, in India than anywhere else on earth) and threatened most plainly to kill him. Was he not an infidel dog who had struck the sacred bull? Death by torture was surely too good for him. He would bring a curse on the city. The famine and the plague would come. Their wives would be childless.

So the talk ran excitedly from man to man. The tumult grew. The angry mob increased to thousands. Had it not been for the opportune arrival of a police patrol of stalwart Sikhs—regally scornful of Hindoo gods, and ever on the watch for such incidents as this—the globe trotter would certainly have paid with his life for his ignorance of Hindoo ideas as to the sacredness of sacred animals.

Such riots as this are common enough in India during the winter tourist season, and it is indeed marvelous that many Americans and Englishmen are not slain. The trouble occurs especially in Benares, the most fanatical city in the empire, and possibly in the whole world. The Hindoo Mecca, as it has been called, is the headquarters of Brahmanism and the chief stronghold of the animal worship which distinguishes that cult. There are sacred animals all over India, but nowhere else are there so many of them as in Benares, and nowhere else are they held in so much reverence and allowed so much license.

Anglo-Indians are often contemptuous of natives and native superstitions, but no Anglo-Indian would care to strike a sacred bull in Benares. Kim did it in Lahore. In Benares it would be exceedingly unwise even to swear at the holy beast in the presence of natives, who might understand the oaths.

"The bulls are especially sacred," wrote Professor James Ricalton in a letter to the author of this article, after he had just returned from a tour of India, in which he secured some extremely interesting photographs of various sacred animals. "They line the sidewalks of the city, enter sweetmeat and grocery stores and help themselves to the choicest articles without hindrance. They enjoy the freedom of every city. If a bullock chooses to lie down in a narrow lane where he fills the entire space, no pious Hindoo will pass that way, while the sacred beast is taking his rest."

"The indulgence extended to these zebu bovines is wonderful. They enter the most sacred precincts of the temples. They are so pampered with

dainties and luxuries that they become burdened with fat."

Although the Brahmanee bull is the most sacred animal in India, he has many competitors. There are more gods than worshippers in India. Beast worship seems to be natural to the Hindoo, and it is certainly one of the foundation stones of Brahmanism. Followers of the purer forms of that faith may say that the sacred beasts are only symbols and not gods, but a religion must be judged by the effect which it has on the mass of its devotees. The monkey, the crocodile, the crane, the ibis, the cobra and other serpents are among the creatures that share with the bull the reverence of the people, if not their worship. Benares is the headquarters of all the numerous cults of Brahmanism that especially worship one or other of these sacred beasts.

One of the holiest places in Benares is the Doorga Khond, or monkey temple. The monkey comes next to the Brahmanee bull in order of sanctity. An English resident in the city assured the writer that anybody who killed or even ill treated a monkey would run a very good chance of being torn to pieces by the fanatical natives. That is not generally true of India, for I have seen monkeys killed there without any trouble resulting, but I believe it is true of Benares.

At the Doorga Khond hundreds of monkeys are kept as pets by the priests. They run about all over the place just as they please and are never caged or restrained in any way. As a consequence they are jolly, good tempered little fellows, quite unlike the savage, sulky brutes you see in an American zoo. It is a mistake to suppose that a monkey's nature is essentially vicious.

The temple is simply a large paved yard surrounded by high walls on which there are a lot of wooden boxes and houses in which the monkeys live. There is a big tank for the monkeys to drink from and swim in, if they choose to do so, and a huge banyan tree gives them all the gymnastic exercise they want. Visitors are welcomed, but they are expected to buy food for the monkeys from the priests at an exorbitant price. As soon as they get inside the monkeys mob them, climbing all over them, snatching the food from their hands and then scampering off to eat it in the banyan tree.

These monkeys and all of their kind—the grayish brown, short tailed common monkey of northern India—are supposed to be the descendants of Hanuman, the monkey god of southern India. According to the myth of the Brahmins, Hanuman aided Rama to conquer Ceylon by building a bridge of rocks from India to that island. His image is to be seen in most Hindoo temples in the form of a man with a black monkey's face and tail.

Sacred monkeys scamper along the streets and over the housetops in most Indian cities and villages. The shopkeepers are constantly worried by their foraging escapades, but they dare not resent them any more than those of the sacred bull. These monkeys are often the companions of the hermits and fakirs with which India swarms, and they are the chief part of the congregation in many temples where they are fed and protected.

Tanks in which sacred crocodiles are kept are attached to some temples in Benares. In former days they were fed with children and other human sacrifices, but the British government, though very indulgent toward native superstitions, will, of course, not allow that now. Some Anglo-Indians assert, however, that such sacrifices are still made on the sly. Whether this is true or not, it is a fact that many fanatical Hindoos would not kill a crocodile which had killed their wife or child.

