

and dainty loveliness, nine stories of rosy masonry and delicate overhanging balconies, and latticed windows, soaring with tier after tier of fanciful architecture in a pyramidal form, a very mountain of airy and audacious beauty, through the thousand pierced screens and gilded arches of which the Indian air blows cool over the flat roofs of the very highest houses. Aladdin's magician could have called into existence no more marvellous abode, nor was the pearl and silver palace of the Peri Banou more delicately charming."

The menagerie is near the north gate, and here are ten or twelve huge man-eater tigers, confined in strong cages, fed at the Maharaja's expense. The amiable creatures to which we are accustomed at home, at Regent's Park, or in Sanger's menageries, are quiet tabby cats compared with these horrible monsters, who shake the strong bars of their cages with impotent rage and fierce glare, growling with every tooth exposed, at any person who approaches. One huge brute is known to have killed and eaten fifteen human beings, another ten, and a third seven. These tigers are trapped in pitfalls, where they are left for many days until they have been starved into extreme weakness; then they are dragged off to imprisonment for life.

This truly terrible scourge to the timid and unarmed inhabitants of an Indian village is now happily becoming very rare; man-eaters of a bad type are seldom heard of, and rarely survive long. Before there was so many European sportsmen as there are now, in the country, a man-eater frequently caused the temporary abandonment of whole tracts; and the sights of small hamlets abandoned by the terrified inhabitants, and which have never been re-occupied, are not uncommonly met with by the sportsmen in the jungles. The terror inspired by a man-eater throughout the district ranged by him is extreme; the helpless people are defenceless against his attacks. Their occupations of cattle-grazing or wood-cutting take them into the jungles, where they feel that they go with their lives in their hands.

The cenotaphs of the Maharajas are placed in charming gardens, just outside the north-east wall. The trees are full of monkeys, which abound all round the suburbs of Jaipur. The finest of these cenotaphs is that of Jai Singh Sawai, of the purest white marble—a dome supported by an octagon of eight beautifully carved pillars. The cornice is finely decorated with scenes in alto-relievo from the Hindu mythology, and the slabs round the base are groups of soldiers on elephants and horses, and other striking subjects.

Jaipur, like all native capitals, is a great place for processions. While I was there, in the winter of 1888, a new British Resident