INDIANA

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THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

CHARLES, LORD METCALFE;

LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA,
AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA;

FROM

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND JOURNALS

PRESERVED BY HIMSELF, HIS FAMILY, AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN WILLIAM KAYE,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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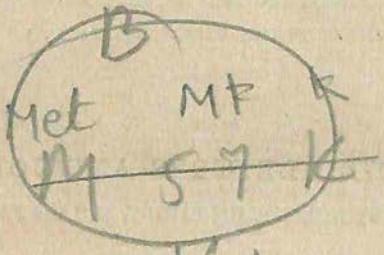

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DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH BAYLEY,

ONE OF THE EARLIEST AND THE LATEST, ONE OF THE MOST LOVED AND MOST RESPECTED

OF

CHARLES METCALFE'S FRIENDS,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THE biography of a statesman to whose care "the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown were successively entrusted," calls for no introduction to explain or to justify the circumstance of its publication. But something may be said, in this place, respecting the materials upon which the present Memoir is based, and the considerations which have influenced the manner of its construction.

When in the autumn of 1846 Lord Metcalfe was mercifully removed from what had long been to him a world of suffering, there was found in his will a special clause, giving and bequeathing to one of his trustees "all his papers, as well those in his own possession as in the hands of his agents, Messrs. Cockerell and Company, consisting principally of private correspondence," to be disposed of by the said trustee under instructions from the testator, and failing such instructions at his own discretion. Lord Metcalfe died, leaving no instructions regarding the papers. They, therefore, became absolutely the property of the trustee, who, after taking counsel with some of the nearest and dearest friends of the deceased, did me the honor to request that I

would take charge of the papers, with the object of founding upon them a Memoir of the life of Lord Metcalfe.

The collection was one of considerable bulk. It comprised several large boxes, containing an immense mass of private letters addressed to Charles Metcalfe, from the time when he was a boy at Eton almost to the very day of his death. Here and there I found a few drafts or copies of letters written by Metcalfe himself, mixed up with those of which he had been the recipient. There were, also, one or two collections of Metcalfe's letters, written in a strain of unreserved confidence and familiarity to intimate private friends, who had died in India, and whose executors had seemingly returned the correspondence to the writer. In addition to these there were some early journals and common-place books—written at Eton, on the voyage to India, or during the first years of the writer's residence in that country; copies of all his letters written whilst on his Mission to Lahore in 1808; of all, or nearly all, his minutes written when a member of the Supreme Government of India; and of his confidential letters and despatches written subsequently from Jamaica and Canada. Nor must I omit to state that there was one large box entirely filled with public addresses of congratulation or condolence—of welcome or farewell—voted to him in the three great dependencies of which he was sometime t head.

After the first hasty examination of these papers, I had little doubt that they had been preserved for

the purpose to which I was about to devote them. Nothing fortifies and encourages a biographer so much as such an assurance as this. Metcalfe had a very early prescience that he was destined to be great. When yet little more than sixteen he wrote, not lightly and jestingly either, of the "fervent biographer," who was to seize upon the traits of character indicated in the self-searching entries in his Common-place Book. But carefully as all these papers had been preserved, and multitudinous as were the records, they were hardly to be regarded as the best, or most legitimate materials of biography. Of the thousands of letters which passed into my hands, there was hardly one which was not of some use, as suggesting an idea, strengthening an impression, contributing something to the full comprehension of a trait of character, or supplying a clue to the elucidation of some incident in Metcalfe's life. Yet the entire collection did not supply complete materials for a biography. Whilst there was a superabundance of letters addressed *to* Lord Metcalfe, there was an obvious want of letters written *by* him. The want, however, was soon supplied. Although some of his most intimate friends and cherished correspondents had either not retained, or had destroyed upon leaving India all the letters they had received from him, or had been deprived of them by some of those moving accidents by flood and field which are the constituents of a stirring Indian career, others had carefully preserved the letters of their friend, and, in some instances, these memorials had survived the recipients of them.

In a little time, either my own inquiries, or those of influential friends who entered heartily into the undertaking, and were eager to contribute all they could to its success, elicited from different quarters all that I desired. There was one collection of early letters preserved by the late Mr. John Walter Sherer, of the Civil Service, one of Metcalfe's earliest friends, which as illustrating a most interesting epoch of his career, the records of which were by no means plentiful, I have found of the greatest service. Some family letters in the possession of Lord Monson—Metcalfe's first cousin—which were freely placed at my disposal, afforded additional materials, for which I am most grateful; whilst others, illustrative of what may be called the mid-career of the writer, were forwarded to me a very little time before his death, by Sir Richard Jenkins, one of the most distinguished of Metcalfe's diplomatic cotemporaries. Of letters relating to a later period, after Metcalfe had become famous, it may be supposed that there was no lack. It is the want of authentic records of early life that is commonly the biographer's great stumbling-block.

It will be seen that I have had no such difficulty to surmount. The records of Metcalfe's early life, some may think, have, in these pages, been unduly amplified. But, rightly or wrongly, what I have done, I have done advisedly—systematically. What is for the most part a necessity often comes in time to be accepted as a rule. But I have not been able to persuade myself that because, in a large number of biographical works, three-fourths of the space is

assigned to the few closing years of a distinguished career—to the record of circumstances illustrative of a great man's made reputation—that this is necessarily the way in which biography ought to be written. Doubtless, however, it is often the way in which it must be written, or not at all. I am inclined to think that the narrative of the steps by which a man has risen to greatness is neither less interesting, nor less instructive, than an account of his achievements after the ladder of public life has been ascended, and he stands on an eminence of popularity before the world;—in a word, that the History of Promise is not less valuable than the History of Performance. The History of a great man's public performances are often part and parcel of the History of the country which he has served. They belong rather, indeed, to the Historian than the Biographer; and though Ignorance may misunderstand, or Party-spirit may misrepresent them, there is little chance of their being overlooked. Not always is that, which is historically the most important, biographically the most interesting. It is the function of the Biographer to supply what is beyond the scope of the Historian. When he reaches that stage of his inquiries at which the history of the individual becomes the history of the country, it would seem to be less his duty to expand than to contract the narrative. At all events, it is not his business to confine his efforts mainly to the illustration of those events which would be known to the public without his assistance.

If I have erred in devoting too much space to the earlier career of Charles Metcalfe, I have done so at

least with design and intention. The first volume embraces the first thirty-five years of his life, including the first twenty years of his official career. In the second volume are contained the annals of the last quarter of a century of his life. It so happened that the last twelve years of his Indian career embraced a season of remarkable historical uneventfulness—a state of quiescence very much the result of those measures which he had advocated with so much energy and ability when in a more subordinate official position. It is well known that Sir Charles Metcalfe liberated the Indian Press. It is well known that he differed from his Council, in Canada, on the question of "Responsible Government." But it is not known how large a share he had in the authorship of those great measures for the consolidation of our Indian Empire, which shed so much lustre on the administration of Lord Hastings, which have preserved the whole continent in peace, and prepared the country for those internal improvements which could take root only in an undisturbed soil and under a quiet sky. During the first twenty years of Metcalfe's Indian career it was his fortune to live in stirring times; and, although in a comparatively subordinate position, the character of his mind and the impress of his opinions were stamped largely upon them. During the whole of the administration of Lord William Bentinck, and the earlier years of Lord Auckland's reign, when Sir Charles Metcalfe occupied a prominent station in the Indian Government, India was lapped in repose. With one or two remarkable exceptions, it

may be said that the history of his public life during that period of his career is to be found in his Council minutes. A collection of these minutes would form one of the most valuable works on the subject of Indian administration that could be given to the public—but it is hardly within the scope of legitimate biography to insert them in these volumes.

At the same time I am not unconscious it may be said that, in some parts of this work, I have myself suffered the biographical to merge into the historical—and such a stricture would not be without justice, so far at least as regards the fact. But here, again, if I have erred, I have erred designedly, and after mature consideration. I am sorry to say that Indian and Colonial biography cannot be tried by the same test as that which is applied to memoirs of English soldiers and statesmen. In the latter case, the biographer may fairly assume the possession by the reader of a certain knowledge of the leading events of English history, to which reference is made in the course of his work. There is no necessity that he should halt to explain who was Napoleon Bonaparte or Daniel O'Connell; or what was the Catholic-Emancipation or the Parliamentary-Reform Bill. But I am afraid that it is necessary to explain who were Dowlut Rao Scindiah and Jeswunt Rao Holkar—what was the position of the King of Delhi after the first Mahratta war—and what the constitution of the Agra Government after the passing of the Charter-Act of 1834. I have had all along an uneasy consciousness, that whilst there are many readers for whom such explanations are

wholly unnecessary, there are others for whom I must explain these things, or leave the narrative of Metcalfe's connexion with them in a state of total obscurity. It is better to err on the side of fulness and perspicuity. I have endeavored to supply just the necessary amount of general information and no more; and as I have drawn the historical portion of the work mainly from original and exclusive sources, I am not without a hope that even the instructed reader will find something in these passages not altogether unworthy of his attention. There are difficulties peculiar to Indian biography. No man will rejoice more than myself when they are removed.

Whenever I have had the opportunity, I have allowed Charles Metcalfe to tell his own story. When the choice has lain before me of using his words or my own, I have always employed the former. I might have made the narrative briefer, but it would have been less authentic. As it is, I feel that I have omitted much illustrative matter, to me of very great interest; and it is not impossible that some readers might wish that certain points of his career had been more minutely elaborated. This, however, more or less, will always be the case. In the present instance, the reproach of such insufficiency is hardly to be escaped, for nothing has been more apparent to me since I commenced this biography, than that there is a remarkable difference of opinion regarding what were the most important epochs of Charles Metcalfe's life. I have seldom found any two men to agree upon the subject. In like manner,

some will think that I have devoted too much space to the Statesman, others, too much to the Man. I have endeavored from first to last to bear in mind that Charles Metcalfe was both. I am not without a hope that those who knew him, as intimately in the one relation as the other, will be the most ready to acknowledge the fidelity of the entire portrait.

My obligations are numerous to those who have spontaneously a[illegible]ed me with valuable materials, or with counsel scarcely less valuable; nor less to others who, in eminent public or private stations, have responded promptly and courteously to applications made to them for permission to make use of correspondence in my possession, in which they have personally or officially had any original or acquired property. If I were to follow only my own inclination, I would make individual acknowledgments of all my obligations, but such expressions of thankfulness it is often more pleasant to utter than to receive; and, perhaps, the most acceptable manifestation of gratitude for the assistance of all kinds that has been rendered to me, will be found in the earnestness with which I have endeavored to turn it to account in the pages of this Biography.

London, August, 1854.

ERRATA IN VOL. I.

Page 249, 8 lines from the bottom, *for* "President," *read* "Resident."
Page 319, line 1, *for* "Mr. Cassamajor," *read* "Mr. Cassamaijor."
Page 351, 4 lines from the bottom, *for* "Gardiner," *read* "Gardner."

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CONTENTS.

THE

LIFE OF LORD METCALFE.

CHAPTER I.

[1785—1800.]

BOYHOOD.

Birth of Charles Theophilus Metcalfe—The Metcalfe Family—Major Thomas Metcalfe—Theophilus and Charles—Early Days—The School at Bromley—Eton—The Writership—The Voyage to India.

On the 30th of January, 1785, a few days before Warren Hastings ceased to be Governor-General of India, was born in the city of Calcutta to Major Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, of the Bengal Army, and to Susannah his wife, a second son, who in course of time was christened Charles Theophilus. The house in which he was born, was then, and afterwards, known as the "Lecture House."* Whether it still exists, or to what uses it may have since been put, I have not been able to discover.

* My authority for this statement is a letter from Major Metcalfe to his son, written during the first year of Charles's residence in India, in which he says: "I give you some credit for having determined, and I think with some judgment, not to have a room in the Lecture House. Your objections were just, though it required some forbearance—*particularly being the house you were born in.*"

The Metcalfes appear to have been of a good old Yorkshire stock; and to have numbered many members of their family distinguished in their generation. One Thomas Metcalfe was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the reign of Richard the Third. The valor of James Metcalfe displayed in the battle of Agincourt, earned for him the honor of knighthood, and he was dubbed Sir James Metcalfe of Nappa. In the 15th century, another Thomas Metcalfe was High Sheriff of the County, and it is narrated of him, that he rode to the assizes, attended by fifteen Metcalfes, all mounted on white horses. In the reign of Charles the Second, another Metcalfe, Theophilus by name, distinguished himself in another way. He was the first to reduce shorthand writing to a system, and to publish an account of it. He went to London, was rewarded for his invention, and in remembrance of it was especially permitted to add a hand and pen to the heraldic adornments of his family scutcheon. He, or his son, afterwards settled in Ireland, and from him the subject of this Memoir was lineally descended.

I can nowhere find it recorded that Charles Metcalfe was learned in these genealogies, or held his ancestors of any account. But he was greatly and reasonably proud of his father. That father was the son of Thomas Metcalfe, an officer of the King's Army, who married the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Williams. At an early age he was despatched as a cadet to India, with a letter of introduction to Lord Clive; but any expectations he may have based upon it were disappointed, for the great man had left the country before young Met-

calfe's arrival. So the friendless boy was thrown upon his own resources, and for a time so cheerless was his situation, and so sombre his prospects, that he determined to leave the service, and actually called upon the commanding-officer of his regiment to tender his resignation. An accident caused him to abandon the intention as hastily as he had formed it;* and from that time he determined to achieve success by a steadfast course of professional perseverance.

And in due time he did achieve it. Those were days in which rapid fortunes were sometimes made by lucrative Government contracts. It seems that Thomas Metcalfe soon contrived to detach himself from the go-cart of regimental routine, and to obtain employment on the Staff. He was for several years "Agent for Military Stores;" and it was doubtless in this situation that in course of time he made a respectable fortune.†

Whilst thus Thomas Metcalfe, having risen through the different gradations of the service up to the rank of Major, was supplying the army with stores and making a fortune, he took unto himself a wife. In the year 1782 he married the widow of a Major Smith, of the Bengal Army. Five or six years before, this lady, then Susannah Debonnaire, daughter of a gentleman resident at the Cape of Good Hope, had gone out with a sister to join her father in that settlement; but it was deemed expedient that the

* Major Metcalfe's own version of this anecdote is given in a subsequent chapter, page 75. He was a cadet of 1767.

