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**WILLIE'S VOYAGE TO INDIA:**

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**A**

**TRUE STORY**

**FOR**

**FANNIE AND HER LITTLE FRIENDS.**

**BY MRS. MARY S. GERRY.**

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**ILLUSTRATED.**  
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**BOSTON:**  
**JAMES M. USHER, 37 CORNHILL.**  
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## CHAPTER IX.

I must not forget to mention Fort William among the places that Willie saw. It is a perfect little village within itself—with its chapel and numerous buildings for its commanding officers, soldiers, &c. It appears large enough to afford shelter to the entire population of Calcutta, if forced to take refuge within the walls, so thickly and strongly built, and guarded by the wide moat or ditch, which can be quickly filled with water from the river. The bridges being taken up, in case of its being attacked by an enemy.

Willie delighted to have his father take him through the fort, so that he could see the sentinels at their posts, the cannon, and the great heaps of balls so nicely piled in pyra-

children of his other wives, live together most happily.

A few days after, they visited the show house of another rich Baboo, and this place is known by the name of the "Seven Tanks," for there are seven of these artificial ponds there, all connected together by a small underground canal. These ponds were stocked with various kinds of fish, some so tame that they would come close to the marble steps which lead down into the water, and feed from the hand, and Willie enjoyed this fun very much. At one side of the grounds, were several iron cages, in which were confined various animals. There was a large kind of monkey, called the Wah-hoo, from the noise he makes, in a very sad tone, like the word. He was nearly as large as Willie was! and seemed almost painfully like a human being. His keeper took him from the cage, and he shook hands, when bid, quite politely, with the party. When in his

cage, he was swinging about by his arms incessantly.

There were great shaggy bears in one cage, and in another the little cunning moose deer, not larger than very small dogs. At another part of the garden, was an immense rhinoceros, with his strange coat of mail. At this show house the various keepers and boys followed the visitors, with their entreaties of, "make boxes saib! boxes! boxes!" meaning, make us a present. Willie's father had already given a great many of them bits of money, and when one of them, a roguish looking fellow, to whom he had already given "boxes," came up with a pretty little bunch of flowers, which he presented to Willie's mother, he gave him a few pice or cents more, but unintentionally he gave him among them, quite a large piece of silver. He happened to turn his head, and saw the young rascal showing with a grin what he had got. But as soon as he saw that it was

known to the white gentleman, he hastily stowed it away, in his girdle, and came up again, with such a demure face, and exclaimed, in a whining tone, "make more boxes, saib, I poor fellow." Willie's father raised his cane, and said, "I'll give you boxes, you young scamp," and he understood enough of the gesture, if not of the English, to feel sure that he was seen through. Another bright eyed, fine looking little fellow, who had supplied Willie with bread or rice for the fishes, received his boxes with many salaams, and bounded off towards the mud huts, to show his mother, probably, how rich he was! This place is perhaps more visited by strangers, than the show house of Ashootas Day, and the presents which the attendants receive, make them rather annoying now, to every new comer. There are many other fine places in Calcutta, which are kept for the same purpose, as those I have told you of.