ASIA

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES

·W·H·F·HUTCHISSON·

Cornell University Library
Ithaca, New York

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE
FISKE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE BEQUEST OF
WILLARD FISKE
LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY 1888-1883
1905

The date shows when this volume was taken.

To renew this book copy the call No. and give to the librarian.

~~APR 3 1950~~

~~OCT 20 1955~~

HOME USE RULES

All Books subject to recall

All borrowers must register in the library to borrow books for home use.

All books must be returned at end of college year for inspection and repairs.

Limited books must be returned within the four week limit and not renewed.

Students must return all books before leaving town. Officers should arrange for the return of books wanted during their absence from town.

Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible. For special purposes they are given out for a limited time.

Borrowers should not use their library privileges for the benefit of other persons.

Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes it, are not allowed to circulate.

Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or mutilated.

Do not deface books by marks and writing.

Cornell University Library
DS 485.B41H98
Pen and pencil sketches :being reminisce
3 1924 024 076 881

DS
485
B41
H98

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES.

Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924024076881

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES: :

BEING

REMINISCENCES DURING EIGHTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN BENGAL.

BY

W. H. FLORIO HUTCHISSON, Esq.
(GEORGE TRIGGER.)

EDITED BY

REV. JOHN WILSON.

"Quid dem? quid non dem?
Reuuis quod tu, jubet alter."
Horace.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
1883.

R

[*All rights reserved.*]

~~3537~~
~~A79~~

A496070

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

TO

HIS HIGHNESS SYUD MUNSOOR ULLEE,

NAWĀB NĀZIM OF BENGAL, BEHAR AND ORISSA,

BY WHOSE FAVOUR

A PLEASANT VISIT WAS SPENT AT MOORSHEDĀBĀD IN 1877,

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITOR.

FROME SELWOOD,
SOMERSETSHIRE, 1883.

PREFACE.

A PERUSAL of the late Author's manuscript and notes proving useful and entertaining, the Editor decided to arrange and prepare them for publication, in the hope that the reading Public will find them instructive and agreeable. How far his hopes will be realized, is a secret, at present in the womb of time.

Some few suppressions, which circumstances seemed to demand, have been made. With these exceptions, the Author's intentions have been carried out.

For the mode adopted of spelling Hindūstānī words, the Editor alone is responsible.

THE EDITOR.

FROME SELWOOD, 1883.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE
Palankeen 38
Sircar or Agent 41
Burning of the Dead 44
Native Boat 48
Hand-mill 52
Fakeer in the Bazaar 102
A Baboo in undress 112
Ram Lochen Sein, a noted Thug 147
Gunga Huree, a noted Thug 153
Snipe Shooting . . . . *to face* 172
Indian Snipe 182
Falling Partridge 189
Falling Quail 198
Grey Partridge 205
Hog Hunters and Arabs . . . . *to face* 217
The Bengal Boar 224
Tiger Trap 227
Wild Buffaloes disturbed . . . . *to face* 236
Wounded Tiger . . . . . . ,, 263

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 1

CHAPTER I.

Despotic nature of Hindoo and Musalmān governments of India—Unbridled extortion and rapacity detrimental to general welfare, and productive of distrust, falsehood, and poverty—Their debased religion and its effects—Caste—Inroads on prejudice and superstition—The custom of burying treasure—Fruitless search for it by two French adventurers 3

CHAPTER II.

Foundation of British power in India dates from the battle of Plassey—Rapacity of British adventurers—The infamous disregard of treaties by the Honourable East India Company—Integrity of the Bengal Civil Service—Inexplicable laws and regulations—Constitution of the Bengal army—Eurasians—The motley character of the inhabitants of Calcutta—Variety of dress and costumes. 18

CHAPTER III.

Calcutta—Origin of the name—A stranger's reflections on arrival—Fascination of tropical foliage and land-

PAGE

scape—Environs—Garden Reach—Botanical Gardens—Fort William—Saugor Island—Esplanade Ghāt—Bathing scenes—Chaundpāll Ghāt—The Strand . . 29

CHAPTER IV.

Obsequious land sharks—Sircar, or agent—Mode of watering the streets—Improved municipal and sanitary regulations—Scenes in a Hindoo cemetery—Harbour scenes—Sailor's home—Steam flour-mills—Prejudices against them—Disappointed expectations—Hand-mills—Bank of Bengal and Banks Hall—The Mint—The Government House—Town Hall—Wide-awake gastronomes 40

CHAPTER V.

Annual balls—Fancy dress balls, and unfortunate fancies—The Court house—Tank Square—Custom house—Writers' Buildings, and romantic incidents connected therewith—The Black Hole—Aliverdi Khan's dying injunction—Surāj-ud-Daula—His temper and disposition—Besieges Cossim-bazaar—His sanguinary resolve—Assaults and takes Calcutta—Anticipations of the captives—Forced into the Black Hole prison . . . 61

CHAPTER VI.

Sufferings in the Black Hole described—Large tank or tābāb—Scotch kirk—Tullock & Co.'s Auction Mart; description of it—A prosperous Arab Jew indigo broker—Indigo sales—Horse sales and horse laughs—Sale-room for general goods; its pervading aroma—Statue of Warren Hastings 80

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

The Bārā Bazaar and its various commodities—Native shops—Native houses—Domestic economy—Goldsmiths—Chitpore Road—Rooplall Mulleck, a liberal-minded Hindoo—Annual fêtes at his mansion—Hindūstānī music—The Nāch—Contrarieties in the Hindoo character—The Durgā-pūjā described—Its mythical origin 101

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations for the Durgā-pūjā festivals; its type—Reflections on the Hindoo mythology—The cultus of the deity, "odium theologicum," a work of supererogation in India—Hindoo and Musalmān affinities and antipathies—The various Hindoo festivals described—Jagannāth—A Frenchman's love of the idol, his reason why being "all my eye"—The Orloff diamond—The Charkh-pujāh and its object—Interesting Hindoo myths concerning mist, rain and clouds 121

CHAPTER IX.

The Phansīgārs, or Thugs—Ram Lochen Sein; his capture—Gunga Huree captured after committing fifty murders—Universal consternation and mistrust—Organisation of the Thugs—Speculations as to the origin of Thuggee—Statistics of crime—Another appalling catastrophe—Disasters in Afghānistān and surmises thereon 146

CHAPTER X.

Snipe shooting—Epistle on snipe shooting from Ned Copper Cap, Esq., to George Trigger—George Trigger's reply to Ned Copper Cap—Black partridge 172

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

Berhampoor steeplechase — Sporting months — July—August—September—October—November—December—January—February—March—April 192

CHAPTER XII.

Hog-hunting; a scene on the banks of the Hooroosaugor—The Purneah Shikārees—The rhinoceros—The buffalo—The alligator—The boa-constrictor 217

CHAPTER XIII.

Water trip to Bhāgalpoor—Berhampoor—Moorshedābād—Meer Jaffier—Conduct of the British Government towards the Nawābs of Bengal—Nawāb Humayoon Jah—Begumgunge—Raj Mahal—Patter Gatta—Colgong rocks—Bhāgalpoor—Return trip—Ruins of Raj Mahal—Assassination of Sirāj-ud-Daula 243

APPENDIX.

Letter to Marmion—Notes 279

GLOSSARY 293

INDEX 295

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES.

INTRODUCTION.

Among the numerous classes of publications which have from time to time appeared in England on the subjects of foreign and distant countries, perhaps those most favourably received and generally read have been of an ornamentally descriptive character, illustrating in interesting forms the antiquities, arts, natural curiosities, and romances belonging to them.

The combinations of stirring incidents, and wayside adventures, or the bygone traditions of ages rescued from the faint and worn prints of time, give an interest to spots met with in far distant countries which otherwise would be scarce marked either by the eye, the pen, or pencil of the subsequent wanderer.

In tracing these few pages, no pretensions are advanced of entering the fields of philosophy or deep research on the subjects introduced; nor do they claim to be dogmatic and final on the mysteries of either the manners or customs of the distant countries through which the steps of the author have led him. Their relation will not be found clothed in either mighty sentiments, beauteous description, or sublimity of language. The flowery fields of imagination have been avoided; and truth, simple truth, is the only thing throughout these fugitive pages at all laid claim to. If they cause but one more eye to be turned with any degree of interest towards India—neglected India, its people, general character, scenery etc., or add but one particle to the information of any whose thoughts are turned towards that country, then every object in these memoranda thus loosely thrown together will be fully secured.

The following lines of Horace may serve as the key-note of my thoughts and aspirations:

> "Si quid novisti rectius istis,
> Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."
>
> "If a better system 's thine,
> Impart it freely, or make use of mine."

CHAPTER I.

Despotic nature of Hindoo and Musalmān governments of India—Unbridled extortion and rapacity detrimental to general welfare, and productive of distrust, falsehood, and poverty—Their debased religion and its effects—Caste—Inroads on prejudice and superstition—The custom of burying treasure—Fruitless search for it by two French adventurers.

"Obruat illud malè partum, malè retentum, malè gestum imperium."—*Cicero.*

"Perish that power which has been obtained by evil means, retained by similar practices, and which is administered as badly as it was acquired."

Both Hindoo and Musalmān governments have ever been most despotic, arbitrary, and tyrannical; traces of which are everywhere observable, even to this very day throughout India. Of the differences existing between them, it may be remarked that the former, perhaps, are only slightly removed from the latter in the extreme ferocity and uncompromising superstition of their character. Indeed, Asiatic despotisms, it must be said, have ever been, and ever will be, the worst throughout the world. I am not prepared to say that to this cause alone is to be attributed the primitive, rude and ignorant state in which nearly the whole native population of India remains at present, enveloped as they are by the most abjectly superstitious religion and a designing and debauched priesthood; but I do consider that the exercise over a people of such despotic power as Hindūstān has been swayed with, must have invaded and necessarily destroyed property, or rendered it so insecure as to prevent its accumulation even by the exertions of so industrious a people as the Aborigines of India. Thus, continuous poverty engendered ignorance, and prevented both the increase and existence of knowledge. No general security of property or person was known to exist. No one thought it worth while to save wealth, when the sole ruler of it, and the lives of the possessors, was the sword of a tyrant, as rapacious of gold as he was ruthless of the means he used to obtain it.*

The oldest authentic and credible account which we have of Hindūstān, is probably that which was written by Megasthenes more than two thousand years ago, and preserved by Arran in his history of India. And it is perhaps not too much to say that throughout every department of government from that early date to the time of Mamood I., 1000 A.D., and from thence to 1205 A.D, the commencement of the Patan dynasty, down to the extinction of the Moguls, every transaction of power and office was tinted with the grossest cruelty and extortion.

---

* See note A in the Appendix.

Grinding and unprincipled rapacity on the one hand necessarily produced the most subtle cunning and servile submission on the other. Deception, falsehood, and distrust soon amalgamated, and became the innate disposition and character of a people who were no doubt formed and intended to hold as high and moral a situation in the world as any people who have ever existed. Yet they are, as they have been for ages, perhaps, the most ignorant, superstitious, and corrupt people under the sun. Their religion is much mixed up with their social and political economy, and no doubt contributes greatly to the stagnation of improvement throughout this vast country.

In the separation of the people into castes, and the rigid observance of absurd stereotyped regulations, may be traced another stumbling-block to general improvement and advancement in civilisation.

The nature of these castes naturally confines men within the limits of a partial set of ideas, thoughts, and wishes, as well as bounding their exertions and labours to a most confined and contracted sphere of action. They are finally fettered, and held fast by the marriage bond. A contract out of their caste is so strictly forbidden that a transgression subjects the party to expulsion and degradation—a loss of every social tie of communion amounting in extent to the prohibition of even touching the person. This is called losing caste, which can only be regained by the most painful self-mortification, on which subject I will touch by and bye.

As regards the females of a family, when the settlement of them in the same rank or caste is at all doubtful, infanticide has been, and even now is in many of the north-west districts, the inevitable consequence, causing a destruction of female children and disproportion of the sexes quite appalling to think of. It is true, I believe, that the possession of immense wealth may have in a few solitary instances made inroads in this circle of prejudices and superstition, and that the inferior have been allowed by marriage admittance into the higher grades of religious rank; but the chronicle of the innovation is most carefully treasured up, registered, and remembered. And no matter how the immediate families of the parties may ostensibly blend and mix together outwardly, yet within the secret chambers of their own houses, and amidst the celebration of their mystic festivals, the distinction is, though imperceptible, most religiously observed. These inroads into established prejudices, I must observe, when they do occur, are almost entirely confined to that great Babylon of Hindūstān, viz. Calcutta, or its more immediate neighbourhood, and are by no means either general, well known, or of frequent occurrence.

After these few remarks, I shall not be deemed presumptuous, I hope, for having formed the opinion that to the combination of despotism with the religion of the country may be mainly attributed the unequal advancement towards excellence of everything in India as compared with that of other countries within the same period of time. I am sorry to say these despotisms were not only supported and strengthened long after the British subjugation of the country, but even the pernicious prejudices of the people were riveted and confirmed by British toleration of them, and an income was also derived from the exercise of their pretended sacred duties. It was left for the uncompromising firmness of Lord William Bentinck's administration to root out and extirpate from the soil of India that horrible sacrifice of human life, called Satee, or burning of widows; a sacrifice destructive of the social compact of marriage, a sacrifice not always voluntary, but promoted by selfish and interested persons, and one which was revolting to human nature and feeling. Fancy a son setting fire to a living mother's funeral pyre! Yet the whole of this disgusting and obscene ceremony was allowed and protected throughout the country by a license from a European magistrate.

> "Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
> Auri sacra fames?"—*Virgil.*

"Accursed thirst of gold! to what dost not thou compel the human breast?"

Never can I forget the excited feelings with which I witnessed, soon after my arrival in India, the sacrifice of two widows on October 19th, 1826, to the burning Moloch, this worse than Chaldæan horrors. I could discover no "ram caught in a thicket," no "beautiful goat," to save these lovely Iphigenias. The green and sunny banks of the broad Hoogly were disfigured and deformed by this double holocaust and monstrous superstition. The bright face of day witnessed and wept to see these apparently apathetic and deluded victims walk unsupported to their horrid death. And the ravings of fanatic priests, the barbaric uproar of cymbals and wild Indian music, the deafening and shore re-echoing shouts of idolaters assembled to witness the scene, rent the air as they exulted over this mighty triumph of their dreadful religion. Sad to think that the British lion, from the summit of Government House, looked on complacently for so many years on scenes like these, and that his wrath could be appeased by the glitter and chink of rupees.

Neither was this the only kind of sad spectacle that fell often abruptly on the distressed eye of the traveller, nor the only altar on which human blood was offered, even in the public streets of Bengal's Metropolis. No; the public thoroughfares of Calcutta, her squares and promenades, even the very precincts of Government House resounded with, and almost witnessed, the gory ceremonies and disgusting sights of the Charkh and other pūjās, together with the sacrifices and bloody scenes at Kālī-ghāt, a place which bears the name of one of the most sanguinary goddesses of the Hindoo mythology. The filthy exhibitions of her dreadful rites stink, in the very nostril, of human blood, as they pass unmolested through the streets and proudest roads of the far-famed city of palaces.

The mind sickens as it falls back on the recollections of such scenes, and revolts at the dilatory and weak policy which held the arm in bondage which should long before have been stretched out to break the adamantine chain forged for, and riveted on, a timid superstitious people by an artful and designing priesthood. The more especially since such rites and abominations were wholly at variance with the Hindoo Shasters and the laws of Menu. Oh, India, thou land of change in all but slavery, thy history has ever been a chronicle of convulsions and bloodshed, caused by ignorance, superstition, and unrestrained barbarism!

Of the characteristics still remaining of the bygone days of lawless plundering governments, and the means taken by a distressed and impoverished people, rendered doubly artful, for the security of their property, one of the strongest traits, even at the present day, is to be traced both in the architecture of India and also in *remaining records* of buried treasure. There have been few travellers or sojourners in the native land of the sun, but have had their path crossed some time or other either by legends of wealth or realities confirmative of it which accident has exposed to the light of day.

The practice of inclosing money, gold and silver vessels, precious gems, and all sorts of metallic treasure in the walls of buildings as well as by intricate sepulture in the earth, was both prevalent and highly curious, owing to the extreme cunning displayed in the concealment and the precautions taken against a forcible exhumation. For this purpose the walls of the family mansion were massy and thick, and were built of a compact material, viz. a thin well-burnt brick resembling tile, embedded in a powerful cement of lime and brick-dust, which in time became a solid imperishable mass, so untractable as to prevent either the hand of the despoiler breaking it, or the eye or ear detecting the sacred spot where the wealth lay concealed. No sound could betray the secret, nor hand destroy the rock-like mass so as to detect the deposit, even though the edifice was razed to the ground. For, such was the solidity of the fabric that even the remains which are still to be seen scattered over various parts of India are unaltered in their original huge masses; having for ages defied all impression from the hand of the human despoiler, as well as the more certain and powerful arm of time. In this silent and secure way slept the wealth of many powerful families for ages; their only guide or direction to the place of its concealment consisted of a perishable record, the key-word of which hieroglyphic descended by word of mouth from father to son and son to heir, and was often lost to them and theirs for ever by the sudden and unexpected approach of the great secret despoiler, Death.

For the benefit of the reader, I must explain that the key-word of the descriptive record consisted in some such substitution as north for south, or east for west, in the body of the record, which in all other essentials was correct as to details. When the treasure was very large and bulky, it was generally deposited in the bosom of the earth; the spot chosen being a part of the country where the general features and character of its external surface could be well marked down in the descriptive paper, and where the general aspect was not likely to be altered or destroyed by time or the hand of man.

Some of these descriptions which I have seen were so accurately given in every particular, and so highly graphic, that the features of the whole face of the country were easily distinguished and identified.

As before remarked, the key-word having to descend verbally from father to son was ever liable to be lost, in which case accident only could bring to light the precious spot. Vast accumulations of treasure have in this way lain dormant for years, and no doubt other piles still sleep and remain at rest to this very day, as if returned to their original bed and that repose from which they were formerly torn to be tortured and sublimed in the scorching fires and crucibles of man.

Among the vast ruins that are so amply spread over the face of the country around Delhi, small treasures are found at this day, thus affording a livelihood to a very large class of natives, a field for the curiosity of the antiquary, and a dubious mine to the speculative traveller.

Once in my life I came across a document about which there could be no possible doubt that it was a *genuine* manuscript relating to some hidden mass of jewels, gold, silver, and other valuables, but which I suspected had long before performed the necessary resurrection.

The faded surface of the paper contained a lengthened description of the whole country, written with a degree of minutiæ as to particulars which was quite astonishing; and all the salient points were recognisable after a lapse of nearly three hundred years; so it appeared by the date. It had descended down through a line of ancestors to a poor, decrepit, miserable old Brahmin whose wealthy progenitors, as the tradition on the spot declared, were the lords and possessors of nearly the whole of that part of the country.

For years the old man had endeavoured to get some wealthy speculators to engage in exploring and digging for the gold, but unavailingly. He had even made some weak futile and childish attempts himself in the work of discovery, of course without any success.

Year after year, the foolish, doating, old man hugged the frail vision of hope to his withered bosom, and whilst placidly seated on the rude rock in front of his little temple, surrounded by the sculptured emblems and deities of his religion, his silver beard loosely floating on the soft and sunny evening breeze, he would remain lost in abstraction, immovably fixed for hours, dwelling on his expectant thoughts with ecstasy, in the sure and firm belief and as much certainty of the real existence of his earthly treasure in this world, as in the existence of his heavenly treasure, which he thought his austere and ascetic life had laid up and secured for him in that which is to come.

Two French adventurers had at last met with the old man, and having purchased from him the document, were induced (notwithstanding the usual foresight and general cunning of their countrymen in India) to lay out a considerable sum of money in exploring and excavating the supposed spot referred to in the paper. They had carefully levelled and measured with the greatest accuracy the different distances indicated in the document, using the most approved instruments. They made strenuous exertions during the day, and when night set in, they expended intense thought and study in deciphering the ambiguous parts of the manuscript.

A considerable sum of money had been expended in the extensive excavations thus necessarily carried on, and the directions had been followed with the most persevering attention to accuracy. All the distances had agreed exactly, and the explorers were fast, as they thought, approaching the goal of their hopes.

Their exertions were now redoubled; fresh diggers of the stubborn soil were added to those already engaged. At a short distance from the expected terminus of their labours stood the form of the old man, watching with the most intense anxiety for the moment that the precious sepulchre should be approached, and the resurrection of his god be announced; a vision he had long contemplated, and he believed was on the point of being revealed to him. Before long, the vision, the mentally conceived mirage, was entirely dissipated. For, the workmen were stopped by coming to the solid rock, which did not prove to be the philosopher's stone. From this rock they in vain attempted to diverge in every conceivable direction, except by the way they had approached it. The speculating foreigners, however, had no idea of being foiled even by such a ponderous obstacle. But after blasting the rock to some extent, which operation, by the way, was not at all according to the instructions, all further attempts were abandoned as useless, in sheer and unmitigated disgust.

A short time after this, chance threw me in the way of the old Brahmin, when I saw his document, and heard of his disappointment. The precious record had been returned to him by the disgusted foreigners.

Just towards the close of a hot day in May, I had wandered to some short distance from my tents, after having had an unsuccessful brush with a leopard in the neighbourhood of those extensive and wonderful ruins of the ancient city of Gour; now a howling, wild, and savagely uncultivated wilderness. The shadows of evening were gradually lengthening around me as I stood musing and reflecting on the change that time and circumstances had woven over the face of this once magnificent city, when my attention was attracted by a solitary and shadowy figure, stationary and erect as a marble statue, and apparently as inanimate and breathless. The eye of this phantom almost lacked the lustre of life, and one arm was extended forth as if by the fancied direction of the mind, rather than by the eye. The skinny and shrivelled finger of this hand seemed to point the same way, while the other hand was clasped convulsively to his bare bosom, and held within its vice-like grasp a faded and discoloured roll of paper, over which fell the janeo, or many-threaded Brahminical string. I gazed and gazed again on this vision, for altogether the whole figure looked more like a shadow of the visionary world than an animated being of this lower one. It was the old ascetic. Then it was I learnt his story, and listened with extreme curiosity to his interpretation of the still-worshipped record. Afterwards he led me along the labyrinth of excavations left open and exposed by the speculative Frenchmen. All, all was pointed out to me with minute exactness by my guide, and I could see plainly that the complete failure of the search had not shaken his faith one iota, or altered one atom of his confidence of the proximity of the treasure to the loved spot.

He believed that if he could hit off the exact hour and moment of time when the shadow of the rocky hill, which impeded the Frenchmen's exertions, extended to a particular eminence on the opposite side of the little intervening valley, and that if an excavation were made for about a quarter of a mile in a direction due east from the centre of such shadow, the secret spot where lay the hoped-for treasure would be disclosed.

Many similar instances of the prevalence of the custom of burying the wealth of the family to save it from the government despoiler have come under my own observation.

CHAPTER II.

The foundation of British power in India dates from the battle of Plassey—Rapacity of British adventurers—The Honourable East India Company's disregard of solemn treaties—Integrity of the Bengal civil service—Inexplicable laws and regulations—Constitution of the Bengal army—Eurasians—The motley character of the inhabitants of Calcutta—Variety of dress and costumes.

> "Homo homini aut Deus aut lupus."—*Erasmus.*
>
> "Man is to man either a God or a wolf."

THERE can be little doubt that the foundation of British power in India was laid by Lord Clive's victory at Plassey, more correctly Palāsī, which involved a loss to the British of only twenty-four killed and forty-eight wounded.

The war * was undertaken against Sirāj-ud-Daula the Sūbadār of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, who advanced from Moorshedābād, his seat of government, against Calcutta and the English factories; sacking, burning, and utterly destroying all their commercial establishments, and consigning such of the English as fell into his hands to all the horrors of incarceration in the black-hole prison, from which so few escaped, in 1756 A.D.

---

* See note B, Appendix.

The history of that dreadful tragedy and of the subsequent death and defeat of the tyrant is sufficiently well known.

At the time I am speaking of, the British adventurers were a rapacious corrupt and disorganised set of men, little caring what means they adopted to amass individual and private wealth, and equally indifferent to the general weal of the Company which they professed to represent. Their proceedings in establishing themselves, their factories, and warehouses, as in all other cases, were marked by the usual characteristics, and were carried on and achieved entirely by superior tact, cunning, bribery, promises, and personal humiliation of the native power. In all these particulars they showed themselves to possess as little regard as to what means they used to accomplish their wishes as any of the oppressors of India between 326 B.C., the date of Alexander's invasion, and 1757 A.D., the date of Sirāj-ud-Daula's defeat. The histories of those times will fully bear out these remarks, which for truth's sake can neither be disguised, forgotten, nor silently passed over. Little or no attention was ever paid to treaties entered into in times of peril; for when the danger disappeared, the Honourable Company either disregarded the letter and spirit of them, or else proceeded to enlarge and alter them. I much fear that no line of argument can ever be brought forward to justify the actions which these men committed from the time when they practised that consummate piece of deception on the arch, wily Hindoo, Omichund of Cossim-bazaar, down to the last grand farce of justice performed by them at Lucknow. When it suited the purpose of the Company's functionaries, they placed Meer Jaffier on the throne at Moorshedābād, when it equally suited their purpose they deposed him, and, in the most undignified manner they tumbled him and his wives into a budgero, and packed them off to Calcutta; placing his son-in-law Meer Cossim on the throne for a consideration, which consisted in his paying to eight members of the Council upwards of £200,000. Of this sum Mr. Vansittart, the Governor, took special care of £58,000. As with the higher functionaries, so with the subordinates in office, the same character marks all their actions, which were alike false, grasping, hollow and perfidious. They had but one object in view, and to accomplish it, certain prohibitions of the Decalogue were reversed when occasion required, and the advice in the two following lines of Horace was most religiously pursued:—

"Rem facias; rem
Recte si possis; si non, quocumque modo rem."

"Get wealth and power, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

In my days a new arrival was termed a "griffin." What sort of animal that may be I do not know, not being versed in heraldic zoology. At all events, he was not credited with knowing his head from his elbow, and was regarded as utterly incapable of managing either his own affairs or those of others.

Men were evidently differently constituted at the period I am speaking of. They must have been giants in intellect in those days. Lord Clive says, "Fortunes of £100,000 have been acquired in the space of two years, and individuals very young in the Service are returning home with a million and a half."

What consideration the Honourable (?) East India Company showed for the interests and welfare of the people of India will appear but too obvious to any one who has given their system of revenue a moment's thought; and the respect with which they have treated the rights of the original landowners and proprietors of the soil needs no further comment.

Lord Macaulay accurately describes the then state of Bengal, and I may add that his picture was correct for a long subsequent period.

He says, "The servants of the Company obtained —not for their employers, but for themselves—a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. They forced the natives to buy dear and sell cheap. They insulted with impunity the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. They covered with their protection a set of native dependants, who ranged through the provinces, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared. Every servant of a British factor was armed with all the power of his master, and his master was armed with all the power of the Company. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta, while thirty millions of human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness. They had been accustomed to live under tyranny, but never tyranny like this. They found the little finger of the Company thicker than the loins of Suraj ud Dowlah.

"Under their old masters they had at least one resource—when the evil became insupportable the people rose and pulled down the government. But the English government was not to be so shaken off. That government, oppressive as the most oppressive form of barbarian despotism, was strong with all the strength of civilisation. It resembled the government of evil genii rather than the government of human tyrants. Even despair could not inspire the soft

Bengalee with courage to confront men of English breed—the hereditary nobility of mankind—whose skill and valour had so often triumphed in spite of tenfold odds. The unhappy race never attempted resistance. Sometimes they submitted in patient misery. Sometimes they fled from the white man, as their fathers had been used to fly from the Mahrattas; and the palanquin of the English traveller was often carried through silent villages and towns, which the report of his approach had made desolate. The foreign lords of Bengal were naturally objects of hatred to all the neighbouring powers, and to all the haughty race presented a dauntless front."

The official garb of office appears to make a strange alteration in the character of those who are called upon to take an active part in the administration of governments. For it is most frequently seen that men, thus situated, act in public life in a manner totally at variance with their private and individual sentiments. How they reconcile these contrarieties to their own consciences and feelings is a problem which I cannot solve, having no experience of such official arcana.

But I must do the Bengal civil service—an important arm of the machinery of government—the justice of saying, that for individual talent, intelligence, and lofty integrity, they are nowhere equalled, and their gentlemanly conduct, elegant manners, and many virtues are such as never fail to adorn and give value and superiority to private life.

All who have had anything to do with the Company's Courts of Justice know perfectly well that the Civil Service is hampered and beset by a confused mass of conflicting regulations, from the letter of which it is never safe to deviate in the least, even when diametrically opposed to the spirit of the enactment. Decide by regulation they must, or obtain the honour of what is facetiously termed among themselves, "a good *wig* from the *heads* of departments."

Such a code of undefined acts and obscure rules as these regulations present—dove-tailed as they are one into another—were perhaps never conceived or executed for any country that exists, save Hindūstān. And it is my firm belief that if all the doctors of law and learned bodies of all nations were assembled in mighty conclave to elucidate and explain this entangled mesh of enactments, the greater part of them, as regards signification, would remain undeciphered till the Greek calends.

The Bengal Army, which consists of a regiment of artillery and a corps of engineers, ten regiments of cavalry and seventy-five regiments of infantry, is a fine, well-disciplined body of troops. And it is not enough to say that, as an armed force, the whole native army give less trouble to their officers than one regiment of Europeans; but it must also be allowed that, for sobriety, patience under adversity, docility, hardihood, steady valour and unswerving fidelity to their colours, they are unsurpassed by the British or any European troops. The Honourable Company are allowed to raise and recruit in Great Britain and Ireland two European regiments, their headquarters being at Warley in Essex. The native cavalry branch is very efficient; the men are fearless riders, very fond of their horses, and for sobriety and undaunted courage have few equals in any part of the globe.

Nor is the artillery inferior to any in the world for coolness, precision, and bravery. Their practice at Loodiana before Runjeet Sing, "the Lion of Lahore," during a visit paid by Sir Henry Fane, was such as to excite both astonishment and admiration in the bosom of the old Cyclops, and even drew from his cunning lips unqualified praise.

The engineering arm is also most intelligent and efficient, but the exertions of this branch of the service are so much directed to the civil duties of their profession, such as making roads, building barracks and bridges, making surveys of the country and superintending public works, that they have little opportunity of exhibiting their talents in military tactics and other operations connected with a field force.

The Queen's troops, both cavalry and infantry, form a most important part of the power we possess in India. From these two branches of the public service all the government offices are filled. The judges, commissioners, magistrates, revenue officers, secretaries, political residents, as well as all the staff appointments, are selected from these ranks. Some, doubtless, from merit and others by interest, as is the case all over the universe. The subordinate posts are filled and principally engrossed by a very numerous class of men, called Eurasians—a mixture of European and native blood, who form a very large and distinct community. These are found distributed in the different offices all over the country, and are a very useful appendage.

As a people they are fond of dress, very vain and imitative, exceedingly jealous of their dignity and consequence, and from a false and ridiculous feeling of pride, they confine themselves to the profession of writers, to the exclusion of all the more useful trades, such as shoe-makers, tailors, carpenters, bricklayers etc. Many of them, however, are highly gifted, talented, and useful men, as ornamental to society as beneficial to their fellow-creatures. Many of them have shone with no ordinary lustre in the fields of science and poesy. Perhaps the most pre-eminent and best-known are Kidd and De Rosario.

In Calcutta may be seen, by the careful observer, not only the multifarious and party-coloured costumes, but also the features and complexions of almost every inhabited country in the world.

The solemn profound heavy-bearded Persian, the flaunting saucy Arabs, with their copious turbans, the weasel-backed Turkish Musalmān, the opium-smoking Tartar-headed Chinese, the wanderers from the resting-place of the ark, always distinguishable for their quiet demeanour and respectable deportment, the peddling Greek and unbelieving Jew, the jetty African and yellow Hottentot, the chattering Frenchman and smoking Hollander, the greasy Russian and whiskered Pole, the industrious German, Spanish merchant, and Portuguese fiddler, are all to be met with about the public marts of the city, elbowing and jostling one another through its tortuous streets whilst in pursuit of their different callings and avocations.

The picturesque dresses, the various Asiatic outlines of form and feature thus met with at every turn render these every-day groups exceedingly attractive and interesting to the new arrival in Calcutta. This variety and change is moreover continuous, for the different cities of Asia are ever pouring forth portions of their vast populations in search of marts for traffic, and these all direct their steps towards this great metropolitan emporium, a short description of which I may as well begin a fresh chapter with, and in the conclusion of this one, I may here express a hope that the reader has not considered the introductory observations in this and the preceding chapter either tedious, unnecessary, or uninteresting.

CHAPTER III.

Calcutta—Origin of the name—A stranger's reflections on arrival—Fascination of tropical foliage and landscape—Environs—GardenReach—Botanical Gardens—Fort William—Saugor Island—Esplanade Ghāt—Bathing scenes—Chaundpāll Ghāt—The Strand.

> Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."—*Horace.*
>
> "It does not happen to every man to go to Corinth."

ALTHOUGH it is not to be supposed that all men can possess the same opportunities, or recur to the same sources of information, yet I could wish some more masterly pen had described the city of Calcutta, otherwise called "the city of palaces." For I fear these humble tracings of mine will scarcely do justice to or give a proper idea of its external appearance and internal economy.

The name of Calcutta or Kalkatta is of Sanscrit origin; and is derived from Kālī, the goddess of blood, and Katta, a house or temple.

The effect on the eye, as the traveller lands on the ghāt, or wharf, is strange in the extreme. Perhaps Calcutta is not like any other city in the world.

Certainly it does not resemble any other Indian one. Composed of irregular streets, alternate Venetian-looking houses, and dingy wattle and daub huts, the stranger is at first quite at a loss to reconcile and account for the apparent proximity of luxury and squalid misery, the neighbourly approach of Dives and Lazarus to each other. It has only been within the last decade or so of years that the exclusion of native huts from the European portion of the city has been in any degree accomplished—a measure perfectly necessary and indispensable for health, comfort and sightliness, as all must admit who have any acquaintance with Asiatic towns. Of recent years much greater progress has been made in furtherance of this most desirable object. The bazaars and native huts which used to occupy every bit of spare ground in the very heart of the city, extending almost to the very portals of Government House, have disappeared, and gradually retired, as the wild denizens of the uncultivated tracts have everywhere done before the steps of the cultivator of the soil.

On the broad bank of the river Hoogly, or western branch of the Ganges, is situated the port of Calcutta, navigable for the largest ships up to the very esplanade which has for many years been easily reached by the powerful aid of steam.

The winding of this expansive, deep and rapid river is rendered highly picturesque by the classic buildings and neat villas along its verdant banks for some distance both below and above the city. Here dwell the rich merchants, judges, and other magnificos of the land. The grounds attached to these residences are tastefully laid out, rich shrubberies everywhere shade and adorn them, giving some idea to the eye of the stranger of the luxuriant green of a tropical landscape.

How little does the European traveller reflect, when for the first time he surveys this luxuriant scene, and its rich and startling beauty, that this very luxuriance of the painted paradise in all its Eastern effulgence, that this glabrous metallic sheen which he sees stretched enchantingly around, constitute the bane—the upas tree—the destroyer of health, that great satellite, which the fell destroyer Death boasts of as being most successful in leading his subjects into early and eternal captivity.

About a mile seaward from Calcutta the eye is arrested by a suburban refuge for the fevered and parched inhabitants, called Garden Reach, consisting of detached edifices, some of which in the classic taste displayed in their erection, interior elegance and general arrangement might well vie with palaces.

Hither those who can steal a few hours from the busy hum and sultry atmosphere of the city resort for cool shade and the quiet repose which is to be found on green sloping banks laved by moving waters, and decked out in nature's gay varieties.

Immediately opposite Garden Reach, on the other side of the river, are situated the European Botanical Gardens, formerly a very splendid establishment, and much more ornamental than useful. The name of Dr. Nathaniel Wallick was associated with these gardens for years, and possibly most usefully so; but the sun of India is adverse to the general pursuit of scientific research.

The gardens, however, for many years formed a delightful and accessible retreat for picnics, and there can be no forgetting that they long held the highest place in the niche of fame for the celebration of those rustic mysteries and masticatory exercises. One might see spread over the green lawn, for the delight of anticipated appetite, hermetically sealed tins of salmon, selections from the vegetable world, cold turkey, preserved meats and sausages, delicious jams and preserves, iced champagne and creaming ale, these and many other delicacies obtained from the great storehouses of the good things of this life, were all discussed at leisure to the tune of "qui hy," i.e., "ko,i hai" ("Is there any one?"). "Thandhā beer" (iced beer), shouts the host, and "Thandhā beer" re-echoes back from the sable lips of rustling Khidmatgārs, as they hurried to and fro over Dr. Wallick's grassy lawns and tastefully arranged parterres.

There can be no doubt that these gardens formed a most delightful retreat for pleasure parties, and afforded them as much enjoyment as they yielded to the more scientific visitors for whom they were originally and particularly intended.

On nearing Calcutta, the most striking object that arrests the eye is Fort William, and its extensive fortifications bristling with artillery. The citadel was commenced by Lord Clive after the battle of Plassey. It is capable of accommodating a garrison of fifteen thousand men, and the works are so extensive that at least ten thousand would be required to defend them efficiently. They are said to have cost the Company upwards of two millions sterling. There is an excellent gun factory within the walls, also a pretty little church, and good accommodation for the troops.

A telegraph communicates with Kedgeree and Saugor Island, conveying notice of the arrival of ships and other requisite information.

In the years 1835–1840 borings for an artesian well were made at Fort William, and the geological data thus obtained were very interesting. The superficial strata consist of fine sand and mud, at the depth of ten feet, a stiff blue clay about 40 feet in thickness was met with, then a stratum of black peat about two feet in thickness was penetrated. About ten feet below this vegetable mass an argillaceous limestone was entered on, similar in nature to that which is met with at the base of the Himalayas.

The road which leads past Fort William, connecting Garden Reach with Calcutta, is called the Esplanade. It is shaded by umbrageous trees, and forms a very pleasant drive in the evening. The light air coming off the water is cool and grateful to the multitudes in search of air, change, or exercise. This esplanade is terminated by a very handsome colonnade ghāt, which forms a most classical and pleasing object to the eye, as well as a most convenient and useful accommodation to the natives for the performance of ablutions in the river, to which the bathers descend by a flight of steps. It was built solely for this object by a pious and opulent Hindoo. Amongst these peaceful idolaters and followers of Vishnu and his nine incarnations, charity often assumes the form of erecting ghāts, digging tanks, and planting avenues of trees to screen the traveller from the scorching rays of the sun.

To the Esplanade Ghāt all the dense population who inhabit the north-east part of Calcutta and the neighbourhood of Chouringhee, resort. Long lines of countless multitudes may be seen pouring forth in moving streams of life to cleanse and purify the stains of body and soul in the detergent and holy water of the sacred river.

Daily does this living mass surge along towards the accustomed spot, there to mix with the living waters and mimic waves set in motion by successive groups of devotees.

About the hour of noon, during the hottest months of the year, the numerous pathways which intersect and stretch across the vast plain of pasturage to the eastward of Fort William, are thronged and crowded by visions of the most beautiful female forms clothed in light and classic falling draperies, which float on the thick air as they move along. Crowds of lovely children of both sexes accompany them, completely naked, or with only a string round the waist, to which is attached some small silver ornaments, used as charms—all perfectly beautiful, natural and antique, forming models so lovely and picturesque that the mind can never be divorced from its recollections of their sweetness, perfection and beauty.

> "I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
> Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."

At the ghāt, full life and activity prevail, nothing interrupts the elastic movements of beautifully formed limbs, nothing can exceed the variety of attitude and rich colouring of the half-immersed forms; some bathing, others washing their clothes, their long loose hair floating in the breeze, while their bright polished lotās glittering in the sun and poised on the small waves that undulate around them, give the whole scene a sprightly and fairy-like appearance. Males and females, old and young, mix together indiscriminately and without the least reserve. Thickly dotting the shallows and numerous as a swarm of bees on a summer day, they may be seen sporting amidst the waters in endless variety.

On the extreme edge of the lowest broad step of the ghāt sits statue-like the all-absorbed Brahmin, forming with his withered fingers a bit of clay into a sort of image of the particular god or emblem he so devoutly worships; or with eye apparently fixed on vacuity, he silently counts his beads shiftingly on the string, and mutters his daily prayers, between which acts he sprinkles or flicks a few drops of the holy water from him, and then returns to his abstraction. As if unconscious of those around him, he performs with the greatest exactness his several duties and ceremonies, whispers almost audibly, and finally washing his janeo (sacred string), the ever attendant emblem of his Brahminical priesthood, abruptly and silently he departs, unregarded by all, unobserved by any who crowded and surrounded the spot of his devotions, whether soft and sunny, laughter loving, aged or infantine.

The same abstraction or disregard of everything but the sole purpose for which they are there, viz. ablution, seems to pervade very generally the whole dense group. Even the saucy crow, unmolested and unheeded, takes his idle flight of observation close over the heads of the bathers, descending every now and then with rapid flight and prying eye, to spy and peep into the folds of some bather's garments floating on the undulating surface of the water, or peers with curious eye into the half-filled lotā which sits restlessly on the bosom of the stream.

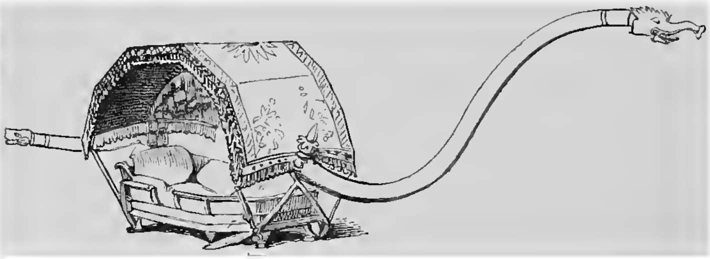
The snow-white paddy bird, with elegant and outstretched neck and stork-like dignity, walks carelessly; unheeded, undisturbed, unscared he pursues his watchful employment of fishing in the shallows, with an almost domestic familiarity and fearlessness of the presence of man.

Indeed, the very great carelessness shown by the whole feathered tribe of India of the approach of the natives is a very remarkable feature, and is generally a matter of great surprise to Europeans on their first arrival in the country.

After the several processes of ablution of the body, the washing of the clothes, and cleansing of the hair and figure of the little sable family is gone through and completed, then sufficient water for the day's consumption is raised on the hip or head in large gharās of either earthenware or brass, and carried home by the women.

One would think it almost impossible for them to carry, for such long distances, such heavy weights as they often do; and perhaps it is to this practice that we must look for the secret of their universally perfect development of form and majestic gait.

A short distance from the ghāt I have just described brings you to a famous and very anciently established one called Chaundpall Ghāt, which leads up direct to Government House. It has always been the appointed landing-place of all the governors-general and commanders-in-chief for time out of mind, both on arrival and departure, whether from the country or for the upper provinces. As might be expected, the riverside is choked up with native boats which congregate into an almost immovable mass. The owners of these craft have cads or touts on the ghāt, who solicit fares for their individual boats from every one who approaches. These boats are provided with a round roof of coarse canvas, hooped down to the gunwale of the boat, into which the passenger creeps for protection against the scorching rays of the sun. They are mostly employed to go backwards and forwards between the Strand and the different ships



PALANQUIN.

which lay out at anchor in the middle of the stream, or between Calcutta and Hoùrah, which forms one of the suburbs.

On the Strand crowding and jostling each other most unceremoniously are ranks of palankeens, so closely wedged together as to form an impenetrable barrier to the passenger who steps out of a boat for the first time. His attention is called by fifty voices at the same moment to their respective conveyances; whilst in the same breath the speakers are bestowing most unparliamentary compliments and benisons on the wife mother and daughters, and indeed on all the female sections of each other's families. This very extraordinary style of conferring abuse on each other is very generally practised all over Bengal; but is not peculiar to it, being equally common throughout the whole of the East. Amidst this dim and confusion, this Babel of tongues, this scolding of dingy wallahs, hustling of palankeen bearers, pushing of chatta holders, scorching heat of the sun, screaming of hawks, clouds of dust, and flavour of betel-nut, the stranger for the time sets his foot ashore at Calcutta.

CHAPTER IV.

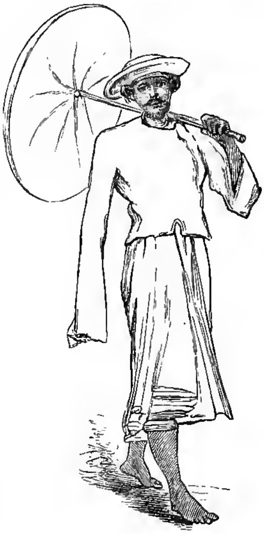
Obsequious land sharks—Sircar, or agent—Mode of watering the streets—Improved municipal and sanitary regulations—Scenes in a Hindoo cemetery—Harbour scenes—Sailor's home—Steam flour-mills—Prejudices against them—Disappointed expectations—Hand mills—Bank of Bengal and Banks Hall—The Mint—The Government House—Town Hall—Wide-awake gastronomes.

"Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo."—*Horace.*

"Like a leech which does not quit the skin until it is full of blood."

WHEN a European for the first time sets his foot on Chaundpall Ghāt he is, in an instant, surrounded by crowds of assiduous natives, who immediately press on "master's" attention the very great service and use they will all be to him by his accepting of their several attentions and attendance; that in fact his future success and prosperity in India will mainly depend on his retention of their respective services. Thus numberless umbrella holders, palankeen bearers, naukars, khidmatgārs and darzees press, and are pressed on his attention; but among this motley group there is one description of person, who forms so very important a distinction both in appearance at the time, and very often in after-life, that he may as well at the outset be more particularly introduced to the reader. The personage is the sircar or agent, through whose hands the business of every transaction in the life of the master shall pass.

Behold him advancing towards the doorway of the palankeen in which the new arrival is extended. Dressed in snow-white drapery and clean pagree or turban, he bows his head, and pressing the heel of his right hand on his brow, he in a sleek and insidious manner pronounces his salaam, and then in broken English offers his assistance in every possible way, from the purchase of a shirt button to the loan of a thousand rupees. He then, having indelibly fixed your likeness on the retina of his memory and having read your inmost soul, modestly retires from the pressing throng, and, hastening away, either prepares for commencing his labours of thraldom himself, or sets some one else of the same class, though more suitable for master's condition or habits,



SIRCAR OR AGENT.

about the person of the stranger. Finally, the voyager is borne off to some accommodating hotel, or boarding-house, followed of course in light skirmishing order by money-changers, barbers, itinerant vendors of fans paper and sealing wax ; also by street tradesmen of every kind and description, in whose company we will for a time leave him in the enjoyment of all the novelty and every affliction which the first initiation into the mysteries of living in India entails on most new arrivals at the city of palaces.

Close to Chaundpall Ghāt stands a powerful steam engine for raising water from the Hoogly, which is then conveyed by means of aqueducts along the sides of the streets, and is used for watering them. The most usual manner of accomplishing this is by water-men baling it out in leathern buckets, and flinging it over the road. This arrangement though primitive is very beneficial and a source of much comfort to the inhabitants of the several streets in which it is performed, which is pretty general throughout the European quarters of the city. It tends not only to allay the whirlwinds of brick-dust, which are very disagreeable, but also deprives the surrounding atmosphere of some of the direful heat reflected from brickmade roads, which, after long exposure to the burning sun of Bengal, become almost unbearable.

When the reader is informed that the Delta around Calcutta occupies a tract of country equal in extent to the whole principality of Wales, and is entirely of fluviatile origin, he will at once conceive how very important a factor bricks must be in the formation of roads and in the erection of buildings.

