



burst open. She rushed down the back stairs with her child in her arms, and jostled against a man in the dark passage. "My God!" said she, "who are you?"—"Do not be alarmed, madam," replied the unknown; "I am an officer."—"And, good heavens!" continued the lady, "what is the matter?"—"The Sepoys have risen on us, and are murdering every one. Fly, madam; and save yourself, if possible." And he burst open the back door, through which the lady escaped unobserved; but at the same moment he fell himself under the bayonets of the Sepoys, who had now made their way through the house. Mrs. Fancourt concealed herself behind a mat in a poultry shed in the compound, the roof of which was broken, and the door almost eaten away by white ants, where she endeavoured to soothe her little girl, who clung to her breast in a state of terror. The firing had ceased; and she now saw the Sepoys carrying her plate and property away, tied up in sheets.

Next morning the scorching beams of the sun fell on her through the broken roof, and her little girl began to cry aloud from hunger and from thirst, with which she was herself extremely faint. Soon after a Sepoy, placed as a sentry over the house, heard the child, and discovered her. Struck with pity, he covered the roof of the shed with mats, and brought her a loaf and some milk. Towards evening she heard the approach of cavalry, and soon after the gallopers of the 22d dragoons



from Arcot burst open the gate of the fort. Then followed the clashing of sabres, the trampling of horses, the shout of victory, the groans of dying men; and she was handed from her concealment by the commanding officer of that gallant regiment, who carried her child in his arms into the house. To her anxious inquiry for her husband, she was answered, that he was wounded severely; but there was hope. "Oh! take me to him," said the lady; and she was conducted to another room, where, almost lifeless on a couch, the surgeons of the cavalry stood in affliction over him, having dressed his numerous wounds, without the smallest chance of preserving his valued life. Let the curtain drop on the rest, for imagination to paint and sensibility to feel.

After the miraculous escape of our ensign and the fair Nannette, the majestic ship soon weathered Cape Comorin, and glided along the beautiful coast of Malabar. The captain of the vessel and his officers paid marked attention, during the remainder of the voyage, to Mr. True, and his deliverer Frank Stanley. Nannette looked her gratitude, and Monsieur Fortier danced for joy. From the former George learned that she was not the daughter of the latter, but the only child of a British officer killed at the storming of Seringapatam. At that time she resided at Pondicherry; and a close intimacy existed between Madame Fortier, who then lived there, and her mother, who died soon after,





leaving her unprotected, with only a small sum of money at interest in a house of agency at Madras. Monsieur Fortier had taken her home. He had no children of his own, and became so fond of her, that she called him with all filial affection, Papa. He and Madame Fortier were amiable. In his youth he had been in the French army; but having acquired some property at Pondicherry, and also a plantation at Mahé, he resigned his commission, and preferred passing the remnant of his life among his palms and pepper vines, to a return to Europe, where the links of early association were all broken. Nannette was, therefore, perfect mistress of her mother tongue, with all those accomplishments which Madame Fortier was so well qualified to impart; and the vivacity and romance of a French education grafted so well on the vivid imagination of an Irish girl, that the fruit produced was of the most delicious flavour.

The scene was now sublime. On one side the blue ocean formed the horizon, while on the other the stupendous ghauts seemed to scale the azure sky. The country appeared in the most beautiful diversity of hill and dale—here covered with thick groves of tall cocoa-nut trees—there laid out in fields and pepper plantations—while the silver streams were seen meandering from the mountains, and the spires of many a church, peeping from the eternal verdure with which they were closely embraced, met the roving eye.



Captain Osborne had orders to land the recruits at Tellicherry, but he lay-to for half an hour near Mahé, and sent Monsieur Fortier and Nannette on shore. While the vessel was nearing that charming spot, George carried the French books he had to their cabins.

"Keep what I lent you, *mons fils*," said Monsieur, with a friendly grasp of his hand, "as une petite reminiscence of me, and come and see my garden at Mahé."

George then approached Nannette, and trembled as he entered her cabin door; with much difficulty he said he had come to return Elizabeth, and Paul and Virginia, and he attempted to express his admiration of their contents, and his regret at parting with their owner.

Two crystal drops stood in her eyes, and she said, "Oh then keep these two little volumes which I love, and they will remind you of me."

"Ah," answered the young enthusiast, "can you imagine that I require a remembrancer? But since you bestow on me what you love, I shall strive to prize the valued gift as it deserves, and never shall these dear books leave me but with my latest sigh."

"Since such is your determination," said she, laughing, "I must give you a more portable keepsake; take this," and she offered him a penknife; but drawing it back playfully, added in a girlish tone, "Nay, that would cut off remembrance; here





is my picture; and there," continued she, lopping off one of her ringlets with the knife, "is something more, to remind you that when I braid my hair, I shall think on him who risked his life so fearlessly to save mine from certain destruction," and she turned away and wept. But perceiving that George was about to be very tender in his reply, she brushed away the tears and added, "*Nay now, je vous entends*—there is my hand—fare thee well."

He pressed the rosy fingers of Nannette to his quivering lips that could not articulate adieu, and casting a longing, lingering look, retired.



## CHAP. VI.

The muse of history wipes the tear away;  
Thy battles, Clive, she shows in bright array.  
We trace our empire from where Ganges laves  
Bengalia's eastern coast with her blue waves,  
To where wide Indus cools the western shore,  
And hears the surges of Arabia roar.

**MR. CLIVE** beginning that course of success which afterwards ennobled him, backed by an English fleet under Admiral Watson, retook Calcutta the year after its capture, conquered the armies of Surajah Dowlah, and deposed him from the soubahship; placing his prime minister, Ally Kaun, in his stead, who soon after put his former master to death. But the limits assigned to these sketches will not permit the author to enter into the extensive fields of the history and geography of Hindostan. A very brief notice must therefore suffice.

The whole of this vast region may be said to extend in length, from latitude  $8^{\circ}$  N. to  $35^{\circ}$ , and from longitude  $72^{\circ}$  E. to  $92^{\circ}$  in breadth. This has been estimated at 1,020,000 geographical square miles; and the calculation is, that it contains 101,000,000 of inhabitants. Taking in the late acquisitions in the Deckan, Konkan, and Kutch, the British actually possess 400,000 square miles of this territory,





with a population of full 60,000,000 of souls; and the East India Company directly controul upwards of 776,000 square miles of India, containing 86,000,000 of men, for the only parts of Hindostan now independent are Nepaul, the territories of the Seiks, and those of Scindea, Holkar, and the Rajah of Berar; but late events have placed these powers so completely under the British government in the East, that our empire may now be said to extend from the Indus to the Burrumpootre, and from the Hemaleah mountains to the island of Ceylon. The western and northern boundaries are defined by the river Indus, and that prodigious chain of mountains that runs almost from China to Persia, eternally covered with snow, and forming a bulwark in many places 22,000 feet high between Hindostan and Tartary. On the south, the Indian Ocean washes the shores, and towards the east, the forests of Tipperah and mountains of Chittagong mark the frontiers. Having thus trespassed as little as possible upon the patience of the reader, the *jog-trot* is again resumed.

Our young adventurers soon joined their regiment at Cannanore, and, after due submission to preparatory discipline, were pronounced "fit for duty," and embodied with as brave a corps as ever charged bayonets. The adjutant, who was a gentleman of Devonshire, of polished manners and good education, seemed from the first moment to distinguish the trio. He shared his bungalow with



the ensign, and finding that Thoughtless and Stanley wrote tolerably well, he employed them as his clerks, and invited them to live near him in the office; for, said he, "Your youth may be corrupted by bad company and example in the barracks."

George soon observed that his regiment was full of life and spirit, the effects of harmony and brotherly love. Colonel Mars, who commanded it, had seen much service. Although he was fond of frequent field days, early parades, health marches, and sea bathing, and required the officers and men when out of their quarters constantly to appear in full regimentals, yet he was beloved by high and low; for impartial justice and the public good were the objects he had in view. In attaining which, he blended the *suaviter in modo* so agreeably with the *fortiter in re*, that his conduct was a model for the study of all under him. The mess was finely regulated, and never had George met more generous and gentlemanly companions. Frank and brave, his spirit was congenial with theirs, and he was soon considered a most promising young officer. His high opinion of Stanley and Thoughtless being known, procured for them much regard in the corps, and his brother officers frequently came into the office and noticed them with those winning little condescensions that are so pleasing to soldiers.

It may be presumed, that the admirer of Nannette was not unmindful of Mr. Fortier's invitation; and the approach of the period for holding the





ances at the French settlement presented to his ardent mind a favourable opportunity. On the evening previous to the appointed day, he rode with a gay heart, accompanied by the bucks of Cannanore and Tellicherry, to Mahé, which is beautifully situated on a rising ground, skirted with gardens and plantations, on the south side of a river navigable for a considerable distance higher than the town. A comfortable inn afforded accommodation for the night to such as had not pitched their marquees on the esplanade; and at dawn, next morning, the course exhibited the fashion and beauty of Malabar and Canara, while crowds of natives gave life and interest to the surrounding groves of lofty palms. It was a grand sight to see the fleet Arabian steeds, of noble form and mettle, struggling proudly and with arduous emulation towards the goal.

Monsieur Fortier was near the stand, mounted on a grey charger. Nannette beside him in a white muslin riding habit, hat and feather, on a black Pegu poney. "I rejoice to see you, Mr. True," said she, presenting her hand. "*Très bien, j'espère,*" cried Monsieur, giving him a friendly grasp; — "You breakfast with me, *allons donc.*" "You see what a fine prospect we have from our viranda," said Nannette, upon entering the house through a charming plantation of pepper vines, and a garden —

"Where creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

This fine viranda, in fact, went round the spacious apartment to which he was conducted, from the silken ceiling of which a tastefully painted punko was suspended, and the whole had the appearance of a grand canopy, supported by small green pillars of the Ionic order. Green venetian blinds separated the inner square from the viranda, to which there were four folding doors, leading down a magnificent flight of stairs. Gauze screens prevented the admission of dust into the viranda, and gave that nameless charm to the scene that a veil bestows on exquisite beauty. In the rear appeared the majestic ghauts and lovely country; from the left, hill and dale, adorned with groves and interesting villages; to the right, a winding river and the town of Mahé, while the front embraced the placid blue ocean. The sun was at this moment illuminating the whole. A ship, with every sail set, was standing down the coast. The tide was rippling over silver sand to bathe the marble steps leading down the *ghaut* from this delightful garden house. George was lost in contemplating the sweet prospect.

“How lovely! what a romantic spot this is,” said he to Nannette, with whom he was left, while Mr. Fortier went to see Madame, for a slight indisposition had confined her at home.

“It is, indeed, a lovely and romantic place,” replied she; “and there is a story that gives it real interest in the latter point of view.”





"Do, pray let me hear it," said George, with vivacity, for he had a strong tendency to romance.

"When we resided at Pondicherry, a young lady lived here with her father, who was beloved by a gentleman at Tellicherry; in every point an eligible match except in fortune, which the old people admired. The youth often ventured down the coast in a canoe, to serenade her, and attracted her attention from this viranda, where, after the family had retired to rest, she used to sit to see the moonlight, as she poetically said, dancing on the water to the silver tones of her guitar. The bed-chambers are at a considerable distance from this sitting-room, therefore her musical lover in the canoe was never overheard; and at length being fascinated, she descended the stairs, stepped into his boat, which conveyed her to a Syrian church situated in the bosom of a cocoa-nut *tope*, where the marriage ceremony was performed by the venerable high priest."

George could not have articulated a syllable in reply; but he was relieved from embarrassment by the entrance of Mr. Fortier, who conducted him to breakfast.

After an elegant *dejeuné*, and much agreeable conversation on general subjects, in which Madame Fortier evinced extensive acquaintance with French and English authors, and also with the Persian and Hindoo poets, our ensign, running his fingers over the keys of a piano-forte, said to Nannette, "Do



you ever sing my favourite, the Sentinel, now? Memory has often recurred to the pleasure I felt during our voyage in hearing it. The idea strikes me as beautiful."

