

# MY DIARY

FROM

## ENGLAND TO INDIA,

### Round the Cape of Good Hope.

BY

## ALFRED WAITES.

[FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

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Where'er I roam—whatever realms to view,  
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to you.  
Still to my friends turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

GOLDSMITH.

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CALCUTTA:

I. C. ROSE & CO., STANHOPE PRESS, 182, BOW-BAZAR ROAD.

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## PREFACE.

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To avoid the imputation of egotism which the printing of "My Diary" might call forth, a few preliminary remarks by way of explanation are necessary. To this end I must premise that, previous to my leaving England I had promised to half a dozen friends a copy of it.

As that number has been augmented by at least two dozen—a circumstance, which renders my promise practically abortive—in consequence of more time than I can spare being necessarily involved—and more work than is absolutely requisite to give my notes "a local habitation and a name"—being deemed irrelevant—I have been induced to print my diary; that it might be accessible to my friends with the greater convenience to me and more safety to the work itself.

My description of crossing the Line has been a little too exaggerated, which I trust will

not scare away new adventurers in the circle of my friends from visiting India. .

I regret that I cannot boast of the memory of Magliabecchi—to systematize the contents of my diary—a person—rather a wonder—that, when asked by the Grand Duke of Tuscany—whether he could get him a book which was particularly scarce—said—“No Sir—it is impossible—for there is but one in the world—that is in the Grand Seignior’s library at Constantinople—and is the seventh book on the second shelf, on the right hand as you go in !” But I hope that the verdict of friendship will not be too severe.

The entertainment of friends—consistently with a delineation of facts being the object chiefly aimed at in this work—I need offer no other apology but conclude with the words of Swift—

“He that makes two blades of corn grow where there was one—is no less a benefactor of mankind.”

# MY DIARY.

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JUNE 30, 1864.

LEFT home at 8-30 A. M. by the Express Train for London, could not resist keeping my head out of the window, (to the annoyance and disgust of the passenger,) so as to enable me to keep the Cathedral in sight as long as I could.

Met my cousin at 104 Great Russell Street, (Jewell the Music Publisher's).

Went to Covent Garden at night and saw "Didee," "Rudersdorff," "Tamberlik," "Tagliafico" and Co., in "Lé Phropheté" or rather "Il Profeta," Of course it was a great treat.

On the following morning my father and brother joined me at Jewell's, and with my cousin we started for Blackfriars Bridge Station, took our tickets for Gravesend, wished my cousin good-bye, and so we left London.

Arrived at the Falcon Hotel, Gravesend, at 8 P. M., left on the following morning at 9-15 to join the



*Wm. G. Wells* MY DIARY.

~~At 2-15~~ my father left us ; strained my eyes in the vain hope of seeing him get on shore ; waved my handkerchief to some one bearing a resemblance to him and then went down below.

At this time I must confess that I felt more lonely than I had ever been before ; at 3 P. M. we got under weigh, and with the "*Victoria* steam ship as tug, proceeded to the mouth of the Thames.

4 P. M.—Went to dinner. 6-20 walking on the Poop Deck and gazing on the gradually receding shore.

As I was rather gloomy, I indulged in a weed and pored over "*Young's Night Thoughts*," a work as inconsistent with the poet's life as congenial to mine (now.)

8-30 P. M.—Went into the ~~Cuddy~~ (which by the bye is nicely fitted up) and had a glass brandy toddy ; it proved very acceptable, inasmuch as the weather was very cold for the time of year.

10 P. M.—Turned into my cabin and spent my first night like a Spartan exile on board the "*Hotspur*."

SUNDAY, 3rd JULY.

Awoke at 5 A. M.—The sun in all his effulgent brilliancy, darting his heavenly rays, seemed dancing on the water :—(sublime isn't it ? but rather vague) as George the Cuddy-servant tapped at the

door and asked "Will you have a cup of tea, Sir?" That man was made immortal by my reply condescendingly given, "George, you may bring one," but what thoughts, and magnificent language were lost to the world by his breaking in upon my reverie I cannot now determine!

I was also made aware of my brother's presence by his jumping up, who had just before been in a happy state of somnolency, and exclaiming "I say, old fellow, you might have ordered a cup for me."

8 A. M.—Took a constitutional on the quarter deck.

9. A. M.—Breakfast. 12-20—Squall came on whilst in sight of Margate—some of the topmast chains came down with the run.

2 P. M.—Passed the Goodwin Sands.

4 P. M.—Dinner for the first time. I felt awfully queer. Our Surgeon had been chaffing me all the morning that I should I should———, (well, I won't say what—it is not polite in fashionable society to speak of the "ills that flesh is heir to,") in about 2 hours. Poor fellow! at dinner he was placed at the end of the Cuddy. I took a malicious pleasure in watching him; in a little time he turned awfully white, left the steward to carve the joint he had had in front of him and fairly ran out of the Cuddy.



By dint of a great deal of perseverance "worthy of a better cause," I managed to sit the dinner out, but was tartan riled, as every now-and-then some beastly waiter advised me to try a little fat boiled bacon. I could hardly endure the sight of Roast-beef—but bacon, the very idea was retching!

I made an internal resolve to punch that fellow's head when I got all right.

6-30 P. M.—Came to anchor off Dover, could distinguish the castle very clearly.

7 P. M.—Felt awfully squeamish.

9 P. M.—Biscuit and a glass of Brandy toddy. No tobacco, bad enough without it.

#### MONDAY, 4th JULY.

7 A. M.—Splendid morning, felt rather better in consequence of a night's rest.

Stiff breeze; obliged to tack about considerably in order to get out of the English Channel.

9 A. M.—Breakfast, enjoyed it.

10 A. M.—Came in sight of Hastings. Our Pilot expressed his conviction that we shall have to sight Land's End before we could stand fairly out for the Atlantic.

12 NOON.—Tiffin, which I may explain means luncheon, didn't touch it, felt seedy again.

5 P. M.—Couldn't touch any dinner, awfully queer.

10 P. M.—Anchored in St. Margaret's Bay.

**TUESDAY, 5th JULY.**

7 A. M.—Perambulating the deck, reading "David Copperfield" kindly lent me by a fellow passenger.

9 A. M.—Breakfast.

10 A. M.—Out of sight of land, came in with an English Man-of-war, who hoisted his colours and ordered us to do likewise.

12 NOON.—Tiffin, enjoyed it.

8 P. M.—In sight of Portsmouth Harbour and the Isle of Wight.

**WEDNESDAY, 6th JULY.**

Another beautiful morning—dead calm, hardly a ripple upon the water.

10 A. M.—Off Plymouth.

In the afternoon we had a magnificent view of Torquay.

Felt all right.

**THURSDAY, 7th JULY.**

Dead calm.

9 A. M.—Breakfast. Woman! woman! how I miss thee in the cooking department. Horrid cooking

here. Even the Poet of Truth would have hesitated to sing—

Hard fare ! but such as youthful appetite  
Disdains not, nor the palate undepraved,  
By culinary art unsavoury deems.

If you try to place your fork in a mutton chop, it will split like a piece of thin wood, and the tea drinks more like an infusion of salts and senna than of the famed leaf of China.

During breakfast we passed the Eddystone Lighthouse, we did not proceed above 6 miles during the day.

4 P. M.—It usually happens that the motion of the vessel is most uncomfortable during dinner.

I believe I may be congratulated on having got rid of sea-sickness. There is on board a piano, but being private property, is placed in the fair possessor's cabin.

Instead of proving a pleasure it was quite the contrary. She has a taste for playing Gerny's finger exercises, which sound all day as if some confounded fellow were tuning a lot of pianos.

#### FRIDAY, 8th JULY.

On the evening of this day we gazed upon England for the last time (for a year or so.) The sunset

was indeed beautiful, and as we were close to the shore, we could hear plainly the ringing of a peal of bells.

“Hear the mellow wedding bells—

Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells,

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight !

From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune.

What a liquid ditty floats,

To the turtle-dove that listens as she gloats

On the moon.

Oh, from out the sounding cells

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !

How it swells !

How it dwells

On the future ! how it tells,

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging, and the ringing

Of the bells.”

Whilst I was musing over the above lines, and the sun was sinking to his rest, I heard a beautiful tenor voice (the property of sailor) singing on board, with great feeling, the beautiful lines of Tom Moore so singularly applicable to our then present situation—

Shades of evening close not o'er us,

Leave our lonely bark a while,

For the morn will not restore us

Yonder dim and distant isle.”



## SATURDAY, 9th JULY.

Awoke by 3 of the Steward's servants being in earnest conversation outside my cabin, the first thing I heard was :—

“Well, I tell you the Markiss of Westminster is the richest man in England. All Westminster belongs to him, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.”

“I don't care” said another, “what you say—Rothschild is the richest.”

“Ah” says another one, “do you know why he was called Rothschild.” “No,” “well, it was because he was given to wrath in childhood, so of course he became Wrathschild,” *Wrath's child*. Another one wanted to know who Wrath was, he was advised to ask the captain.

“I say George, did you see that in the paper about the Young Lord Overslow, he is come into £7,000,000 and he would have had much more only it was left to some one else.” Here I burst out laughing and broke the charm of their discourse.