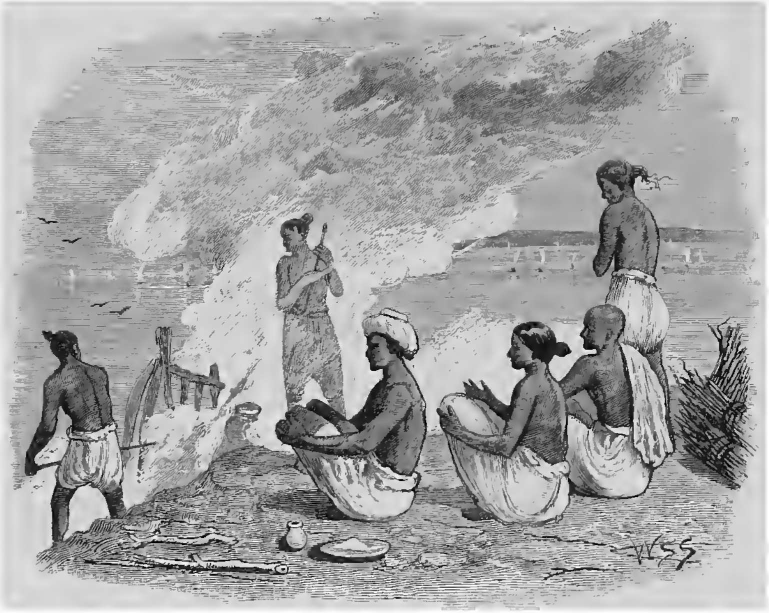
The watering of the roads of Calcutta, together with other conservancy departments, have been placed on a much better footing than formerly, though even now they cannot be declared to be supremely efficient or pronounced incapable of improvement.

A river conservancy was establised to prevent the hawsers of ships becoming entangled in the mass of decayed humanity which used to float down the Hoogly, and through their endeavours that dreadful unseemly exposure no longer disgusts the eye or offends the senses.

No longer do the river's banks exhibit those revolting spectacles of human carcases in every stage of horrible decomposition from the Chitpore road to Fort William; a distance which constitutes and borders the whole face of the western part of the city of Calcutta.

For those whose poverty refuses them the accustomed funeral pyre, an ustrina or masān has been formed at the extreme south end of the Strand.

There the dead bodies of the pauper class of Hindoos are burned, instead of being placed, as formerly, on the banks of the sacred stream, to be carried away by the tide and current. This improvement has been effected too at a much less cost than that of the ineffective police formerly employed to keep the river clear, or rather free, of these festering plague creating masses of corruption.



BURNING BODIES BY RIVER SIDE.

The ustrina or masān just alluded to was formed during Lord William Bentinck's administration, and he thereby conferred a blessing both on Europeans and the native community. It is open on the side next the river, and is sufficiently large to meet the refuse of Death's doings, even in his most angry seasons. Here death silence and solitude may be truly said to reside, and to reign supreme and undisturbed.

Protected from intrusion by the ghastly purpose of the place, here, amid its awful avenues lit up by funeral fires, the grim monarch sits in majesty, reigns undisturbed, and holds his last court and jurisdiction on earth; whilst the *ustor*, if I may use the Latin term for this corpse burner, flits about the passages of this dread place in silent observation of his calling, and ministers to Death's wants.

With noiseless tread, the dead-men's waiters hurry to and fro throughout their department, keeping, according to their ideas, all things in seemly order. Some are arranging for the last time on earth the rigid and stiffened corse of a leper, straightening and stretching out the fragment of man that disease had left to disfigure the highways, and terrify the eye and ear by its fervent importunate supplications for earthly charity; others are placing the worldly properties of the infected dead, in useless yet accustomed ceremony, near the head and feet, at the same time turning away with inverted face from the foul steam of rapid decomposition which has seized on and is in full possession of the wretched remains of a fellow-creature. Quickly the sable servitor snatches the lighted torch, and before applying it to the funeral pyre he sniffs its more hygienic fumes, lest in the performance of this last sad office to man's account, the near mephitic vapours should be the precursors of a call on himself for the payment of his own debt. Dense clouds of smoke, impregnated with the gases of human bodies burning in their decay, rise in lofty and thick volumes, spreading like a curtain over the vicinity as if to shut out from the fair face of heaven this vast arena of death. Above and around screams the hawk in impatient circles, and soaring higher still the vulture wheels and wheels about within the circuit of the tainted air, impatient of the expectant feast when night shall have thrown her mantle of darkness over the face of day. Around the half-burned and expiring embers stalks with gaunt and bony limbs that spectral bird, the hargīlā * (adjutant), the protected feathered scavenger of the city of palaces, his huge bill begrimed with exploring the ashes for any remains of the unconsumed dead; or you see him, perhaps, perched on some adjacent pinnacle, there he ghostlike stands immovable and unearthly in appearance, watching the successive approach towards Death's portal of the remains of man.

Thus lays the scene stretched out on life's canvas, and thus, as I have described, a great portion of human matter after it has frittered away its time and performed its functions during life on earth, is returned again to dust and ashes.

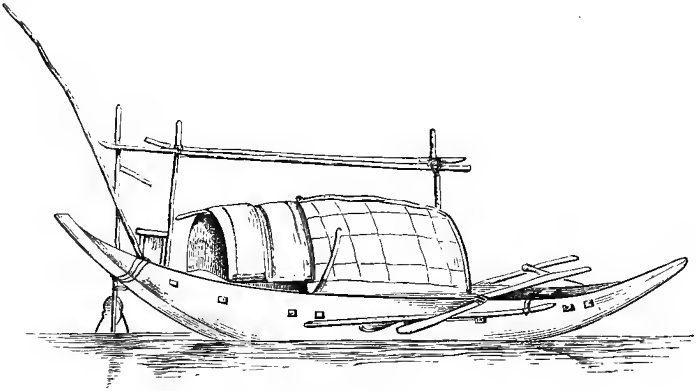
---

* A bare-necked stork (Argala, Lin.).

Would that man had been content to live in Paradise, and to have known no diseases of body, nor anxieties of mind, but to have enjoyed uninterrupted joy in communion with his Maker! Whatever may be said either for or against cremation as a means of disposing of the dead, it must be admitted that the practice is one of great antiquity. It was very common amongst the Greeks in Homeric times. It was very early adopted by the Romans, but not generally so till the latter times of the republic. And I think I may say that amongst the Hindoos it has been an immemorial custom.

Of the respective merits of cremation over sepulture or vice versa, I say nothing beyond that my own individual sentiment would be in favour of a piece of ground "that I should bury my dead out of my sight." If the reader will look to the book from whence the quotation is made, he will find that sepulture has also antiquity on its side. I decline to give the name of the author, as a hunt for the passage may prove salutary exercise.

However, let us turn round and we shall see a more pleasing picture. The face of the fair Hoogly is crowded thickly with forests of high topping masts that rise from the decks of large merchant vessels of all nations. Here they are collected, and waiting in Calcutta for the rich freights of India. You may hear the busy hum of nautical labour, and distinguish the word of command as it is passed along the several decks; the song at the capstan as it turns round to lift the huge anchor or massy weights, attracts the ear, coming soft and pleasing over the bosom of the waters. You may see a small skiff with tiny sail and swarthy crew, come suddenly across your vision. It soon crosses the small unoccupied space, and then as quickly disappears and is lost to view. Life, bustle and activity prevail over the whole surface of the harbour, forming a delightful contrast to the gloomy scenes of death which I have just described, and where the walls of the charnel-house fling deep shadows and long reflections, so very sad, over the fair bosom of a portion of the Hoogly.



NATIVE BOAT.

The Strand continues along the whole western front of Calcutta, and is flanked by warehouses, merchants' private dwellings, and several public buildings. Here are found all sorts and descriptions of marine-store repositories, some for goods, others for the live attendants on them, in the shape of unfortunate sailors. In these receptacles crimping was formerly carried on most extensively and successfully. Among the improvements which have been effected for the good of the port, the Sailors' Home demands attention and support. Its establishment has almost entirely swept away those nests of infamy which were exclusively supported by the robbery of thoughtless seamen, who have now a good home and clean beds offered them, with no temptations for their squandering dispositions. Medical attendance, in case of illness, is insured to the inmates, and employment is also found for them when required. Their own good conduct, of course, co-operates and tends to secure them these advantages.

Among the speculations and various resources of civilisation which have been offered and launched for the benefit of India, may be ranked the large flour-mills, erected at the Chitpore end of the Strand. The old process of grinding corn into flour by means of hand-mills was accomplished in a very imperfect, slow, and dirty manner. The business being in the hands of a few natives scattered here and there throughout the city, the supply was not only limited, but subject to all the fluctuations which idleness or monopoly might impose.

There neither was, nor ever had been, any other resource for the supply of this important article of consumption until Messrs. Smithson and Holdsworth boldly risked a large capital and erected their flour-mills, which afforded a supply adequate to the wants of the population of Calcutta and its densely peopled neighbourhood. When this great undertaking was completed and the success of all its departments perfectly manifest, natives of every class were admitted to see it in full working order. Crowds upon crowds assembled to see the various processes, and all seemed highly entertained and delighted. In fact the speculation was a success, and in every way worthy the best support the natives could give it; and it was supposed impossible for even the most prejudiced and blighted bigot to start an objection against it. The produce of the mill was eagerly sought after, and was coming into very general use, when all of a sudden a stop was put to the consumption of the flour by the natives. The pretended reason for this complete change in the "aura popularis" need only be mentioned to convince the reader of the truth of a remark which I hazarded in the beginning of this work—that the religion of the country stands in the way of its social improvement and civilisation. The wily Hindoo priests and bigoted ignorant Baboos circulated a report amongst the native community and consumers of the staple commodity, that the oil used so extensively in lubricating the vast machinery was produced from the fat of cows, bulls, and pigs. Well, *"l'imagination galope, le jugement ne va que le pas," and no doubt the reader has anticipated the conclusion of the matter. The slaughter of the cow, or contact with anything appertaining to the unclean beast, is equally abhorrent as an abomination to the religious feelings of both Hindoos and Musalmāns. The idle report was well conceived, and most effective in operation. "No more flour from the English sāhib" was soon on everybody's lips.

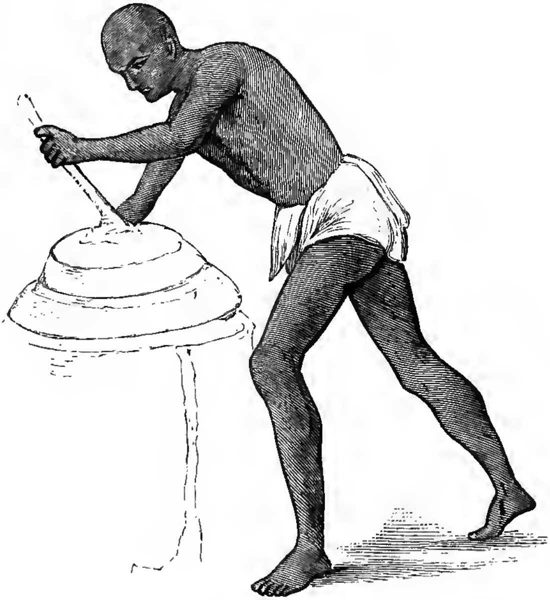
Thus ended the speculation, so far as its original conception was concerned, and the native community returned to the old saw.

The intelligent reader will scarcely need to be reminded how on a subsequent occasion a precisely similar idle story cautiously circulated had most disastrous results. The wily Hindoos professed to find in the Kurān that Muhammad had predicted, in a mysterious manner, that India would some day fall under the dominion of a foreign power, whose sway would last only for a century. That power of course was construed to be the British, and computing from the battle of Plassey which was fought on the 23rd of June, 1757, they declared that

---

* "Imagination gallops, judgment only goes a foot pace."

the British rule would cease on the 23rd of June, 1858. This discovery was communicated to the Musalmāns, and it was decided that a general massacre of the Christians should take place on that day. Then the story was invented and circulated throughout the army that the cartridges about to be served out to them were made of cows' fat and hogs' lard. The sequel is too well known to need repetition.



HAND-MILL.

The hand-mill for making flour used by all the natives of India consists of two stones, one turning round on the other. The grain is put into a circular orifice in the upper one, which has a handle fixed in it, and it is turned quickly round on the lower one or bed. The surface of the bed is imperfectly serrated or grooved, and, in the process of grinding the flour, ejects itself as it becomes fine. The analogy between the Romans and the natives of India is in one respect so close, to my mind, that I may be excused if I allude to it. The skill of both nations in working metals may be said to be quite equal to ours. Nothing can be more beautiful than the execution of their articles of luxury, yet the hand-mills of both countries were exceedingly rude, and so were many other articles which I could mention, although of the greatest possible use. Compare the exquisite workmanship and skill in their ornaments and jewelry with the exceeding rudeness of their agricultural implements.

The hand-mills used in India are tedious and imperfect in their operation, and, owing to some defect or mismanagement, the bread is often so full of grit as to be most distasteful to Europeans. Time, which changes all things, will no doubt effect a revolution in the thoughts and sentiments of the natives. Meanwhile Messrs. Smithson and Holdsworth work only for exportation.

Among the Government buildings which occupy sites on the Strand, I may mention the Bank of Bengal and Banks-hall. In an architectural point of view there is nothing to attract the eye in either. The latter is a sort of Admiralty, where all arrivals are notified, and all business transactions connected with the port are officially conducted by the master attendant.

The Mint is an important building; erected at the east end of the Strand. It has Grecian porticoes, and is supposed to be built throughout in that order of architecture. It was designed by the present master, and his claim to scientific acquirements is very generally allowed.

The whole of the machinery used in the coining department, as well as in every other within the walls, was erected under his own superintendence. I may add that he is an army officer, and belongs to the Royal Engineers. Although the establishment is on a most extensive scale, yet the issue of coin from it is in an inverse ratio.

In fact, the recent issue of a new copper currency was so inadequate to the wants of the country, even of Calcutta alone, that the native poddārs bought it up and made enormous sums by the transaction. For a long time no effectual check was given to this state of things by Government, nor were the real relative values of the new and old copper money either known or enforced. So the poor and helpless public were at the tender mercies of Hindoo shroffs and poddārs, who for extortion are not to be equalled by the most expert in the art of usurious exactions, either in the old or new Jerusalem. The press teemed with individual complaints, *The Englishman* bullied, *The Hurkaru* blustered, and fought a good pitched battle upon the subject, and the Government grumbled because it did not get its usual profit on the transaction.

Among the handsome edifices which raise their heads in this proud city, and seize hold on the eye of the visitor most conspicuously, Government House has no compeer or rival, as a pile of buildings. It is situated in the most open portion of the northern part of Calcutta. The principal entrance on the south faces a very handsome square. The north aspect looks towards the glacis of Fort-William and the fine open plain which extends in front of Chouringhee. The building is entered by a magnificent flight of stairs, and has a very handsome dome surmounted by a statue of Britannia.

This vice-regal residence, which occupies an immense plot of ground, is encompassed by a spacious grass lawn surrounded by a handsome iron railing pierced on the four sides by magnificent gateways, each being surmounted by the British lion in stone, the modelling and carving of which are of the highest order of art.

It has been complained that the interior of this vice-regal building is very badly arranged, and has been planned with a perfect indifference to the comfort and conveniences of the Court, when that brilliant cortège are obliged to occupy it. It has been observed that the hall of audience for holding levées, State ceremonies, banquets and balls, is the only room throughout the palace which contains suitable and adequate accommodation. In the evenings, on State occasions, this colonnaded saloon most assuredly shines out in the most brilliant of Anglo-Indian appearances. The charming combinations of Eastern magnificence and European beauty, as exhibited in the splendour of the costumes of the one and the modest simplicity of the other, is perhaps nowhere seen to such advantage as at the Government House, Calcutta. Here the faint sweets of the western world of flowers mingle with and are subdued by the powerful and more precious odours of Eastern perfumery. Here the rich attars of Gulistān, and the more powerful musk of Nepaul contend and strive together for the mastery. The soft vapour of the luxuriously spiced hukka ascends in light ambient streams, and half intoxicates the air, passing a lull of sweet listless half-reposing pleasure over the senses. The whole atmosphere teems with aromatic spices, ambergris, and rich costly drugs that diffuse and throw an Asiatic spell over the whole scene, holding the imagination captive, and never to be felt, conceived, or fancied, but by those who have experienced the sensations amidst the gorgeous magnificence of an Eastern Court. Rich silks, cloths of gold and tissues of silver rustle past each other, and reflect their several colours back again in dazzling variety.

The famed looms of Dacca yield up their muslins, and the rich embroideries of Benares are seen here unique and without rival. The satins of France, the laces of Brussels, the broadcloths of Saxony and England are here collected and indiscriminately mixed together on the assembled crowds of rank and fashion.

The reception-hall is flanked on both sides by a colonnade, the pillars and walls of which are finished with Madras plaster, which is so highly polished and reflective as to rival the most brilliant marble. When the shining surface is lit up by the splendid chandeliers, it has a most dazzling effect on the eye; and the whiteness of the imitated marble is beautifully contrasted by the throne, tapestry and State chairs of rich crimson velvet which grace the head of the hall. Of the other internal arrangements of the house, I candidly confess my profound ignorance. The whole of the culinary department is carried on outside the house, even outside the gates, in a row of kitchens on the south side of the road which passes the front of the palace. During the summer months the Governor-General and his staff generally repair to Simla, but when in the lower provinces his residence is divided between Calcutta and Barrackpore—a military station, some sixteen miles off, where there is another vice-regal residence, and park and menagerie the lions and monkeys of which Lord William Bentinck dispensed with during his administration of Hiṇdūstān.

Next to the Government House, the Town Hall is the most important building. Its frontage, though a good deal circumscribed by the public road leading from Chaundpall Ghāt to the Treasury and the Palace, has nevertheless a very imposing appearance. The massy and boldly designed Grecian entrance embraces the whole of the architectural beauty that meets the eye. The building is generally entered from behind, by a doorway which has the advantage of a covered portico, thus sheltering visitors from the sun and rain. From these entrances two wide and splendid staircases, on which are placed colossal pedestals surmounted by large and beautiful models of choice Greek statues holding classic chandeliers, lead to a banqueting room of fine proportions; at the extreme end of which are some fine groups in marble of a commanding size of Lord Cornwallis and other distinguished worthies who have wielded the government of India. The hall has generally been used for public meetings, concerts, balls, and immense dinners—such as annually confer immortal honour on the sons of Erin and canny Scotland; also for the continually voted banquets to retiring barristers, lawyers and public functionaries, who from time to time leave India to the pleasant tune of "money in both pockets."

The attraction of this building was much increased by the facilities and opportunities it afforded to lovers of the festive board, and to the votaries of Bacchus. Formerly Messrs. Gunter and Hooper were the occupiers of the habitable part of it; their tenure of possession being that they were to take care of the whole of it, in return for the privilege of residing there and conducting their confectionery establishment.

From their kitchens there used to issue the most recherché tiffins and dinners, soups, both mock-turtle and real, desserts of transcendent transparency and sweetness. Their wines had often diffused a delicious perfume around the hall, and their potency, as frequently, so excited the risible faculties of the guests as to shake the walls to their foundations by the echoing peals of festive joviality and mirth.

The festivities and humours of Twelfth-Night were all received and obtainable at this vast emporium of barley-sugar and crowns, kings and queens, swans in rushes, cupids in cages, loves in cucumber beds, sailors afloat, pigeons in butter, rosettes, lovers' knots, Death in his gaiters, birds' nests, and the greatest variety of amusing characters, not forgetting that most important and popular character, Jim Crow;

all of which were to be easily identified among the decorations.

It is due to these purveyors of masticatory delicacies, that they never seemed to tire or relax their exertions in the acquisition of every variety procurable to delight and gratify the appetite of the most fastidious epicures and gourmands of this great city.

Of course these rare and tasty viands were all expensive, in proportion to the difficulty in obtaining them; and the devotee to appetite had to be prepared for a corresponding *shell-ing* out. Apropos of this, I will just insert a copy of an advertisement, for the reader's perusal, taken from a local newspaper. And, listen ye lucky cormorants, ye epicurean lovers of molluscan dainties, whose purses are straitened not by the weight of coin but by a *lakh* of it!

CALCUTTA, 19th AUGUST, 1837.

"All alive oysters O! Wilson & Co. have this day received a further supply of fine *fat oysters*, which they sell at"—at—at what do you think, reader?—"three rupees a dozen!

"Confectionery Establishment,
"Aug. 19th. "No. 29 Cossitollah."

Oh, ye gods and little fishes!

"Three rupees a dozen," sixpence apiece; this really may be called a *shell-fish* price, even for one of "the first family of the Acephala testacea," as our scientific friends love to term the oyster.

CHAPTER V.

Annual balls—Fancy dress balls, and unfortuunate fancies—The Court House—Tank Square—Customs House—Writer's Buildings, and romantic incidents connected therewith—Aliverdi Khan's dying injunction—Sirāj-ud-Daula—His temper and disposition—Besieges Cossim Bazaar—His sanguinary resolve—Assaults and takes Calcutta—Anticipations of the captives—Forced into the Black Hole prison.

"Nôsse hæc omnia salus est adolescentulis."—*Terence.*

"It is salutary for young men to be informed of these things."

Among the legitimate purposes to which the Town Hall has been remarkably devoted, the series of annual balls held within its spacious precincts claim some attention. When in their zenith, they were considered by all the light hearts and ardent youthful spirits who annually resort to the sunny shores of India, the most attractive, most delightful, and, at one period, the most select entertainments that the gay city of palaces could boast of, with the exception of the theatre. To this haven of happy and delightful pastime, this "hall of dazzling light," were the young thoughts of both sexes turned, in the brightest and happiest anticipations of there meeting and threading together the mazes of the giddy dance.

There amidst the brilliant tints of Western youth and blooming beauty, still fresh and untouched by the wasting heats of India, with nothing but hope, ardent and strong fluttering before them, their happy bosoms were unassailed by any thoughts, save those which pictured to the imagination dreams of fortune, and perhaps dazzling distinction in the several paths of life destined for their travels. Even the earliest and generally the happiest associations of one's life—those of home and youthful friends—found no place in the minds of this gay throng; or, if they rose in the momentary composure of thought, they were as summarily swept away, and divorced perhaps for ever.

Little thought they, on such occasions, that the happy resorts of their youth might never be visited by their wandering feet again, nor those hands folded to their bosoms which had waved them a last adieu on leaving their native shores. Far removed from all their reflections were the dark scenes of fickle fortune, nor did the future bereavements of family and affection rise up before them in visions of frightful contrast.

The autumnal leaves of the mind and body were unturned and unheeded, nor did their gay moments allow one truant thought to escape them of their ultimate ripeness and decay. *"La jeunesse vit d'espérance, la vieillesse de souvenir."

Very different feelings were entertained at home by *pater et mater familias*. There the fond mother's eye follows in ecstatic imagination the moving groups of gay young hearts as they lightly trip the varied round with the child she doats on. Year after year rolls on, and a whole youth of separation has been consumed; a lengthened absence has thrown the tide of memory over the fond image of her loved offspring. Her fancy new paints the slender graceful form, new models the betwitching artlessness of the little cherub, and conjures up the matured form and finished development of manhood. Imagination dwells on the picture she has revived, and stretches itself to mould and liken the present mimic form into reality. Letter after letter she has read and conned over, but in vain; for not all the anxiety of a fond mother's most treasured hopes can portray this unseen metamorphosis. At last the ship arrives, the tedious voyage has been accomplished, and a few hours more will unite the expectant parents with their long-parted-with child. It comes, and the fond mother sees in the altered and subdued form before her the image of her loved spouse, or the prototype of well-remembered bygone days. Proudly anxious, her eyes follow his every step and movement, while she dreads to think of the time which may again separate her from these newly awakened feelings, but just resuscitated with life and reality by his return. * "Sans les femmes, les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisir."

---

* "Youth feeds upon hope, old age upon recollection."

Owing to some cause or other, the select nature of these balls was encroached on. Possibly a feeling prevailed that the exclusion of some one would be judged invidious, and probably engender sentiments which it is well always to avoid. But this latitude proved to be the beginning of the end, for, as if by common consent, the management was abandoned and these charming recreations ceased altogether. How time and circumstances removed these difficulties to a proper and select exclusiveness, so obligatory in Asiatic society, I do not know; but certain it is that after the lapse of a few seasons these gatherings were revived, and rose phœnix-like from their ashes even more brilliant than ever, under the novel but very appropriate title of reunions, where music, dancing, vaudevilles and charades varied these delightfully amusing assemblies.

Fancy dress balls also became very popular, and were much supported at these assembly rooms. But they seemed to afford the very best possible oppor-

---

* "Without woman the two extremities of life would be without help, and the middle of it without pleasure."

tunities to the Cossitollah Pelhams to smuggle themselves into these otherwise select meetings, where they appeared as the exotic flowers of the place—dressed inimitably and to the extreme of admiration indeed, as Jonathan would say, they were "tarnation, slick fine." They might be seen practising a thousand inconsistencies amidst an atmosphere of various perfumes and the newest of scents, which they distributed around with a grace heretofore unknown during the evening. However, they verified the truth of the Latin proverb, * "lupus pilum mutat, non mentem," for next day their names were found decorating the police paragraphs of the Calcutta press, for the malappropriation of, or in other words, for stealing soap and candles. This actually occurred in 1838 in Calcutta and is not drawn from the realms of imagination.

Such are the odd contrasts that rub against each other amidst the chequered scenes of life. Not desirable, certainly, but not always avoidable in any society, † "cucullus non facit monachum."

The Court House forms rather a conspicuous figure among the public establishments, on account of the extreme dinginess of its external appearance, and the very indifferent accommodation it affords for the important functions to be administered therein.

---

* "The wolf changes his coat, but not his disposition."

† "The cowl does not make the friar.'

This is the Queen's hall of justice or Supreme Court, from which Bench the penal laws of England are fulminated. The part of the building appropriated for the court when sitting is badly arranged and lacks the accommodation considered necessary in any English court of justice. Why, in a country where room, ventilation, and freedom from contact are more particularly required than in any other, such a building should have been designed, exceeds my powers of conjecture, unless it be that the architect had "Black Hole" on the brain. The room is lighted by one large window facing the south as if the object had been to obtain the greatest possible degree of heat; and the walls are ornamented by whole-length portraits of some of the great judicial celebrities who have figured on the Calcutta Bench. One picture of Judge Burroughs, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a very beautiful production. When the judges are distributing justice, or, perhaps, I ought to say administering the *laws*, they are clothed in blue silk, and their wisdom cannot be attributed to their wigs, for they do not wear any.

A large pankhā, extending nearly the whole length of the room, cools at least the tops of the heads of the agitated and wrangling lawyers, and each judge has a small one suspended over him. The crier is perched up in the centre of the building facing the Bench, which is covered with crimson.

Such is but an imperfect *coup-d'œil* of a building which most men do well in keeping outside of.

Tank Square next claims attention, as within its quadrilateral figure there are, if not very imposing architectural edifices, at least some very important ones for trade and commerce. The export Customs House forms the western corner of the square, where it affords ample accommodation to the public in its extensive go-downs or warehouses for their property, which, by the regulations of the trade of the port, must pass through the usual ordeal of taxation and restraint. As in all other large establishments, a much greater amount of business is to be got through by going to the fountain head about all matters connected with it, and, perhaps, here the facility for so doing is greater than elsewhere; yet with the exception of this advantage I have never heard that it differs much from other similar institutions.

The Writers' Buildings form the whole of the south side of the square, and are a row of handsome Venetian-looking houses; the two extreme ones project beyond the others, and have lofty verandahs. They were originally built for the accommodation of young gentlemen who came out to India for the Civil Service department. Here they were at once provided with every requisite convenience for living, and were more completely separated from the contiguity of other attractions. Within the precincts a college was founded, and teachers were appointed to qualify the youths in the various Eastern languages necessary for their acquirement before they were fitted for the various offices they were intended to fill throughout the Residency.

This was the original object of this splendid establishment, and it continued to be so for a long period, after which the tuition part only was continued, and the remainder of the vast accommodations were let in tenements to those who thought them suitable for their respective callings and occupations. The early history of these buildings, and the numerous eccentricities that have been carried on and practised within their walls, would, if collected, form a very good appendix to the "Executive Mirror."

Here it was that thoughtless youths frequently laid the foundation of and really accumulated a mass of debt on their shoulders that not all the self-denial, economy, and industry of subsequent years could remove. Students have been known to leave the Writers' Buildings with an incumbrance of two lakhs and a half of rupees of debt attached to them—a sum at that time more than equal to £25,000 sterling.

Many an aching heart dates its painful misery and eternal expatriation from home to the heedless excesses there indulged in.

Here the subsequent thraldom of the public servant was secured and riveted—here the wily sircar, whom I have mentioned in the preceding chapter as haunting the arrival of all Europeans, had the greatest—the grandest field for his usurious charges. Loans, and interest on interest, with all the dreadful accumulations, at which the native money lenders were such complete adepts, were heaped and charged on the inexperienced and unfortunate youths. The meshes of the net were drawn closer and closer as the captive was about leaving college to commence his public duties, from the income of which not one anna passed into his own treasury. For he was obliged to provide situations for the relatives—satellites and myrmidons of these native harpies, who were kept duly and fully informed of "master's" movements by these domestic spies.

Yes, many, very many, whom I could mention by name, have had occasion to remember the lines:—

> "In my young days they lent me cash that way,
> Which I found very troublesome to pay."

Thus surrounded by avaricious and scheming usurers, one trembles at the thought of the influence these worshippers of "a good old gentlemanly vice" were capable of exercising over the mind, judgment, and decisions of the most upright and most conscientious authorities; but the dreadful extent of their extortion, in the shape of black mail, enforced from those of a less conscientious disposition, and the damage thereby done to the country, is perhaps not to be compassed by the most fertile imagination. Individual likenesses or personal descriptions are not intended to be introduced into these pages; but numerous are the facts, and too publicly known are the illustrations clothed in truth of these general characteristics.

The errors of omission among the students were also of a very extensive kind, as regarded their advancement in the knowledge of the various languages necessary to be acquired.

Hence one's eye, occasionally, in glancing over the Government notifications, met an official advertisement running thus:—

> "The usual time having expired for Mr. —— qualifying himself for public duty by a knowledge of the several languages required, &c., he is requested to hold himself in readiness to leave the country by one of the first ships."

The instances of departure, however, were not many; as the examinations were, somehow or other, got through afterwards.

Several students were sent to pursue their studies in the provinces, away from the gaieties that excited their idleness, and disturbed their lucubrations. This was called rusticating—a process, which had as beneficial an effect on the studies of the probationers, as on their general health and morals. * "Le travail éloigne de nous trois grands maux, l'ennui, le vice, et le besoin."—*Voltaire.*

At the next corner of Tank Square was situated the site of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; which celebrated spot was marked for a long while by a square sort of monument directing the attention of the curious to the spot that contained the last remnants of brave Englishmen, and almost that of English power in Bengal.

It must be borne in mind that at the time when Calcutta surrendered to Sirāj-ud-Daula, the East India Company's possessions were small and their finances limited. They had hitherto sought to extend trade rather than acquire territory. The forces they maintained for the protection of their possessions were likewise commensurate with their object, and were few in number.

At the time of the attack the garrison consisted only of 170 British, and an *omnium gatherum* collection of men scarcely any of whom had ever seen any actual military service, none of whom waited to see it, but deserted and fled for their lives. This accounts for the small number of prisoners, amounting to one hundred and forty-six. They were all confined, by the tyrant's orders, in a dungeon only twenty feet square lighted by two small windows, which were somewhat excluded from the air by two projecting verandahs. There they were kept during the whole of an intensely hot night on the 20th June, 1757, and of their number, one hundred and twenty-three were suffocated.

---

* Labour rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice, and poverty.

Language is scarcely adequate to describe the horrors attendant on so dreadful a termination of human life; it must in a great measure be conjectured, for of the few who escaped, none, save Mr. Holwell the Governor, considered themselves at all capable of giving any details of that mournful event.

A short sketch here of those horrors may not be altogether misplaced or uninteresting to the general reader, nor to those whose steps may lead them to the precincts of the scene where the tragedy was performed. For it will be long before the blotting finger of time effaces all our interest in it. The recital may also tend to shorten the distance and perspective which the corroding tooth of time has caused, and bring the eye of the wanderer some degree nearer to a spot and period so fearfully hallowed.

When Sirāj-ud-Daula ascended the masnad just vacated by the death of the old Viceroy Aliverdi Khan, Sūbadār of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, he inherited along with it all the hatred that filled the living bosom and hung on the dying lips of that Prince towards the English.*

The old Khan, recollecting on his death-bed the difficulties that attended his own usurpation, and being well versed in all the subterfuges used in Asiatic despotisms, he saw that the succession to his throne might be more endangered by the handful of English scattered thoughout the three provinces than by the whole of the other Europeans combined; and sending for his intended successor, he bequeathed to him, along with his Government, his eternal hatred of the English nation. Whether the bolder bearing of Englishmen in distress and difficulties, or the extraordinary energy they showed when surrounded by power and wealth, conveyed to the old Musalmān's bosom the idea of danger to be apprehended from their nation, remains a secret which he divulged not; but certain it is that with the delegation of his Government, the keys of his treasury, and a strict injunction against the abomination of the Prophet, viz., wine, he left also his deep and determined hatred to the British name.

Turning towards his successor, the dying Khan said:—

"Lamp, light of the state, extirpate the English first, and your other enemies will give you small trouble. Neglect them—let them build factories and raise soldiers—and your country will glide from you, and your days will be shortened. Dominion, as well as riches, are in their eyes, and glide before their sleeping moments. They thirst for them even as the parched earth does for the descending shower, when it sees the refreshing dew rising in mist off its dry and famished bosom. They are as a swarm of bees, whose honey attempt not thou to share or they will sting you to death.

---

* See note C, Appendix.

"Lamp of the state, cleave to the Prophet's bosom! Allah direct thy counsels; but forget not mine—above all things beware of the intoxicating cup, beware of the abomination of the Prophet."

Having ended his blessing, he commanded the Kurān to be brought before him, and with his dying breath, he swore his successor on it, to renounce the guilty cup, to discard the intoxicating draught. This done, he delivered over to Sirāj-ud-Daula the keys with his own hand, and quietly resigned the remnant of life which age had left him.

The old Sūbadār dead, and Sirāj-ud-Daula quietly, though not securely, seated on the masnad, he remembered the old man's dying malediction; and pondering over it well, feeling he fully inherited the fury and spirit of determination to extirpate the English, he quite made up his mind that they should not retain any longer the small establishments of Cossim-bazaar and Calcutta.

Politic and wily, he had long watched the progress of the French arms on the Coromandel coast, and perceiving that although the two powers England and France were at peace, yet he was disposed to think that hereditary enmity was their birthright. He saw the hollowness of the then existing friendship between these rivals of power and dominion in the east, as well as in the west, and he determined on assisting the first who came to him for help against the other.

Meanwhile, his own dominion was menaced with a threatened division by the Rajah of Purneah; but this he managed by corruption and bribery to avert for the present. It may therefore be said of the commencement of his reign, as it has justly been said of Aliverdi Khan's, that he began it with subterfuge and war. It will also be seen that with the same measures he carried it on throughout, and finally resigned it and his life at about the same time, through the same agency.

Sirāj-ud-Daula was of a most violent and naturally wicked disposition. His frequent and early excesses in drinking had much deranged his general health. His imagination was suspicious and distrustful, and he was subject to violent fits of most ungovernable passion. He became frantic with rage on the most trifling occasion, and numberless were the sudden sacrifices he committed and ordered through this unevenness of temper.

> "His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
> Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
> Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
> For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
> 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind."

On the other hand, he had come to the throne with every advantage that could arise from a full and overflowing treasury, a numerous and well-disciplined army, no competitors to oppose his quiet possession of the provinces, except the Rajah of Purneah, who showed a disposition to interrupt his quiet succession by an appeal to arms.

In the ensuing year, he announced his intention of proceeding against the rebellious Rajah, and marched with his whole army for that purpose. For some reason or other, he suddenly returned to Moorshedābād, and with 3,000 men, &c., dropped down the river and besieged the English factory of Cossim-bazaar, declaring by ishtihār his determination to exterminate the English name from the soil of India.

Now Cossim-bazaar had no possible means of defence to offer, except those supplied by Mr. Watts our Resident at the court of Moorshedābād and some twenty or thirty Europeans under an ensign named Elliot, who, after a short resistance, blew his brains out to avoid a worse fate. The combined efforts of these few men against 3,000 were useless. Mr. Watts therefore concluded a treaty with the Sūbadār, the conditions of which were never even brought forward, in consequence of the confusion consequent on the succeeding movements of the tyrant, his subsequent defeat and death. Sirāj fastened up the gates of the factory, attached to them his seal, and then marched off to sack and burn the English factory at Calcutta. So strong was his determination not to be diverted from the bloody tragedy he meditated, viz., the massacre of every British subject resident there, that on his way, he called on Jugget Seit, a distinguished Hindoo banker, and one who had great influence with him on all affairs, and who had always shown a protecting disposition towards the English when mediating between them and the Sūbadār; and he swore him on the sacred water of the Ganges that he would from that time forth desist from pleading in any way for the English, or offer any argument likely to make his determination anything less than utter destruction, for on that he was fully bent.

The tyrant was not long in proceeding from words to deeds. As Calcutta was little or at best ill-adapted for any defence beyond what citizens with no military knowledge could offer, and defences of no greater pretensions to resistance than mere merchants' houses, the town of Calcutta was soon carried.

Whilst the besiegers were assaulting the walls of the fort, a great number rushed towards the water gate, amongst whom were Mr. Drake the Governor, and Minchin the captain-commandant. In this way many saved their lives, and many were drowned. Those left behind consisted of about 190 men, mostly British soldiers, one lady, and Mr. Holwell who was elected Governor. These brave spirits determined to face the enemy and strive between a glorious death and a disgraceful captivity. Their opposition was more than could have been expected of them so ill-supplied with arms and the munitions of war. Still, they held out all that day and the following night. Next day the enemy began to escalade the northern portion of the fort, but were hurled back with great slaughter. This assault however cost the little band a loss of twenty killed and a great many wounded. Then the survivors, driven mad by thirst and toil under a merciless sun, did the very worst thing they could have done, they broke into the spirit stores, and some were soon hors-de-combat, and so hastened the but too certain issue of the struggle.

The finale was, that one hundred and forty-six men piled their arms, asked for mercy, and surrendered the fort. These were all that remained of those who had stood the onslaught.

The Sūbadār marched into the fort in the evening, amidst the pomp and circumstance of war, and with every abusive adjective of his copious language, he lectured Mr. Holwell on the impropriety of attempting to defend the fort. By the poor captives the approach of evening was looked on as a misfortune rather than as a relief. But the horrors of the night that consigned these unfortunates to the Black Hole are best described in the words of one of the survivors, who, as I have already said, was the only one who preserved sufficient recollection of what occurred and was endured to enable him to narrate the event.

CHAPTER VI.

Sufferings in the Black Hole described—Large tank or tālāb—Scotch Kirk—Tullock & Co.'s Auction Mart; description of it—A prosperous Arab Jew indigo broker—Indigo sales—Horse sales and horse laughs—Sale-room for general goods; its pervading aroma—Statue of Warren Hastings.

"Manet altâ mente repostum."—*Virgil.*

"It remains deeply fixed in the mind."

Of the catastrophe of the Black Hole I shall only relate as much as will interest the general reader; for to follow further, or go deeper into the distressing details, is, even at this day, a melancholy task.

Perhaps no circumstances in the annals of misfortune ever occurred to equal in any way the amount of suffering endured during the dreadful night of the 20th June, 1757. Mr. Holwell describes the Black Hole as a cube of about eighteen or twenty feet square, shut up from the east and south, the only quarters from whence the wind could approach, by walls and verandahs. To the west were two small open windows strongly barred with iron, and through these confined openings only could the air be admitted which was to support the lives of one hundred and forty-six miserably fatigued and wearied captives, on a hot sultry night in Bengal.

As soon as night closed in, says Mr. Holwell, a guard was placed over this little band of prisoners, and they were desired to collect together and seat themselves quietly, or lie down on a platform sheltered by open arcades, which was situated a little to the west of the Black Hole prison.

This guard was strengthened to prevent any of the prisoners escaping over the bastion. A large party of artillery men with lighted matches was also added and drawn up in front of the parade ground. After some time had quietly elapsed, the captives were pleased to think that a cool night spent in the open air would relieve their fatigued and stiffened limbs, and that a refreshing sleep and the morning light would bring them relief from sufferings, if not a release from captivity; but for what a miserable reverse to these pleasing hopes they were reserved, the reader will soon be informed.

Very soon the captives were desired to rise from their seats and go into the barrack, where there was a large platform on which the soldiers used to sleep at night. To this spot, the steps of the prisoners were turned with pleasure as it gave them the prospect of a still more comfortable sleeping-place, not for a moment thinking of their frightful destination. The guard now with presented arms pointed to the room at the south end of the barracks, and commanded them to enter it.

This was the Black Hole prison. Some of the guards, with clubs and drawn scimitars pressed upon those next to them. The stroke was so sudden, so unexpected, and the throng and press so great that there was no resisting it; but, like one agitated wave impelling another, they rushed forth like a torrent to avoid being cut to pieces. The door was then instantly closed upon them. The horror of their situation was now plainly visible, and Death in his most fearful shape was staring them in the face. The groans and lamentations of the weak and wounded began to rise in frightful murmurs, for no hope was at hand nor relief expected. Numbers fell down, and cried for death to come at once to their succour. The narrative goes on to state that soon after they were confined, every one burst out into a profuse perspiration—such an one that no idea can be formed of its flow—and that this circumstance consequently produced and brought on such a raging thirst that the frame was quite drained of its moisture, and also kept increasing to such an intolerable height as to almost prevent respiration.

The prison soon became like an exhausted receiver.

There was not enough air to continue life; at least, the little modicum of air was so divested of its vivifying particles as to hasten death. In this situation, some became delirious, some lost all sense in oblivion, others became violent and gave way to wicked passions, while others again sank down to die; and happy would they have been had they never again awakened to the extremity of suffering which preceded their death! Mr. Holwell had been offered his escape soon after the fort was surrendered, yet, although pressed to follow a guide through a subterranean path to the water-side where a small boat was waiting for him, he resolutely refused.

He determined with heroic zeal to share the fate, whatever it might be, of his fellow-prisoners, though little was his mind prepared to compass even a thought of the extent of misery and suffering it was doomed to undergo. "Among the first who entered our prison," says the narrator, "were eight gentlemen of the names of Scott, Revelly, Law and Buchanan, Jenks, Cooke, Baillie and Coles. Of these Messrs. Coles and Scott were both wounded, Mr. Coles mortally."

These last mentioned he took to the window nearest the door, which window he had taken possession of on his first entrance, and through which aperture a trifle of air circulated from the westward, and there awaited the death which he now saw was inevitable. Soon there arose a murmur of stifled fear, which increased when it was seen that the struggles to remove the bars or to force the door, were unavailing.

At last, except from a few determined spirits, a continued roar of despair burst forth, and they gave way to a violence of distracted passions which promised soon to end fatally with the greater number.

Then it was that Mr. Holwell firmly and pathetically addressed his companions, calling on them to bear themselves like men till the morning, seeing it was their only chance, their only way left of sustaining life through the dread hours of the night. He begged them, for the sake of those who were dear to them in the most moving terms, to calm and curb the agitation of their minds and bodies as much as possible.

Thus, in a strain of persuasive eloquence he pleaded so powerfully to their better feelings, that on giving them a few moments of reflection to this appeal, an interval of peace was produced; disturbed only by the broken sobs and low moans of the wounded. At this time one of the guards was observed surveying them through the bars of the window, with pity depicted on his countenance. Mr. Holwell immediately urged him to commiserate their suffering and endeavour to have them separated into two companies, giving assurances that no attempt at escape would be made. He promised him also, on the word of a chief, that he should be rewarded with one thousand rupees in the morning. This the jàmadār promised he would accomplish. But he soon returned, and, with Catiline pity expressed in his countenance he declared that any change or relief then was utterly impossible. Mr. Holwell, fearing that the promised bribe had been considered insufficient, immediately doubled it; and the lieutenant again left his post but as soon returned, for nothing could be done without the Sūbadār's orders. He was then asleep, and none dared to disturb him, for the penalty of so doing was death.

By this time the greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, few retaining the least coherency or calmness of manner, except those at the windows. "Water," became the cry, "water, for God's sake!" but the little that could be sucked through the narrow openings of the windows allayed not the thirst of these despairing captives. The perspiration that flowed was eagerly sought to keep moisture to their parched lips, and the sleeves of their clothes and every thread was sucked and pressed over and over again.

"And their baked lips, with many a blood-crack,
Sucked in the moisture, which like nectar flowed;
Their throats were ovens, their swollen tongues were black."

"Air, air!" now resounded high above all other wants and calls. And soon a conflict, wretched in the extreme and not allowing of a ray of hope, commenced. Every insult that could be thought of was flung at the Sūbadār. His person was reviled, his ministers abused, he was scorned and contemned in before unheard-of language. Epithets the most opprobrious were hurled and heaped on him, in the hope that the guards in their loyalty and zeal would point their matchlocks through the bars of the windows and discharge them. All was in vain. Their words fell pointless and were disregarded: they brought not what these miserables wanted, viz., death's sting. Some hoped that the flames, which were still raging in the neighbourhood, would overstep their barrier and consume them; others, quite exhausted, fell down, their strength and spirits gone, and despairing died. As a last effort, many still strove to reach the window over the heads of those exhausted by their exertions to retain their places; thus, the first occupiers were pressed down to die. To the right and left numbers sank suffocated. Then there soon arose from the dead as well as from the living, a steam, a direful vapour, the effluvium of which was as volatile salts, or strong spirits of hartshorn.

The individual attempts to preserve life were attended with most revolting circumstances. Penknives were searched for to end the life that pressure and suffocation still had spared.

Vitality was stamped out in its endeavour to free itself from the embrace of the gaunt gourmand Death, who steadily approached his subjects in every variety of fearful form the human mind is capable of conceiving.

For a moment Mr. Holwell quitted the window in order to make room for Captain Carey, an officer of a ship in the river, who had fought well and bled in defence of the walls, but before the exchange could be effected he was supplanted by a Dutch serjeant, whose muscular strength, aided by his position which was on Mr. Holwell's shoulders, enabled him to gain the coveted spot. Thus was poor Carey supplanted, and he sank to rise no more. Mr. Holwell now resigned himself to the arms of death as he thought, for he found the stupor and darkness of the grim king's reign fast approaching him—he lost all sense—recollection forsook him, and among the dying he became as one of the dead.

Towards morning he was discovered among the ranks of the departed, but as he showed some little signs of life, it occurred to one of the survivors to lift him from among the corses that surrounded him and place him near the window. Just at that moment the Sūbadār had awoke, and enquiring whether any of the chiefs had escaped the havoc death had made among the prisoners—a fact he had learned from the guard—he directed Mr. Holwell to be brought before him. Then the door was opened, and the twenty-three survivors were released, but only to be treated with the most gross cruelty. By the tyrant's orders, all of them were sent off to Moorshedābād, many of them in irons.

Here the distressing tragedy ended, and it will now be agreeable to draw the curtain, for the last act of the tragedy was performed at the above mentioned place, and of it I will take some notice when I give a short description of the principal features of that ancient city.

I could not refrain from giving the reader the foregoing sketch. Very imperfect it is in the details of human misery, and falls far short of the horror, despair, and suffering which the miserable captives endured during that night of awful terror. It preceded but a very short time the defeat of the tyrant and his death, two events that were decisive of the full establishment of our power in Bengal, and on that side of Hindūstān.

> " . . . But oh! by what means?
> The noble ends must justify them. What
> Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false,
> The blood of tyrants is not human; they,
> They like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours
> Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs
> Which they have made so populous. O world!
> O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
> That we must work by crime to punish crime?"