"Indeed," replied she, "it is a great favourite with me also;" and with an evident inclination to gratify him, she seated herself at the instrument. The theme of the song was love and glory; and the stanzas expressing the constancy of a young French warrior, animated by those feelings, derived additional interest from the tasteful execution of the singer.

"I have no doubt," said Mr. Fortier, in the French language, "that such sentiments animate the hearts of many British soldiers as well as French."

"Elevated feeling," answered George, "must be more general in your army than in ours. Merit and bravery under the French government are sure passports to the highest promotion, and therefore great numbers of adventurers, whose education and family are highly respectable, enter the ranks as soldiers of fortune. In our service the army is recruited from the dregs of the people, and it is sometimes difficult in a regiment to find a sufficient number of intelligent tolerably well educated men for non-commissioned officers; and although the road is open to the superior ranks for every deserving man, yet not one in a hundred is ever so fortunate as to get a commission."





“There is something in the organization of the British army,” said Madame Fortier, “which is very extraordinary. It appears to me strange that its discipline can inspire such men as compose it with the conspicuous bravery and fortitude in the hour of trial which characterize the English among the nations of Europe.”

“The institutions of the British army,” replied Mr. Fortier, “are admirably suited to the moral and physical habitudes of its component parts; its discipline inspires passive obedience in the soldier, and haughty superiority in the officer: its dress engenders pride, and gradually raises every man, however low, to self-estimation and consequence in his own eyes—feelings that necessarily produce habitual courage, far preferable to the enthusiasm of our troops, that constantly requires a strong stimulus to rouse it into action. The punishment in your army is well calculated also to awe vulgar minds, not accustomed to reflection; but it would destroy all energy and public spirit in ours. But, in short, there is a national intrepidity in the British, a constitutional boldness, something like what we admire in a game-cock, that gives you a just claim to be ranked with the most warlike nations that ever existed.”

“I am quite sure,” said Nannette, “that Mr. True’s gallant deliverer, Frank Stanley, is not of vulgar origin.” And both she and Mr. Fortier made enquiries respecting his health and welfare.



CSL

## FIFTEEN YEARS IN INDIA.

“There are,” said George, “in every regiment in our service, some young men in the ranks of superior connections, whose extravagance or misfortune ruined their early prospects. In short, the brother of the Earl of Winterton, the Honourable Charles Tunmour, was a private soldier the other day at Bombay.”

The conversation then took a general turn ; and George became acquainted with many interesting particulars respecting the manners and customs of Malabar.





## CHAP. VII.

The page where Wellesley's glorious name appears,  
Is rich with martial deeds of former years ;  
With mighty plans which from his genius rose,  
And crushed or neutralized Britannia's foes.  
To Minto then we turn with rapid glance,  
And see him wrest the eastern isles from France ;  
While Russel gains his native land applause,  
By shielding millions with her equal laws.

According to Sir John Malcom, at the conclusion of the Marquis Wellesley's government, the following was the state of India :—The Emperor of Delhi was under the British protection. Secunder Jay, the Subadar of the Deckan, was completely confirmed in our alliance, and maintained a subsidiary force of one regiment of Europeans, two corps of native cavalry, six battalions of Sepoys, and a proportion of artillery.

The complete reduction of the Mahratta Chief, Scindea, Baggogee, Bhoonsla, and Holkar, had been effected. The government of Tippo was annihilated, and that of the Mysore family established. Our authority had been completely introduced into the Carnatic. The conquest of Cuttack had connected the territories of Madras and Bengal, and the cession of Guzerat, Malabar, and Canara, combined almost the whole coast from the Ganges



CSL

## FIFTEEN YEARS IN INDIA.

to the Indus. The whole of the Duab was in our possession, and the right bank of the Jumna, with a line of petty states from the mountains of Cumaoun to Bundlecund.

It is not my intention to enter into the rise and progress of this extensive power. One or two observations must suffice. The decline of the Portuguese nation facilitated the elevation of the British; and the ability of Lord Clive, Mr. Hastings, and the Marquis of Wellesley, consolidated our conquests into a fine empire. No portion of history is more pregnant with interesting matter. The British had not merely to fight the native powers, but to conquer the French; and instances of valour and self-devotion might be adduced, from the pages of Orme and others, worthy of the most warlike periods of Greece and Rome; for is there in ancient or modern times, an example of greater skill and intepidity than that recorded of Major Laurence, who in 1753, at Golden Rock, near Trichinopoly, with 380 Europeans and 500 Sepoys, charged the French battalion under Monsieur Astruck, and routed it, though superior in numbers to his own, and backed by the whole Mysore army and Mahratta cavalry, who made repeated charges up to the very bayonets.

The power of the French, though it continued formidable in the islands of the Mauritius and Java at the end of Marquis Wellesley's administration, had been entirely destroyed, by his amazing





talents, on the continent of Asia, and it was left for Lord Minto, during his mild and equitable government, to wrest these last possessions from that enterprising nation, whose privateers traversed the Indian seas, and captured the pilot vessels at the mouth of the river Hoogly. No British governor general was ever the object of such general admiration among the natives as Lord Wellesley. The vulgar thought him a god; and I have heard some of the classically educated half casts call him the Pericles of England. It is said that such was the activity of his mind, during his important administration, that he hardly ever sat down to breakfast, but walking thoughtfully round the table, recruited nature, and returned to business. He caused the magnificent government house to rise on a scale worthy of his country's glory. To him is due the praise of establishing the college of Fort William, and of discovering those military talents in his brother, which the battle of Assaye made known to England, and which have since astonished the world, and conferred on Ireland the honour of having produced the greatest captain of the age.

British prosperity in India appears, in a great measure, to depend on the ability of the governor general, who is armed with almost despotic power. His talent and conduct may be said to ensure the loyalty of the native forces, and the secure confidence of the inhabitants, that their persons, property,



institutions, and customs are held sacred. But, besides the Hindoo and Mahomedan population, there is a numerous class of subjects, called half-casts, who require particular attention. They are excluded from the military and civil service, although many of them are men of talent and education. It may gratify pride to consider their energies inferior to those of their fathers, because there is a shade of difference in their colour; but man is every where essentially the same, and national superiority seems to be produced by artificial causes. Now, they profess the same creed as we do — our laws are theirs — their passions are warmed by the same education, and their souls expanded by similar references to those land-marks of antiquity that urged their sires to aim at immortality, but they are sunk in their own estimation, by seeing the road to ambition shut against them. Their situation excites pity, which is a dangerous feeling when directed to a formidable and increasing body.

The regular army of India has, during the late war, been considerably increased, and at present it consists of about one hundred and fifty thousand men, thirty thousand of whom are Europeans, chiefly king's troops; for the Company, beside their civil and military servants, have only about five thousand European soldiers formed into five battalions of artillery and three of infantry. Their native cavalry consists of about ten thousand men, remarkably well mounted and appointed, with ex-





perienced and active European officers, who have organized and disciplined them precisely on the British system. The infantry is in like manner in a most efficient state. The whole is formed into regiments, each having two battalions, with about the same establishment of European officers as a single regiment in his Majesty's service. Promotion proceeds according to seniority in each corps as far as captain, but the higher steps go by army rank on the presidency to which each regiment belongs. The native part of this fine army, as was proved in the rebellion in 1809, may be employed by designing men, for the destruction of government; and principles of a very dangerous tendency were then circulated among the Madras troops by their officers. There seems, however, to be a radical defect in the native organization of the Indian army. The highest rank in it for a native officer is that of subadar, to which he rises from the ranks through the grades of naik, havildar, and jemidar. But a subadar is subordinate to an ensign placed in the company with him. It is the nature of the human mind to look forward to some object; but hope in the breast of a subadar stagnates and produces dissatisfaction, which is communicated to the sepoys; and several instances might be adduced of this feeling in the massacres that have occurred whenever the prospect of change excited them to turn their bayonets against their European officers.



In the European part of the Company's army there is also an illiberal defect: non-commissioned officers cannot rise to the rank of ensign. This exclusion, which is contrary to the spirit of British equality, of course affects the sense of proper pride, and retards the expansion of spirit which would otherwise take place. Many very comfortable situations, however, are open to them, such as those of conductors of ordnance; and several of them having amassed a little money, are permitted to settle as shopkeepers in the interior, where they wear out life with comfort and independence.

Nearly all the native soldiers, with the exception of the Mahomedans, are raj-puts, which term means "offspring of the royal race." This tribe is a subdivision of the grand class *khatri*, of which it is said there are one thousand sects. Bravery, glory, fortitude, generosity, and princely conduct are the characteristics of this cast. They affect the nominal termination of *singh*, which in Sanscrit is "the lion;" an apt symbol of the ferocious courage of this race of warriors.

The natives of India, with respect to the administration of justice, are in the same state as their forefathers under the Mogul emperors, with the additional protection afforded to them by the supreme court at Calcutta, in which they can prosecute any European judge or magistrate for an unlawful exercise of his power. Hindoo and Mahomedan





laws are in full operation all over the country. The Nizamut Adoulut of Calcutta superintends the criminal courts, and the Sudder Dewany Adoulut governs the proceedings in the civil ones. The supreme court consists of a chief justice and two puisne judges, with an establishment of six barristers and fourteen attornies, under the same formalities which exist in this country. Its jurisdiction, as an admiralty court, extends over the high seas between India and the Cape of Good Hope; and the measure of its operation by land is guided by the limits assigned to the presidency of Bengal, and by native rights and customs. The Hindoos admire our laws, but complain of the attornies as the greatest sharks in the universe. Nevertheless, each office may be seen full of Hindoos every day, being the most litigious people in the world; and perhaps there is more moral depravity to be witnessed about the seat of justice in Calcutta, than in any other place on the face of the earth. Sir Henry Russel was for many years lord-chief-justice of Calcutta, and his impartiality and benevolence secured the affections of the natives to such a degree, that many thousands of them presented him a most grateful address upon the occasion of his departure for Europe; but this great and good man had often to deplore the perjury and profligacy of native witnesses.

One great defect in the judicial establishments



in India, however, is, that the supreme criminal courts have such a vast extent of jurisdiction over Europeans, and the perpetrators of crimes have to be brought from such a distance for trial, before punishment can be inflicted, that the salutary effect of it in prevention is in a great measure lost. A short anecdote will illustrate this: His Majesty's 17th regiment of foot was for a long time stationed on the northern frontier, upwards of one thousand miles from Calcutta, and many of the soldiers began to despair of ever more seeing the presidency; from this feeling, seven of them entered into a conspiracy to murder a black man, under the impression that only one of them would be hanged for the crime, and that in the mean time they would all have a pleasant trip to Calcutta; accordingly, a musket was loaded, and lots were drawn, and they proceeded together a little way from the cantonment in search of their victim, who was ploughing his field, when he received a bullet through his heart, from the hand that had been armed for his protection. Five of the seven were executed in Calcutta for the murder; and it is probable, that if a criminal court, having jurisdiction over Europeans, had been near the spot where it was committed, six lives would have been saved to the community, and an enormity prevented which must necessarily have produced disgust and horror among the native population of the place. There is another





defect, a hardship, perhaps an injustice, under which those natives labour who are amenable to the British courts of law. The jury, by which they are tried, is composed entirely of Europeans, and the reader will easily conceive how objectionable this regulation is in several points of view. Every facility is, however, afforded to the inhabitants of Calcutta, in recovering debts from Europeans. Commissioners are appointed, who sit daily, and in whose court a process is followed up, similar to civil bill in this country, but more expeditious in its operation.

When Ensign True returned to Cannanore, he told Frank Stanley the romantic story with which Nannette had amused him; "but," added he, "I suspect my fair young lady has embellished a plain tale with a little poetical fancy."

"Confusion to me," said Frank, "but I would offer Miss Nannette a seat in a canoe."

"That is my intention," replied George. "I shall buy one directly, and get a fisherman to paddle us down the coast. Your flute and my violin will sound delightfully on the water."

"There is Moote," rejoined Frank, "our cook, whose father is a boatman, and the lad was brought up to catch pamphlets and bombaloes, till he thought he could better his prospects by frying them. I am sure he will answer your purpose exactly."



“Come hither, Moote,” said George, “and tell me—can you paddle a canoe well?”