## SUNDAY, 10th JULY.

8 A. M.—A cup of tea.

I had forgotten, but the tremendous rolling of the vessel brings it rather forcibly to my remem-

brance, to describe my cabin. It is a square room, with 2 portholes, the size of the cabin is 4 ft. 11 in. square, with a couple of bunks one on each side of the cabin. The bunks are our sleeping places about 3 ft. wide and 6 in length; they are very uncomfortable. During the night, owing to the immense roll, my poor head came in contact with the side of the ship. I awoke—looked round,—when bump it went against the side of the bunk; not much sleep I can tell you—but I suppose I shall get bump-proof after a while.

### MONDAY, 11th JULY.

9 A. M.—Breakfast.

4 P. M.—Dinner—Our Surgeon is a very funny-fellow, during dinner, he bawls out, "Waiter," "Yes Sir." "What meat have you?" "roast beef, roast mutton, roast veal and pork." "Have you any ducks?" "Yes Sir." "Well then, give me roast beef."

In the Bay of Biscay—

"There we lay till next day,  
"In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

### SUNDAY.

6 A. M.—A cup of tea.

The ship rolling worse if possible.—I must inform

you that a bell rings at 8-30 A. M., for the passengers to be ready for breakfast.

Another bell rings at 9 for breakfast, and if you are not there before it is finished, you have to wait till 12 o'clock before you can obtain any thing in the eating line. I laugh'd very much just now at Lieut. McCallum (39 M. N. I.) occupying the next cabin to mine, he had not heard the first breakfast bell and on the ringing of the last one, "Holloa," he cries having just awoke from a deep slumber, "I say, is that preparation bell or children's breakfast?" I replied, "neither—it is our bell." "Oh, I like that, and this poor individual gets no grub till 12."

10-30 A. M.—Prayers and Sermon in the Saloon, 120 persons present.

1 P. M.—Off Cape Finisterre.

7-30 P. M.—Divine Service, the Captain officiating.

### MONDAY.

9 A. M.—Breakfast.

9-30—Raining very heavily and seems like a continuance.

12—Off Lisbon—Tiffin.

2 P. M.—Play'd chess till dinner time, when I took one of the bills of fare as its contents will swell out my diary.

MONDAY, 11th, 1864.

BILL OF FARE.

Mulligatawny Soup.

Saddle Mutton.

Boiled leg Mutton.

Sheep's Head.

Loin Pork.

Ham and Boiled Fowls.

Harrico Mutton.

Roast Ducks.

Tongue.

Corned Pork.

Pork Cutlets.

Boiled Beef.

Fowl Pies.

Kidney Pies.

Fish Balls.

Sausages.

Yorkshire Pudding.

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Curries.

Jellies and Ices.

Pancakes, Jam Rolls.



Cabinet Pudding.

Maccaroni.

Gooseberry Tart.

Damson Tart.

Champaigne.

Sherry.

Port and

Claret.

Grapes, Plums, Nuts, Almonds and Raisins, Strawberries, Cherries, Currants, &c. &c.

7 P. M.—Rain has continued up till now. I am just about to commence a game of whist.

10-30 P. M.—Retired to my cham——, no—I mean my den.

## TUESDAY, 12th JULY.

Pleasant change in the weather this morning, but unluckily we are not going along very rapidly, in fact not 2 knots an hour. I have this day finished the 2nd volume of "David Copperfield." Felt quite lachrymose over Dora—admired Agnes and Pegotty, not that Dickens would care for my admiration.

By the bye I haven't given you a list of the passengers by the "*Hotspur*." Here it is:—

• LIST OF PASSENGERS.

Major Taylor, and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Tudor and 11 children belonging to Major Taylor!

Major Poulton (B. S. C.)

Mrs. Poulton.

Miss Poulton.

Major Lamb and Mrs. Lamb.

Miss Lamb.

Miss Brookes.

Dr. Reid (20th Hussars) Mrs. Reid.

Captain Whitla (88th Reg.)

Mrs. Whitla.

Captain Walker.

Lieut. McCallum.

Lieut. Anderson (35th N. I.)

Mrs. Smith, child.

Mrs. Athanass.

Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Edwards.

Mrs. Bingham.

2 Miss. McMullens.

3 Miss Hughesdons.

Miss Motley.

Lieut. Newbolt (105 L. I.)

A game was got up to-day under the auspices of Capt. Whitla amongst the passengers and midship-

men, called "Sling the monkey." I did not see the force of their arguments in endeavouring to persuade me to join them. The name I think is singularly appropriate.

It is played by any number of persons (the fair sex of course excluded), a rope is let down from the main yard, a noose made in it and one of the players volunteers to be the first to get into it.

He has in his hand a piece of knotted rope, or a handkerchief; the rest of the players are similarly equipped, then, giving the volunteer a swing as he passes, they endeavour to hit him with the knotted rope or handkerchief which they generally succeed in doing to the monkey's content; but if the monkey happens to hit any of the other players—the one hit takes the seat in the rope. It was, I imagine, much better sport looking on, than sharing in. There was also a somewhat similar game played by the sailors. A large tub was placed near the fore-castle, two of the crew were blindfolded, and, being furnished with a thick rope's end, one placed on each side of the tub—were told to commence, which they did in the following manner :—

"I say Bill," "Holloa," "where are you?" "Here am I," "Well if you should die before I die take that," with that he tried to hit his antagonist with

the rope's end. Good players generally manage to hit their opponent. It is rare fun to see them dodging and hitting hands against the tub as they go round it.

It was very quiet, in fact a calm during dinner to-day, you could hardly observe the glasses move upon the table. We are now off Gibraltar.

### WEDNESDAY, 13th JULY.

5 A. M.—Two or three of us intended getting one of the boats this morning and having a bathe in the "Sea—the Sea—the open Sea;" when about to lower the boat—a monster shark was observed close under the stern of the vessel. Rather unpleasant company—so we abandoned the idea of the bath till a fitter opportunity.

10-30 P. M.—A splendid night, the rays of the moon were reflected beautifully upon the water—the poopdeck seemed quite a little Regent Street.

The Dr. came to me just now and said "Here, I say old fellow, don't gaze on the moon so much or it will be a case of lunacy;" (Luna, see?) not at all bad.

### THURSDAY, 14th JULY.

Going to breakfast this morning nearly tumbled over owing to the rocking of the ship. Only fancy



having to hold the table with one hand whilst vainly endeavouring to eat your breakfast with the other. Rather annoying for a hungry individual, is n't it? The theory of Tantalus is not altogether Utopian.

In the evening we had a capital game of whist. The players were Majors Poulton and Lamb, Dr. Reid and your obedient servant. It is a rule and an exceedingly good one that no money should be played for, and all games have to be knocked off at 10-30 P. M., at which time all lights must be extinguished. An officer coming round to all the cabins, "Lights out, please."

#### FRIDAY, 15th JULY.

Dinner—4-30 P. M.

I had made up my mind to-day to have a tuck into roast ducks, and thought of Fred Fisher and his wish that I may choke with the next I ate. He would, I am sure, have thought me sufficiently punished had he beheld me vainly endeavouring to carve a couple. It would, I verily believe, require the "Nazsmyth steam hammer" to sever the joints; having after a great deal of exertion, inserted my fork into what should be meat, it split—(yes, I mean the meat) as if it were a piece of wood.

Of course I did not have any of the ducks. I was



afraid Fred's wish might be only too painfully verified.

The fowls, at home my brother's favorite dish ; he has requested the Dr. to dissect a specimen of those on board, as he (my brother) swears they have no other limb than the leg. He has asked at dinner the last 10 days for fowl and always received the leg which he holds in especial abhorrence.

#### SATURDAY, 16th JULY.

We have been on board a fortnight to-day. There is in sight a Steamer, I must be on deck and have a look at her.

Have seen the steamer, which proves a Portuguese bound to Lisbon.

#### SUNDAY, 17th JULY.

7 A. M.—Beautiful morning with a fresh fair breeze.

9 A. M.—Breakfast.

10-30 A. M.—Divine Service, on deck, the Captain officiating.

#### MONDAY, 18th JULY.

A very nice morning, but unfortunately the weather is too rough to admit of the cabin ports being opened.

Have just seen a large shoal of flying fish.

Yesterday we went 200 knots.

Writing of knots reminds me of the anecdote of Lord Norbury. At one time as a Special Commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish Rebellions, he had in course of sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here my lord," said a Counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "Seven knots an hour."

### TUESDAY, 19th JULY.

Rather rough this morning but luckily the wind continues to hold up favorably. Yesterday we went 190 knots.

6 P. M.—We were apprised of land being in sight. We turned up from our dinner to see it, it proved one of the group of Madeira's.

8 P. M.—Capital game of whist. Walking the poop deck and musing on "Home—sweet home," unconsciously my reverie leads me to think of the beautiful lines of Fransisco de Aldana:—

"Clear fount of light ! my native land on high ;  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade !  
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye,  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;

But sentineled in Heaven, its Glorious presence.  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death,  
Beloved country banished from thy shore.  
A stranger in this prison house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore.  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way  
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be."

**WEDNESDAY, 20th JULY.**

Yesterday 199 knots.

3-45 P. M.—One of the Waiters amused me very much just now, soliloquizing thus:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

He finished with a fine solo on the dinner bell.

Not a very apt quotation.

However I must get ready for dinner or I shall be late.

7 P. M.—"Wonders sure will never cease" the piano.  
I mean the finger exercises have not been played for the last 2 days.

