

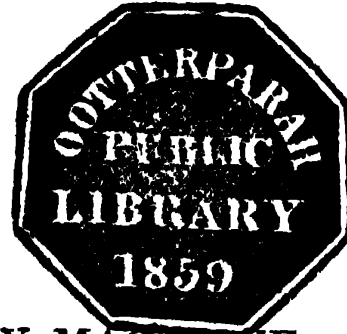
The
Calcutta Quarterly
Magazine And Review

1833

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The Magazine,



THE CALCUTTA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The rapid advance in knowledge, made by the Natives of India within these few years past—the eagerness with which they have availed themselves of the press, to engage in discussions on all questions of importance affecting their common welfare—the readiness with which they have associated under various denominations, for the purpose of useful investigations in literature or science, and the zeal with which they have co-operated in promoting education, are all proofs of the wisdom of that policy, which, imitating the command of the Omnipotent, said—

“ Let there be light—and there was light.”

It will be one of the objects of this work, to aid in giving effect to this wise and liberal policy, which reflects so much honour on our present enlightened Ruler, and promises so much advantage to the people of India, in accelerating their moral, intellectual, and political elevation. To ameliorate the condition of the subject millions of this country, is a duty imposed on the British nation, too long recognised in empty profession alone. The time is now approaching, when the Legislature will be called on to decide on the future system of administering British India,—already, perhaps, those discussions have commenced, the result of which is of such vital moment to her people. A great struggle will be made to reject the renewal of the Company's Charter.

Should the sceptre of India be wrested from the hands of the Company, the British Ministry will inevitably leave many matters of detail in legislation and law to the local government, and many subjects of the deepest moment will still be open to investigation, and form the proper topics for discussion by the Press of India. We take it for granted, that colonization and the freedom of the press are settled questions, on which there can scarcely be a difference of opinion sufficiently important to render the result doubtful. The abolition of the Charter involves of course the abolition of that mixed system of trade and govern-

ment which has hitherto been adopted; and the wisdom of the executive will in future instead of being divided between conflicting interests be concentrated upon the glorious work of promoting "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," a maxim which even *we*, albeit not yet quite octogenarians, have lived to hear treated with reverence by lips that once pronounced it with scorn.

Such are some of the changes, anticipated in our Indian administration; but as we have already said, many matters of detail must be left to the local authorities—the legislative councils, which are to be established. It is impossible for Parliament to legislate for us in detail, at the distance of 14,000 miles, though they may guard us by their Acts against a recurrence to arbitrary principles and systems. Even here on the spot, we see, that Regulations framed with the best intentions to secure the interests of the subject, sometimes fail in their application owing to defective information. It is clear then, that a wide field is left for discussion on questions of great moment to the people, and we hope that we shall not be found wanting in able contributors to enter upon the task.

The judicial and revenue systems have yet to be reconciled to order and reason, to be redeemed from the perplexity and confusion which now beset them. The press of England teems with publications upon these and every branch of Indian administration, and our local press occasionally gives evidence in pamphlets and octavos, on questions of local policy, of the talent which exists among us. All such publications, it will fall within our plan to notice in our review department, and we hope also to give original essays on these subjects; although peculiar circumstances have rendered this department of our work, in the present number, somewhat deficient. The great business of education, the judicial and revenue systems, and the police of the Mofussil, especially demand attention. We believe, that it will be left to the Legislative Councils, to prepare one uniform judicial system, based on the *principles* of English law, criminal and civil; but, avoiding its dreadful indefiniteness, delay, and ruinous expence.