Some Hindoos are unspeakably cruel to animals that are not sacred, but in general the faiths of India enjoin kindness to dumb animals as a religious duty. Buddhism does so most emphatically, for the whole tendency of its teaching, rightly given, is to make a man gentle and mild. The Parses are noted for their kindness to all creatures, man and beast, and they give largely out of their boundless wealth to the support of the Jain temples, which are perhaps the most delightful places in all India.

All the best elements in Brahmanism flock to the Jain cult as the needle flies to the magnet. The Jains recognize all the gods of the Hindoo creed, wear the Brahmanical thread and adhere to Hindoo caste law. Yet they are utterly unlike the average Brahman. They have agreed to ignore all that is vile in Brahmanism and to devote themselves to all that is noble. They reverence the sacred animals, but they give to the worship a practical twist by adoring all animals, all living creatures, and by making veterinary surgery at once their vocation and their religion.

Every Jain temple is a hospital for the lame, the blind, the sick and the maltreated among animals. The priests go around the streets of the crowded city picking up dogs with broken legs, cats that have been nearly starved to death and birds with broken wings. If they see an ass or a horse that is overworked and cruelly beaten, they will buy it from the brutal owner. All the animals thus rescued are taken to the temple grounds and tenderly and patiently treated and nursed back to health.

India is, of course, not the only oriental country in which animals are regarded as sacred. In almost all eastern lands, save those which are tightly in the grip of Islam, certain dumb creatures are the objects of reverence or of superstition, if not of actual worship. Slam's sacred white elephant—a curious superstition grafted upon a debased form of Buddhism—is the best known example, but dozens of others could be given.—William Thorp in New York Post.

GOOD RED BLOOD.

It Generates Good Manners, Good Morals and Good Morning.

Every morning is a good morning to one who is feeling well. There is no such thing as bad weather. There are no blue Mondays or gloomy Sundays to any one who is living the right sort of life.

The good cheer of health, combined with a pure life, serves to turn every morning into a good morning and every evening into a good evening.

The best way to wish any one good morning or good evening is to set before him the example of right living, for it is through right living that good morning and good evening come.

It is of no use to say grace over a badly cooked meal. The grace will not make it agree with the stomach. There is no use to say good morning or good evening unless we do the things that will make good morning and good evening. It is, indeed, a good morning for any one who has done an honest day's labor at some useful employment and has found eight hours of sound and refreshing sleep. Of course, it is a good morning when one does that. There is one thing that is needed, and that is to get right or to become adjusted to nature.

We like the weather when we are adjusted to the conditions about us. There is nothing wrong with the weather. The blame is with ourselves. The anaemic, nervous woman shudders at the touch of the spring zephyrs which would be refreshing and grateful to the healthy person. The constant fear of drafts, repeated dread of exposure to cold or heat are symptoms of bad health. If we would behave ourselves as well as the weather does there would be no cause for complaint. It is refreshing to come into the presence of the man or woman who can honestly say good morning, good afternoon, good evening—who can say it in such a way that you feel that they mean it.

Good feelings are contagious. An excess of vitality is catching. Good humor that bubbles over, that cannot be restrained even in the presence of un-congenial company, is wholesome and healthful.

Lots of good red blood is conducive to good manners, good morals and good morning. Any person who can honestly say good morning has had a fairly decent sleep the night before. A hearty good morning is a certificate of self-restraint and a clear conscience.

The devotee of sensuous pleasure has rarely the honest right to say good morning. There are no good mornings for him. Dissipation has soured the atmosphere and poisoned the sunrise for him. If he says good morning at all he lies. It is merely a perfunctory remark. His languid manner and icy touch expose the falsehood covered by the words "good morning."

Good morning is the sequel of good behavior. The price one pays for a real good morning is a good day's work. Good sleep, early to bed, up early in the morning, then indeed it is a good morning.

Every morning is a good morning to such persons. They have paid the price for it and are entitled to it.—Medical Talk.

Reform That Was Too Timorous.

Old Lady Colburn was giving her granddaughter some good advice the week before her wedding. "Now, it's all very fine for you to have these plans for making John over—if he needs it," said the old lady. "He may have some ideas about reforming a few little habits of yours, my dear—but you don't want to go too far, either of you."

"When I was a girl somebody told me the story of a young woman who made the young man she married promise her he would have nothing to do with smoking. Well, that was all right enough, but he'd never been an intemperate smoker, and he missed the little soothing he'd been accustomed to get from his pipe once in a while."