**SUNDAY, 24th JULY.**

Yesterday we passed the Cape Verd Islands.  
Divine Service.



## MONDAY, 25th JULY.

One of the crew died this morning at 3-30. At 8 whilst dressing, I heard the tolling of the bell announcing the funeral.

I went on deck and witnessed it. The body of the poor fellow was brought up the main hatchway on a grating and covered with the Union Jack. The whole of the crew were mustered on the deck very neatly dressed.

The body was placed across one of the guns. The bell ceased to toll and the Captain began his melancholy task.

When he came to the words—"We therefore commit his body to the deep to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up the dead) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who, at his coming, shall change our vile body that it be like his glorious body.

According to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

Here the body was loosed from the grating, a sudden splash of water, and he was lost to our sight for ever.

His last request was singularly touching. When asked by the Captain had he any request to make,

he said "When I left Gravesend, my old mother asked me if I had a Bible, I told her I had.—Ask her to forgive me, for I told her a lie."

A tear rolled down the Captain's cheek.

He promised to see her, shook hands with him—and all was over.

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,  
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close,  
And let us all to meditation."

#### TUESDAY, 26th JULY.

This morning we came in sight of a vessel. She was about 3 miles off. We signalled her.

The first question asked was—"Where do you belong to?"

The reply "Hamburgh."

"Where are you bound?" "Zenzibar."

"What ship is that?" "Madagascar."

"How many days at sea?" "Nineteen."

She then asked similar questions and wished us a pleasant voyage.

I had often wondered how ships managed to communicate, before I witnessed this scene. Every ship is furnished with a copy of "Marryatt's Code of Signals." According to that work different shaped or

colored flags indicate particular numbers ; they turn to the Code and find the question asked, or answered.

### WEDNESDAY, 27th JULY.

It is getting what you may call warm, 96° in the shade at dinner time. It is really an effort to eat your dinner. The ladies have come out with their fans.

### SUNDAY, 31st JULY.

Saw a barque this morning. We sent up our ensign, they replied with the Union Jack. She proved to be the "Dione" from Cardiff, bound for Algoa Bay, 34 days out. We wished her a pleasant voyage, to which she replied, "Accept my best thanks."

### MONDAY, 1st AUGUST.

I was considerably mystified during the day by the constant allusion of the crew to a dead horse.

I could not make it out at all. However we had not long to wait for ; about 7-30 P. M., a procession was formed by the sailors, and an old sail was stuffed with straw, &c., which presented a rather decent excuse for the carcass of a real horse. This was placed in the middle of the procession with one of

the crew on its supposed back. It was dragged along by about a half-dozen sailors singing—

“As I was awalking down the street,  
A poor old horse I chanced for to meet.”  
“The poor old horse.”

or words to that effect. By this time they had arrived opposite the saloon; they then halted and the rider made a speech; he said—

“For a whole month the poor old horse has served us faithfully and yet we are not sorry to part with him. No expense has been spared in getting up the funeral, and as all arrangements are complete, he will now be buried in the deep blue sea with musical honors.”

They then fastened it to a rope let down by one of them on the main yard. They then hauled it up, the man on the yard lit a blue light, cut the rope and the “poor old horse” made his exit.

From information obtained from some of the crew as to the origin of this piece of absurdity, I found out that the sailors sign articles for about 6 weeks before sailing and receive a month's pay in advance, to be deducted from their allowance at the end of the voy-

age, and the rejoicing was caused by the month having expired for which they had received pay.

### TUESDAY, 2nd AUGUST.

At tiffin to-day, Whitla brought out some potted beef of which he pressed me to partake, and it was really a treat having had none for a long time. I told him an anecdote that amused him very much, and as it will fill a page in "My Diary" beside possibly giving you pleasure, I beg leave to insert it here:—

"Doctor Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked, if he would be helped to kippered salmon. The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word "kippered" and was told it meant "preserved." The poor man, in a public prayer, soon after offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland !!"

As I flatter myself that "My Diary" may possibly be perused by some of the fairer part of creation, I will insert for their benefit Lady Mary, Wortley, Montagus' opinion of her own sex.

"I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair; and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of

never being married to any one among them; but, I own at present, I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady H——, that I never was so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. You know, I suppose, that by this discreet match she renounces the care of her children; and I am laughed at by all my acquaintance, for my faith in her honor and understanding. My only refuge is the sincere hope that she is out of her senses and taking herself for Queen of Sheba and Mr. M. for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous; but the men, you may well imagine, are not quite so charitable, and they agree in the kind reflection, that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but not having it in their power. The many instances that are to be found to support this opinion, ought to make the few reasonable more valued,—but where are the reasonable ladies?

WEDNESDAY, 3rd AUGUST.

Major Taylor has just been telling an anecdote or rather “pun perpetrated by the Captain, viz., at dinner to-day I was forced into an argument concerning Charles—I and Cromwell with Dr. Reid, he had his ‘Macaulay’ brought up to solve the

question, and the Captain observed that.—Reid was reading and Waites waiting to continue the argument."

You will possibly remember that Erskine was a great punster, and on one occasion being reproached for the propensity and told that punning was the lowest form of wit, replied—"Therefore the foundation of all wit."

"During the reign of Bonaparte when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all Civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain General what was meant by calling people "pequins." "Nous appelons pequin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire" said the General (we call every body, who is not a soldier, a pequin.) "Eh oui" replied Talleyrand "comme nous autre nous appelous militaires tous ceux qui ne sont pas civiles" (oh! yes, as we call military all those who are not civil.)

### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24th.

I have omitted writing my usual quantum of *valuable information* in "My Diary" in consequence of our near approach to "the Line." We crossed it on Sunday the sixth of August. On the Saturday previous we encountered a severe storm. The flying jib and the top gallant sails were carried away torn into ribbons.



In consequence of our "crossing the line" on Sunday, Neptune sent his Secretary on Saturday evening. He was dressed in a very fantastical style, and on the Captain observing that, "his boots seemed as if they had been covered with pearl," replied "it is our substitute for Day and Martin." The Captain asked him "had he any chronometers below as he had notified in his letter to him, that he would see the Captain at 6 P. M. and that he was very punctual." "Yes" he said, "we have some barometers to try the heat of the water."

The Captain "You do try the heat of the water then?"

"Oh yes, and when Neptune is trying the water, I am trying the strength of the grog."

The Secretary then produced a number of letters addressed to the different passengers.—This is a copy of mine:—

TO ALFRED WAITES, SENR., ESQ.,

Ship *Hotspur*,

EQUATOR.

DEAR SIR,

Knowing that you are approaching my domain, I shall take the opportunity of calling on board and paying my respects to you.

The shaving operations will commence at 10 o'Clock; it is made very easy. NEPTUNE.

The letter sent to my brother was not in so mild a strain. He was told that Neptune would bring his police and therefore it would be useless for him to resist, and hoped that on Monday he would not be suffering from a bilious affection on the brain."

One sent to Dr. Reid informed him that "Neptune would bring his Doctor on board and that he would examine Dr. Reid with regard to medicines. He had no doubt that he was a great Doctor but he was nothing in comparison with the individual having the honor of prescribing for Neptune." After a few more interesting observations, he left, promising us the usual honors on the Monday following. Of course the Sunday with us novices passed very rapidly and we awaited with a great deal of feverish anxiety the grand ceremony:—the brightest day must grow dim, and the longest have a close:—and this proved no exception to the rule, for Monday morning came at last and during the interim we were plentifully regaled with stories relative to being shaved with razors of the most approved make and pattern. "Harrison and Howson," "Rogers," and "Mappin" were set aside that day to give place to more celebrated

makers. I came on deck, on the eventful morning about 8-30 A. M. and had the felicity of witnessing the preparations. There were nearly a dozen men including some midshipmen engaged in making a huge bath; that is, a large sail was placed across the deck from the hammock nettings to the long boat, and when finished to be capable of containing 300 gallons of water; into this they were pumping water; in front of it was a spar striped in imitation of a barber's pole and a sign on which was inscribed in large letters:—

**JAMES SHAVEALL,**

**BARBER EXTRAORDINARY**

TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

**NEPTUNE.**

*N. B.—Shaving made easy.*

The sight of all these I thought quite sufficient before breakfast, so I went into the saloon to enjoy it with what feelings you may imagine. The worst of it was the ladies (confound them!). They seemed

to enjoy the idea of the treatment in store for us, and thought it a capital joke. They each had some special tale of how her brother or husband had been treated, and I think took a malicious pleasure in detailing the most *favorable* account of the affair.

I believe I was ungallant enough to wish that two or three of them had to undergo a similar (though of course modified) form of treatment to that in store for us. 10 o'clock was the hour mentioned in Neptune's epistle. There was by this time a grand assembly of the fair sex upon the poop deck facing the scene of operations. I thought myself some miserable victim about to be sacrificed for their amusement. I never before *blessed* the better portion of humanity so fervently.

10-30 A. M.—His most Gracious Majesty, like most great folks, keeps the populace in suspense and expectation.