Mr. Wynch, in a series of letters, which have been published in one of the newspapers of the presidency, and since collected in a pamphlet, has thrown out some very useful suggestions on this subject, particularly that of the necessity of the appointment of a committee, with a library of reference at its command, to digest a code. The importance of codification, which he so justly and emphatically insists on, will not, we presume, in the present day, and under the present Rulers, be disputed—nor will the

respect he evinces for Bentham, any longer subject him to that ridicule, which used to be cast upon the disciples and of that great and venerable man. Mr. Wynch has given a sketch of the works, which he conceives, might form the *materiel* for the manufacture of the code; but the most important as a model of codification, of all the works mentioned, is, beyond comparison, that of Mr. Livingston, an American. Bombay, it appears, has preceded us in the work, and boasts of a code of which Mr. Wynch speaks very highly, prepared by Mr. Norris, under the auspices of Mr. Elphinstone, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, spite of his heresies and inconsistencies respecting the Press. We wish, Mr. Wynch, instead of republishing his letters, as they were originally printed, had condensed them into a continuous essay, omitting the passages of a merely controversial character.

On the revenue system, a gentleman high in the judicial line of the Civil Service, has recently printed here, but not published, a work, displaying very considerable research, and containing much valuable information, though on one question, as to the property of the soil, we should be compelled to dissent from his opinion.

We shall not attempt to quote either of these works at present, as we have unavoidably limited ourselves on this occasion, to a notice of the changes we anticipate in the system of Indian policy.

We have mentioned them in connection with our allusion to the publications of the London Press in order to shew that we are not likely to want food for our speculations on local politics, but the mention of them suggests one observation of some importance to those who may be desirous of giving "a local habitation and a name" in print, to their views of Indian policy. It is this; knowing as we do, the hopelessness of getting such isolated pamphlets into circulation, and the slight and transitory impression produced by communications in a newspaper, we would suggest that a *Quarterly* periodical is better adapted than either to the publication of essays on questions of Indian policy, we may mention also that these reasons have had some weight with the proprietors of this work in determining them to publish it, and that they are resolved hereafter, while such a channel of publicity is available to decline publishing pamphlets which inevitably entail loss either on the authors or themselves.

THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang,
 The massive anvils ring—
 Clang, clang,
 A hundred hammers swing,
 Like the thunder rattle of a Tropic sky
 The mighty blows still multiply,
 Clang, clang.
 Say brothers of the dusky brow,
 What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang,—we forge the coulter now,
 The coulter of the kindly plough;
 Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!
 May its broad furrow still unbind
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,
 The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang,—our coulter's course shall be
 On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
 By many a streamlet's silver tide,
 Amidst the song of morning birds,
 Amidst the low of sauntering herds,
 Amidst soft breezes which do stray
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand,
 With wide spread glory clothes the land,
 When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold,
 We bless, we bless THE PLOUGH.

Clang, clang,—again, my mates what glows
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows.

Clink, clank,—we forge the giant chain,
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
 Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
 Secured by this, the good ship braves
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves
 Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,
 The storm-cloud on the hill;
 Calmly he rests, though far away,
 In boisterous climes, his vessels lay,
 Reliant on our skill.

Say, on what sands these links shall sleep
 Fathoms beneath the solemn deep :
 By Afric's pestilential shore,
 By many an ice-berg, lone and hoar,
 By many a palmy western isle,
 Basking in spring's perpetual smile;
 By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel
 When to the battery's deadly peal
 The crashing broadside makes reply,
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while,
 For death or victory ?

Hurrah—cling, clang,—once more, what glows,
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
 The iron tempest of your blows,
 The furnace's red breath ?

Cling, clang,—a burning shower clear
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
 Around and up in the dusky air,
 As our hammers forge **THE SWORD**.

The sword !—a name of dread ; yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
 While for his altar and his hearth,
 While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war drums roll, the trumpets sound,
 How sacred is it then !

Whenever for the truth and right
 It flashes in the van of fight,
 Whether in some wild mountain pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas,
 Or on some sterile plain and stern
 A Marston, or a Bannockburn,
 Or amidst crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, grey Tyroll's hills;
 Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide ;
 Still, still, whene'er the battle word
 Is liberty, where men do stand
 For justice and their native land,
 Then Heaven bless **THE SWORD**.