† The fact stated in the text is given on the authority of the Company's Records, whence it was extracted for me by Mr. Waud, under whose admirable arrangements all the historical wealth of the India House has been rendered peculiarly accessible to the student.

young ladies should pursue their voyage to Madras, where Lord Pigot, a friend of Mr. Debonnaire, was then Governor of the Presidency. Between the Cape and the coast her sister died, under very melancholy circumstances, and she narrowly escaped a similar fate. Arriving, however, alive, though in shattered health, at Madras, she attracted the regards of Major Smith, to whom she was married in August, 1776, and soon afterwards proceeded with her husband to Bengal. He died, leaving no issue; and in 1782 the widow became the attached and devoted wife of Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe.

The eldest son, born on 19th of September, 1783, was called Theophilus John; the second, as I have said, Charles Theophilus. They were very young when their parents returned to England. Soon after his arrival, Major Metcalfe bought a house in Portland-place, and began to canvass for a seat in the Direction of the East India Company. He was a man of active business habits, good sterling common sense, and an integrity beyond all impeachment. Altogether he was a reliable man. In process of time he became, as he intended, an East-India Director.* Then he bethought himself of obtaining a seat in Parliament; and in due course he was returned for the borough of Abingdon, which he represented in several Parliaments. A loyal gentleman, a Tory, and a staunch supporter of William Pitt, on whose recommendation, in 1802, he was created a Baronet, he was an active and assiduous, rather than a brilliant member of the House of Commons. But he

* At the general election in April, 1789.

often spoke, and with good effect, bringing his sound practical sense and his extensive experience to bear on many of the questions of the day; but more especially on those relating to the conduct of our Indian affairs. He was also an active Director of the Globe Insurance Company in days when Insurance Offices were few, and to be a Director of such a Company was esteemed an honor by men of high repute. He had brought with him no languor or lassitude from the East; and altogether was as robust a man of business as if he had never wiped the baked dust of Calcutta out of his blinded eyes.

He had several children born to him, of whom five survived their childhood. They were brought up, with a sensible kind of indulgence, under the eye of their mother, who was a woman of strong understanding, and of great sincerity of character. Her affection for her children seldom displayed itself in any maternal weaknesses, but was manifested in an eager desire to advance their worldly interests, whatever might be the immediate sacrifice of self. If she had any partialities, they were in favor of her eldest son, Theophilus—a fine manly boy, of whom frequent mention will be made in subsequent portions of this narrative.

Of the infant days of Charles Metcalfe little is known beyond what he afterwards recorded of himself. He seems to have encountered, like most other children at the threshold of life, the great stumbling-block of an unprincipled or an injudicious nurse. "The woman to whom my infant years were entrusted," he wrote in a Common-place Book which

he kept in his youth, "used to convey me, by way of punishment, to a dark room, and representing the coming of the *Old Man* (a famous bugbear in the mouths of nurses) as every minute to be expected. Here was I left, whilst probably the foolish woman would groan and make use of several other means to terrify me. The consequence was, that throughout my childish and boyish years, I was a prey to the most horrid fears; and such an effect has this treatment had on my imagination, that I am even now much weaker on this point than I could wish to be." So often are the nursery annals of great men, and of little, contained in such sentences as these, that I might almost have recorded them without a misgiving, even if I had not found them written down by the hand of Charles Metcalfe himself.

At an early age Charles Metcalfe was sent to school at Bromley, in Middlesex. The establishment was kept by a Mr. Tait. How it was obtained I do not know, but this gentleman had a considerable "Indian connexion;" and among his pupils were divers Pattles, and Plowdens, and others bearing names with which East-Indian Registers have long been familiar. It was partly on this account, and partly, perhaps, because some members of Mrs. Metcalfe's family resided in the neighbourhood of Bromley, that Mr. Tait's academy was fixed upon as the first training-house for the young Metcalfes. Its recommendations were, I believe, chiefly of an extrinsic character. Scholastically, perhaps, there was not very much to be said in its favor.

To this period of Charles Metcalfe's early career there are but few allusions in his letters and journals. In 1841, nearly half a century after he had been boarded and birched at good Mr. Tait's, being then Governor of an important Crown colony, he wrote to a near relative, in answer to some family inquiries: "I remember, at Bromley, a fine-looking old gentleman, of the name of Debonnaire, who, with his family, occupied the pew in church next to that of our school, and whose broad shoulders and peculiar coat of remarkable pattern are impressed on my memory. I quitted Bromley in September, 1795. I also remember 'Aunt Winch,' as she was called, who used to board and lodge in Tait's house, and had my brother Theophilus and myself sometimes in her room. I paid her and the school at Bromley a farewell visit on my departure from England for India, on which occasion she gave me 2*l.*, encumbered with a laudable injunction to purchase the Whole Duty of Man. . . . . I have a faint impression that the Lefevres, whom I then understood to be relatives of the Debonnaires, had been the occupants of the house then in Tait's possession, which had some old ceilings of carved wood that we boys used to think very fine."

From Charles Metcalfe's own recorded reminiscences little more can be gathered regarding his sojourn at the Bromley School. His surviving schoolfellows are not many; but I am told that he was then a boy of a reserved and retiring nature, and that the more showy qualities of his elder brother entirely shone him down. It is remembered that

Mrs. Metcalfe would pay occasional visits to the school; and it was well known even to the boys that Theophilus was the mother's favorite. Among the most memorable incidents of that period of Charles Metcalfe's life, was the preparation of a dramatic entertainment, which caused great excitement for many weeks in the school. The play was *Julius Cæsar;* and there was a great show of people to witness the performance. Theophilus Metcalfe played Mark Antony. To Charles were assigned the two humble parts of Flavius and Friend to Brutus.*

After the Christmas holidays of 1795-96, Charles Metcalfe being then just eleven years old, was entered at Eton. He went to that famous seminary as an Oppidan, and boarded with his tutor, Mr. Goodall, afterwards head-master and provost of the college. Dr. Heath was then preceptor-in-chief. As at the private school, so at the public, he was known as a quiet, retiring boy. He was not celebrated for his adroitness in any athletic exercises. He was neither a cricketer nor a boater. I am not sure that he ever played at fives. But it is on record, and on very sufficient authority, that he was once seen riding on a camel. "I heard the boys shouting," said Dr. Goodall, many years afterwards, "and went out and saw young Metcalfe riding on a camel; so you see he was always Orientally inclined."

Many who knew Charles Metcalfe will, doubtless,

* A printed play-bill, containing a list of the *Dramatis Personæ* and the names of the performers, was preserved by Charles Metcalfe to the latest day of his life.

accept the worthy Doctor's interpretation of this feat, for such gymnastic achievements were not at all in the young gentleman's way. It is not even on record that, in those early days, he ever trusted himself on the back of a pony. He was, at all times of his life, so miserable a horseman, that he seldom took equestrian exercise for any length of time without falling off and hurting himself. So that, except upon the hypothesis that the boy was Orientally inclined, it is not easy to account for the camel-riding exploit of the studious Etonian.

He was very studious, indeed, at Eton. He went there when he was eleven years of age, and left when he was only fifteen. But Goodall was always of opinion that Metcalfe *minor* was a boy of very high promise; and, perhaps, there was not among his many pupils one to whom he was more sincerely attached. The affection was reciprocal. And it was lasting. Death only put a period to it.

When it is said that Charles Metcalfe was studious, it is not meant that he merely learnt his lessons—that he sapped at Latin and Greek, got up his derivations, wrote lyrics with great success, and was sometimes sent up for good. Doubtless, all this was done in the common course of things. But a boy may accomplish all this at Eton and still have much time for the playing-fields or the river. Neither had any charms for Metcalfe. His play-hours were spent for the most part in-doors. He read English, he read French, he read Italian. He wrote poetry. He was fond of drawing. Already was he becoming somewhat prone to disputation. A whole holiday

was for him of value only as it gave him more time to puzzle over "Rowley's" poems, to read Gibbon, or to translate Ariosto and Rousseau.

Towards the close of his career at Eton he began to keep a journal.* His entries in it exhibit clearly the studious life that he led. They exhibit, too, something more than this. The annals of his last month at Eton afford some curious indications of the resolution of the boy—of his disposition to do what he afterwards called "holding out" against opposition. It appears that, in defiance of their tutor's orders, Metcalfe and some other boys were determined to drink tea in each other's rooms after the hour prescribed by authority. Some of the entries in the following passages relate to this act of sedition:

JOURNAL BEGAN IN MARCH, 1800.

"*Monday*, 3*rd*.—Whole school-day. Not well. Wrote an anecdote to the editor of the *Naval Chronicle*. Drank tea after six in Hervey's room, according to agreement. Afraid the plan of bringing in that custom won't succeed. Passed the evening in Hervey's room. Supped with Neville; went to bed full of turkey.

Tuesday, 4*th*.—Whole holiday. Not well. Employed at verses; good theme. Read the 'Age of Louis XIV.' Mem. Write to the editor of the *Military Journal*. Heard of Parson Grey's being drunk. Drank tea solo. Finished verses; gave to tutor; he liked them. Passed the remainder of the evening in Neville's room, reading.

* On the cover of his first diary the young journalist wrote: "First conceived the idea of this journal on the 1st of March; intend not only to make it a relation of facts, but also to intersperse it with observations, reflections, &c. &c.; so that it will be the general rendezvous not only of my actions, but my thoughts."—C. T. M.

Wednesday, *5th.* — Whole school-day. Did translation. Drank tea in Neville's room, according to agreement, after six. My hopes gain on my fears, though the latter are still predominant. Re-translated four pages of my translation from Rousseau. Passed the rest of the evening in Neville's room, between reading and rowing.

Thursday, 6*th.*—Half-holiday. Wrote a letter. Tonson sat in my room one hour and a half. Adjourned to Spires's. Tutor jawed about drinking tea after six. Drank tea with Tonson. Drew. Passed the remainder of the evening in Neville's room.

Friday, 7*th.*—Whole school-day. Drank tea with Shaw, according to our convention, after six. Tutor jawed with great spirit. Destruction of our plan must in the end come on; we are at our last struggle; all our endeavors now are the exertions of despair, and we must only think how to resign nobly; in such cases as these, unanimity is required to obtain success, and that has not been obtained. Did Greek with my tutor. The remainder of the night in Neville's room.

Saturday, 8*th.*—Common Saturday. Saw Rooke just going to Ireland, and thence expects a trip to France. Gave Nepean tea. Passed the evening in Neville's room, reading. Finished Voltaire's 'Life of Louis XIV.' Mem. Follow up the inquiry about the Iron Mask; ask my tutor to lend me Gibbon.

Sunday, 9*th.*—Did theme. Read Ariosto with Melville and Shaw; make laws for the sake of due attention to the book.

Monday, 10*th.*—Whole school-day; did some Homer. Mem. These epic poets are very free in their ideas; for instance, in the 290th line of the Book ἐψιλον, Æneas has got a stone in his hand in the act of throwing it at Achilles, who is rushing with his sword drawn on Æneas; but Neptune, who perceives destruction impending over Æneas, is determined to ward it off; accordingly addresses the other gods in a speech of sixteen lines, to which Juno makes answer in one of nine; in the mean time, we must suppose the stone pendent in the air, and Achilles in the act of rushing forward, but both very com-

plaisantly waiting till their godships have finally decided. Perhaps it would have been better to have introduced Minerva with her ægis, turning these heroes into stone till the speeches were done with. To be sure, that would be comprehensible, whereas the other idea is so sublime as to be above the weak understanding of us mortals. Gave tea to Neville, Hervey, and Shaw, after six, according to agreement. Had a most tremendous jaw from my tutor, who said nothing but that it was a serious inconvenience, but could not bring one argument to prove that it was so. After supper did verses.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—Whole holiday. Gave Lamb breakfast. Finished verses. Gave Tonson tea. Began a French letter. Read Ariosto with Neville and Shaw. Begun 'Life of Charles the Twelfth.'

Wednesday, 12*th*.—General fast. Drank tea with Shaw. Read Ariosto with Neville and Shaw.

Thursday, 13*th*.—Play at four. Read some of Lucan and Cicero. Drew. Read Ariosto with Neville and Shaw. Read Voltaire's 'Life of Charles XII.'

Friday, 14*th*.—Read part of Horace's 'Art of Poetry.' Whole school-day. Read some Lucan. Drank tea with Hervey after six. We have conquered; and my tutor, not finding an argument against us, was obliged to consent; so that now we do it lawfully. Had it not been for our last despairing struggles we should have failed. Read the continuation of the 'Iron Mask' (which Voltaire mentions in his 'Siècle de Louis XIV.') in Gibbon. It is most probably, as he says, a son of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria, as indeed I think there are strong suspicions that Louis XIV. was. Read Gibbon's 'Antiquities of the House of Brunswick and Este.' Read Gibbon's 'Observations on Bishop Warburton's Explanation of his Sixth Book of the Æneid.' Read part of Gibbon's 'Journal;' and finished Voltaire's 'Life of Charles XII.'

Saturday, 15*th*.—Common Saturday. Read Lucan. Greek Testament. Read Rowley's 'Poems.' Gave Shaw tea. Passed the evening in Hervey's room.

Sunday, 16*th*.—Learnt 'Fourth Satire' of Juvenal for my tutor. Read Rowley's 'Poems.' Gave Grose tea. Did verses.