11 A. M.—There is now a slight movement amongst the crew near the forecastle, and the awful news is brought to us that Neptune's come on board. In a few moments the triumphal car was seen approaching and on it beings ugly enough to outdo the whole heathen pantheon, rolled into the two individuals upon it, viz. Neptune and Amphitrite. His most Gracious Majesty wore an immense beard that proved the

forementioned "James Shaveall" was not extensively patronised by him. The triumphal car staid near the poop whilst Neptune, with his sceptre in his hand, (viz. a harpoon with a herring stuck on top) ascended the poop ladder and was saluted by the Captain and introduced by him to the novices. Following Neptune was Amphitrite, then the Secretary, Doctor, Doctor's Assistant, the Barber, and a host of police with staves, handcuffs &c. The Doctor was asked by Dr. Reid the prevailing disease on board and was answered "nervousness." The Captain then expressed a wish to examine the razors. The barber handed him No. III. This sketch will convey some faint idea of the original.

‘After the Captain had concluded his observations, Neptune descended from the poop and took the situation prepared for him upon the throne which was upon the carpenter’s bench aforesaid. His suite took their respective places. The Secretary pulled from his pocket a list of the victims, and the first upon that list was a Mr. Symonds, one of the passengers. He was immediately brought from the poop by those indefatigable police officers X 32—and Z—41, and placed beside his most Gracious Majesty. He was then blindfolded. I did not wait to see more, knowing my turn was next. In about ten minutes, Mr. Alfred Waites was called, and Mr. Alfred Waites responded “with a courage worthy of a better cause.” The fore-mentioned police officers as they apprehended me, whispered in mine ear that it would be wise on my part to change my then present clothing for some of an inferior quality. I took the hint and did so.

Like a lamb led to the sacrificial altar, I was taken before Neptune and seated on a thin plank which by feeling with my hands I ascertained to be about 6 inches in width. As soon as I appeared *comfortably* situated, the Doctor felt my pulse and after due examination declared me nervous; he then called on his assistant—“Montagu, give me the

smelling salts." I wondered, what could they possibly think me in a fainty condition, and were they humane enough to borrow, of some fair lady, a bottle of sal volatile for my especial relief? I had not to wait long ere I was made aware of its presence in a *rather* unpleasant manner. As words are inadequate to give you an idea of what the aforesaid salts are composed, I will endeavour to give you some idea by a sketch.



The above, you will perceive, was a bottle in which a cork was placed, in the top of which were needles inserted, and on the Doctor declaring me fainty, they were presented to my proboscis in a manner far, very far from pleasant. As the salts were declared inefficacious, the brute then advised us a certain remedy—the extraction of a tooth!

This being accomplished, he handed me over to the tender mercies of the barber, who asked me in a manner, far from polite, my name. I was wise enough to decline answering, and signified the same by a shake of the head. The illustrious barber grew enraged at my obstinate silence. In a moment I had an unpleasant sensation of soap lather over my face, somewhat similar to that experienced by me when a youngster, and the nurse would persist in rubbing the soap principally over the eyelids, and the unpleasant pain resulting therefrom caused me to place the circumstance in antagonism with the present. After about a dozen such doses, he called for "Razor No. III."

The preliminary, though bad enough, was bliss compared to this. If you can imagine a person in possession of a tolerable pair of whiskers, endeavouring to shave himself with a razor, with which his youngster has just completed cutting a piece of

wire in two, you can then form a tolerable idea of my sensations at that moment.

After this I was supposed to be deprived of all hirsute appendages. The plank on which I had been seated gave way beneath, and I was plunged into the bath beneath. When I was endeavouring to ascend the side of it, I received the contents of a bucket of fresh water which considerably refreshed me. Fancy then the illustrious writer of this Diary appearing before the world in such an ignominious position. I am truly glad that some (I won't mention names) of my lady acquaintances did not see me then. A fellow that had been dragged or whirled round a water-wheel for fifteen minutes, could not possibly have looked more woe-begone or miserable than I did. Thank Goodness when I descended to my cabin there was a comforter. Newbolt, like a jolly old brick, brought me some brandy, after which I went on deck to witness the affair at the expense of others. It is only justice due to Neptune to say that to me he was really kind in comparison with some of the poor individuals.

The Surgeon of the *Hotspur* had a shocking time of it. They administered to him pills, blistered his chest and bandaged his legs.

There were altogether about 30 introduced into

the grand mystery of "crossing the line." There were diversifications of the system pursued, and each one hailed with delight by the brutes looking on.

The following is a capital week run of the "*Hotspur*."

Aug. 24.....	195	Knots.	
25.....	228	"	
26... ..	251	"	
27.....	260	"	
28.....	263	"	51° temperature.
29.....	188	"	
30.....	249	"	

### TUESDAY, 30th AUGUST.

We have lately had a great number of Cape Pigeons following the vessel, we succeeded in catching some. The *modus operandi* was as follows:—a piece of strong thread was procured, at the one end of which there was a cork placed; as the vessel went sailing along, the pigeons, flying under the stern, would entangle themselves in the thread, and were then easily pulled on board.

We have lately had some splendid moonlight nights, and, consequently, we have got up Quadrille parties. What jolly fun it is to be sure, because, if the

vessel happens to give a larch, whilst you are galloping around, it is look-out for squalls and no mistake.

“ Far, far, upon the sea  
“ Whate’er our country be  
“ We’ll sing Brittania’s praises  
“ Void of care,  
“ And we’ll gather in a ring  
“ And with cheerful voice sing  
“ Oh ! gaily goes the ship, where  
“ The wind flows fair.”

#### FRIDAY, 2nd SEPTEMBER.

We are now off Cape Town (Cape of Good Hope) unusually fine weather for this latitude : a dead calm. We—that is Whitla, Walker, Anderson and myself went out in a boat to have a little exercise in the shape of rowing. I also took my double gun and was lucky enough to shoot a splendid specimen of the Albatross ; it measured 12 feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

The next thing of interest were the theatrical performances on board. Some of the passengers and one or two of the midshipmen have been very busy every evening lately in learning and rehearsing their respective parts, whilst I have undertaken the onerous and responsible position of a “ prompter.”

The pieces selected were the "Handsome Husband," and "Marriage at any price." Beside the position of "prompter" I also undertook the more responsible one of "Scenic Artist" to the Company. Now, really don't laugh, I know I did make a fearful mess of it, but consider the materials I had to work with. The sailmaker kindly procured us a large piece of canvass, we fastened it to the side of one of the cabins, obtained whiting and size and daubed it over. I made the sketch with a little crayon:—after having done this, I was fairly puzzled how to proceed. We got some paint from the chief officer, the only colors obtainable being red, blue and black; only fancy having to paint a house, garden, &c., with those colors. I could get no green (don't pun, yes, there was plenty of it about) so used nearly all my beautiful cake of green in my water-color box. At last a happy thought was suggested to me by Major Poulton; but before I disclose the secret, promise not to reveal it to any member or members of the "Royal Society of Artists," because Poulton (a la' Boncicault) has it registered. We mixed mustard and blue paint and obtained thereby a passable green color. At last I managed to finish the house and garden scene, and it did not look very bad, *especially at a distance.*

On the other side of the canvass I endeavoured, and partly succeeded, in painting a room scene with, grate mantelpiece, windows, curtains, pictures, &c., but alas! two days elapsed ere we were able to have the performance, and by that time my scenes resembled, what shall I say! well, the schoolmaster's definition of nothing "a footless stocking without a leg" for the mixture of the mustard with the oil colors had changed the whole thing, and, like the chameleon, it changes its color every hour, until at last, on the eventful evening, it was a beautiful slate color mixed with ~~ma~~<sup>ma</sup>. But, nevertheless, it was placed on the poop when our Theatre was erected and used as a scene, (not fit to be seen.) The Captain was particularly kind, and placed the services of the carpenter, &c., at our disposal; he manufactured foot-lights and superintended the general arrangement of flags, &c. When all was finished it looked very pretty; it is now time to give you the (quoting a friend of Shakespear's,) "Bill of the play, Sir, Bill of the play."

## : THEATRE ROYAL HOTSPUR

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

CAPTAIN AND MRS TOINBEE.

*The Officers and Passengers of the Ship.*

ON SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 24th, 1864

The gentlemen Amateurs will have the honor making their first appearance in the

COMIC DRAMA

THE HANDSOME HUSBAND.

Mr. Wyndham.

Henry Fitzherbert.

Stephen (a servant.)

The Hon. Mrs. Melford.

Mrs. Twisden.

Laura.

Maid.

Mr. A. Schneider.

Dr. Reid.

Mr. Moultrie.

Mr. Ridley.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Symonds.

---

TO BE FOLLOWED BY A COMIC SONG

IN CHARACTER

BY MR. WILLIAMS.

A Comic Recitation by Mr. Alfred Waites, entitled

**THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY**



The whole to conclude with the screaming farce of

## **MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE**

Mr. Marmaduke Brown.

Lieut. Walker.

Mr. Simon Gushington.

Dr. Reid.

Peter Peppercorn.

Mr. Schneider.

Tubbs

} Mr. Campbell.

Alick.

Matilda.

Mr. Shum.

Alice.

Mr. Ridley.

The performance to commence at 7 P. M.

DR. REID—*Manager*.—

*Vivat Regina.*

Another copy of the bill was as follows:—

“The play’s the thing.”

Look Here! Look Here!

“The best actors in the world would, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical historical-pastoral, scene undividable or poem unlimited,” have been engagad at immense expense by

## MR. GERMAN REID,

And intend doing themselves the honor of appearing before the inhabitants of *Hotspur* on the evening of Saturday the 24th September. Among the company engaged will be found the well known favorites

THE COUNT VON SCHNEIDER

OF THE

Theatres Royal at Petersburg and Vienna.