Many buildings and establishments of Tank Square remain yet to be mentioned and spoken of, so we will now proceed to their description. The centre of this square is occupied by a large tank or Tālāb, containing the best drinking water in Calcutta, and thence most of the inhabitants are supplied by bihishtees or water carriers, who descending the flights of steps on each side of the banks of the square, fill their sheepskin receptacles and slinging them across their backs pursue their way to the houses of their employers, of whose establishment they form a very important part. During the hot months, and after a long absence of rain, the river water is let into the tank at ebb tide, which refreshes and purifies it, though for some time afterwards the water is scarcely drinkable. A well-kept lawn fringes the water and is studded with trees and shrubs, and the whole is surrounded by a substantial iron railing.

To the east, and also somewhat in rear of the Writers' Buildings, stands the Scotch Kirk, not distinguishable as a building in any way, except for its extreme plainness. Many years ago the Rev. Padre Bryce Long used to lecture from its pulpit to the sons and daughters of Scotia, he also filled the situation of editor of one of the most successful daily newspapers in Calcutta.

On the east side of the square, and opening to it by an archway, was situated the large and time-honoured auction establishment of Tullock and Co., the most extensive mart without exception that existed in Calcutta for the disposal of the various goods sent to India by British exporters. It was formed on the most enlarged scale, and had three separate and most distinguishing departments. Perhaps the first that should be named was the one appropriated to indigo silks and other staples of the country, and was by far the most important of the three.

The next may be called the forum for British piece-goods, hardware, glass, beer, wines, &c. And the last I shall term the horse mart, where from the broken-kneed pony price five rupees, to the high-bred racing Arab of ten thousand rupees, the purchaser could be suited twice a week during the year.

At the indigo mart busy crowds of speculating merchants with sleeves tucked up and dyed hands might be seen diving deep into the recesses of the blue chests, and seeking from store to store and muster to muster, for the favourite marks. The covered arena was crowded with brokers of all nations. The English American and French were generally the most busy, but the selectors of every country in the world were seen mixed up together and mingling freely.

Among the miscellaneous outcasts of different countries who were conspicuous as brokers, and dealing more particularly in indigo, there was one man, an Arab Jew, who is worthy of some little notice in these sketches. This man came to Calcutta a wandering beggar, and by his skill (how acquired none can tell) in the knowledge of the best qualities of indigo, he accumulated from twenty to thirty lakhs of rupees—between two and three hundred thousand pounds sterling! A very great portion of this wealth was made by purchasing on behalf of the Honourable Company when they were traders; and Ezekiel Musla, for such was his name, declared that the Company always lost on their purchases after they ceased employing him for that purpose.

He formerly published a book of reference, wherein were noted the several purchases, quantities, qualities, &c., with a comparative statement of crops for several years. It would seem that the book was printed without any corrections, or emendations of the language of the manuscript, and it preserved throughout all the broken quaintness of the foreigner's diction. The names of all the English brokers and merchants were freely introduced into his pages, and their judgments animadverted on; all of which was taken in good part by them and allowed. However, although his book "abundat dulcibus vitiis," still the whole spirit of it "a capite ad calcem" appeared to be the raising his own great superiority of judgment above that of any other broker or mercantile man in Calcutta in the real knowledge of indigo, as to its exact quality and value.

This assumption on his part might be worthy of every consideration, but it lost weight and significance by coming from his own pen, and gained little by the extreme vanity everywhere displayed throughout his book. Such was one of the extraordinary characters which an Indian community tolerates, and its climate seems to generate. Mr. Zekiel, as he was termed, had a lovely daughter, so it was said. However, if the old Jew had not the power to make her lovely, he had the power to make her rich. Thinking there was wisdom in the French proverb, * "Marie ton fils quand tu voudras, mais ta fille quand tu pourras," he stipulated that the qualification for her charms should simply be—circumcision.

They say that some of his needy fellow-brokers took this condition into serious consideration, but whether any complied with it, I am unable to say.

In this department, as I have said, indigo and silk formed the principal commodities for which the mart was established; but country produce, such as shellac, lac-dye, cotton, caoutchouc and every other description of produce came under the auctioneer's hammer.

In the piece-goods department immense consignments of English and French wares are disposed of by public auction. Generally speaking the value of these goods was determined beforehand by the

---

* "Marry your son when you will, and your daughter when you can."

consignees. A clearance of the whole on such terms could not always be effected. And when the undisposed-of commissions came to the hammer, cheap bargains and "alarming sacrifices" were sometimes made, and so the establishment gained a name for cheap goods and bonâ-fide sales.

But the most amusing lounge, during the hottest, coldest or wettest weather that prevailed throughout the year, used to be the horse, dog, and carriage sale —the Tattersalls of Calcutta. These sales were held twice a week throughout the year, except when the Indian festivals interfered to prevent the native portion of the community from attending them. A fancy for horse-flesh may be said to be the most pervading one throughout Bengal; in fact, with many it is an affliction. Everybody possesses *one* horse of some description or other, and most men have three or four; yet, in the latter number, one pair of decent legs is seldom to be detected throughout the whole sixteen. This hippomania no doubt arises from the absolute necessity of the animal to Europeans, and the apish propensities of the natives. The power of the sun precludes Europeans from walking about under its influence without the shelter of a chatta, as *coup de soleil*, fever of varied description, dysentery and cholera issue forth in torrents on its beams, falling with terrible and unerring certainty on all heads exposed to their fires. Formerly, tramcars, railways, &c., were not so common as now, and every European, high and low, assumed that he must have a conveyance in order to travel about with any degree of safety. Thus it will be seen, that what is a luxury and scarcely required in England was, and I may almost say still is to a great extent, an indispensable necessity in Bengal. The resident thought nothing of being waited on by the hairdresser in his Stanhope-phaeton. Nor if the equipage was a first-rate and fashionable bit of building and horse-flesh such as would not disgrace either of the parks on a show-day, was he much surprised. With a sudden and sharp pull up, the driver brought his horse almost on his haunches as he approached your doorway, and the announcement was made by your servant that "Mr. Davies, or Brigadier Kainchee has waited on you to shave you, or dress your hair." His equipage had probably been the fancy lot at the last Tullock's auction, and the object of some competition between the African barber Davies and a newly arrived merchant's clerk on a hundred rupees a month. Perhaps more contrasts were seen rubbing against each other, during the time of sale, at this Indian Tattersalls, than in any other public establishment in Calcutta.

The arena of auction was a covered straight ride of about thirty yards in length, with a colonnade on each side for the accommodation of the horses. At the end of the ride was situated the auctioneer's pulpit, and contiguous to it was the deputy's box where its occupant was seen sticking, as it were, like a tiger behind the cab of a swell. There the little incubus sat, and wrote down the several lots as they progressively came before the auctioneer and his audience.

The auctioneer himself was generally a coarse type of man with a shrill strong voice and harder face, the fittings up of which ought to have been, and generally were, of brass. His air, as well as that of his audience partook a good deal of the lot he was selling. His head was turned on one side, there was a knowing look with his eye, a saucy and flaunting familiarity of manner, which was immediately conducted by natural communicators to his audience.

When a horse was brought before them for admiration and competition, their hats (whether the heads in them were or not) were generally turned on one side, and following the manner of the auctioneer, they all tried to look as equine as possible.

Most of the spectators carried a stick, rather a thick unvarnished ashen one, which they kept rubbing about their mouths as if they had forgotten to brush their teeth that morning; and with eyes fixed on the pulpit, they preserved a continual nodding sort of acquaintance with it.

Behind the auctioneer, and against one of the pillars of the building, was suspended a large print of a horse's head in a narrow black frame similar to the moulding of one of the hearses belonging to Mr. Llewellin, the Cossitōllah undertaker.

This print, no doubt, reflected a sort of horse feeling also over the countenances of the assembly, and many a horse-laugh was provoked by a likeness (a supposed one) between it and the head of the auctioneer.

Groups of amateur jockeys promenaded up and down the open space, discussing the several merits, pedigrees, and qualities of the different lots awaiting the fall of the hammer. These Nimrods showed a knowledge of the owners through whose hands the animal had passed vastly superior to that possessed by the owner himself, who, on passing, would pause on heel to listen, being quite astonished at what the animal was celebrated for; and although the horse had never been in any one's hands from the time of his importation except the dealer's and his own, yet he heard of mighty deeds in flood and field done by him when in Mr. So-and-so's possession, that quite destroyed all further belief in his own senses ever afterwards. "Tant pis!"

Such was the fashion of the day.

This establishment at the times of sale furnished a rendezvous where most of the sporting men congregated, and passed their judgment on the various stages of disease that the different horses were afflicted with, in which defects lay concealed the reason why owner and horse so often parted company. In short Tullock's horse mart could not be dispensed with in the great city, for it furnished amusement as well as horseflesh to most men on their first arrival in India, continual weekly lounges to the denizens of Calcutta, and the best market for the disposal of rips in the universe.

The sale-room for general goods was celebrated for the enormous quantity there disposed of twice a week throughout the year, the endless variety of which was only to be exceeded by the miscellaneous and villainous compound of smells that were encountered within its walls, arising from the bodies of oil-varnished natives, who of course were the most numerous class of purchasers who frequented the room. No European with any fineness of olfactory nerve could remain within the mists of this mephitic animal steam during the period necessary for the disposal of a single lot; consequently the attendance was almost entirely composed of natives. Any further description of this Arabia Felix has for me no inducement or attraction. I shall therefore pass on to an important establishment at the north end of the square called the Exchange, which has a noble room not only for the meeting of nautical men but also men of business in what is called the country trade, which really embraces every country within a radius of two or three thousand miles. A gazette was published at this establishment, but almost entirely devoted to shipping news and marine affairs; these, together with advertisements, and a report of the weather at the Sandheads, Kedgeree, or Diamond Harbour, constituted the contents. Reading-tables were placed on each side of this room, for the benefit of those who resorted thither. The Government gave the gentlemen to whom the establishment belonged the principal sale of their country products when they were traders, which added a countenance, weight and profit to the firm not enjoyed by any other rival in Calcutta. Mackenzie, Lyall & Co. used to be the title of the firm. They received immense consignments of ales for disposal; and as this firm embraced the wine and spirit trade as well as malt beverages, it did a good deal in the bottling line, especially in Hodgson's pale ale, Bass's golden ditto, Alsopp's superior, and numerous other descriptions sent out to India to slake the thirst of parched and exhausted Europeans.

Within the Square on the north side, and facing Government House, there stands a statue of Warren Hastings, executed in marble, and under life size which gives it a very mean appearance. A square stone building is erected behind the figure, but is so deficient of any kind of ornament, that at first sight the spectator fancies he is looking at the original packing-case which contained the statue when sent out from England. What purpose this erection was intended to serve does not appear.

If I were asked to hazard a conjecture respecting it I should say that very likely Government meant it for Heligoland and it got here by mistake.

There is no vagary too extravagant for a British Government official to commit. Certainly the erection affords no protection to the sculpture, is an excessively ugly nondescript object, and by no means grateful to the eye. With this notice I think I may close the little account of Tank Square. It is always a busy place, and more equipages pass through it than perhaps any other thoroughfare in Calcutta.

Because I have only mentioned the Scotch Kirk in this chapter, the reader must not suppose that I did so *par excellence*, or as if it was the only place of worship in Calcutta. Churches and meeting-houses are numerous, and most of the many Christian persuasions are represented. If the sojourner has a penchant for a three decker, Geneva gown and bands, he may gratify his taste ; if he prefers an ornate Cathedral service, he can have it. Nor do I suppose he would search in vain for the mysteries of the Mormon, or Plymouth Brethren.

If I were to say, speaking in an architectural sense, that any one of the religious edifices is "simplex munditiis," I might say too much, so I will allow the traveller to form his own opinion respecting them.

CHAPTER VII.

The Barā Bazaar and its various commodities—Native shops—Native houses—Domestic economy—Goldsmiths—Chitpore Road—Rooplall Mulleck, a liberal-minded Hindoo—Annual fêtes at his mansion—Hindustānee music—The Nāch—Contrarieties in the Hindoo character—The Durgā Pūjā described—Its mystical character.

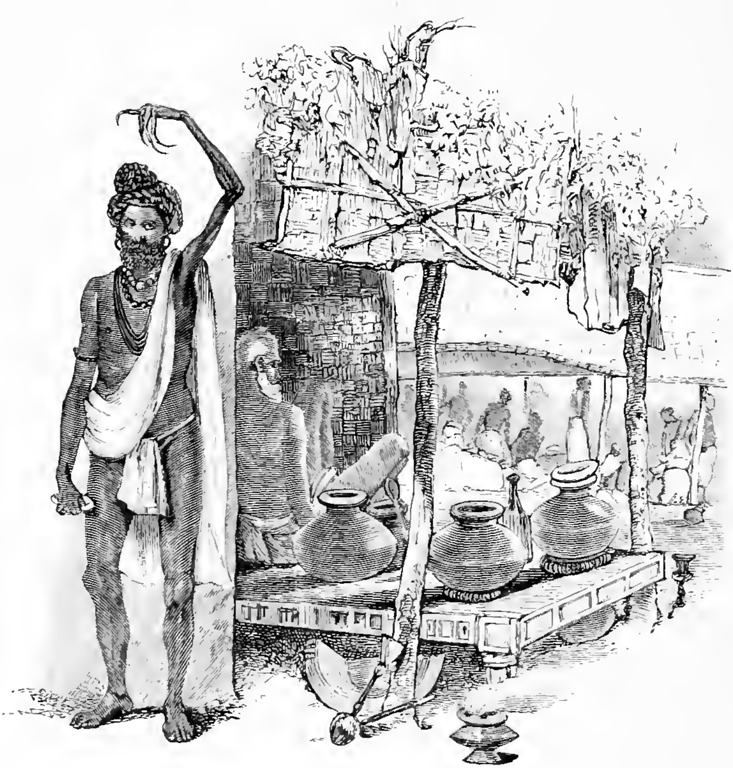
"Nihil est aptius ad delectationem lectoris, quam temporum varietates fortunæque vicissitudines."—*Cicero.*

"Nothing is more calculated to entertain a reader than the variety of times and the vicissitudes of fortune."

Let me conduct the reader to the precincts of the Barā Bazaar, a sanctuary where wealth and poverty, dirt and splendour, filthy odours and lovely sweets of Arabia, in all their opposite extremes, meet and mingle together, and sleep placidly beside each other.

My feeble pen, I fear, will never command a description that will do justice to this extraordinary emporium, or be able to embody any account likely to give an adequate idea of this place and its various mysteries.

The entrance to it is like the approach to Pandemonium. A hot confused vapour meets the intruder; and the hissing hum of busy thrifty bargain-driving natives, mixed with the silver tinkle of precious metals, blend together in endless sounds and uncouth noises. As you near it, an almost fearful anxiety, a timid anticipation shrouds you, lest you are on the



FAKEER IN THE BAZAAR.

eve of meeting a vision of enchanting female beauty surrounded by Eastern magnificence too heavenly for the eye to look on, or some horrid apparition which would at once chase reason from her throne. How shall I give the reader a just idea of this place; how lead him amid the gloom and twilight of its shadows, along its tortuous passages, which ramify, artery-like, in innumerable and endless directions; how marshal the stranger's steps to the several depots of goods to be met with in this huge pantechnicon?

There is nothing within my recollection that I can at present compare it to; nor is there anything which is not procurable within its precincts, except meat and vegetables. Up and down the avenues, broadcloths lay in massy piles—heaps on heaps arise in tiers, the produce of the looms of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Silks of various hues reflect each other's brilliant varieties of colours, and in their several places of exposure, they lie tempting the giddy and rakish eye of the voluptuous Musalmān to purchase an offering for "the light and favourite of the zenana."

Boxes are deposited for the lovely eyes within the secret chambers of the daurhee, containing rich material for clothes—silver and gold brocade. Specie and bars of the precious metals, pearls in masses of all sizes and hanging in deep festoons, are exposed to the open gaze. Shields, military arms, matchlocks inlaid and embossed, gold and silver huḳḳas await customers. Rich embroidered carpets, gorgeous shatranjees, shawls of Cashmere, embroideries of Benares, muslins of Dacca, embroidered slippers, the odours of Persia, the dried fruits of Arabia, all lie contiguous and most resurrection-like everywhere around.

The vile confection of fried ghee steams and belches forth to pall the appetite with its rank fumes, and the heavy drugged odoriferous tobacco melts and mixes with the fragrant vapours of the sweetest perfumes. The exquisite fragrance of Galistān's sweets fall on the senses in a sleepy odour as the traveller passes along.

In some parts it is an atmosphere of spices. The very air is drugged and throws a lull of oppressive languor, a spell over the imagination, an enchantment over the whole scene that binds it with remarkable interest on the vision and admiration of the European stranger.

The gold and silver brocade shops, rich depositories of embroidered slippers and turbans, the jewellers' magnificent stores of pearls and emerald kanthees (necklaces), the diamond bāzā-bands (armlets), sarpechs (diadems), kalghees (ornaments on the turbans), of rubies, emerald lolaks (earrings); all these, and the thousand and one various glittering parts of Asiatic dress and costume, shine here in all the sparkling splendour and beauty of the lovely mixtures of gold and silver, gems and stones, silks, satins and velvets. All these precious wares, though not understood by the passing stranger, nevertheless force from him surprise, delight and admiration.

The shops in themselves are fascinating, being lined with a shining mixture of silver leaf; talc and transparent paints, though fantastically, are not unpleasingly mingled. These tinselled reflections cast their false lights around the dark interior and darker figure of the occupier, who sits mysteriously at the back of his dūkān, or reposes in listless apathy awaiting the casual customer. It is surprising how he maintains his composure amidst the din of natives, the creaking of ungreased hackery wheels, and the mists of surk͟hee or brickdust, which, disturbed by the countless multitudes who throng the narrow and confined thoroughfare, flies in suffocating volumes like the simooms of the desert, pervading every hole, corner, chink and cranny within its limits.

The houses behind the shops, where the different traders reside, are of a most miserable description, small, confined, dark and dirty. The varieties of their architecture are endless, and may be said to coincide in no one thing that I remember, save general dilapidation. Convenience in the interior apartments is never thought of, and very often all the several purposes of cooking, eating, drinking and sleeping are performed in one close room.

The internal economy of the house is ill attended to. No attempt at comfort is made; all gives place to the engrossing occupation of trade, and in strict attention to this are the time, thoughts and entire movements of the trader absorbed.

The roads that wind through this beehive-like bazaar, common alike to foot and other travellers, are at some periods of the year ankle deep in mud, and at others they throw up volumes of fine dry dust similar to a resurrection of pumice from a volcano. At no time during the year can they be said to be of the cleanest kind; added to this, their narrowness is most perplexing and inconvenient. Consequently, mephitic vapours impregnate the surrounding atmosphere and float around.

As regards the external arrangement and architecture of the dwellings in and about the bazaar, they cannot be described so as to give any adequate idea of their peculiarities or characteristics. Their general outline consists of a shop, open to the street or road, of about ten feet square; the open front is screened from the sun's rays by a mat, which is spread over and supported by bamboo poles, thus shading the whole front of the opening where the worldly goods of the modee (merchant) are deposited and exposed for sale.

This mat shutter, in case of sudden emergency or the approach of a north-wester, can be lowered down, so as to exclude the stifling dust or the deluge of rain that often succeeds the sirocco in the hot months in Bengal. At the side of the house there is always a small door that opens into a courtyard, which is always narrow and dirty, and filled with the filthy droppings of spouts, the washings of rice pots, broken waterpots *et hoc genus omne.*

Around this most improperly termed courtyard there is a heavy deep balcony into which the women's apartments open. Many of these balconies deeply overhang, are richly and curiously latticed and have most grotesque foliation. The ascent is by a staircase, or wooden step-ladder, as the case may be, which winds up to the dilapidated suite of rooms above, the whole forming a picturesque bit of crumbling building, every way suitable to the pencil of the artist or the fancy of a poet. Within these secret apartments there dwells many a soft and sunny bosom that throbs and beats to be relieved from the thraldom of grey-bearded age and doating imbecility. Fancy can draw on herself inexhaustible stores of lovely, dark-eyed, laughter-loving maidens wasting their ripening sweets away on pillows of embroidered velvet during the burning hours of the day and still warmer nights, their only companions the soft and sweet drugged hụḳkas, and the ever grateful juicy pān. Here within the secret chambers they sit amidst a mixture of dull gloom and splendour, glittering brocades and dirt-begrimed furniture—beauty, and aged decrepit servitors, all huddled together in the greatest possible confusion. Beneath the silver starred pankhā they rest their lovely limbs, and sigh for a sight of the world which is never to live for them but in their untaught fancies, or be tuned to them, save through the monotonous thrummings of a Hindūstānī sitār. Custom and religion forbid even a thought of passing mundane pleasures: the world is nothing to them, and they, alas, are shut out from it even from their tenderest years! These miserable recluses of the parda are perfectly uneducated—ignorant even to the extremity of childishness. Eating, smoking, and chewing pān constitute their employment. Pleasure of a sort they have; the drowsy Indian pipe, and jarring, silver-stringed gourd ever and anon burst forth on the distracted ear; the inevitable tom-tom, with its hollow-sounding measure, to which the ankle-tinkling nāch girls move in drowsy slidings and voluptuous motions; the shrill stream of song, in all its whirlwind of discordance, excite the half-sleeping inmates of the zenana to break forth in exclamations of delight, as they exclaim, "Shābāsh! (happiness to you!)," "wāh wāh! (admirable!)," "kyā khoob! (how charming!)."

Such are the amusements that beguile the many hours of the heated day; often, too, are the inmates heard breaking forth in uncouth strains during the slow wasting watchings of sleepless night.

But all the curious economy of the zenana will be hereafter more fully illustrated when I describe the custom of a Musalmān family of rank, the whole particulars of which came under the author's eye during a delicate investigation touching the legitimacy of the heir to the masnad of Moorshedābād.*

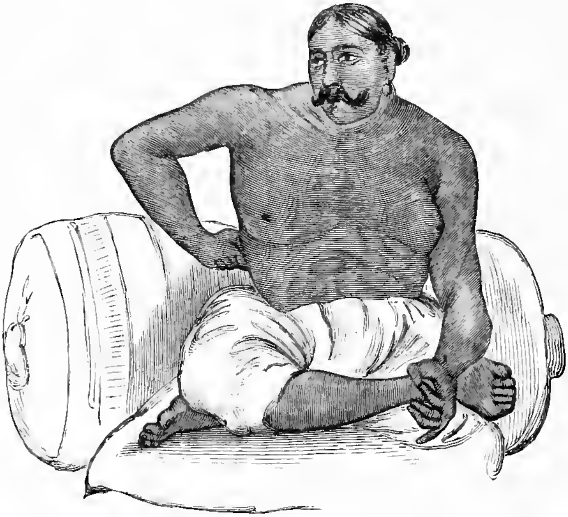
Among the occupants of the Barā Bazaar, the sunār or goldsmith, fills a very important place. There, also, the manufacturers of women's ornaments are chiefly located. Massive gold, silver and brass bangles issue from the vulcan's forges. The size, weight, and substance of the ornaments for the ankles and wrists are often such as to puzzle a European. They are large, heavy, cumbersome, most inconvenient, and an impediment to the motions of the limbs. Notwithstanding, no callosity, or hardness of the joints round which they are worn ever appears. They are welded and filed into a great variety of figures and Indian devices.

Some women wear armlets made of lead, and with these they cover their arms, almost from the wrist to the elbow, in a series of heavy rings. These, to my taste, are vastly Gothic, ugly and unbecoming. Innumerable are the wares of this vast depot of merchandise; there, goods from every quarter of the globe are to be obtained. Should the particular article you want not be forthcoming, you are sure to be offered a good substitute. *Apropos* of this, a sporting friend once asked me if I could recommend him any good book on dogs? I said, "Yes, but come along with me to the bazaar and I will see if I cannot get the very one you ought to have." Arriving at a bookseller's, I said to the owner, "Have you got 'Blaine on Dogs'?" "No," replied this Hindoo bibliopolist, as quick as thought, "but I have Byron's 'Doge of Venice' which will perhaps suit your purpose equally well." With this imperfect description I shall conclude the account of the Barā Bazaar thinking I have said enough to enable the reader's fancy to luxuriate over its curiosities, both human and otherwise.

---

* See Note D. in the Appendix.

Having "done" the Barā Bazaar, we will now take a turn down the Chitpore Road, which is the south end of the great road from Barrackpoor, a military station, some sixteen miles off. At all times there are to be seen along this road a strange mixture and variety of incongruous moving objects. Crowds of villainously ugly Bengalees, striding along like animated split radishes, crazy gārees drawn by miserable half-starved ponies, naked and dust begrimed fakeers, anatomical cows quite ready for demonstration, pariah dogs, hackeries, crows, the spectral adjutant, filth of the greatest variety of appearance and effluvia. These are all seen either crowding along this great thoroughfare, or lying about in disgusting masses blocking up the line of road, and presenting obstructions to the civilised and impatient European, who can do little more than stand aghast at such sights on his first arrival. Along the sides of this thoroughfare, nearly all the great Hindoo Baboos reside in large commodious houses. And yet, strange to say, these residences are pent up, intruded on, and rendered scarcely approachable, owing to the miserable squalid huts, and dilapidated buildings that surround them, wedge them in, and even in some instances are built up against their very walls and gateways. It is astonishing with what indifference the wealthy natives look on these disgusting excrescences. Instead of discountenancing them, they actually, after accepting a few pice, give the wretched owners leave to erect them against the very walls of their mansions. A similar practice, I believe, obtained in Pompeii. And so much are these wealthy abodes screened from view by these erections, that the probability of their existence would never enter the head of a novitiate in India, even when close to their portals, unless assured by others of the fact, and their locality pointed out. One of the first natives, who struck out a new path as regards the external economy and appearance of their houses, was a rich Hindoo named Rooplall Mulleck. He had the good taste to build his house well back from the Chitpore Road. The front of the house, which was designed in good style, faced a spacious lawn flanked by two good carriage drives, which entered the public road by beautiful porticos and lamped gateways, the whole being surrounded by a rich iron railing.



BABOO.

Rooplall was the first native who, divesting himself of that bigotry which surrounds the Hindoo religion, threw open his house for the entertainment of Europeans during the celebration of one of the most important Hindoo festivals, called the Durjā pūjā; on which occasion he always gave a splendid fête to nearly all the British residents of Calcutta.

On such occasions all the varieties of native amusements were collected by the Baboo—the best vocalists of Bengal, the finest dancers, the most expert jugglers, the humours of the pantomime, and the sword-swallowers. Tables were spread with a profusion of viands, wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal, and every expensive European beverage that could be thought of to excite the appetite and delight and cool the palate were there held in requisition, and laid out for the assembled guests. Unfortunately, the Baboo's urbanity lacked both discretion and distinction, consequently numbers of improper people obtained admission, and on several occasions behaved so indecorously at these banquets that the ladies were unable to attend or accept future invitations.

This put an end to a continuance of the annual fêtes, and the Baboo closed his splendid mansion as well as his purse-strings for ever.

When these entertainments were in their zenith they were certainly the most showy brilliant and Oriental conceivable. The immediate approach to the mansion was charming, thickets of jessamine and other fragrant shrubs, arbours of roses and honey-suckle, clumps of orange-trees, mangoes, and tamarinds were beautifully illuminated by small lamps; nor was the interior of the house less brilliant. All the dark-eyed flowers of Hindūstānī song were here collected. Music rang through the different courts, rich and sparkling figures floated about in brilliant streams of brightness, floods of light issued through thin carnation-coloured curtains deftly-festooned from the richly chandelier furnished suites of rooms—it was fairy-land. No wonder these gatherings were both fashionable and fascinating; and as the festival of the Durgā pūjā falls in Asin and Kārtik, i.e. September and October two months when the heat of the weather begins to abate, all the society of Calcutta attended them.

It was at one of these entertainments that I had an opportunity of seeing and hearing Catālani Nickey, a celebrated Indian prima donna, but then said to have passed her meridian of song.

I must, however, observe that Hindūstānī music, particularly vocal, is to my taste execrable; for I never heard any singing during the whole period of my residence in India but what had a most disagreeable and unpleasant effect on my whole nervous system.

What therefore can I be supposed to say as regards Indian music; how give any idea of its peculiarities, its beauties, its melody, even in its brightest days of song? Even the great execution of the graceful Nickey, as she warbled out her sweetest strains before admiring Baboos in all the varieties of nasal guttural tympanum-breaking sounds, had always a most detestable effect on my ear.

Her performance seemed bereft of nature and feeling as well as being devoid of those various qualities Europeans study so intensely in order to give grace to the harmony of the voice. Dancing too, which is sometimes called the poetry of motion, is mixed up with Hindūstānī music, and the nāch and song go hand-in-hand together; neither are sweet or graceful, either in sound or movement; and if any trait is more distinguishable than another, it is that of lascivious motions and impure allusions. These exhibitions go forward in the presence of their household gods; and those sacred images which form a part of the Hindoo mysteries and are esteemed so holy, are witnesses of the impurities which blot and disfigure the amusements of the Hindoos on these occasions.

Thus, it will be seen, that although the Hindoos pretend to be a moral people, yet they nevertheless participate largely in various lewd and licentious exhibitions at all their religious festivals. They even respect not the chaste bosom of their holy river when perpetrating these orgies; that river the smallest drop or spray of which they esteem far more precious than human life.

Amidst the holy waters of the Ganges they carry on and observe their obscene festivities; and, with the din of conflicting music, the dance and lewd song of dark-skinned Cyprians clothed and adorned in all the costliness and glare of pearls and precious stones, the shore resounds and echoes back discordantly in deafening shouts. These scenes of disgusting excitement are continued during the whole night.

It may not be uninteresting, perhaps, if I give the reader some idea of the meaning of this festival, and what it typifies.

It is one of the most important of the Hindoo religious observances, and is celebrated by them with great ceremony and splendour. The utmost efforts of the statuary, painter, musician, confectioner and numberless other artists, are called forth to adorn and give grandeur and display to this annual feast. The vessels of gold and silver issue from their safe and secret dormitories to once more shine and display their reflecting beauties in front of Durgā, as she is represented combating with the dreadful Rāvana. All the household ornaments are ranged near the cushioned seat of this heroine, and floods of light add more than meridian splendour along the precincts of the spacious arcade where the gods are deposited.

Hindoo devotees barefooted approach this sacred spot, and bending in religious awe they prostrate themselves with the most fervent devotion at the foot of the flight of steps that lead to the holy altar. There they repeat in silence some devotional formula, and, after bowing with humility and lowly prostration, they pass on to the attraction of the lascivious dance and lewder song that bursts publicly on the ear during this disgusting revelry.

The Durgā pūjā is the chief religious festival amongst five others which the Hindoos celebrate during the latter part of September and beginning of October. The Shasters define the origin as having commenced thus. During an ancient and dark age many centuries ago, a very rich and powerful Hindoo prince, whose wife had been forced from him by the witcheries and conjurations of the cruel Rāvana, instituted these ceremonies for the purpose of subduing this wicked destroyer, and avenging himself for the injury he had sustained. Such is the germ of the fable. I shall now attempt a fuller explanation. About 1800 B.C. the powerful Hindoo prince above referred to, whose name was Janaka Rājā, promised his beautiful daughter Shītā in marriage to any one who could bend a wonderful bow which he had. This was done by Rāmachandra, son of Dasaratha, King of Oude, who accordingly took her to wife. Contemporary with Rāmachandra, lived Rāvana, King of Lankā or Ceylon, who, for his devotion, had a promise from Brahmā that he should not suffer death by any of the usual means, and he became the tyrant and pest of mankind. Rāmachandra had occasion to retire to the deserts for devotion, whilst there he drew a circle round Shītā, his wife, and forbade her to go beyond it, leaving Lakshama, his brother, to take care of her; but Lakshama, hearing some noise which alarmed him for his brother, left her to seek him; then it was that Rāvana, disguised as a beggar, enticed her out of the circle and carried her off in his flying chariot. In the air he was opposed by the bird Jatāyu, whose wings he cut, and escaped.

This abduction naturally led to a war, which is fully described by Vālmīki in his epic poem of twenty-four thousand stanzas, called Rāmāya-ana, or Goings of Rāma,from which this sketch is taken.

Rāvana or Mahishāsur is represented at the pūjā as a buffalo-headed demon, and is said to have been the produce of a Muni and a she-buffalo. Throughout the world he was said to have exercised the greatest tyranny, as well as the greatest cruelty over its inhabitants, and was supposed to have encroached on the very dominions of heaven. Numberless were the attempts to put an end to this plague of earth and heaven, and to destroy and banish him from the face of both; but no one was found bold enough to oppose or even to face this terror of the world, save Durgā, the wife of Siva.

Durgā or Bhairavī Durgā, is said to be a malignant goddess delighting in blood. Her representation, as sculptured and painted for the ceremonies, is intended, as far as the power of the artist extends, to convey in a superlative degree all the combinations of fierceness terror and malignity that it is possible to conceive, or the modeller to execute. This expression he endeavours to depict in the whole arrangement and attitude of the figure, as well as in every feature of the face.

When Durgā went to oppose the buffalo-headed demon, she rode on the back of a furious tiger. She was attended and assisted by her two sons, Ganesha or Ganapati, and Kārttikeya or Skanda.

The first-named, who is the lord of the troops of mischievous and malignant imps, rode on the back of a magnificent peacock.

The second son, who is the general of Siva's armies or troops of demons, rode on a mouse of enormous size and terrible fierceness. Thus arrayed they proceeded to battle with Rāvana. The battle was carried on with great fury and vigour for many days and nights; at length the combat ended in the defeat of Rāvana. Shītā was rescued, and the face of the earth and the portals of heaven were no longer the scene of contention, bloodshed and tyranny.

Thus the reader is in possession of the fable or myth which originated the ceremonies observed during the celebration of the Durgā pūjā; and I shall now proceed to describe as intelligibly as possible the types under which it is at this day conveyed to the eyes, ears and understandings of the present race of Hindoos in Bengal, for of the other presidencies I know nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations for the Durgā pūjā festival; its type—Reflections on the Hindoo mythology—The cultus of the deity "odium theologicum" a work of supererogation in India—Hindoo and Musalmān affinities and antipathies—Various Hindoo festivals described—Jagannāth—A Frenchman's love of the idol, his reason why being "all my eye"—The Orloff diamond—The Charkh pūjā and its object—Interesting Hindoo myths concerning mist, rain and clouds.

"Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas."—*Aulus Gellius.*

"A man should be religious, but not superstitious."

THE Durgā pūjā or Nava-rātri, commences on the 1st and ends on the 10th day of the light half of the month Asswin (September–October). The image of Durgā is worshipped for nine days, and then cast into the water. The tenth day is called Vijaya-dasami, or Dasa-harā.

For some weeks previous to the commencement of the holidays caused by the return of the anniversary of this splendid pūjā, preparations on a most extensive scale of magnificence and expense are begun and carried on. All occupations cease and give way to the one of devotedness, to do every honour and give the greatest importance to the several duties and observances of the occasion.

The cunning workmen in gold and silver, the braziers and smiths who work in copper, brass, iron, pewter, lead and every conceivable metal are put in requisition, and kept fully employed for weeks prior to the commencement of the festival.

Nothing is heard but the blowing of Vulcan's bellows and the clanging of anvils. The night yields no rest to the labours of the sinewy arm, and its stillness is disturbed by the roar of the torturing fires and the heavy clank of yielding metals.

But not only are the Sonārs, Lohārs, and Kaserās busy, but also numbers of Tantees or weavers, who manufacture Kam-khwabs (vulgarly Kinkobs) or cloth interwoven with gold and silver thread, are fully employed. It certainly is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

On taking a stroll through the bazaars at these periods you see the richest brocade of Delhi, the embroideries of Benares, pearly white muslins and soft velvets. Jewels peep from their inlaid caskets, and sherbets are prepared of the most costly perfumes and scents to cool the palates of the high and mighty.

The dūkāns or shops also present a grand show of finery and tinsel ornaments suiting every degree of purchaser.

The Halwāīs too are on the alert preparing confections of citron, comfits and sweetmeats of innumerable kinds, all delicious to the taste of Hindoos. Festoons of flowers of the prevailing colours, orange and white, may be seen tastefully hung up and suspended in a great variety of forms and figures.

Nor are the streets less animated. Happy groups are seen in streams of snowy muslins passing from house to house to congratulate their friends on the approach of the pūjā.

The number of days occupied by the various ceremonies usual on the occasion are nine; but the days of idleness which precede the festival, and the time required to recover from the effects of the excitement extend the period over a fortnight. So that all business both public and private, in offices where writers are employed, is almost entirely suspended; for from the ranks of the Hindoos issue that great class of enterprising and educated men called Kāyasthas or writers, who discharge most important duties in Government law courts and mercantile offices.

During the time of the pūjā some wealthy families entertain Kangālees, i.e. the poor and needy, sacrificing to the goddess Kālī buffalos, goats, and even mimic forms of human figures made of pounded rice and congealed milk—evidently emblematical of the human sacrifices used to propitiate this sanguinary deity in bygone days. She is supposed to come from her place of repose, aided by charms and prayers, and to remain though invisible, three successive days and nights in the provinces of Hindūstān.

During her stay, hoards of rice, grain of various kinds, sweetmeats, musk-melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, sherbets of the most exquisite flavour are placed aside and offered to her—all of which the Brahmins declare she consumes. "Credat Judæus Apella."

By the opulent and wealthy, princely largess is distributed among the poor decrepit, aged and infirm. The sick, lame and blind flock to their portals, ready to devour the very stones that support the ponderous gates. Multitudes rush forward to participate in these doles of rice, ghee, sweetmeats, and copper pice amid a din of Bengalee cymbals abuse confusion and struggles which is indescribable. The uproar outside the house, the suffocating heat and atmosphere of brick dust created by the eager struggles of this mass of people, the abuse of the Chaprāssees and peons who endeavour to repress the disorder, this general uproar mixed up with every noise possible for a Bengalee mob to make, equalled and augmented by the barbaric music and din which issues from the interior of the building, constitute a something which it is not within the power of my weak pen to give the reader any idea of. I can only express myself in the words of Juvenal "Nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum."*

Such a tumult has no parallel in anything I ever heard or witnessed, and nothing that I can conceive ever equalled it since the opening of the seven seals.

On the meridian of the tenth day the procession of the emblems commences. Then the multitudes sweep on in a firm compact body, forming a vast moving pavement of heads capable of sustaining almost anything. The clang of music and the deafening shouts of the overwhelming crowd are now heard amidst the squares and streets of the great metropolis. While from every aperture and breezy casement of the zenana, countless eyes, peeping like stars through the evening skies, are seen by the passer-by, flashing under their raven eyelashes for a glimpse of the exciting scene.

Fancy alone must paint the beauty of these sweet sultanas of the harem, and idea must clothe them in the richness of their silks and the profusion of gems and precious ornaments that envelope and weigh down the frail sunny figures, who from the gaze of men steal away, shrinking as violets do in summer's ray.

The dress of these lovely recluses may be conceived, but their brightness, beauty and blushes never can.

> "For ah! their beauty was far beyond."

---

* "What I can fancy, but cannot express."

The image of the goddess Durgā, and the representation of the combat, together with the other family idols are now taken down from their resting places, and followed by these mighty living waves of assembled people who roll along towards the bank of the sacred river, where the images are deposited till everything is ready for their final destruction.

When they are thrown into the river, numbers of men and children dash into the stream and precipitate themselves on the frail representations, and with all the mad gestures of delight and seeming frenzy, they force and press them to the bottom to their utter destruction.

Triumphant shouts and discordant music follow the emblems as they sink into the depths of the holy stream, and their lovely bird of cerulean blue, the Līl-kanth,* of lucky omen, is loosed from his prison to waft his way over the engulfed idols, and so completes with his presence the good success of the whole ceremony.

Down sinks the sun, weeping over this vast idolatry, into his western chambers; and the crowds of adorers return in large groups to their several homes, exulting in their triumph over a bit of clay straw and paint, and are delighted and happy at the destruction of the image of a portion of their religion.

---

* Līl-kanth, the jay bird (*Coracias Bengalensis*).

The tumult gradually subsides. Some few carry a small lotā of Ganges water home with them to sprinkle the inmates of the zenana and such of the family as were prevented by age or infirmity from publicly joining in the ceremony. As they proceed home they congratulate each other on the happy conclusion of the festival, and with good wishes of blessings, or riches, such as "May you have a gold inkstand," "May you live long," "May you be a Rajah," &c., they conclude the day by hugging, kissing, embracing, and bowing to each other, and thus the day and the ceremony ends.

Such, reader, is a part of a Hindoo's religion, and firmly he believes in it.

> "Oh, the lover may
> Distrust that look which steals his soul away;
> The babe may cease to think that it can play
> With Heaven's rainbow; Alchemists may doubt
> The shining gold their crucible turns out;
> But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
> To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

In returning to make a few observations on the mythology of the Hindoos, I may state that they are a very religious people. Their great fault is that they are too much so. In their religious system there are many intricate knots which are not easy to unravel. That Herculean task I will leave to others. But a very interesting question arises. Whence did they obtain their religion? Two theories suggest themselves to my mind in answer to that question. And as they may prove interesting and amusing, if not instructive, I will briefly state them.

The true religion which Noah taught his posterity, and which Abraham practised, was the worship of one God, the Supreme Governor and Creator of all things, with hopes in His mercy through a Mediator.

But we can well conceive that as this knowledge, owing to circumstances, became diminished and gave place to ignorance, and when men saw certain phenomena of nature, as lightning, earthquakes, cyclones &c., producing disastrous results, and being unable to trace effects to their true causes, the ardent faculty of imagination stepped in to do what judgment could not do, and attributed these operations of nature to certain invisible beings in the firmament.

Under such circumstances, we can well imagine how men, when alarmed by these natural and physical forces, and exposed, at the same time, to many dangers and disasters, should seek for a Mediator, or have recourse to propitiatory rites, to avert the evils which they suffered or dreaded.

They therefore concluded that there must be a Mediator, an Intercessor, by whom they could address God, and through whom alone their petitions could be accepted. But having no *clear* revelation of a Mediator, the Hindoos, like many other nations, took upon themselves to address God by intercessors of their own choosing. They could not be, and were not, ignorant of the influence of the sun and the physical powers of nature; they therefore made choice of them as their god Mediators. To them they directed their worship—such as it was—and through them they sought those mercies, favours and blessings from the Supreme Being which they severally required.

Hence we find the Hindoos, in the most ancient times, worshipping with offerings of prayer and praise Agni, the sun, the vivifier, the soul of all moveable and immoveable beings, and Indra, the personification of the phenomena of the firmament, particularly in the capacity of sending rain. As different effects were produced by the same apparent cause, these *Dii majores*, if I may so term them, were supposed to have different moods and dispositions; and these attributes in course of time became recognised as gods and were personified. As many of these gods were bisexual, possessing a male and female energy, they increased and multiplied ad infinitum. And inasmuch as their functions are often interchangeable, their adorers must often fall into a terrible muddle as to "who's who?" Their bewilderment (and such, really, exists) must oftentimes equal if not exceed that of the Yankee, who, on seeking to know his exact relative position towards his family, which position had become somewhat confused by intermarriage, came, after long and serious consideration, to the conclusion that he must be his own grandfather.

In such a sketch as I have given may be found the key, perhaps, to unlock the mysteries of one of the most intricate and complicated systems of latria the world has ever seen.

A second theory has suggested itself to my mind, and with it I am more prepossessed. I cannot say I myself *believe* it, having no testimony, human or divine, whereon to ground belief. But so many are the presumptive proofs that I feel myself free to entertain the *thought* that much of the most ancient and important portion of Hindoo mythology is derived from Biblical sources—that it conceals real events recorded by Moses, that many of their heroes were real personages of whom we read in Holy Scripture; but whose actions have been distorted during long ages of oral tradition, and magnified and extended by the superstitious impostures of the priesthood and blind credulity of the people.

According to Ferishtā, whose veracity is more than fairly acknowledged, the Deccan received its name "Dakhan" from Dakhan, the son of Hind, the son of Ham, the son of Noah. If that be true, and I see no reason to doubt it, then it need not surprise us that the Hindoos possessed and preserved floating traditions respecting the heroes of the Pentateuch. Because we find Pontius Pilate enrolled among the saints of the Church in Abyssinia, we do not question his identity; though, as with flies in amber, we may well wonder how he got there.

But let us compare a few passages from the sacred books of the Hindoos with some in Holy Scripture. Here is one from the Sāma-veda: "He felt not delight, being alone. He wished another, and instantly became such. He caused his own self to fall in twain, and thus became husband and wife. He approached her, and thus were human beings produced." The passage reads exceedingly like a parody of Genesis ii. 20–21.

Take another e.g., from the Bhagavad-gītā. "O mighty Being, who art the prime Creator, eternal God of Gods, the World's Mansion! Thou art the incorruptible Being, distinct from all things transient. Thou art before all gods, and the Supreme Supporter of the Universe. Thou knowest all things, and art worthy to be known; thou art the Supreme Mansion, and by thee, O infinite form, the universe was spread abroad!"

This fine description of the Supreme Being will remind the reader of many such in the book of Job.

In one of his incarnations, Vishnu is represented as a preacher of righteousness at a time when gross immorality everywhere prevailed. He was warned of a coming flood, ordered to build a vessel, and take with him into it seven patriarchs and all kinds of seeds. Only those who have never heard of Noah can fail to see his picture in this passage.

Again, the name Rām, which is as much a household word among the Hindoos as Abram is among the Jews, is not only common to the literature of both nations, but is supposed to be synonymous. Compare Job xxxii. 2, with Gen. xxii. 21.

Error has always some connection with truth; and if the names Rām, Aram, Abram, are identical, then I think we may safely assume that in the story of the abduction of Sarah by Abimelech, we have the germ of the story of the abduction of Shītā by Rāvana. It may be objected that the similarity in name between Abimelech and Rāvana is not very apparent. To this I would observe, that Abimelech is no name at all, but a title or appellation, like Pharaoh among the Egyptians, and that of Cæsar and Augustus among the Romans. Abimelech means "Father King," and exactly corresponds to Padishah, the title of the kings of Persia. The field, however, of Hindoo mythology is not one on which I should ever think of saying—"A peerage or Westminster Abbey." I leave that aspiration to others. What I have advanced must go for what it is worth; and whilst some see in it nothing but leather and prunello, others may see fifteen annas' worth of truth combined with one of error, and so be stimulated to further inquiry and reflection.

The conquest of India, like the English reformation, was brought about by very curious means, which we will not now stop to inquire into. But it may be opportune to ask what benefits have we in return conferred upon the inhabitants? We have given them great temporal blessings; nor will most of the natives deny it.

But what has been done by the Church Militant? To use the words of Claudian—

> "Hic patet ingeniis campus: certusque merenti
> Stat favor; ornatur propriis industria donis."

> "Here is a field open for talent; here merit will have
> certain favour—and industry will have its due reward."

What, I ask, has been done in this large field? For a long time nothing was attempted. The military chaplains thought it no part of their duty to speak to their idolatrous brethren. They were left entirely to the tender mercies of the "uncovenanted," who were recruited from the various faiths of Christendom. Did the benighted natives hear from them loving, sweet-winged words of counsel? That would have been strange from men who worship that deity of earthly genesis, called "Odium theologicum." No; they heard expletives, their own time-honoured religion reviled, their inveterate customs regarding meats and drinks ridiculed. The natives declined doctrines they could not comprehend and tenets they could not understand. And their would-be teachers, finding that they would not take the beef, the strong meat of human dogmas, made them take the mustard of abuse, forgetting,

> "That they
> Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way;
> Unless these bullies of eternal pains
> Are pardon'd their bad hearts for their worse brains."