“That my business, master,” answered Moote.

“Then go quick, Moote, and purchase a large one,” said the ensign. “For what will you get one?”

“A gold mohur very large tree canoe will buy, master.”

At this moment, a furious rustling was heard between the mats of the ceiling and the *cudjans* that covered the office; and a piercing cry of some animal in great pain, seemingly throttled by another. Soon after, the mat burst, and a large rat tumbled to the floor, followed by a prodigious snake, as thick as a man’s leg, and of great length. George, Frank, and Charles jumped on the cots to avoid the snake, and with their weapons of defence they began to slash away at the unwelcome intruder; but the rat escaped under the door, and the snake pursued it, and was lost in the long grass of the compound,

A beautiful *teerettee*, belonging to the adjutant’s establishment, hearing the uproar, came running to the door, followed by her two maids. She was dressed in fine Indian muslin, and gorgeously decorated with jewels, having clusters of pearls in her ears, rings of rubies on her fingers, chains of gold round her neck, and bracelets sparkling with gems on her wrists, while from her nose hung a bunch of precious stones.





Moote, having satisfied her curiosity, coolly observed, "Rat snakes very good, master — thank God, you no kill; master would die, if snake die."

"Confusion to me," exclaimed Frank, "but this is a queer country, where such superstitious notions prevail."

In the stillness of a beautiful night, George's canoe, managed by Moote, was seen gliding down the coast of Malabar, and approaching the charming residence of Nannette. The silver tones of a fine *rondeau*, by Kreutzer, crept along the dark blue waves, while a moon-beam discovered her, seated in the *viranda*, attentive to the recognized musicians. George's fingers expressed on his violin the emotions of his soul; and Frank's flute formed a fine accompaniment to a symphony, when it ceased, and they sung a lyrical composition, while George's Cremona produced a charming bass.

When it was concluded, the boat paddled in silence towards Monsieur Fortier's ghaut; but Nannette waved her hand in token of disapprobation, and having struck, with much feeling, a few notes of "O say, simple maid," on her piano-forte, disappeared.

"Is not that from *Incle and Yarico*," said Frank Stanley; "and does not the fair lady say to her lover, that she would follow him all over the



world? Confusion to me, but she does, and it is an answer to your serenade."

George replied with great spirit, on his violin, "Voulez vous danser, mademoiselle?" in which he was joined by Frank; and Moote, dropping his paddle, began to dance, and skipped into the ocean, where he swam about for some time, singing "*Tazzee be tazzee, tazzee ta*," while his legs and arms splashed in cadence to the music.





## CHAP. VIII.

Now Hastings ! England looks to thee for fame,  
Time has enrolled thy well established name,  
And soon thy worth and wisdom forth will blaze,  
With splendour equal to the highest praise.  
Were all the great philanthropists like thee,  
The dreary world a paradise would be ;  
But very few are now disposed to aid,  
Unless by interested motives sway'd.

THE Marquis of Hastings, from the days of his childhood, displayed an ardour for glory. When young, in America, he bravely marched from his entrenchments to meet an enemy vastly his superior in numbers ; and with success, which his ability and valour ensured, conquered and maintained his position. Amidst the congregating masses of French columns, in his riper years, he nobly advanced into the heart of the Continent, and safely conducted reinforcements to his prince in the moment of imminent danger ; and when his country required his personal exertion at an advanced period of life, he relinquished the ease and luxury of a palace, and the joys of domestic felicity, to expose himself beneath the burning sun of a pestilential climate in the heart of Hindostan. The greatness of his character will thus be recorded in the scroll of time, while its amiable qualities are treasured in the bosom of thousands of his poor

fellow-creatures, who owe their prosperity to him; for every man, however humble, who can lay claim to merit, is sure to find in him a friend, ready to hear, and prompt to serve. —

While memory holds her empire o'er my brain,  
Thy bounty on her tablet shall remain!

Whoever has read his Lordship's reply to an address from the inhabitants of Calcutta, on his return to that city after his glorious campaign, which ended in the overthrow of Holkar's army, and in the destruction of the power held by two most treacherous chiefs, the Nagpore Rajah, and Peishwa, will admit, that the late Mahratta war was fraught with perils of fearful magnitude. Had it not been for the transcendant talent and wisdom with which his Lordship met them, the effects might have been very different. Scindea would have thrown his whole power into the scale against us. Instead of the combination being destroyed in detail, the united forces of the northern parts of India would have been directed against the Company's possessions, and the war carried into their finest provinces.

The horrible irruptions of the Pindarries into the territories of our allies forced his Lordship into this war, which has happily terminated in the extirpation of that horde of plunderers, and in a vast accession to the former stupendous resources of the Company. The origin of the Pindarries is involved in obscurity. They are first mentioned by





an authentic historian, in the operations of Aurungzebe in the Deckan, in the year 1689. They served under Peishwa Bajeit Row, in his invasion of Malwa in 1730, and with Sadishee Row, at the battle of Paniput, in 1761. After this they established themselves on the banks of the Nerbudda; and, in the British war of 1803 with the Mahrattas, almost attained to independence on the fall of the latter. When the Mahrattas began to recover strength, and their restless spirits prompted them to look forward with hope to conquest, great attention was paid by them to the Pindarries. These freebooters were, in fact, considered as constituting a military school favourable to their own purposes, and encouraged by them. Acting secretly by their management, they were divided into two grand corps, called "Scindea Shahee" and "Holkar Shahee," and trained to make very long marches. Incredible things have been stated of their movements; but it is well known, that when pressed they marched at the rate of 100 miles in two days, 300 in a week, 500 in a fortnight, over hills, &c., and that their ordinary rate was from 30 to 40 miles a day. They were all mounted on Mahratta horses, many of which were of a small and feeble breed; but their utmost animal energies were excited by doses of opium proportioned to their fatigue. Out of every five Pindarries, two were well armed with spears, swords, and targets and matchlocks, and mounted on strong large horses; the other three were *looterers*,



and sent into the villages, while the well organized body remained in array to cover and protect their plundering operations. These two grand divisions of the Pindarries were subdivided into battalions of from 500 to 1000, commanded by an officer, called "Thookar," who had under him subalterns, called Mohullodars and Targee Walls, commanding smaller divisions of from 100 to 500, or from 10 to 100, according to the exigencies of the service.

Much need not be said respecting the latter part of the poetical head of this chapter. The man who has travelled through life without being introduced into it by the powerful hand of patronage, and who has had to struggle against that coldness to all the duties of humanity which, as Dr. Gregory assured his daughters, pervades mankind, will perfectly understand those lines that deplore "worth by poverty oppressed." Long is it before a youth, deprived of parental aid, and wandering among strangers, can rise to rank and independence. Every one, even if we give him credit for more than ordinary feeling, has duties to perform nearer home, and says, "I must be just before I am liberal." He has a brother, a nephew, a cousin, a school-fellow, a friend, or a great man's dependent recommended to him, to provide for and promote. Modesty, merit, talent, and activity are admired, and, when out of their proper sphere, pitied; but such is the nature of things, that the man who is down is kept there; and if he rise to





distinction, he may thank fortune, and the rare generosity of some individual, rather than his own desert.

On the morning after the serenade, George entered the office:—"Stanley," said he, "we have alarming news from the Wynaud, the Nairs are in arms; perhaps we may march in a few hours."

"Confusion!" answered Frank. "There is an orderly galloping from the fort with orders."

He reined his frothing steed at the adjutant's door, delivered some papers, and dashed off towards the brigade-major's.

"Thoughtless," said the adjutant, "copy that into the orderly book, and send it to the serjeant-major;" and he mounted his horse, and spurred towards the quarter-master's.

"R. O.—The regiment will march to-morrow morning right in front and in light order. Generale to beat at four, and the assembly at five o'clock. All the heavy baggage and women to be left behind. The surgeon will take care that no man quits the hospital who is not well able to bite a cartridge. The quarter-master will transport with the corps forty thousand rounds of spare ammunition, after completing each pouch with sixty whistlers."

"Well, this is too bad," said Frank; "confusion to me, but it is."

"Love must give way to duty," replied George; "now for glory, and then for Nannette."



“Hip, hip, hurra!” cried Thoughtless. “Hippé hippé, hurree!” exclaimed Moote, in a shrill tone of imitation. “*Ka babbery*,” said Panama, the pretty teerettee, and she and her two *ayahs* came running into the office, and saw George, Frank, and Charles dancing round it for joy, at the idea of sharing in a glorious campaign.

The moon rose robed in silver. No cloud impeded her course through the transparent azure atmosphere, while the dark blue placid ocean reflected her mild rays. A canoe was seen paddling down the Malabar coast, fanned by zephyrs from the spice-breathing shore. Some of Mozart’s tender, melancholy, and affecting tones were heard sliding along the strings of a fine Cremona, and rising occasionally into those majestic swells peculiar to the harmonic powers of the violin. Then a symphony to Moote’s popular Hindostanee air, called *Tazzee be tazzee*, followed, joined by a finely-touched flute; and George’s voice, with great emotion, murmured some stanzas, conveying an affectionate farewell, which crept on the rippling waves to the ear of Nannette, who was leaning thoughtfully against a pillar in the viranda. This serenade being ended, the canoe was put about by the skilful Moote, and the sweet voice of Nannette, accompanied by her piano-forte, was heard:—

Malbroug s’en va-t-en guerre,  
Mironton ton ton mirontaire, &c.





Then her lily hand waved the signal of departure,  
and her faltering tongue uttered —

“Vale! vale! iterum vale! non longè vale.”

The dawn of the next day discovered eight hundred gallant hearts in full march. Colonel Mars's grey charger pawed the turf in front; the adjutant, on a bay arab, appeared in rear. Two six-pounders, a pair of light howitzers with their tumbrils, and a proportion of artillery-men and pioneers were in the centre. In two days the camp was pitched on the bank of the stony river, at the foot of the Poodi-cherrum ghaut. The rains had subsided on the coast; but this region of mountains was still capped with clouds, that occasionally burst in vivid flashes of lightning and explosions of thunder. Torrents of rain had recently fallen, and masses of water were now precipitated over precipices, forming majestic cataracts. The river was swollen, and it was found necessary to halt next day, in the hope that the floods would be carried off to the sea; for the rocky bed of the river was unfordable, and it was impossible to cross, except by a swinging bridge for foot-passengers, constructed by the villagers of Viatore with bamboos. It was thrown over from two high cliffs, between which the roaring floods had forced their way. The bamboos were fastened together with the fibres of the cocoa-nut, and swung upwards of one hundred feet above the foaming torrent. This bridge, just wide enough to admit



one man between two coir ropes that ran along its edges, supported at intervals by upright bamboos, danced in air beneath the tread of the dizzy passenger. Here Frank and his friend Charles stood and gazed with awe at the stupendous wonders of nature, proclaiming, as loudly as the thunder on the mountains, the majesty and omnipotence of the Creator.

No breath of air ruffled the leaves of the forests about Viatore. At night, the hisses of snakes sighed fearfully through the stillness of the glens near the camp, and the howls of tigers, wolves, and leopards were heard echoing along the mountains, while perspiration oozed from every pore, under the oppressive closeness of the atmosphere. But next morning the furious torrent had subsided into a silver stream, which the guns and elephants crossed with ease. The advance-guard was seen winding round the ghauts, tottering up frightful abruptions, and creeping down fearful declivities, where a false step would have been certain destruction. Then five hundred naked natives were beheld, bounding like goats from crag to crag. These mountaineers had been sent by the Coorg Rajah, to assist in getting up the guns and tumbrils; and with pioneers, and working parties of the soldiers, they at length succeeded in hoisting the artillery from tree to tree, letting them down with similar caution, from one perpendicular to another. Seven miles the mighty struggle continued against





the difficulties which nature presented in this frightful pass over the ghauts, of which some idea may be formed, when it is remembered, that the Bombay army, which first entered Mysore through it, were three weeks in transporting fourteen pieces of heavy cannon from the bottom to the top. The ghauts are higher than any mountains in Europe, and justly called the Indian Appenines. They are clothed nearly to their summits with lofty trees.