James Mildmay Mouldy Moultil, Esq., of the Theatre Royal Nowhereigo.

Miss Ridley, sister to the celebrated Bob of that name.

Miss Marie de la Pole—of the Artic Regions Theatre.

Miss Laura Georgina, Anna, Susan, Campbell.

The Hon. Mr. Fitz Symonds.

Miss Matilda Asshurnsion.

The Baron Campbello Von Hookey de Volker of all the Theatres in the world, and of

TIMBUCTOO.

Mr. Walter Waites Montgomery and Mr. German Reid.

In the morning of the performance we sent a youngster round the vessel with boards over his head, signifying that the illustrious individuals had arrived and would perform that evening. The whole affair went off capitally and wound up with a clipping Champaigne Supper given by the Captain—

“The Little Vulgar Boy.” Mr. Simpkinson (loquitur.)

’Twas in Margate last July,  
I walk’d upon the pier  
I saw a little Vulgar Boy—I said,  
“What make you here?  
The gloom upon your youthful cheek  
Speaks anything but joy.”  
Again I said, “What make you here,  
You little Vulgar Boy?”

He frowned, that little Vulgar Boy—  
He deem’d I meant to scoff—  
And when the little heart is big,  
A little “sets it off.”  
He put his fingers in his mouth,  
His little bosom rose,  
He had no little handkerchief  
To wipe his little nose!

“Hark! don’t you hear my little man  
It’s striking nine.” I said,  
“An hour when all little good boys,  
And girls should be in bed.  
Run home and get your supper!  
Else your Ma’ will scold. Oh! fie!  
It’s very wrong indeed for little boys  
To stand and cry!”

*The tear drop in his little eye*  
 Again began to spring,  
 His bosom throbbed with agony  
 He cried like any thing.  
 I stooped and thus amidst his sobs  
 I heard him murmur—"ah !  
 I haven't got no supper !  
 And I haven't got no Ma' !

"My father, he is on the seas,  
 My mother's dead and gone !  
 And I am here, on this 'ere pier,  
 To roam the world alone ;  
 I have not had this livelong day,  
 One drop to cheer my heart,  
 Nor 'brown'—to buy a bit of bread with,  
 Let alone a tart."

"If there's a soul will give me food,  
 Or find me in employ,  
 By day or night, then blow me tight !"  
 (He was a Vulgar Boy ;)  
 "And now I'm here on this here pier  
 It is my fixed intent  
 To jump as Mr. Levi did,  
 From off the monument !"

"Cheer up ! cheer up !" my little man  
 "Cheer up" I kindly said,  
 "You are a naughty boy to take  
 Such thing into your head  
 If you should jump from off the pier,  
 You'd surely break your legs.  
 Perhaps your neck then Bogey'd have you,  
 Sure as eggs are eggs !"

"Come home with me my little man,  
 Come home with me and sup ;  
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones,  
 We must not keep her up.  
 There's roast potatoes at the fire—  
 Enough for me and you—  
 Come home,—you little Vulgar Boy,  
 I lodge at number two."

I took him home to number two,  
The house beside "The Toy"  
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,  
That little Vulgar Boy,  
And then I said to Mrs. Jones,  
The kindest of her sex,  
"Pray be so good as go and fetch,  
A pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross,  
She made a little noise,  
She said she "did not like to wait,  
On little Vulgar Boys."  
She with her apron wiped the plates,  
And, as she rubb'd the delf,  
Said, I might go to Jericho,  
And fetch the beer myself.

I did not go to Jericho  
I went to Mr. Cobb,  
I changed a shilling (which in town  
The people call "a bob")  
It was not so much for myself,  
As for that vulgar child,  
And I said, "a pint of double X,  
And please to draw it mild."

When I came back I gazed about—  
I gazed on stool and chair,  
I could not see my little friend,  
Because he was not there!  
I peep'd beneath the table cloth—  
Beneath the sofa too,  
I said "you little Vulgar Boy,  
Why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table spoons,  
I looked but could not see  
The little fiddle pattern ones,  
I use when I'm at tea:

I could not see my sugar tongs,  
 My silver watch—oh ! dear !  
 I know 't was on the mantel piece  
 When I went out for beer.

I could not see my Mackintosh !  
 It was not to be seen !  
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat,  
 Broad-brimmed and lined with green  
 My carpet bag, my cruet stand,  
 That holds my sauce and soy,  
 My roast potatoes ! all are gone !  
 And so's that Vulgar Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones,  
 For she was down below.  
 " Oh Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ?  
 Aint this a pretty go ?  
 —That horrid little Vulgar Boy  
 Whom I brought here to-night,  
 —He's stolen my things and run away !"  
 Says she " and sarve you right !"

Next morning I was up betimes,  
 I sent the crier round  
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat,  
 To say I 'd give a pound  
 To find that little Vulgar Boy  
 Who'd gone and used me so.  
 But when the crier cried " O yes,"  
 The people cried " O no !"

I went to " Jarvis landing place"  
 The glory of the town,  
 There was a common sailor man  
 A walking up and down.  
 I told my tale—he seemed to think  
 I'd not been treated well  
 And called me " Poor old Buffer !"  
 What that means I cannot tell.

That sailorman he said he'd seen  
 That morning on the shore  
 A son of ——— something 'twas a name  
 I'd never heard before,  
 A little "gallows-looking chap."  
 Dear me what could he mean?  
 With a "carpet swab" and "muckintogs"  
 And a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes"  
 And said he'd seen him "Sheer"  
 It's very odd that sailormen  
 Should talk so very queer  
 And then he hitch'd his trousers up  
 I'm told it is their use—  
 It's very odd that sailormen  
 Should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well,  
 But think he meant to say  
 He'd seen that little Vulgar Boy,  
 That morning swim away  
 In Captain Large's Royal George  
 About an hour before,  
 And they were now as he supposed  
 "Somewhere" about the Nore.

A Landsman said "I twig the chap  
 He's been upon the mill—  
 And cause he gammons all the flats  
 Vecalls him Veeping Vill!"  
 He said "he'd done me very brown  
 And nicely stowed the swag"  
 —That's French I fancy for a hat  
 Or else a carpet bag.

I went and told the constable  
 My property to track;  
 He asked me if I didn't wish  
 That I might get it back.



I answered to be sure I do !  
 It's what I've come about,  
 He smiled and said — " Sir  
 Does your mother know your'e out ?"

Not knowing what to do I thought  
 I'd hasten back to town,  
 And beg our own Lord Mayor  
 To catch the boy who'd " done me brôwn"  
 His Lordship very kindly said,  
 He'd try and find him out,  
 But he " rather thought that there were  
 Several vulgar boys about."

He sent for " Mr. Whithair then,  
 And I described the swag,"  
 My Mackintosh my sugar tongs  
 My spoons, and carpet bag,  
 He promised that the new Police  
 Should all their powers employ.  
 But never to this hour have I  
 Beheld that Vulgar Boy.

### MORAL.

Remember then, that when a boy—  
 I've heard my grândma' tell,  
 " Be warned in time by other's ills  
 And you shall do full well !"  
 Don't link yourself with vulgar folks,  
 Who've got no fixed abode,  
 Tell lies, use naughty words, and say  
 They " wish they may be blow'd"  
 Don't take too much of double X —  
 And don't at night go out  
 To fetch your beer yourself,  
 But make the pot boy bring your store  
 Add when you go to Margate next,  
 Just stop and ring the bell,  
 Give my respects to Mrs. Jones,  
 And say I'm pretty well !

As I was fortunate enough to get encored in the  
"Little Vulgar Boy," I then recited Tennyson's  
"Charge of the Light Brigade."

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league ! Half a league ! Half a league onward.  
All in the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred,  
Forward, the Light Brigade  
Charge for the guns he said,  
Into the Valley of Death.  
Rode the six hundred,  
Forward the Light Brigade !  
Was there a man dismay'd ?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered ;  
There's not to make reply  
There's not to reason why  
There's but to do and die ;  
Into the Valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volley'd and thundered.  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of death  
Into the mouth of hell.  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare  
Flash'd all at once in air  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging an army while all the world wondered,  
Plung'd in the battery smoke,  
Right thro' the line they broke

## MY DIARY.

Cossack and Russian reel'd from their sabre stroke.

Shattered and sundered  
Then they rode back again,  
But not, not the six hundred :  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volley'd and thundered,  
Storm'd at with shot and shell  
Both horse and hero fell  
They that had fought so well  
Came from the jaws of death  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them  
Left of six hundred.

When shall their glory fade ?  
O ! the wild charge they made  
All the world wondered ;  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade !  
Noble six hundred.

## SATURDAY, 8th OCTOBER.

This evening, whilst in my cabin, dressing for dinner, I was startled by hearing hurras. I hastened on deck and perceived passengers and crew in the act of giving the last of three thundering cheers. On enquiry I ascertained that the man at the foremost head had called out "Land O !"

It is only those that have lived for some three months at sea, each morning bringing no variety of scenery, nothing to excite the imagination, that

water all around—the same companions—the same faces every day—only those that have realized the utter loneliness of such a position that can understand the magical influence of those two little words “Land O !”