For a very long period, missionaries in India have met with scant success; and possibly the cause is to be found in their having gone the wrong way to work. To attack the strongholds of sin as you would attack an enemy's camp is sure to provoke resistance.

St. Paul did something in the missionary line, but he showed great *tact*, and was well versed in the literature of his hearers, and could appositely refer them to the writings of their own poets when it suited his purpose. It is usual to attribute non-success, to the existence of caste. But is there no such thing as caste in England? Is it not as old as her Christianity? Is there no caste even amongst her clergy? Is there none amongst the covenanted and uncovenanted Padres in India?

Messieurs, ajustez vos flûtes!

The angularities of caste in India will yield to the march of education and science. The whistle of a railway train will work wonders; but it will not make the natives Christians. To effect that, "alia tentanda via est." "Another way must be tried."

Let the missionary be deeply imbued with the milk of human kindness, tact and *common sense*;

be possessed with an aptitude for the acquisition of languages; let him read the Vedas—pick out what is good in them and utilise such materials; and then, armed simply with one of the Gospels, with a few pictures of the good Samaritan, the good Shepherd, etc., he will make more converts than an army of revilers. He will be more likely to gain the heart and affections of a Hindoo by telling him that Rām, whom he ignorantly worships, was the "Father of the Faithful," than by telling him, in withering tones, that he was a harām-zāda.

In every month of the year the Hindoos observe some religious rite or ceremony, in the full persuasion that it will greatly tend to their eternal welfare and happiness.

Some time before the full moon of Phālguna (February, March) the Jhūlan jātrā or solemn swinging of the gods and goddesses, is celebrated. The festival is kept in honour of Krishna and his sweetheart Rādhā. Idols representing these personages are placed in a chair suspended from the roof of the temple or house, and swing to and fro, whilst offerings of fruits etc. are presented. The Brahmins are feasted, and love-songs of the most indecent nature are chanted all night.

The ceremony lasts about three or four days, and terminates with the full moon. It is said that Krishna, who was lord and husband of sixteen hundred wives of the milk-maid class, was much given to this diversion, and no doubt his wives also enjoyed the fun.

The ceremony of bathing Jagannāth (lord of the universe) at Purī, in Orissa, occasions annually a great metā or religious fair. Conveyances of every description are loaded with the rich and the poor, old and infirm, young and beautiful, who press along to witness the ablution of the deity.

On the day of the celebration they surround the temple of the deity, and under the influence of a hot and broiling sun, in garments steaming with perspiration, these religiously intoxicated fanatics fly and rush about rending the air with their barbaric cries of "Jai Jagannāth! (huzzah Jagannāth!)" Dark skinned Cyprians with animated dance and song, aided by a war of conflicting music, keep alive the festivity and excitement throughout the night.

Few Europeans can see anything to admire in the visage of the idol. But in this as in other matters, *chacun à son goût*. A Frenchman was so fascinated with the idol, and was so unhappy when away from its presence, that he obtained permission from the custodians to sleep near the loadstar of his affections. Next morning Jagannāth's vision was certainly *singular*, and most decidedly not binocular. The Frenchman quickly bent his steps towards Malabar, where he had two thousand eight hundred golden reasons offered him, by an Armenian named Schaffras, why he should part with the visual medium. He saw his way *avec ses propres yeux*, to close with the offer. Schaffras is said to have parted with this piece of pure carbon to the Empress Catharine II., in the year 1774, for 450,000 roubles, a pension of 20,000 roubles, and a patent of nobility. It now adds 194 carats to the weight of the Russian Imperial sceptre, and is known by the name of the Orloff diamond.

I have said little respecting the Muhammadans of India, partly because *non omnia possumus*, and partly because, though numbering some forty-one millions, yet, they are but about one-sixth of the entire population. It may not be out of place however to observe that the Muslims of India have become to some extent Hindūized. They affect many of their holidays and observe them. They have moreover adopted prejudices and observances which render it difficult for the casual observer to discriminate between them.

As regards their similarities, both are betrothed and marry at a very early age; both races equally reject a betrothed widow, which circumstance is so much the worse for her, and leads to results which I need not dilate upon.

The Musalmān indulges in processions of images, a practice which is not of Muslim origin. That they have amalgamated and each reflected something of the other is particularly observable in the Hindū custom of strictly preserving their women from the public or private gaze of men.

This custom, which was introduced by their Muhammadan conquerors, has become one of the most strictly observed usages, a violation of which, even by accident, subjects the female to a loss of caste, and the male offender to the same penalty.

With regard to their contrarieties in the disposal of the dead, there is a wide, unerring, never-failing distinction between the two races. The followers of the Prophet deposit their dead in the bowels of mother earth, in a cemetery; whereas the Hindoos, without exception, commit them to the flames of the funeral pyre, or place them on the banks and allow them to be washed away by the currents of their sacred streams.

The Musalmān is bearded like a pard; whereas the Hindoo, unless in mourning, is close shaven, fat, sleek, and scrupulously particular and neat in all arrangements of dress. He has a Tilika (mark on his forehead,) consisting of red yellow or white pigment, indicative of the sect to which he belongs. If a Brahmin, he wears round his neck a rosary of Rutrāksha berries or Tulasee wood, and the janeo or sacred coil of three threads, is worn over the left shoulder.

The opening of the garments of a Hindoo is always on the left of his breast, that of a Musalmān on the right.

These are a few distinctions which most travellers in India cannot help observing. And when such distinctions are founded on religious principles they are undoubtedly entitled to respect and neutrality, even by conquerors. For no despotism can exceed that in tyranny which encroaches on established religion, unless its principles are in direct violation of those which regulate nature and society.

Toleration is a great blessing, an unspeakably great one, and we ourselves are much indebted to it; but then it may be abused, and ought not to be allowed to descend into mawkish sentimentality.

Religious liberty and liberty of conscience, are very specious and fine phrases certainly. But it ought to lessen our surprise that the Hindoo priests through countless generations never attempted to obliterate from their religion those obscenities which deformed it, when we remember that even the saintly Bishop Heber and others objected to the abolition of Satee, thinking it was a direct interference with Hindoo religious liberty.

In mentioning the Bishop's name in connection with such a revolting practice, I do not do so invidiously; but I can only qualify the assertion by a line from Horace—

> "Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."
>
> "Sometimes even the good Homer nods."

When we bear in mind that in one year, in the Bengal Presidency alone, no less than 705 widows underwent self-immolation, we shall most of us be disposed to think that British firmness was on the side of humanity when it at once and for ever abolished the practice of Satee.

The next and last pūjā which I shall mention, for I fear my readers will be getting tired of such puerile information, is the Charkh pūjā, which is observed by the lower orders of Hindoos on the day when the sun enters Aries. It is designated a pūjā, and perhaps rightly so, so far as its gymnastic feats are concerned; but it partakes more of the form of a penance—one of those revolting inflictions which some particular orders of devotees undergo to enhance their claims to a blessed immortality. By others it is undergone either in expiation of their own sins, or of those of others who can afford, and are willing, to pay well for it. The penance is supposed to be of great virtue, but rather disagreeable to the flesh; hence rich people prefer having it done by deputy. A person often loses his caste by circumstances over which he has no control: such as by contact with a mehter or scavenger, whom he did not see, or eating out of a polluted vessel, though not at the time aware of its pollution.

In order to regain his caste, severe mortification must be undergone, either in propriâ personâ, or by proxy.

It requires great powers of endurance, and those who undergo the ordeal prepare themselves for it, and keep up their capabilities by chewing bhāng (*Cannabis sativus*), or gunjah.

A cross beam, in the form of an unbent bow, is made to traverse upon a moving pivot attached to an upright post. To one end of the beam the swinger is fastened by cords, and two hooks passed through the skin and integuments between the scapulæ and the dorsal vertebræ. To the other end of the beam a long cord is attached, which a number of men seize hold of and drag round as fast as their legs can carry them. Such is a description of the ordinary Charkh. The continuance of the swinging is commensurate with the depth of the sin to be expiated.

Two remarkable circumstances are connected with this exercise, or self-torture.

The first is, that when the victim is loosed, by passing a knife through the integuments, little or no hæmorrhage takes place.

And the second is, the ease with which the wounds heal up. Scarcely any inflammation succeeds, though, generally, the exhibition takes place under a burning sun. How are these remarkable facts to be accounted for ?

Accidents very rarely happen, but when they do, they are of a very serious nature. At Entally, on January 12th, 1837, the rope snapped whilst a Sannyāsī (religious mendicant) was being swung. He was thrown to a distance of nearly one hundred feet, and was literally dashed to pieces. I am disposed to think there is some powerful anæsthetic property in bhāng, for very near to where the Sannyāsī was killed, a drunken man presented himself at another Charkh, with a pair of harpoons bored into his thighs just above the knee joints.

After being swung for three-quarters of an hour, he was let down, and found to be quite sober, but complained that he had been swung only for a short time. How is it that men, with impunity, can play such pranks with that delicate piece of mechanism, the human frame ?

I may never live to see it, but possibly some day bhāng and gunjah may be found classed in the British pharmacopœia among the most precious of anodynes.

To preserve the continuation of the narrative I omitted to explain the terms bhāng and gunjah, and will now proceed to do so.

Our common European hemp (*Cannabis sativa*), cultivated for its fibre and seed, is the same plant as the Indian hemp (*Cannabis indica*), which from the earliest ages has been celebrated among Eastern nations for its narcotic virtues. It is not only produced in England and in India, but also in Persia, Arabia, Africa and the Brazils. But it has a wonderful power of adapting itself to differences in soil and climate. Probably in all countries it possesses a peculiar resinous substance in the sap; but in northern climates this resin is of scarcely appreciable quantity. In the warmer regions of the east, it exudes naturally from the flowers leaves and young twigs, and these are collected and dried for the sake of the resin they contain.

The whole plant gathered when in flower, and dried without the removal of the resin, is called gunjah. In this form it is sold in the bazaars and elsewhere in Calcutta. The larger leaves and seed capsules separated from the stalks are called bhāng. It is used in different forms and preparations by not less than two hundred millions of the human race. The effects of the narcotic are very peculiar; but both in *kind* and *degree* they are materially different in a European and an Asiatic. How is this to be accounted for? "Causa latet, vis est notissima." ("The cause is wrapped in darkness, but the effect is most notorious.")

As some of the Hindoo myths are poetical and amusing, I shall give one or two specimens.

The origin of mist is grounded on the following story. One fine summer's morning, Matsaganda the daughter of Dhebar Rājā was tripping along the bank of a beautiful silvery lake, clear as crystal. As she sped along she admired the brightness of the scenery, and the flitting of the beautiful plumaged waterfowl scarcely disturbed by her fairy feet. She was charmed with the mellow laughter of morning dawn and the light murmurs of the southern breeze. Approaching day smiled in brightness, and happiness dwelt around. As she was listlessly musing on these beauties, suddenly there appeared before her a man of large and majestic appearance and richly clad. Taking her tapering hand in his, he thus spoke : "I am Monasir Munī. Lady, thy loveliness has bound me your slave. My heart is gone, and with it happiness, unless you smile on me."

The fair Matsaganda blushed and brightened at these words. She hesitated to reply. She was indeed silent. Munī awaited in impatient ecstasy. At last he took her in his arms ; when, breaking silence, she thus replied : "If thou be a god, darken this sequestered spot of my father's kingdom." Munī created mist.

Rain.—It is supposed that rain is formed not by exhalations from the surface of the earth, but that Indra, the god of the firmament, possesses an enormous elephant, which, when commanded, raises up by his huge proboscis an immense volume of water from the seas and rivers, and then throws it from his lofty portal over the face of the earth.

Clouds.—It is supposed that the clouds are a species of aerial animals, endowed with the sensations of hunger and thirst; and that when hungry they go in crowds to the tops of the highest mountains to feed on the leaves of the sāl trees, which are supposed to be their daintiest food. Whilst engaged in the process of mastication, the froth of their mouths produces t̤alḳ (talc), which we find so plentifully embedded in the bowels of the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

The Phansīgars or Thugs—Ram Lochen Sein; his capture—Gunga Hurree captured after committing fifty murders—Universal consternation and mistrust—Organisation of the Thugs—Speculations as to the origin of Thuggee—Statistics of crime—Another appalling catastrophe—Disasters in Afghanistan and surmises thereon.

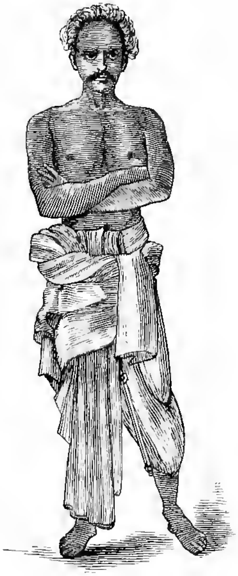
"Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quam sese ore ferens!"—*Virgil.*

"What new guest is this, who has approached our dwelling?
And how proudly he bears himself!"

Of the many plague spots infesting Hindūstān which the Government of the Honourable Company struck at with a powerful and unsparing hand, Thuggee may be considered to have been the principal quarry.

Infanticide, Satee, Jagannāth, and human sacrifices all shrink to a mere vanishing point in the destruction of human life, when compared with the horrible crimes of Thuggee.

Properly speaking, the name of these miscreants was Thags, or Phansī-gārs. But as Thug has become anglicised, I reluctantly adopt the popular spelling to avoid the offensive charge of pedantry. Indeed, in this instance, I can scarcely conceal that cacography has an advantage over orthography. For the more homophonous the term is with bug, the more it gains in appropriateness.



RAM LOCHEN SEIN.

Who was the first king or queen of the Thugs, and how long the dynasty lasted, is *vexata quæstio.* One thing is certain, it extended north and south, east and west over the whole of Hindūstān.

There really was an *imperium in imperio,* an unwritten law over and above the law of the land, which bid fair to produce results which would have astonished even the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, had he been living.

When once public attention was fairly directed to these merciless and mysterious rebels, and some knowledge gained of their organisation and pathways of murder, a silent system of atrocity was discovered, unthought of by the higher authorities and equally discredited by most of the magistrates and police officers.

At length the Supreme Council of Lord William Bentinck took the matter up warmly, and soon the efforts of the officers appointed in different localities for the suppression of Thuggee, traced out and showed clearly how deeply and extensively the great social evil pervaded the finest provinces of India.

The appalling revelations made by such of the captured Thugs as were admitted *approvers*, were confirmed by the discovery of the corresponding remains of murdered travellers.

Their system was found to be not only extensive, but regulated by machinery the most perfect and complete.

Thugs were found amongst the chief officers of villages, amongst the large landed proprietors, amongst shopkeepers, religious mendicants, and even among the troops and government officials.

Their economy was not limited or hampered by the distinctions of caste: Hindoo as well as Musalmān freely concerted together to practise the fascinating sport—the steady pursuit to death of old and young, robust and infirm.

All were sacrificed by these relentless and horridly deceitful miscreants. It seemed a high and stirring game against human life—to this they were initiated, solemnly sworn to and dedicated. Time, which is said to change all things, neither blunted their appetite for human life, nor did age and its concomitants deaden the passion for hunting down their fellow-men to death.

Destruction was their war-cry. The great Mahādevī was their goddess.

Ram Lochen Sein, whose portrait heads this chapter, was one of thirteen notorious Thugs sent to me by Captain Sleeman, for the purpose of showing me how completely all trace of the real character of these men was merged in the assumed one of honest and respectable citizens.

Much as a Mofussil life, in which adventures with the denizens of the jungle had played a conspicuous part, had rendered me independent in the matter of my own personal safety, I must confess, that as the Thug, panther-like, sprang lightly up the steps of my bungalow, and stood on the floor of its verandah, a line from Virgil would not unfairly represent how I received the unexpected visitor in irons.

> "Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."
>
> "I was astonished, my hair stood erect, and my voice lingered in my throat."

It certainly afforded me some assurance when I observed that the najeeb in charge, though apparently without any vigilance and lazily leaning against the balustrade of the verandah, was, nevertheless, keeping his eye steadily fixed on his prisoner.

There stood face to face before me, Ram Lochen Sein—an authentic Thug. With folded arms and inquiring and unabashed features, he peered into my face. He was naked from the waist upwards, and the development of a strong light wiry make appeared to me perfect of its kind. His arms were well articulated for strength.

My old tutors, Fuseli and Haydon, would have been charmed with such a model. There was nothing of a restless or suspicious bearing about him. He seemed quite unconscious that there had been anything in his former life, or was in his present position, to be wished for otherwise than as it existed.

As he had no objection to my sketching his portrait, I did so; and he afterwards seemed pleased with my delineation of his outward self.

Being pleased with my apparent interest in him, and having been accepted as an approver, he entered freely into conversation; and I gleaned much curious information from him respecting the secret fraternity to which he belonged.

He was bland mild and persuasive in manner, with a somewhat determined eye.

No one would have suspected him of being a Thug, and yet he had been playing at that game for fifteen years, and was moreover a hereditary Thug.

He was an inveigler, and his duties were to seduce and entice unwary travellers into the hands of the gang.

Our hero's capture was so very singular that I ought not to omit to mention it.

Some of Captain Sleeman's true and trusty men had gained information that Ram Lochen Sein was connected with the secret fraternity, and they accordingly paid a visit to his residence. Somehow this consummate master of hypocrisy managed to allay and remove their suspicions, and the police retired, leaving him a free man.

One would have thought that the fact of his having had a visit from the Chauki-dārs would have made him doubly careful of attracting attention. Not so; as if "quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat." ("Those whom God has a mind to destroy, He first deprives of their senses.")

Next morning Ram Lochen Sein proceeded to head-quarters, and bearded the lion in his den. He complained that his house had been searched by the police; talked glibly of the sanctity of his castle, the rights of man and the liberty of the subject; but no sooner was he confronted and recognised by an approver, than he became chapfallen, and was obliged to confess that he was a Thug.

He was admitted as an approver on the usual terms—he was excused from being hanged, or transported, on condition of his giving the fullest information, and rendering all possible assistance to the authorities.

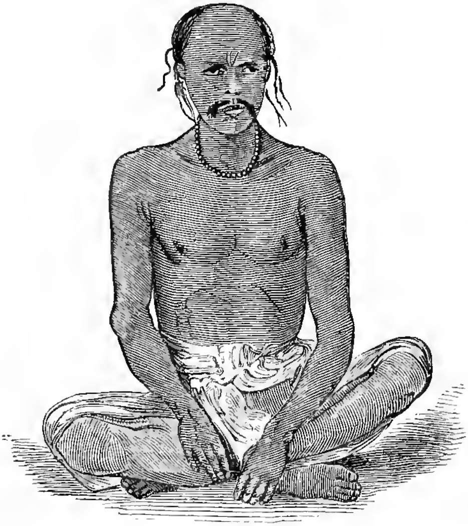
My desire now was to obtain portraits for my own satisfaction and amusement of some more of these miscreants; and feeling sure that Captain Sleeman would oblige me, I proceeded to his quarters. He very readily acceded to my wishes, and orders were given to render me every assistance.

On arrival at the Kaid-khāne, I selected twelve of the most notorious villains: some were high caste Brahmins, and most of them were leaders of gangs.

The second portrait I have favoured the reader with, is that of Gunga Hurree, a metar (sweeper), who was a river Thug, and had committed fifty murders between Moorshedābād and Bareilly.

As I finished one sketch, the original was taken back to prison, and another brought before me. In this way I soon obtained thirteen most interesting portraits.

And as I now look at them spread out before me, they carry my recollections back to days when public excitement ran very high indeed. Both natives and Europeans were kept on the tip-toe of expectation.



GUNGA HURREE.

Men who had always been esteemed as most respectable, and far above all suspicion, were brought in and convicted of most cruel and brutal murders. The very secrecy which permeated throughout the Thug system only tended to intensify the excitement and make imagination gallop. No one knew but that one or more of his own servants might be a Thug—confidence was shaken, and universal mistrust prevailed.

According to the information I was able to pick up, it would seem there were two kinds of Thugs; but both had the same object in view. One kind frequented the great water-ways of traffic, and the other the most important high roads.

They usually went in gangs of fifteen or twenty.

Those on land assumed the appearance of ordinary honest traders. They appeared to meet by accident, and as perfect strangers, and seemed glad to accept the company of others for the sake of the additional safety it promised them. Horses they had: some for riding, others for burden and merchandise. They possessed good tents, and all the paraphernalia requisite for long journeys.

Those who plied their vocation on the rivers, were the owners of excellent boats, capable of affording first-rate accommodation for passengers, and of carrying a certain amount of luggage and cargo. Like our thieves and tramps, the Thugs had a business language of their own, or rather *jargon*, I ought to call it. Each of the two classes I have mentioned comprised one jemadār or leader; one guru or teacher; one sothas or inveigler; two or more bhuttoes or stranglers; one lughaee or grave-digger; the rest were assistants. If on shore, they attended to the horses and various impedimenta connected with a large cavalcade; if on the river they acted as sailors, sometimes rowing, sometimes tracking with the goon, as circumstances required.

The duty of the inveigler was, as I have said, to entice the traveller into the hands of his gang. He generally held some position on shore which threw him in the way of travellers. If he discovered that his victim was worth the rūmal (handkerchief), he would alarm him with hints of thieves on the road he purposed taking; would recommend some parties, who were encamped in the safest part of the neighbourhood—some company of travellers in whose kāfila he would be sure to be safe. If the opportunity offered, he never failed to assist the traveller in packing his luggage, and giving him the most kind advice. After thus wriggling himself into favour, he would, perhaps, offer to intercede with the kāfila to allow him to join it. I need scarcely add that the kāfila (company of travellers) was a gang of Thugs.

It will be seen that the inveigler was a very important factor of the gang. Great plausibility and good address were absolutely necessary. In fact, it was necessary he should answer to the description contained in the old monkish rhyme:

"Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis."

"Honey in his mouth, words of milk,
Gall in his heart, and fraud in his acts."

And what is there which such a hypocrite cannot and will not do?

The leader of the gang was also, necessarily, an important personage. He had to understand the various omens, and, decisively, act accordingly. The rules of war were numerous, and, but for their violation, the Thugs maintain they would never have been found out.

If the unfortunate traveller's route lay by water, say from Berhampore to Rāj Mehal along the Bhagīrathi, on embarking he would find the stranglers seated in the cabin, dressed as most respectable merchants. Some of the party would do the tracking and rowing; others kept a good look out, and when the coast was clear, the signal was given to the stranglers. The rūmal was expertly thrown round the stranger's neck, and after his spine had been broken, he was pitched into the river through a hole in the side of the boat. No blood having been shed, there were no clothes to wash, and before the party reached Moorshedābād, all was in apple-pie order for more passengers. Thus they proceeded, ever embarking, never landing!

The different classes of Thugs had different ways of using the rūmal; but there are many reasons which render minute details very undesirable.

It may not be without interest if I give a somewhat more general view of the work done by these human monsters. The following brief statistics from 1826–30 inclusive, refer to the murder of *treasure-carriers* only.

	District.	No. of persons murdered.	Amount of treasure obtained.
1826	Surat	14	25,000 rupees.
1827	Khandeish	7	22,000 ,,
1828	,,	9	12,000 ,,
1828	Deccan	9	40,000 ,,
1829	Khandeish	6	82,000 ,,
1830	Baroda	25	10,000 ,,

In pursuing an inquiry into the origin of the horrible practices of Thuggee, it seems natural in the first place to ask what the Thugs themselves had to say on the subject.

If the evidence adduced at the various trials may be regarded as conclusive, then Bhawāni, alias Mahā-devī, alias Durgā, wife of Siva, instituted the Thug dynasty.

In remote ages she overcame a gigantic demon who devoured mankind. But though successful in slaying the anthropophagous being, yet, from his blood that was shed there arose other demons, whereupon the goddess created two men, whom she supplied with rūmals from the rim of her garment, and instructed them how to strangle the demons without bloodshed. This accomplished, she commanded them to strangle men in a similar manner, she undertaking to dispose of their bodies. One of the initiated had the prying curiosity to watch the goddess, which presumption she punished by saying they must hereafter bury the dead for themselves, giving at the same time one of her teeth to serve as a pickaxe. Hence, the order of Thugs, or Phansīgārs.

When before the judges, the prisoners stoutly maintained that they had been actuated in their deeds by purely religious and *conscientious* motives, and that by appeasing and honouring the sanguinary goddess, they were best promoting their own happiness and welfare.

Plunder they did not despise, and they divided it as follows: to the leader of the gang, two shares of booty; to the stranglers, one share and a half; to the rest of the gang, one share; and five annas were solemnly set aside for pūjās in honour of the goddess.

This extraordinary proof of gratitude for favours received is only equalled by one of which I read when a small boy.

Having obtained the loan of a copy of Ruddiman's 'Rudiments,' and an early edition of Ainsworth's 'Latin Dictionary,' and having made considerable progress, I longed to possess a Latin author. My finances were slender; but for a few coppers I managed to pick up a thick, fat, worm-eaten little book, minus the title-page and the first ten leaves. It was in Latin, and that was what I wanted. And although the type was small and wretched, yet no child was ever better pleased with a tin-whistle than I was with my purchase. With the help of Ainsworth I dived into the chapter headed "Naufragium." With what avidity I devoured it! Amiable Erasmus, you afforded me many a pleasant hour. When I found out the name of my author I longed to know more about him. And, although I subsequently read that when at a convent he used to steal the abbot's pears, and once, when seen, imitated so well the limp of a fellow scholar, that he was the cause of his being flogged, and though he was denounced by Luther as a hypocrite, still I entertained for him the tenderest regard and to this day "agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ," ("I recognise some traces of my former flame") for my first Latin author. So strong and lasting are first and early impressions. But to return. Erasmus represents Adolphus as entertaining Antoninus with an account of his shipwreck; how, that the waves were higher than the Alps, and as often as the ship was carried up on their heights, one might have touched the moon with one's finger; how all the passengers cried to their respective saints, and made wondrous vows as to what they would do in return, if they would only bring them safe to land. One, I remember, promised Saint Christopher a wax figure as big as his statue on the top of the church in Paris. But on a friend's telling him, that if he sold all his goods and chattels by auction he could not pay for it, the other, in a subdued tone, so that S. Christopher should not hear, said, "Tace fatue; an credis me ex animi sententia loqui? Si semel contigero terram, non daturus sum illi candelam sebaceam." ("Silence, you idiot! Do you think I am speaking my real mind? If only once I set my foot ashore, I shall not give him so much as a tallow candle.")

To follow up the simile: if we respectively measure the belief of these gentlemen in the existence of their benefactors by their gratitude towards them—in the one case, a tallow candle, *not even that*, for deliverance from such a storm, in the other, a sevenpence halfpenny pūjā, in return for 4000*l.* sterling!—we may safely relegate the belief in such patrons to the limbo of dubious entities.

Those who have transcendental views respecting the *cultus* of gods and goddesses are free to entertain them. But in my humble opinion the origin of Thuggee was the result of centuries of despotism and oppression, which made India a Golgotha; when lawless rapine, wholesale butchery, flaying, impaling alive, and hunting down the inhabitants like wild beasts, drove the unfortunate subjects to the practice of artifice, duplicity, and cunning in order to obtain a livelihood.

However, Thuggee became a thing of the past;

Captain Sleeman was rewarded, people recovered from their consternation, and matters had settled down into their normal condition, when lo! a change came over the spirit of our dreams in consequence of the dreadful tidings communicated from Afghānistān, viz., the destruction of our entire army in the Khyber passes.

In considering and reflecting on the probable cause of the insurrection at Kābul, the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes, the murder of Sir William Macnaghten, the destruction of our army in the Khyber passes, and in the endeavour to form some opinion on the measures that assuredly produced these disasters, it cannot but appear to the unprejudiced mind, and to those who have given the subject any consideration, that the proceedings pursued by the great movers in this melancholy drama, viz., our political agents in that country, have been marked by a folly of reliance, a fatal security, and a blind dependence on the impossibility of reverses, that neither the existing state of affairs at the time of the outbreak nor subsequent events could in any way justify.

It may readily be supposed that our authorities never could have contemplated the possibility of a complete overthrow of our jurisdiction, a sacrifice of the principal actors themselves, or the utter annihilation of so formidable a force as five or six thousand British troops—a force which, under any circumstances, if combined and properly commanded is not easily destroyed.

If we take only the news at hand of events occurring in the immediate neighbourhood, and known in Kābul from the period of the departure of the 13th Light Infantry and the 35th Native Infantry, en route to Hindūstān, there can scarcely remain a doubt on one's mind, that neither men nor measures were either combined or marked with that foresight, judgment or brilliant execution that generally has been the tribute heretofore allowed to our military movements and political enterprises in India.

Common caution seems to have been repudiated, as well as those arrangements for every-day security which, in our own peaceful and well-regulated Indian districts and provinces, usually accompany such important trusts as were confided at this period to the hands of our political authorities.

It must be carefully borne in mind, that we were in Kābul some six hundred miles distant from the assistance and support of our Indian Government, with an almost insurmountable natural barrier in the strength of the country between us and Hindūstān, and rendered quite impracticable at a particular season of the year; that our forces were scattered and isolated through the country, and lastly that we had an enemy who had proved himself determinedly obstinate, brave, artful, and not only opposed to us as invaders of their soil and deposers of a favourite feudal chieftain, but as rank and detested infidels to their religion;—a people who carried the creed of their Prophet to a fury of fanaticism at times utterly uncontrollable, subject to sudden and momentary religious frenzies and who held equally in holy detestation and abhorrence Muhammadans of other countries as they detested the white Kāfir tribe or infidel of Europe.

But let us, in the first place, take a view of the state of our arrangements in and about Kābul at the time of the insurrection and commencement of this desolating catastrophe, as well as previous to any known disposition to revolt in the city itself.

Was the Provisional Government so destitute of information as to the general feeling of the country outside, or did they so thoroughly despise the Afghāns, that they noticed not the communications they received of the agitated state of the Ghiljies, nor sought measures of precaution against the spirit of dissatisfaction which many military men knew existed, and reported at the time?

There must have been a fatal feeling of security pervading their councils, when they sent the 35th Native Infantry, armed only with old worn-out flint muskets and two guns, with orders to "chastise those rascals, and open the road to India," such a road too, as they had reason to remember from previous acquaintance.

This movement took place on 9th of October, and the 35th Native Infantry had scarcely cleared the city of Kābul when they were attacked and suffered great loss. In short the 13th and 35th regiments had to fight every inch of their way to Jellalabad, which they did not reach till the 13th of January, 1842. The whole of the camp equipage was lost, the wounded and sick numbered three hundred, and many brave officers and men lost their lives on the march.

Now this opposition and determined resistance commenced, it may be said, at the very gates of Kābul, in which sat our Provisional Government, and ought at once to have indicated to them the perturbed and uncertain state affairs were in. Further, we are assured it was well known in the city, before the brigade marched, that our supplies of grain collected for the force in the Tizeen Valley, and on which the existence of 8000 men and animals depended, had been destroyed by the enemy; yet, strange to say, the stores at intermediate stages were left unprotected, but fortunately they were in some unaccountable manner overlooked by the Afghāns. This may tend to illustrate the execrable arrangement that prevailed, and we are not surprised to learn that when the force arrived at Jellalabad, they had only two days' stores, and not a single rupee though the troops had five or six months' pay due.

Now this force left Kābul on the 9th of October, and the insurrection did not break out there until November 2nd, during which period the British treasury was protected by only a few Native Infantry in the middle of the native town (the bazaar); and our stores, constituting the whole of our commissariat supplies, were situated in so insecure a place, and so ill guarded, that we are told that on the second day of the outbreak the populace got possession of and completely destroyed them.

Here was a circumstance in itself sufficient to cast dismay over the stoutest heart, and create despair, dissatisfaction and doubt in the minds of our English and native soldiers—a feeling which the authorities do not appear to have relieved or dissipated by any subsequent acts.

Now in considering these untoward events, it must occur to every one acquainted with the internal arrangements of our Indian Government, that even the usual precautions for the safety of these departments were neglected and disregarded; for we know that for the safe transmission of only two or three lakhs of rupees through our own peaceable provinces, in the centre of our power, and without the remotest chance of an enemy, a force of one or two companies of Native Infantry are applied for by regulation, and are obliged to be appointed to this duty, under the name of treasure parties; and also that the Government would as soon place treasure for security in the bosom of the river Hoogly, or the public road, as deposit it in the Barā or native bazaar in Calcutta, although in that case it would be under the very guns of Fort William. Yet we have it from all accounts authenticated, that the Government treasure and the very subsistence and life of our force, and all dependent on them, were left scarcely protected, six hundred miles from home, in an enemy's city, with the knowledge of the opposition our troops had met with outside its gates staring them in the face, and in so insecure a position that on the first day of the insurrection the treasury was sacked, and the second day brought with it the astounding calamity that all our provisions had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

In the second place, let us consider how our forces were arranged and situated in Kābul. It seems they were divided into two bodies. Brigadier Shelton, with one company of the 44th Queen's, two of the 5th Bengal Native Infantry, and two horse artillery-guns were in the Bala Hissar or fort; and Sir William Macnaghten with the rest of the force were in cantonments on the very worst site that could have been chosen, and some three miles off. The latter were well supplied with ammunition, but short of provisions. So the two forces were separated from each other by the town and the river.

I think the late Sir Alexander Burnes estimated the population of Kābul at 60,000 souls.

Now it was clear that we had the whole of the fighting portion of these and also a deep river between our two positions.

And in the very centre of this nest of hornets, and at their complete mercy, were our money and our provisions.

Here was a tempting position for a disaffected, cunning, numerous and courageous enemy—an enemy whose habits of plunder, rapine and tumult are innate and nursed in them from their infancy.

But to proceed. The authorities knew that Sir Robert Sale had been fighting all the way from Kābul to Gundamuk, yet they took no measures to strengthen our defences, unite our forces, or secure our provisions and treasure.

The guns and ammunition were still kept wide apart.

Why did the forces in the cantonments not join those in the Bala Hissar, where it is clear the poor miserable puppet Sha Sūja held his own long after we were annihilated? No; the fatal curtain seemed to have been allowed to rise to its zenith and expose our scattered and unprotected state, as if we bore "a charmed life," or were residing in the midst of a perfectly subdued and peaceful people. Whereas our political agents had at this period broken faith with and goaded the Ghiljies into revolt, and knew how disaffected they were.

The reflection that most naturally intrudes itself on us is, how could this insecure state of affairs have been allowed to exist by the civil authorities in Kābul, and on whom, in this imbecile affair, will the blame of faulty proceedings ultimately rest? Time can only develope this to the letter. But I fear it will eventually centre itself in the unfortunate envoy himself, who has become the second sacrifice to the duplicity and ferocity of the Afghān chiefs.

Perhaps it may not be here extraneous to these thoughts to say that the political department in India, under Lord Auckland's administration, rose to a very high state of supremacy.

Although always a much coveted and important branch of our establishment, it certainly became a most powerful arm of his lordship's patronage, and a very favourite reward with him for merit among the several branches of the service.

These onerous and important duties had usually devolved on the civil department of the service; but his lordship, though not a military Governor General, rather diverged from the beaten track of former patronage, and numbers of very young military men under his administration were translated to this department. I remember well when nothing was so much talked of or desired by young military aspirants as the political department.

And in many instances it was astonishing what a metamorphosis was effected by the simple announcement that Lieutenant So-and-so of the Cavalry, or Infantry, or Engineers, was transferred to the office of the Political Agent, &c.

This arrangement, however, occasionally presented the anomalous fact, that Lieutenant So-and-so was in command of his own colonel. Such an arrangement was preposterous and unjustifiable: it entailed eternal disputes between the Political Agent and the commander of the forces. The very post is of doubtful utility. This *imperium in imperio* was well illustrated at the commencement of the Burmese war, when there was no end to the disputes, squabbles and interferences between the Political Agent attached to the expedition and Sir Archibald Campbell, amounting often to an almost stagnation of the operations of the troops. It was not until a man was appointed who refrained from undue interference in the military part of the expedition, that Sir A. Campbell was enabled to push on his operations with that independence of movement so essential to success.

So too as regards operations on the Indus. It is an open secret that Sir H. Fane relinquished his command because the powers invested in the envoy trammelled his progress, humiliated his judgment, and he found they were not compatible with the integrity of his command.

It is to be regretted that General William Keith-Elphinstone, who was worn out and enfeebled by illness and disease, was not better supported by his subordinates. The second in command was Lieutenant-Colonel Shelton of the 44th Queen's, a man as notorious for his want of ability, as for his tyrannical disposition which was the cause of almost mutiny in that gallant corps on several occasions.

It was well known to residents in India that his men had again and again declared that "they never would fight under him."

These circumstances, combined with others as yet unrevealed, may have had a great moral effect on the whole force, commencing with the Europeans and communicating itself to the native portion.

It is well known that in the retreat the European regiment soon fell into disorder, and even refused to fight.

After the death of poor Anquetil, the little order and courage in the devoted 44th fled, and, as we know, the entire army, amounting to 4500 fighting men with 12,000 camp-followers, were annihilated.

Had the troops in the cantonments, at the commencement of the outbreak, effected a junction with the force in the citadel, strengthened the defences, and brought in the stores treasure and ammunition under the protection of the guns, they might have shelled and laid the whole city in ashes, thus taking from the rebels their only shelter.

Who was to blame depends on how far the Government will allow the details of this wretchedly mismanaged and melancholy tragedy to transpire.

CHAPTER X.

Snipe shooting—Epistle on snipe shooting, from Ned Copper Cap, Esq., to George Trigger—George Trigger's reply to Ned Copper Cap—Black partridge.

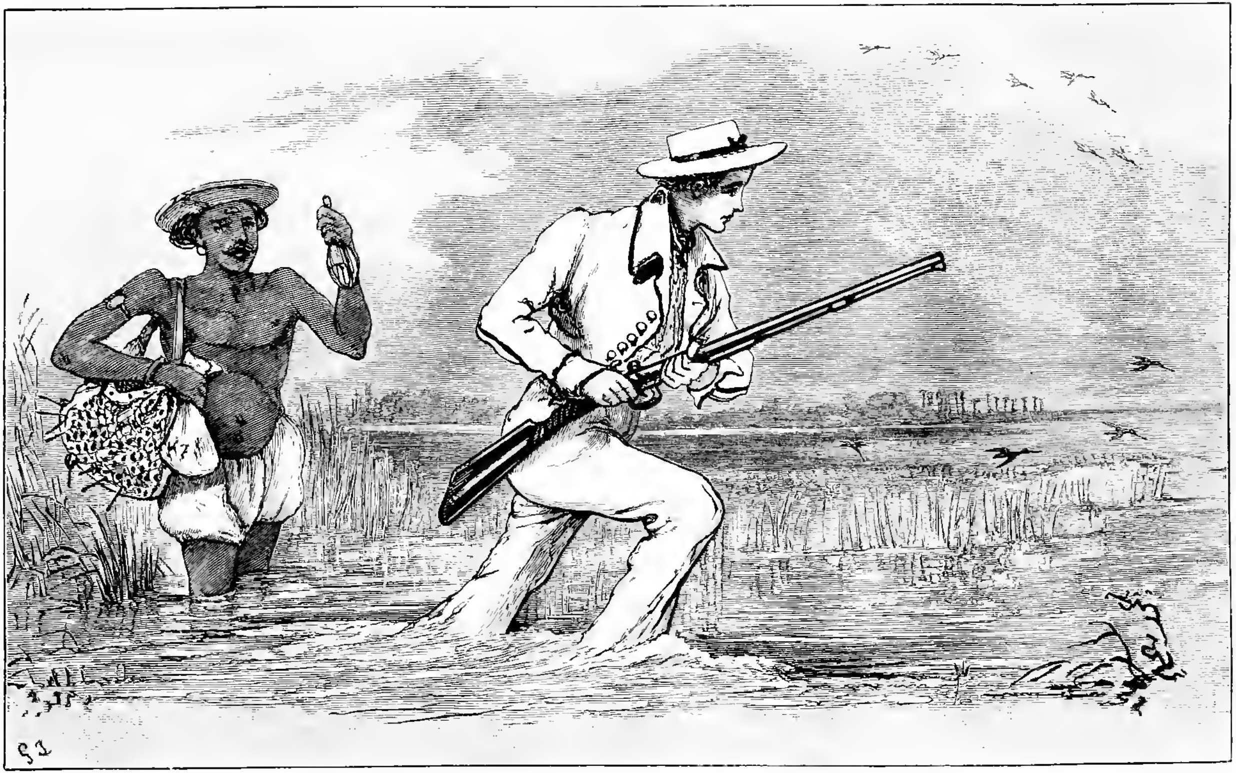
> "Si sine amore jocisque
> Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque."
> —*Horace.*

> "If nothing appears to you delightful without love and sports, then live in sports and love."

I LOVE shooting. It is enjoyed in the open air. It removes one from the vicinity of flat-roofed, candle-pillared, sun-dried, brick-built, mulligatawny looking houses. You pursue it alone, or, in the society of a friend, equally well. Occasionally it is (I allow) rather hot work, but to a man whose particular taste may lead him to the viewing and enjoying the rays of that great luminary, the sun, shooting affords him the very best opportunity. A good day's snipe shooting is however, in my opinion, sufficiently exciting to keep away all thoughts and fidgetings about either his power, influence or effects.

As yet old Phœbus has behaved with great

[*To face page* 172.



SNIPE-SHOOTING.

liberality and kindness towards me, nor has he ever even shown an inclination in his hottest moments to quarrel. He has now, for some years past, thrown his burning beams pretty freely about my head when in pursuit of the snipe, and up to this day I am unscathed.

This, however, says nothing, for the old proverb hath it—"What is one's man's meat is another man's poison." But physicians could, if they would, prove distinctly that when the system is under one particular excitement it is not subject to another. Hence my impunity may be due to my enthusiastic fondness for the sport.

To pursue snipe effectually, the sportsman requires many qualifications, among which I note the following: unremitting fag and bottom, fortitude and some constitution. He should be almost impregnable to the approaches of diseases; to bogs, swamps, water, rain, sun, and chick-weed no stranger; be able to put up, comfortably and complacently, with wet feet, occasionally a wet jacket, sometimes a paucity of birds, a mahogany countenance, dry throat, and generally amphibious habits. All these enumerated qualifications are not drawbacks, but trifles in the estimation of the true sportsman; and, if I may speak for myself, or according to my feelings, doubting not but that I express those of most men devoted to the following of this elegant bird, I must say that snipe shooting is superior to every other department of the chase where fowling forms the medium of its enjoyment.

The following observations hastily thrown together on the habits and pursuit of the snipe may perhaps possess some interest.

On the snipe at home I have had such little opportunity of making observations that it would savour little short of presumption to assert that it is the same species we find in the Bengal jheels.

But such is my opinion. There are some slight differences, and to the best of my recollection and ability, I will describe them.

The bill of the Indian snipe* is rather of a lighter colour, and more green towards the nostril; the spoon a little broader, and apparently less sensitive.

The legs of a paler colour, less white on the breast: all differences of so slight a nature that possibly my fancy may have conjured them up. In every other respect he seems to me the same, arriving about the usual time, viz., September, seeking the same feeding ground, about the same weight (when in condition), and flying very often as strong.

When I say "seeking the same ground," it is not to be supposed I mean paddy lands; but in Egypt he is met with in the same identical sort of cultivation. There, as in Bengal, he feeds in the highly cultivated and overflowed rice fields. The khets (with us) are his favourite September haunts, and in this fine tufted grain, *without a weed*, you find him—on a rich soapy clay bottom as even as a dish of hasty pudding or paste just set—with his breast lightly resting on a dry root or stem; there he insinuates his sensitive bill, and explores with it the recesses of the soil for his food, which, if in abundance, he soon fattens, when he often requires to be kicked up, and becomes a pretty easy shot to any one at all accustomed to hold a gun straight.

---

* [Scolopax gallinago.]

It has been said of this bird that he "fattens in one night"—an assertion I should not like the credit of having made. I have however shot them on the 5th and 6th of September in superb condition, both blow and feather, and I feel convinced they could not have been in above five or six days. The ground, I must observe, was of the finest description; most of it transplanted paddy, with about three inches of *a week's old water* on it, all clear at bottom, not a thing to intercept the sight of the bird. Such patches of ground you fall in with at the edges of jheels from which the khets are irrigated. They are generally bounded lightly round, and when bordered with toot (mulberry) are still more likely for the snipe. The deep ditches that surround the mulberry khets are also generally well sprinkled with snipe, and the sportsman will always do right to beat the edges of them thoroughly.

For myself, I am always very curious in exploring such haunts, having found birds delight to settle there, and that they generally lie close.

In these sort of places I have often turned over three or four brace without scarcely moving from the spot,—a circumstance which one day gave rise to a friend (who was shooting at some distance) observing of me—"Why, twist the fellow, he is firing at a mark."

I rather query whether that distinguishing peculiarity of snipes invariably flying against the wind so well authenticated, and so often described as an undeviating fact in the bird at home, is so apparent in those we meet with in this country. For my own part I should say not, feeling certain I have observed as many birds going down the wind as up it. Should this be right, it is therefore of little consequence whether the wind is at the sportman's back or in his face, *save one: the advantage of seeing your game better.* There can be no doubt that the minute particles floating in the air, particularly when there is a *true* snipe breeze, and which are ever lit up on a sunny day, making you fancy the landscape is moving behind them, are more dazzling and annoying to the sight with the wind in your face than otherwise, and that their effect is to take away and destroy in a great measure that steadiness and precision of eye so requisite at times even to the best shots.

On Snipe Shooting.

To George Trigger, Esq.

My dear George,—What a pretty bird is a snipe, and what pretty shooting is snipe shooting! Seeing a spaniel flush a snipe is as pretty a thing as I could wish to see. I allude to England. Ask a good sportsman what shooting he likes best, and he will tell you snipe shooting. Ask him why, and he will answer, that there is no poking work, no butchery, as with pheasants. In this country I invariably use dogs—I mean pointers—which, I believe, you do not; if so, I should recommend you to try them. Give it a fair trial,—one week's work and you will be delighted. I think George Trigger possesses some black dogs which I should venture to say are of Spanish stock. In England I have shot snipe as early as September, which is very rare. In October and November I have repeatedly shot them; they, however, are not plentiful till December. Foggy days and moonlight nights make the best time for finding snipes: they travel by night and never leave in foggy weather. Depend upon it, that snipes almost invariably fly against the wind. So perfectly satisfied am I of it that if I have not my dogs with me, I send two men always to leeward and remain to windward, keeping the line; and I have almost invariably had the shot if it was put up by the farthest beater.

But that is only in tacking; for as long as I could go down wind, I should always prefer it, as I am sure of a side shot as they haul up to the breeze, and such shots are not easily missed. I have heard from a first-rate sportsman their reason for facing the breeze, and, I think it is sufficiently obvious the snipe is very thinly feathered about the back, rather, I should say, delicately,—not stiff enough to resist the wind, but their breast is very well provided with small close-set feathers; so by flying against the wind they get rid of the annoyance I mentioned,—the ruffling of the feathers. Now, Mr. George, I should like to try my hand with you in the same jheel, say, on a fine sunny snipe day, with strong north-east breeze, I shooting down wind, and you up.

I should get more shots than you would, and, consequently, more birds; for a snipe is a bird I very rarely miss. As for double shots, you would be blinded by the smoke of the first barrel. I would bet you a trifle, I should kill three birds to your two. How useful is the pointer in picking up the stragglers; and really it is worth going out to see a good dog act! I think with you that the snipe of our shores is the same bird and species as the Bengal snipe. I think the bird in this country flies slower than the bold Britisher, but that is very easily accounted for. I attribute it to better feed, and their consequent fatness, besides their being less disturbed, and consequently less wild. I can see no difference in the jack-snipe of the two countries. At home I have seen a jack-snipe give a person five hours' shooting.