"But if ever she saw him looking at it she'd remind him, 'You promised me never to have anything to do with pipes or smoking when we were married.'"

"Then one day the kitchen stove acted like all possessed—filled the room full of smoke. She said she thought the stovepipe needed cleaning, but he was kind of stubborn, same as most men are at times—he just sat there and said, 'I promised you when we were married never to have anything to do with pipes or smoking, and this comes under both heads.'"

"And she had to go for the stove man herself, though he was a real considerate man, most ways, her husband was. You just bear in mind that little circumstance when you're making John over."

Unappreciated Courage.

In the Tennessee mountains lived a little hunter named Hiram Gates. Although small in size, Hiram was noted for his bravery for miles around in that section of the country, where courage was a common asset. Once while hunting he tracked a bear to a small cave. Now, a man hasn't one chance in a million fighting a bear in close quarters, but this fact didn't deter Hiram for a minute. Throwing down his gun, he put his knife between his teeth and crawled into the dark hole after the animal.

By the greatest of good fortune he succeeded in killing it, for the reason that the cave was so small that the bear couldn't turn around to defend himself. Otherwise there probably would have been a different story.

Hiram skinned the bear and then went home, where he explained the manner of the killing to his father. The old man listened quietly until the tale came to an end and then, in a high pitched, quivering voice, said:

"Well, Hiram, I like a brave man as well as anybody, but you're an infernal fool!"

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Table with columns: Route, No. 41, No. 33. Rows include Lv Norfolk, Lv Portsmouth, Lv Suffolk, Ar Lewiston N. C., Lv Weldon, Lv Henderson, Lv Raleigh, Ar Southern Pines, Ar Hamlet, Ar Wilmington, Ar Charlotte, Lv Hamlet, Lv Columbia, Ar Augusta, Ar Savannah, Ar Savannahville, Ar Tampa, Lv Hamlet N. C., Ar Athens, Ar Atlanta, Ar Birmingham, Ar Macon, Ar Montgomery, Ar Mobile, Ar New Orleans, Ar Chattanooga, Ar Nashville, Ar Memphis, Suffolk & Carolina R. R. train en route from Elizabeth City, N. C., and intermediate points arrive Portsmouth 10:15 a. m., daily; returning leaves Portsmouth 4:55 p. m., except Sunday. Sunday, 7:00 p. m.

Schedule in Effect July 24, 1905.

Table with columns: Route, No. 41, No. 33. Rows include Lv Norfolk, Lv Portsmouth, Lv Suffolk, Ar Lewiston N. C., Lv Weldon, Lv Henderson, Lv Raleigh, Ar Southern Pines, Ar Hamlet, Ar Wilmington, Ar Charlotte, Lv Hamlet, Lv Columbia, Ar Augusta, Ar Savannah, Ar Savannahville, Ar Tampa, Lv Hamlet N. C., Ar Athens, Ar Atlanta, Ar Birmingham, Ar Macon, Ar Montgomery, Ar Mobile, Ar New Orleans, Ar Chattanooga, Ar Nashville, Ar Memphis, Suffolk & Carolina R. R. train en route from Elizabeth City, N. C., and intermediate points arrive Portsmouth 10:15 a. m., daily; returning leaves Portsmouth 4:55 p. m., except Sunday. Sunday, 7:00 p. m.

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IN EFFECT JUNE 18, 1905.

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4:30 P. M.—RICHMOND LIMITED—Arrives Richmond 6:50 p. m. Connects for Washington.

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TRANSPORTATION GUIDE.

Cape Charles Route New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railway.

Schedule Effective Mon., June 5, 1905.

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Table with columns: Lv. Portsmouth, Lv. Norfolk, Lv. Old Point, Lv. Cape Charles, Ar. Wilmington, Ar. Philadelphia, Ar. New York, (West 23d St.). Rows include 7:25 a.m., 7:45 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 6:55 a.m., 5:00 p.m., 5:14 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 7:20 p.m., 9:25 p.m., 4:15 a.m., 5:10 a.m., 8:00 a.m.

SOUTHBOUND. | *No. 89. | No. 97.

Table with columns: Lv. New York, (West 23d St.), Lv. Philadelphia, Lv. Wilmington, Lv. Cape Charles, Lv. Old Point, Ar. Norfolk, Ar. Portsmouth. Rows include 7:55 a.m., 8:25 p.m., 10:16 a.m., 11:05 p.m., 10:55 a.m., 11:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 5:43 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:35 a.m., 8:00 p.m., 8:45 a.m., 8:15 p.m., 9:05 a.m.

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