

At last, one day, an old man, while digging wearily, turned up a lump of gold. It was dingy and dirty, but he knew it was gold because it was hard and very heavy. After this, it seemed that the field was full of gold, and when night had come, each took a lump, intending to give it to the prince who was watching by the tree. So they came to him, and an old man said, "Your high mightiness, we have found something."

But the prince answered not a word. He sat there still and cold. A quick-growing vine had wrapped around his body, crushing his bones and strangling him. The Brahmin, coming out of the forest, saw the people gathered together. He went to them and said, "What you have found is yours; what your master has found is his."

So they went to their homes, leaving the prince dead and covered with ants.

I need not quote Sir Waddy Wyndham's letter, nor recite the history of this legend as he had traced it through the several Indian dialects. It struck me as being very tame at best, lacking both the humor and the picturesque verity (if I may say so) of plantation stories with which I am familiar.