George reached the end of the pass, and while the head of the column halted for the rear to come up, he sat down on a rock, with his naked breast exposed, to receive the cool air that now played upon his heated frame. He saw from this elevation the sea that washed the dwelling of Nannette, and kissing her portrait, that hung near his heart, said to Frank —

“ Place me beneath the burning ray,  
Where rolls the rapid car of day ;  
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,  
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.”

“ But confusion to heroics, and all sorrow and thinking,” added he, and he sunk into his usual tranquillity of soul.

They now saw the elephants winding up the ghauts, loaded with tents, and beheld their sagacity and caution with wonder, in situations where a single false step would have precipitated their vast carcasses some hundred yards from the road into an abyss below. Their attention was also directed



to the bullocks, loaded with trunks, creeping with surprising success up places where a beholder would suppose it impossible for them to climb, and sliding down other steeps almost perpendicular, while the officer's horses, conducted by their grooms, could scarcely keep on their legs. An Indian hermit, who lives in a cave in this pass, was an object of curiosity to every eye. He was naked. His body and face were painted with chalk of different colours, while his eyes glared from their deep emaciated sockets. A long brown beard hung down over his breast, clotted and matted with ashes falling on it from his head, the reddish hair of which almost reached to the ground. His habitation appeared to be a cavity formed by the fall of an immense fragment of rock, dislodged from an overhanging part of the stupendous mountain under whose threatening brow he resided. It had bedded itself partly in the earth, and on other rocks; and the old man had made a door of wattles, and a fence of thorns, to keep off wild beasts. A clear stream ran through the cave. The hermit lived on the contributions of travellers; in return for which he performed his devotional exercises, counting a string of large wooden beads that hung round his neck, and scattering wild flowers, red paint, and oil on an idol cut out of the rock, while he prayed aloud for the success of their journey.

From their rocky seats, Frank and his friend Charles saw the clouds flashing lightning, and





bellowing forth peals of thunder, far beneath them. The air then becoming clearer, a vast prospect opened of green waving trees, successively receding from their view, in a gentle undulation, instead of that abrupt steep which they expected to contemplate from the head of the Poodicherrum. Nothing could be more beautiful than the silvery appearance of the rivers, winding through the provinces of Malabar and Canara towards the sea, and disclosing themselves like veins on the transparent bosom of loveliness.

“Can it be the deception of distance,” said Charles, “that makes azure masses of light and shadow of the huge ghauts over which we have crept, and gives the sea-girt shore that charming and varied appearance, which imagination never before formed to my mental eye.”

“Yes,” answered Frank; “and a similar delusion delights us in the prospect of human life.”

“Do you think,” added Charles, “if our friend Mr. True had Nannette, you Sarah, and I my own simple Mary, in some delightful rural spot at home, with competence and health smiling upon our happy dwellings, that a wish would remain, or that distance would seem pregnant with greater felicity.”

His reflecting English friend shook his head, and, with the characteristic solidity of his countrymen, replied,

“Intellect says, that weak man, looking forward to felicity in an immortal state, cannot find on earth

what is in heaven. When surrounded with every terrestrial charm, the restless soul, therefore, creates imaginary wants; and, according to our favourite Roman author, 'to wish is to be still a slave.' Nevertheless, with the aid of the pure religion of our fathers, and the kindness of the God to whom our mothers called in the pains of our birth, we might experience as much happiness as falls within the sphere of human enjoyment. We expect too much, and generally think we receive too little. In short, how could we avoid drawing a bill upon futurity, to ensure the possession in another world of those fascinating forms which we are sure must become as lifeless and cold in this as the clay of which they are formed. To lose irrecoverably an object dearer than self, seems almost beyond the balm that religion administers to the sorrows of life."

At this moment approached a group of native horsemen, armed with matchlocks, targets, spears, and swords, and wearing turbans and long quilted gowns. A stout copper-coloured personage, with whiskers and large mustachios, was in front: his legs were cased in military boots that reached half way up his thighs, and a large sabre, in red velvet scabbard glittered in gold mountings at his side, while a miniature of Marquis Wellesley, set in diamonds and pearls, decorated his breast. He was met by Colonel Mars, and surrounded by the officers, whom he welcomed to the Coorg, in broken





English. This was no less a person than the Rajah of that country, the firm friend of the Company, and an imitator of our costume and manners. Many of the officers accompanied his highness to his palace, for the purpose of enjoying a profusion of excellent claret and champagne, with a good substantial dinner, in a pavilion, which he had erected on the model of one at Brighton, and where a fine company of dancing girls were in waiting to amuse his guests.

In the meantime, some of the young soldiers who had taken off their shoes and gaiters, were suffering much from the bites of leeches, which had crept up their legs. At first they were not felt, being not much thicker than a hair, but when filled with blood, they became as large as one's finger, and felt as cold as ice. Such men as permitted them to drop off when satiated, scarcely felt any pain, but those who tore them off, groaned in torment, and bled profusely. This was the cause of much noise and laughter in camp; but some terror was excited, upon finding that thousands of black scorpions and snakes were lurking under the stones in the tents, and in the long grass around them.

"Well, confusion to me," said Stanley, "but this is a wonderful country." "Wonderful, indeed!" said Thoughtless; "look here," and a number of naked *coolies* approached, carrying wild hogs, buffaloes, antelopes, tigers, leopards, and

mountain goats, tied to bamboos on their shoulders, which had been sent by the Coorg Rajah, as a feast for the soldiers.

The object of the force was to reduce a refractory chief in Wynaud, who, aided by the Nairs, Poligars, and Moplas, had refused to pay tribute, and attacked the collector. Colonel Mars turned to the right, therefore, on passing Rajapet, and entered the immense *jungles* that extend along the back of the ghauts. Although the country lying eastward of these mountains is called the table land, it is not a plain, nor is the surface on a level with the tops of the ghauts. On the contrary, in their vicinity, the country is mountainous, and the plains of Mysore are approached through chains of fine hills and forests of noble timber. From this region of *Tiek*, the Company draw their supplies for the manufactory of gun-carriages at Seringapatam. The quarter-master often found it difficult to pitch upon an open space for encampment, such impenetrable clumps of bamboos grew among the trees, each as thick as a man's leg, and as tall as the mast of a ship. Some of the vallies and open tracts in these forests are cultivated, and the wild inhabitants make extraordinary habitations, like nests, in the clumps, consisting of many hundreds of bamboos, growing together so closely as to touch, whence, by cutting out the centre ones, a secure dwelling is easily made, to which they ascend by steps cut in the clump. From these nests a watch is kept over





the cultivated spots, and the beasts of the forest are assailed with noise and arrows. The warriors and chiefs of this country, as well as a great part of Malabar, are called Nairs. Hyder Ally was the first Mahomedan that subdued them. After the overthrow of his son Tippoo, they were restored to power by the British government; but such was their tyranny over the inferior casts, that it could not be tolerated on principles of humanity. A Nair may approach a Brahmin; but if a Teir came near a Nair, the latter would cut him down; and the murders committed in this way were formerly deplorably great. They are exceedingly expert in the use of the bow, and discharge several arrows at the same time, by means of their feet and hands.

As the force approached the hills of Pollinjol, the advance guard, flankers and rear, were annoyed by showers of these arrows whizzing from invisible enemies. Had an inexperienced officer commanded, the casualties would have been very great; but Colonel Mars advanced with such caution that he baffled every attack. Advantage was taken of the wind, and the jungles were set on fire. The scene was awfully grand, for the flames flew like lightning through the dry underwood and long grass. Wild elephants and tigers were heard crashing the forest in their flight; while the yells of such Nairs as were overtaken in the nests from which they fired their arrows were appalling; but the Poligars and Moplas, who were



making common cause with the Nairs, seized every height, and fired rockets upon the force. These are tubes of iron filled with combustibles, and tied to a long bamboo with thongs. A charge of powder carries this missile through the air, in the direction it receives, to a prodigious distance, and it bursts with awful noise, while the bamboo forms circles when the rocket lights, and destroys every thing in its way. Fortunately, its fiery course through the air, where it forms a beautiful bow like a falling star, and the noise of its approach, are such, that soldiers can easily get out of its reach. Nevertheless, great confusion was produced on the baggage flank by these frightful weapons. All opposition on the part of the enemy was, however, unavailing; one position was assailed after another, and such destruction was caused by grape-shot and shrapnel-shells, that the chief of the table-land gave up the contest, and Colonel Mars re-established a strong post in a fine stockade near Mamentoddy, the beauty of whose situation, though deformed by war, was striking.

The force, therefore, having succeeded in its operations above, now descended the ghauts, through the Cooteady pass, which was obstinately defended by the Nairs and Moplas, who had a strong mud fort at the bottom. Acquainted with the difficulties the force had to encounter, the enemy occupied every rock and tree, firing upon the line incessantly, as it was creeping and winding slowly





along. Several brave fellows had their arms pinned to their sides, and their bodies and limbs pierced; but the military skill and perseverance of Colonel Mars overcame every thing. He had foreseen the nature of the service, and provided plenty of doolies; and the collector had such influence over the coolies, that very few of them deserted. Night, however, overtook the force about the middle of the pass, and it was obliged to bivouac till morning. The scene was tremendous. Showers of arrows and rockets fell around the out-posts during the whole of this struggle, which the darkness of night did not interrupt. The ghauts appeared in a blaze, and the roar of artillery and musketry among such masses of mountains may be conceived, but cannot be described. Camp fires were lighted, and the commissariat being in fine order, the soldiers received their drams and rations with the utmost regularity; and Colonel Mars, with his own eyes, after securing his position near the river in a sort of valley, saw that the wounded received all possible attention. Next morning he reached Cooteady, and invested the fort, which he determined to take by escalade.

Ladders of bamboo were accordingly constructed, and the force went down to storm the place at daylight next morning, the defences having been all destroyed by the six-pounders. The guns opened on the great entrance, as if the main attack was intended to be made there against the gates and



sally ports. But Colonel Mars had in the meantime formed the regiment into three divisions, one of which now made a false attack with a howitzer on the opposite quarter, and an alarm was given that the English were mounting the walls. The *gingals*, bowmen, and matchlocks were all hurried by the killedar to that face, and opened a tremendous fire on some stone pagodas, and thick hedges, behind which the colonel had ordered Captain Steel to post his men, with a discretionary power to act according to circumstances. Major Forward, with the second division, wheeled to the left under the wall, and placed his ladders against a weak angle, the loop-holes of which were destroyed; while Colonel Mars, with the grenadiers and light infantry, carried an out-work on the right. The killedar, upon discovering the major's position, hastened thither, distracted in his mind; but before he could reach that point, Frank Stanley and several grenadiers had mounted the parapet; and Colonel Mars, who was one of the first on the wall, waving his sword, exclaimed, "My brave comrades, follow me;" and he hastened to turn the garrison from the second division, that would have been otherwise exposed to a murderous fire. Captain Steel observing that the killedar had withdrawn numbers of the garrison from his face of the fort, determined upon co-operation with his commanding officer; and Ensign True was one of the first that mounted the ladders. Major Forward had





now gained the ramparts, having been nobly aided by Charles Thoughtless, who volunteered to lead the forlorn hope; but the Nairs, seeing that they were attacked on all sides, were struck with panic terror, and, throwing themselves over the walls, were either dashed to pieces or escaped into the woods.

The Moplas, having now become sensible of the hopeless part they had espoused, made the best terms possible with the collector, and the whole country was in a few months restored to obedience and tranquillity. Colonel Mars returned with the force to Cannanore, after making a demonstration through the province: and in marching past Mahé, George perceived the well-known lily hand of Nannette waving from the rear viranda, as she recognized him passing, mounted on his bay Arab; for he, Frank, and Charles had escaped unhurt, or, in poetical language, the shield of love and friendship had protected them from arrows, Nairs, Poligars, Moplas, and rockets.

Panama and her two *ayahs* ran out to express their joy at seeing the adjutant return, rosy with health and toil; and Moote, as soon as he had prepared some fish, rice, and coffee for Charles and Frank's breakfast, made his *salam*, and went to see if the canoe was in safety.



