

able earthly and heavenly good is procurable under one roof, so to speak ... a sort of Army and Navy store, theologically stocked."

Fascinated by the color and picturesqueness in Jaipur, Twain said, "This one is not like any other that we saw. It is shut up in a lofty turreted wall; the main body of it is divided into six parts by perfectly straight streets that are more than a hundred feet wide; the blocks of houses exhibit a long frontage of the most taking architectural quaintnesses, the straight lines being broken everywhere by pretty little balconies, pillared and highly ornamented, and other cunning and cozy and inviting perches and projections, and the whole of them have the soft rich tint of strawberry ice-cream. One cannot look down the far stretch of the chief street and persuade himself that these are real houses, and that it is all out of doors - the impression that it is an unreality, a picture, a scene in a theater, is only one that will take hold.

"Then the wide street itself, away down and down and down into the distance, was alive with gorgeously-clothed people - not still, but moving, swaying, drifting, eddying, a delirious display of all colors, and all shades of color: delicate, lovely, pale, soft, strong, stunning, vivid, brilliant; a sort of storm of sweet-pea blossoms passing on the wings of a hurricane; and presently, through this storm of color, came swaying and swinging the majestic elephants, clothed in their Sunday best of gaudiness, and the long procession of fanciful trucks freighted with their groups of curious and costly images, and then the long rearguard of safety camels, with their picturesque riders. For color, and picturesqueness,

and novelty, and outlandishness, and sustained interest and fascination, it was the most satisfying show I had ever seen, and I suppose I shall not have the privilege of looking upon its like again."

The plight of servants troubled Mark Twain when he was in Allahabad, the "City of God." He translated it as "Godville."

*"India had the start of the whole world in the beginning of things. She had the first civilization; she had the first accumulation of material wealth; she was populous with deep thinkers and subtle intellects; she had mines, woods and a fruitful soil."*

- Mark Twain



"I was up at dawn, the next morning. In India the tourist's servant does not sleep in a room in the hotel, but rolls himself up head and ears in his blanket and stretches himself on the veranda,

across the front of his master's door, and spends the night there. I don't believe anybody's servant occupies a room. Apparently, the bungalow servants sleep on the veranda; it is roomy, and goes all around the house. I speak of the men-servants; I saw none of the other sex. I think there are none, except child-nurses. I was up at dawn, and walked around the veranda, past the rows of sleepers. In front of door a Hindoo servant was squatting, waiting for his master to call him. He had polished the yellow shoes and placed them by the door, and now he had nothing to do but wait. It was freezing cold, but there he was, as motionless as a sculptured image, and as patient. It troubled me. I wanted to say to him, 'Don't crouch there like that and freeze; nobody requires it of you; stir around and get warm.' But I hadn't the words. I thought of saying 'jeldy jow,' but I couldn't remember what it meant, so I didn't say it. I knew another phrase, but it wouldn't come

to my mind. I moved on, purposing to dismiss him from my thoughts, but his bare legs and bare feet kept him there. They kept drawing me back from the sunny side to a point whence I could see him. At the end of an hour he had not changed his attitude in the least degree. It was a curious and impressive exhibition of meekness and patience, or fortitude or indifference, I did not know which. But it worried me, and it was spoiling my morning. In fact, it spoiled two hours of it thoroughly. I quitted this vicinity then and left him to punish himself as much as he might want to. But up to that time, the man had not changed his attitude a hair. He will always remain with me, I suppose; his figure never grows vague in my memory. Whenever I read of Indian resignation, Indian patience under wrongs, hardships, and misfortunes, he comes before me. He