We went along with a splendid breeze, and we anchored about 12-30 A. M. On the following afternoon, the breeze again came up favorably, and the gallant ship went in fine style to Madras. We anchored about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the shore. No sooner had we done so than the ship was crowded with coolies, &c. Their costume was decidedly primitive. I had made arrangements about a fortnight before this, that if we stopped at Madras a night, I would go on shore and dine with Newbolt ; consequently we made up a party, Captain and Mrs. Whitla, Newbolt and myself, and proceeded on shore in one of the surf boats. The surf on the Madras Coast runs very high, and passengers have frequently to remain on board the vessel for finer weather, to allow of their being landed in safety.

However, after some knocking about, we got on shore all right. We had hardly been landed, ere one of the coolies seized my portmanteau and was running off with it, Newbolt said to me “I say old fellow ! you’d better look after that portmanteau of

yours, do you see that scamp bolting with it?" I did, ran after him, and quickly arrested his progress. When I had him fast, he exclaimed with the most innocent face possible "Custom, Sahib, custom." I have some slight recollection of venturing an adjective, not generally mentioned in the best society, and said "——— your custom, but that custom won't suit me," but what was the use of my talking to the fellow. I couldn't understand a word he said. He was chattering in a most vehement manner; till, at last, I made him carry my portmanteau back again, and place it on the top of the gharrie (Indian Carriage) in which was Newbolt quite red in the face, like Democritus again, and holding his sides which were immoderately shaken with laughter. We were scarcely seated, when another coolie stopped the gharrie, and began talking to Newbolt, during which conversation I again heard my favorite word "custom." I was about giving expression to another adjective, when he stopped me by saying—"Do you know what this fellow wants?" I said, "Yes, of course, I do, he says it is the custom for them to run off with a gentleman's portmanteau." Again Newbolt laughed—again he applied his hands to his side, and went red in the face, during which interesting performance I managed to hear the

words! I thought so,—ah! ah! I thought as much, oh! oh! No, my dear fellow, he wants us to go to the Custom House, in order that our luggage may be passed. I said “well, you might as well have told a fellow that before, and not have sent his portmanteau, and let him make such a fool of himself.” His only consolation was “well! you’ll know better next time.” Mine was “well, I’ll make you pay for it at dinner time.”

After getting our luggage passed, we proceeded to the Wellington Hotel. On our way thither, my attention was attracted by perceiving some natives intently examining some fellow’s head. On enquiry Newbolt said, but, no, I will not write what he said, but think I can convey my meaning in an anecdote. “On one occasion Dr. Johnson was riding in company with Boswell, on a visit to Lichfield, happening to tell Boswell that he felt very hungry. Boswell, good naturedly, volunteered to ride forward and get the dinner prepared by the time Johnson would arrive. Off he started, and on his arrival was much pleased by seeing a beautiful piece of mutton roasting before the fire on the old fashioned spit. On enquiry the hostess told him that he and his friend might make their dinner of it if they liked. Boswell shortly after going to the kitchen found a boy

turking the spit, and scratching his head over the meat. (by the bye that boy's head was not washed every day). None of that for me—"where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," that'll do for Johnson, Boswell enquired if the hostess could procure him another joint. On the receipt of a negative answer, he enquired if he could have a pudding—"Yes." "All right ! then make me one at once."

The mutton and the pudding being served up, Johnson having, in the meanwhile, arrived, a smile of satisfaction stole over his face on hearing from his friend his antipathy to mutton. Boswell having finished the pudding, could contain his hilarity no longer. Johnson surprised, asked the reason. Boswell told him what he had seen regarding the meat. Johnson enraged sent for the youngster and the hostess and demanded of the boy why he did not keep his cap on his head.

The boy replied—"I couldn't Sir,"

"Why ?" roared Johnson.

Because, Sir, my mother took it to boil the pudding in for the gentleman."

At last we arrived at the Wellington Hotel, engaged bed rooms and a sitting-room. Had a couple of chairs placed on the grass outside the door, a table brought with cheeroots and brandy and water,

had a jolly smoke and then went at 8 P. M. to dinner, the weather being sultry. We had the punkah at work, and some nice iced claret with our dinner, after which we proceeded to the "Club House," a very fine building: every convenience, excepting a mild temperature may be procured within its walls. After a short drive we returned to the hotel, and Whitla, Newbolt and I had cheeroots and brandy toddy, and then turned in. Next morning we had a drive through Madras, it seems very strange to a person that has passed the precious portion of his life in "Merry England," to see the men walking about in such primitive costume—the women with their cobweb garments, and every dozen yards a fellow sitting on the side of the street, whilst another fellow is shaving him or cutting his hair, and then some of the gharreies, as used by the natives, are, I should say, manufactured on the same principle as the "Wonderful One—Hoss Shay."

- "And yet as a whole 'tis past a doubt  
In another hour 'twill be worn out!"

We went to "Gillanders" and learnt that the ship would sail in the afternoon at 4 o'clock for Calcutta. Newbolt came on with me, the surf was running very high, we got on board all right, but was sorry



to see a magnificent horse drowning, it had been placed in the landing boat, and when, as it was thought all right, it began plunging and kicking, it upset the boat, and was, consequently, drowned. At last every thing being landed, Newbolt wished me "good bye," and the *Hotspur* went away from Madras.

In the evening, whilst perambulating the deck, I heard a lady passenger singing. It struck me as being a *remarkable* coincidence to the following :—

"Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory  
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
And certain stars shot madly from their apheres,  
To hear the Sea Maid's music."

### SUNDAY, 23rd OCTOBER.

Last night we experienced the frightful effects of a "Cyclone." I will endeavour to render you as faithful an account as possible.

For three days prior to this we experienced very bad weather, and which was a great source of discomfort to our Captain, because knowing our proximity to the shore, and being unable to tell our position owing to the sun being obscured by the dark heavy

clouds, we were in a little danger ; in order, therefore, to avoid running aground, the Captain determined to anchor last night. He did so ; we were all, of course, unaware of the near approach of " the fearful Cyclone." We laughed, chatted, played our usual evening game of whist, " and all went merry as a marriage bell."

At 9 o'clock it was pitchy dark, in so much, that the Captain, in his account of it to the Calcutta papers said—" the darkness of the night was fearful, and it might truly be said it was such as might be felt."

At 10 o'clock the weather being very hot 98° we, that is, Anderson and myself, determined to have our mattrasses brought up into the cuddy and sleep upon the dinner table. We had been there about half an hour, when a lurch of the vessel warned us to move ; it had, by this time, become apparent to the most inattentive, that the wind was gradually but surely gaining in strength. In spite of this, though I could not help laughing, as I saw a lady enter the cuddy, seeking the Captain's wife, in order to derive from her some little comfort, as the rolling of the vessel had disturbed her " poor nerves," I shall not easily forget how I vainly endeavoured to suppress my risibility. When I saw her

ascending the stairs, a thin lady of doubtful age, (of course we had never seen her before but in her ordinary day dress, and she was then the pattern of neatness), with her hair fastened, by some ingenious process, to the top of her head, with an utter absence of crinoline—hats, &c., she was a perfect metamorphosis—and though the thunder seemed to me to rebuke my hilarity I could not resist it. She entered Mrs. Toynbee's cabin, where I hope she received the consolation she deserved for her courage in coming up *en dishabille*.

1 A. M.—The roaring of the waves, the flash of lightning and the crash of thunder were now awful enough to appal the stoutest heart.

“Heaven's loud artillery began to play,  
And wrath divine in dreadful peals convey,  
Darkness and raging winds their terrors join,  
And storms of rain with storms of fire combine.”

The Captain now came into the cuddy, spoke to none, but entering his cabin, seized his speaking trumpet and waterproof coat, and again went on deck. All the passengers turned out of their beds, assumed a hasty toilet, and were to be seen in groups with tearful eyes and anxious faces, consulting and stating their fears with regard to the probable issue of this fearful storm. It was extremely

difficult to maintain any thing like an upright position ; we laid hold of tables, stair case, railing, or, in fact, of anything that would enable us to preserve something like an equilibrium. So invincible is our love for life received freely from Him,

“ Who in his sovereign wisdom made us all.”

The lightning was such I hope never to see again. Flash followed flash with a frightful rapidity, that when I say a person might have read a book for half an hour by its aid without suffering an intermission of five minutes, I do so with a most firm conviction of the truth of that statement.

Whitla, Anderson, and I were standing close to the saloon window, when we heard the order given by the Chief officer to place the dead lights in the upper deck portholes. Before they could be obtained, a terrific sea dashed through the window near which we were standing, carrying away glass, framework and every thing connected with it. I then changed my position. I was completely saturated, and the sea was coming in every moment ; but yet it was impossible for me to change my garments, because, in the first place, I could not have stood up (owing to the frightful knocking and pitching about of the vessel) sufficiently to enable me to don them ; and,

secondly, I should have been wet through again before I could have reached the cuddy, the water was in some of the cabins more than three feet in depth, and was furiously dashing down the main patchway,

The Cyclone was at its height. Whilst holding on to the stair case railing and gazing through the glass door of the saloon, I beheld a fearful wave dashing with frightful impetuosity toward us for full five minutes, although the lightning was fearfully vivid, you could not see the forepart of the ship, in consequence of the intervention of the waves.

The Captain gave all up as lost. It was heart-rending to hear the cries of the ladies and children.