I think you would find No. 8 a good substitute for 7,—No. 9 is meant for murder, not for sport. White is decidedly the worst colour for a shooting dress. I should recommend a light green or brown, and a ventilating topee, which keeps one's head delightfully cool. Merely take your card-cutter and punch half a dozen holes round the sides, just under the crown, and one in the centre of the crown; and if that does not feel a pound lighter at the end of the day, as well as keep out all pernicious effects of the sun, I'm a downright Lord William,—a Dutchman. I hope you never treat yourself to brandy and water out—I always find it increases my thirst. Now if I feel a little nervous I find the best sedative in a good cheroot. I hope you never begin before eleven, from which time till four they lie like stones—though you may spend the early part of the morning very profitably amongst the wild ducks and teal, of which I have seen something at home. I was watching the flight in amongst a lot more sailors apparently, and smugglers, on the southern coast of England. We were scattered all over the marsh—it was night. Bang went a gun, pitter patter came the shot all round me. Thinks I to myself this is really pleasant, but how shall I tell the fellow so? I preferred the *argumentum ad hominem*, and let fly both barrels in the direction where I had seen the flash of his gun.

His astonishment vented itself in oaths. He, not thinking it prudent to remain so near a Griff, went away.

Another I have seen, a son of the emerald isle, with a sand bag at the butt of his gun, taking a most deliberate aim, on his knees, which rather surprised me, as the birds were flying over him. The gun, however, did go off, and down fell Paddy. —"Why Paddy," said I, "you must load pretty heavy."—"Oh, no matter of that, your honour, a matter of sax fingers at the iverige!"—"Well, but what makes you kneel down when you fire?"—"Sure is it not that I have not so far to fall, your honour."

I have repeatedly heard some people assert that they have seen snipe before rising. *Credat Judæus!* I have shot many, but never saw one on the ground that was not dead. The real secret in killing snipe is not to be flurried by that ominous cry of "scape, scape." Knock him over directly he rises, or let him fly fifty yards, and he will have ceased twisting, and will fly steady; and a snipe is never out of shot—I mean that a snipe may be killed at eighty yards.

I shall be most happy should you come this way to try my system of shooting snipe against yours, and if I come down your way, shall do the same, and will drink a bottle to the downfall of the intruder.

I am, my dear George Trigger,
With profound respect,
NED COPPER CAP.

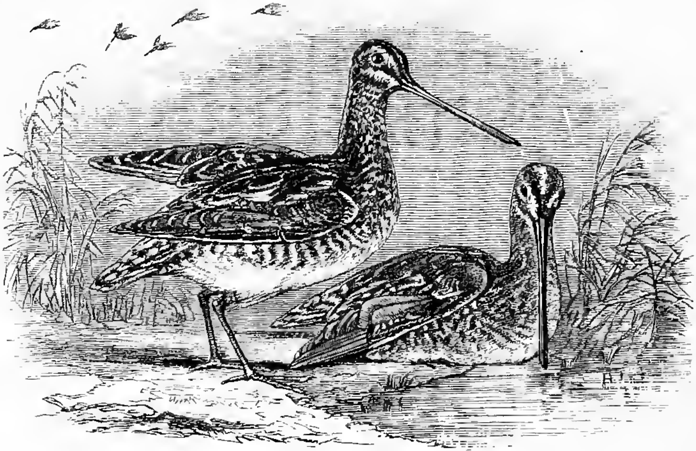
To NED COPPER CAP, Esq.

MY DEAR NED,—I am really quite delighted at hearing from one whose admiration and enthusiasm for that elegant sport, snipe shooting, appear equal to my own.

With, most probably, all your English feeling about you, you hail this as the first of shooting pleasures, and my own home recollections, I assure you, are equally vivid and warm on the subject of this elegant sport.

A cock, or four or five couple of snipe, in my time, counted more in the sportsman's bag, than four times the number of either hare, pheasant, or partridge, and I am happy in supposing that a dozen years have not altered the feelings and opinions of the lovers of the trigger on this particular pursuit.

After conning over very attentively your friendly and excellent communication, it did not appear to me that we differed materially on the peculiarities of the sport, and I came to the conclusion that when you have rubbed off a little of your English prejudices in our Bengal jheels, and become more acquainted with them—the bird of this country, his habits, &c. —that we may almost or entirely agree.



INDIAN SNIPE.

Many of your ideas appear to me (now take this kindly) to smack slightly of snipe shooting near the great City of Palaces, in the vicinity of which I have myself, as a "Ditcher," partaken of the amphibious sport; perfectly "I think," a different one in most of its details to what we enjoy in the Mofussil.

In the first place, I cannot be as orthodox as you wish me, and seem yourself to be, on the two crotchets: that the pointer is so valuable an addition to the sportsman when in pursuit of the bird, and that the snipe in this country invariably flies against the wind.

With respect to using pointers in pursuing them, my dear Ned, a little experience in the months of September and October will, no doubt, show you the absurdity and impossibility of doing so, either for the purpose of *finding* or *retrieving*. No pointer of good English blood, or even the best currency, can work an hour after ten o' clock in either of the above months; independent of which, *I defy him to find as he ought.* Old Phœbus in September has his annual fever on him, and I declare that I think it is the hottest month in the whole year. This month and October are the two best for following the long bills, and you will further find, that one man to carry your powder-bag and charges, and one to work, is the "ticket for soup."

For my own part, I would not take out one of my "Spanish," as you are pleased to call them, for four times his value. No, no; these tits are reserved for the whole quail that ought to be in during the whole of October. Daylight then sees me on the ground, enjoying in a degree English partridge shooting in miniature. Then, my delight is to see the good working and steadiness of the dogs. Again, with respect to using the pointer, suppose the dogs could both *work and find*, in how few jheels and paddy khets, where the birds lie, would the working be practicable! Were there fine watered savannahs, and should your dog be so beautifully broken to ranging that, as you say, "in shooting down the wind," he makes those short quartering angles about thirty yards before you, thus placing the game between the shooter and himself, thereby giving him the chance of *catching the wind and so finding*, then I would give your system the preference in November—not before—making up my mind that numbers of birds beyond him must be flushed. The best dog could not help it.

Instead of such haunts the snipe is found often *on* the paddy in a depth of water perhaps matted much with long weeds, or else on a soft muddy bottom distressing to a dog beyond measure.

You are decidedly of opinion, you say, that snipe invariably fly against the wind, and advance in support of it, that the feathers on the back are peculiarly fine and delicate in their formation.

This peculiarity has really never struck me on looking at the bird, and, if it is the case, nature must have been strangely deficient in a point affecting one of the bird's greatest distinctions, viz., its migratory habits. It is supposed that snipe in Europe breed principally in the large swamps of Germany and Switzerland, from whence, on their advent to our shores, they arrive with a driving east by northerly wind. Now, if the feathers of the back were really thus delicate (a peculiarity I have said I never remarked) the bird would be greatly annoyed — quite as much with the wind being on the quarter as dead astern.

Why, he would be "feathers up" all the way to Greenland, and most probably, on arrival, be laid up, either with lumbago, or the wind colic. The feather idea is a very pretty fanciful one when taken at first sight; but I think it may have more ingenuity in it than reality.

You say you would like to try your hand with me in the jheel with a good strong north-east wind blowing, and that you would get more shots than I. Come along, old cock; but mind, *we must have dogs and all, and I my odds.* I will take two couple out of twelve of you, for I am an indifferent shot.

Do not understand that I make it a rule to always shoot up the wind, giving the birds the advantage over me—if you are correct according to the invariable principle; no, I start off for the jheel, and endeavour to get to it the nearest way I can. I step in, and if the wind is according to the old prejudice, perhaps so much the better—if not, "who's afeard?" hold the gun straight, and shoot quick, which, with moderate luck, will generally show pretty good returns.

I find I kill my birds very clean with No. 10, and when they are wild, and there is lots of wind going, No. 7.

A Guernsey frock, which flannels you down to the wrists, and a very thick solar topee in the shape of a hunting cap, I have found the best gear for the hot September shooting. Forgive me the cheroot, "as you love me." I seldom when at work, take "anything short," but on my making my bow I generally slap down a good glass "before the coach starts," fling on my shooting jacket, throw my leg over, and gallop home like bricks. I immediately apply very hot water to my feet, get a good rub down, after which, as soon as good Mister Bawarchee choses to give me dinner, I sit down, and often with appetite enough to consume the hind leg of an elephant if it was properly deviled.

Three o'clock is my hour for beginning to work. There are no *dukes* in our paddy khets to shoot at. The latter extend for miles with from three inches to three feet of water on them. When not disturbed, I believe the snipe paces very leisurely and at intervals, with his head erect; but he is so very vigilant that the moment he hears the slighest noise he squats. This may account for the great difficulty of ever getting a peep at him on the ground unless floored.

You make mention of my dogs. Have you ever seen them, and at what time? In the evening they are never unkennelled till nearly sunset; so it must have been a very late *heure* when you had your peep.

They are purely bred, and very thoroughly broken. Their steadiness to quail, especially to that lamplighter footed short-flighted puzzling in and out chap the bush or rain quail, may be the best example I can give you of it.

Who was your friend who got five hours' shooting at a jack-snipe?

He must have been a poker, or the breeze had made saucy Jack go like a butterfly—at which time he is most puzzling, I will allow.

You conclude by mentioning systems of snipe shooting. I am free to confess to you, I have none—I never had any, and I sincerely trust I may never be the slave of one.

I have never cared as yet whereabouts I was put down to commence shooting, so that there were birds; what quarter the wind blew from; how hot the sun was; or what I bagged. Let there be birds and I'll have my fair proportion.

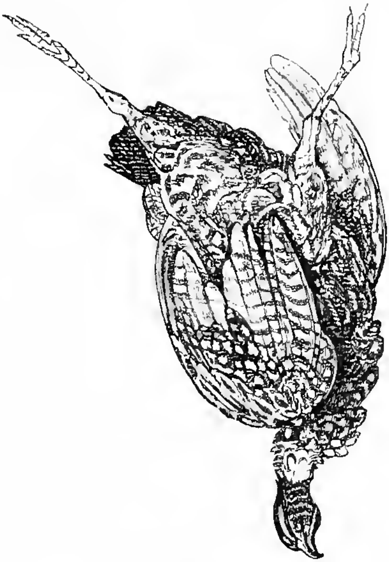
In this particular I am not unlike "a rat catcher's dog in a sink"—rough and ready, and as ready I shall always be to swipe a bottle of good ale in fellowship with Ned Copper Cap; and I hope he may soon come this way.

Yours very truly,
George Trigger.

The Black Partridge.

"You may talk to me, Mr. George, what you like, about your still life, and dead game; but give me, in preference, the flutter of wings and feathers in the grass covert, or the jheel side. So come along, and try the edge of that jungle to the left. I will be hanged but there is old 'Rap' in the next field, drawing better than ever you did in your life, old cock." Such was the salutation I received one morning from a "brother sportsman," as he cleared the deep ditch into the next field, followed by your humble. In spite of his bad taste, however, I took care that the beautiful plumage of the bird just shot, and which I had been apostrophising, should not be ruffled, determined to try my hand at a representation of him as he came down. And here you have it. He was knocked over at a considerable distance from where we first found him, having ran; but his seat was so warm and grateful to the dog, that he remained immoveable, nor would "Rap" believe that he was off till his ear was saluted with the sharp crack of the gun, and he turned his head in time to see him purl over.

If he had been an alderman of twenty wards he could not have made more fuss in getting up; but he was hit by my friend handsomely and clean. His plumage was of the most superb description, and he was more handsomely marked, I think, than any bird I ever before met with. The head was of the true game cut; the beautiful snowy ring round the neck, like the male pheasant at home; the velvet pall-like blackness of his starry spotted breast; the elegant yellow legs, with spurs just budding; the long pinion feathers, eyed to their tips, similar to



FALLING PARTRIDGE.

the painted snipe, and indeed the whole contour was the perfection of a game bird.

I think that if Solon had ever seen the black partridge, he would have included him along with the pheasant in his well-known remark "that having once seen the beautiful plumage of that bird, he never could be astonished at any other finery in the world."

In this country it is seldom or ever (at least in Bengal) that the sportsman can get anything like good partridge shooting in the open—although the bird is similar in habit to the bird in England. Where cultivation and water are abundant there the bird best thrives and is found. Before the dawn the cock leaves the jungles to feed in the open; never flying any distance from there, he alights and immediately commences calling, which you will hear answered from the jungle in all directions; gradually they are at feed and watering.

Among the cut indigo, the young flowering kaly, and tufts of uncleared grass, they are to be met with from daylight till 11 or 12 o'clock. The slightest noise has the effect of turning their heads to the jungle, and the only way of beating up the ground is to keep the cover, either on your right hand or left; never work up to its face.

I have often remarked, in a day's shooting, you will find nothing but cock birds in your bag. Can these be males that, for want of mates, have packed and kept close together from the breeding season, and perhaps awaiting the next pairing?

Both partridge and quail delight in a rather sandy soil.

> "Ah! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
> His jetty breast sparkling with snowy eyes;
> His painted wings and game-like neck and head,
> The vivid colours over all thus spread.
> He dies."

CHAPTER XI.

Steeplechase at Berhampoor—Sporting months—July—August —September — October — November —December—January —February—March—April.

> "Lusus animo debent aliquando dari
> Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi."—*Phœdrus.*

> "The mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself.

Steeple Chase at Berhampoor.

THE morning of the 16th broke heavily and dull. Clouds rolled on clouds hurriedly and portentously along. The sun had hid himself behind the hazy and curtained mists of day. The general appearance of the weather was anything but favourable for the above event coming off; yet there was a bustling, smiling, congratulating appearance most refreshingly depicted on the faces of the travellers, as they moved along the line of road to that splendid jumping country, Kattygong.

The road through the bazaar is, as usual, most monotonous, and not unlike a lame chimney sweep—

full of dirt and ups and downs. Of course, the usual quantity of pariah dogs, melancholy-looking cows, and marvellously ugly Bengalees, many of them little better formed than might easily be cut out of a forked radish, or as Falstaff says, " Like men made after supper of a cheese-paring." On clearing, however, all these agreeable objects a fine picturesque reach of the river comes boldly on the eye, extending up to, and being terminated by, the great city of Moorshedābād, where the magnificent palace, building for the Nawwāb, terminates the landscape. Between these two points, is the favourite Kattygong country, where the glutton, or man of the meanest capacity, may be gratified, as best suits his particular appetite, by purls of any dimensions. The ground had been marked out by skilful eyes, and neat flags; and there the company had assembled most numerously; to speak of it on the score of beauty and respectability, it was not to be snubbed at.

The match originated and was partly got up by two " young 'uns," and arose in consequence of a little bulliragging, more commonly called " among genl'm'n," " civil jaw."

" If you don't take great care, your big horse *will jump* in spite of you."

" Never you mind; will you cross country on the washery grey against him ? "

"Washery grey, is it ? Can't tell; yours is so big."

Here a friend healed all by making a natty match for a few gold mohurs between the two "flares up," who both prepared for conquest and victory, triumphant laurels, and, perhaps, smiles from some bright eyes.

On arriving at the ground, a little time was occupied in the necessary preparations, for although it had been marked off some days before—and a better suited piece could not have been selected—yet it was thought necessary, for the rendering it perfectly unobjectionable to both parties, for them to take a personal topographical survey of the ground.

Everything was now ready. The horses in starting order, and the anticipations of the various spectators were already on the stretch from an idea (and I think a right one) that the best horse ought to win.

Mr. B——'s horse "Beppo" was fifteen hands two inches, or thereabouts.

Mr. K——'s iron grey "Grey Devil," fourteen hands three inches and a half, or thereabouts.

The first-named horse was one of unquestionable power and quality; yet, in some horses, peculiar management on the part of the rider is often required to turn and develop the acknowledged powers to the best advantage.

"Beppo" was a "big 'un," 'tis true; but every one is aware that some horses go by action, and some by force of strength, and I take it to be the perfection of horse and rider where the lesser can prevail over the greater body. Some said, "Oh what a fine horse!" but let me ask, what is a fine grown horse, or anything fine, or even superfine, if he or it be not suited, or not found to be so for the purpose nature appeared to have intended him for?

"Grey Devil" is rather a light carcased horse; but apparently an easy goer, and bids fair to become an excellent jumper. Some say he does not pull well together in his stride; but I cannot see it. His rider is a "young un," 'tis true; but then he is fond of the thing, and when he gets a little more confidence and judgment in putting on the steam and using the examining system, he will be the right thing, no doubt.

"Away they fly," but not "as quick as thought," for it was scarcely faster than a common canter. A very amusing scramble, however, now took place among the spectators, who all simultaneously went off together in a regular Mahratta canter. Helter-skelter, "back and fore stroke"—sideways—every way—cut and thrust—pell-mell—ding-dong—splash and mire—apparently very similar to the mud irruptions in the island of Java. Hats flying—breeches crumpled—buttons slipping—horses fretting—and riders rolling about in such various positions, that it was impossible to understand either the peculiar motion or the principle that set them going.

The distance was, I believe, about a mile, and the horses and riders seemed to take it very easy. The "young one's" seat was good, and he appeared quite satisfied with the pace, in spite of "Go it," "My go," "Shove along," "Push him well at it," "That's your only," about the middle of the run.

The "big 'un," in a drop down, seemed shaking a little in his seat, and for a short time was suspended between heaven and earth, like Muhammed's coffin, when he gave a sort of a cocked-hat nod, and came off. He was at this time some distance ahead of the "young 'un," who steadily approached; but nothing daunted he soon righted himself. He apparently was again going well, when at a double ditch the horse poked out his nose and trying to clear the two, failed and purled himself and rider.

Down they came in the mire, and from the appearance of the rider's face afterwards, he must have perpetrated his resemblance in a natural mould, for his nose was nearly obliberated, and looked more like the ace of clubs than any other card in the whole pack.

Although apparently a bad fall, neither man nor horse seemed hurt. Their looks to be sure were not the most pleasant in effect; but in these sort of cases they should be considered like a bad lot at an auction, "and be taken away with all faults." The whole could not be called a very smart affair; yet all seemed pleased with the tamāshā.

July.—August.

The rain quail is the only bird I know of that consoles the lover of the trigger during the wet and dull intervals of the months of July and August, serving to drive away care, keeping the rust out of your gun, and exercising your pointers with salutary lessons and corrections.

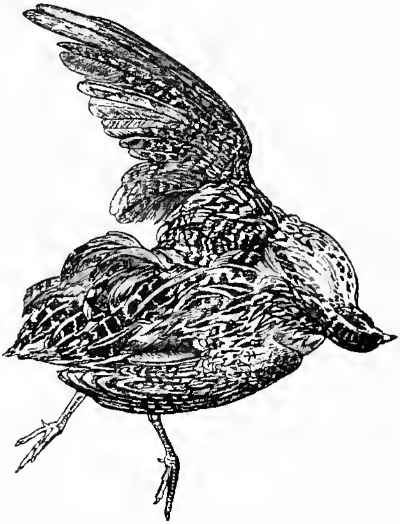
This bird you find a few wisps of all the year round. Their breeding time (I believe) is March and April.

In July you begin to disturb and put up the old birds, and they are at first very wary and tenacious of wing; generally found in low grass jungles (of the finer sort), bordering gardens, guava and bamboo plantations, and hedge rows, their favourite spots in them are where the ūlū jungle rears its white blossom and thins the other grasses. There they lie and bask and sleep out the greatest portion of the day.

Towards evening, they begin to call, and their cry is strangely different from the "whit whit" of the other species. It consists of a sort of rumbling rough hum or mutter, like a beetle, or a strung nutmeg grater through which the wind is blowing.

The male bird weighs about two and a half ounces, is excellent eating, very fat, and the breast streaked alternately with white and brown meat.

They are very puzzling birds for young dogs, owing to their running so much, and they fly a very short distance, generally making for the bush, then they are either up, and over in a twinkling, or else they burr through the first opening they see. Let not the sportsman expect to find the wary bird, where he has marked him in, for it is an invariable custom with him to take to the scrapers, and leg it



FALLING QUAIL.

away like a hatter; but, wait patiently for a few minutes, and he will be certain of hearing him call, which he always does, after he has taken his run. Let him then bring up his dog, carefully and suddenly, and, ten to one, the bird will lie as fast as a sheep-tick before his nose.

They are, as I have said, very pretty gamesome birds to wipe the dust off man and dog, till the grand amphibious campaign commences against the snipe, succeeded by that of the *whole quail*, which, I really think, is the partridge shooting of Bengal.

The snipe ought to be in during the latter end of August, or beginning of September; and the whole quail in October, and quite strong in November.

The scent of the rain quail is very good, and by no means a weak one. Dogs find him well in the evening, particularly so half an hour before sunset, and if the birds would fly a little more freely, they would form a very pretty part of the pleasurable occupation of the sportsman, as well as in the improvement of the dogs. They are invariably in pairs.

The beak of the male bird is of a greyish colour, brown at the top, with jet black bars or scales up to the ear. The crown, or top, of the head is brownish; scapular feathers, as well as those of the back, are a rich brown, and marked on both sides with a yellowish streak, black barred also. The feathers of the first pinion, or shoulder, are elegantly striped with black on pale buff. Breast, a light buff, bounded on each side with a rich deep orange brown that extends down both sides to the vent. Claws, greyish, and only three toes. Tail very short, and coming to such a needle point, that I think not more than thirty "angels could dance on it at a time without jostling."

In this month the whistling teal are seen towards evening, skimming down warily in pairs, and alighting in the grass, where it is supposed they make their nests.

Three parts grown jackals are now on foot, and seen stealthily prowling about with their grey liveries on. Having thrown off the protection of the sire and dam, they sneak along in threes and fours, and with their short, sharp bark at night, give earnest of "when the merry morn shall call us away," and that "*sport* that wrinkled care derides" be again enjoyed.

September.

In this month we expect strong wisps of snipe, indeed the end of August generally finds a good sprinkling of birds in, though not settled to their ground.

The paddy khets, their favourite haunts, are now very generally inundated, and when the ground becomes soft and favourable for their feeding, the water a little older, and the stem higher in growth, no doubt the shooting will be excellent.

The snipe occupies all the sportsman's attention, all his thoughts, all his desires, and the month glides away almost imperceptibly. Of the bird's habits I have already spoken according to my limited knowledge and observation, and have left little to add respecting him. They are generally wild until well settled down to their feeding ground, and often one "bird's scape" on flying over where others lie springs them up in succession all along his line of flight, each bird affording his share of notice to his cowering friend beneath. Thus I have seen twenty or thirty on the wing before me, without the possibility of getting a single shot at any.

It is my opinion, *that whichever way the bird's head is, when he is sprung*, that way he makes off, and very likely he may oftener *keep his head to the wind than otherwise* for the *sake of hearing better*, which may account for the supposed invariable custom of his flying against it. In this country it certainly is not an invariable rule.

I have seldom met the jack-snipe until November, or the painted snipe, a very beautiful plumaged bird, but exceedingly heavy-flighted, and not good eating. The partridge calls frequently in the mornings, but the young birds as yet are seldom strong on the wing.

October.

Pheasants at home, and quail in Bengal, are enjoyed during this month.

Quail shooting, from daylight until ten or perhaps eleven o'clock, ought to form the occupation of the sportsman who is lucky enough to be in possession of the first grand requisite to the successful pursuit and find of the bird, viz., a good dog. Independent of the sight, so lovely in itself, of the dog's working, they are, and must be, infinitely superior to ever so close a line of coolies you may collect to walk up the bird.

If pursued in the last-mentioned way, they will always get up together at the end of the khet, and then, if you are lucky, you may get right and left shots. On the other hand, the dogs quietly ranging round puzzles them, and they lie well. Steady dogs they ought to be, and particularly so to the down charge.

After a fog has cleared off, a cloudless sky is generally the consequence, which with a light southerly or westerly wind wafting along, I have found to be the most propitious morning for the scent of the quail. Then the dog works breast high; no raking, no running over birds; on such occasions you fancy yourself in England shooting partridge.

In contrast to the above, I have always observed, that on a cloudy morning with plenty of dew, not a breath of air though, and when that *fine gossamer web* was flying and lying on the trees, shrubs, and weeds, etc., the dogs were puzzled and could not find.

Scent, I believe, is much more fickle, and less to be relied on in this country than at home; at all times, of course, it depends on the soil and the atmosphere.

During October the jheels are still worked thoroughly by the keen sportsman, and heavy bags are the consequence. The solitary bittern now occasionally starts up from the spot among the reeds where most probably he has been watching silently the whole day for his food. This, as at home, consists (I believe) of frogs, small fish, lizards, etc. They are a very handsome plumaged bird, the head feathers not so long, or the ruff, so full as in England. The same peculiarity in the claw exists, the inside edge of the middle one being serrated.

Though they breed hereabouts, I do not remember to have ever heard their booming cry.

If wounded, he will die fighting.

November.

The followers of the *long bills* are generally very busy this month.

Bewick describes the snipe as having fourteen feathers in the tail. I have repeatedly counted seventeen and thirteen in the same bag, but never to my recollection Bewick's number.

These birds breed in the deep cassia jungles, and their great hatching period is from March to the middle of April.

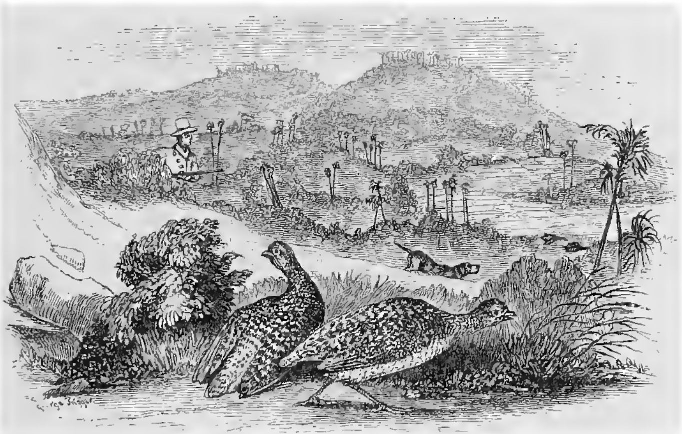
The grey partridges are usually plentiful this month; but where black partridge are to be had, few care to shoot at the former. It is a very coarse bird both in feather and flesh, lying among bushes, and about villages, and not likely to be the cleanest feeder in the world. Their great characteristic is in running, and they certainly beat every other bird I know of, except the bush quail, in that particular talent.

When sprung they rise high, and fly strong, and it takes a good whack to bring them down.

There is a great deal of pigeon shape about them. They have very coarse red legs similar to that bird, and unlike the delicate clean-toed chillies-coloured black partridges.

Their colour is a dirty dry ginger plumage, touched up with chesnut, and very coarse. Head roundish. If you add to this appearance the confounded strut with which they walk Spanish before the sportsman, you have the bird complete. I do not fancy them deserving the fowler's attention.

This month ought to afford whole quail shooting in perfection.



GREY PARTRIDGE.

What happy dogs sportsmen ought to be with such a season before them; for the gunner, partridge, quail, hare, snipe, *dukes*, are all, very often, in superabundance.

Then, such a prospect with the geedars! Horses getting into and in condition; the care of the kennel; the collecting the hounds; the pleasing thought that Phœbus now rides low in the heavens and is no longer the decided adversary of the merry sportsman!

That the Berhampoor hunt may ever have

> "Their horses sound, and hounds healthy,
> Earths well stopped, and geedars plenty,"

are my sincere wishes.

December.

The sportsman's occupation during the fine months of November and December is generally much extended.

The khalee crops are now high and in flower. The lowly creeping pea is also progressing. These two covers are great harbourers of the quail, and in favourable situations that bird is now well in.

The shooter is sure to find them in the crops mentioned, and where the dūb grass forms the foundation, and the khets are interspersed with cassia jhūrs (or tufts), they are so much the more likely.

Very highly cultivated land, affording no small grass cover at bottom, is not so favourable; for they are a warm lying bird.

Their scent is very grateful to the pointer: he delights in it. If at all worthy of that name, he ought to find easily, and stand firm.

From daylight to half-past ten or eleven is the best time. The dews fall almost too light, and too late for afternoon shooting.

The būt (*Cicer arietinum*) is not high enough yet to hold the birds, but about the edges of these khets the eye should be vigilant for the hare.

The indigo lands sown with khalī are also sure covers for the quail, and if there is a grass jungle of any depth for them to retire during the heat of the day, they are rendered still more likely.

The black partridge also lays out at feed in these crops, and hares are commonly met with in them.

The sportsman works his dogs for quail till ten or eleven, and then proceeds to beat the higher grass jungle likely for the partridge that may have returned after feed.

In this month floriken, partridge, hare and quail are not uncommonly found in the same bag cosily lying by the side of each other.

How delightful are the sensations of the shooter as, sitting at the door of his tent, he inhales the cool and dew-laden air of the evening! His eye, perhaps, is gladdened by a *line* of cover looming in the distance.

Immediately above, one of brighter golden hue appears: the glowing sun is sinking down to rest, spreading his warm tints in violet varied colours over the distant landscape. The moon now suddenly rising throws her silver tracery through the evening mist, then bursting into a full blaze of light, the brilliant orb appears, and casts her liquid brightness all around her.

Horses, blanketed and littered, are neighing for their evening meal. Now and then a deep and single bark announces that the hour of kennel feeding is at hand.

The quick and flitting outlines of the servants passing in dim shadows to and fro, proclaim the approach of the last meal that ushers in the morning of the sportsman's hopes.

These are the moments that one ever looks back on with regret that such have passed away. They can never be revived by the pen or pencil.

The partridge will seldom be found to feed and sleep in the same ground. They generally return to the deep jungle at night. The habit of the quail is very similar in this respect, and, like the partridge, if missed, he is slap off for the high cover, should one be near.

From daylight till eleven at farthest is the latest hour the dogs can work effectually; after this the sun's heat dissipates the scent, and renders the pointer's exertions useless.

January.

The glass is turned—another minute, and the sand is out. The year is gone: may a joyous one succeed.

The weather during this month is generally fine, clear, and bracing; its delightful atmosphere ought to renovate and completely triumph over the burning trials of the past hot season; all recollections, all thoughts of its withering moments now are vanished and mingled with the forgotten past. The mornings are ushered in with rich purple streaky clouds, whose veil scarce dims the crimson sun.

He rises glorious and majestically over the raw fog and still more raw dawn of the morning. He shines on all auspiciously. The light zephyrs fan the pleasing tint which leaves the dewy grass. The pointers snuff the grateful steam. Thus, on the air depends the sportsman's hopes. The morning is his happiest time.

Barring strong northerly breezes, the scent ought to lie well this month. The rising crops are all calculated to hold it strong. The "pinks" are now in their glory. They leave with light hearts the downy couch, and exchange its warmth for the more genial one of exercise and sport.

"The merry horn calls them away."

Now the springing verdant herbage spreads itself around, and paints the bosom of the plain. No glowing twilight now invites the lingering steps to stray. The crackling fire has charms, and circled round you see the cheerful countenances of brother sportsmen, who laugh away the thoughts of hanging fogs. Rustling yellow leaves, whirling around in eddies to the evening breeze, are amongst the outdoor signs of India's winter.

The rose, the honey-suckle, and aromatic marigold rear their bright and varied heads, and the whole flowery tribe now burst their opening buds and smile upon the morn, giving sweet essence to the air around. Here and there the trees have yielded up their leafy shade, and the last of the golden harvest waves in patches to the morning breeze.

Teams of ducks, morning and evening, are seen passing (high in air) from jheel to jheel. They present themselves now in great abundance, and the cripple chase may be carried on to the heart's content by the lovers of punting. The native dongā (or hollowed tree), well masked in front with rushes and small jungle, would be excellent for approaching the wary tribe of duck and teal; but their unsteadiness, and the consequent difficulty of loading in them, prevents their general use. They are to be met with in every jheel, and when other boats are not procurable.

The snipe get up with great strength of wing, often unevenly, and in large wisps. Wings of the wavy golden plover sweep past you at the close of day. These birds have a remarkably game head. A cut off the breast is considered by some to be excellent. They are very heavy flighted.

Partridges are met with early in the morning, and lie lightly at the edges of their retiring jungles. They are in great blow and feather this month.

The quail affords the finest sport possible to dogs, and lie like rocks; but pointers are "your only" for pursuing them. Where paddy is the cover you are beating, those khets, that have fine warm grass under, are their favourite resorts. The last of the rice harvest is now in cut, and by the end of the month all will be cleared. Through the remaining matted grain the prowling fox and brown jungle cat sneak stealthily and pounce upon their prey. These vermin, no doubt, destroy great quantities of game, and the quail and leveret are their victims. A charge of shot at them, when met with, will always repay the sportsman.

February.

The mornings are sharply cold, and a cigar at daylight as you wend your way to the merry covert side, or lively quail ground, keeps one's nose warm; a good wrapper round the throat is the most comfortable, if not the most fashionable matin gear. For coursers, young hares now ought to be strong, and able to cope with the greyhounds. The grounds are soft and yielding to the feet. The game bag is again carried with pleasure, and the sportsman is happy.

For the last five months, there has scarcely been an interregnum in the sportsman's pursuits; scarcely a week has passed by him which can be called "dull, stale, flat and unprofitable."

Alas! alas! February begins to make one think of the melting moments now approaching, when Phœbus, opening his carpenter's shop, begins to use his gimlet in boring holes in our hats and heads, when, whew!

Now the huntsman is in his glory; morning sees him giving his hounds their light exercise and air. During this time his careful eye has the best opportunity of scanning over the case of all; their good or bad condition; the propriety of separate feeding; the withdrawal, for a time, of some from the pack; and the general appearance of all. Any unevenness is immediately detected, "and the stitch in time," etc.

His evening duties end in feeding, calling over and drafting for the next day's run. Lightly he returns to his happy home in joyful anticipations of the following day's sport.

The huntsman is generally a merry social fellow, a prime bit of stuff; his education in the field must make him so. His earliest impressions are rural ones, and these are generally the strongest. He takes his glass good humouredly, pulls his weed, and talks of the fine bursts, the neat field, the rasping leaps

—the refreshing *bursters* as he generally calls them, and with cheerful countenance gives out his laws to the sporting senate round him. What a happy fellow he is!

Parties are now formed for pig-sticking in those situations where the riding ground is in anything like condition. These parties are made more for the purpose of having a peep at, and brush with, this denizen of mud and jungle, than for the commencement of the grand campaign against the unclean community at large.

The quail are still the principal objects of pursuit with the gunner. They are now found round the edges of jheels, and the sportsman must not be surprised at the enlivening "scape, scape," of the snipe being heard alongside them. The black partridge resort to the same ground, and may be expected occasionally, if there are any in the neighbourhood.

The beginning of this month still sees some remains of paddy uncut, and all these last patches are in the vicinity of or bordering jheels. Close to the water the quail are to be met with, feeding on the golden shed grain. The small grey hawk follows the gunner for the rising quail, and I have seen them participate in the sport with him, where a brace of birds have risen before the dogs at the same moment. They sit on the ground in pairs. Their flight is a straight one and very strong. Shoot them wherever you can, for depend upon it, that this is not all the mischief they combine against the quail, but only that part of it that sometimes offends the sportsman's eye.

March.

Coursing seems to have much declined in and about Bengal. Whether the difficulty of keeping and rearing (in this province) the thoroughbred dog has tended to this state of things is a matter of speculation.

Certainly, the fine plains of Bengal are every way suited to this elegant sport.

Full-grown hares show good running before the long legs.

As to the rod and stream, if there is anything respecting them worth mentioning in this month I must not be scolded for omitting it, knowing nothing of the character of Indian angling. Wherever it is to be obtained *sans doute* the angler neglecteth it not.

The latter part of the month sees the quail ground cut up in all the bird's favourite feeding spots by the active plough of the industrious ryot. The bird becomes very wild, having further to go from his covers to feed. He scarcely dares to venture in the open. They now keep together, and two or three braces spring (after the first shot) in rapid succession.

Their great characteristic now is running, if not surrounded by the pointers.

April.

Last month saw quail shooting nearly extinguished, and it really seemed to me but a week before that the gun and dogs had been first exercised and taken out for this particular sport.

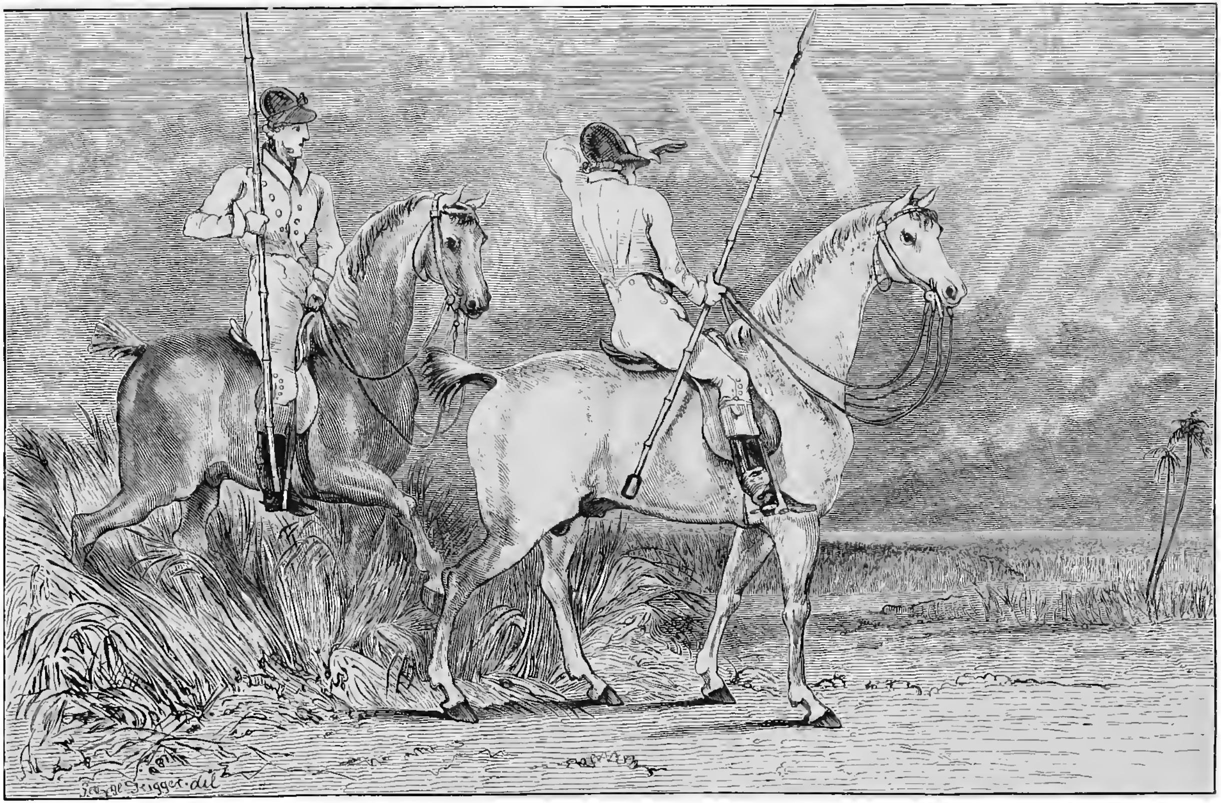
These feelings show how pleasing and untiring a pursuit it must be. There is, however, a time for, and an end of, all things: for sports and their cessation; for business and pleasure; toil and rest; and thus the quail and snipe season have both passed away from us, and been brought to a close.

In most pursuits, the mind and body being continually turned intensely on them, it is but natural to suppose that some portion of their elasticity and warmth in the pursuit will be lost, but in that of all field sports (the most comprehensive term I can use), there must be an exception claimed to the rule. The mind never wearies or blunts, or the body either, for a moment in the prosecution of them. How exquisite their outdoor pursuit! The merriment at the covert side; the beating up the heavy partridge jungles; the working up the skirts for the outliers; the first step into the lively jheel, and the first "scape" that greets the ear; the fine open quail shooting to dogs;

the fag and following up of the heavy flighted florikin, and the sharp snap shot at the timid hare, as she darts between the open peeps of jungle; all, all keep fresh and untired, from their commencement to the end, on the mind of the sportsman!

The season for the pursuit of the feathered tribe is now over.

"The gun is locked into its rest."


George Jigger · del

[*To face page* 217.

HOG-HUNTERS AND ARABS.

CHAPTER XII.

Hog hunting—The Purneah Shikārees—The rhinoceros—The buffalo—The alligator—The boa-constrictor.

"Accidit in puncto quod non contingit in anno."

"What does not occur in the whole course of the year may happen in a moment."

WHAT can be more delightful or pleasing to the exile of the East than the retracing the varied circumstances of past events, still warmly and fondly stamped upon the tablets of his memory? Whether the recollections partake of the bustle of the battle field, the beauty and conviviality of the banquet scene, dramatic reminiscences, the pleasures of domestic life, the spirit-stirring combat with the gallant boar, the crash at the covert side, the purling over the twisting snipe, or any of the thousand links that bind the fellow feelings of men and sportsmen together in every country, matters not; though the materials are varied, flowing as they must from such a variety of possessors, all, all are exhilarating to the heart of the individual, and many do become acceptable to the general reader as chronicles.

This chronicle, although unaccompanied by extraneous ornament, may be none the less acceptable; for some may think that in these narrations it is better not to give way too much to the bursts of an over-vivid mind in the embellishments of real events by superfluous and fictitious flights of fancy.

Traveller, if you are a sportsman, and it ever be your lot to take the route by water from Dacca to the Upper Provinces, you will find yourself amply repaid for it by a visit to the spot I shall here endeavour to describe.

On the northern bank of the Hooroosaugor, about twelve or fourteen miles above where it empties itself into the broad Ganges, and a short distance from the Mornadgunge Indigo Factory, Zilla Pubna, are situated the two fine and extensive villages of Omarapoor and Boosa. A little to the north-east of them, and not more than a quarter of an hour's ride inland, an immense expanse of plain, *boundless*, *flat*, and *free to the sportsman*, meets the eye; not a tree or object thereon arrests or intercepts the gaze, save, perhaps, a few shadowy and sulky-looking buffaloes scattered here and there, grazing over its verdant and extensive bosom.

The whole line of country, ending only with the horizon in that direction, is entirely under nal, a jungle that all pig-stickers are well acquainted with. This nal is here regularly cut every year by the zemindar that it belongs to, and yields (so it is said) an excellent return to him for that labour.

The varied undulations of this fine plain, which has once, no doubt, been a low chur, are in many of their hollows filled partially with water, round the verdant borders of which the unclean beast delights to cool himself, and to revel in the mud, furnishing, as it does, roots at once succulent and pleasing to his palate.

The hunting ground commences at two patches of this beautiful jungle distant about half a mile from each other, both pieces being excellent for riding, requiring little or no beating, and last, though not least, are equally redolent of pigs.

It was while rapidly approaching the shore that skirted these pet jungles, on board the good budgero *Hazlabut*, that four of us found ourselves awoke, a short time before daylight, by the cheering cry of the oarsmen, announcing proximity to the spot which they had been toiling and labouring the whole night to arrive at.

The East never opened its ardent bosom to give birth to a lovely day, more propitiously, or in appearance, more beautifully than broke the morning of the 3rd of January. Every feeling was buoyant and joyous, as the freshness of morn spread itself over the yet dim and distant landscape. The dappled sky was at first edged with gold, and then the sun lustily threw off his slumbers and arose in all his beauty and effulgence, shedding around the broad expanse the gladdening light of day. Night's mantle was thrown off, and once again the East appeared clothed in its brightest radiance. As morning broke, the mists of night moved off, the distant clouds looked like the gilded peaks of the Apennines, rising in successive ranges above the low horizon, and by degrees a long line of shore studded with villages arose out of the distance. There lay the scene in all its loveliness, as if still sleeping and composed, though like a string of enchantment the landscape had brightened over all, object had become singled out from object, and the eye had fallen on one small speck in this bright scene, which was recognised as the planet for which our hearts and hopes were steering, giving good promise of the fairyland that lay beyond it. As our barge drew near, all looked serene, as if no traveller had ever trespassed on its tranquil shores, or oar till now had ruffled the calmness and serenity of its waters.

When passing the factory of Mornadgunge, we had touched there for its proprietor, Mr. P——t, who had agreed to join our party and show us the favourite spots of this superb and extensive jungle. On landing we were greeted by the welcoming voice of Mills, who awaited our arrival at his tent, he having preceded the party a day or two before.

We now altogether numbered six. Four of the party were old and excellent hands at the work; the others only beginners. The hospitality of Mills left us nothing to wish for, and we were gratified at breakfast by the presence of Mrs. Mills, who had not been in good health.

Breakfast being over, the cavalcade moved towards the scene of action, all full of life and anticipation. Mills k̲h̲alāsī shouldering the double barrelled "Moore," and marching at the head of his assembled myrmidons, having marshalled and armed them with rattles, lattees, and every conceivable missile likely to have the effect of "rearing" the denizens of mud and jungle. A couple of miles' ride gave us a full view of this grand plain, continuing uninterruptedly to the horizon. I never saw one so extensive, or so beautifully adapted for the sport the party had come out to seek. No sooner was the jungle entered than "Tally ho!" resounded in several places, and soon three clipping boars bit the dust: Mills one, Dr. D—— one, Mr. P——t one. The horses were good, the hands firm, the hearts were true, and though more gallant boars never were on foot, five more were soon stretched upon their native plain, having died the death of the brave.

Scarcely two hours of the day, from our first starting, had been consumed, when an accident to Mills put a stop to the sport, which had promised at the beginning to be as brilliant for numbers of fighting hogs, as perhaps ever graced a pig-sticker's diary.

Mills, mounted on his pet, Nutmeg, in his bit of pink, was now riding slowly and by himself through a separate part of the jungle when he viewed a fine boar making off, and instantly rode him. During the chase a sharp turn lost him to view, but at the same moment he sighted another going smartly across the plain; a burst of about a mile brought him up to the enemy, when he found it was a very large sow he had been pursuing and that had taken him thus far, a mistake, perhaps, he never made before.

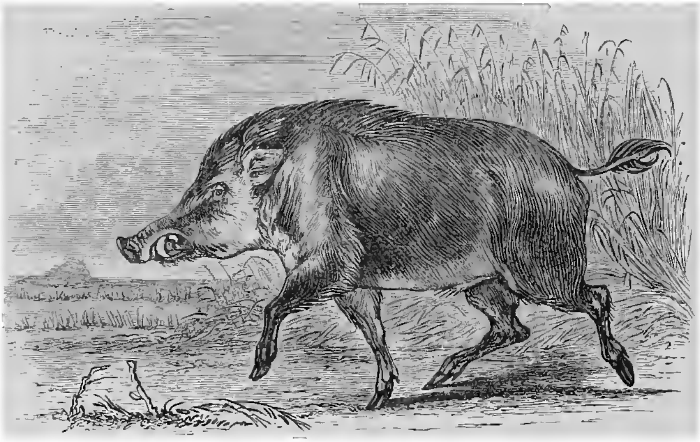
Annoyed and disgusted he pulled up to breathe the nag, who "sighed and groaned like any pavior," and lamented (I verily believe) with his master their untoward luck; for he was a very sensible horse, I assure you, in the pig-market. Mills now pensively and slowly walked his nag towards the jungle he had just before quitted; and as he neared it, he observed a large and very fine boar slowly to leave its tangled covert, and proceed to a small pool of water, a short distance on the plain, into which he sulkily squatted and lay down. Mills must have been some forty or fifty yards from him at the time;

yet he saw the animal eyeing and regarding him, steadily and undaunted.

At the moment that Mills dashed towards him, he left his watery couch to meet his opponent, and charged down in the most gallant and determined style I ever beheld. There was something particularly chivalrous and knightly in his look and bearing, as he came roaring on; for he sounded his clarion of war as he approached, as if defying the spear and steed. At last they met, and the concussion was terrific. He seemed to say, "I won't be stopped." Never shall I forget that charge, or the excitement it created in my bosom at the moment.

Steady was the hunter, and nobly stood the steed; yet the unpleasant issue of that combat was perhaps the result of a second of time too late. The boar caught the charge plump, well, and firmly in the shoulder, and was rendered thereby *hors de combat*; but he had at the same time made good his own charge, and struck his whetted tusks in the hunter's foot.