Monday, 17*th*.—Whole holiday. Read Rowley's 'Poems.' Drank tea with Nepean. Did some lyrics.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—Whole school-day. Read Homer. Cicero. Finished Rowley's 'Poems.' Drank tea with Shaw. Finished lyrics. Translated three pages of Rousseau.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—Whole school-day. Read Homer. Virgil. Read a dissertation on Rowley's Poems, tending to prove from the language that they were not written in the 15th century, but by Chatterton. Gave Neville, Hervey, and Shaw tea. Wrote a letter. Entered into a train of thoughts on public schools in general, and Eton in particular. I conceive the advantages of a public school to be so great, that I shall here take an opportunity of enumerating them. Many have objected to a public education, with the idea that it gives an inclination to extravagance, dissipation, and vice, which would never be acquired in private schools. I will not pretend absolutely to deny it; but still, how much more dangerous is it to rush from the close constraint of a private education to the unbounded liberty of the world; in a public school the chains are relaxed by degrees, and by imperceptible gradations we arise at perfect freedom. At the head of one of these schools every one is so much master of himself that he feels no extraordinary emotions on entering into life, being accustomed to the liberty which is increased in a very small degree by that event. Secondly, at a public school every vice and every virtue which we meet with in the world is practised, although in miniature every deception is triflingly displayed which one would be open to in life; we learn to abhor vice, consequently shun it; we learn to admire virtue, consequently imitate it; we learn to beware of deception, consequently to avoid it; in short, a public school is but a humble imitation of the theatre of the world; it is what one conceives of a drama acted by boys, where the actors are small. On the contrary, the sudden transition from a private school into life is too quick, the contrast too great; unaware of deception, we are

liable to it; ignorant of vice, we are led into it; not having the practice of virtue before our eyes, we know not what it is. Thirdly, where is that emulation at a private which is the great actor in a public school? The praise of others naturally excites us to wish for the same ourselves, and to obtain it we must deserve it; if a friend or a rival be superior to us in some respects, we naturally wish to render him inferior; if inferior, we naturally wish to maintain our superiority; this is the great stimulus to industry, and, consequently, virtue, for industry is the parent of all virtue; this is the stimulus which acts as well in youth as manhood; it guides us through life to glorious and virtuous deeds. In a private education the mind is clogged, and feels not these happy incitements; it has not that field for ambition which a public one has. Fourthly, the very freedom, the very pleasures of a public school, which have been so constantly objected to it, are additional arguments to my assertion. From study to relaxation, from relaxation to study, is a delightful transition; in the other way of education one trudges on in the usual method of teasing application, and when study no longer becomes a merit it loses *all* its pleasures; if study arises from free will, it is always brisk, happy, and successful; if from force, it is dull, tedious, and seldom, I may say never, retains what it is meant to acquire. The trammels of a boarding-school confine the mind; the relaxation there admitted of is too little to have any effect; the little too they have is in the same round of childish amusements which, after the age of childhood, are no amusement at all. Within the walls of a play-ground, with precise hours marked out for play, what exertion can there be to industry? what emulation for superiority? There is in general some one petty tyrant who commands them all. Were I contending the point with an opponent, I might bring forward other arguments; from the above, I would infer that public education is a much better mode than private, and that the very freedom of the former is a great cause of its superiority.

That this freedom may be carried too far, is an undoubted

fact; I have witnessed it at Eton, and, from the little I have seen of Westminster, I will venture to affirm that it is still more dissipated than Eton; but nevertheless, take all the advantages and disadvantages, the former will preponderate in every public school; for, exclusive of the others which I above have mentioned, the advantage of making acquaintance who will be of service through life is no contemptible one; every one remembers with retrospective joy the years passed at Eton, and a friendship there formed and established will be maintained throughout life.

Thursday, 20*th*.—Half-holiday. Read Lucan. Drank tea alone. Read Ariosto with Shaw and Neville.

Friday, 21*st*.—Whole school-day. Read Horace. Lucan. Read Bryant's 'Dissertation on Rowley's Poem,' tending to prove they were actually written by him. Drank tea with Hervey. Read Ariosto with Neville and Shaw. Read Xenophon with my tutor.

Saturday, 22*nd*.—Common Saturday. Read Callimachus. Continued Bryant's Dissertation. Saw the College Library. Read Xenophon with my tutor. Read Ariosto with Neville and Shaw.

Sunday, 23*rd*.—Learnt part of the Fifth Satire of Juvenal for my tutor. Dr. Norbury, the deceased Fellow, was buried in the church. Did theme. Read Ariosto with, &c. Read Bryant's Dissertation. Drank tea with Tonson.

Monday, 24*th*.—Half-holiday. Read Homer. Did lyrics. Read Bryant's Dissertation.

Tuesday, 25*th*.—Whole holiday. Wrote a French letter. Read Bryant's Dissertation.

Wednesday, 26*th*.—Whole school-day. Read Homer. Virgil. Concluded Bryant's Dissertation. Began Tyrwhitt's, tending to prove that they were written by Chatterton. Took a solitary walk, and employed myself in making a few verses to Solitude. Drank tea with Neville. Re-translated part of my translation of Rousseau. Read Ariosto, &c.

Thursday, 27*th*.—Play at four. Read Lucian. Cicero.

Wrote a letter. Finished Tyrwhitt's Dissertation. Began Warton's on the same side of the question. Read Ariosto, &c. Took a walk with Tonson and Kelsale.

Friday, 28*th*.—Whole school-day. Read Horace. Lucian. Finished Warton's Dissertation. After having finished all the Dissertations, I am now quite at a loss which to give it to: had I read the poems, and taken no trouble about convincing myself, I should have formed an opinion that they were Rowley's, and could have supported my opinion with arguments; but now I am quite in the dark. I think Bryant proves they were not written by Chatterton, and Tyrwhitt that they were not written by Rowley. The idea of a third person is still more chimerical than either of these. Who were they written by, then? I believe they must have written themselves. Drank tea with Shaw. Read Ariosto.

Saturday, 29*th*.—Whole holiday. Read Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' Drank tea with Grose. Some more poems, said to be Rowley's. Turned first Eclogue of Rowley's poems into modern English verse.

Sunday, 30*th*.—Took a solitary walk. Made a few stanzas, a Simile to Human Life. Gave Tonson tea. Took a walk with him. Read Ariosto.

Monday, 31*st*.—Whole school-day. Read Homer. Cicero. Gave tea to Neville, Hervey, and Shaw. Packed up. Read Ariosto."

There is much in all this that is worthy of notice. In after days, Charles Metcalfe used to say that nearly all the literary knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his life, had been gained as a boy at Eton—he had never been able to read much at a later period of his career. How great was his application then, how varied his pursuits, may be gathered from these extracts. Great men are not to be tried by ordinary rules; they make rules for

themselves. I would rather think of a fine open-spirited boy, boating, swimming, playing, even getting into mischief at school, and in the holidays spending half his time on the back of a pony; and I should, as a rule, believe that in such training there were more hopeful assurance of turning him, in due time, into a useful servant of the State, than in the discipline of such continued book-work as is recorded in Charles Metcalfe's journal. But it was fortunate, in this instance, that the bent of the boy's inclination was rather towards intellectual than muscular exercise—that he spent his leisure hours with Ariosto and Chatterton, with Gibbon and Voltaire, rather than with the boats' crews and the Eton elevens. If he had been captain of the boats, and beaten Harrow and Winchester off his own bat, he could not have grown into a manlier character. The finest physical training in the world could not have made him a robuster statesman. But if he had not acquired a love of literature, and some knowledge of books at school, he would never have acquired them at all; and though he might still have distinguished himself greatly on the theatre of the world, it is hard to say how much might have been wanting from the completeness of the character, which it is the business and the privilege of the biographer to illustrate in these pages.*

* It is probable that these studious habits were strengthened, if not generated, in the boy, by the exhortations of his mother, who was wont to stimulate him to new exertions in such a strain as the following: "I am glad you persevere in your endeavors," she wrote to Charles, in 1799; "you must succeed; but to acquire knowledge requires resolution, without which nothing can be attained. Mrs. S. made a very deep impression on me the other day, by telling me that a very clever man said, if a person would

That he read what he did at Eton, Charles Metcalfe in after years continually rejoiced; but he lamented that he had not enjoyed more extended opportunities of self-improvement. "Were I disposed," he wrote two years afterwards, "to lament that which is irretrievable, I should never cease to regret that I was removed from Eton at the time that I was. I left it at the age of fifteen, at a time when my ideas were ripening—when I was attached to the studies in the pursuit of which I was engaged, had objects towards which I was directing my exertions, and had formed plans which promised success. Five years more might well have been spared to Eton and a University, after which there would have been plenty of time for India." But now he was taken away from Eton, that he might be shipped off to India at once.

It was an awkward fact in the lives of the two young Metcalfes — Theophilus and Charles — that their father was an East-Indian Director. So, doubtless, at least they regarded it. Already was the elder brother under sentence of banishment to China. And now it was decreed that the younger should be despatched to Bengal. A China writership was, in those days, the best bit of preferment

read three hours a day seriously and well-chosen books, for four years, he could not fail of being so clever and able, that he might fill any office or place in the kingdom—that the Ministers would be happy to have his abilities. . . . . I have read more regularly every day since her observation. I wish it had made as deep an impression on Theophilus—but books seem to give him no pleasure. What a pity! With his quickness and comprehension he would, if he chose, be a very shining character. I think, if I were you, I would adopt the plan. It's astonishing what a number of volumes you will get through in that time." Her maternal penetration had not at this time discovered that it was not Theophilus, but Charles, who was destined to be the shining character.

in the world. It was a certain fortune in a very few years. The appointments in that service were so few and so lucrative, that they were commonly reserved for the Directors' own sons. Major Metcalfe saw clearly the advantages of such a provision for his eldest boy. He had an easy fortune of his own; but he had a large family, and, divided among so many children, his 4000*l.* a year would not have secured a sufficiency to any. The baronetcy had not then been attained, nor a family estate purchased; and if they had been, it is doubtful whether Thomas Metcalfe would have "made an eldest son" and left Theophilus to amuse himself. As it was, he wisely determined that the boy should work for himself; and there being no easier and no more rapid road to fortune than the Company's Factory at Canton, the prudent father determined, in 1799, to despatch his first-born, in the following year, to "Cathay."

To Theophilus, who had left Eton some little time before, and had been dissipating, as he called it, in Scotland and Wales, this decision was a heavy blow. He was already tasting the sweets of independent life in England—making friends, falling in love, acting at masquerades, drinking his bottle of wine, and exhibiting other symptoms of premature manhood. The thought of being cut short in this career of glory was grievous to him in the extreme. So he cast about in his mind how he could escape the sentence recorded against him; and began to think whether Charles could not be persuaded to go to China in his room.

The two brothers had not always walked hand-in-

hand with each other. The breaches between them were frequent—as frequent they will be between boys of different character, each with pretensions of his own, each after his own fashion egotistical and intolerant (and there is no egotism and intolerance equal to that of clever boys); but there was a fund of good brotherly love at the bottom of their hearts, even when they were most vehement in their denunciations of each other. All through the year 1799, this fraternal antagonism seems to have been at its height. Their good mother declared that she quite dreaded the approach of the holidays on this account, and strenuously exhorted them to peace. Her exhortations were not at first successful. Early in November, the two brothers fell to quarrelling over the politics of the day. Charles was at that time, like his father, a Tory and a Pittite; whilst Theophilus was in Opposition. Charles declared that the Ministers were the only men capable of governing the country, and called his brother a democrat. Upon this Theophilus fired up, and, adverting to the expedition to Holland, asked what was to be said of "Ministerial liberality, which now accuses the Russians, accuses the Austrians, accuses anything but those who would have taken all the credit if it had succeeded—so much for Ministers, for the only men who can govern the country, or in other words, can lose our credit by secret expeditions." Men got from politics into personalities more expeditiously in those days than they do now; and boys followed their example. So Theophilus, having disposed of Pitt and his colleagues, told Charles that

as he treated all his opinions with insolence, he desired that the correspondence might drop. "You may," he added, "(by dint of application) have made yourself a better classical scholar than I (by idleness) have made myself; but still, I do not lower my abilities, in my own opinion, so as to need advice from a younger brother." Charles was, doubtless, inclined to be a little self-opinionated and dictatorial (and in this there were the germs of what afterwards came to be a noble self-reliance); but, although the rupture for a week or two was complete, it was not likely to be of long continuance between two such fine-hearted boys, and they were soon writing to each other in fitting terms of brotherly love.

Then it was that the great question of the China writership rose up for consideration. When Charles Metcalfe came home to Portland-place for the Christmas holidays of 1799-1800, Theophilus was in Wales, on a visit to Lord Newborough. Thence he wrote to his brother to sound him about China, bravely assuming at the outset that Charles could not possibly object to so excellent a provision for a younger brother:

"When I consider," he wrote in January, 1800, "of the difference between you and me, I am astonished. You, a studious, grave fellow, studying five hours a day; me, a wild idle dog, who does not look into a book from the rising to the setting of the sun. You, who would like to go to China to make a large fortune; me, who would like to stay in England and spend what I have. . . . . Added to this difference between us, another great one is, you would not give a

—— for a glass of wine, and I with pleasure will drink a bottle with any friend. Would, Charles, that you were to bend your way to China in my stead! and I know not why I should be refused remaining in England, when I seem so anxiously to wish it. . . . . What, because the world styles it good, is a young man to be sent to a place which least of all suits his disposition, to be shut up for ten or twelve years from all relations and friends."

But Charles having no stronger taste for China than Theophilus, wrote his brother to that effect. The elder, however, would not still abandon all hope of the vicarious sacrifice to Mammon, on which he had set his heart. "If you are inclined to make money," he wrote, "which your disposition in some degree shows, China is the best place. . . . . I have written to my father on this subject; but I have one question to ask you. If it is offered to you, are you determined not to go? I request you to keep this letter, and you will see hereafter that I was your brother." Charles was not to be persuaded, though he kept the letter. He still said, that if the decision depended upon himself, he would have nothing to do with the China factory. He hoped his brother would not be offended; but he had no wish to be offered up in his place. To this Theophilus frankly replied that he could not conceive why he should be offended. "As it is a maxim of mine," he said, "first to please myself, and then my friends, I cannot be angry at your doing the same."

But whilst these young gentlemen were arranging for themselves the business of their future dis-

posal, the elder Metcalfes were settling everything for them, and leaving little choice to the boys. Both, after a few years, acknowledged that their parents were right. But when it was finally decided—and all escape from the decision was impossible—that Theophilus should be despatched to China, and that Charles should go as a writer to Bengal, the two boys were ready to die with vexation. Charles was very sorry to leave Eton. He loved the school. He loved his tutor. He loved many of his school-fellows; and he loved his books. He was sorry to think of leaving England; for he loved his parents, and he loved his sisters. Mrs. Metcalfe, though Theophilus was her favorite, sometimes acknowledged that Charles was the more dutiful and attentive of the two. By his sisters, into whose school-room he would make frequent disturbing incursions, he was held in the fondest affection. He was very loving and very loveable. He was not one who could be banished to a distant country without grievous laceration of the heart.

In the year 1800, and at the end of March, Charles Metcalfe quitted Eton. In those days boys were sent fresh from public or private schools, or from no school at all, to embark on board ship, and sail for the land where they were to become Judges, or Ambassadors, or Ministers of Finance. That under this system some great administrators rose into eminence is not to be denied. But in the character and qualifications of the general body of the Indian Civil Service, under an improved educational system—a system of special training still to be im-

proved—a great and progressive advance during the last half century may be clearly discerned. When Major Metcalfe entered in his list the name of his son Charles Theophilus, the service of which he was about to become a member had emerged from the slough of corruption in which it had once been sunk; and though some who had belonged to it in the old bad times were still in its ranks, it had become a respectable profession. Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore had nursed the infancy and sustained the childhood of its respectability; and now Lord Wellesley was watching the progress of its adolescence. Instead of a race of men, who were more than three-fourths traders, growing rich upon irregular and unrecognised gains, there was fast growing up an army of administrators, receiving fixed pay for fixed service, and adding nothing to their stores that was not to be found in the audit-books of the Government. All that they wanted was more training to fit them for the public service, and this was soon about to be supplied. At no period were the prospects of the profession better; at no period were higher emoluments to be obtained with more honor; at no period was there finer scope for action, or a greater likelihood of a youth of energy and ability soon rising to fame and fortune.