H. M. P.

THE LONDON PRESS.

It is the misfortune of the conductors of the Indian press, to be, severally and collectively, so well known to the public; amongst whom they live, that the mysterious "WE," in which the dogmata of leaders are clothed, loses half its charm, and half its value. The *nominis umbra* of Junius was one cause among others of the wonderful effect of his remarkable letters, and, to this moment, it is a pleasant subject of speculation. Similar, though in a somewhat less degree, have been the results of the invisibility of the London editors. A sound and well turned article, smacking of official authority, is at once imputed to some Minister of State, or high legal functionary; a brilliant exposé of the political *arcana*, is in like manner ascribed to an opposition member or a disappointed nobleman. And yet, were the mask once removed, instead of the appalling spectacle of a lofty member of the Cabinet, a Chancellor, or an unemployed Statesman, we should probably behold a fat citizen, a professional manufacturer of articles, at 3 guineas per week, a briefless barrister, or a Treasury understrapper. All this disguise, however, is essential to the perfect success and extensive influence of the press. In an aristocratic country like Great Britain, public opinions only acquire weight, in proportion to their connexion with great names.

"Let but a Lord once own the happy lines—
How the wit brightens, how the thought refines!"

Hence the necessity for preserving an incognito, and leaving the identity of leading articles to the imagination of curious readers.

After this exordium, our readers will probably exclaim—"what's coming next? Surely we are not going to have an exposé of the secret springs, by which or whom the London press is moved?" Gentle readers, for once you are wrong. In spite of our eloquent defence of secrecy, we meditate nothing less than an exhibition of the tremendous machinery, and we are quite certain, that, frail human beings as you all are, your curiosity will get the better of your judgment, and induce you to pardon—nay, glory in our perfidy.

Where shall we begin?—The *Times*, from its bulk, influence, and vast resources, claims prior notice; but, we doubt, whether it should be so indulged. Political honesty is a rare virtue, for which we have profound respect—and, as this is a quality held in little regard by the "leading journal of Europe," we think we shall mark our sense of the paper's venality, by noticing it last of all. To be consistent, however, in our admiration of edi-

torial integrity, let us place at the head of the list, a paper much known, but little understood, and rarely appreciated—the plain, consistent, straight-forward, and really honest EXAMINER.

This paper is conducted by a Barrister of considerable repute, named *Fonblanque*. The major part of the political articles, and Notabilia, are the fruits of his pen, and admirably typify the writer's mind: they are nervous, clear, acute, and logical. The bases of the paper's politics—for all papers must have a comprehensive foundation—are “independence of party, and the greatest good of the greatest number.” These objects, which owe their parentage to the philanthropy and penetration of the estimable Jeremy Bentham, are the leading principles of the *Examiner*, and so rigidly have they been adhered to, that we cannot call to mind a single instance, in which the opponents of “radicalism and infidelity,”* have found a flaw in their able contemporary. Formerly, Bentham himself contributed much to the EXAMINER, and was assisted by Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt; but, since death has swept away two of these, and cruel penury has distressed and disheartened the latter, most of the articles, which do not proceed from Mr. Fonblanque's pen, originate in the Inns of Court, where juvenile Barristers, in the absence of briefs, imbibe the substance of the “Book of Fallacies,” or study the errors of “Church of Englandism.”

The circulation of the *Examiner* is about 4000 weekly, and is rapidly encreasing.