The shock Mills had received told him at once damage was done somewhere; and, dismounting, we found that a severe wound, cutting deeply and laying open the outside of the right foot extending from the toes up to the ligament of the ankle, had been given by the gallant pig, who was still defending himself, disabled though he was, against the spears of M—re and myself, who had dismounted to despatch him; and silently he sank into death's slumbers, in a vain attempt to give a final charge. He was evidently not a fresh boar, but most probably the one Mills had ridden after, and lost just before. Dr. D—— was soon up, and cutting off the boot, he bound up the wound. Mills was immediately on his horse again, fresh as ever, but our firmness prevented his further riding. Leaving his Nutmeg with a heavy sigh, he exclaimed, while looking at his foot, "Beastly; not half so bad as if you had been cut, old nag."



BENGAL WILD BOAR.

Mounting him on an elephant we proceeded to the tents; but, with all our care, ill news had flown quick and magnified the accident to Mrs. Mills, who was greatly alarmed. On our approach, things did not appear quite so bad, for we were all laughing and talking about the accident, and Mills was the merriest of us all. The foot was dressed, and the day was spent as pleasantly as could be under such a stop to sport.

The next morning four more stinkers were killed at an early hour; Dr. D.'s grey arab "Tulip" and M—re's horse getting cut up most particularly well. The *accident* however had rendered it necessary for a move towards home, and the camp broke up after a hasty breakfast.

The Purneah Shikārees are a class of men who gain their livelihood by the premium offered by Government for the destruction of beasts of prey. They also dispose of teeth, claws, whiskers, and milk, which they say they obtain from the tigress, and which, when coagulated, is eagerly purchased by the credulous natives as medicine for their children. Legs and bills of peacocks, scales of armadilloes, heads of large water birds, and similar fragments, they also dispose of to the superstitious, as charms and antidotes.

Being well aware also of the curiosity of Europeans respecting their weapons and methods of destroying the denizens of the forest, they always keep on hand duplicates of their traps and other weapons which they employ in their sylvan warfare. These are all very curious in their way, so too is their manner of going to work, and the precautions they take to ensure success.

Their bands, or societies, comprise eight or nine men, all of whom are very lightly clad, and as scantily provided with baggage and comforts during the pursuit of their dangerous occupation.

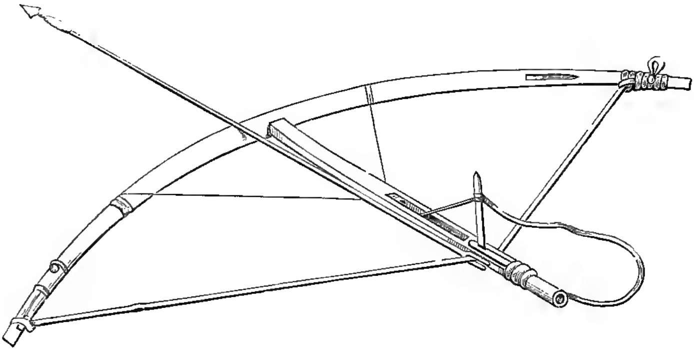
I ever found them an independent, erratic set of men, who never fail to find a hearty welcome and plenty of food in those localities where their services are particularly sought after.

When successful in the destruction of some village pest, or marauder of cattle, they fail not to levy black mail on all such as have been relieved from an embargo on their goats, cows and buffaloes.

Their weapons are poisoned arrows of very rude manufacture. But their grand engine of destruction is a huge bow, on the successful discharge of which all their subsequent reward depends.

The bow is simple, powerful, accurate and most effective ; and yet it is constructed by them for little more than a few annas. The materials used are merely bamboo and string : not a bit of iron, or metal fastening is there about it. It is about seven feet long, and so stiff as to require the united strength of two men to bend it. When set, it is kept open by a cross piece of bamboo two feet and a half long, one end of which is placed on the middle of the bow, and the other on the drawing string, and is fastened by a plug; to this plug is attached a string and a small piece of wood which lies in a groove in front, forming at once a spring and point which sets the engine off.

When fixed, a small piece of wood, to which the line is attached, is placed crossways under the point of the spring; the slightest touch of this line withdraws the trigger, and lets the engine off.



TIGER TRAP.

The arrow is simply laid from the bowstring, alongside the crosspiece that keeps the instrument open. The shaft of the arrow is smeared with a poisonous* root which is found growing amongst the hills, which root when dried and ground is rubbed on in the form of paste.

The ryots (farmers) eagerly seek out these sportsmen when they hear they are in the neighbourhood, and not only afford them every information, but back it up with promises of reward in case of a successful termination of the chase.

---

* [Aconitum, Monkshood, or Wolfsbane.]

When well assured of the locality of the animal, and almost certain of his haunt, the shikārees penetrate fearlessly, but stealthily, into the depths of the jungle, and begin tracing for footprints. As soon as they are recognised, the freshest track is followed, and sneaking through almost impervious shades they feel out the path frequented by the tiger or leopard in going in and out of his lair. The track found, and its freshness being quite satisfactory, a matter in which observation and habit enable them readily to decide, they commence operations.

The bow is fixed and concealed on the edge of the path down which the animal is expected to travel.

If the beast is a leopard, the bow is fixed at about one foot and a half from the ground, if a tiger, about two feet; in this they are guided by the size of the footprints.

A fine silk string fastened to the trigger is fixed to a plug in the ground *across* the path, and is drawn so tight that the slightest pressure against it causes the arrow to be discharged.

As the animal generally touches the line with its chest, the arrow, if successful, pierces him behind the elbow, and most probably hits the heart. If, however, he is not killed outright, which I believe seldom happens, those on the look-out follow him by the track of his blood, and he is generally come up with about one or two hundred yards from the place where hit. Stupefied with the poison, which dissolves in the wound and spreads rapidly by the circulation of the blood, he is found lying down, and is there shot into with poisoned arrows from hand bows.

Sometimes the arrow passes right through the animal, or has been so unfortunately discharged as only to have gone through a part of the skin that hangs so loosely on these brutes. In that case, the shikāree, if he deems it prudent, follows him up with the greatest caution, lest so little of the poison has been absorbed that the animal is little affected by it.

Where a great deal of blood is tracked, it is regarded as an almost certain sign that the arrow has gone right through; and although the beast may eventually die of the wound, yet, in the interim, he is regarded as a very dangerous opponent. The trappers know well that when the blood rushes out in a stream, it carries with it more or less of the poison, and stupefaction may not be the result of the wound.

Sometimes a goat or a lamb is fixed under the string, and its cries and bleatings attract the savage beast, which springs and seizes the victim, but in so doing is fatally caught himself.

Tigers are very wary and cautious; not even the cat is more careful of traps or more treacherous in disposition than this forest king. They give a wide berth to everything that looks suspicious.

The fine silk thread, already mentioned, is not only fine in texture, but is coloured dark green, so as not to arrest the eye, and is, moreover, screened as much as possible by evergreen twigs.

Many days often elapse before a discharge occurs, during which time the weapon is visited, and the jungle cautiously explored, trees are climbed, and a good look-out kept.

When the engine has gone off, they coolly take it up, and returning to their encampment, eat their dinner and smoke a pipe, after which they travel in quest of the wounded animal; but with the greatest caution, knowing by experience how dangerous a tiger is when sharply stung.

It will thus be seen by a glance at the drawing, as well as from my description, what a formidable and highly dangerous weapon a tiger trap is when set. And in order to prevent cows, horses, or travellers being shot down accidentally, when proceeding along the path where the gin is placed, the shikārees resort to a simple, ingenious, but most sure contrivance.

To the same trigger string is fastened two others, as outward guards, and these are placed sufficiently high to allow the expected prey to pass underneath and come in contact with the one which discharges the arrow; whereas a larger animal touches the *outer* string first and so causes the arrow to be harmlessly discharged about five feet in front.

I ought to have mentioned that the arrow is about four feet long, has a rude barb, and the shank is bound round with thread, which is the part on which the poison is rubbed.

The appearance of the men engaged in this apparently hazardous life is squalid and miserable in the extreme. Thinking they bore some resemblance to certain low caste tribes I had elsewhere seen on my shooting expeditions, who eat pork, snakes, and other reptiles, I questioned them; but they all denied any connection with them, and asserted that hares and deer were what they partook of when they caught them.

They shoot with great precision with the hand bow, and I have seen them hit hares, mongeese etc. with great certainty with their arrows.

I may say of all the hill tribes I have come in contact with that they are a very squalid race. Living in the midst of deep jungles, thickly filled with tigers, leopards, bears, rhinocerosos and pigs, they are a fearless and bold set of men. The nature of the country they have been reared in from youth makes them sportsmen from the cradle.

I gathered from them that tigers are not always manslayers, that they generally prefer bullocks, buffaloes, pigs, and such animals, which being full of blood are more grateful and satisfying to their thirsty appetites.

All the hill residents are exceedingly sensitive if one of their companions is carried off by a tiger or leopard. After assembling and collecting together, they eat their meal, and then bind one another by a powerful oath to destroy the manslayer, and not forsake each other in the encounter.

This oath they religiously observe; and the destruction of the animal is generally effected. When they start on their fearful expedition, spears, bows, swords and clubs are their only weapons.

On entering the supposed haunt of the tiger they do not separate, but penetrate on in as compact a body as possible. When an alarm is given, they close and club up together, and firmly face the point of danger, and drawing their arrows home await the attack. Not one instance has been known, I venture to say, of any of the party turning. They know well that their only safety consists in remaining steady and facing the enemy.

They say—"Turn your back on a tiger and you are lost!"

Occasionally it may so happen that they come upon a tiger suddenly, and are less prepared than usual; in that case, they quickly get out of his way to a more favourable spot; but they retreat in a body, facing the enemy; and if he springs, they simultaneously send a flight of arrows and spears into him.

In this way they have been known to receive and kill a full-grown tiger at one discharge.

They can make nothing of the rhinoceros, of which I shall shortly speak, and they fear him more than the tiger.

This plan which the hill people adopt, of combining in a body for protection, is the natural course taken by *all animals* under a charge from a tiger. Cows and buffaloes club together, elephants also, in spite of the mahout, will close in a lump together, and if one is left out, or is not quick in clubbing, he generally gets his back scratched.

The Rhinoceros (Rh. indicus, Cuv.)

The rhinoceros, like the buffalo and hog, requires water and mud for wallowing in. A deep neglected tank, surrounded by dense and tangled jungle, and well protected from the sun, is a favourite resort of the first-named animal.

The certain sign of his proximity is the ever present tumulus of ordure which is never far from his resting-place; and the circumstance of the animal continuing to use it for his purposes, until it rises so high as to be no longer within his reach, renders his haunt certain to the sportsman, when he falls in with a tumulus showing recent marks of use.

In the densest and most impenetrable parts of the jungle, quite protected from the sun which the rhinoceros detests, the animal is often come upon. The gloomy sequestered situation in which the animal is generally found adds much to the formidable nature of the pursuit.

The impossibility of getting out of his way, in case he assumes the offensive, and the fact that no jungle, however strong and thick, can in the least impede his progress or rush through it—that everything must yield to his overwhelming strength—render him one of the most intractable beasts that inhabit the hill jungles.

If not shot on the first approach, there is little chance of doing so afterwards; for putting down his head, he rushes on in a kind of trot, crashing through the deepest jungles to the dense forests, where pursuit is utterly impracticable.

The males have often desperate combats, whether from love or casual meeting, is unknown; for, owing to their seclusion and great retirement, it is impossible to make that close observation of their habits which alone could enable one to arrive at a correct conclusion.

When once they meet and engage, their dogged, sullen, obstinate disposition continues the fight until one or other is completely vanquished by wounds and exertion. The battle has been known to rage a whole night without intermission; at last one of the combatants was so overcome by wounds and fatigue that he could neither escape nor defend himself, and was shot into and killed, the muzzle of the gun touching him.

As in the elephant, so in the rhinoceros, the bulk of the brain is very small in proportion to the size of the animal.

The brain of the rhinoceros is curiously divided into cellular partitions by a horny parchment-like substance, and resembles a honey-comb.

In addition to its twenty-eight grinders, the animal has two stout incisive teeth in each jaw, together with two other immediate smaller ones below, and two still more diminutive outside of its upper incisors. It has one horn on the nasal bones, which adheres to the skin, and is composed of a fibrous and horny substance, resembling agglutinated hairs. The horn, which is about thirty inches in length, does not adhere to the bone, but stands loose between the nostrils; but when the animal is irritated the muscular tension is so great that the horn instantly becomes immovably fixed. The skin is fully half-an-inch thick; deep folds extend behind and across the shoulders, and before and across the thighs. The natives use it in making shields.

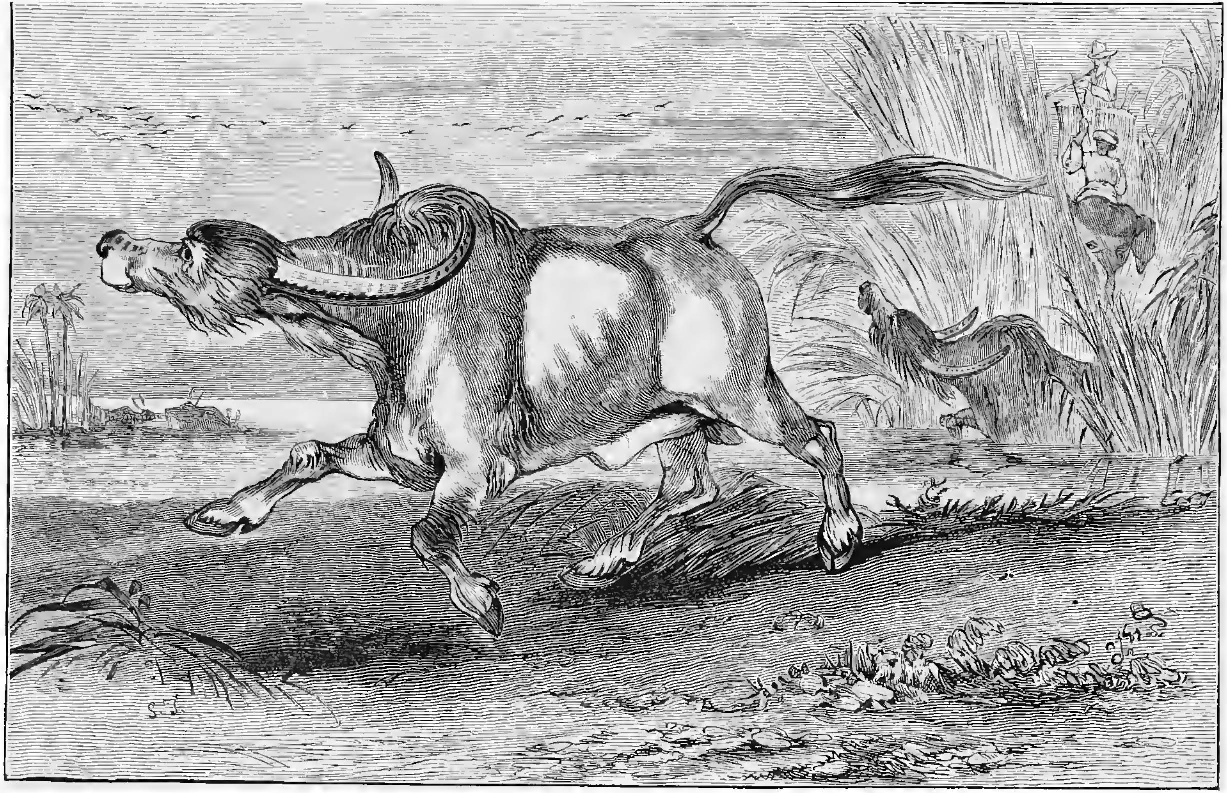
They also very carefully preserve and dry the flesh, which is considered by many a perfect restorative for many complaints which human flesh is heir to.

Wild Buffalo (Arnā Bhainsā).

The buffalo has a convex forehead longer than broad; the horns are directed backwards, and marked in front by a longitudinal projection. It is a very savage and dangerous animal when separated from the herd. He becomes the tyrant monarch of the plains, and attacks men and animals indiscriminately. He proclaims war on all who intrude on his natal domains, and scours the flats and marshes furious as a tiger.

The longer he remains solitary the more dangerous and headstrong is he in disposition, becoming in a few days a desperate and deadly foe to all.

He charges with an impetuosity for one or two-hundred yards which is perfectly astonishing, when he generally makes a dead stop, and gazing wildly on the object of his rage, he throws his steaming nostrils on high, and bellowing defiance, paws the ground and stamps the earth, making the very ground beneath him tremble.



[*To face page* 236.

WILD BUFFALOES DISTURBED.

A good shot at the right moment will often turn him; and then, wheeling round, he either takes off with a heavy gallop, or selects some other object whereat to charge.

The neighbourhood of a jheel with plenty of bamboo or other jungle is his favourite resort.

They are so powerful an animal, and know their strength so well, that they are very easily tempted to charge.

I never knew an elephant yet but would swerve if she could from the charge of a buffalo.

There cannot be said to be the extreme interest intermingled with this sport that characterises many other kinds; and it may be and has been objected to on the score of cruelty, and not without reason generally speaking. Some have been known to receive fifty bullets before yielding.

To me the sport never had much attraction or attention.

The Alligator.

Of alligators there are two species, one which lives on the flesh of everything that comes in its way, and is called the magar; and the other said only to live on fish, called the ghariyal.

The Hindūstānī generic name for both species is Kumheer. And on the fall of Bhurtpoor in 1826, at the capture of which I was present, I remember that Lord Combermere's name was twisted by the natives into a similarity to that of the generic name for alligator, viz., Kumheer, in order to fulfil an old tradition which stated that the fortress would never fall to the force of arms until an alligator (Kumheer) came against it.

The reptile, although amphibious, lives principally in the water, yet it has only one web, and that connects the outside two toes of the hind feet. The hind legs are considerably longer than the fore, which are more like fins than otherwise.

The peculiarity of the upper jaw only moving is a distinct fact; at all events the lower one can only move along with the entire head. The two jaws fit into each other in three divisions, which circumstance precludes the possibility of the grip being uncertain or insecure; even if such an occurrence was possible, the hold is still further strengthened by the two large teeth of the under jaw passing right through the upper in front of the nostril.

Some ardent followers of old Isaac Walton profess to have good sport in playing the alligator; but I should like to hear what the reptiles have to say on that point, for I fancy the play is all on their side.

They prefer quiet, sluggish waters, and lie in the eddy which forms the point of a reach, and thus receive everything the sluggish river floats down; everything is indiscriminately swallowed, even pieces of wood are seized.

The ghāts, where the natives perform their ablutions, are also favourable resorts. Immense numbers of men and children annually become their prey.

Such however is the apathy or infatuation of the natives that half an hour after such an occurrence has taken place, the people are found as inconsiderately resorting thither for bathing as if no accident had ever occurred.

The ghariyal is said to live entirely on fish; but as they are commonly twenty or thirty feet in length, and very numerous, the wonder is how small rivers can supply them with sufficient food of that description.

The natives, however, place implicit confidence in their non-hostility to man, and fearlessly venture into the water where a few minutes before they saw them glide from the sands.

The ghariyal has the muzzle slender, and very much elongated; the teeth about equal; they have a remarkable cartilaginous prominence surrounding the nostrils, which throws these backwards. The vertebræ of the neck are propped together by little false ribs, which render lateral movement difficult; hence these animals cannot readily change their course, and are easily avoided by turning. They have no clavicular bones, but their coacoid apophyses are attached to the sternum.

The external ear is closed at will by two fleshy lips, and the eye has three lids. Their eggs are hard, and the size of those of the domestic goose, whence alligators are reputed to be, of all animals, those which attain the greatest dimensions considering their size at birth. The females guard their eggs, and continue to protect the young for some months after exclusion.

Some people consider that they hatch their young by merely looking at the eggs, which I consider to be a stretch of imagination.

The Boa-Constrictor (Ajgar).

The boa, after missing his prey, will sullenly gather himself into a shaded place and hiss and show signs of displeasure. He still, however, keeps his head in the direction of the prey, and should the latter move, its fate is generally decided; for, after a lightning movement, both snake and victim are seen rolling in a fast and fatal embrace, crashing down the jungle and rolling flat the grass on the bed of destruction. It seizes with the mouth and in an instant envelopes the victim in its ponderous and vice-like coils.

So rapid is the action generally that not a cry has time to escape the victim, and although a convulsive action of the prey may for an instant shake the boa, yet in another instant all is over. It holds its prey for some time after life has forsaken its tenement; and when satisfied that death's reign is complete, the first object seems to be to gradually uncoil and disengage itself, beginning at the head, but generally leaving one or two coils of the tail round the victim.

The process of lubricating the prey before swallowing it, which one often reads of, must, in my opinion, be relegated to the realms of fable.

The boa certainly curls and twists its jaws about frightfully in order to get rid of the hairs and skin which may have become attached to the mouth during the combat. When that operation is finished, it slowly and with frightful expanse, opens its mighty jaws, takes in a part of the prey, then gradually distending and increasing the width of the jaws and muscles of the neck, it sucks in its victim.

This part of the performance must be seen to be understood; none but those who have witnessed it can fully conceive the wondrous expansive capabilities of the mouth and gullet, or the frightful working of all the muscles pertaining to the head and neck.

During this process of deglutition saliva is freely discharged from the mouth, but never have I seen it precede the commencement of the act.

Boas generally measure from thirty to forty feet in length ; some are said to have measured over sixty, which I think is not improbable.

CHAPTER XIII.

Water trip to Bhāgalpoor—Berhampoor—Moorshedābād—Meer Jaffier—Conduct of the British Government towards the Nawābs of Bengal—Nawāb Humayoon Jah—Begumgunge—Raj Mehal—Patter Gatta—Colgong rocks—Bhāgalpoor—Return trip—Ruins of Raj Mahal—Assassination of Sirāj ud Daula.

> "Id arbitror
> Adprimè in vitâ esse utile, ne quid nimis."—*Terence.*
>
> "I take it to be a maxim of the greatest utility in life—not to do anything too much."

HAVING had a long spell in the sweltering plains of Bengal, and my liver being somewhat at a discount, I bethought me of the "ne quid nimis" of Terence, and resolved on a change of scene and pursuits.

Having many warm friends in the neighbourhood of the Raj Mehal hills, I decided to proceed thither, hoping to have some amusement with my gun, still more with my pencil, and last, but not least, to obtain a clean bill of health.

Two boats were soon hired, one for self, and one for my dogs domestics and travelling impedimenta.

A few hours' riding took me from my cosy bungalow to Berhampoor, where I embarked in the evening of the 3rd of November, 1837.

The mention of the month may not only serve journalistic purposes, but also connect the different crops I shall describe, and the appearance of the country, with the season of the year.

And since, to use the words of Seneca, "malo mihi malè quam molliter esse (I would rather be ill than idle)," the reader may imagine me throwing together the following sketch of Berhampoor.

Berhampoor is situated on the East bank of the river Bhāgīrathī, a branch of the Ganges, and is said to have been called after Bhāgīrath, a pious king, whose austerities brought the river Ganges down from heaven; hence the sanctity of its waters. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, but simply "relata refero (relate what I have heard)."

This river is throughout the year, but more particularly during the rainy season, the highway from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces.

Although Berhampoor has often been condemned by the military medicos, nevertheless many consider it a very pleasant station.

When a Queen's corps was stationed there, it had the advantageous variety of two regiments, which added no little to the gaiety life and amusements of the place; but being finally condemned as unhealthy for Europeans, the 38th Regiment was withdrawn and never replaced. Consequently, the splendid barracks, flanked by the officers' quarters, together with the hospital—a splendid pile of buildings unequalled for size and accommodation throughout India—thus became, and have remained ever since, as tenantless as the city of Pompeii. There they remain a standing monument of British bungling and mismanagement.

Berhampoor being situated between the two great scenes of martial triumph, viz. Plassey and Moorshedābād, derives no little of its interest from those two events. In its vicinity the master mind of Clive, aided by successful treachery, laid the foundation of our power on a firm basis. For it must be allowed that it previously trembled in the scales of weak, vacillating, and selfish merchants. Near to Berhampoor, also, are the remains of the old fort of Cossim-bazaar. The north front still remains, and the whole of this line of wall and the two flanking bastions are quite perfect. The east and west sides are gone, and only the south bastion remains. The length of the north wall is about three hundred yards ; in the centre is the sallying gate for exit to, or ingress from, the river.

It was from the northern bank of the river that Sirāj-ud-Daula with his myrmidons and land batteries bombarded the factory for four days.

Prior to the final act of hostility, Mr. Watts, the chief of Cossim-bazaar and our agent with Sirāj-ud-Daula, seeing what was determined on, and suspecting he himself would be seized, gave out that he and some other gentlemen were going to the hunting lodge on the Moidapoor plain to hunt. This lodge is still in existence, and from its desolate situation and almost weird appearance, is sometimes called "the castle of Otranto."

Thither Mr. Watts and his friends, accompanied by a large retinue of horses dogs and shikārees, went, and a grand hunt took place; after which the servants were dismissed home, and, waiting till they could do so unperceived, Mr. Watts and his companions galloped across the plains, took the Calcutta road, and joined Clive at Cutwa, near the junction of the Hadjee and Bhāgīrathī, and so, doubtless, saved their lives.

The beautiful drives in the immediate vicinity of Berhampoor are a most distinguishing feature of the station. They are generally bordered with trees on each side, which adds greatly to their beauty, and gives one more the idea of long avenues towards princely mansions than carriage roads for travellers. At a distance of some six or seven miles off, the authorities built for themselves splendid residences; now alas, fallen to decay! Still the stately park-like timber about them and the extensive gardens tend to show the taste of the owners, and how things were carried on in bygone days.

One of these mansions, Ussal Bāgh, fell into the possession of Humayoon Jah, Nawāb of Moorshedābād; but to give anything like a correct description of it is utterly impossible. The heterogeneous mass of things, which the bad taste of His Highness had stuffed and huddled together, was perfectly ridiculous. French china-ware seemed to preponderate, and in such profusion and at such antipodes to each other, that I could compare it to nothing better than a resurrection of all the French, English, Dutch and other chinaware shops in the world.

Near a chaste ornamented urn—classical as the antique of which it was, perhaps, a model—one saw a blue earthenware wash-hand basin and jug. Beautiful oviform vases and covers, jars and covers with flowers and foliage, Italian alabasters, copies of the antique, were ranged side by side with Chinese ginger jars and common preserve bottles of birds' eggs; in fact such a jumble of the most beautiful and costly, the most common and cheap, could not be surpassed, if attempted.

But there is a cause for every effect; of the *cause* I shall throw some light by-and-bye.

Saturday, 4th.—Reached the city of Moorshedābād and made fast.

The city is situated on the right bank of the

Bhāgīrathī, and is about 207 miles from Calcutta. This was the residence of the Nawābs, who wielded the revenues of Bengal Behar and Orissa for the court of Delhi. The present family are the recognised descendants of Meer Jaffier, who, I must inform the reader, was a son-in-law of Nawāb Aliverdy Khan, and Commander-in-chief of the army of Sirāj-ud-Daula.

Now, it is an open secret that Meer Jaffier agreed with Clive and the authorities in Calcutta to obtain for the Honourable East India Company certain advantages, by means of treachery on his part, if they on their part would co-operate with him in obtaining possession of the throne of Moorshedābād. Both parties being agreeable, the compact was entered upon on the 23rd of June, 1757, at the battle of Plassey, at which Meer Jaffier and his troops remained mere spectators. On the following day, Clive saluted the intriguing traitor as Nawāb, or Subahdar of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and finally consummated the compact a few days later by formally installing him on the masnud at Moorshedābād.

A public treaty was then drawn up, signed and sealed, which was followed by many others, all signed ostensibly *bonâ fide*, yet eventually only to show who was the greatest rogue.

In their relations with the Viceroys of Moorshedābād, the Honourable Company played the same game they did everywhere else. Perfidy, rapacity and spoliation were their greatest virtues, i.e. of their subordinates, for whose acts I consider they were responsible. On every opportunity, and on every change of ruler, they appear to have taken advantage of the ignorance, inexperience and self-will of those who were raised to the masnud.

The original treaty, dated the 21st of March, 1770, signed by John Cartier, Richard Becher, William Aldersey, Claud Russell, Charles Floyer, John Reed, Francis Hare, Joseph Jekyell, Thomas Lane, and Richard Barwell, which treaty, I have with mine own eyes beheld, guaranteed to Nawab Mobaruk-ul-Dowlah the annual stipend of rupees 31,81,991,–9, i.e. about £318,991 sterling. This treaty concluded thus: "This Agreement, by the blessing of God, shall be *inviolably* observed for ever."

How was it observed? The Government considered that a continuance of the above-mentioned sum to Mobaruk-ul-Dowlah, during his minority, was a waste of good money. And before the ink of the said treaty, which was to last for ever, was well dry, the Court of Directors to their Governor-general observed, "Convinced as we are that an allowance of sixteen lakhs per annum will be sufficient for the Nawāb's state and rank while a minor, we must consider every addition thereto as so much wasted. You are, therefore, during the non-age of the Nawab, to reduce his annual stipend to sixteen lakhs of rupees."

Well, what had the minor done that his allowance should be thus curtailed? His sin, if sin it can be called, consisted in his not being older than he was: a fault which one can scarcely see how he could have remedied. Nor did the punishment end there, for on his majority he had to be content with the sixteen lakhs, the ostensible reason for his not regaining the originally stipulated allowance being that he had mismanaged his curtailed allowance.

Seeing that assurances had been given to the Munee Begum the Nawāb's mother, that, on his arriving at the age which would entitle him to ascend the masnud, the original stipend of thirty-one lakhs was to be resumed, one can only characterise the non-fulfilment of the promise by a term not unknown to the English language, and which is very abundant in Hindūstānī.

The long and the short of the matter is that the accumulations of £158,000 a year for so many years made to themselves wings and fled—they faded away from the public eye, favoured by the ignorance, want of energy and apathy on the part of the subsequent Sūbahdārs.

Shade of Clive, what would you say to your treaties being thus kept! Britons, too, who, although never perhaps very celebrated for making wise treaties, at least could plead the praise of integrity for keeping them.

Well, seeing that the Honourable Company could rob a young helpless prince of ten years of age of £158,000 a year, and take advantage of the ignorance and inexperience of others, I ought not to have been surprised at the very unhandsome way in which they treated me.*

To take up the threads of the journal. On the death of Nawāb Wallah Jah, his son Humayoon Jah, just alluded to, was proclaimed Nawāb, the 17th of December, 1824, and ascended the masnud at twelve years of age, but was under the management of Dewan Raie Gunga Dhar a wily Hindoo, and an English gentleman whose antipathies to the education of natives was but too well known; hence His Highness, Humayoon Jah, unfortunately received no education.

Naturally acute and quick, fond of European society, with every wish to mix in it, he was, nevertheless, in a great measure debarred from it. He was, it may be said, neglected almost from his youth, and was allowed to grow up in a state of blessed ignorance of the use a gentleman with his means (clipped though they were) might be to his country.

---

* The editor has here in his discretion thought it necessary to interrupt the thread of the narrative. The grievance which the author goes on to relate had reference to the investigation alluded to at p. 109. It is enough to state that after his spending weeks and months in gathering and sifting conflicting evidence, and mastering the intricacies of Muhammadan marriage law, the Government and the Nawāb Humayoon Jah fulfilled the Italian proverb: "L'animale delle lunghe orecchie dopo bevuto dà calei al secchio." ("The animal with long ears, after having quenched his thirst, kicks the pail.")—Ed.

Had his education not been neglected by those whose duty it was to have imbued his mind with liberal ideas, or in fact common ideas of the world, His Highness might, on attaining maturity, have formed friendships creditable to him—have founded and supported institutions for the public benefit of his country, and become not only the head of a Nazamut, but the principal supporter of the prosperity of Berhampore and Moorshedābād. Instead of which he was contracted in his ideas to a degree. He only thought of self, and administered to it.

He had some taste for painting, but a very depraved one. I believe he employed a professional artist of some talent for a few years. But then he employed him, not in recording the history of his country, or in depicting field sports, or any work of importance, but simply in the illustration of his own person.

I recollect seeing one picture of His Highness, dressed in silk stockings, a king's mantle of ermine, a black Spanish hat and feathers, and in an attitude that made the spectator believe that he was going to jump down his throat. It certainly was a great curiosity in the way of art.

His receptions were splendid, yet distressing. However, no more of this. The veil of oblivion must be thrown over the scene, and with a feeling of relief I turn to the brighter parts of his character. They did not come up to Sallust's ideal: "Is mihi demum vivere et frui animâ videtur, qui, aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit." ("He alone appears to me to live, and to enjoy life, who, being engaged in active scenes, seeks reputation by some famous action or some useful art.")

Still, notwithstanding his darkness of mind, I cheerfully bear testimony that there are on record acts of his pecuniary munificence to the distressed survivors of old friends. Traits like these tend to show what might have been made of His Highness had his mind been expanded by education—his ideas enlarged and led into a right channel. But, *satis superque.*

The palace is a grand pile of Grecian buildings, imposing in external appearance, and pure in architecture. It was designed by Colonel McCleod, R.E., and is highly creditable to him.

The Imambarrah, on the opposite side of the maidān, facing the palace, is a very beautiful pile of buildings. These two edifices, with some others of less significance, are said to have cost upwards of sixteen lakhs of rupees.

They are certainly magnificent buildings, befitting the dignity and position of the Nawāb; but altogether they ill accord with the confusion, filth, despicable houses and meanness of the city of Moorshedābād. The city was from 1704 till 1757 the capital of the province.

Most of the houses have only one story, and have tile roofs. The streets are narrow, and bordered on each side by open sewers, which are as offensive to the eye and nasal organs as they are opposed to hygienic principles.

The west bank of the river is ornamented and graced by innumerable mosques and Hindoo temples, mostly in ruins, yet still beautiful even in their decay.

The flaunting golden minarets of the Musalmān mosques, partially hid by an embroidered screen of elegant masonry, are frequently contrasted in close contact with the sombre Hindoo temples. The latter are plain, massy, and open on all sides.

There is about Moorshedābād a remarkable deficiency of ghāts for bathing purposes—steps cut in the bank being the only path to the water for ablution. There is however one, though scarcely worth mentioning, built of brick and cased with stone, but it is fast falling to decay.

Along these apologies for ghāts are seen the beautiful forms of the natives,—male and female indiscriminately mingled for bathing—washing their linen, and carrying away water for their daily consumption—a duty, though a hard one, invariably performed by the women.

There you see the abstracted Brahmin half immersed in the water, where seated, he is silently repeating his prayers, and performing the accustomed daily poojas; nothing disturbs him or arrests his attention till his formalities are over.

The forms of the native children of the age of five or six years are of the most perfect and beautiful mould and proportions. As they stand in their naked simplicity, gazing at you passing by, you would take them for beautiful antique statues, dug out of some ancient city, which had been scorched by fire.

After clearing the city and its suburbs, the usual monotonous bank and opposite chur (sandbank) forms the only picture of the several reaches until you come to Bournea.

The whole adjacent country seems devoted to the culture of the mulberry tree, of which the rich alluvial soil throws up splendid crops. Large silk factories, here and there, vary the appearance of the landscape.

7*th*. In the evening arrived at Janjipoor. On the opposite bank of the river stands the silk residency. The dwelling-house seems a large one, and is surrounded by a handsome lawn, in which are planted some large park-like trees. A neat iron railing bounds the whole.

On the west, opposite the residency, is the dwelling-house of Mr. Massick, formerly a member of the celebrated Janjipoor indigo concern, so long noted for the fine colour and superior manufacture of that valuable article of commerce.

For the last few years the Janjipoor indigo concern has not produced the fine crops and superior yield of former years, which gave the Janjipoor *mark* such celebrity. The once opulent partners are now scattered here and there, many of them beginning the world afresh, after years of princely affluence and Eastern enjoyment.

The Government tolls for passing up and down the river are taken at Janjipoor, and, being under judicious management, the collections have, some years, realised as much as 90,000 rupees. The toll is collected ostensibly for keeping the rivers clear of sandbanks and the passages through them always open and clear. The Bhāgīrathee, Matabanga and Jhillingee are, I believe, the three rivers.

A little beyond Janjipoor, to the west, the first glimpse of the hills is obtained. It took from daylight to 2 P.M. to reach Sootee, which is situated on the west bank of the river, on rather high ground, and from the number of large boats there collected, it seems to be a place of considerable trade. It possesses a factory, but not a very large one. Remained here a short time to obtain some necessaries for the boats, and then proceeded on again till nightfall.

8*th.* Started early in the morning and reached Laskapoor by about ten o'clock. The rest of the day was spent in getting into the big river, near the embrasure of which there were nearly six hundred large boats jammed and huddled together; the confusion may be within the reach of imagination, but is quite beyond description.

The Ganges here is about three miles in width, and opens boldly to the eye; the stream is pretty rapid.

Here, I had an opportunity of witnessing that curious phenomenon, the mirage. A perfect representation of a most rapid current was beautifully distinct. It seemed to rush past like a mountain torrent at a distance of three or four miles off; though aided by a field glass I could not detect the illusion, but I must observe that the field glass was not a very good one.

At sunset we were obliged to make fast on the tail of a chur, or rather chain of churs, undulating like the prairies.

9*th.* By daylight the men betook themselves to the pathway and continued for some time tracking slowly, by-and-bye a fine breeze springing up from the N.W. we made sail and had a delightful run of five or six miles; but finding I was running away from breakfast, and seeing the hour hand pointing to eleven o'clock, we brought up and waited for our dog and cook boat, which soon overhauled us.

I had purchased some fine mullets early in the morning, and after seeing the dogs comfortable and thoroughly cleaned, I commenced an attack on mullets, eggs, toast, coffee etc.

After leaving the churs in the morning, the river assumed a beautiful, clear, wide appearance, not an island or sandbank to be seen, only one broad rippling stream of two or three miles from shore to shore.

By 2 P.M. the range of the Raj Mahal hills became very perceptible. They had been visible the day before, but owing to the haze of distance it was fatiguing to the eye to endeavour to trace them, or their outline on the horizon.

10*th.* This morning the hills were very plain, and distinguishably variegated with alternate herbage, trees and shrubs, and the sun lit them up very prettily.

The river seemed to extend from three to four miles. At about eleven o'clock, we reached the mouth of Begumgunge Cal. The factory is said to be about two coss distant from it.

Despatched a letter to Bateman.

Lay at the mouth of the Begumgunge kol, near to which is Neemtolah factory, carried on by Mr. Henshawe, formerly of the Seracole concern.

At about 12 o'clock Bateman's elephant, a pad one, reached the boat, and I started immediately for the factory.

About half an hour's ride brought me up to one of the neatest sporting lodges, and, I suppose, one of the best sportsmen, India ever produced.

There never was, I suppose, a situation more favourably chosen as a point to diverge from, for every kind of sport, from the mighty elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, etc. down to the quail, than Begumgunge, which is within a short distance of the hills, which form a beautiful background to the landscape.

The hills are the abode of the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, jackal, deer, pig, and a great variety of feathered game.

Begumgunge thus commands, by its situation, the whole of the Raj Mahal hills up to within a short distance of Bhāgalpoor, and is not far from Malda and many other sporting stations.

Of my host, I need only say he is a thorough sportsman; every one knowing that when they meet such a man they are certain of finding an excellent companion and a good fellow. Mrs. Bateman left nothing to be wished for in the way of comfort and welcome. I left their hospitable roof at about 9 P.M. on a fine moonlight night, and crossing a chur and one or two nullahs reached the boat, after a four or five miles' ride, supped, smoked a Manilla and rested.

Mr. Bateman told me he had formerly caught twelve or thirteen elephants on the hills at a time when the Honourable Company were paying a good price for them, but retrenchment becoming the order of the day altered the profits, and "le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle."

Bateman stated that all the elephants he caught had marks of having been once reclaimed. He supposed they had perhaps escaped from our armies, or having been left behind sick they had recovered, and, getting away from the zemindars, had taken up their habitat among the hills and multiplied. A circumstance which renders this conjecture probable is that elephants are not naturally inhabitants of hills, but of the plains. The age of the elephant is unknown, but is supposed to exceed a century.

11*th*. Killed the first whole quail; weighed 4 oz. 1 dram.

I was nearly omitting to remark that the Raj Mahal hills are inhabited by a tribe of Aborigines. They are a fine race of men, and hire themselves out in gangs for work at the factories and all kinds of cultivation.

Among the hills are many fertile vales, comprising two or three hundred acres of the richest black soil which has never been cultivated, perhaps, since the creation. Parts of these vales, especially the more swampy, are cultivated by a still more superior race of hill people, who pay for an extent of land equal to a hundred acres only a goat a year and a little jaggery. They are all sportsmen, and particularly expert with the bow and arrow.

12*th.* Reached the city of Raj Mahal at about 5 o'clock, where Bateman's elephants had already arrived.

Here I found a large detachment of invalids homeward bound from different corps. They occupied about fifty boats, and comprised about four hundred men.

Although late in the day, I took a look at the ruins. They are the most massively built native work I ever saw, and are entirely overgrown with jungle.

Here is also a burial-ground for Europeans, and seemed to contain a great number of tombs.

The inhabitants of Raj Mahal appear to be most squalid and unhealthy, and had a kind of cadaverous bronze colour. How can they be otherwise, residing in such a place as its depths are, teeming with malaria from the rankest vegetation and with the least circulation of air conceivable?

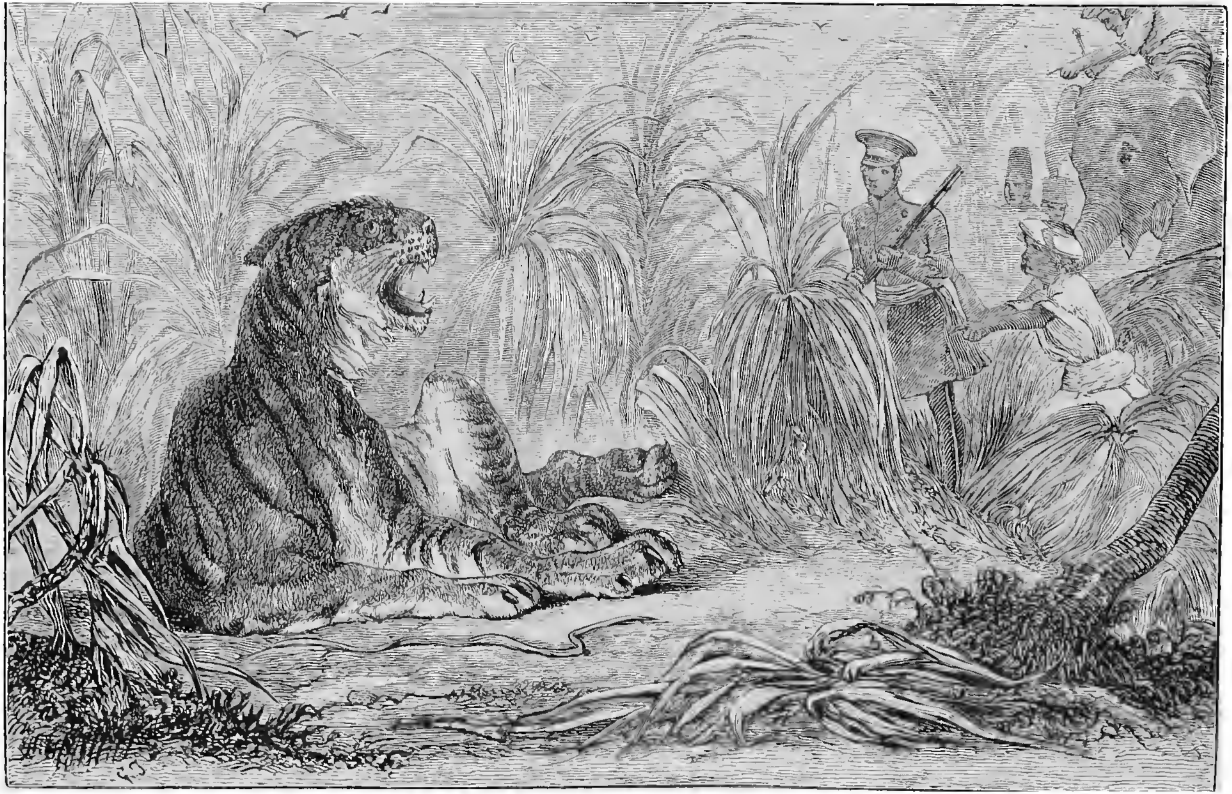
13*th*. Started in the morning on Bateman's elephant for Peer Pahar, a village extending I should think fully three miles.

Passed a few dilapidated buildings and a bridge cased with stone. The body of it seemed to be built of large shingle, oval shaped, each one weighing about eight or ten maunds, embedded in strong mortar and apparently imperishable. The bridge was quite overgrown with jungle springing from the parapets on both sides.

Where the village opened to the landscape a beautiful view was obtained. It was a sea of grass jungle extending to the foot of the hills, which appeared about a mile off.

The hills were beautifully lit up by the morning sun, and the sameness of the immense expanse of grass was diversified by small bushes that marked the different lines of small nullahs which intersected the immense plain. These nullahs are outlets of the jheels that extend along the plain at the foot of the hills.

Put up some deer and killed a doe, also sprang some few chickore and black partridge, but did not



[To face page 263.

WOUNDED TIGER.

bag very many. Reached the boats about 12 o'clock. In the evening took the dogs out and shot several chickore and black partridge.

14*th*. Started for Koddje, an uninhabited factory close to the foot of the hills.

The dāk road runs through one of the most extensive jungles imaginable, the abode of the rhinoceros and tiger. Saw a herd of deer, a few pigs and peacocks, and came on the remains of a buffalo.

When within two miles of the factory I was directed by the descent and hovering of vultures to a deep jungle by the side of a stagnant nullah, and beating it up, found a fresh carcase of a buffalo.

The elephant gave notice of something on foot, passed the carcase and discovered the footmarks of a large tiger. After beating about for some quarter of an hour I noticed some tall grass moving, and soon getting a peep at his majesty I fired. The shot told, but did not stop him. Nevertheless I felt confident he was well hit. After a little further pursuit we found ourselves in his immediate proximity. When we perceived him he was down on his side, and evidently severely wounded.

Having halted and sketched him from the back of my pad elephant, and feeling sure he was utterly disabled, I dismounted and treated him as I loved him.

Slept at the factory. Had breakfast under a tree, after which I paid a visit to Mr. Darget, by whom I was entertained with true hospitality.

His bungalow is situated on a projecting hill close to the river. Sent back Bateman's elephant and took to boat again. Went ashore very soon after sunrise. The call of the chickore was quite ridiculous, nothing else but "chuckle chuckle," from apparently hundreds of birds. The dogs stood them well, but the jungle was excessively deep, even close to the river.

Killed six and a half brace—had some excellent points—scent evidently a warm one.

Came upon the marks of a tiger, quite fresh, so that he must have very recently passed from the jungle to the river. Apprehensions not pleasant; nevertheless, I beat on, and altogether had most excellent sport, and no undesirable encounter.

Weighed the chickore, and found the cocks 16 and 17 ounces, hens 13 and 14 ounces.

Whilst at Siciree I was told that the jungle fowls came down amongst the tame ones and fed with them, as did also the peacocks and deer.

The hyenas even entered the compound of the bungalow, and several of the proprietor's dogs were severely wounded by them; one had his ribs broken.

Every report agreed that game of all sorts was most abundant there, and I assuredly had the opportunity of confirming the report by my own observation.

At Siciree there was a hill bamboo different to any I had ever seen before. It flowered and produced grain exactly similar to rice both in appearance and taste, but much richer in flavour. After flowering and maturing the seed the plantation dies off.