Of Charles Metcalfe's abilities, his father had a high opinion. He knew, too, that his son had great powers of application; and he predicted that the union of the two would enable him to command success. He was one of the few India Directors who neither at that nor a later period were alarmed

by the vigor and determination of Lord Wellesley. He believed that under the Government of that great man there were the fairest prospects of his son laying the foundation of future eminence as a statesman; and though, if he had been swayed only by the impulses of parental affection, he would have retained both his elder sons in England, he now resolutely decreed that they should seek their fortunes in the East.

It was arranged, therefore, that Theophilus should sail for China in the spring, and that Charles should embark for Calcutta in the summer. In the mean while the boys were to enjoy themselves as best they could. Charles, though of a retiring disposition, did not dislike society; and there were a few families, in the neighbourhood of his father's house, to whom he was a frequent visitor. In one of these there was a young lady, a little older than himself, with whom he fell in love at first sight. He was first introduced to her, on the day after he left Eton, at a ball in his father's house.* After that event he frequently saw her, either at his own house or her mother's. The charms of the young lady, not merely those of external beauty and grace, made a deep and abiding impression on his mind; and he was long afterwards of opinion, that this

* He entered in his journal at the foot of a page, under date April 2, "Ball at home. I was first introduced to Miss D——; danced with her." What followed this simple statement can only be conjectured, for the next leaf in the journal is (very expressively) cut out of the book. Soon afterwards there was another ball in Portland-place — "a very pleasant one," wrote Charles; "danced four dances with Miss D——." Two or three nights afterwards he "passed the evening at Lady D——'s. Supped there; a most delightful party." On the next day he "called on Miss D——, sate an hour with her;" and so on.

boyish attachment, pure and disinterested as it was, had a beneficial influence on his character. He corresponded with her for some time afterwards, and her "sensible letters heightened his admiration."* They are almost the only part of his correspondence which has not survived him. The exception tells its own story.

All through the months of April and May, and the first half of June, Charles Metcalfe's headquarters were in Portland-place. There he spent his time, improving himself in French and drawing, under masters; reading the Naval and Military Magazines, and sometimes writing for them; walking in the Park or in Bond-street with old schoolfellows; turning Rowley's Eclogues into modern English; writing letters to his "friend and tutor, Goodall;" going to the opera; getting up masquerade costumes;† paying visits, painting a chessboard, sitting for his picture, and reading whenever he had time.‡

In the beginning of May he went to Eton, spent a day or two there, and took leave of Dr. Heath, his school-fellows, and his friend Goodall. It was, as he said afterwards, "a sad, sad day." It moved him deeply to say farewell to his old tutor; and the tutor, too, was greatly affected. He had recognised the many good and great qualities of his pupil; and whilst he was fondly attached to him on account of

* See *MS. Journal*—quoted, *post*, pages 72-73.

† He went to one masquerade as a Quaker, and to another as a Petit Maître. He was wonderfully unlike both.

‡ The reading, however, was but scanty. It did not embrace much beyond Sym[illegible] "Embassy to Ava," and Turner's "Embassy to Thibet."

the former, there was a strong assurance in his mind that the latter would secure for the studious boy a not undistinguished career. Two or three years afterwards, he asked a gentleman from Bengal if he knew Charles Metcalfe, and being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then you know a very good young man—a very superior young man. I have done for him what I never did for any one else—I wrote a letter in his favor to Lord Wellesley."

In the middle of May, Theophilus Metcalfe embarked for China, on board the *Exeter;* but the fleet being delayed in the Channel, he came up to town and very nearly lost his passage. He re-embarked at the end of the month, but was detained by stress of weather in Torbay, whence he wrote to Charles to "give him a bit of advice" about his love affair, as one who had "experience in such matters."* But it may be doubted whether the younger brother needed to be told that it was necessary to act with caution and diffidence. He was always very diffident about himself, and used sometimes to speak almost painfully of his want of personal attractions. For as he grew up, the beauties which developed themselves in the person of Charles Metcalfe were, for the most part,

* The following amusing passage in this letter is extremely characteristic of Theophilus Metcalfe:—"Here we are lying in company with Lord St. Vincent and the Channel Fleet—wind S.S.W. My Lord is determined to put to sea the first opportunity, and we are to go with him. It will be a fine sight, the two fleets together. He has given orders that not one of us shall go ashore. He is a proud, overbearing fellow, and I should like to show him there is one in the fleet who does not see he has any right to fear him. If there were any of my friends ashore here, I would go in spite of the old fellow. One of the ships, the *Phœnix* by name, ran foul of him on entering the bay. I rejoiced to see it. The old fellow swore at him, I'll be bound."

those of the mind. He was short and somewhat homely in appearance. But in the intelligence of his countenance, and the habitual sweetness of his smile, there was something that atoned for all such defects.

The vessel (the *Skelton Castle*) in which a cabin had been secured for Charles Metcalfe, was to sail with the June fleet. In the early part of the month, therefore, he took leave of his friends, and among others, of his first preceptor, Mr. Tait, of Bromley,* and his wife. The former died a quarter of a century afterwards, and Mrs. Tait survived Charles Metcalfe. Whether he ever saw her again I do not know; but when he died, he had for many years been paying a pension which he had settled on her; and after his death, a passage was found in his will directing that, in the event of her surviving him, it should be continued during her life.

The 14th of June, as he wrote in his journal, was "the last he was destined to spend with his family." On the following day, he "took leave of all his friends and left London, not to enter it again for twenty years." After a few days spent at Portsmouth, off which place the fleet was lying, in making ready his cabin, visiting the Dockyard, and writing letters to his friends, including Goodall and Miss D——, he "took leave of his dear father," who had accompanied him, and resigned himself to his fate.

After some detention in the Channel, the fleet got fairly out to sea; and then Charles Metcalfe began again to practise that system of "holding out,"

* Reference to this visit has already been made. It is duly entered in his journal under date June 12: "Went to old Aunt Winch at Bromley."

which had enabled him to defeat his friend Goodall, at Eton, and which afterwards secured him great moral triumphs over Eastern princes and Western partisans. But neither before nor after, neither in the East nor the West, did he encounter so troublesome and contumacious an opponent as his enemy of the *Skelton Castle*. Resolute in all things, Charles Metcalfe was resolute not to be sea-sick; and though his sufferings were considerable, he still entered in his journal from day to day that he "held out" against the enemy; and in spite of the frequent entries of "very squeamish," he almost accomplished success.

He had a friend on board, Mr. Bazett, with whom he "read Moors;" and in his own cabin he studied the Abbé Raynal's East Indies, Holwell's Tracts, the Memoirs of Abdul Kurreem, and other books; and wrote poetry to Miss D——.

On the 22nd of September, the fleet came-to off the Island of St. Helena. Under the auspices of Mr. Bazett, Charles Metcalfe landed, and was most hospitably entertained. He seems to have spent a week very pleasantly there, and to have come away with some lively impressions. The entries in his journal are but brief, and may, therefore, be inserted:

"*Monday*, 22*nd*.—Went on shore with Mr. Bazett and the ladies. Went to Mr. Doveton's house, where Mr. Bazett had procured me an apartment.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—Was introduced to the Governor and all the great people of the island. Dined at home, viz., Mr. Doveton's. In the evening all the island came to pay their complimentary visit to the ladies, &c.

Wednesday, 24*th*.—Took a ride up the country; visited

Plantation House, the Governor's country seat; thence we proceeded to Mr. Doveton's, at Sandy Bay, and returned to the Valley. I dined with the Governor at the Castle, took tea and coffee, and returned home to accompany the ladies on their return of visit. Supped at home.

Thursday, 25th.—Rode with our party to Rosemary, Mr. Wrangham's, where we breakfasted with Dr. Wilkinson. After breakfast we rode to High Peak, and returned to dinner at Rosemary. After dinner we rode down to the Valley.

Friday, 26th.—The Lady-Governess gave a dinner in the country, at Plantation House, to which I was invited. Immediately after breakfast I rode there. Passed a very pleasant day. After dinner rode down again to the Valley. Went to the play, which was performed as miserably as it was possible. After the play supped at home.

Saturday, 27th.—Took a ride with our party, and breakfasted up the country with Captain Isaacke. Went to Arno's Vale, the seat of Mr. Bazett's father; thence we proceeded to Long Wood, the residence of the Deputy-Governor. Went to a ball given by Major Cocks, where all the beauty and fashion of St. Helena was assembled.

Sunday, 28th.—Spent the morning in the Valley. Dined with the Governor. Four P.M. came on board.

I left St. Helena strongly filled with lively impressions of the pleasure I received in my incursions up the country, of the civilities I received from all the inhabitants, but more particularly from Mr. Doveton, whose extraordinary attentions and generosity I shall never forget; and of the gratitude due to Mr. Bazett, to whose exertions I was indebted for these things."

I have heard it doubted whether Metcalfe was much alive to the beauties of external nature. I do not find many allusions to such things in his writings, nor can I gather that, at a later period of his life, the associations of the picturesque had much effect on his mind. But he was charmed and awe-struck by the beauty and sublimity of the scenery of St.

Helena. The enthusiasm which they engendered within him may be gathered from some passages in a descriptive account which he wrote of the island. He thus speaks of his first ride :*

"In the first ride I took I was struck with astonishment and admiration. Every step I took afforded a new scene of delight; every winding of the valley, every twining of the mountain, offered a magnificent view to our eyes; the contrast was wonderful. If I looked behind, I saw a bleak, barren rock, without a stalk of cultivation; if I looked before me, I was struck with the pleasing view of the sides of the hills covered with verdure; a fine breed of cattle browsing on the declivity, and every here and there waterfalls, pouring their contents into the bosom of the most fertile valleys, where they formed a meandering stream, the banks of which were covered with water-cresses and other herbs in the greatest abundance. Everywhere something grand or something beautiful opened upon us, and everywhere there was fresh substance for admiration. But I need not attempt to describe what cannot be described; I shall overrun my imagination, and be lost in the maze of wonders."

In another passage he thus describes one of his mountain walks :

"From Rosemary we walked to a ridge of rocks, piled loose one on another by the hand of Nature; some of them are so heaped up as to form the figure of a man, which goes by the name of the Friar, and taken in one point of view, it has that appearance. From this ridge you look down on an immense abyss, which from its depth and steepness is called Eternity; and, indeed, any despairing lover might in one instant, without

* Having spoken lightly of Metcalfe's equestrian skill, it may appear strange and contradictory that I have so soon set him on horseback, and that too in a rocky, precipitous, and dangerous country. He himself affords the explanation. "The roads," he wrote, "throughout the island are situated on the edge of precipices—nor would I trust myself on them on any English horse—but the animals here are so quiet, and sure-footed, and careful, that I should not be afraid to trust myself asleep on the back of any of them."

any trouble or noise, put an end to his existence in one step; the appearance cannot be better described than by making use of the allegorical term, 'Beauty in the lap of Horror.' There are many other situations similar to this in the island which I had not an opportunity of seeing; their names will give a better idea of them than anything I can say; such as Purgatory, Break-neck Valley, Hold-fast Tom, and others, which have escaped my recollection. I clambered up High Peak, one of the highest points (as its name indicates) in St. Helena; from this I looked down upon Ladder Hill (which, as I observed, stands half a mile perpendicular from the sea), as upon a deep valley. I found myself, for the first time in my life, when on High Peak, above the clouds. The prospect is noble, and the eye grasps at one view nearly the whole island; but we were prevented from enjoying it by the clouds, which seemed to shut us out from the world and oppose a barrier to our communication with humble mortals; but the barrier was but vapor, through which we descended from the regions of air to grovel once more amongst the herd of terrestrials. I was inclined to loiter, when a cry of *descende cœlo*, from Mr. Bazett, drove away my fanciful ideas; and I found in descending, that there was more difficulty in scrambling down than in clambering up rocks."

The remainder of the voyage furnished little worthy of record. An eclipse of the sun, a storm off the Cape, an enemy in sight, and a fall down the hatchway,* were the principal incidents recorded in young Metcalfe's journal.† At the end of December they were in soundings, and sighted land.

* "*October* 30.—Had a terrible fall from the gun-deck to the orlop, by which I cut open my chin, and at the time imagined I had received an internal injury; but the next day, being bled, the pains went off, and in a few days I felt no more of it."

† His studies at this time were principally in a poetical direction. He read Dryden and Pope—*Othello*, *Jane Shore*, *Venice Preserved*, and the *Pursuits of Literature*. On the 21st of October he "began a poem, intended to be entitled 'Eton,' in imitation of Pope's 'Windsor Forest.'" A specimen of Metcalfe's poetry, written a third part of a century afterwards, is given in the Appendix.

CHAPTER II.

[1801.]

THE FIRST YEAR IN INDIA.

The First Year in India—Arrival at Calcutta—The Young Writer's Reception—Hospitalities of the Cold Season—Oriental Studies—The College of Fort William—Depressing Influences of the Climate—Yearnings after Home—The Prescience of Young Ambition—Appointment to the Public Service.

On the first day of the present century, the vessel which conveyed Charles Metcalfe to India entered the Hooghly river, and at night-fall anchored off Kedgeree. On the following evening, as there was a likelihood of the ship's detention, the young writer put himself into a rowing-boat, and made his way towards Calcutta. After a "tedious, disagreeable expedition," owing, as the eager boy declared, to the "stupidity of the fellows," he arrived on the night of the 3rd of January, off one of the ghauts, or landing-places, of the great city; and in outer darkness, seeing nobody, and knowing not where he was, first planted his foot on Indian soil.*

* *MS. Journal.* "*January*, 1801. *Thursday*, 1*st*.—Having got our pilot on the preceding evening, we proceeded up the river, and anchored at Kedgeree.