From this time the storm gradually abated—and in the morning how glad I was to join Whitla, Anderson, and other passengers in helping them at pumps. What a change there was in the gallant ship. Her masts were blown away, and the splinters and the rigging were crowded in an indescribable confusion upon the deck. As soon as the poop was sufficiently clear I went on it; we saw a ship about two miles from us, totally dismasted, and apparently, in a sinking condition. We somehow contrived to hoist our signals, and asked them if we could render

them any assistance. It was sometime before they could answer us. They then said that their ship was the *Alnwick Castle*, with troops on board, and asked us, if we arrived at Calcutta first, to inform the Government officials that they were totally dismasted and helpless.

At breakfast when the Captain came, I was much surprised at his changed appearance. His eyes were bloodshot, and he seemed worn out with anxieties. He looked ten years older than he had the day before. One of the passengers, in a jocular strain, remarked, that his wife was crying hysterically during the storm. The captain said, "Ah! I would forgive any body for crying last night. I have been for more than thirty years at sea. I have ridden out typhoons in the Chinese seas, and hurricanes in the Atlantic, but I never rode out or ever expected to survive such a storm as that of yesterday. Your lives were not worth a shilling's purchase. I had given all up, and if a link in the anchor chain had snapped, we should have foundered at once. On the Sunday morning we perceived a small brig coming toward us; the Chief officer sent for the Captain; he soon came up with his telescope, "Well Stoddart" said he "what do you make of her?" "I think she's a pilot boat Sir."

"So do I," said the Captain. We had not to wait long when a pilot came on board. How glad we all were to be sure, and when we questioned him about the Cyclone, he said, they had not found of it, and they could not have been more than 80 miles from us. I believe it is characteristic of the Cyclone, that it travels in a very limited space, sweeping away every thing before it in its fury.

On Tuesday we procured a Steamer, and whilst we were seated at breakfast, we were all astonished at hearing three deafening cheers on our vessel. On looking through the saloon window, we found out that Government had sent a Steamer to look for the *Alnwick Castle*, and they both were now passing us. Our crew were so delighted at seeing her in safety, that they could not refrain from cheering. Whilst looking at her passing us, we could perceive some of the officers' wives applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and some of the rough soldiery brushed their coat sleeve across the organ of sight to dash away a tear. In a few moments we heard cheer after cheer borne to us by the morning breeze; it would be difficult for me to describe my feelings at that moment. Our pilot told us that early in the morning he had seen the body of a European lady floating on the water pass the vessel. Her hair

was trailing over her breast, and there was a gold chain around her neck.

“ Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?  
Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a nearer one  
Ay, and a dearer one, yet  
Than all other ?

We anchored in the evening off “ Diamond Harbour.” The *Alnwick Castle* was anchored near us, and, consequently, Anderson, Stoddart, Whitla and myself got a boat and went on board her.

They were very glad to see us and supplied us plentifully with cheeroots, &c.

During the storm they lost their masts and three of their boats, one was cut in twain by the waves, as it was hanging over the stern and the pieces dashed over the deck.

After spending half an hour in their company, we left them and proceeded to our own ship. It was distressing to perceive the wrecks, on the shore, each side of us. The *Alligator Steamer* was blown a



quarter of a mile inland, and left high and dry in a rice field. On the other side I counted nine vessels together, all total wrecks. Whilst in the middle of the river might be seen the masts of the ship *Ali*, that had foundered during the Cyclone, with 400 souls on board. The bodies of the sailors and cattle lying in heaps on the shore, and the carrion crows feasting on their carcases.

But enough of this, it was dreadful to behold, and is sickening to describe.

Some time before the Cyclone, I lent some books of mine to most of the passengers, and it was really amusing to hear from the individuals, to whom I had lent them, that the storm of the 23rd had destroyed them or washed them out of their cabins. It was extraordinary, but, with only one exception, I had never seen any of the best books since. It brings to my memory some lines, which those who have not read them, will probably find interesting :—

“How hard, when those who do not wish  
To lend—that’s lose—their books,

Are snared by anglers—folks that fish  
With literary hooks.

Who call and take some favorite tome  
But never read it through.  
They thus complete their set at home,  
By making one at you.

Behold the book shelf of a dunce  
Who borrows never lends ;  
You work, in twenty volumes, once  
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut  
From view, 'tis all in vain ;  
They're gone—and though the leaves are " cut "  
They never " come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around  
For tracts my tears are spilt,  
But when they take a book that's bound,  
'Tis surely extra guilt.

A circulating library  
Is mine—my birds are flown ;  
There's one old volume left, to be  
Like all the rest, alone

I, of my Spencer quite bereft,  
Last winter sore was shaken,  
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,  
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They picked my Locke, to me far more  
Than Bramah's patent worth ;  
And now my losses I deplore  
Without a home on earth.

Even Glover's works I cannot put  
My frozen hands upon,  
Though ever since I lost my Foote,  
My Bunyan has been gone.

My life is wasting fast away—  
I suffer from these shocks  
And though I've fixed a lock or Gray  
There's gray upon my locks.

They still have made me slight returns  
And thus my grief divide,  
For oh ! they've cured me of my Burns  
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think, I shall not say  
Nor let my anger burn ;  
For as they have not found me Gay,  
They have not left me Sterne.

On the 26th October we dropped anchor in the river Hooghly, about five miles below Calcutta, the reason to be assigned for our not anchoring nearer "the City of Palaces" was the number of sunken vessels in the bed of the river. We had not been at

anchor a quarter of an hour ere "Major Poulton called out to me I say Waites here's Bick, By, George, he has'nt changed much since I saw him last."

In a moment after this he was on board. After the customary greeting, we procured our portmanteaues, and promising to send for the rest of our luggage on the following day, we descended the ladder by the ship's side, entered the dinghee and proceeded to Garden Reach.

On the Saturday following we were to dine with one of my cousin's Baboos, he was indeed a clipping good fellow, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I accepted his invitation.

As we proceeded through the streets in our gharrie to his residence, we had an opportunity of witnessing some of the Indian illuminations, and it struck me as being possibly very like the illumination of London, on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Anne.

In good time we arrived at our friend's house, whom I must introduce to you under the name and title of Baboo Ketthro Mohun Sha, I was surprised to perceive about thirty native gentlemen present, and was much more pleased in finding them all sensible, well read men. In fact their knowledge of England,

Roman and English history, Milton, Shakspeare, Chaucer, Cowper, Crabbe, &c., &c., would have put to the blush many an Englishman, with his pretensions to aristocratic birth and college tuition. Of course, their modes of entertainment, salutation, &c., were what I had not been accustomed to, and amused me by their novelty. We were soon seated on a magnificent carpet, with our friends around us, whilst, in the centre of the apartment was a splendid silver hookah, placed on blue velvet, beautifully worked with gold. We of course smoked the pipe of peace.

On the walls of this room I perceived a painting, of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the trial of king Charles I.

Dinner being announced, we proceeded to a small apartment, where we dined alone.

I enjoyed this dinner more than any I had had since leaving England, of course a great deal may be attributed to the charm of novelty. We had some fish, known to the Hindoos as mango fish, as it reminded me very forcibly of white bait, only the mango fish was much larger than that of the celebrated Greenwich dish.

Champagne was poured into silver goblet, holding at least a pint (Imperial measure.)

After dinner we returned to the apartment in which I had noticed the above named pictures, and some nautch girls came forward and gave us a specimen of Indian dancing and singing. I cannot say I admired it.

You may have some idea of it, if you can imagine a servant girl in the act of brushing cobwebs from a portion of your ceiling and walls, and continuing the same amusing action for the space of three hours; and, in the meanwhile, relieving the monotony by singing or rather screeching a song, the cadence of which never exceeded E flat and C sharp in the treble. I was flat enough never lower, but could not see sharp enough to appreciate the *delightful* melody.

Did you ever hear a solo on the big drum? If not, it is useless my endeavouring to explain a tom-tom, another of the characteristic of nautches.

Before I close my Diary, I will endeavour to give you some idea of Calcutta. There is one thing I need not tell you, and that is,—“it is warm, decidedly warm,” and that fellow was right, when he told a friend of mine, that “there is only the difference of a sheet of Indian note paper between Calcutta and a place unmentionable, but in which Nuphistopheles is popularly supposed to be the chief.”

In our drive to office in a morning, we cross a large tract of land called "the maidaun," on one side of which is Fort William. Having passed this you come to Government House, the principal residence of His Excellency the Governor General of India, then Court House street, the principal street in Calcutta for European business residents, and soon after this you pass the spot on which the infamous "Black Hole" of Calcutta stood. It is frightful even to think of those poor fellows, entombed in that living grave, in which the heat was so fearfully intense, that many offered their lives in exchange for a drop of water to cool their heated brows. Nearly every building in Calcutta is built in the form of a quadrangle, and along the sides of the streets are deep gutters with water flowing along, and with which the natives water the roads; these natives, both men and women, of the lower grade, walk about in a costume peculiar to themselves, and which is "hardly decent-like you know."

### CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

On the day before Christmas day, we came early from office, and purchased kidney beans, green peas, &c. &c., and the ingredients necessary for making a plum pudding.

Oh ! how I wish that some of my friends had observed us during the manufacture of our pudding. We had determined to make it ourselves, as our servants would most probably have eaten the plums and lemon-peel and swallowed the brandy.

My cousin was busily engaged in chopping up the suet on a marble-topped table, whilst my brother and I, with our jackets off, were seated on a couch plucking the stones from out the plums.