## CHAP. IX.

Ye palaces, where *bobberchees* excite,  
For luxuries, the languid appetite ;  
Say, why Dame Fortune fills a tailor's sail,  
While science is the inmate of your jail ?  
Say how attorney's wives can ape the great,  
Loll in barouche or sociable in state ?  
How coachmakers can hoard up *crores* of wealth,  
And dancing-masters chariots keep for health ?  
How auctioneers and stable boys can lay  
A *lack* up safe to cheer a rainy day ?  
While oft the book-taught skill of Greece and Rome,  
Finds in this burning clime nought but a tomb !  
Nay, e'en the dregs of Gunga's sable race,  
Gratuitously false with callous face,  
Who lend their gold at ninety-nine per cent.,  
And pocket half the *mohurs* which they lent,  
Soon cease on fickle fortune to depend,  
While learning pines without a single friend.

A good table is not considered enough in Calcutta ; it must groan beneath the weight of every thing in season, and the native cooks are very expert ticklers of the Epicurean palate. The usual routine of living in Bengal is similar to that at Madras, but much more gorgeous. After morning exercise, breakfast is taken, which consists not only of tea and coffee, and the light accompaniments usually served up in this country,





but of highly spiced meat, fish and fowl, with all the varieties of fruit produced in that garden of the East, and preserves, ices, and jellies in endless profusion. Perhaps there is not in the world a greater delicacy than the mango fish of the Hoogly, which is as beautiful to the eye as it is delightful to the taste. With the flavour of the mango, which is an uncommonly fine fruit, it combines the colour and richness of the trout, and has a fine large roe which cannot be compared to anything, being a perfect original. For two months in the year this charming fish is caught in plenty, and the roes are preserved, and always appear at table. The mango fish is as large as a trout, and in the estimation of a gentleman who would have done honour to the court of Helio-gabalus, is worth a voyage of fifteen thousand miles. "The mango fish," said he, with a smack, "ah! the mango fish! the mango fish is worth coming to India for." Tiffin consists of heavy joints, and numerous dishes and stews, and pies and minces, with capital Madeira, Hodson's pale ale, and Maxwell and Key's claret and cherry-bounce. The carriage, buggy, or *palkee*, parades the course after siesta; and dinner is a grand display of all that can be conceived of eastern luxury. *Tatties* produce air, and *punkoes* circulate it, while chandeliers and table shades, reflecting wax lights, convert night into day. Bengal is the region of hospitality.

There is something in the sun of the East that warms and opens the heart. Large parties generally sit down to dinner. Every thing that can be conceived is put on the table, with *curries*, *palows*, and *mulligatawnies*. Claret and champagne circulate, and song and good humour prevail. But ambition among the ladies to give the tone to society, pervades the higher ranks to such a degree, that all over India Europeans form into parties, as if the institution of Brahma's casts produced a change in their nature. There are numberless exclusions from society in Bengal; and, perhaps, rank, precedence, and etiquette are not so much attended to at Carlton palace as in the Chouringhee.

Luxury prevails in Calcutta, certainly to a greater degree than at Madras or Bombay. The Bengal officers are called "Qui hies," from the number of servants they keep, it being usual, when they want attendance, to say, "Qui hy—who's there;" but the Madras bucks are nick-named "Mulls," from a poor broth common in the Carnatic, which the Bengal gents pretend to despise, though it imparts a very pleasing flavour to rice, under the name of mulligatawney; and the Bombay officers are called "Ducks," in allusion to an insipid kind of fish, very plentiful on that coast, which is known by the name of bombalo, and much used as a relish at breakfast throughout India. These may be always seen swimming near the surface of the sea on the Malabar coast, and





they are called "ducks," which name has been transferred to the Bombay officers by the wits of the supreme presidency.

It may be supposed, from the lines at the head of this chapter, that the humble stations of life are sneered at by the author; but far be it from him to despise any honest man. Has not the tailor cause to be contented with his lot, and who should mock his calling? Seated cross-legged on his board, he may sing and stitch away, with not a fear but that of pricking his finger. His seam will keep his thoughts fixed at home; and if they wander in moments of relaxation, they may rest upon what gratifies pride and ambition every where, namely, that the habit he is making will surpass all others in elegance of cut, and raise his fame above that of every other tailor in the land. When industry has elevated him to wealth, he may place his needle, thimble, and sheers in his coat of arms, and instead of exclaiming, "Sink the tailor, father," he may rejoice, and let folly nick-name him "the seventh part of a human creature;" for

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,  
"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

The lower conditions of life are pregnant with considerations which produce contentment. As the modest primrose, peeping beneath the fragrant thorn, feels not the angry winds of heaven, but on the contrary is sheltered from the storm,



so it is with the humbler classes of society. While our sovereign, on his glorious throne, feels ten thousand anxieties for the repose of his dominions, the artisan has nothing to fear but that his business may suffer if his mind wanders to the political affairs of Europe.

In short, the author's own profession may be adduced as an illustration of the happiness to be found in the lowly walks of life. Every peasant in this free state enjoys more individual liberty than any officer in the British service, all of whom, from the general to the ensign, are subjected to the summary punishment of death, by military law, for even the disobedience of an order. They strut about in times of relaxation, with all those glittering trophies of dress, which, while they feed vanity, produce self-respect and proper pride; they feel the dignity resulting from acquired valour, and are, from appearances, viewed by many as most happy fellows. But how few can contemplate the reverse of the picture, and see these men under the rigour of command, forced to bear the whims of immediate superiors, who are, like all other mortals, a mixture of good and bad, weak and wise, vain, ridiculous, proud, and haughty; invested by the nature of military service with almost despotic sway: see them obliged to march to-day and to halt to-morrow; now to encounter the scorching rays of a tropical sun, and again to freeze under wintry skies; here flying to the rear to repel the





charge of cavalry, there rushing to the front to meet the blaze of masked cannon; and, after war and climate have tried their mettle, sitting down in some town in idleness, under all the temptations of vicious pleasures, from which poison more victims sink than from the fire of the enemy. If we were seen thus, we should not be objects of envy even to a citizen's apprentice.

What has been said is applicable to attorneys, coachmakers, livery-stable-keepers, and dancing-masters.

“Honour and fame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the merit lies.”

The Hindoos flock to the attorneys of Calcutta, some of whom are thus enabled to live in a style that a nobleman would not despise in this country. Barristers in India, who become popular, generally make a moderate fortune in seven years; but some successful attorneys have feathered their nests in three short annual revolutions. It will easily be conceived how profitable the business of an auctioneer is in Calcutta, where a constant transfer of property to a prodigious amount is taking place every day. Some of the partners in the firm of Tulloh and Co. have come home with princely fortunes. Coach-making in such a luxurious settlement is also very lucrative. But, in short, no profession is more so in India than that of a dancing-



master, on account of the great numbers of half casts, among whom, particularly in Calcutta, there is a rage for this amusement. There are eight or ten schools for young ladies in the city, at which exhibition balls are given sometimes twice a month; and as many seminaries for boys on a large scale, at each of which the dancing-master receives £2 per month for every pupil, so that he soon makes a fortune. Two hundred and fifty scholars yielded Mr. McDonnell £6000 per annum; he built a palace and kept his carriage; while several very learned and ingenious Europeans pined in the jail of Calcutta for debts contracted to save them from starving. There is not in the world a worse field for an adventurer out of the civil and military service, who has no profession, than India; all situations in public offices being occupied by natives, except those which can be procured only by interest or length of service in some department under government.

There are no Jews in Calcutta, because, as has been often jocosely said, a *shroff* or *sircar* would out-Isaac Isaac; and, without detracting in the least from the respectability of many Hindoos, it may be said, with great truth, that the dregs of the people are in the most deplorable state of moral and civil degradation; truth is not in them; and they are so addicted to gratuitous falsehood, that an inferior is generally cautioned, "*Such bola.*" — A witness may swear with the *veidan* on his head,





and his right hand in the water of the Ganges, but no judge would believe him who had experienced the perjury common in every court of justice. When a young civilian arrives from Europe, he generally falls into the hands of a shroff or sircar, who supplies him with money, in the hope of touching the perquisites when his debtor shall attain political power. Many an inexperienced youth has been involved in embarrassments by the cunning of these sharks, so as never to get extricated without disgracing either himself or his country by winking at the most flagitious practices. Formerly the evil was deplorable; but it has met with a considerable check in the regulations recently adopted by government: still it continues, and probably will, although in the world there are not civilians of more integrity and elevated feeling than the Company's servants. The trial of Mr. Bristoe at Bombay is well worth the reader's attention, not merely for the eloquence displayed by the advocate-general, but on account of the picture of human nature which the proceedings discover.

That passion which the poet calls the "*amor sceleratus habendi*," stimulates the inferior orders in Hindostan to the most wicked ways of acquiring riches, as an all-powerful means of propitiating the Brahmins, whose influence over the vulgar is incredible. With them heaven may be purchased for money, and all the pains of pilgrimages to ensure happy transmigrations avoided, by endowing

pagodas with the fruits of extortion and knavery. A golden key opens the way directly to the celestial sanctum sanctorum of the Hindoos. All their gods are accused of the most flagitious crimes, and their worshippers scruple not to follow examples so seductive to human nature. But it is amazing that man's intellect can be crazed and bewildered to such a degree, as to believe the most palpable absurdities, which are respected as genuine truths by the mass of Brahma's followers. These credulous people are in the same state of mind as Perriwinkle when conversing with Colonel Feignwell. The old virtuoso believed that the traveller knew to the breadth of a hair what quantity of combustibles the sun burns in a day, and how much of it turns to ashes, and how much to cinders. A Hindoo, when his Goru tells him a monstrous thing, may shake his head and say, "This is marvellous strange!" but the fat Brahmin shows him the poluffloisbois, and the moros musphonon, and becomes as invincible as if he wore the ring of Gyges. The Hindoo account of creation may be cited as an illustration of this credulity.

In the beginning there was a woman created by the thirty thousand millions of gods in the fourteen heavens: she was called Paraxacti, and became the mother of three sons, Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Sheva the destroyer. Brahma produced the four casts; the Brahmins from his head, the Khattris from his arms, the Vyases from





his body, and the Soodres from his feet. He formed fourteen worlds, equal to the considerable parts of his body, and in imitation of the number of heavens. The three brothers agreed to marry their mother; but Brahma afterwards fell in love with his own daughter, and endeavoured to persuade her to become his wife. She was unwilling to comply; but he transformed himself into a stag, followed her into a forest, and affected his purposes by violence. His brothers, in an assembly of the thirty thousand millions of gods, accused him of the crime; it was determined that he should be punished by the loss of one of his five heads, and Sheva tore it off with his nails.

The reader will recollect that, at the head of the Poodicherrum ghaut, Charles Thoughtless had talked fondly of "his simple Mary," which no doubt produced some surprise, no mention having been previously made of that fair maiden. A few words will, however, make what seemed mysterious perfectly intelligible. Charles, upon rising to the rank of pay-serjeant, had found his society courted by the European shopkeeper of Cannanore, who had an eye to the sale of heel-balls, shirts, and nankeen for the use of the soldiers, and he was invited to a party at his house. Mr. Morris was a very agreeable young man, and lived in good style on the bright sandy beach, having the cool ocean in front, the fort of Cannanore to the right, and cocoa-nut groves to the left, while the town was



seen from the rear. The evening was serenely beautiful, and they sat in the front viranda with telescopes, watching the distant objects. "There," said Morris, "are the ladies. That elderly dame is the deputy-commissary's wife of Mangalore, and that young creature tripping by her side is an orphan whom she has educated, having no children of her own; the other is Mrs. Victory, the conductor's wife; and that dandy is a Mr. Rodriguez, who plays well on the violin, and has a situation in the pay-office at Tellicherry." The graceful form of the young female had fixed the attention of Charles, whose telescope gave her the appearance of an angel, and she was immediately surrounded by all the graces and loves that the warm imagination of boyhood confers on a pretty girl. She wore a turban, beneath which her dark tresses played upon a fine complexion, while the infant swell of a lovely bosom gave to her tripping step the interest of maturity, with the playfulness of childhood. In her eleventh year, she was just displaying that fine expansion which the female form in India then discovers, and her modest retiring look seemed to avow some consciousness that she was a half-blown rose. Before Charles heard the music of her voice, or saw the pearls that seemed to enhance the lusciousness to her lips, his fancy had endowed her with every accomplishment. A sweet temper beamed in her smile, cheerfulness lodged in the dimple of her cheek, and he discerned mirth lurking in the





arch glance of her eye, yet restrained by the charming timidity of virgin simplicity and confined education; for knowing she was merely on a visit here, he considered her as just emerged from the solitudes of Mangalore. — Such is the delusion of a youthful mind.