"*Friday*, 2*nd*.—A number of boats came to us with fruits, and the appearance of the boats, as well as men, is very curious and entertaining to a stranger. As there was a likelihood of the ship's being detained, I got into the chokey boat at six in the evening, which, after a most tedious, disagreeable expedition, owing to the stu-

After half an hour's delay, young Metcalfe contrived to obtain the assistance of a man, who showed him the way to Mr. Colvin's house—the house of one of those great Calcutta merchants, who were fast rising into the "princely" dignity which at a little later period they attained. Thither his baggage was conveyed, and there he spent the first night of his sojourn in India. On the following morning, Mr. Colvin lent his young visitor a carriage; and Metcalfe, with a bundle of letters of introduction, set out to pay a round of visits. Among others to whom he presented himself, was Mr. Bristow, a member of the Civil Service, who invited the boy "to remain with him."* On the next day, he officially reported himself, ordered a palanquin, and hired a retinue of servants.†

And now commenced Charles Metcalfe's Indian career. He was fairly launched as a "young writer." He belonged to the great privileged class; he was the son of an East-India Director; he had many friends in the settlement, for his father had preceded him there; he had a passport to the best society in Calcutta. It was the season of social activity, the height of the cold weather, when

pidity of the fellows, brought us up to Calcutta on Saturday night. When I landed, I know not where, I saw nobody, till, after half an hour's delay, I got a man to show me Colvin's house, where I got my baggage, and slept."

* *MS. Journal.* "*Sunday, 4th.*—Got into Colvin's carriage and went to Graham's—thence to Cotton's, and after that to Bristow's, who invited me to remain with him. Despatched my letters—wrote to my uncles." [Mr. Richardson and Colonel Monson.]

† *MS. Journal.* "*Monday, 5th.*—Reported myself to Crommelin, Secretary in the Public Department; saw Plowden and Higginson. Went to Mr. Brown, the provost. [The Rev. David Brown, minister of the Old Church, and provost of the College of Fort William.] Ordered a palanquin (160 rupees). Got a Khitmudgar, Hircarrah, Masaulchee, and Tailor."

dinner-parties and balls are abundant, and young civilians are in constant requisition. So for some weeks after his arrival, the entries in his journal consist of little more than records of the places at which he dined and at which he danced. At the end of the first fortnight, he bethought himself of the duty of studying the languages; and he secured the services of a moonshee. But after two days' trial, he dismissed him, "finding him of no use;" and "determined to teach himself." The laudable determination, however, went the way of young civilians' resolutions in general; and for many weeks there is no record of anything beyond the hospitalities of Calcutta. A page or two from the boy's journal will indicate what they were:

"*Tuesday, January 6th.*—Went with Plowden to see Miss Baillie at Barlow's.* Received an answer from Crommelin. Dined at home.

Wednesday, 7th.—Went with Plowden to Brooke's. Saw Golding. Dined at Thornhill's. Got a Dhobee.

Thursday, 8th.—Changed my residence from Bristow's to Chapman's. Dined at home. Went to Lady Russell's.†

Friday, 9th.—With Plowden in the morning. Was introduced to Sir Alured Clarke‡ and General Baynard. Dined with the Governor-General, who talked much about Eton. Went to Lady Anstruther's ball.§

Saturday, 10th.—Shopping in the morning. Got a cocked-hat (20 rupees). Dined and passed the evening at Dr. Dick's.

* Mr. G. H. Barlow, then one of the chief officers of the Secretariat Department; afterwards Sir George Barlow, Governor-General of India.

† Wife of Sir Henry Russell, one of the puisne judges.

‡ Commander-in-Chief.

§ Wife of Sir J. Anstruther, Chief Justice.

Sunday, 11*th*.—Called on Mr. Bazett. Dined with them.

Monday, 12*th*.—Strolling about in the morning. Went to the levee. Dined at home, and passed the evening at Colvin's.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—Dined at college. Went to the Governor's ball.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—Dined at Sir Alured Clarke's. At Dick's in the evening.

Thursday, 5*th*.—Dined at Mr. Graham's. Went to Brooke's ball. Set up till sunrise at a second supper.

Friday, 16*th*.—Dined at Tucker's.* Went to bed very much fatigued, not having slept the preceding night.

Saturday, 17*th*.—Dined at college. Sat at Higginson's. Had a moonshee.

Sunday, 18*th*. Dined at home. Had a moonshee.

Monday, 19*th*.—Dismissed my moonshee, finding him of no use. Determined to teach myself. Went on board the *Skelton Castle*, the *Malartigue*, and *London*, taken from the French; and the *Countess of Sutherland*, a very large ship, in company with Plowden, Impey, Hamilton, and Chester. Dined at home. Went to Lady Anstruther's.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—Dined at Dick's.

Wednesday, 2*st*.—Breakfasted at Bristow's. Wrote journal. Dined at Bristow's.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—Tiffed at Hamilton's. Dined with Plowden.

Friday, 23*rd*.—Answered my uncle Monson's letter. Ditto Richardson. Dined at home. Went to the Governor's ball.

Monday, 26*th*.—Dined at Barlow's. Great A.'s rout.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—Dined at Bazett's.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—Dined at college. Spent the evening at Hamilton's.

Thursday, 29*th*.—Dined at Brooke's.

Friday, 30*th*.—Dined at Buller's.† Ball at Brooke's.

Saturday, 31*st*.—Tiffed at Law's."

* Mr. Henry St.George Tucker, then Financial Secretary.

† Probably Mr. C. Buller, of the Civil Service, father of the late Mr. Charles Buller and of Sir A. Buller, now one of the puisne judges of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

After this, appears a long hiatus in the journal, and towards the end of February there is a brief admission that the writer had nothing but idleness to record :—"This long vacuum," he wrote, "would be filled by nothing but accounts of my idleness. It is, therefore, as well to drop it. I got into my own house on Sunday, 22nd (February)."

Having established himself in a house of his own, and being now in all respects the master of his own time and his own actions, Charles Metcalfe began seriously to think about qualifying himself for the active business of his profession. The native languages were to be mastered at the threshold. It was to be a toilsome, systematic operation. No longer were Persian and Hindostanee to be acquired by chance. No longer were young men, fresh from Eton or Harrow, to be flung loose upon the surface of Indian life to acquire, as best they could, without any formal training or scholastic discipline, the knowledge that was to fit them to become Judges and Ambassadors and Ministers of Finance. Earnestly and assiduously had Lord Wellesley addressed himself to the great work of improving the administrative machinery of the Anglo-Indian Government. And foremost among his projects was the establishment of a nursery for young Indian administrators, under efficient direction and control. Clinging with peculiar fondness to those academic reminiscences, which no Etonian will willingly let die, he had conceived the idea of planting an *Alma Mater* on the banks of the Hooghly; and now the College of Fort William was fast springing into life. The history of this great project—of its rise and its fall—has

been written, and may be written again. But it has not yet been recorded that Charles Metcalfe was the first student ever admitted into the College of Fort William.

It was on the 27th of April that he signed the declaration preparatory to his formal admission. He had been diligently "sapping"* all through the two preceding months. In spite of his determination to teach himself, he had secured the services of another moonshee; and day after day had been deep in Persian and Hindostanee, occasionally varying his Oriental studies with snatches of French and Classics. The entries in his diary at this time relate almost exclusively to the continuance of his studies:

"*Wednesday, February 25th.*—Attended Hindostanee lectures, second and first class. Breakfasted with Tucker, and dined.

Thursday, 26th.—Dined at college.

Friday, 27th.—Attended first, second, and third classes of Hindostanee, and studied with my moonshee. Read Gibbon.

Saturday, 28th.—Studied with my moonshee. Read first vol. of Gibbon's Roman Empire. Breakfasted at Cotton's.

Sunday, 1st of March.—Went to church. Hindostanee.

Monday, 2nd.—Hindostanee.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Ditto.

Wednesday, 4th.—Ditto. Went to Bazett's in the evening.

Thursday, 5th.—Dined at Tucker's. Hindostanee, &c.

Friday, 6th.—Hindostanee lectures. Dined at Dashwood's.

Saturday, 7th.—Classical.

Monday, 9th.—French. Sapping.

Tuesday, 10th.—Persian. Ditto.

* No Etonian need be told that *growing wise*—but to other readers the "sapping" means *studying*—literally, interpretation may be necessary.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—Hindostanee. Ditto." [And so, all through the remainder of the month, continued "sapping to April the 1st, when the term closed." and again "sapped to Sunday the 5th."]

A few more extracts from this journal will carry on the history of the young writer's life better than anything I can substitute for them. It will be seen how he continued to devote himself diligently to his studies; how he endeavored to accustom himself to his new way of life, and to absorb himself in the occupations of the Present; but how the cherished associations of the Past would rise up to distract his mind and unhinge his resolutions. Do what he would, he still thought less of the Calcutta course than of the Eton playing-fields — less of Brown and Buchanan than of Heath and Goodall — less of Writers'-buildings than of Portland-place:

"*Thursday*, 23*rd*.—Wrote a long letter to my father. Got a new moonshee, the other having left with much insolence.

Friday, 24*th*.—Wrote to Goodall.*

Saturday, 25*th*.—Ditto.

Sunday, 26*th*.—To my mother.

Monday, 27*th*.—Read and signed the declaration, and was admitted into college—being the first ever admitted into the College of Fort William.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—Wrote to my mother.

Wednesday, 29*th*.—Wrote to Lloyd, bookseller. Dined at Cruttenden's. Mure arrived from Cawnpore.

N.B. During this month I daily did something in the way of studies, and find myself at the end of it improved. I have not written down an account of them, as my memory could not

* Metcalfe's tutor at Eton—afterwards head-master and then provost of that college.

afford one. Of what nature they may have been, must be hereafter proved at the college examinations, and the degree of praise, or discredit, I may receive, will be the best criterion by which to judge whether my time has been thrown away or not. I cannot boast of having applied so much as I ought, for of all disagreeable studies, the first steps of a language are most disagreeable.

Saturday, 2*nd of May.*—At Bazett's in the evening.

Sunday, 3*rd.*—Church. Barton came and took up his quarters with me.

Monday, 4*th.*—Went to the Provost's chambers, read the declarations, &c., and was admitted the first on the list of the College of Fort William. Signed my name to the Hindostanee, Persian, Greek, Italian, French, and Latin languages. [Remark particularly: This is the anniversary of my going to Eton, and my taking leave of Dr. Heath.] There was a grand dinner at college, where the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, was present. He was remarkably attentive to me. Went to Mrs. Palmer's.

Tuesday, 5*th.*—Had a dinner at home. Sherer, Chester, Potts, and Plowden.

Wednesday, 6*th.*—Anniversary of my leaving Eton. The last time I saw Goodall, Tonson, and Grose—a sad, sad day. Called on Mrs. Potts after college dinner.

Thursday, 7*th.*—Dined at home. Bayley came. Received a letter from my mother and Grose.

Friday, 8*th.*—Heard from Cawnpore. [From this to Monday, 18th, forgot.] Monday, examined in Persian by Edmonstone and Bayley.* Put in the sixth, or actually the second class.

Tuesday.—Hindostanee lectures. Got a new moonshee; Hilal-ood-deen.

Wednesday.—Latin lectures.

* This should have been written Baillie. Captain Baillie was then one of the Professors of the College. He was subsequently a distinguished political officer, and an East-India Director.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—This day twelvemonth, my brother left the fleet at St. Helen's; and came up to London, the last time I saw him. Nor have I heard from him. God forbid he should have met with any accident!

Thursday, 4*th of June*.—Was at the levee. The Lord behaved to me with marked attention, and gave me a general invitation to Barrackpore. Such civility from Lord Wellesley is no common thing.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—Heard from my brother in China. This day week, moved into the Buildings.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Wrote to my father requesting to return. On his answer depends my happiness in life."

This was written in the middle of June. The exhausting climate of Calcutta had now for some months been doing its sure work upon the young stranger; and he felt, as hundreds before and after him have felt—worn, weary, and dispirited; needing some great exertion to shake off the depressing influences which were surrounding him, and yet utterly incapable of making it. He had been applying himself somewhat too closely to his studies; the mind had been on the stretch, and the body had been inactive. He had neglected to take that regular exercise which, in moderation, contributes so much to the health of the resident in hot climates. He was not addicted to field sports; he did not excel in athletic exercises of any kind. He said that he was "out of his element" amidst such scenes; and, now that the time for the more strenuous activities was past, he had not, like most of his cotemporaries, the unfailing resource of the saddle to fall back upon—seasonable in all months, from January to

December. The brisk Arab and the open plain were nothing to him, for he did not delight in equestrian recreations. Foul vapors gathered about him; and there was nothing to disperse them. In these fiery months there is a general stagnation of the social atmosphere. A few languid dinner-parties feebly indicate that the spirit of hospitality is not dead, but sleepeth. Even the natives of the country shrink from the fierce glare, the scorching winds, and the intolerable dust of the summer solstice. How, then, when the sun is up, can English gentlemen pass about from house to house, to visit one another, or indulge freely in mid-day intercourse? The hot weather is generally a period of dreary isolation. Men exist through the long days in feverish imprisonment, if they can; but every one has enough to do in looking after his own individual life; he has little of any kind to bestow upon his neighbours. Doubtless, therefore, Charles Metcalfe, at this time, found himself lonely and dispirited—languid and exhausted — with all sorts of sickly fancies preying upon his mind. He was dissatisfied with the Present; he was hopeless of the Future; and, worse than all, he was regretful of the Past. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow" was pressing heavily upon him; for he clung to the memory of "happier things."

Life seemed to him to be without an object. It is a great thing, doubtless, to "study the native languages." It is very right that this should be the unvarying formula of advice to all embryo Indian statesmen; but, however advantageous the results may be, this study of the native languages is a dreary

occupation in itself. A young man in his teens may be forgiven if his spirit is not stirred by it to any very lofty pitch of enthusiasm—if he does not appreciate the privilege of gathering under the guidance of a moonshee the unlovely knowledge of the Eastern world, with a thermometer standing at 90 deg. in the shade. I do not, therefore, seek to disguise the fact, that before Charles Metcalfe had been a year in India, he was eager to go home again. Let us read his own account of the matter.

"At the latter end of June," he wrote in his journal some months afterwards, "there was an examination, which placed me fifth on the list of Hindostanee scholars, and last of the first class. This brought praise upon me, as I had arrived in the country after all those who were examined with me, to the number of thirty. Lord Wellesley told me he considered my progress greater than that of any other. His attentions to me have been, on every occasion, marked and flattering. I spent a week of the July vacation at Umooar, or Ooreapara, on a hog-hunting party. I was out of my element. I afterwards wrote my essay on the College; it was one of the ten best sent into the Lord. The next term passed over my head without any attention to my studies—my mind being too much occupied with the thought of my melancholy situation. I wrote repeated and urgent letters to my father on the subject of return, and know not how my fate is to be decided. I cannot exist here; the idea that my father may refuse, renders me thoroughly miserable. I had projected a trip up the river for the vacation

with Hamilton, and we were on the point of setting off when a disorder broke out upon me, which stopped us, and now confines me to Calcutta, and almost to the house. I find from it how much inferior the most excruciating bodily torment is to mental agony —the result of reflection and too much sensibility. I cannot exist in absence of my family. I have been exceedingly unwell throughout the rains. Ill-health is a very inferior consideration with me. I am, however, willing to believe that the sufferings I at present labor under will be shortly removed, and that it hath pleased Almighty Providence to ordain me this time of penance that I may learn Humility, Patience, and Obedience to his Divine will. How awful is the thunder of the Lord, which, growling o'er our heads, proclaims his power—how mighty is his vengeance—how dreadful his wrath! Who shall oppose it? Man, remember the fall of our Great Ancestor. He sinned, and mark his punishment."—[*October 5th*, 1801.]