The natives collected the rice from the trees at Siciree and sold it at one rupee per maund. They say it flowers once in forty years, and in some parts where the species is more common they chronicle events by the occurrence.

15*th.* Met with nothing of any consequence in the shape of game.

16*th.* Reached Patter Gatta where the rocks run to the water's edge. On the extreme point and about half way up is a Hindoo temple of very plain architecture. It is terraced and built close to the live rock, which peeps through the tangled cover in bold horizontal masses. Out of this rock is hollowed a cave where the priest blows his shell, which reverberates through the hills and over the surface of the waters.

On the right hand entrance to the cave, placed on a parapet, which forms one side of the entrance to it, are different symbols of the superstition of the Hindoos. Towering above, the rock beetles, and the foliage shadows the idols of darkness and error, which seem as it were to shrink in sleepy obscurity from the brightness and beauty of day. The deep shadows that enveloped the side of the hill on which was situated this retreat of Hindoo idolatry, threw around them an obscurity only relieved by the sharp outlines of the temple and the bold markings of the projecting rocks.

The brahmin was a stout, fat and rather powerful man, and notwithstanding that he was evidently in the enjoyment of the good things of this world he did not hesitate to crave alms.

This point or spur runs to the water's edge, and the communication is cut off from the main bank by a cal which winds round the bottom of the continuous hill.

Came opposite the well-known Colgong rocks, which every person passing up and down the river delineates in their sketch books, writes about in verses, and where they spend a little while in shooting pigeons. These rocks are divided into three ranges, but the middle channel is never attempted, there being plenty of river room on each side. In general contour they are conical, and look as if they had been thrown up by a volcano.

The rocks are very massive, and the geological formation is argillaceous limestone. The rocks, some twenty feet up from the base, are covered in the interstices by jungle of a rich foliage and colour. Clouds of blue pigeons which inhabit the crevices vary the sameness of unoccupied space by their circling flights. During the rains the current rushes through the different channels with the velocity of a cataract, and roaring, breaks fiercely against the rocky bosom in surging waves.

The navigation in an unmanageable budgero past these rocks during the rains is a task of no ordinary danger, owing to the currents setting off from the banks which trend towards them. If the boat should perchance be carried against them, certain destruction would be the consequence. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of the Ganges.

17*th.* Anchored at night at the mouth of the kol (creek) running up to Bhāgalpoor—distance eighteen miles.

The alligators of the magar species rose in great numbers, and were of enormous size. One that projected his rugged outline above the surface of the stream could not be less than twenty-five or thirty feet in length.

Some fishermen had caught a large flat fish which had lost its tail. Its mouth was placed underneath, and altogether it resembled a flounder, except that it was more circular. The head was placed about one third on the body, the outside or circular fin extended all round and in front. It had been harpooned. The natives ate it, and considered it quite a delicacy.

18*th.* Reached Bhāgalpoor at about 12 o'clock.

The station is very high, and the houses of the different authorities, civil and military, are at a very respectable distance from each other. They are picturesque, gentlemanly looking domiciles with beautiful lawn and park-like scenery around them. Here is a corps of hill rangers composed entirely of Pahārees or highlanders, rather an undersized set of men, but very compact, and are said to be excellent soldiers. Like their brethren, however, of the hills they are slaves to spirits wherever obtainable.

The highlanders are proverbial for filth and dirt, and have none of the industry necessary for a proper cultivation of the soil, and only grow maize, a few plantains and such crops as require little or no attention.

The headmen of the hill villages receive from Government a monthly stipend, or black mail, meant as a quietus to the people under their control, and for the protection also of the dāks, etc. With this object also, a certain portion of land at the foot of the hills was marked out and assigned them for cultivation, free of rent; but their natural habits were against even this exertion, and they sublet the land that was cleared to any one who chose to cultivate it, being perfectly satisfied with the small rent thus obtained. The land was given them for the purpose of getting it cleared; but even those portions that were rendered fit for husbandry by the felling of trees and bushes were left to nature's overrunning sylvan bounties. Consequently, the Government made attempts to resume the lands. How far they will be successful may issue forth hereafter perhaps from the womb of time.

The hills are known to contain coal, and are supposed to be rich also in metallic ores. As yet Government does not seem to have directed much attention to the subject.

Owing to the proximity of the big river, coal obtainable from these hills would be an immense advantage to the Indian Steam Navigation Company.

I believe two officers were sent to examine and report on the probability of coal, but they came to no satisfactory result about it.

Bhāgalpoor is a military station on the Ganges, 104 miles from Moorshedābād and about 35 miles from Monghier. It is a handsome and flourishing town, with a population of about 30,000. The country is well diversified by hill and dale, and the roads are as beautiful as they are excellent.

After getting clear of the succession of small eminences on which the civilians' houses are built on the S.E. side of the town, the roads are most superb—wide enough to turn a four-in-hand on. The lands on each side are in the highest state of cultivation, not a weed or bunch of grass to be seen anywhere.

The crops on the ground in November were rice, an immense quantity of balgah for feeding cattle, the castor oil plant, mustard for the sake of the oil, indigo in seed, bringal and tobacco. Opium is also cultivated to a great extent.

22*nd.* The country around is so highly cultivated that no game can harbour securely. Near some old tanks, fringed with bushes, I shot a few grey partridges. They were very small although old birds; weight about seven and a half ounces, about half the weight of the chickore, to which bird they are in every particular alike as regards plumage, save in the colour of the breast.

Bhāgalpoor sports a racket court and a race-course, both, I believe, well adapted for their respective purposes.

I was received with the welcome expected of my friend James, who inhabited a very pretty, cheerful, seven-roomed house situated on an eminence close to the river. The lawns were in beautiful order, and so richly and tastily planted with trees, among which the fir, larch and a drooping willow-looking tree called the tyrol were most conspicuous. The undulations of the lawn were quite English, and the most perfect antipodes to the flat, shut-out appearance of the plains around Berhampore or Calcutta.

Avenues of trees led from the house to the entrance gates, the river side being open.

A beautiful mosque on the north side, deserted but still in good preservation, added a finish to the edge of the grounds, and gave them quite an oriental appearance.

The absence of any sort of jungle about my friend's house and grounds, the neatness and taste displayed in all the household economy, both gastronomic and otherwise, with the welcome and happiness of meeting with old friends, connected with the happiest benedictions on both sides, rendered my stay and daily converse during the period of my visit most enchanting.

One of the principal features in the compound was a splendid kennel for hounds; alas, no longer tenanted by that noble dog! A disease baffling medicines, care, and everything else carried off thirteen or fourteen couples of hounds unrivalled for selection and merit.

The country does not look like a good hunting one, but the little opportunity I had of judging may render this opinion erroneous.

The pack was the sole property of my friend, who is as celebrated for his riding, hunting with hounds, and every other sporting quality, as for his convivial, friendly and gentlemanly disposition.

24*th.* Took leave of James after breakfast, and set off on the return trip at about eleven o'clock. Wind N.W. Reached Siciree. Had some successful shooting.

25*th.* In the morning arrived at Raj Mahal. Remained here and sketched the ruins.

26*th.* Examined the ruins very minutely. Their massiveness is quite ridiculous. They are said to have been built by Akbar, and very probably were thus constructed for defence. The wells are of enormous size and close to the river, though probably when constructed they were in the centre of the building, and the river at a considerable distance, otherwise they are most unaccountably situated. The most ancient parts of the remaining ruins are about six feet in thickness, and in any other country but India must have defied time to overthrow them. The soil has betrayed them.

There appears to be more mortar than brick in their composition, and the ruins fall in immense massive blocks that no power can break up. I do not think that even dynamite would make much impression on them.

It is worth observing that the bricks, like those used by the Romans, are very thin, and resemble tiles more than bricks according to our notion.

There is an Imambarra still remaining, overlooking the river, and although small it is very beautifully executed.

A portion of it is built with black marble; the musjid is of white marble, the panels being covered with words from the Kurān in Arabic. The letters are deeply cut out and filled with some black cement. The whole of this part appears rather modern, perhaps about the time of Sirāj-ud-Daula.

The jungle is excessively dense, and here and there in the midst of it, and about the outskirts, appear most beautiful gateways.

Some Europeans have dug about the Khazāna Khānā, but I believe unsuccessfully.

The building is much too massy to be broken into for treasure; and the want of data, and the names even of what the buildings were intended for, throw obstacles in the way not to be overcome in fact. A man must spend a fortune to find one, or even have the slightest chance in the digging line.

The Smiths, Thomsons and Browns of the European regiments stationed in the country have all, as they passed through, registered their names on the ruins, some in capitals, others in round hand, etc.

The Bengalees also have displayed the same penchant of having it known that they had visited the ruins. They certainly excite attention—very general attention.

The style of the gateways is very beautiful. I sincerely trust no second Elgin will ever think of removing these landmarks of the once extensive and beautiful palace of the city of Raj Mahal.

The natives are much given to drinking toddy, which, being most abundant, is of course very cheap. The grog shops are situated on clean terraces, and there one may see the natives sitting and imbibing, but looking more like as if they were taking medicine than having a flare-up in a pot-house. They are squalid and wretched in appearance, dirty and most decidedly hard-drinkers.

Such are the ruins of Raj Mahal as they appeared to me, and such are its inhabitants.

I observed that a Mr. Lamb had converted a portion of the ruins into a factory, and another portion into an accommodation bungalow for the assistants during the manufacturing period.

He had no lands on the Raj Mahal side of the river, and seems to have built this factory to work off his produce on the opposite side of the river. The water for the use of the factory was drawn by buckets from one of the ancient wells which was sixty feet deep.

The factory is one of the most ruinous-looking concerns I ever saw. Whether it is the same for the proprietor in the rupee line, I know not. In its midst, too, I observed an old burial ground, mosques etc. Yet still it meets the eye as a ruin, and this combination of the modern adoption renders it still more ridiculous as a ruin. I do not like such transmutations.

27*th*. Weighed at dawn. Made fifty-eight drawings during the month.

Of Raj Mahal little is known prior to the year 1649, except that it had been the seat of the viceroyalty of the whole of Bengal. Subsequent occurrences have made us better acquainted with it. Here it was that Sirāj-ud-Daula reluctantly halted whilst on his way from Moorshedābād to Patna, where he hoped to find an asylum with Law de Lauriston after his disastrous defeat at Plassey—more correctly Palīsī. His boatmen, worn out by fatigue and exertion, would proceed no further, and the terror stricken and disguised viceroy, accompanied by two companions, sought for refuge during the night amongst the ruins. As fate would have it so, he was recognised in the morning by an old fakīr whose cell he approached. His old acquaintance ostensibly extended him friendly hospitality. But having good reason to remember that His Highness had twelve months previously deprived him of his aural appendages, smarting still under the recollection, and stimulated by the hopes of reward, he betrayed him to the Commandant Meer Cossim, Meer Jaffier's son-in-law. His Highness was soon captured and treated with great indignity. Back to Moorshedābād the crest-fallen

Prince was hurried, and as a felon he was ushered into the presence of his supplanter in his own palace. He appealed on his knees to the new Nabob for mercy and for time for ablution and prayer. All was in vain. He was stabbed by Meeran, son of Meer Jaffier, a youth of seventeen. Thus died the tyrant Sirāj-ud-Daula in his twentieth year. His mangled remains were afterwards paraded through the city of Moorshedābād on an elephant.

It was whilst Shah Jehan wielded the throne of Delhi, and knowing how he obtained and held it, and being fearful lest some of the scions of the blood royal might envy him, and be led to relieve him of the cares of state before the gods had gathered him to their bosom, that he wisely determined to delegate some of his authority to others. Accordingly he bestowed upon his son Suja the Sūbahdārship of Bengal, and upon a relative named Shastā Khan that of Behar.

Suja established the seat of his government at Raj Mahal, which, according to ancient records, would seem to have been previously called Akbar-nagar, i.e. city of Akbar.

He there built a magnificent palace, which would appear by the remains to have been fortified. He also strengthened and beautified the city in every way as became a munificent prince.

It would seem as if the river at that time must have run at some considerable distance from the city. I infer this from the existence of wells of an immense depth built on what is now the very edge of the river. They still remain, strange to say, in perfect condition, shrouded by trees and nature's lining.

Since writing the above I find that Major R. H. Colebrooke, in his account of the course of the Ganges, relates examples of the rapid filling up of some of its branches, and the excavation of new channels, where the number of square miles of soil removed in a short time (the column of earth being 114 feet high) was truly astonishing. Forty square miles, or 25,000 acres, are mentioned as having been carried away, in one place, in the course of a few years.

During Suja's viceroyalty a fire destroyed a great portion of the city, the public baths, and also considerably injured the palace.

APPENDIX.

> "Si Romæ fueris, romano vivito more;
> Si fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi."—*Ambrosius Josippus.*
>
> "If you are at Rome, live as they do at Rome; if elsewhere, live as they do there."

To MARMION.—(A Confidential Epistle.)

MY DEAR MARMION,

I think my last letter was from the Hurricane Island, relating to the game laws and sport on that spot on the chart; since leaving which I have been in a complete whirl of ill-health, sea delays, and all the diabolicals that a man usually is afflicted with when confined for nearly six months in a room eight feet by nine and a half. I really never will during my life, unless I cannot help it, ever again enter one of those dimensions.

But let me collect my thoughts, and tell you something about England since my reaching it, which, from our crosses and jostles during the voyage, I never expected to reach alive.

More dead than living, I landed at Margate, and posted off without delay to that great Babylon—London, travelling through that beautiful country, that garden of England —Kent.

The crops were all golden, standing on the ground, and cutting, save oats, very partial indeed.

How my heart (sick as I felt) did jump and kick against my ribs, as I whirled past barley, and wheat, and beans, and clover, and young swedes, and all the crops,—so clean, so weedless, so rich in appearance; and then my thoughts wandered farther, and I felt very anxious to know what they held besides.

I am now looking at your phiz and tip-tops, hanging up in the best room in my cottage. It is flanked with skins and horns, and shooting gear is liberally strewed around it. My black and tan setter, "Prussia," is lying at your feet, fast asleep, and the two pointers are "extended" before the fire. Your humble sitting by a brisk one, clad in black velveteen shooting dress, changing my shot from "Cross" No. 7 to No. 5; and you have exactly the whole scene as it exists in England—general *personal appearance* rather cadaverous than otherwise.

Since shooting commenced, I have shown up altogether better than I previously had reason to expect. The season has been a late one for birds, and in some counties the shooting was generally put off. It was so in the part of Wiltshire where my interest lay.

The morning of the 12th opened on me re-shouldering a gun in merry old England. "Pilot" and "Ross" were with the D—y—tt keeper, but dogs were not wanting (for my friend had excellent ones), or a more birdy-looking country I never set eyes on.

I was elated and light-hearted, and light-sided enough for our pursuit; but I must confess that, finding myself placed among good sportsmen, good shots, *quite on their own crow*, I felt nervous at setting off; added to this, my friend had a sovereign contempt for everything Indian, and considered that even English money became currency, and depreciated by translation to Hindustan.

One or two first shots that got up to my companions were knocked over with a smartness and ease quite astounding, still tending somewhat more to my discomfiture and nervousness. I soon forgot everything else but the delight of the scene, and my eye had been completely taken out by a black setter belonging to my friend G—h, whose style of hunting and beating his ground I thought as good a thing as ever I had witnessed. My moment came to him, for he stood dead on a hare, seated in a thin tuft of clover, just a step in front of me. I heard a low mutter of "kick her out," or something like it; and out she went, and purled over. The dog was down charge while loading; when he moved to another point; the bird did not lie a second, and it was well I played up quick, getting a double shot, and killing handsomely.

The steadiness of the dog was beyond praise, and I made up my mind to beg, borrow, or steal him, if money would not purchase him. He became my property that evening, over a jug of good brown ale. He is a sure dog at everything; but I never saw his like for a pheasant, either for point, drawing, or pushing him.

I killed two brace and a half of long tails, and a brace of hares, the first day to him. He is a breast high dog and not to be tired. What a capital dog for the woods he will be next year!

Eighteen years, Marmion, is much too long to stay from connections and friends, and such a length of time breaks the union completely. Such is my case: some are dead, some scattered, and those that are left greatly changed.

I have found, and still do find, great difficulty in getting a day's shooting from strangers; and without leave, you cannot stir off a footpath.

By the new law, the old certificate qualifies you to kill game, subject to the law of trespass, the severity of which is increased. In the olden time, a personal service of prohibition off grounds, farms and all lands was necessary (separate ones from each farmer), before an information for trespass would lay. By the present law, a man can be taken off the land at once, and brought before the magistrate, to suffer the penalty, at the same time being subjected to all the insult and insolence of such people, from which the law cannot protect you. As an instance, I heard of a gentleman that got off his liberty by not knowing the country, and was subjected of course to the penalty, for common trespass, of two pounds. Before he could regain his right of road, four more obstructions were encountered, all of which were brought forward, and penalty awarded in spite of the gentleman's explanation, both on the ground and before the bench, that the latter was only caused by his endeavouring to regain his road. No,—the *law* had been broken and the law must be vindicated.

What think you of this state of things?

Notwithstanding the amount of caloric I may be supposed to have brought home with me, I find the weather very cold, and the people more so, making one think that after all India is a very fine country.

Oh, the chill wind breezes! and the faces of the people look as if they would cut the throat of the north wind if they met it. Shut up in my cottage for the last week, without even the pleasure of a large room to swear in, I have only during the period named killed one rabbit, and that was in a sluice of rain, and at the bottom of a long mead, one of my own fields. For this iniquity, I had to do penance to the doctor.

Bless my tweezers, here comes a letter from an old Indian acquaintance! "If you think it worth your while trying the coverts again, come quickly as I have news of a cock."

There is something in an Indian residence, whether short or long, that imparts a genial warmth to European breasts never to be eradicated, and gives a more open, generous tone to them than (perhaps) any other country in the world; the like is not to be expected in this land of cold rain and chilly features unless from an Indian.

I had sighed and fretted myself to fiddle strings in the wish of meeting an Indian that I had some knowledge of. The London season was over; at Cheltenham, I was unlucky in not meeting any, and Bath only furnished those of the years 1810 and 14, quite another sort of people from my time. By the greatest chance and the greatest good luck I was told that a gentleman who had been in India during 1824 and 25, and was acquainted with me, having heard that I was in the ancient and pleasant city of King Bladud, would be most happy to see me, and give me a turn at his covers. Although unable to bring him at all clearly to my recollection, I was not inclined to be ceremonious, particularly when such a welcome and prospect lay before me; so in went the grinder into a shandy dan, and a seven mile spin along the road brought me to a fine ruined abbey situated on his property, and belonging to the gentleman whose covers I was proceeding to beat.

I was welcomed with a hearty welcome and also a substantial breakfast, and in my worthy host I recognised a gentleman, who had come to India in the military service, and had only done duty with the 65th Native Infantry at Barrackpore in 1824 or 5, and almost immediately returned for ever to his native country. A mutual friend in that corps had introduced him to me when a denizen of Calcutta, and a couple of visits were the most he ever paid me there.

The warmth of the reception riveted the first link in the chain of my affections, for as yet, cold England and I were almost as Jew and Samaritan, and I could not refrain exclaiming to myself. there is no parallel in any country to these effects on the human constitution. Once touch the Indian shore, and a spark is lit up in the breast of man of kindly and honest unaffected recollection never to be eradicated. No time, no place, no circumstances can destroy this ever sparkling meteor. I pretend not to assert that in the heart there existed not these friendly dispositions and feelings originally; but that there is something in a visit to India that warms them into life and preserves their verdure.

I find that the farmers are the only people I can look to with any certainty for a day's sport. They are very ready to grant it, unless forbidden by the terms of their leases. Many of them now preserve and shoot not only over their own lands, but those of others—and such are the men I was among in Wiltshire; and I will say for them that I never met men so anxious to show you sport and hospitality as the Wiltshire farmers.

Being in the neighbourhood of the Duke's—most of them are nag-eyed chaps, and bruise with the hounds—one of them, a deuced hard-riding farmer, whilst staying with me a night, happened during the evening, as he was changing and twisting his cigar, to catch a glimpse of your portrait. "Oh!" said he, "my bit of pink, where do you come from? I think you are a good 'un by your Os." But the tone, the way, the twinkle of the eye, as he brought out the word "Os," was positively the best thing I ever heard or saw.

I have come to an end of my paper, and therefore bid adieu to you, and this desultory scrawl. May Heaven protect you!

Yours,
George Trigger.

Note A., *page* 4.

It may be interesting to say a few words respecting the Mogul empire during a period prior to and subsequent to our connection with India. They will tend to confirm what I have said respecting Asiatic despotisms, and also to show that we were morally justified in the steps we took to put an end to them.

Without attempting to depict the scenes of anarchy and treachery, lawless rapine, and wholesale massacres, flaying and impaling alive, and other modes of torture, the following lines will show how the claims of legitimacy and primogeniture were regarded by those who administered justice with the sword.

From the reign of Selim, son of the victorious Akbar, who ascended the throne in 1605, to that of Shah Alum, who died in 1806, only two instances can be found where the rightful heir ascended the throne of the Moguls.

Selim was succeeded by his third son Khurren Shah, who took the title of Shah-Jehan or King of the World, and reigned thirty-eight years. Shah Jehan becoming prostrate with sickness in 1657, his four sons broke into revolt against his authority, and fought between themselves for the succession. Aurungzebe, the youngest, joined his forces with those of Morad against their eldest brother, whom they defeated and slew. Soon afterwards Aurungzebe put both Morad and Dara to death, and dethroned his father, who died in 1666.

Aurungzebe died at Ahmednagar, in February 1707, after a reign of forty-nine years, chiefly remarkable for perfidy, hypocrisy and bloodshed. By his will he divided his possessions among his sons. He was succeeded by his second son Bahādur Shah, who died after a short reign of five years.

The next emperor was Jehandar Shah, eldest son of the preceding emperor, and reigned eighteen months. He is one example of a rightful heir ascending the throne during the period alluded to. His first act was to put to death all the princes of the blood royal.

His brother Ferocksīr succeeded and reigned six years. He was a weak indolent prince and owed his elevation to the exertions of two brothers, Houssein Ali, and Abdalla Khan, who afterwards blinded him, and then put him to death.

Ruffeich-ul-Dirjat, a grandson of Bahādur Shah, was next raised to the dignity by the two brothers above mentioned; but was murdered by them after reigning three months.

His brother Ruffeih-ul-Doulat was next proclaimed, but died, or was killed, in a few days.

Muhammad Shah, son of Jehandur, and grandson of Bahādur Shah, was next proclaimed emperor in 1719, and no doubt prolonged his own life by depriving the two tyrannical brothers of theirs.

Muhammad Shah was succeeded by his eldest son Prince Ahmed. Ahmed Shah, after reigning six years, was blinded and then deposed in 1754, and a grandson of Aurungzebe was raised to the throne, by the title of Alamgir the Second.

If kings fared so, we may guess, but can never truly realise, the condition of the helpless poor.

NOTE B., *page* 18.

It has occurred to me that I ought to offer some apology for the unusual mode in which I have written Hindūstānī words in the foregoing pages. Although laying myself open to the charge of pedantry in not adopting the stereotyped usage of English authors of known repute, yet I feel conscious that to adhere to such usage is only to perpetuate error, consequently I have adopted a mode of spelling which I conceive is best calculated to enable an English reader to pronounce them with tolerable correctness, and the young Hindūstānī scholar to perceive at once their etymological meaning.

It is a common query "What's in a name?" I have found the name Sirāj-ud-Daūla spelt Suraja Dowlah, Surajah Dowlah, Surajee Dowlah, Sirajee ul Dowlah. If the spelling of a name is of no consequence so long as it indicates the person meant, then why not adhere to the more Christian appellation of Sir Roger Dowler, under which the tyrant figured in some of the newspapers and chronicles of the day, in London, about the year 1757?

In such an appellation no Arabic or Hindūstānī scholar could recognise the meaning of the *name*, viz., lamp or sun of the state. And it is more than likely that had His Highness been so addressed, he would have threatened to impale the speaker, as he threatened Mr. Watts, our resident, for a much more trivial offence.

THE EDITOR.

NOTE C., *page* 72.

The general reader will perceive that my estimate of Ali Verdi Khan's character is at variance with that which is generally given of him. Although I have read of "the quiet rule of Ali Verdi Khan, a prince alike wise, liberal and humane," yet I see no reason to alter what I have said respecting him.

The following quotation from a work published at the beginning of the present century will speak for itself:—

"Ali Verdi Khan, a Tartar of obscure birth, but of excellent talents, had succeeded to the government of Bengal, by the disposal of Surfuraz Khan, the son of his patron and protector. His views were scarce crowned with success, before his province was invaded by a large body of Mahrattas, excited to the undertaking by the crafty Nizam ul Moolk. His resistance was gallant and far exceeded his apparent means; but he must have been subdued by superior numbers, if he had not resorted to treachery and assassination—a resource which habit rendered familiar and a false religion authorised. Baskur Pundit, the Mahratta general, was deluded into an interview, and fell a victim to the superior cunning and villany of the successful Ali Verdi Khan."

Indian writers eulogise Aurungzebe for his "justice, clemency, learning, and various other virtues." Yet what are the real facts of the case? He dethroned his father, murdered not only his brothers, but every one whose power or influence he had cause to dread. Of his rapacious and oppressive administration we have an authentic account in a letter addressed to him by his Commander-in-chief, the Rajah Jesswunt Sing, of which the following is an extract:—

"During your Majesty's reign many have been alienated from the empire, and further loss of territory must necessarily follow, since devastation and rapine now universally prevail without restraint.

"Your subjects are trampled under foot, and every province of your empire is impoverished; depopulation spreads and difficulties accumulate. When indigence has reached the habitation of the sovereign and his princes, what can be the condition of the nobles? As to the soldiery, they are in murmurs; the merchants complaining, the Muhammadans discontented, the Hindoos destitute, and multitudes of people wretched even to the want of their nightly meal, are beating their heads throughout the day in desperation. How can the dignity of the sovereign be preserved, who employs his power in exacting heavy tributes from a people thus miserably reduced?

"If your majesty places any faith in those books, by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of the Muhammadans alone. The Pagan and the Musalmān are equally in his presence.

"Distinctions of colour are of His ordination.

"It is He who gives existence. In your temples, to His name the voice is raised in prayer; in a house of images, where the bell is shaken, still He is the object of adoration. To vilify the religion or customs of other men is to set at nought the pleasure of the Almighty. When we deface a picture, we naturally incur the resentment of the painter; and justly has the poet said, "Presume not to arraign or scrutinize the various works of power divine."

"In fine, the tribute you demand from the Hindoos is repugnant to justice. It is equally foreign from good policy, as it must impoverish the country. Moreover, it is an innovation, and an infringement of the laws of Hindūstān. But if zeal for your own religion hath induced you to determine upon the measure, the demand ought, by the rules of equity, to have been made first upon Ramsing, who is esteemed the principal among the Hindoos; then let your well-wisher be called upon, with whom you will have less difficulty to encounter; but to torment ants and flies is unworthy of a heroic or generous mind. It is wonderful that the ministers of your government should have neglected to instruct your Majesty in the rules of rectitude and honour."

The best insight into the character of Aurungzebe is perhaps to be obtained from his own writings.

The following letters to his sons are so expressive of the agony which must always accompany even successful guilt, and are so instructive, that no apology will be needed for their insertion here. They are taken from, 'Waring,' page 206.

AURUNGZEBE *to* AZIM SHAH.

Health to thee! my heart is near thee. Old age is arrived, weakness subdues me, and strength has forsaken all my members. I came a stranger into this world, and a stranger I depart. I know nothing of myself, what I am, or for what I am destined. The instant which passed in power hath only left sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian or protector of the empire. My valuable time has been passed vainly. *I had a patron in my own dwelling* [*conscience*], *but his glorious light was unseen by my dim sight. Life is not lasting;* there is no vestige of departed breath, and *all hopes from futurity are lost.* The fever has left me, but nothing of me remains but skin and bones. My son [Kam Bukhsh], though gone to Beejapoor, is still near, and thou my son art nearer. The worthy of esteem Shah Alum is far distant, and my grandson, Azeem Ooshan, is arrived near Hindūstān. The camp followers, helpless and alarmed, are, like myself, full of affliction, restless as the quicksilver. Separated from their lord, they know not if they have a master or not.

I have brought nothing into this world, and, except the infirmities of man, carry nothing out. *I have a dread of my salvation and with what torments I may be punished.*

Though I have strong reliance on the mercies and bounty of God, yet regarding my actions fear will not quit me, but, when I am gone, reflection will not remain.

Come then what may, I have launched my vessel to the waves. Though Providence will protect the camp, yet, regarding appearances, the endeavours of my sons are indispensable. Give my last prayers to my grandson [Bedar Bukht], whom I cannot see, but the desire affects me. The Begum [his daughter] appears afflicted, but God is the only judge of hearts. The foolish thoughts of women produce nothing but disappointment. Farewell! Farewell.

To PRINCE KAM BUKHSH.

My son nearest to my heart; though in the height of my power, and by God's permission, I gave you advice, and took with you the greatest pains, yet as it was not the Divine will, you did not attend with the ears of compliance. Now, I depart a stranger, and lament my own insignificance, what does it profit me? I carry with me the fruits of my sins and imperfections! Surprising Providence! I came here alone, and alone I depart. The leader of this caravan hath deserted me. The fever which troubled me for twelve days has left me. Wherever I look I see nothing but the Divinity. My fears for the camp and followers are great; but, alas, I know not myself! My back is bent with weakness, and my feet have lost the power of motion. The breath which rose is gone, and left not even hope behind it. I have committed numerous crimes, and know not with what punishment I may be seized. Though the protector of mankind will guard the camp, yet care is also incumbent on the faithful, and my sons. When I was alive, no care was taken; and now I am gone the consequences may be guessed. The guardianship of a people is a trust by God committed to my sons. Azim Shah is near; be cautious that none of the faithful are slain, or their miseries fall on my head. I resign you, your mother and son, to God, as I myself am going. The agonies of death come fast upon me.

Bahādur Shah is still where he was, and his son is arrived near Hindūstān. Bedar Bukht is in Guzerat. Hyat ul Nissa, who has beheld no affection of time till now, is full of sorrows.

Regard the Begum as without concern. Odipooree, your mother, was a partner in my illness, and wishes to accompany me in death; but everything has its appointed time.

The domestics and courtiers, however deceitful, yet may not be ill-treated. It is necessary to gain your views by gentleness and art. Extend your feet no longer than your skirt.

The complaints of the unpaid troops are as before.

Dara Shekoh, though of much judgment and good understanding, settled large pensions on his people, but paid them ill, and they were for ever discontented. I am going; whatever good or evil I have done, it was for you. Take it not amiss, nor remember what offences I have done to yourself, that account may not be demanded of me hereafter. No one has seen the departure of his own soul, but I see that mine is departing.

NOTE D., *page* 109.

I have decided to suppress all information respecting the economy of the zenana promised at page 109. I cannot think of affording gratification to some at the expense of pain to others.

THE EDITOR.

GLOSSARY.

Baboo, a Hindoo gentleman.
Bāwarchee, a cook.
Bāzū-bands, armlets.
Chaprāsī, a messenger, or other servant, so called from his wearing a badge.
Charkh-pūjā, a swinging festival.
Chhātā, an umbrella.
Coss, two English miles.
Dāk, postal conveyance.
Darzees, tailors.
Dūkān, a shop.
Fakeer, a religious mendicant, more correctly a sturdy beggar.
Gharā, earthenware jars.
Ghāt, a bathing-place.
Harām-zāda, a base born wretch.
Hargīlā, a species of crane, vul. adjutant.
Jamadār, a lieutenant.
Janeo, the Brahminical cord.
Kāfila, a caravan.
Kainchee, a pair of scissors.
Kalghees, ornaments on the turban.
Kanthees, necklaces.
Kāyasths, writers.
Khidmatgār, a butler, or the servant that waits at table.
Kol, a creek, a bay.
Kraunee, term of contempt, a quill-driver.
Lakh, one hundred thousand.
Līl-kanth, a bird, the blue jay.
Lohārs, blacksmiths.
Lolaks, earrings.
Lotās, brass jars.
Mahout, an elephant driver.
Maidān, a grassy plain.
Masân, a Hindoo burning-place for the dead.
Masnud, a throne.
Maund, a weight varying in different localities, about 80 lbs.
Mehter, a scavenger.
Modee, a merchant.
Mofussil, country—opposed to town.
Nal, a kind of jungle.
Naukar, a servant.
Nizamut, Nawab Nazim, his court, family, and government.
Pān, betel leaf (leaves of *Piper betel*).
Pankhā, a large fan.

Pūjā, a festival.

Rajah, a title of Hindoo nobility.

Sar-pechs, diadems.

Shasters, the sacred laws of the Hindoos.

Sircar, a sort of house steward; keeps the household accounts, receives and disburses, and takes care of his master's money. His services are valuable in *one* respect, viz., he will allow nobody to cheat his master except himself.

Sitār, a kind of guitar with three strings.

Sonār, a goldsmith.

Sūbahdār, viceroy, nabob.

Tālāb, a tank.

Tamāshā, an amusing entertainment, fun.

TABLE FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE HINDŪSTĀNĪ VOWELS.

Hindūstānī sonnds.		English sounds.
ā long	as in	war
a short	,,	bat
e long	,,	where
ī long	,,	police
i short	,,	pin
o is always long	,,	no
oo	,,	groove
ū long	,,	rule
u short	,,	pull
ai long	,,	aisle
au broad	,,	cow

INDEX.

AFGHĀNISTĀN, disaster in, and surmises thereon, 161
Ali Verdi Khan, an account of, 72, 287
Alligators, descriptions of, 237
Annual balls in Calcutta, 61
Aurungzebe, an account of, 288
„ his letters to his sons, 290, 291

BARĀ BAZAAR, the, described, 101
Bathing scenes, 34
Bengal, the, Civil Service, 23
„ Army, 24
Berhampoor steeple-chase, 192
„ description of, 244
Bhāgalpoor, 269
Bhāng and Gunjah, on the use of, 142
Black Hole, the, 71
„ sufferings, 80
Black partridge, 188
Boa constrictor, remarks on the, 240
Botanical gardens, the, at Calcutta, 31
Buffalo, remarks on the, 236

CALCUTTA, origin of the name, 29
„ mixed nationalities of, 27

Calcutta, Fort William, 33
- „ artesian well at Fort William, 33
- „ Esplanade Ghāt, 34
- „ the Strand, 39
- „ mode of watering the streets, 42
- „ the Harbour, 49
- „ the Mint, 54
- „ the Government House, 55
- „ the Town Hall, 59
- „ fancy-dress balls at, 61
- „ the Court House, 65
- „ Tank Square at, 67
- „ the Writer's Buildings at, 68
- „ capture of, by Sirāj-ud-Daula, 74
- „ supply of water for, 89
- „ the Exchange at, 89
- „ Tullock & Co.'s auction-mart at, 89
- „ horse-mart at, 93
- „ statue of Warren Hastings at, 98
- „ domestic scenes in, 105
- „ the Chitpore Road, 110

Charkh-pūjā, the, described, 9, 140
Custom of burying treasure, 10

DESPOTIC nature of Hindoo and Musalmān governments, 3
Durgā-pūjā, 117

EURASIANS, 26
Evils of caste, 5

GARDEN REACH, 31

HAND MILLS, 53
Hindoo mode of disposing of the dead, 44
- „ mythology, 117
- „ and Muhammadan affinities and contrarieties, 137
- „ myths, 143

Hindūstānī music, 114

Hindūstānī words, improper mode of spelling, 286
Hog-hunting, a scene on the banks of the Hooroosaugor, 217

JAGANNĀTH, 136

LAND SHARKS, 40
Letter to Marmion, 279

MOGUL EMPIRE, sketch of, 285
Moorshedābād, history of, 247
,, British behaviour to the Nawābs of, 249
Musla, Ezekiel, a successful Arab, 91

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA, 133
Purneah Shikārees, description of, 225

RAJ MEHAL, its history and its inhabitants, 275
,, its beautiful ruins, 272
Rapacity of British adventurers, 19
,, ,, ,, Lord Macaulay on the, 22
Rhinoceros, remarks on the, 233
Rooplall Mulleck, a wealthy Hindoo, 112
,, ,, his entertainments, 113

SATEE, the practice of, long protected by the British, 7
Sirāj-ud-Daula, 74
,, ,, his violent temper, 75
,, ,, captures Calcutta, 78
,, ,, his assassination, 275
Sircar, the, 41
Snipe-shooting, on, 172
,, ,, letter on, by Ned Copper Cap to Geo. Trigger, 177
,, ,, reply to Ned Copper Cap by Geo. Trigger, 181
Sporting-months, July and August, 197
,, ,, September, 200
,, ,, October, 202
,, ,, November, 204

Sporting-months, December, 206
" " January, 208
" " February, 211
" " March, 214
" " April, 215
Story of two French adventurers in search of buried treasure, 14

Thuggee, speculations as to its origin, 157
Thugs, the, 146

Water-trip to Bhāgalpoor, 243

Appendix, 279

Glossary, 293

Index, 295

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHARING CROSS.

A Catalogue of American and Foreign Books Published or Imported by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. *can be had on application.*

Crown Buildings, 188, *Fleet Street, London,*
November, 1882.

A Selection from the List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

ALPHABETICAL LIST.

A CLASSIFIED Educational Catalogue of Works published in Great Britain. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. Second Edition, revised and corrected, 5*s.*

About Some Fellows. By an ETON BOY, Author of "A Day of my Life." Cloth limp, square 16mo, 2*s* 6*d.*

Adams (*C. K.*) *Manual of Historical Literature.* Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. By LUCIEN BIART, with 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILLMORE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, New Edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Alcott (*Louisa M.*) *Jimmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore."* With 9 Illustrations. Second Edition. Small post 8vo, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag.* Square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 1*s.*)

—— *Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.* Small post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, Double vol. 2*s.*)

—— *Little Women.* 1 vol., cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1*s.* each.)

—— *Old-Fashioned Girl.* Best Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 2*s.*)

—— *Work, and Beginning Again.* A Story of Experience. (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1*s.* each.)

—— *Shawl Straps.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt Hill.* Small post 8vo, with Illustrations, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *The Rose in Bloom.* Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Under the Lilacs.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Alcott (Louisa M.) An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Day. Small post 8vo, 3s. 6*d.*

——— *Proverbs.* Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Jack and Jill.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

"Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy, full of racy fun and humour . . exceedingly entertaining . . . . We can recommend the 'Eight Cousins.'"—*Athenæum.*

Aldrich (T. B.) Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, &c. Very choicely printed on hand-made paper, parchment cover, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Poetical Works. Édition de Luxe.* Very handsomely bound and illustrated, 21*s.*

Alford (Lady Marian) See "Embroidery."

Allen (E. A.) Rock me to Sleep, Mother. 18 full-page Illustrations, elegantly bound, fcap. 4to, 5*s.*

American Men of Letters. Lives of Thoreau, Irving, Webster. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Ancient Greek Female Costume. By J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 8vo, 112 full-page Plates and other Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Andersen (Hans Christian) Fairy Tales. With 10 full-page Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Cheap Edition, 5*s.*

Andres (E.) Fabrication of Volatile and Fat Varnishes, Lacquers, Siccatives, and Sealing Waxes. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Angling Literature in England; and Descriptions of Fishing by the Ancients. By O. LAMBERT. With a Notice of some Books on other Piscatorial Subjects. Fcap. 8vo, vellum, top gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Archer (William) English Dramatists of To-day. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Arnold (G. M.) Robert Pocock, the Gravesend Historian. Crown 8vo, cloth. [*In the Press.*

Art and Archæology (Dictionary). See "Illustrated."

Art Education. See "Illustrated Text Books," "Illustrated Dictionary," "Biographies of Great Artists."

Art Workmanship in Gold and Silver. Large 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Art Workmanship in Porcelain. Large 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Artists, Great. See "Biographies."

Audsley (G. A.) Ornamental Arts of Japan. 90 Plates, 74 in Colours and Gold, with General and Descriptive Text. 2 vols., folio, £16 16*s.*

Audsley (W. and G. A.) Outlines of Ornament. Small folio. very numerous Illustrations, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Auerbach (B.) Spinoza. 2 vols., 18mo, 4*s.*

Autumnal Leaves. By F. G. HEATH. Illustrated by 12 Plates, exquisitely coloured after Nature; 4 Page and 14 Vignette Drawings. Cloth, imperial 16mo, gilt edges, 14*s.*

BANCROFT (G.) History of the Constitution of the United States of America. 2 vols., 8vo, 24*s.*

Barrett. English Church Composers. Crown 8vo, 3*s.*

THE BAYARD SERIES.

Edited by the late J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, flexible cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk Headbands and Registers.

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. De Berville.
De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.
The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.
Abdallah; or, The Four Leaves. By Edouard Laboullaye.
Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.
Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By William Beckford.
The King and the Commons. A Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Songs. Edited by Professor Morley.
Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.
Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.
Hazlitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.
The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knt.
Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By Robert Buchanan.
Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by Algernon C. Swinburne.
Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences, and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. de Ste.-Beuve, of the French Academy.
Essays in Mosaic. By Thos. Ballantyne.
My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. Fitzgerald.
Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.
Socrates: Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By Edw. Levien.
Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.

A Case containing 12 Volumes, price 31s. 6d.; or the Case separately, price 3s. 6d.

Beaconsfield (Life of Lord). See "Hitchman."

Begum's Fortune (The): A New Story. By JULES VERNE. Translated by W. H. G. KINGSTON. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*

Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ. By L. WALLACE. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Beumers' German Copybooks. In six gradations at 4*d.* each.

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer may be had in various styles and bindings from 1*d.* to 21*s.* *Price List and Prospectus will be forwarded on application.*

Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Clergyman in his Home. Small post 8vo, 1*s.*

——— *The Master's Home-Call; or, Brief Memorials of Alice* Frances Bickersteth. 20th Thousand. 32mo, cloth gilt, 1*s.*

——— *The Master's Will.* A Funeral Sermon preached on the Death of Mrs. S. Gurney Buxton. Sewn, 6*d.*; cloth gilt, 1*s.*

——— *The Shadow of the Rock.* A Selection of Religious Poetry. 18mo, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond.* 7th Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Biographies of the Great Artists (Illustrated). Crown 8vo, emblematical binding, 3*s.* 6*d.* per volume, except where the price is given.

Claude Lorrain.*
Correggio, by M. E. Heaton, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Della Robbia and Cellini, 2*s.* 6*d.**
Albrecht Dürer, by R. F. Heath.
Figure Painters of Holland.
Fra Angelico, Masaccio, and Botticelli.
Fra Bartolommeo, Albertinelli, and Andrea del Sarto.
Gainsborough and Constable.
Ghiberti and Donatello, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Giotto, by Harry Quilter.
Hans Holbein, by Joseph Cundall.
Hogarth, by Austin Dobson.
Landseer, by F. G. Stevens.
Lawrence and Romney, by Lord Ronald Gower, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Leonardo da Vinci.
Little Masters of Germany, by W. B. Scott.
Mantegna and Francia.
Meissonier, by J. W. Mollett, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Michelangelo Buonarotti, by Clément.
Murillo, by Ellen E. Minor, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Overbeck, by J. B. Atkinson.
Raphael, by N. D'Anvers.
Rembrandt, by J. W. Mollett.
Reynolds, by F. S. Pulling.
Rubens, by C. W. Kett.
Tintoretto, by W. R. Osler.
Titian, by R. F. Heath.
Turner, by Cosmo Monkhouse.
Vandyck and Hals, by P. R. Head.
Velasquez, by E. Stowe.
Vernet and Delaroche, by J. R. Rees.
Watteau, by J. W. Mollett, 2*s.* 6*d.**
Wilkie, by J. W. Mollett.

* *Not yet published.*

Bird (H. E.) Chess Practice. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Birthday Book. Extracts from the Writings of R. W. Emerson. Square 16mo, cloth extra, numerous Illustrations, very choice binding, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Extracts from the Poems of Whittier.* Square 16mo, with numerous Illustrations and handsome binding, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Birthday Book. Extracts from the Writings of Thomas à Kempis. Large 16mo, red lines, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Black (Wm.) Three Feathers. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

——— *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Kilmeny: a Novel.* Small post 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

——— *In Silk Attire.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *A Daughter of Heth.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Sunrise.* Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone. Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Edition de luxe.* Crown 4to, very numerous Illustrations, cloth, gilt edges, 31*s.* 6*d.*; parchment, uncut, top gilt, 35*s.*

——— *Alice Lorraine.* Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Clara Vaughan.* 6*s.*

——— *Cradock Nowell.* New Edition, 6*s.*

——— *Cripps the Carrier.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Mary Anerley.* New Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Erema; or, My Father's Sin.* Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Christowell.* Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

Blossoms from the King's Garden: Sermons for Children. By the Rev. C. BOSANQUET. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

*Bock (Carl). The Head Hunters of Borneo: Up the Mahak*kam, and Down the Barita; also Journeyings in Sumatra. 1 vol., super-royal 8vo, 32 Coloured Plates, cloth extra, 36*s.*

Bonwick (James) First Twenty Years of Australia. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Port Philip Settlement.* 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 21*s.*

Book of the Play. By DUTTON COOK. New and Revised Edition. 1 vol., cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bower (G. S.) Law relating to Electric Lighting. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Boy's Froissart (The). Selected from the Chronicles of England, France, and Spain. Illustrated, square crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.* See "Froissart."

Boy's King Arthur (The). With very fine Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.* Edited by SIDNEY LANIER, Editor of "The Boy's Froissart."

Boy's Mabinogion (The): being the Original Welsh Legends of King Arthur. Edited by SIDNEY LANIER. With numerous very graphic Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Brassey (Lady) Tahiti. With Photos. by Colonel Stuart-Wortley. Fcap. 4to, 21*s.*

Breton Folk: An Artistic Tour in Brittany. By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Artists and Arabs," "Normandy Picturesque," &c. With 171 Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 21*s.*; plainer binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bryant (W. C.) and Gay (S. H.) History of the United States. 4 vols., royal 8vo, profusely Illustrated, 60*s.*

Bryce (Prof.) Manitoba. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Burnaby (Capt.). *See* "On Horseback."

Burnham Beeches (Heath, F. G.). With numerous Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* Second Edition.

Butler (W. F.) The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-70. With Illustrations and Map. Fifth and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Invasion of England, told twenty years after, by an Old* Soldier. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Wild North Land; the Story of a Winter Journey* with Dogs across Northern North America. Demy 8vo, cloth, with numerous Woodcuts and a Map, 4th Edition, 18*s.* Cr. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Red Cloud; or, the Solitary Sioux.* Imperial 16mo, numerous illustrations, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Buxton (H. J. W.) Painting, English and American. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

CADOGAN (Lady A.) Illustrated Games of Patience. Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Descriptive Text. Foolscap 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 3rd Edition, 12*s.* 6*d.*

California. Illustrated, 12*s.* 6*d.* See "Nordhoff."

Cambridge Trifles; or, Splutterings from an Undergraduate Pen. By the Author of "A Day of my Life at Eton," &c. 16mo, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Capello (H.) and Ivens (R.) From Benguella to the Territory of Yacca. Translated by ALFRED ELWES. With Maps and over 130 full-page and text Engravings. 2 vols., 8vo, 42*s.*

Carlyle (T.) Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Challamel (M. A.) History of Fashion in France. With 21 Plates, specially coloured by hand, satin-wood binding, imperial 8vo, 28*s.*

Changed Cross (The), and other Religious Poems. 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Child of the Cavern (The); or, Strange Doings Underground. By JULES VERNE. Translated by W. H. G. KINGSTON. Numerous Illustrations. Sq. cr. 8vo, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; cl., plain edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Choice Editions of Choice Books. 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Illustrated by C. W. Cope, R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., E. Duncan, Birket Foster, J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., G. Hicks, R. Redgrave, R.A., C. Stonehouse, F. Tayler, G. Thomas, H. J. Townshend, E. H. Wehnert, Harrison Weir, &c.