Nothing could surpass the harmony of the evening. Conductor Rogers, with his Irish wit, and no brogue "*at all at all*," delighted the company, while the young Portugeze shewed his shape and played the fiddle, to accompany the songs of the guests. — Charles, upon being pressed, sang "Love and glory;" — and the pretty young Mary, after several hems, warbled "While pensive I thought on my love," which electrified the dandy, as he burst his stays in making her a bow to the ground. In short, while the rest of the party were pursuing their amusements, Charles asked Mary how she liked Cannanore. "It is a charming place," said she. — "Then, perhaps, you would like to remain here," observed Thoughtless, half angry with himself for being so bold. — "That may not be," replied Mary. — "It entirely depends upon yourself," continued the rash boy. — "How, pray?" enquired she, quite unconscious of his purpose. — "Will you marry me?" answered the young dog with characteristic abruptness. She blushed — but with the frankness of an unsophisticated heart, said, "You may ask my mother;" for she called her parent by adoption



that tender name. After escorting "his simple Mary" to the fort, he returned home to build castles in the air, and write verse about genuine love and connubial felicity.

Poor Charles was now a smitten deer. He consulted with his friend Frank, after he had made up his mind on the subject. To his benefactor, the adjutant, he also imparted his intention, begging his advice on a subject of such importance. "I expect my company shortly," said that worthy man, "and shall then go home on leave. I have your interest much at heart, and it is my intention to recommend you for an ensigncy to a friend who is high on the commander-in-chief's staff. Marriage at your age seldom turns out well, and it may ruin your prospects in the army. However, it would be injustice on my part to throw any obstacle in your way. My wish is to forward your views, consistently with your own plan of happiness, which I wish with all my soul you may realize." Full of gratitude, Charles made but a feeble reply. Seeing however that his intention of marriage was displeasing to his benefactor, he formed a resolution of conquering love, and intimated his determination to the adjutant. He was not aware how futile his endeavours were against such an opponent :

*For he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove,  
By firm resolve to conquer love !*

*Lady of the Lake, Canto 3d. 28.*





He was obliged to succumb. Proposals were formally made and accepted, and there being no delays of law, the day was fixed, the turkey killed, and the ham boiled, the wedding-dinner being provided by Mr. Rogers, who was bride's man, when the aforesaid order to march against the Nairs of Wynaud retarded the completion of happiness for some time. On the return of the force therefore to Cannanore, arrangements were made without delay, and the Reverend Mr. Dunsterville performed the ceremony with gravity, and drank the bride's health with spirit. The kind adjutant had built a neat bungalow for the young pair; and after dinner, it was warmed with a dance, and a profusion of excellent old Madeira, sent by Captain Solomon, with a note to Charles, expressing his wish that the union of that day might be crowned with felicity during a long life.

## CHAP. X.

They may dig *Tanks*, plant *Topes*, and *Lingums* raise ;  
Pay servile Brahmins for base fulsome praise ;  
*Champo* the body into sleep profound,  
While *Nautchees* dance in wanton maze around,  
And *Punkoes* wake the dozing atmosphere,  
And *Bheesties* cool the *Tatties* for more air,  
But on his fate with pity I look down,  
Who sells the smile of conscience for her frown ;  
He blinds internal evidence of right,  
And glooms his bosom with the shades of night.

IN such a hot climate as India, to lay out wealth in constructing reservoirs for water is considered pleasing in the sight of God, and enjoined by the Brahmins as a propitiation for sin. The *Gorus*, to whom the Hindoos confess, never fail to urge them to the erection of charitable monuments, from the execution of which the Brahmins derive great profit, without the appearance of actually receiving money ; for the sums devoted by repentance are laid out by the priests of some pagoda in general, who therefore make it their study, first to inflame the passions, and then to rouse the terrors of remorse. Many of the tanks in India are magnificent sheets of water, with fine flights of stairs leading from the embankments to the bottom. To plant shady groves is, in like manner, a delight-





ful exercise and a sacred duty for the wealthy ; and fine topes of fruit-trees give a beautiful aspect to the parched surface of Hindostan. The erection of pagodas is deemed another propitiatory act of great efficacy ; and some of these structures are so noble and gorgeous, as to astonish Europeans, who have seen the finest specimens of ancient and modern art. Those temples, in which the ceremonies are performed for barren women, are called Lingums. In Hindostan, the greatest misfortune is to be childless ; the second, not to have a son to perform certain rites after death. Ladies, therefore, not blest with children, being sure of losing the affection of their husbands, who are at liberty to supplant them by other wives, perform pilgrimages to celebrated Lingums, and enrich the Brahmins, in the hope of prevailing on heaven to take away their reproach. Powerful indeed must be that feeling in the female breast, which could induce Sarah to give Hagar to her husband, could urge Rachel to say, " Give me children or I die," and Leah to rejoice, " Happy am I, for the daughters will call me blessed." But in India the same natural desire is greater, for the agony of husbands is rendered by custom even more intense than that of Abraham, when he said, " Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless." It is said that the Lingum temples conceal scenes of the grossest moral depravity.

The practice of champoing, previous to the



afternoon siesta, is very general among the Hindoos and Mahomedans. It is done by kneading and rubbing with the hand the limbs and body. Sensations are produced something a-kin to those ascribed to a warm bath. The nerves become relaxed, and a pleasing something, like the soft vapour of sleep, steals over the person under its operation. Many of the Hindoos of luxurious habits get this performed by the soft hands of females, who sit beside them on rich carpets, while they lie reclined on silken mattresses. The idea of these attendants rubbing an old man's legs and arms, cracking the joints of his fingers and toes, and pulling his chin, ears and nose, may cause the reader to smile, but the custom is thought no more of in India than that of a maid washing her master's feet in this country. During the operation, *bhauts* entertain the opulent Hindoos with stories, and nautchees with song and dance; so that the luxury of a nabob, lying thus under a punko, producing artificial air, while the apartment is cooled by tatties, surrounded by bards, musicians, and dancing girls, may be easily imagined. It is a melancholy fact, that the moral degeneracy consequent on this custom communicates itself to Europeans, some of whom have had their seraglios, *bhauts*, and nautchees; there being rooms covered with quilted silk mattresses, wainscotted or inlaid completely with pier-glasses, and decorated in a style too characteristic of their destination. The sensualists of India have





innumerable songs, and stories, and plays of an unhallowed tendency. The whole Hindoo mythology is filled with details as offensive to decency as the vile representations that disgrace the walls of their temples; and in the great annual processions of the idols, the object of the Brahmins is, by ceremonials of the same evil tendency, to amuse the people, and corrupt their minds. Volumes might be filled from the popular and absurd accounts of the thirty thousand millions of Hindoo gods; but I shall only venture to abridge the incarnations of Vishnu.

A devil carried away the *Veidam*, and plunged with it into the profound depths of the ocean. The Brahmins were in despair, but Vishnu became a fish, and after a long chase through the caves of Neptune, restored the sacred volume to the priests of his temple. The Hindoos believe there are seven seas in the world, one of which is composed of butter. Upon a particular occasion the gods determined to feast on this, and caused the golden mountain which supports the fourteen heavens to be brought near its shore, over which a snake with one hundred heads was laid to serve them as a sort of ladder, by which they could reach the butter. The giants of the earth seeing this, while the deities were descending on one side, caught the snake, and drew it towards them so violently, that the frame of the universe would have given way, had not Vishnu changed himself into a tortoise,



and taken the world on his back. In the mean time the snake, pulled by the nose on the side of the giants, and by the tail on that of the gods, was unable any longer to endure the pain, and, contrary to all rules of good breeding, vomited in the face of the former, many of whom were so shocked at his vulgarity that they died. But those who survived fought the gods, and gained possession of the sea of butter. Upon which Vishnu changed himself into a perfect Venus, and distracted their hearts so completely with love, that the gods were enabled to finish the feast with comfort.

Some time after the creation of the world, the three brothers, Brahma, Vishnu, and Sheva, the latter of whom is often called Rutrem, quarrelled respecting the extent of their power. "Gentlemen," says Sheva, "listen; to end our dispute I shall hide my head and legs where I please; if either of you be able to find them, to him I shall submit; but should you both search in vain, I am to be acknowledged as supreme." Brahma changed himself into a swan, and put his long neck into every hole in the universe, but all to no purpose, till the thistle-flower discovered to him where the head was. The feet were, however, still to be found, and in search of these Vishnu became a hog, and rooted up the bowels of the whole earth without success. His next metamorphosis was into a monster. He had formed a friendship with a giant





named Iranian, and granted him the favour that no one should be able to kill him by night or by day. The giant thinking himself invulnerable, became a horrible tyrant; but Vishnu rushed upon him in the evening under the shape of a lion, half man, and not only tore him to pieces, but drank his blood. After this he became a dwarf, to punish a giant named Magapelixacravanti, who had abused his power by grinding the faces of the poor. Vishnu requested three feet of ground to build a house for himself and family; but the giant's prime minister, the morning star, suspecting that the dwarf had some treasonable project in view, by the force of magic glided down the throat of his master when he was going to pour the water of possession on the applicant's hand: this feat cost him dear; for instead of preventing the grant, the king feeling a tickling in his throat thrust a sharp instrument into his gullet, by which his prime minister suffered the loss of an eye. The dwarf being now in legal possession, became so large that the kingdom could not contain the little toe of his foot, and he kicked the head of Magapelixacravanti to hell. Having seen the wickedness of the giants, he determined upon punishing them all, and assumed the form of a man named Rameni, who went about the world washing his hands in the blood of tyrants. The last incarnation of Vishnu was into a negro. A king named Campsen had a sister called Exuda, and a magician had predicted that he would be



dethroned by one of her children. To prevent this, he put them to death as soon as they were born; but Vishnu was her eighth child, and escaped by being brought up as a shepherd. On arriving at the years of maturity, he raised an army and put his uncle to death. He then married several wives; but remembering the charms of rural life, he furnished himself with sixteen thousand shepherdesses. His next incarnation is expected in the form of a horse; and he is now supposed to be wallowing in a sea of milk reclined on a snake, which serves him for pillow and bed.

These fables are ridiculous in our eyes; but nothing should be esteemed so that has the effect of bewildering the human mind, and upholding such a delusion as the system of Brahminical idolatry. It may amuse the reader, who has never dipped into Hindoo mythology, to hear part of what is related of Rutrem.

He married a princess named Parvardi, daughter of the king of the mountains, with whom he lived a thousand years. His brothers were displeased, and dragged him from his wife, dooming him to an exile on earth, during which time he went about practising all kinds of lewdness. Parvardi went in search of him, and one day while bathing wished for a child, upon which one rolled off with the dew from her forehead, and she called him Vinayaguin. Her husband was greatly surprised upon his return to see this child, but believed his wife's story, and





adopted the boy as his son. But his trouble was not over ; for his father-in-law, having heard of his debaucheries when in exile, would not admit him to his presence. He, however, entered the banqueting-hall, where he and the gods were regaling themselves, and tore them by the hair, from the fragments of which a giant rose that disfurnished the sun's mouth of teeth, and left those bruises on the face of the moon which are seen to this day. He killed several of the guests, and threw the head of young Vinayaguin to the dogs ; but Rutrem replaced it by fixing an elephant's head on his shoulders so precisely that the veins united. The next transformation of Vishnu proved extremely embarrassing to Rutrem ; but it would afford no amusement on recital.