There would be enough in the mere fact of the physical ailments, to which reference is here made, to account for all this depression of spirit. The hot weather had exhausted young Metcalfe's strength, and the rainy season had utterly prostrated him. But the sufferings which he endured are not wholly to be attributed, directly or indirectly, to these causes. He was a youth of very quick affections. The pulsations of that warm human heart were ever keeping him in a state of unrest. From the solitude of his chamber in the City of Palaces, his thoughts went back with reverential love to his

old home in Portland-place. And there was one fair form, which, filling all his boyish imagination with visions of delight, was ever flitting between him and his books, making dim to his dazzled sight the Oriental characters which lay before him. His whole heart untravelled turned towards England; and he was twelve thousand miles away.

Nor was it only his boyish love that made India distasteful to him. His boyish ambition had already been fired. A mysterious power within him had suggested that he was destined to be great. He thought that he saw the end clearly before him; but so little did he understand the adaptation of means to that end, that he believed his success in life depended upon his immediate return to England. Under the influence of a strange intermixture of prescience and blindness, he implored his father to obtain for him, through the influence of Lord Grenville, an appointment in a public office at home,* for he believed that such an appointment, however insignificant, would be a stepping-stone to ultimate greatness.

He was a mere boy at this time—he had not completed his seventeenth year. But he had begun to think of the day when his biographer would trace, with deepest interest, his puerile aspirations through the records of his Common-place Book. "No man," wrote young Charles Metcalfe, in the autumn of 1801, "can be forced into greatness without Ambi-

* It is said that the Duke of Wellington, in early life, petitioned his friends to procure for him some small civil appointment, that he might retire from the military service, in which he saw little chance of rising.

tion. But will every man who has ambition be great? No one possesses more ambition than I do; and am I destined to be great? If I quit this country, I may be; and it is one of the reasons for my desiring it so ardently. I cannot help thinking, should I hereafter be great, of the fervor with which my biographer will seize upon these slight memorandums, and record them to an eager public as a proof of my indulging in youth and in distant climes the idea of becoming a great character on the theatre of the world. Ambition takes its rise from vanity, and in proportion as a man is ambitious, he is vain. I am, therefore, one of the vainest creatures upon earth—and I believe I am. There is, however, a vast distinction between vanity and presumption. The latter will show itself when the other cannot be perceived. I am free from the latter, for I have always the appearance of Modesty. This modesty is not assumed; it proceeds from bashfulness, and however superior I may internally fancy myself, I have never the boldness to communicate my thoughts before any number of persons. Even if a third person is present, I have a padlock on my mouth. But whence arises Vanity? A vain person would answer himself, 'From knowledge, abilities,' &c. I, indeed, am inclined to believe, that all men of ability so possess vanity (distinct from presumption), viz., they have a consciousness of their own powers, which is an innate vanity. It does not, however, follow, that all men who have vanity should possess ability. Ambition arises from a consciousness of our own powers, or Vanity; and this again from Ability. The most ambitious are the most vain; but the

most vain are not always the most able. I believe Egotism arises from Vanity; otherwise, I should not have devoted two pages to an examination of my own character. If we were to search our hearts, we should find them very faulty."*

Thus reasoned the clever boy, not unmindful of the possibility of all this finding its way into print half a century afterwards, under the hands of a "fervent biographer."† It seems to have been his ambition at this time to take part in the strife of English politics, and to make his way to eminence through the House of Commons. He could not believe that Hindostanee and Persian would help him on the road to Fame. "Language," he wrote, "is the most disgusting; History the most delightful of studies; Law is the most perplexing; Politics the most noble of professions. To be an independent member of the British House of Commons is the highest honor next to being Prime Minister of Great Britain. Pitt is the first man in Europe; still greater by his Resignation." And still thinking of the career of English statesmanship which might lie before him, the young civilian pushed aside his Persian dictionaries and grammars to write eager letters to his father, dwelling upon the misery of his condition and the hopelessness of his prospects, and praying for emancipation from the thraldom which was destroying all the happiness of his life.

* MS. "Common-place Book," 1801.

† It is not unworthy of remark, that young Metcalfe had been studying Rochefoucault and Rousseau. The entries in his Common-place Book are either Maxims or Confessions, or a mixture of both. At this early period of life cleverness is always imitative. The impress of some favorite author may generally be discerned upon the writings of the young. The imitation is not the less striking for its unconsciousness.

How these letters were received at home will presently be told. In the mean while, what he called a slight reprieve came from another quarter. All through the months of October and November, he had been a prey to anxiety and dejection,* but the remedy was close at hand. What young Metcalfe needed at this time to disperse the vapors which were clouding his happiness, was simply a life of Action. He was weary of the stagnation of student-life; and, perhaps, he was beginning to understand that the "misery" which, as he said, was pressing so heavily upon him, was in part at least the result of physical causes, and that movement might alleviate, if it could not wholly cure the disease. So it happened, that when it became known that the Government purposed to despatch an Embassy to the Arab States, he solicited Lord Wellesley, who was not unwilling to sanction the young writer's premature escape from College, to appoint him an Attaché to the Mission. The request was readily granted, and Mr. Charles Metcalfe was gazetted as Assistant to the Embassy to the Arab States.

But he never joined the appointment. "I was appointed," he wrote in his journal, a short time afterwards, "Assistant to the Embassy to the Arab States, on the 3rd of December. I afterwards (having the option, for which I feel sincere gratitude to

* "The whole of October and November," he wrote on the 6th of December, "have passed in misery proceeding from an anxiety to know my fate. I at length have received a slight reprieve by being appointed Assistant to the Embassy to the Arabian States, which situation I applied for to Lord Wellesley. I have left College, and that disagreeable restraint attendant upon it."

Lord Wellesley) had my appointment changed; and on the 29th of December I was appointed Assistant to the Resident with Dowlut Rao Scindiah." Colonel Collins, an old friend of young Metcalfe's father, was then Resident at Scindiah's Court. The appointment was, therefore, full of favorable promise; and not the least of its advantages was that, in order to join it, the young civilian was compelled to undertake an extensive land journey, at a season of the year when travelling in India is a long delight. So Charles Metcalfe, emancipated from the trammels of College, packed up his goods and chattels, and set out for the Upper Provinces.

And so ended Charles Metcalfe's first year in India. The experienced Anglo-Indian reader will see in it, peradventure, the reflexion of his own trial-year. When throughout the hot months and the rainy season of this year 1801, the young exile felt an irresistible desire to return to his old home, with all its charming associations of love and liberty, his longings were only those of a large proportion of the young exiles who, in loneliness of heart and captivity of person, struggle feebly through this first dreary season of probation. By the old, forgetful of their own experiences, this despondency, attributable as it is in part to physical and in part to moral causes, may be regarded as boyish weakness. But it is weakness better than any strength. Charles Metcalfe had a very warm human heart; and I do not think the reader will admire him the less for being forced to love him more.

CHAPTER III.

[1802.]

FIRST OFFICIAL EXPERIENCES.

Departure from Calcutta—Meeting with Lord Wellesley's Camp—Pageantry at Jeypore—Progress of the March—Arrival at Agra—Letters to Mr. Metcalfe—Life at the Residency—Colonel Collins—Home Correspondence—Return to Calcutta.

In the middle of the month of January, 1802, Charles Metcalfe quitted Calcutta, travelling in a palanquin, to join his appointment. He had a long journey before him; for his destination was beyond the limits of the Company's dominions, in the heart of those provinces lying between the Jumna and the Nerbudda, which had been at this time little explored by British residents in the East. The Mahrattas were then dominant in that fine country. The hereditary enmity of Scindiah and Holkar was rending and distracting it. It was what the natives called *gurdee-ka-wukht*—a time of trouble.

At Oujein Scindiah held his Court. British interests were represented there by Colonel Collins—an officer of the Company's army, who in more than one political situation had done good service to the State; but whose private amiability was not equal to his diplomatic address. He had been the

friend and associate of the elder Metcalfe, to whom he was much beholden; but still it was not without some misgivings that the young writer now found himself on his way to join the family of a man who was not reputedly of a temper calculated to win the confidence and affection of youth. These doubts, however, did not much or long disturb him. He started under happy auspices, which became still happier as he proceeded northwards. Lord Wellesley was then on his way to the Ceded Provinces of Oude, progressing with the true pomp of the Sultan; and at Cawnpore young Metcalfe came up with the vice-regal *cortége*, and was invited by the Governor-General to join it.

"I left Calcutta," thus journalised the young writer, "on the 14th of January, and arrived at Benares on the 19th, where I was very kindly entertained by Mr. Neave, and saw my godfather, Jacob Rider.* I quitted Benares on the 21st,

* It was, I believe, at the suggestion of Mr. Rider that Colonel Collins recommended young Metcalfe to the situation of an *attaché* to the Residency at Scindiah's Court. In the course of the preceding August he had written an affectionate letter to his godson, in which he said: "In spite of your present dislike to the country, I have been planning stations for you, in one of which I hope in due time to see your appointment. Amongst others, it has occurred to me that Colonel Collins, who is under great obligations to your father, should endeavor to get you appointed his assistant. It would be fixing you in one of the most respectable lines in the service, and your father, I am sure, would be very much pleased with it. It does not at all follow that military men are always to hold diplomatic appointments, and I should hope, old as I am, to see you Governor-General's agent to Scindiah. If you are for a rapid fortune, for a scramble, and to run off with what you can get, you should get appointed assistant to a collector. These principles, I trust, you are not come out with, and I should be sorry to hear of your getting into that line, or as assistant to either of the judges of Adawlut. Much better will it be for you to get into either of the offices below, under the Secretary-General, the Secretary in the Public Department, the Persian translator's office, or in the Secret Political and Foreign Departments. From any of these offices you will be qualified to hold any appointment in the Mofussil; but I say to you as I would to my own son — keep as long out of the

stopped some hours with Colonel Kyd at Allahabad, and arrived at Cawnpore on the 14th. Here I found all my friends and relations, and was very happy. But, alas! happiness cannot last long. I quitted Cawnpore on the 30th (my birthday) with Lord Wellesley, whose permission to accompany him was very graciously given; and after very agreeable marches (considered the whole time as one of his family) arrived at Lucknow on the 5th of February, 1802. Our time was most agreeably passed in a variety of magnificent shows. The fireworks exceeded any I ever saw. The elephant fights did not equal my expectation. I returned on the 14th of February to Cawnpore."

From this station, where he resided at the house of Mr. Richardson,* a member of the Civil Service, he wrote to one of his college friends — John Walter Sherer, then a young man of high promise, which his after-career of usefulness fulfilled—the following enthusiastic account of the pageantry at Lucknow. In the suite of Lord Wellesley he had begun to think that the bright Oriental tinting

judicial line, and the line of collections, as you can—altogether, I hope, or till that some great reform takes place in those lines. Recollect, my good fellow, that I write to you in perfect confidence, and not for general communication. There's scarcely a man in either of the lines I allude to that will agree with me in opinion. The diplomatic line is what I would recommend your turning your mind to.

"Your dislike to the country can't be greater than mine was for the first twelvemonth; it will wear off I am convinced, but perhaps not so soon in a college. However, when you reflect what satisfaction it will give your father and mother to hear of your getting a medal, I am sure you'll study hard to deserve one, and then I will attack Collins, for I hope to see you fixed either with him at Lucknow, or at Poonah. I should be most happy to see you, but I would not on any account have you think of leaving College under any pretence whatever."

* Mr. Richardson was the husband of one of Metcalfe's aunts.

of the "Arabian Nights" had nothing fabulous about it:

CHARLES METCALFE TO J. W. SHERER.

"Cawnpore, Feb. 17, 1802.

"My dear Sherer,—I have lately returned from Lucknow, whither I accompanied the Marquis. I consider myself fortunate in having had such an opportunity; for such a one will never most probably occur again. We left Cawnpore on the 30th of January, and, after four days' very pleasant march, encamped within three miles of Lucknow. The Nabob's tents were pitched between us and the town, which he had not entered since his return from Cawnpore. His Lordship's escort consisted of his Majesty's 76th, and 18th Regiment of Native Infantry, with the 3rd Regiment of Native Cavalry, and two troops of the 27th Light Dragoons, exclusive of his own bodyguard. With camp followers, &c., we must have formed an encampment of above 20,000 men. Two of the Nabob's sons came to Lord Wellesley's tent to conduct him, and shortly after he [illegible] was met by the Nabob, the Resident, and all the English and native respectable inhabitants of Lucknow. His Lordship and the Nabob mounted the same elephant (the whole party were provided with this conveyance), and commenced the procession with every possible parade of magnificence. I do not think a finer spectacle could have ever before been seen. Every display of Asiatic and European magnificence was to be seen in our procession. We had a large body of European soldiery (the finest sight we know of in England), at the same time everything of Asiatic splendor which the mind can fancy. The innumerable concourse of elephants (the grandeur of which animal seems to have appointed it particularly for a procession of this nature), decorated with costly trappings, was no small part of my admiration. The very dresses formed a spectacle of magnificence, and the two nations seemed to vie with each other in their splendor.

The Calcutta cavalry, I can assure you, was not the least elegant. His Lordship, in the true style of Eastern pomp, distributed his rupees with a liberal hand. The streets had been fresh painted, and those of the merchants were lined with the most beautiful silks of various patterns. The tops of the houses (with which we were brought to a level by our elephants) were covered with musicians and dancing-girls; the streets under our feet crowded with millions anxious to see so grand a procession. Everything recalled to my memory the 'Arabian Nights,' for every description of any such procession which I ever met with in history, even the celebrated Triumph of Aurelian (I think it was the Emperor), when he led Zenobia and Tiridates* captives, of which Gibbon gives an account, was completely beggared by it. I am aware that any attempt of mine to give an idea of what I saw will be very vain. We were received at the Nabob's at breakfast under a salute. There were some inconveniences, as there always will be in a thing of this kind,—such as the noise of the music, the cries of the scramblers, the crush of elephants which — — — times truly alarming.