My cousin gave the *khitmutgar* (Indian cook) some kidney beans to cook for our dinner at 7 P. M. With the wilful perversity of their nature he put them on boil seven hours before dinner time, and on going into the cook house about three hours after their being deposited on the fire, we of course found them spoiled. What a nuisance ! I had made up my mind to enjoy them. W. F. B., in the language of Pyrranes' *pater familias* exclaimed—

Just do that again Sir  
Just you do  
And won't I whop you  
Rather."

We remained up till 3 o'clock on the Christmas morning, then dished up our puddings and retired to rest.



In the morning I heard, about 7 A. M., the bells chiming from St. Paul's Cathedral, and the guns firing at the fort, ushering in another Christian festival. How difficult it was to realize Christmas. None of crisp snow from under our window and stretching away o'er hill and dale, as far as the eye can reach; none of the merry fire-places with the yule log crackling with its flames and its sparks rushing up the old wide open chimney; none of those dear forms to be wrapped up to prevent old "Jack Frost" from attacking them too severely; none of the fine manly forms, encased in thick over-coats and with wrappers around their necks previous to setting out for the Old Church, we remember so well, with its monuments and tablets than in years gone by, we have read over and over again till they have become engraven on our memory, and are now covered with the "Ivy green" and the merry holy branch; no Christmas parties in which the misletoe bough played a conspicuous part.

What jolly fun there is in Old English Christmas.

I am now seated nearly saturated with perspiration with a tropical sun sending its rays and heat into the room, and madly endeavouring to form some idea of Christmas, as it is at home, and whilst

every faculty is busy with the "memory of the past," in a reverie I exclaim—"What ho! without there being in the punch bowl and the yule log." A dreary whining voice answers—"Saheb." I know I am in India, my illusion is dispelled, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision leaves not a rack behind."

On New Year's eve, with a few friends, we determined to watch the in-coming of the year of our Lord 1865. At 12 o'clock a salute was fired from the Fort, and, in a moment afterwards, the Cathedral bells announced to the good people of Calcutta that the old year with all its sorrows and anxieties had passed away for ever.

"Hark! in that dirge-like peal what magic lies,  
To move me thus?  
Unwilling thoughts that come  
Like long-laid ghosts from some forgotten tomb,  
Tell me what potent spell hath said, arise!"

Yet stay a while, ye dreams that my young eyes  
Once loved to rest on; linger smiles and tears  
Far sweeter; but the shadow of last-years,  
Mingling with darker clouds, already flies.

So when a few faint notes of distant song  
Pass o'er the heart of some lone traveller,  
Like sounds he once had loved, the echoes there  
Are straight awakened, that the tones prolong  
One busy moment: soon 'tis heard no more,  
And the cold heart is silent as before."—

On the 3rd of January my cousin and I proceeded to the "Drawing Room" or Levée at Government House. We left Russell street at 8 P. M., and shortly afterwards arrived at the residence of His Excellency the Viceroy. We remained some time in common with others in the antechamber during the presentation of the Ladies to His Excellency and Lady Lawrence. At one end of this room there is a magnificent statue of Lord Dalhousie, and, at the other end, of Lord Wellington, (if I mistake not). In a short time the gentlemen were announced, and we proceeded along a gallery on the side of the Drawing Room. The Viceroy and Lady were standing by the throne on the right hand side of which were three aides-de-camp, to the first of whom you gave your card, he then passed it to the one nearest the Governor General, who called out your name. His Excellency and Lady bowed and you passed on.

All the ladies were magnificently dressed, some literally dazzling with the profusion of diamonds and other precious stones. Some of the ladies were very pretty, but the majority seemed used up with ennui. After spending an hour in the Drawing Room, and a short time at the refreshment tables, we returned to our domicile.

On the Thursday following, I received an invitation to a ball, given by the Governor General at the Government House at 9 P. M.

I went of course. The Ball Room presented a splendid appearance ; there are about 40 lustre chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and this blaze of light together with the handsome ladies, with their splendid ball costume, the military officers with their glittering uniforms formed a spectacle, not to be witnessed every day.

Of course, during the short time I have been in India, I have been enabled to form very few lady acquaintances ; and, consequently, as I had anticipated, there were none at the ball, to whom I had been previously introduced. So

“ Me not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;  
“ Impelled, with step unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good that mocks me, with the view ;  
And like the circles bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms unknown,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.”

But I managed to spend an hour or so very comfortably in the Refreshment Room, partaking of ices, sandwiches, and iced moselle. At 12 o'clock we went to supper ; at the top of the centre table were

seated Sir John Lawrence, with the Grand Cross of the Bath upon his left breast, and the scarlet ribbon over his shoulder. On his right hand sat Lady Lawrence, and on his left Lady and Sir Robert Napier, with whom he was in conversation during nearly the whole of supper time.

Supper being ended, I remained for a short time in the ball room, and then left for No. 3, Russell street, turned into bed, blessed the mosquitoes—some of which were biting during the pleasing occupation of undressing. My bearer tucked the mosquito curtains around me. I soon fell asleep and “dream’d of joy departed.”

“In visions of the dark night,  
I have dream’d of joy departed;  
But a waking dream of light and life  
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day,  
To him whose eyes are cast,  
On things around him with a ray  
Turn’d back upon the past?

That holy dream—that holy dream,  
While all the world were chiding  
Hath cheer’d me as a lovely beam  
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, through storm and night,  
So trembled from afar  
What could there be more purely bright,  
In Truth’s day-star?”

As the foregoing remarks cannot, exclusively belong to "My Diary" as a voyager—in other words, as it embraces those of a sojourner in India also, I do not think it will be out of place to say something of the moral and religious condition of this vast empire, which my short personal experience and limited acquaintance with the natives, have enabled me to know, and which, I fondly hope, will not be the less gratifying to you.

The University of Calcutta is in a flourishing condition. The departure of Dr. Duff for Europe—the *Savant* of the Syndicate might tell upon its prospects ; but, it is generally believed, that there are more learned, if not better men to supply his place.

In each year no less than 200 natives pass for degrees B. A., M. A., &c., &c.

The intellectual gloom which hovered over India at the capture of Suraj-ood-dowlah, when we first got possession of the country, has long since passed away.

How would Englishmen of 1757, who came out to India, marvel at her present intellectual progress, and comparatively moral advancement—and find that the lucid but trenchant eloquence of Macaulay, in his summing up of the native character, is no longer applicable.

But the religious amelioration of a people, long the victims of a degrading and cruel superstition, has been but partially accomplished.

The only schools where religion is openly taught are Missionary. Government maintain a relation of strict neutrality—which, neither the experience of the past and the present—the anticipations of the future—the moral degradation to which the natives are sunk—nay, nor even the teachings of that blessed volume in which they profess to believe,—have been able to ignore. Hence the Hindoo and Mahomedan youths, who may be said to have reached the very acmé of intellectual perfectability are to be seen here; but most obtuse, indifferent and unconcerned in matters which relate to temporal resurrection from the grave of barbarism and superstition and eternal spirituality.

But notwithstanding such formidable obstacles, the friends of religious education have ample reason to rejoice in the conversion of hundreds and thousands in India.

We have, in our office, a respectable native convert. He has lost his earthly possessions for embracing Christianity, and instead of sorrowing, rejoices that, he has been deemed worthy to suffer for the Cross.

He is a well educated man, and has several respectable friends of his now in England. One is coming out as a Barrister. He is a known man, and, at different times, served Government as a teacher and Inspector of schools.—He has published several books; and is the successful author of that “Prize Essay,” which was offered by a Sussex gentleman in 1848.

The Revd. Banerjea, Professor of the Bishop's College, is a native convert.

There are several other native converts of intelligence and respectability, some of whom have been ordained, and others are deputy magistrates, collectors, teachers, writers and catechists. One of the former was the famous editor of the *Indian Reformer*, of which it has been justly said, that it was the first journal of its kind.

“Laden with guilt sinners arise;  
 “And view the bleeding sacrifice;  
 “Each purple drop proclaims the room  
 “And bids the poor and needy come.

“Beneath his people's crimes he stood,  
 “Signed their acquittances in blood,  
 “Herein God's justice is appeas'd,  
 “Sinners look up, and be released.

“Mercy, truth, peace and righteousness,  
 “Beam from the Reconciler's face,  
 “Here look till love dissolve your heart,  
 “And bid your slavish fears depart.



“ Oh ! quit the world's delusive charms  
 “ And quickly fly to Jesus' arms,  
 “ Wrestle until your God is known  
 “ Till you can call the Lord your own.”

And now in concluding this my Diary, I sincerely trust, my friends will not deal critically with it, but excuse all its imperfections (which are legion) for, “to err is human—to forgive divine,” believing that it has been written with the, I am almost afraid, vain hope of affording a little amusement to some of them. I should have enlarged it by writing more of India, but various occupations prevent, and you know if I were to write much of Calcutta, what would I have to put in my letters ? Simply repetition ! till some of my acquaintance would be saying, as the postman rapped at the door (by the bye, I would like to hear of him more frequently) “ Oh dear ! another letter from Alfred Waites. Well ! we have read his last, and this is doubtless to the same effect.” Then it would be consigned to the flames. I fancy some one saying :—

“ Ah ! true patriot he, for be it understood,  
 He left his country for his country's good.”

THE END.

*I. C. Bose & Co., Stanhope Press, 182, Bow-Bazar Road, Calcutta.*