The moral depravity to which the Brahminical idolatry leads, during the early part of life, engenders the keenest stings of remorse in age ; and every where may be seen the most wonderful efforts to reconcile memory with conscience. Devotees will perform pilgrimages of five hundred miles on the broad of the back, never rising during the whole time from that position. A penitent will stand on one leg so long as to cause it to swell to a prodigious size. Knives are thrust through the cheeks, so that the blades cross each other out of the mouth, and thus mangled, the penitent lies on thorns exposed to the sun, with his face smeared with sugar to attract flies. Others swing suspended



from the rim of a very high wheel by an iron hook run through the tendons of the back for a long time, while the wheel is turned violently round. Many throw themselves under the wheels of the great car in the processions to be crushed to death; and others drown themselves in the sacred rivers, that their bodies may feed alligators, held in veneration for that purpose.

It may be said that the object of these sacrifices is to ensure happy transmigrations; but many of them are made as atonements for sins remembered with an agonized spirit.

That appearance of despising the gifts of fortune so common in India is not always real. Diogenes may be seen every where in his tub; that is, *sanyasees* are numerous, who voluntarily deprive themselves of what are esteemed the comforts of life. They sit every day naked in the sun's glare, covered with ashes, seemingly unmindful of every earthly thing. But many of them have enjoyments at night in the recesses of pagodas, that are enriched by the tributes paid to their self-devotion.

Soon after the marriage of Charles Thoughtless, Ensign True was promoted to a lieutenancy. No young officer had ever passed through this noviciate more respectably. He was esteemed by his superiors, respected by his equals, and beloved by the soldiers. No quarrel nor midnight brawl had sullied his reputation as a good-natured companion and perfect gentleman; for when ruffled by the





petulance of others, he had always shown that he wished neither to offend nor be offended; and his intimacy with the worthy adjutant secured him from the company of those who drank *brandy parony* after their return from the mess. Indeed his common-place book was a proof how much he respected the understanding of his friend and instructor; for he had enriched it by transcribing from his choice collection of books every passage marked by the adjutant's pencil, and had fingered the leaves of Cowper, that gentleman's favourite poet, so much, that he evinced the congeniality of his taste. And it is suspected that an article under the letter E. was an extract from the adjutant's memorandums, the writer not having met with it in any of the works on the art of war. It ran very nearly thus :

As ensign, you have power over the happiness of the soldiers under your command greater than any magistrate possesses for controlling the subjects of our sovereign. Your authority extends directly or indirectly to every man in the regiment; for you may punish to an extent that exceeds the jurisdiction of any justice of the peace without an information before him on oath. If your own liberty be taken away by the articles of war, you gave it up voluntarily, and have no right to murmur; but the sweeping clauses that govern the very manners of an officer, and render him at every moment accountable to a court of propriety for ungentlemanlike conduct, have vested him with tremendous



privileges over the soldiers. If you confine them unnecessarily; if you irritate brave spirits by sending them to drills merely to gratify your own peevishness, without any view to the public good; if you brow-beat them, and sink them in their own estimation; or provoke them to forget fear; a word may escape which a court-martial will deem insolent, and your eyes behold the blood of a gallant fellow whipped out of his veins; while such is his firmness of soul, that he bites through a bullet placed between his teeth to enable him to endure the pain, without permitting the escape of a sigh from his heart. But what must be the anguish of his soul in reflecting, that a boy was invested with such murderous power over a man? Remember for what General Ziethen was beloved by the soldiers, and why General Wolfe almost adored. They were idolized for generosity, charity, valour, mercy, virtue, and religion. Remember, too, that "every quality which is enjoined by Christianity as a virtue, is recommended by politeness as an accomplishment; gentleness, humility, deference, affability, and a readiness to assist and serve on all occasions, are as necessary in the composition of a true Christian as in that of a well-bred man. Passion, moroseness, peevishness, and supercilious self-sufficiency, are equally repugnant to the characters of both." Remember also to guard against dissipation, into which many a youth is led more by idleness and ennui than by disposition. It destroys the sensi-





bilities of the heart, and debases all the generous and exalted feelings of the soul. Many young men in India delight in what are vulgarly called midnight-rows, to frighten the poor natives; but this custom will be more honoured in the breach than the observance. Hear how the enlightened Sir James Macintosh addressed Lieutenants Macguire and Cauty at Bombay.

“ A soldier has taken up arms to protect the rights of his fellow-citizens, and to preserve the public quiet. He is an armed minister of the laws, and we expect from him a peculiar affection and veneration for those unarmed laws and magistrates for whose protection he has girt on his sword. Every true soldier must have too great a reverence for the noble virtue of courage to sully and degrade it in the wretched frays of sottish ruffians: it is reserved for nobler objects; he will not prostitute it on such vile and ignoble occasions. True fortitude is too serious, too grave, too proud a quality to endure such degradation. Such vices are most un-officer-like, because they are most ungentleman-like. As long as courage continues to be one of the distinctive qualities of a gentleman, so long must the profession of arms be regarded as the depository and guardian of all the feelings and principles which constitute that character. A gentleman is a man of more refined feelings and manners than his fellow men. An officer is, or ought to be, peculiarly and eminently a gentleman. But there



is nothing so low and vulgar as the fame of a bully, and the renown of midnight brawls; they imply every quality of a highwayman but his courage, and they very often lead to his fate."

Every officer should also bear in mind that whenever he forgets to control himself, and to keep down those offensive qualities of the mind that rouse resistance to authority, he injures the gracious sovereign his master, and wounds the interests of his country, by circulating complaint and dissatisfaction amongst the men, who lose all *esprit du corps* under mismanagement. Men naturally dislike their superiors. Liberty and freedom are inherent in our animal constitutions; but the understanding submits to what reason pronounces a benefit, and gratitude swells the hearts of soldiers with affection towards officers who can penetrate sensation, and govern according to the principles that guide and win them. Clearchus restored order when confusion reigned in his army, by seeming to join with his soldiers in revolt from the standard of young Cyrus, and the latter secured their co-operation in his projects by knowing how to touch the master-key of their passions. Like a skilful musician, he placed his finger on that stop which produced the desired effect. This shows the necessity of learning in youth how to command in age. Nothing can more finely inculcate the importance of study than many parts of Santa Cruz. "Alexandre appelloit les





œuvres d'Homère, qu'il portoit toujours avec lui, ' le recueil de toute la discipline militaire, et des actions de valeur.' " " Il vous est fort avantageux," dit Tite Live, " de voir dans des personnes illustres des exemples de toute façon, qui vous apprennent à imiter ce qui peut vous être utile et à la république, ou à éviter ce qui n'a eu qu'un commencement et un succès honteux." Aristote dit, " que l'histoire sert infiniment dans les délibérations; parceque pour l'ordinaire les choses futures sont fort semblables aux choses passées." In short, think while you have leisure, that you may know how to execute with promptitude, and let the following books receive your particular attention:—The Bible, Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cæsar, Plutarch, Q. Curtius, Polyænus, Frontinus, Vegetius, Apian, Arrian, Folard's Polybius, Livy's Tacitus, Machiavelli, Gustavus's History, Charles the XII., Campagne du Prince de Condé en 1674, Philip of Macedon, Histoire de Scipio et d'Epaminondas, Turenne's Maxims, Turenne's two last Campaigns; Puysegur, Art de la Guerre; St. Rémy d'Antoni, Santa Cruz, Guichard, Guibert, Mazeroy, Mém. de Fenquiere, Reverie de Saxe, Le Père Daniel, the King of Prussia, Templehoffe, Lloyd, Histoire de la Guerre en Bohême; Military Miscellany, Life of Marlborough, Cambridge; Dirom's wars in India, Dundas; Instructions for Hussars, Seldern; Pleydel's Field Fortification, Mém. de Monluc, Mem. de Surlaben, Jackson on Armies, Life of Buonaparte,

and of Wellington, with the French Bulletins, and the Duke of York's Regulations.

George serenaded Nannette no more, for he was so frequently in her society, and his attentions were received with such frank cordiality by Madame and Monsieur Fortier, that he had golden opportunities of fanning the lively spark of prepossession in her tender breast into a flame of affection, which nothing but the chill of death could extinguish; and the noble generosity of her soul attempted not to conceal that the ardent love he evinced for her was pleasing to her heart. He admired the elegant simplicity in which Mr. Fortier's accomplished little circle lived. Instead of the heavy gorgeous dinners at Cannanore, from which the ladies made their exit soon after the cloth, to leave the gentlemen at liberty to enjoy their claret, the dishes at Mahé were light and proper for a hot climate, cooling fruits were in great plenty, only a few glasses of excellent wine were drank, after which coffee was introduced, and music, drawing, or interesting conversation supplied the place of drowsy libations. The admirable moderation recommended by Horace in the second satire of his second book is well understood by the French in India. They never rise pale and sated from the gross indulgence of pampered palates; on the contrary, their frames are animated by a constant flow of healthy vivacious spirits. There were a few very agreeable families at Mahé. An accomplished Major resided there on his parole,





having been taken with his wife and daughter on their passage to Java, who aided Nannette in the scientific parts of music and drawing; and a Monsieur Panouilliers, professor of languages, who attended her in acquiring a knowledge of Latin and Italian, was a most gentlemanly person, and extensively acquainted with general literature. But Nannette was also studying the Persian tongue under a Moonshee, and receiving lessons in Sanscrit from a Pundit belonging to the judges' court of Calicut. George was charmed to find Nannette's taste so congenial to his own; her reading was more extensive than his; but such was her delicate attention to the feelings of the human heart, that she concealed her superiority, and permitted one half of the beauties in their morning amusements to be pointed out to her. He joined in all her studies with the ardor of an enthusiast, and Mr. Fortier would often say, while they were devouring the pages of French, Italian, English, and Persian authors, "*My children, hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" He was sincerely attached to the interests of the Bourbons, and having left France before the revolution, he abhorred its excesses; and although he admired the wit of Voltaire, and the eloquence of Rousseau, he detested their impiety and abhorred their principles. Yet



as a Frenchman he exulted in the glory of his country, and the fine traits of Napoleon's character had captivated his admiration; but though the conversation often adverted to this interesting topic, no offensive comparison was ever made by either him or the Major; on the contrary, all their praise was bestowed upon British intrepidity, our national generosity, our noble constitution, and the freedom ensured to the press by our glorious laws.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "had the Emperor granted liberty to the French nation, which their generous confidence in his conspicuous virtue deserved, he would have surpassed all that was excellent in the character of Alexander, as depicted by Rollin; but he is insulting the affection that idolized him, and breaking the spirit that depended upon his kindness."

"His good genius left him," said Madame Fortier, "when he sacrificed to ambition his conjugal affection for Josephine."

"During his rise," said the Major, "virtue was the god of his idolatry; but, having never appreciated 'the uses of adversity,' he is infatuated with good fortune, and forgets the moral truth, that it is the interest of a king to live in the hearts of his subjects."

"Much might be said," replied George, "by way of apology for your magnificent emperor. In short, Major, he might answer you in the words of Dido, '*Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt.*' And





perhaps he may yet do all that is expected, when the memory of the past will gild the joy of the future; for it must be acknowledged that he is one of the most singular men that ever lived, — a genius in war, eloquence, and government. In Italy, his rapid combinations astonished all; can any thing be more beautifully pathetic than his letter from Egypt to Madame Bruire on the death of her husband, or more sublime than his allusion to the pyramids just before the battle in their vicinity; and what can exceed the grasp of his intellect in combining the powers of Europe in one centre of co-operation with his projects?"

"Ah!" said Nannette, "as a military man, you are naturally an admirer of the hero, rather than of the sage."

"However," replied the Major, giving George a kind grasp of his right hand, "I honour the man who can see the merit of an enemy, and look forward with anxious hope to those happy days when unrestrained intercourse may subsist between your generous country and ours."

Many traits in this charming society pleased George, and one was the tender attention constantly paid to their wives by Mr. Fortier and the Major, who never went out, even for a short excursion, without kissing their ladies on the cheeks and forehead, which some people may laugh at as a ridiculous custom, and signifying no more than "my love," and "my dear," so common between many



a pair who have their private quarrels; yet nothing is ridiculous that contributes to happiness, and keeps up harmony and respect, where unceremonious familiarity would be so apt to engender neglect.