"The Nabob and the Lord grew so attached to each other, that the Nabob declared that he could not exist unless he always dined and breakfasted in company with the Lord. We were, therefore, constantly annoyed with ceremony. The fire-works and illuminations which he exhibited to us were the most splendid I could ever have conceived an idea of. I was rather disappointed in the elephant fight: this animal does not seem to possess valor equivalent to his size or strength; yet to have seen it is certainly a matter of curiosity. The Nabob's horses are remarkably fine. His pleasures are all in the English way; he is fond of horses, dogs, hunting, &c., &c. His breakfasts, dinners, houses, are completely English. It struck me very forcibly as worthy of remark, that a Mussulman prince should sit after dinner merely for the purpose of handing about the bottle, though of course he did not drink. He has a French

* This should have been written *Tetricus*.

cook and a military band of English instruments. I at length grew quite tired of the variety of ceremonies, and, after gratifying my curiosity in seeing whatever was to be seen, I paid my last respects to his Lordship on Sunday. He has not quitted Lucknow. He was very attentive to me and kind. Remember me to all friends. Direct for the present to 'T. Richardson, Esq., Cawnpore.'

"Yours very sincerely,

"C. T. METCALFE."

"After enjoying the society of my friends for another fortnight," continued the young journalist, writing at Mynpooree on the 7th of March, "I left it on the 26th. Arrived on the 27th at Futtehghur, which I quitted on the 5th of this month, after having experienced a great deal of kindness from Mrs. Collins, and of attention and politeness from General Stuart. The change of scene which I have for the last two months experienced has, in some measure, diverted my mind from that constant brooding over my misery to which I have for too long a period given way. But no variety, no pleasures, can prevent me from frequently recurring to the probability of my happiness being sacrificed to worldly ideas of Prudence. Alas! how little is happiness consulted in general. But I must not indulge in these reflections."*

At this time young Metcalfe kept two journals;

* *MS. Journal, March 7th*, 1802. On the previous day he had written:—"*March 6th.*—I made a forced march from Mahomedabad to Bever, and thence to Bhogong, where I ordered the tents to be pitched. . . . Towards the evening I walked towards some distant ruins, which I found to be a burying-place for the followers of Mahomed. As I passed over their interred remains, I could not check my reflections upon the fallen state of this race of beings, who but half a century back were everywhere supreme." He had abandoned the palanquin, and was now riding on an elephant.

one a diary of his travels, the other what he called a "Common-place Book," or record of his thoughts; the objective and the subjective being scrupulously separated from each other. In the latter he wrote as follows, on that same 7th of September, in his tent at Mynpooree:

"SUNDAY.—I have just been reading divine service. What a strong impression does it always leave upon the mind, and how well calculated are the prayers to inspire one with a true spirit of religion. The Sabbath is (to the shame of mankind be it said) but very seldom attended to: in India, it is particularly neglected; so that even the day when it returns is not known, nor marked by any single act of devotion. It appears to me necessary to religion to bring it to one's serious attention at fixed periods. For the want of this, the English in India have less virtue in them than elsewhere, and cannot impress the natives with a good idea of our religion.

I AM. Over the gate of the temple of Delphos was placed the word ει, according to Plutarch signifying 'Thou Art'—a confession of the nothingness of man, and a homage worthy of the Divinity to whom alone appertains existence. How well does this Pagan inscription agree with the I AM of Holy Writ."

On the following day the young traveller left Mynpooree, and on the 10th he crossed the confines of the Company's territories. The narrative of his travels cannot be carried on better than in his own words:

"*March 9th.*—From Ghurriwal to Shekoabad. A battalion of sepoys was encamped at the latter place. I saw nothing, however, of any of the officers. It is a strange circumstance that, so far from all white faces, and not having seen one since quitting Futtehghur, I should not have greedily seized

upon this opportunity of obtaining society. I did not, however, for reasons peculiar, I believe, to my own disposition. It seems equally strange that no one here should have thought me worthy of notice.

March 10*th*.—From Shekoabad to Ferozabad. I this morning quitted the Company's territories. Ferozabad belongs to Scindiah, and is part of General Perron's Jaghire. The aumil, or governor of the place, came to pay his respects. He is a civil, shrewd, sensible man. He had heard the news of the peace, and inquired if a monarchy had been restored in France. Our conversation was chiefly political; and he observed, turning to my moonshee, who was in the tent, that the English were the only nation who could defeat the French, and that this was owing to their navy. He made many other clever observations; among others, he said that the design of the French in invading Egypt was clearly to forward their plans upon India; and concluded by observing that he did not think it would be a lasting Peace. I never met with a native of India who appeared to have such rational ideas of European politics. He was a native of Lahore, and his ancestors were Oosbeck Tartars.

March 11*th*.—From Ferozabad to Eatimadpoor. On the road I frequently passed ruins of palaces and mausoleums."

The sight of these old ruins seems to have thrown him again into a contemplative mood; for when he reached the halting-ground he opened his Commonplace Book, and recorded the following boyish remarks:

"ADVICE.—The generality of mankind are very fond of giving advice, and that on the most trivial subject. 'If you will take my advice' is in every man's mouth on every occasion. Some force it upon you: if you believe them, it proceeds entirely from anxiety for your welfare, whereas it is in general to gratify a talkative disposition, or display their knowledge

and wisdom. There are others who expect, should you ask their advice, that you must of course act according to it, and should you not do so, feel themselves highly insulted. I would, therefore, recommend every one (unless it be on matters of great importance) to act according to the dictates of one's own judgment; or if this is not to be depended upon, he should give his advisers to understand that he is still determined to maintain a reference to his own decision. If you are advised by a thousand persons, you will probably receive a thousand different opinions. Trust to your own judgment, after having maturely considered the circumstances of your case, and, although you may sometimes err, your decision will often prove just.—[*Eatimadpoor Camp, March 11th, Thursday*, 1802.]

Dispositions of Children.—I have frequently been led to consider how far from the dispositions of children we may form a just idea of the characters they will support as men. I am almost induced by reflection to believe, that those tempers which appear the worst in infancy may produce the finest characters in manhood. Obstinacy in the child becomes Resolution in the man. Cunning is but the prognostic of Wisdom. Sullenness grows up to be Patience. And in Fierceness are planted the seeds of Courage. I should never be grieved at seeing a child commit a theft and avoid all detection, because I should believe that when a man he would be enabled to negotiate a treaty with skill, head an army with address, or even govern a nation with ability. But these symptoms must be properly managed to produce those good effects, for they are as liable to a wrong turn as a right one, and then they are the forerunners of the blackest passions. A public school is the proper stage for such dispositions to act upon. If, again, we examine those tempers which parents are so fond of observing in their offspring, we shall find, I think, that they are capable of being extremely injurious. I have known a fond mother delight in the very passions of her darling boy, because when the storm had once blown over the sky became again serene and calm, little aware that if this hastiness was not

rooted out before the age of manhood, it would expose her son to numberless perils, universal quarrels, and the general detestation of society. When I hear a child spoken of as being as mild as a lamb, as pliable as a twig, and as submitting without a murmur to all treatment, I cannot avoid the reflection that he will be a weak man. Yet may those tempers be so educated (for I cannot use a word more expressive of my meaning) as to produce nothing but virtuous and enviable characters. Education, in fact, is the sculptor of men's minds, and from it alone can the most conspicuous virtues and most contemptible vices be engrafted in the bosoms of mankind." *—[*Eatimadpoor Camp, March 11th,* 1802.]

The next stage brought the young traveller to Agra, then a city garrisoned by Mahratta troops, under a Dutch commander. To the English in India it was little known except by report, and Charles Metcalfe, when he explored the wonders of the Taj-Mahal, trod where few of his countrymen had trodden, and sate down to describe in letters and journals what had seldom at that time been described by an English pen. Half a century has passed away, and the Taj has become the standing lion of the English traveller and the stock-subject of the English journalist. But custom cannot stale its infinite variety; and every new writer has something new to say about it. To young Metcalfe it appeared as the realisation of the Legendary and Traditional, with all the charm of freshness about it. He said that it was very beautiful, and "beyond description;" but that it wanted grandeur, and suggested

* "I think a public school is not the proper education of these dispositions; for they are too weak and too pliant to resist the temptations to which they will there be exposed." —C. M.

no solemn thoughts. The entries in his journal are brief:

"*March* 12*th*.—From Eatimadpoor to Agra. The eye was everywhere struck with the view of heaps of ruins, lamenting in forcible language the oppressive ravages of Time. A considerable time elapsed before I could get my baggage over the river—the elephants swam. Whilst my tents were preparing, I took up my quarters in the Taj-Mahal. This is said by many—among others by the artist Zoffany—to be the finest building in the world. To attempt to describe it would be presumption, for it is far above description. Shah Jehan is buried here with his wife; this building was originally intended for her, and it was his design to have built a fellow to it on the opposite side of the river for himself. The ground for the purpose was enclosed with a wall, which still remains, though in a very ruinous condition. The centre building of this wonderful edifice is composed entirely of white marble, inlined with different colored marbles, cornelians, agates, and other curious stones, in the form of flowers, ribbons, &c., &c., which are executed with wonderful nicety and real taste. I went to the summit of the minaret. They are more elevated than those of Lucknow, and present a very fine view of the fort and town.

13*th*.—I breakfasted by invitation with the Dutch commander, Colonel J. Hessing. I found with him his son, who commanded in the engagement at Oujein, where his battalions were defeated; a Mr. Marshall, an Englishman; and two others, whose names I have not learnt. The breakfast consisted of kedgeree (rice and eggs), fish, game, fowls, curry and rice, stews, oranges, pears, pomegranates, eggs, bread and butter, cakes of all kinds, pancakes, and a number of other dishes, which have escaped my recollection—among others, I had forgotten to enumerate cheese. The Dutchman was as polite as a Dutchman could be, and very well-meaning I am certain. I walked over some of the buildings. They are in general of

marble, beautifully inlaid, and admirably executed. The roofs of many have been silver. These, however, have fallen a prey to the destroying hands of the Mahrattas, who have even stripped the rooms of the leaves of gold which covered the flowers in many places. Some of the rooms are lined with small mirrors. I was conducted by Mr. Marshall and another gentleman, who showed me the place where Shah Jehan was confined while his sons were contending for his empire. It is a small octagon room where the ruler of all India spent this wretched portion of his life, not in the command of a single slave. The walls were white, but in many places the plaster had dropped, and disclosed a colored wall, with gold and silver ornaments. It is said that the Emperor had it whitewashed that he might not be troubled with the sight of such pernicious metals."

On the following day he "breakfasted and dined with the Dutchman, and examined the Taj-Mahal with more attention." It was a happy day, for his affectionate heart was gladdened by the receipt of a letter from his friend Sherer, which he sate down at once to answer. "I cannot better," he wrote, "express the joy I feel at receiving yours of the 1st, than by answering it immediately. It has not been in my hands ten minutes. It finds me an inmate of the far-famed Taj-Mahal at Agra." "It is above description," he added; "but I may endeavor to give you an idea of its materials." And then he went on to speak of the wonderful mosaic, of the precious stones inlaid, of the elegant devices—but confessed that there was something unsatisfactory in it all. "If," he wrote—and the passage is worth more than whole pages of such description—"if you are not already tired of the subject, I will

tell you the impression that all this beauty and elegance left upon my mind. Although I have by no means done it justice, yet you will be surprised when I tell you it left *no* impression upon my mind; I was not inspired with any of those sentiments of awe, delight, or reverence with which I have viewed much less magnificent buildings, particularly the colleges of the universities, or with which I have heard the echo of my own footsteps even in the cloisters of my much-loved Eton. Ah, Sherer, those were days of real happiness! In those very cloisters has my youthful and ardent imagination planned to itself a life of greatness, glory, and virtue — there have I been the orator, and discussed important topics in the Senate-house— there have I been the statesman prescribing terms to the wondering nations of Europe—there have I concluded peaces, commanded armies, or headed a party struggling for liberty; or, descending from those lofty views, there have I fancied myself in private life, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, the honored patron of a neighbouring hamlet. How crushed are all my hopes, my honors, and my fancied glories! But you will say I am wandering, and in looking over the last page I find that I am." And then he reverted to the wonders of the Taj: but the description is dull and prosaic after such "wandering" as this.*

* The concluding passage of this letter may be given in a note. There are some characteristic touches in it: "I will tell you something in my next as well of my plans, and believe me I feel sincerely flattered that I possess any friends, and particularly such a friend, who *do* take an interest in my concerns. I perfectly agree with you about the essay, and only regret that any of my unshapen things should be exposed to the public eye. You shall have my sentiments of the Peace shortly. In the mean time, I entreat you to write and tell Hamilton to do so, from whom I have not received one

On the 15th of March, Charles Metcalfe turned his back upon Agra, and proceeded upon his journey to Scindiah's Court. On the evening of that day, halting at Mundakor, he wrote again to his friend Sherer. After having dismissed one moonshee because he was stupid, and another because he was insolent, the young student had found a third, who was neither; and as he was as ready to appreciate good qualities as he was to resent bad ones in his native instructors, he had come to the resolution, after leaving College, to reward the services of the man to whom he believed himself so much indebted for the proficiency which, during his year's residence in Calcutta, he had acquired in the knowledge of the native languages. What shape the young writer's gratitude assumed may be gathered from the following letter, which deserves record as a characteristic manifestation of the kindliness and generosity of the writer:*

CHARLES METCALFE TO J. W. SHERER.

"Camp of the Anglo-Mahratta Allied Forces,
Head-quarters, Mindakor, March 15, 1802.

"MY DEAR SHERER,—My letter of yesterday should have sufficed you for the present had I not forgotten in it to mention. I am quite alone, and have for a long time been so, and shall continue so for another month or two, unless I am picked up by our friend Jeswunt Rao Holkar, who has planted himself in my road. I have a party of Company's sepoys, to which I receive a reinforcement of fifty Mahrattas; but I shall prefer negotiating my way instead of forcing it. I have been strongly advised to stop here by the Resident and others; but with an object in view, I am the most restless fellow in the world, and always push to the end of it."

* On the following day he wrote in his Common-place Book:—"*Hilal-ood-deen.*—I have determined to settle 20 rupees per month upon this man, who so well deserves all that I can do for him. This added to his other salaries will render him extremely comfortable." —[*Futtehpore Camp, March 16th*, 1802.]