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.
Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.
Milton's L'Allegro.
Poetry of Nature. Harrison Weir.
Rogers' (Sam.) Pleasures of Memory.
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Tennyson's May Queen.
Elizabethan Poets.
Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

"Such works are a glorious beatification for a poet."—*Athenæum.*

Christ in Song. By Dr. Philip Schaff. A New Edition, revised, cloth, gilt edges, 6*s.*

Confessions of a Frivolous Girl (The): A Novel of Fashionable Life. Edited by Robert Grant. Crown 8vo, 6*s.* Paper boards, 1*s.*

Coote (W.) Wanderings South by East. Illustrated, 8vo, 21*s.*

Cornet of Horse (The): A Story for Boys. By G. A. Henty. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, numerous graphic Illustrations, 5*s.*

Cripps the Carrier. 3rd Edition, 6*s.* *See* Blackmore.

Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger" (The). By W. J. J. Spry, R.N. With Route Map and many Illustrations. 6th Edition, demy 8vo, cloth, 18*s.* Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, some of the Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Cruise of the Walnut Shell (The). An instructive and amusing Story, told in Rhyme, for Children. With 32 Coloured Plates. Square fancy boards, 5*s.*

D'*ANVERS (N.) An Elementary History of Art.* Crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Elementary History of Music.* Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Daughter (A) of Heth. By W. Black. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Day of My Life (A); or, Every-Day Experiences at Eton. By an Eton Boy, Author of "About Some Fellows." 16mo, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.* 6th Thousand.

Decoration. Vol. II., folio, 6*s.* Vol. III, New Series, folio, 7*s.* 6*d.*

De Leon (E.) Egypt under its Khedives. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 4*s.*

Dick Cheveley: his Fortunes and Misfortunes. By W. H. G. Kingston. 350 pp., square 16mo, and 22 full-page Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*

Dick Sands, the Boy Captain. By JULES VERNE. With nearly 100 Illustrations, cloth, gilt, 10*s.* 6*d.*; plain binding and plain edges, 5*s.*

Don Quixote, Wit and Wisdom of. By EMMA THOMPSON. Square fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Donnelly (F.) Atlantis in the Antediluvian World. Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dos Passos (J. R.) Law of Stockbrokers and Stock Exchanges. 8vo, 35*s.*

EGYPT. See "Senior," "De Leon," "Foreign Countries."

Eight Cousins. See ALCOTT.

Electric Lighting. A Comprehensive Treatise. By J. E. H. GORDON. 8vo, fully Illustrated. [*In preparation.*

Elementary History (An) of Art. Comprising Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and the Applied Arts. By N. D'ANVERS. With a Preface by Professor ROGER SMITH. New Edition, illustrated with upwards of 200 Wood Engravings. Crown 8vo, strongly bound in cloth, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

Elementary History (An) of Music. Edited by OWEN J. DULLEA. Illustrated with Portraits of the most eminent Composers, and Engravings of the Musical Instruments of many Nations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Embroidery (Handbook of). Edited by LADY MARIAN ALFORD, and published by authority of the Royal School of Art Needlework. With 22 Coloured Plates, Designs, &c. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Emerson (R. W.) Life and Writings. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

English Catalogue of Books. Vol. III., 1872—1880. Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 42*s.*

——— *Dramatists of To-day.* By W. ARCHER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

English Philosophers. Edited by E. B. IVAN MÜLLER, M.A.

A series intended to give a concise view of the works and lives of English thinkers. Crown 8vo volumes of 180 or 200 pp., price 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Francis Bacon, by Thomas Fowler.
Hamilton, by W. H. S. Monck.
Hartley and James Mill, by G. S. Bower.
*John Stuart Mill, by Miss Helen Taylor.
Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, by Professor Fowler.
Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer.

* *Not yet published.*

Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Episodes of French History. Edited, with Notes, Maps, and Illustrations, by GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A. Small 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

1. **Charlemagne and the Carlovingians.**
2. **Louis XI. and the Crusades.**
3. Part I. **Francis I. and Charles V.**
   ,, II. **Francis I. and the Renaissance.**
4. **Henry IV. and the End of the Wars of Religion.**

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. 6*s.* *See* BLACKMORE.

Etcher (The). Containing 36 Examples of the Original Etched-work of Celebrated Artists, amongst others: BIRKET FOSTER, J. E. HODGSON, R.A., COLIN HUNTER, J. P. HESELTINE, ROBERT W. MACBETH, R. S. CHATTOCK, &c. Vols. for 1881 and 1882, imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

Eton. *See* "Day of my Life," "Out of School," "About Some Fellows."

FARM Ballads. By WILL CARLETON. Boards, 1*s.*; cloth, gilt edges, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Farm Festivals. By the same Author. Uniform with above.

Farm Legends. By the same Author. See above.

Fashion (History of). See "Challamel."

Fechner (G. T.) On Life after Death. 12mo, vellum, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Felkin (R. W.) and Wilson (Rev. C. T.) Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan. An Account of Travel in Eastern and Equatorial Africa; including a Residence of Two Years at the Court of King Mtesa, and a Description of the Slave Districts of Bahr-el-Ghazel and Darfour. With a New Map of 1200 miles in these Provinces; numerous Illustrations, and Notes. By R. W. FELKIN, F.R.G.S., &c., &c.; and the Rev. C. T. WILSON, M.A. Oxon., F.R.G.S. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 28*s.*

Fern Paradise (The): A Plea for the Culture of Ferns. By F. G. HEATH. New Edition, fully Illustrated, large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 12*s.* 6*d.* Sixth Edition.

Fern World (The). By F. G. HEATH. Illustrated by Twelve Coloured Plates, giving complete Figures (Sixty-four in all) of every Species of British Fern, printed from Nature; by several full-page and other Engravings. Cloth, gilt edges, 6th Edition, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Few Hints on Proving Wills (A). Enlarged Edition, 1*s.*

Fields (J. T.) Yesterdays with Authors. New Ed., 8vo., 16*s.*

First Steps in Conversational French Grammar. By F. JULIEN. Being an Introduction to "Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire," by the same Author. Fcap. 8vo, 128 pp., 1*s.*

Florence. See "Yriarte."

Flowers of Shakespeare. 32 beautifully Coloured Plates. 5*s.*

Four Lectures on Electric Induction. Delivered at the Royal Institution, 1878-9. By J. E. H. GORDON, B.A. Cantab. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth limp, square 16mo, 3*s.*

Foreign Countries and British Colonies. A series of Descriptive Handbooks. Each volume will be the work of a writer who has special acquaintance with the subject. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Australia, by J. F. Vesey Fitzgerald.
Austria, by D. Kay, F.R.G.S.
*Canada, by W. Fraser Rae.
Denmark and Iceland, by E. C. Otté.
Egypt, by S. Lane Poole, B.A.
France, by Miss M. Roberts.
Greece, by L. Sergeant, B.A.
*Holland, by R. L. Poole.
Japan, by S. Mossman.
*New Zealand.
*Persia, by Major-Gen. Sir F. Goldsmid.
Peru, by Clements R. Markham, C.B.
Russia, by W. R. Morfill, M.A.
Spain, by Rev. Wentworth Webster.
Sweden and Norway, by F. H. Woods.
*Switzerland, by W. A. P. Coolidg M.A.
*Turkey-in-Asia, by J. C. McCoan, M.P.
West Indies, by C. H. Eden, F.R.G.S.

* *Not ready yet.*

Franc (Maud Jeanne). The following form one Series, small post 8vo, in uniform cloth bindings, with gilt edges:—

Emily's Choice. 5*s.*
Hall's Vineyard. 4*s.*
John's Wife: A Story of Life in South Australia. 4*s.*
Marian; or, The Light of Some One's Home. 5*s.*
Silken Cords and Iron Fetters. 4*s.*
Vermont Vale. 5*s.*
Minnie's Mission. 4*s.*
Little Mercy. 5*s.*
Beatrice Melton's Discipline. 4*s.*
No Longer a Child. 4*s.*
Golden Gifts. 5*s.*
Two Sides to Every Question. 5*s.*

Francis (F.) War, Waves, and Wanderings, including a Cruise in the "Lancashire Witch." 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 24*s.*

Froissart (The Boy's). Selected from the Chronicles of England, France, Spain, &c. By SIDNEY LANIER. The Volume is fully Illustrated, and uniform with "The Boy's King Arthur." Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

From Newfoundland to Manitoba; a Guide through Canada's Maritime, Mining, and Prairie Provinces. By W. FRASER RAE. Crown 8vo, with several Maps, 6*s.*

GAMES of Patience. *See* CADOGAN.

Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 6*s.*

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

Price 6*s.* each ; or in calf extra, price 10*s.* 6*d.* ; Smaller Edition, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

About in the World. Essays by Author of "The Gentle Life."

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi."

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. 6*s.*

Essays by Montaigne. Edited and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

The Gentle Life. 2nd Series.

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life."

Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Gilder (W. H.) Schwatka's Search. Sledging in quest of the Franklin Records. Illustrated, 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Gilpin's Forest Scenery. Edited by F. G. HEATH. Large post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. Uniform with "The Fern World," re-issued, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Gordon (J. E. H.). *See* "Four Lectures on Electric Induction," "Physical Treatise on Electricity," "Electric Lighting."

Gouffé. *The Royal Cookery Book.* By JULES GOUFFÉ; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates printed in colours. 161 Woodcuts, 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2*l.* 2*s.*

——— Domestic Edition, half-bound, 10*s.* 6*d.*

"By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Great Artists. *See* "Biographies."

Great Historic Galleries of England (The). Edited by LORD RONALD GOWER, F.S.A., Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. Illustrated by 24 large and carefully executed *permanent* Photographs of some of the most celebrated Pictures by the Great Masters. Vol. I., imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 36*s.* Vol. II., with 36 large permanent photographs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Great Musicians. Edited by F. HUEFFER. A Series of Biographies, crown 8vo, 3*s.* each :—

Bach.
*Beethoven.
*Berlioz.
English Church Composers.
*Handel.
*Mendelssohn.
*Mozart.
Purcell.
Rossini.
Schubert.
*Schumann.
Richard Wagner.
Weber.

* *In preparation.*

Green (N.) A Thousand Years Hence. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Grohmann (W. A. B.) Camps in the Rockies. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Super-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In 8 vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24*s.* This work is re-issued in cheaper binding, 8 vols., at 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all students of history."—*Times.*

——————— *Masson's School Edition.* The History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution; abridged from the Translation by Robert Black, M.A., with Chronological Index, Historical and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A., Assistant Master at Harrow School. With 24 full-page Portraits, and many other Illustrations. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 600 pp., cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Guizot's History of England. In 3 vols. of about 500 pp. each, containing 60 to 70 Full-page and other Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt, 24*s.* each; re-issue in cheaper binding, 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

"For luxury of typography, plainness of print, and beauty of illustration, these volumes, of which but one has as yet appeared in English, will hold their own against any production of an age so luxurious as our own in everything, typography not excepted."—*Times.*

Guyon (Mde.) Life. By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HANDBOOK to the Charities of London. *See* Low's.

Hall (W. W.) How to Live Long; or, 1408 *Health Maxims,* Physical, Mental, and Moral. By W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 2nd Edition.

Harper's Monthly Magazine. Published Monthly. 160 pages, fully Illustrated. 1*s.*

Vol. I. December, 1880, to May, 1881.
,, II. May, 1881, to November, 1881.
,, III. June to November, 1882.

Super-royal 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.* each.

"'Harper's Magazine' is so thickly sown with excellent illustrations that to count them would be a work of time; not that it is a picture magazine, for the engravings illustrate the text after the manner seen in some of our choicest *éditions de luxe.*"—*St. James's Gazette.*

"It is so pretty, so big, and so cheap. . . . An extraordinary shillingsworth—160 large octavo pages, with over a score of articles, and more than three times as many illustrations."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

"An amazing shillingsworth . . . combining choice literature of both nations."—*Nonconformist.*

Hatton (Joseph) Journalistic London: Portraits and Engravings, with letterpress, of Distinguished Writers of the Day. Fcap. 4to, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Three Recruits, and the Girls they left behind them.* Small post, 8vo, 6*s.*

"It hurries us along in unflagging excitement."—*Times.*

Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Numerous Illustrations, and large Map. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 15*s.*

Heath (Francis George). See "Autumnal Leaves," "Burnham Beeches," "Fern Paradise," "Fern World," "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," "Our Woodland Trees," "Peasant Life," "Sylvan Spring," "Trees and Ferns," "Where to Find Ferns."

Heber's (Bishop) Illustrated Edition of Hymns. With upwards of 100 beautiful Engravings. Small 4to, handsomely bound, 7*s.* 6*d.* Morocco, 18*s.* 6*d.* and 21*s.* New and Cheaper Edition, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Heir of Kilfinnan (The). By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*

Heldmann (Bernard) Mutiny on Board the Ship "Leander." Small post 8vo, gilt edges, numerous Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Henty (G. A.) Winning his Spurs. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Cornet of Horse;* which see.

Herrick (Robert) Poetry. Preface by AUSTIN DOBSON. With numerous Illustrations, by E. A. ABBEY. 4to, gilt edges, 42*s.*

History of a Crime (The); Deposition of an Eye-witness. The Story of the Coup d'État. By VICTOR HUGO. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of JOHN WINCKELMANN, by JOHN LODGE, M.D. With very numerous Plates and Illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo, 36*s.*

—— *England.* *See* GUIZOT.

—— *English Literature.* *See* SCHERR.

—— *Fashion.* Coloured Plates. 28*s.* *See* CHALLAMEL.

—— *France.* *See* GUIZOT.

—— *Russia.* *See* RAMBAUD.

—— *Merchant Shipping.* *See* LINDSAY.

—— *United States.* *See* BRYANT.

History and Principles of Weaving by Hand and by Power. With several hundred Illustrations. By ALFRED BARLOW. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 1*l.* 5*s.* Second Edition.

Hitchman (Francis) Public Life of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. New Edition, with Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Holmes (O. W.) The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. In 2 vols., 18mo, exquisitely printed, and chastely bound in limp cloth, gilt tops, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hoppus (J. D.) Riverside Papers. 2 vols., 12*s.*

Hovgaard (A.) See "Nordenskiöld's Voyage." 8vo, 21*s.*

How I Crossed Africa: from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, Through Unknown Countries; Discovery of the Great Zambesi Affluents, &c.—Vol. I., The King's Rifle. Vol. II., The Coillard Family. By Major SERPA PINTO. With 24 full-page and 118 half-page and smaller Illustrations, 13 small Maps, and 1 large one. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 42*s.*

How to get Strong and how to Stay so. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. A Manual of Rational, Physical, Gymnastic, and other Exercises. With Illustrations, small post 8vo, 5*s.*

Hugo (Victor) "Ninety-Three." Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

—— *Toilers of the Sea.* Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6*s.*; fancy boards, 2*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*; on large paper with all the original Illustrations, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *and his Times.* Translated from the French of A. BARBOU by ELLEN E. FREWER. 120 Illustrations, many of them from designs by Victor Hugo himself. Super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, 24*s.*

—— *See* "History of a Crime."

Hundred Greatest Men (The). 8 portfolios, 21*s.* each, or 4 vols., half-morocco, gilt edges, 12 guineas, containing 15 to 20 Portraits each. See below.

> "Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. are about to issue an important 'International' work, entitled, 'THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN;' being the Lives and Portraits of the 100 Greatest Men of History, divided into Eight Classes, each Class to form a Monthly Quarto Volume. The Introductions to the volumes are to be written by recognized authorities on the different subjects, the English contributors being DEAN STANLEY, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, Mr. FROUDE, and Professor MAX MÜLLER: in Germany, Professor HELMHOLTZ; in France, MM. TAINE and RENAN; and in America, Mr. EMERSON. The Portraits are to be Reproductions from fine and rare Steel Engravings."—*Academy.*

Hygiene and Public Health (A Treatise on). Edited by A. H. BUCK, M.D. Illustrated by numerous Wood Engravings. In 2 royal 8vo vols., cloth, One guinea each.

Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer. *See* BICKERSTETH.

ILLUSTRATED Text-Books of Art-Education. Edited by EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A. Each Volume contains numerous Illustrations, and is strongly bound for the use of Students, price 5*s.* The Volumes now ready are:—

PAINTING.

Classic and Italian. By PERCY R. HEAD.
German, Flemish, and Dutch.
French and Spanish.
English and American.

ARCHITECTURE.

Classic and Early Christian.
Gothic and Renaissance. By T. ROGER SMITH.

SCULPTURE.

Antique: Egyptian and Greek.
Renaissance and Modern.
Italian Sculptors of the 14th and 15th Centuries.

ORNAMENT.

Decoration in Colour.
Architectural Ornament.

Illustrated Dictionary (An) of Words used in Art and Archæology. Explaining Terms frequently used in Works on Architecture, Arms, Bronzes, Christian Art, Colour, Costume, Decoration, Devices, Emblems, Heraldry, Lace, Personal Ornaments, Pottery, Painting, Sculpture, &c., with their Derivations. By J. W. MOLLETT, B.A., Officier de l'Instruction Publique (France); Author of "Life of Rembrandt," &c. Illustrated with 600 Wood Engravings. Small 4to, strongly bound in cloth, 15*s.*

In my Indian Garden. By PHIL ROBINSON, Author of "Under the Punkah." With a Preface by EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., C.S.I., &c. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 4th Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Irving (*Washington*). Complete Library Edition of his Works in 27 Vols., Copyright, Unabridged, and with the Author's Latest Revisions, called the "Geoffrey Crayon" Edition, handsomely printed in large square 8vo, on superfine laid paper, and each volume, of about 500 pages, will be fully Illustrated. 12*s.* 6*d.* per vol. *See also* "Little Britain."

——— ——— ("American Men of Letters.") 2*s.* 6*d.*

JAMES (*C.*) *Curiosities of Law and Lawyers.* 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Johnson (*O.*) *William Lloyd Garrison and his Times.* Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Jones (*Major*) *The Emigrants' Friend.* A Complete Guide to the United States. New Edition. 2*s.* 6*d.*

KEMPIS (*Thomas à*) *Daily Text-Book.* Square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; interleaved as a Birthday Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Kingston (*W. H. G.*). *See* "Snow-Shoes," "Child of the Cavern," "Two Supercargoes," "With Axe and Rifle," "Begum's Fortune," "Heir of Kilfinnan," "Dick Cheveley." Each vol., with very numerous Illustrations, square crown 16mo, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*

LADY Silverdale's Sweetheart. 6*s.* *See* BLACK.

Lanier. See "Boy's Froissart," "King Arthur," &c.

Lansdell (*H.*) *Through Siberia.* 2 vols., demy 8vo, 30*s.*; New Edition, very numerous illustrations, 8vo, 15*s.*

Larden (*W.*) *School Course on Heat.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Lathrop (*G. P.*) *In the Distance.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21*s.*

Lectures on Architecture. By E. VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Translated by BENJAMIN BUCKNALL, Architect. With 33 Steel Plates and 200 Wood Engravings. Super-royal 8vo, leather back, gilt top, with complete Index, 2 vols., 3*l.* 3*s.*

Leyland (*R. W.*) *A Holiday in South Africa.* Crown 8vo 12*s.* 6*d.*

Library of Religious Poetry. A Collection of the Best Poems of all Ages and Tongues. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., and ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. Royal 8vo, 1036 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 21*s.*; re-issue in cheaper binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lindsay (*W. S.*) *History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient* Commerce. Over 150 Illustrations, Maps, and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 11*s.*; vols. 3 and 4, 14*s.* each. 4 vols. complete for 50*s.*

Little Britain; together with *The Spectre Bridegroom,* and *A* Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By WASHINGTON IRVING. An entirely New *Edition de luxe*, specially suitable for Presentation. Illustrated by 120 very fine Engravings on Wood, by Mr. J. D. COOPER. Designed by Mr. CHARLES O. MURRAY. Re-issue, square crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Long (*Mrs. W. H. C.*) *Peace and War in the Transvaal.* 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lorna Doone. 6*s.*, 31*s.* 6*d.*, 35*s.* See "Blackmore."

Low's Select Novelets. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

- **Friends: a Duet.** By E. S. PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar."
- **Baby Rue: Her Adventures and Misadventures, her Friends and her Enemies.** By CHARLES M. CLAY.
- **The Story of Helen Troy.**
  "A pleasant book."—*Truth.*
- **The Clients of Dr. Bernagius.** From the French of LUCIEN BIART, by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
- **The Undiscovered Country.** By W. D. HOWELLS.
- **A Gentleman of Leisure.** By EDGAR FAWCETT.

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, bound uniformly in cloth extra, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, except where price is given.

1. **The Great Lone Land.** By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. **The Wild North Land.** By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. **How I found Livingstone.** By H. M. STANLEY.
4. **Through the Dark Continent.** By H. M. STANLEY. 12*s.* 6*d.*
5. **The Threshold of the Unknown Region.** By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10*s.* 6*d.*)
6. **Cruise of the Challenger.** By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.
7. **Burnaby's On Horseback through Asia Minor.** 10*s.* 6*d.*
8. **Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.** 2 vols., 15*s.*
9. **Marshall's Through America.**

Low's Standard Novels. Crown 8vo, 6*s.* each, cloth extra.

Work. A Story of Experience. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
A Daughter of Heth. By W. BLACK.
In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.
Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.
Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart. By W. BLACK.
Sunrise. By W. BLACK.
Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK.
Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Christowell, a Dartmoor Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Cripps the Carrier. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Mary Anerley. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
An English Squire. By Miss COLERIDGE.
Mistress Judith. A Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
A Story of the Dragonnades; or, Asylum Christi. By the Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A.
A Laodicean. By THOMAS HARDY.
Far from the Madding Crowd. By THOMAS HARDY.
The Hand of Ethelberta. By THOMAS HARDY.
The Trumpet Major. By THOMAS HARDY.
Three Recruits. By JOSEPH HATTON.
A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. New Edition.
Out of Court. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
History of a Crime: The Story of the Coup d'État. VICTOR HUGO.
Ninety-Three. By VICTOR HUGO. Illustrated.
Adela Cathcart. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Guild Court. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Mary Marston. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Stephen Archer. New Edition of "Gifts." By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
The Vicar's Daughter. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Weighed and Wanting. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. [*In the Press.*
Diane. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
My Lady Greensleeves. By HELEN MATHERS.
John Holdsworth. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
A Sailor's Sweetheart. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
The Afghan Knife. By R. A. STERNDALE.
My Wife and I. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.
Poganuc People, Their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. B. STOWE.
Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ. By LEW. WALLACE.

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London (Annual). Edited and revised to date by C. Mackeson, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c. Paper. 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Mac Donald (G.) Orts. Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— See also "Low's Standard Novels."

Macgregor (John) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic. 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe,* with Plans, &c., 1*s.*

——— *The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* New Edition, thoroughly revised, with additions, small post 8vo, 5*s.*; boards, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Macquoid (Mrs.). See Low's Standard Novels.

Magazine. See Harper, Union Jack, The Etcher, Men of Mark.

Magyarland. A Narrative of Travels through the Snowy Carpathians, and Great Alföld of the Magyar. By a Fellow of the Carpathian Society (Diploma of 1881), and Author of "The Indian Alps." 2 vols., 8vo, cloth extra, with about 120 Woodcuts from the Author's own sketches and drawings, 38*s.*

Manitoba: its History, Growth, and Present Position. By the Rev. Professor Bryce, Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations and Maps, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Markham (C. R.) The Threshold of the Unknown Region. Crown 8vo, with Four Maps, 4th Edition. Cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Markham (C. R.) War between Peru and Chili, 1879-1881. Crown 8vo, with four Maps, &c. [*In preparation.*

Marshall (W. G.) Through America. New Edition, crown 8vo, with about 100 Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Martin (J. W.) Float Fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham Style. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Marvin (Charles) The Russian Advance towards India. 8vo, 16*s.*

Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology. Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work, with Charts and Diagrams. New Edition, crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802—1808. By her Grandson, M. PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Senator. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. 4th Edition, cloth extra. This work was written by Madame de Rémusat during the time she was living on the most intimate terms with the Empress Josephine, and is full of revelations respecting the private life of Bonaparte, and of men and politics of the first years of the century. Revelations which have already created a great sensation in Paris. 8vo, 2 vols., 32*s.*

—— *See also* "Selection."

Ménus (366, one for each day of the year). Each Ménu is given in French and English, with the recipe for making every dish mentioned. Translated from the French of COUNT BRISSE, by Mrs. MATTHEW CLARKE. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Men of Mark: a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits of the most Eminent Men of the Day taken from Life, especially for this publication, price 1*s.* 6*d.* monthly. Vols. I. to VII., handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, 25*s.* each.

Mendelssohn Family (The), 1729—1847. From Letters and Journals. Translated from the German of SEBASTIAN HENSEL. 3rd Edition, 2 vols., demy 8vo, 30*s.*

Michael Strogoff. See VERNE.

Mitford (Miss). See "Our Village."

Modern Etchings of Celebrated Paintings. 4to, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Mollett (J. W.) Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology. Small 4to, 15*s.*

Morley (H.) English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. The 2000th volume of the Tauchnitz Collection of Authors. 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Music. See "Great Musicians."

NARRATIVES of State Trials in the Nineteenth Century. First Period: From the Union with Ireland to the Death of George IV., 1801—1830. By G. LATHOM BROWNE, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2nd Edition, 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 26*s.*

Nature and Functions of Art (The); and more especially of Architecture. By LEOPOLD EIDLITZ. Medium 8vo, cloth, 21*s.*

Naval Brigade in South Africa (The). By HENRY F. NORBURY, C.B., R.N. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

New Child's Play (A). Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. Beautifully printed in colours, 4to, cloth extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Newfoundland. By FRASER RAE. See "From Newfoundland."

New Novels. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* per vol. :—

The Granvilles. By the Hon. E. TALBOT. 3 vols.
One of Us. By E. RANDOLPH.
Weighed and Wanting. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 3 vols.
Castle Warlock. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 3 vols.
Under the Downs. By E. GILLIAT. 3 vols.
A Stranger in a Strange Land. By LADY CLAY. 3 vols.
The Heart of Erin. By Miss OWENS BLACKBURN. 3 vols.
A Chelsea Householder. 3 vols.
Two on a Tower. By THOMAS HARDY. 3 vols.
The Lady Maud. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 3 vols.

Nice and Her Neighbours. By the Rev. CANON HOLE, Autho of "A Book about Roses," "A Little Tour in Ireland," &c. Small 4to, with numerous choice Illustrations, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Noah's Ark. A Contribution to the Study of Unnatural History. By PHIL ROBINSON. Small post 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Noble Words and Noble Deeds. From the French of E. MULLER. Containing many Full-page Illustrations by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*

Nordenskiöld's Voyage around Asia and Europe. A Popular Account of the North-East Passage of the "Vega." By Lieut. A. HOVGAARD, of the Royal Danish Navy, and member of the "Vega" Expedition. 8vo, with about 50 Illustrations and 3 Maps, 21*s.*

Nordhoff (C.) California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. New Edition, 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing to Wear; and Two Millions. By W. A. BUTLER. New Edition. Small post 8vo, in stiff coloured wrapper, 1*s.*

Nursery Playmates (Prince of). 217 Coloured Pictures for Children by eminent Artists. Folio, in coloured boards, 6*s.*

OFF to the Wilds: A Story for Boys. By G. MANVILLE FENN. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Old-Fashioned Girl. See ALCOTT.

On Horseback through Asia Minor. By Capt. FRED BURNABY. 2 vols., 8vo, 38*s.* Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Fcap., cloth extra, New Edition—the 3rd, with Illustrations, 5*s.*

Our Village. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Illustrated with Frontispiece Steel Engraving, and 12 full-page and 157 smaller Cuts. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21*s.*; cheaper binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Our Woodland Trees. By F. G. HEATH. Large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, uniform with "Fern World" and "Fern Paradise," by the same Author. 8 Coloured Plates (showing leaves of every British Tree) and 20 Woodcuts, cloth, gilt edges, 12*s.* 6*d.* New Edition. About 600 pages.

Outlines of Ornament in all Styles. A Work of Reference for the Architect, Art Manufacturer, Decorative Artist, and Practical Painter. By W. and G. A. AUDSLEY, Fellows of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Only a limited number have been printed and the stones destroyed. Small folio, 60 plates, with introductory text, cloth gilt, 31*s.* 6*d.*

PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period. A New and Revised Edition, with additional cuts and text, upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol., 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— *Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries.* 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. 2nd Edition, with Additions. Small post 8vo, limp cloth, 5*s.*

Pathways of Palestine: a Descriptive Tour through the Holy Land. By the Rev. CANON TRISTRAM. Illustrated with 44 permanent Photographs. (The Photographs are large, and most perfect Specimens of the Art.) Vols. I. and II., folio, gilt edges, 31*s.* 6*d.* each.

Peasant Life in the West of England. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Author of "Sylvan Spring," "The Fern World." Crown 8vo, 400 pp. (with Facsimile of Autograph Letter from Lord Beaconsfield to the Author, written December 28, 1880), 10*s.* 6*d.*

Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire: Oral and Conversational Method; the most Useful Topics of Conversation. By F. JULIEN. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Photography (History and Handbook of). See TISSANDIER.

Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. By J. E. H. GORDON, B.A. With about 200 coloured, full-page, and other Illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo. New Edition. [*In preparation.*

Poems of the Inner Life. Chiefly from Modern Authors. Small 8vo, 5*s.*

Poganuc People: their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Polar Expeditions. *See* KOLDEWEY, MARKHAM, MACGAHAN, NARES, and NORDENSKIÖLD.

Poynter (Edward J., R.A.). *See* "Illustrated Text-books."

Prudence: a Story of Æsthetic London. By LUCY E. LILLIE. Small 8vo, 5*s.*

Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature. Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month, 3*d.*

Pyrenees (The). By HENRY BLACKBURN. With 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ, corrected to 1881. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

RAE (F.) Newfoundland. See "From."

Redford (G.) Ancient Sculpture. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Reid (T. W.) Land of the Bey. Post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rémusat (Madame de). *See* "Memoirs of," "Selection."

Richter (Jean Paul). The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci. Containing his Writings on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, his Philosophical Maxims, Humorous Writings, and Miscellaneous Notes on Personal Events, on his Contemporaries, on Literature, &c.; for the first time published from Autograph Manuscripts. By J. P. RICHTER, Ph.Dr., Hon. Member of the Royal and Imperial Academy of Rome, &c. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, containing about 200 Drawings in Autotype Reproductions, and numerous other Illustrations. Price Eight Guineas to Subscribers. After publication the price will be Twelve Guineas.

——— *Italian Art in the National Gallery.* 4to. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 2*l.* 2*s.*; half-morocco, uncut, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Robinson (Phil). *See* "In my Indian Garden," "Under the Punkah," "Noah's Ark," "Sinners and Saints."

Rose (J.) Complete Practical Machinist. New Edition, 12mo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all Countries. Each volume, 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Many of the Volumes are Illustrated—

Little Women. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Little Women Wedded. Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."

Little Men. By L. M. ALCOTT. Dble. vol., 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Double vol., 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Work. A Story of Experience. By L. M. ALCOTT.

Beginning Again. Sequel to "Work." By L. M. ALCOTT.

Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.

——— **The Minister's Wooing.**

Rose Library (continued):—

Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) We and our Neighbours. Double vol., 2*s* cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— **My Wife and I.** Double vol., 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. By Mrs. Dodge.

My Study Windows. By J. R. Lowell.

The Guardian Angel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. Warner.

Dred. Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Dble. vol., 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Farm Ballads. By Will Carleton.

Farm Festivals. By Will Carleton.

Farm Legends. By Will Carleton.

The Clients of Dr. Bernagius. 2 parts, 1*s*. each.

The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. Howells.

Baby Rue. By C. M. Clay.

The Rose in Bloom. By L. M. Alcott. 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Eight Cousins. By L. M. Alcott. 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Under the Lilacs. By L. M. Alcott. 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Silver Pitchers. By Louisa M. Alcott.

Jemmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore," and other Tales. By Louisa M. Alcott. 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Jack and Jill. By Louisa M. Alcott. 2*s*.; cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Hitherto. By the Author of the "Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1*s*. each.

Friends: a Duet. By E. Stuart Phelps.

A Gentleman of Leisure. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett.

The Story of Helen Troy.

Round the Yule Log: Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales. Translated from the Norwegian of P. Chr. Asbjörnsen. With 100 Illustrations after drawings by Norwegian Artists, and an Introduction by E. W. Gosse. Imperial 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Rousselet (Louis) Son of the Constable of France. Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 5*s*.

—— *The Drummer Boy: a Story of the Days of Washington.* Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 5*s*.

Russell (W. Clark) The Lady Maud. 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s*. 6*d*.

—— *See also* Low's Standard Novels *and* Wreck.

Russell (W. H., LL.D.) Hesperothen: Notes from the Western World. A Record of a Ramble through part of the United States, Canada, and the Far West, in the Spring and Summer of 1881. By W. H. Russell, LL.D. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 24*s*.

—— *The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India.* By W. H. Russell, LL.D. Fully Illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, M.A. Super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 52*s*. 6*d*.; Large Paper Edition, 84*s*.

Russian Literature. See "Turner."

SAINTS and their Symbols: A Companion in the Churches and Picture Galleries of Europe. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Scherr (Prof. J.) History of English Literature. Translated from the German. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Schuyler (Eugène). The Life of Peter the Great. By EUGÈNE SCHUYLER, Author of "Turkestan." 2 vols., demy 8vo. [*In preparation.*

Scott (Leader) Renaissance of Art in Italy. 4to, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Selection from the Letters of Madame de Rémusat to her Husband and Son, from 1804 to 1813. From the French, by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. In 1 vol., demy 8vo (uniform with the "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat," 2 vols.), cloth extra, 16*s.*

Senior (Nassau W.) Conversations and Journals in Egypt and Malta. 2 vols., 8vo, 24*s.*

These volumes contain conversations with SAID PASHA, ACHIM BEY, HEKEKYAN BEY, the Patriarch, M. DE LESSEPS, M. ST. HILAIRE, Sir FREDERICK BRUCE, Sir ADRIAN DINGLI, and many other remarkable people.

Seonee: Sporting in the Satpura Range of Central India, and in the Valley of the Nerbudda. By R. A. STERNDALE, F.R.G.S. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 21*s.*

Shadbolt (S.) The Afghan Campaigns of 1878—1880. By SYDNEY SHADBOLT, Joint Author of "The South African Campaign of 1879." 2 vols., royal quarto, cloth extra, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. By JAMES DALZIEL DOUGALL, F.S.A., F.Z.A., Author of "Scottish Field Sports," &c. New Edition, revised with additions. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

"The book is admirable in every way. . . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe.*

"A very complete treatise. . . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News.*

Sikes (Wirt). Rambles and Studies in Old South Wales. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

Silent Hour (The). See "Gentle Life Series."

Silver Sockets (The); and other Shadows of Redemption. Eighteen Sermons preached in Christ Church, Hampstead, by the Rev. C. H. WALLER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Sinners and Saints: a Tour across the United States of America, and Round them. By PHIL ROBINSON. [*In the Press.*

Sir Roger de Coverley. Re-imprinted from the "Spectator." With 125 Woodcuts, and steel Frontispiece specially designed and engraved for the Work. Small fcap. 4to, 6*s.*

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. By the late GEORGE SMITH. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. Demy 8vo, 6th Edition, 18*s.*

—— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* By the late G. SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 6th Edition, 16*s* An entirely New Edition, completely revised and re-written by the Rev. PROFESSOR SAYCE, Queen's College, Oxford. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

Smith (J. Moyr). See "Ancient Greek Female Costume."

Snow-Shoes and Canoes; or, the Adventures of a Fur-Hunter in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 2nd Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, 5*s.*

South African Campaign, 1879 (The). Compiled by J. P. MACKINNON (formerly 72nd Highlanders), and S. H. SHADBOLT; and dedicated, by permission, to Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge. Containing a portrait and biography of every officer killed in the campaign. 4to, handsomely bound in cloth extra, 2*l.* 10*s.*

South Kensington Museum. Vol. II., 21*s.*

Stack (E.) Six Months in Persia. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 24*s.*

Stanley (H. M.) How I Found Livingstone. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*; large Paper Edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *"My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave.* A Story from Central Africa. Crown 8vo, about 430 pp., with numerous graphic Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Coomassie and Magdala.* A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 16*s.*

—— *Through the Dark Continent.* Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

State Trials. See "Narratives."

Stenhouse (Mrs.) An Englishwoman in Utah. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Stoker (Bram) Under the Sunset. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Story without an End. From the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN. Crown 4to, with 15 Exquisite Drawings by E. V. B., printed in Colours in Fac-simile of the original Water Colours; and numerous other Illustrations. New Edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— square 4to, with Illustrations by HARVEY. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Dred. Cheap Edition, boards, 2*s.* Cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (Mrs Beecher) Footsteps of the Master. With Illustrations and red borders. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

—— *Geography*, with 60 Illustrations. Square cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Little Foxes.* Cheap Edition, 1*s.*; Library Edition, 4*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Betty's Bright Idea.* 1*s.*

—— *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.**

—— *Minister's Wooing.* 5*s*; Copyright Series, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cl., 2*s.**

—— *Old Town Folk.* 6*s.*; Cheap Edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Our Folks at Poganuc.* 6*s.*

—— *We and our Neighbours.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6*s.* Sequel to "My Wife and I."*

—— *Pink and White Tyranny.* Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

—— *Queer Little People.* 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.*

—— *Chimney Corner.* 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— *The Pearl of Orr's Island.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.**

—— *Woman in Sacred History.* Illustrated with 15 Chromo-lithographs and about 200 pages of Letterpress. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 25*s.*

Student's French Examiner. By F. JULIEN, Author of "Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire." Square cr. 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Studies in the Theory of Descent. By Dr. AUG. WEISMANN, Professor in the University of Freiburg. Translated and edited by RAPHAEL MELDOLA, F.C.S., Secretary of the Entomological Society of London. Part I.—"On the Seasonal Dimorphism of Butterflies," containing Original Communications by Mr. W. H. EDWARDS, of Coalburgh. With two Coloured Plates. Price of Part. I. (to Subscribers for the whole work only), 8*s.*; Part II. (6 coloured plates), 16*s.*; Part III., 6*s.* Complete, 2 vols., 40*s.*

Surgeon's Handbook on the Treatment of Wounded in War. By Dr. FRIEDRICH ESMARCH, Surgeon-General to the Prussian Army. Numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations, 8vo, strongly bound, 1*l.* 8*s.*

* *See also* Rose Library.

Sylvan Spring. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Illustrated by 12 Coloured Plates, drawn by F. E. HULME, F.L.S., Artist and Author of "Familiar Wild Flowers;" by 16 full-page, and more than 100 other Wood Engravings. Large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 12*s.* 6*d.*

TAHITI. By Lady BRASSEY, Author of the "Voyage of the Sunbeam." With 31 Autotype Illustrations after Photos. by Colonel STUART-WORTLEY. Fcap. 4to, very tastefully bound, 21*s.*

Taine (*H. A.*) "*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine.*" Translated by JOHN DURAND.

Vol. 1. **The Ancient Regime.** Demy 8vo, cloth, 16*s.*
Vol. 2. **The French Revolution.** Vol. 1. do.
Vol. 3. **Do.** do. Vol. 2. do.

Tauchnitz's English Editions of German Authors. Each volume, cloth flexible, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.* (Catalogues post free on application.)

——— (*B.*) *German and English Dictionary.* Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*; roan, 2*s.*

——— *French and English Dictionary.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Italian and English Dictionary.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Spanish and English.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor (*W. M.*) *Paul the Missionary.* Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Thausing (*Prof.*) *Preparation of Malt and the Fabrication of Beer.* 8vo, 45*s.*

Thomas à Kempis. See "Birthday Book."

Thompson (*Emma*) *Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote.* Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Thoreau. By SANBORN. (American Men of Letters.) Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Through America; or, Nine Months in the United States. By W. G. MARSHALL, M.A. With nearly 100 Woodcuts of Views of Utah country and the famous Yosemite Valley; The Giant Trees, New York, Niagara, San Francisco, &c.; containing a full account of Mormon Life, as noted by the Author during his visits to Salt Lake City in 1878 and 1879. Demy 8vo, 21*s.*; cheap edition, crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Through the Dark Continent: The Sources of the Nile; Around the Great Lakes, and down the Congo. By H. M. STANLEY. Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, with some of the Illustrations and Maps, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Through Siberia. By the Rev. HENRY LANSDELL. Illustrated with about 30 Engravings, 2 Route Maps, and Photograph of the Author, in Fish-skin Costume of the Gilyaks on the Lower Amur. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 30*s*. Cheaper Edition, 1 vol., 15*s*.

Tour of the Prince of Wales in India. See RUSSELL.

Trees and Ferns. By F. G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, with numerous Illustrations, 3*s*. 6*d*.

"A charming little volume."—*Land and Water.*

Tristram (Rev. Canon) Pathways of Palestine: A Descriptive Tour through the Holy Land. First Series. Illustrated by 44 Permanent Photographs. 2 vols., folio, cloth extra, gilt edges, 31*s*. 6*d*. each.

Turner (Edward) Studies in Russian Literature. (The Author is English Tutor in the University of St. Petersburgh.) Crown 8vo, 8*s*. 6*d*.

Two Supercargoes (The); or, Adventures in Savage Africa. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Numerous Full-page Illustrations. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s*. 6*d*.; plainer binding, 5*s*.

UNDER the Punkah. By PHIL ROBINSON, Author of "In my Indian Garden." Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 5*s*.

Union Jack (The). Every Boy's Paper. Edited by G. A. HENTY and BERNARD HELDMANN. One Penny Weekly, Monthly 6*d*. Vol. I., New Series.

The Opening Numbers will contain:—

SERIAL STORIES.

Straight: Jack Archer's Way in the World. By G. A. HENTY.
Spiggott's School Days: A Tale of Dr. Merriman's. By CUTHBERT BEDE.
Sweet Flower; or, Red Skins and Pale Faces. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.
Under the Meteor Flag. By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.
The White Tiger. By LOUIS BOUSSENARD. Illustrated.
A Couple of Scamps. By BERNARD HELDMANN.
Also a Serial Story by R. MOUNTNEY JEPHSON.

—— Vols. II. and III., 4to, 7*s*. 6*d*.; gilt edges, 8*s*.

VINCENT (F.) Norsk, Lapp, and Finn. By FRANK VINCENT, Jun., Author of "The Land of the White Elephant," "Through and Through the Tropics," &c. 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece and Map, 12*s*.

Vivian (A. P.) Wanderings in the Western Land. 3rd Edition, 10*s*. 6*d*.

BOOKS BY JULES VERNE.

CELEBRATED TRAVELS and TRAVELLERS. 3 Vols., Demy 8vo, 600 pp., upwards of 100 full-page Illustrations, 12*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 14*s.* each :—

I. The Exploration of the World.
II. The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century.
III. The Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century.

☞ The letters appended to each book refer to the various Editions and Prices given at the foot of the page.

a e **TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.**
a e **HECTOR SERVADAC.**
a e **THE FUR COUNTRY.**
a f **FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, AND A TRIP ROUND IT.**
a e **MICHAEL STROGOFF, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.**
a e **DICK SANDS, THE BOY CAPTAIN.**
b c d **FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON.**
b c d **ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND THREE RUSSIANS.**
b c d **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.**
b c *d* **A FLOATING CITY.**
b c *d* **THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.**
b c *d* **DR. OX'S EXPERIMENT.**
b c *d* **MASTER ZACHARIUS.**
b c *d* **A DRAMA IN THE AIR.**
b c *d* **A WINTER AMID THE ICE.**
b c *d* **THE SURVIVORS OF THE "CHANCELLOR."**
b c *d* **MARTIN PAZ.**
b c d **THE CHILD OF THE CAVERN.**
THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, 3 Vols. :—
b c d **I. DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS.**
b c d **II. ABANDONED.**
b c d **III. SECRET OF THE ISLAND.**
b c **THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.**
b c **THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CHINAMAN.**
THE STEAM HOUSE, 2 Vols. :—
b c **I. DEMON OF CAWNPORE.**
b c **II. TIGERS AND TRAITORS.**
THE GIANT RAFT, 2 Vols. :—
b **I. EIGHT HUNDRED LEAGUES ON THE AMAZON.**
b **II. THE CRYPTOGRAM.**
b **GODFREY MORGAN.**
THE GREEN RAY, &c., &c.

a Small 8vo, very numerous Illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges, 10*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, plainer binding, 5*s.*
b Large imperial 16mo, very numerous Illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*
c Ditto, plainer binding, 3*s.* 6*d.*
d Cheaper Edition, 1 Vol., paper boards, with some of the Illustrations, 1*s.*; bound in cloth, gilt edges, 2*s.*
e Cheaper Edition as (*d*), in 2 Vols., 1*s.* each; bound in cloth, gilt edges, 1 Vol., 3*s.* 6*d.*
f Same as (*e*), except in cloth, 2 Vols., gilt edges, 2*s.* each.

WAITARUNA: A Story of New Zealand Life. By ALEXANDER BATHGATE, Author of "Colonial Experiences." Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

Waller (Rev. C. H.) The Names on the Gates of Pearl, and other Studies. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *A Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of the Words in* the Greek Testament. Compiled from Brüder's Concordance. For the use of Divinity Students and Greek Testament Classes. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. Part I. The Grammar. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Part II. The Vocabulary, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Adoption and the Covenant.* Some Thoughts on Confirmation. Super-royal 16mo, cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *See also* "Silver Sockets."

Wanderings South by East: a Descriptive Record of Four Years of Travel in the less known Countries and Islands of the Southern and Eastern Hemispheres. By WALTER COOTE. 8vo, with very numerous Illustrations and a Map, 21*s.*

Warner (C. D.) Back-log Studies. Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— *Mummies and Moslems.* 8vo, cloth, 12*s.*

Washington Irving's Little Britain. Square crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Weaving. See "History and Principles."

Webster. (American Men of Letters.) 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Weismann (A.) Studies in the Theory of Descent. 2 vols., 8vo, 40*s.*

Where to Find Ferns. By F. G. HEATH, Author of "The Fern World," &c.; with a Special Chapter on the Ferns round London; Lists of Fern Stations, and Descriptions of Ferns and Fern Habitats throughout the British Isles. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3*s.*

White (Rhoda E.) From Infancy to Womanhood. A Book of Instruction for Young Mothers. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

White (R. G.) England Without and Within. New Edition, crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whittier (J. G.) The King's Missive, and later Poems. 18mo, choice parchment cover, 3*s.* 6*d.* This book contains all the Poems written by Mr. Whittier since the publication of "Hazel Blossoms."

——— *The Whittier Birthday Book.* Extracts from the Author's writings, with Portrait and numerous Illustrations. Uniform with the "Emerson Birthday Book." Square 16mo, very choice binding. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Flowers of Switzerland. 17 Coloured Plates. 4to. [*In preparation.*

Williams (H. W.) Diseases of the Eye. 8vo, 21*s.*

Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance. By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. 5th Edition, revised with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 1*s.*

Winks (W. E.) Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers. With eight Portraits. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

With Axe and Rifle on the Western Prairies. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With numerous Illustrations, square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, 5*s.*

Woolsey (C. D., LL.D.) Introduction to the Study of International Law; designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. 5th Edition, demy 8vo, 18*s.*

Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," "A Sailor's Sweetheart," &c. 6*s.* Third and Cheaper Edition.

Wright (the late Rev. Henry) The Friendship of God. With Biographical Preface by the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, Portrait, &c. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Y*RIARTE (Charles) Florence: its History.* Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Illustrated with 500 Engravings. Large imperial 4to, extra binding, gilt edges, 63*s.*

History; the Medici; the Humanists; letters; arts; the Renaissance; illustrious Florentines; Etruscan art; monuments; sculpture; painting.

Lo[illegible]n:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, [illegible]ARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, E.C.