George was at first greatly amused with Nannette's Moonshee, who was an old Mussulman with an exuberant beard and of a polished address, but who generally fell asleep while his pupil was learning her lesson. Her good-nature never permitted her to use any expression to rouse the aged preceptor now beginning to sink under the infirmity of years; but when she encountered any letter so cramply written as to baffle her conjecture at the word, she paused, and the Moonshee, struck as it were by the harshness of silence, would start, and by an explanation enable her sweet voice to proceed, when shaking his head, like the figure of a Chinese mandarine in a toy-shop, he would relapse into slumber, and Nannette would, with a look of compassion, gently reprove George, for being disposed to laugh at the oddity of the contrast between the lovely girl and the dozing grey beard, incapable of enthusiasm in the presence of such beauty, by saying, "You there behold the change wrought by time on mortality, and such will be our portraits in a few years."

"But not with such beards, fair lady, I hope," said he, smiling.

"Your chin may be shorn, fair gentleman," re-





plied Nannette, with a sigh; "but your brent brow will exhibit those wrinkles, and my cheeks that ashy paleness."

"The thought is too melancholy for a jest," answered George, and a tear started to his eye.

But at other times the Moonshee was talkative and well informed; and the Pundit was such a great astronomer and mathematician, that while Nannette was decyphering the Sanscrit characters, he would lean his head so far back over the chair, calculating eclipses on the ceiling, that his turban would generally fall off and expose his unconscious and closely-shaved pate to the excitement of George's suppressed mirth; for his black beard in that position protruding so much, gave to his sharp features a lengthened appearance irresistibly comic. But when not absorbed in reverie, he was very intelligent, and spoke tolerably good English. He often played chess with George while the Moon-shee was attending to Nannette's improvement; but at other times he sat as before described, and the group would really have made an admirable subject for the pencil of Hogarth.

George felt the greatest anxiety to be united for ever to Nannette, and yet he hesitated to make any direct proposal on the subject. Endowed with a more reflecting mind than Charles Thoughtless, he often ruminated upon the importance of marriage, and the prospect of having a family to support on subaltern's pay. In the mean time another mon-

soon had passed. The rainy season sets in on the Malabar coast more awfully than in any other part of India. Were it not for the interposition of the ghauts, the whole country would receive renovation by the S.W. monsoon, which brings with it the vapours of the Indian ocean. Its approach is announced by the most tremendous peals of thunder that imagination can conceive, and lightning so vivid and frequent, that night is converted into day by the almost continuous blaze of the rushing electrical fluid. After this awful announcement, which is generally at night, the flood-gates of heaven open, and it rains in torrents for ten or twelve days and nights together; the rivers from the Ghauts swell prodigiously, and course with grand precipitation to the sea, sweeping all before them; so that Bartolomeo supposed that the numerous large snakes observed on the Malabar coast were washed from the ghauts by the torrents. The rain having thus continued for some time, there is an interval of showery weather, followed by another dreadful hurricane; and at the end of the monsoon, which continues three months, there is a frightful thunder-storm called the Elephanta. No rain falls afterwards for the remainder of the year, except in the vicinity of the Ghauts, where showers sometimes occur before the commencement and after the termination of the monsoon on the coast. The monsoon travels at a regular rate northward, and therefore in that direction one climate receives it later than another, and





with less violence. When it reaches the Hemaleah range, it turns eastward ; so that at Calcutta it appears to approach from the north, and sets in with violent north-westers, which are seen travelling with clouds of dust in the van towards the city, in such an appalling form as to turn day into night, and to prevent all communication during the time of their fury.



## CHAP. XI.

Behold the *Sircar* sly, inured to guile,  
Mark the persuasive cringe and ready smile;  
The blackest vice is easy to the knave;  
Bribe him, he sits as silent as the grave:  
Lure him with gold, he swears that black is white,  
A plunge in Gunga sets his conscience right.

SIRCARS are the native agents of Bengal, who collect debts and cash drafts for the *shroffs*, in whose establishments they sit on mats with their bags of money, and scales to weigh it, and their books, made of the leaves of the palm, on which, with a *style*, the entries are written. Their sons are brought up as *crannies*, and every European gentleman has one of them to keep his accounts. Exposed to temptation, and accustomed from childhood to lying and cheating, almost every sircar is of the character described in the above lines. Such as are intended to go into the service of Europeans, make prodigious exertions in learning to speak and write English. Some of them are sent to school for that purpose; but many pick it up by ear, with the assistance of other natives and a dictionary. It is wonderful how accurately a Hindoo can copy English, without knowing a word of what he is writing. We find how difficult it is to transcribe





Hebrew, Greek, Latin, or French, without being able to read those languages; but many *crannies* will write in our character, which is as different from their own as Hebrew is from English, and copy proceedings in council, correspondence of government, and papers containing intricate researches in science, without knowing the meaning of one word in the whole, or how to spell a syllable. Some of their attempts at fine English, when they advance so far as to become conceited, are truly ludicrous. A volume of malaprop letters might be produced; but one specimen, from Captain Williamson's East India Vade Mecum, may suffice.

The cranny who composed it was left by his master in charge of his bungalow for a few days: during that time a high wind arose, and blew down one of the window shutters. He determined upon apprizing him of this, and inwardly rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him of showing his proficiency in English. Let the reader conceive an office-desk with a cranny seated at it; a dictionary placed before him, with a slate and pencil, and self-exultation in his countenance. He turns over the leaves with a finger and thumb, and an earnestness of countenance that would have done honour to Dr. Sangrado, upon the occasion of feeling the canon's pulse. He shakes his head—rubs the globe of memory—erases the word he had written as fit for his purpose, and chooses another of more learned and fulminating sound. Then he takes his pen and paper,



and dispatches to his master what he thinks will truly surprise him:—

“HONOURABLE SIR,

“Yesterday vesper arrive great hurricane, valve of little apperture not fasten; first make great trepidation and palpitation, then precipitate into precinct. God grant master more long life and more great post.

“I remain, honourable Sir,

“In all token of respect,

“Master’s writer,

“BISSENAUT MAITRE.

“P. S. No tranquillity in house since valve adjourn; I send for carpenter to make re-unite.”

Yet some of the sircars make a very considerable advance towards an accurate knowledge of the grammatical construction of English, and learn to speak and write it well enough for business. The following is an actual letter from a native house of agency, and a specimen of middling composition:—

“SIR,

“We have pleasure acknowledge yours, 18th instant. Have sent goods cording you order, and hope you find all first quality. We madam supply with money whenever she send us. Your remittance last month received in course, and placed your account. Have looked all place here for white





cloth, such you want — none can find — soon as we get shall send next supplies with,

“ Remain, Sir,

“ With prayers for health,

“ Your obedient humble Servants,

“ HURRUMBO, DASS, Sons, & Co.”

But some of the letters received from natives are written in perfectly grammatical language ; yet the above is about the standard of general correspondence with Europeans in every part of India where the Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees conduct their business in our language.

The sircars of Calcutta are employed by the shroffs, it is said, to inveigle the young civilians to borrow money. But in most cases every one acts on his own account, though he impresses on the mind of the borrower that he is very poor, and would not for the world, if he had money of his own, charge twelve per cent. compound interest. These sharks watch on the banks of the Hoogly for the arrival of strangers, and introduce themselves with much address. Should a young man have no friend at hand, he inevitably falls into the clutches of a sircar ; for being surrounded and assailed by crowds whose language he does not understand, he feels the necessity of employing some one of that cast to whom he can communicate his wants without hesitation. He who overcomes the rest by his powers of persuasion, places his young



master in a palankeen, and guides him and his luggage to that tavern whence he receives pay for bringing custom. Then he hires servants, each of whom pays for his place; and having ascertained by enquiries the nature of the youth's prospects, if money be wanting, he can get some from a shroff on *master's note*; on account of which, perhaps, some time afterwards, *master* is lodged in gaol, should unpromising circumstances occur. In short, if a young adventurer have not some friend to take him by the hand on his arrival in India, he remains at the mercy of his sircar, who gets any English money the stranger may have brought for half its value, astonishes him with bills, and induces him to enter into the pleasures of the town.

Throughout Hindostan every youth intended for business is well instructed in accounts. Most of the natives can speak and write several dialects. The system of education is on the plan that was adopted from the Hindoos by the Rev. Mr. Bell at Madras, and improved upon by Lancaster. Teaching is generally conducted in an open viranda, upon the floor of which sand is spread, where the children learn to trace the characters of the alphabet. While reciting their lessons they make a great noise, and stand in a ring round the master, who corrects any error in tone, gesture, or emphasis, and manages them as the conductor of a band does the musicians under his charge. After completing their studies at a native school, some of them are





sent to the European seminaries at the Three Presidencies, where they learn to read Virgil and Horace, become versed in mathematics, and are taught how to solve quadratic equations and curious problems in fluxions. In short, their capacity as calculators is very great; for vegetable food is so friendly to clearness of head, that all their faculties, retentive powers particularly, are in full animal perfection. Abstraction is with the Hindoos a practical virtue; and they can fix the mind with intensity on a particular object, so that it is not uncommon in every city to meet with men who can play successfully at chess without seeing the board. But in reasoning on moral or political points, their understandings seem to be tinged with prejudice. They are like the blind men spoken of by Locke and Burke, who could not distinguish colours without actual contact. In short, where any thing is tangible, can be regularly analysed, or touched with the finger, they are unrivalled. The eldest son of Gopez Mohun Tagore was so expert in contracted arithmetic, that he could multiply and divide in half the time required by any process known in Europe; and he wrote a hand as swift as speech, and yet with such geometrical precision, that it surpassed copper-plate.

The native agency of India is carried on with admirable regularity. Money may be transferred from one part of the country to another, in all directions, with ease. The shroffs' *hoondies* are as good



as bank of England paper. Posts are as regular through all the Company's provinces as they are in this country. The letter-bag is carried by a man called tappal, who runs as fast as a post-horse for one stage; he is then relieved by another runner in waiting; and thus communication is kept up nearly at the rate of the mail coach with us. During the night the tappal carries a torch and bells to frighten away wild beasts; so that his course is seen afar off like a meteor, and heard by the tigers and elephants, which crouch for fear.

Nevertheless, masters and servants so often misunderstand each other, that many ludicrous blunders happen every day; and a young man new from Europe may be seen stamping and raging with disappointment at a grave Hindoo, who is too dull to comprehend his meaning, although the sircar who engaged him had protested that he could speak English quite well. A volume might be filled with anecdotes on this fertile subject. Two short ones may be adduced as examples.

An officer told his servant in Hindostannee to go to a friend with his salam and borrow his saddle. In explaining this, he used an article which made the boy conceive that he wanted quite another thing, for he returned with a *bhote salam* and a bottle of gin to him who had sent for the loan of a saddle. The word *gin* in the Hindostannee language means a saddle; and as there is no name for the juice of the juniper in India, blacky thought his saheeb wanted to take a drink instead of a ride.





Several officers mounted their Arabians in camp near Baroda, and galloped off to see the Guickwar's gardens, desiring their grooms to follow. On coming into the suburbs of the city, they hired a guide, who readily undertook to conduct them. One who spoke tolerable Hindostannee had explained their object to their conductor, who seemed all intelligence, went up one street and down another, passed through a great gate, and making a full stop, said, "Most noble gentlemen, there are the Guickwar's gardens." Those whom he addressed stared; for they beheld a collection of tigers, lions, cheetoes, rhinoceroses, and elephants, well secured in monstrous cages. "Terrible, terrible, terrible, upon my honour," said the worthy Scotch captain, who had instructed the guide, "that I should not have remembered how like *bangon* is to *baughan*; terrible, terrible, terrible, upon my honour."

Gentle reader, while George True was languishing for Nannette, Charles Thoughtless was in possession of domestic bliss. The former was often distracted in balancing a logical account between ambition and love, when the latter was delighted by the vivacity of his young companion. An apartment had been erected in the compound for Frank Stanley, whose steady friendship and sober sense were serviceable to the young pair; and the benevolent adjutant would often drop in when he did not really want to see the regimental returns, but used this as a pretext for his coming, that he might