Nearly a year afterwards he wrote opposite to this passage:—"I was dissuaded from this as being beyond my means. I gave 300 rupees."—[*Feb. 19th*, 1803.]

tion a subject which I particularly wished to write to you upon. It relates to our common friend Hilal-ood-deen. He is the only native of India for whom I entertain any particular esteem, which his merits loudly demand. It is no fault of his that I am not at this moment a tolerable proficient in some one or other of the Oriental languages. I am ashamed to say he was thrown away upon me. He has now to deal with a better subject, Jenkins,* who will do him the justice he deserves. The good old man must have thought it very extraordinary that I should have left Calcutta without giving him any memorial of my regard: the reasons why I did so have been explained in a letter to Hamilton. I have been considering of the means by which I can do him some *permanent* service; and I think that a monthly allowance will be the most so. Tell him, therefore, that he is to consider himself entitled to twenty rupees per month from January last inclusive. If I return to England, I must make amends for the loss of this allowance by a sum of some small value, but if I remain in India, it will continue to Hilal's death, unless I am carried off before him. It is a slight recompense, and by no means comes up to my wishes; but, as I have not the slightest idea of my own salary, and as, exclusive of camp equipage and travelling expenses, I am obliged, for the sake of appearance, to maintain a much larger establishment than I ever should have done in Calcutta, the sum which I have set apart for Hilal-ood-deen is as considerable as my ability, consistent with convenience, will admit of; this, however, I shall not feel in the least burdensome, and only regret that it cannot be larger. As it is, it may serve to add to his comforts. I will shortly contrive some means for his being regularly supplied; yet you must be aware that I must have some trifling increase before I can effect this. Give him, however, to understand that this allowance is to commence from the 1st of January, 1802, and to continue until some circumstances as above mentioned shall interfere to prevent it. I, however, by no means consider this trifling recompense as acquitting me from further obligation;

* The late Sir Richard Jenkins, G.C.B.

on the contrary, Hilal-ood-deen will ever have a strong claim to any services I may be able to render him or his family, and in thus disposing of any benefits, in addition to gratifying my own sentiments of gratitude, I shall have the satisfaction of serving a man of solid merit and intrinsic worth.

"I am not at all qualified to speak on the Peace, yet I think we ought to have made a better. I by no means approve of extensive territories, yet the French, I think, come too well off. The reserve of their East-Indian territories ought to have been one article. All the resignations are on our part. In fact, what France did not gain by the War, she has acquired by the Peace —all her colonial possessions. The subtle, cunning, or mean policy of Bonaparte has been manifest in the invasion of Portugal, the integrity of which is the greatest point which we have gained. For the sake of indemnification at a peace, he did not scruple to carry war and devastation into a defenceless country without even a plea; he has completely succeeded, for this country, the restoration of which is the most favorable article, was not invaded until the year 1801, in which year peace was made. This treaty, I think, is more for the honor than the interest of our country. We reserve quite enough, yet grant our enemies too much. Yet do we see Great Britain in her glory: take back, she says, those possessions my valiant sons have won, but restore peace, liberty, and happiness to all the nations of Europe groaning under your oppression. By no means think that I object to it; peace was necessary to all the world, and on the whole this is at least a glorious one.

"I have never experienced any comfort in India until of late, since I have been travelling quite alone. I do nothing but read English, Latin, and French, and I have procured another small but good selection of books. I rise early, read constantly, eat heartily, and sleep soundly—four blessings I never before enjoyed in India. I never allow myself to think of England, and I feel the good effects of my resolution, though my views with respect to it are the same as ever. I have no room to tell you all my plans. Persuade Hamilton to write; I have

not had a word from him in answer to either of my letters. Remember me to him and Wood. Lord W. did not see the second and third essays. Depend upon it I feel more gratified by his approbation than I should by the prize itself. Buchanan* appears to have been officiating priest on the occasion, and I cannot admit that his judgment was by any means good; remember, I speak of the first lot—I know nothing of the others, not having seen them.

"Yours very sincerely,

"C. T. METCALFE.

"N.B. I have entirely deserted Oriental literature for the present, and shall see the arrivals of yesterday in a short time turning up their noses—*en passant* [Blood must have blood; I'll give you Gil for Gil†], who are the hopes of the rising generation?"

The reflections on the Peace, set forth in this letter, seem to have set the young politician thinking about the condition of the armies of Europe; and on the following evening, halting at Futtehpore, he made this entry in his Common-place Book:

"ARMY.—A very unjust opinion has of late been entertained by a certain description of persons, that the English army does not contain soldiers equal to the French. Their valor is never disputed; but it is asserted that they are not such good soldiers. Experience teaches us that this opinion is founded upon error, or rather *un*founded. In the campaign of 1799, in Holland, the superiority of our soldiers was evinced in every engagement, even in that immediately preceding the retreat of our army. They were always victorious, and only the adverse fortune which had attended the allies in Switzerland occasioned our retreat. The French were by these means

* The Rev. Claudius Buchanan, Vice-Provost of the College. I find a letter from him to Metcalfe, written at this time, in which he says—"Some gentlemen were praising your essay lately, when an old civilian observed, he did not see it was anything remarkable. 'Pray, can you do as well, John?' On which John said that he thought he could, if he had time."

† The reference is to some colloquialisms of Dr. Gilchrist.

enabled to send fresh troops to Holland; and immense reinforcements were every day arriving. Again, in Egypt, the superiority of our soldiers was everywhere manifest against legions, even which had gained the title of Invincible. In fact, wherever the abilities of our common soldiers have been put to the test they have universally triumphed. The English army is in want of generals and officers."—[*Futtehpore Camp, March 16th*, 1802.]

On the 17th of March, Metcalfe left Futtehpore, and on his way to Radowul his "baggage was attacked by the banditti of the country, who were repulsed." Many of his marches, at this time, were performed by moonlight. The increasing richness and beauty of the country through which he passed excited pleasurable emotions in the mind of the young traveller; and day after day, as he encamped "under the elegantly-spreading banyan-tree," or "in a most elegant grove of banyan-trees, every one of which is in itself a grove," he recorded his favorable impressions of the abundant fertility and the romantic picturesqueness of the country of Mahrattas. Here and there he came up with battalions of Perron's troops, and received complimentary presents, and visits, not merely of compliment, from their officers.* At other places he was

* Under date March 22nd, he writes:—"*Pilowdit to Koshulghur.*—At the latter I found encamped four more battalions of Perron's troops. One of the officers came to visit me—anxious to hear of his father, Colonel ——. . . . . I obtained some information from him relative to the Mahratta service. It appears that promotion depends on General Perron, who is naturally disposed to favor his own countrymen. So far, however, as the rank of captain, every officer obtains a step annually—*i. e.* in four years a man must be a captain. The rule extends no higher. The uniform of the sepoys is the same as the Company's; so are the accoutrements, with the exception that they carry a sword as well as a bayonet and musket. The band, which was in full tune, as they marched by my little camp, played nothing but marches—perfectly in the European style."

warned of the contiguity of Holkar's marauding bands; and "obliged to keep a sharp look out." But these things did not much to disturb his tranquillity, or break in upon his meditations. Even in the near neighbourhood of the banditti his habit of moralising was not to be repressed, and we find him, with Holkar's troops within a few miles of him, opening his Common-place Book, and thus recording his opinion on the formation of character:

"DISPOSITIONS OF CHILDREN.—In the 307th number of the *Spectator*, I find that the doctrine of natural abilities is supported: viz., the Author, or his Correspondent, for they are in this instance evidently one and the same, founds his observations on the principle that 'Nothing but Nature can qualify a man for any science.' The authorities in support of this argument are numerous; and seem almost of themselves capable of overthrowing every opposition. Socrates stands at the head. Dr. South and a Spanish physician, Juan Hirartes, are quoted; and the support of the *Spectator* is not the most insignificant. It almost appears the highest presumption even to think differently from such powerful thinkers, but as every one, the humblest and youngest individual, has and will ever have an opinion of his own, until something occurs to destroy it, I cannot help dissenting from the above decision; and am influenced by the following ideas in spite of the great authors above mentioned. However scattered—however inferior they are, still they are those which have weight with me. I would attribute everything to education. When I say 'Education,' I do not mean the period of life generally so called—that period which commences with the Alphabet and is allowed to conclude with College—but the whole extent of our life, from the Womb to the Grave—from Birth to Death; or at least as high up as the age of twenty-six or thirty. The education of the child commenced from the time in which he is

able to see, or imagine anything. Something may even depend upon the article on which first the mind rests; a great deal depends on the woman to whom his first months are entrusted; and I should look upon the period from birth to the age of *six* to be more important than any succeeding one. Chance has a great influence in this period;—for instance, the accident of being left alone in the dark, and any uncouth noise or circumstance occurring, might leave an impression of horror upon an infant mind which would probably accompany it to the grave. This I assert from unanswerable experience. The woman to whom my infant years were entrusted used to convey me, by way of punishment, to a dark room, and represent the coming of the *Old Man* (a famous bug-bear in the mouths of nurses) as every minute to be expected. Here was I left, whilst probably the foolish woman would groan, and make use of several other means to terrify me. The consequence was, that throughout my childish and boyish years, I was a prey to the most horrid fears; and such an effect has this treatment had upon my imagination, that I am even now much weaker on this point than I could wish to be.* Numberless apparently trifling circumstances teem with great events. A child from seeing any bleeding animal in the cries of death, might become a being of humanity or cowardice, accordingly as this impression was succeeded by others which might bend it the one way or the other. Thus every virtue, every vice, would, I think, find its origin in some such circumstance. As to abilities, I conceive them to be all acquired by education; and when we see abilities in a Clown, we are not to consider them as the offspring of nature, for a Clown equally with a Peer has an education, though of a different nature. Hence we meet with people in the humblest walks of life who would shine in any character, if properly trained to it, but their abilities are acquired. And it appears to me that Dr. South carries his argument to a very extraordinary extent,

* This passage has been cited in the first chapter of these Memoirs; but it is reproduced here that the continuity of the young essayist's argument may not be impaired.

when he almost asserts that there are born lawyers, churchmen, ploughmen, soldiers, politicians, merchants, mechanics, tradesmen, some one thing or another. I believe the human mind at its birth to be as a blank sheet of paper, which receives various tints or impressions—stains or embellishments—according to the hands into which it may fall. I know not if any one ever had the same thoughts upon this subject, though I have some faint recollection of hearing that Locke *had*. I should be happy in the accordance of so illustrious an author."—[*Camp, Munapura, March 23rd*, 1802.]

At Kotah, it became apparent to him, for the first time, that he was a person of some consequence, and he was compelled to act a dignified official part. The Dewan, or minister of Zalim Singh, came to pay him a visit of ceremony, which it was his duty on the following day to return. Through streets lined with wondering inhabitants, "as if to view some strange spectacle," the young diplomatist went forth, more full of wonder than all the rest. He could not help reflecting on the little notice that would have been taken of him on entering any country town in England; and perhaps in his young ambition he may have begun to think that Indian official life has its compensations after all. The incident is thus detailed in his journal:

"*April 2nd, Kotah.*—In the afternoon [the Dewan] came to pay the complimentary visit. I had spread a white cloth over the satringee in the tent. I received him and his relations and friends before the tent, and after having embraced them led them in. I seated myself with them according to the Hindostanee custom, and after the ceremony of distributing Pan and Attr, ordered the presents to be brought, consisting of a

gold watch, a brace of pistols, penknife, scissors, and Hindavi manuscript curiously minute. To my great annoyance, he accepted the whole, which I had never intended, and which is not a very general practice.

April 3rd.—The necessity of returning the visit detained me here this day. The streets were lined with inhabitants as if to view some strange spectacle. I could not help reflecting with what indifference I should be suffered to pass into a town in England, and yet how much happier I should be. I was received with the same ceremony which I had practised. The presents consisted of four shawls, three pieces of muslin, one of silk, and one of orange-coloured cloth."

After a slight detention, caused by the accidental death of one of his followers, and the kindly desire of the young diplomatist to allow time for the friends of the deceased to "perform their last duties" to him, and a subsequent halt in expectation of receiving letters from Colonel Collins, Charles Metcalfe pushed on, through a bleak, barren country, differing greatly from the fertile regions between Agra and Kotah, to Oujein.* And on the 16th of

* The following descriptive passages, from the young writer's journal, are worth giving:

"*April 6.*—Waited till after breakfast for letters from Colonel Collins. Receiving none, marched, with thirty-eight men from the Rajah, and my Havildar's guard, to Humihuttea, distant eight coss through the most savage, bleak, dreary desert I ever had any idea of—one vast rocky plain or plain rock, for there was scarcely an inch of earth, and wherever flowers grew, they were without a single leaf; every tree that appeared had its branches entirely bare. In the midst of this wild stands Juypoora, like Palmyra or Tadmor in the Desert—a spot which appears to great advantage, for between Rota and it, a distance of ten miles, there was not an inhabitant nor a hut, nor a single drop of water. The wind, blowing as if through a furnace, was too high to admit of my using any chatteh[1], so that I was exposed on my elephant to the burning rays of the sun, the reflexion from the rock, and the scorching influence of the wind; all these circumstances rendered me unwell during the day and night.

"*March 9.*—Jhalsepatam—five coss.

[1] A chatteh is a large umbrella, made generally of the leaves of the plantain.

April he wrote the words "*Labor Ultimus*" in his journal. "After a long march," he recorded elsewhere, "rendered pleasanter by my Resolution and Recreation than I expected to find it, I arrived at Oujein." There he became a member of Colonel Collins's family, and entered upon the duties of his appointment.

But he had leisure still to discourse of Love and Friendship, and there was no growth of new attachments at Oujein to displace the old. The truth being told, it must appear that Charles Metcalfe, at this time, was driven to seek solace in reminiscences of the past. Disappointed, vexed, sometimes perhaps irritated, he peopled his lonely tent with the images of his absent friends, and as he pored over the letters of some beloved correspondents, or looked eagerly for the coming of the post, thought that he was again in London or Calcutta. The entries in his Common-place Book show what was the warmth of his young affections:

"ATTACHMENTS.—Attachment to a female is generally inseparable from desire; yet when this is not the case, how much more tender and pure it is! The effect Miss D——'s virtue, sense, and beauty had, and still have, upon my mind, can never, I think, be effaced. Yet was my attachment pure and warm, but unaccompanied with any desire. I longed for her heart. * * * The love of a boy of fifteen is a laughable subject;

The road was tolerably good, the land as wild as before. This country differs very much from the beautifully fertile and well cultivated lands between Agra and Kotah. Here, whenever a tree has sprung up, the soil appears to confess its inability to support it, and has left it, seemingly, to wither. Whether this be owing to the seasons or the barren soil I know not; but the branches of every tree are completely bare. This country may very properly be called 'India Petræa,' for it is one continued rock."