The *Spectator*, weekly journal, is second in merit. It is conducted by a Mr. Rintoul, who formerly edited the *Edinburgh Times* and the *Dundee Advertiser*. His style of writing is terse, elegant, and occasionally distinguished by a vein of pleasant satire. In reasoning powers, he is inferior to Mr. Fonblanque and his disciples, and in literary matters, there is a lack of the same honesty and impartiality, for which they are so remarkable. For example, Mr. Rintoul never praises a work which is published by Saunders and Otley, unless privately solicited to do so, nor will he bestow the least notice on a publication which is not advertised often in the *Spectator*. This, however, is a fault rather attributable to the proprietors, who, from their connexion with Colburn and Bentley, and their jealousy of other papers' advertising columns, give directions for the hostile course in question, from which no editor is at liberty to depart. Still, Mr. Rintoul is not altogether blameless, for it cannot be disputed, that it would be in better keeping with the personal independence of an editor, to resign his trust rather

* Vide the cant of the Tory Journals.

than become the instrument of vile intrigues, and paltry passions.

The gentleman who conducts the department of the Drama and Fine Arts, in this paper, is a man of exquisite taste and nice discrimination. We do not remember his name.

The circulation of the *Spectator* is greatly on the increase. It set forth with the supporters of Mr. Buckingham's paper; the *Sphinx*, out of whose ashes it rose like another Phoenix, and has strengthened its hold on public esteem, by its diligence and courage, in laying bare the whole machinery of the Houses of Parliament, and in analysing our incubus—the British Aristocracy.

The *Morning Herald* is conducted by a Mr. Thwaites, with two sub-editors. We need not trouble our readers with any allusion to its principles, its influence, or its general contents. The extent of its circulation has rendered every body familiar with its merits.

The *Courier*—the weathercock *Courier*—is in the hands of a Mr. Merle, after having changed editors about a score of times, within the last five years. It is always considered official, and with a shadow of justice; for, owing to some mysterious influence which it has baffled the penetration of keener enquiries than ourselves to discover, it invariably contrives to bask in the sunshine of Ministerial favor. It is the very *Talleyrand* of the press—a perfect newspaper Vicar of Bray. Of course, these circumstances have had their due weight with the British public, and *par conséquence*, the sale of the paper has of late greatly decreased. About 2,300 numbers only are circulated.

On the Continent, however, where opinions regarding England and English affairs change but slowly, the *Courier* is still believed to be as much the organ of Ministry, as it was when Mr. Perceval and Lord Castlereagh were in office, and accordingly it may be said to subsist there upon its ancient name—a staple, indeed, greatly in vogue now-a-days, since Campbell, Moore, Bulwer, and others, merely lend that commodity to divers Magazines, to entitle them to comfortable salaries.

The *Globe*, evening paper, has two editors, a Mr. Coulson and a Mr. Gorton—Mr. Coulson, a follower of Bentham, writes the major part of the leading articles, assisted by a Mr. Moran, while Mr. Gorton attends to minor affairs, and the mechanical arrangement of the concern. In fact, this latter division of duty is common to all the newspaper offices. One editor moves in the great world, and takes upon him

“The mystery of God's spies,”

to mark

- who loses and who wins,
Who's in, who's out -

the other inhabits a little dark and dusty room up three pair of stairs in the Strand, and there concocts from his brother's ideas, those "POWERFUL LEADERS" which depress or elevate parties—make sovereigns tremble on their thrones—bring down or raise the price of stocks, and keep eighteen millions in a perpetual ferment.

Mr. Hume and other members of Parliament occasionally contribute to the *Globe*.

The *Standard*, the leading and best managed Tory journal in England, is edited by Dr. Maginn and Mr. Gifford. The former has acquired note in the literary world, by his able contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*—while Gifford has gained experience, as the conductor, for many years, of the *St. James's Chronicle*. Though the *Standard* is devoted to the interests of arbitrary power and aristocratic ascendancy, its most bitter opponents cannot deny, that its leading articles are marked by a spirit of frankness and courtesy in argument, which, it is to be lamented, are not honored by general imitation.

When Perry conducted the *Morning Chronicle*, it was the organ of the Whigs, and as their party was then out of power, he formed, as it were, the *nucleus* of a powerful opposition. Though unlettered and vulgar, Perry possessed much natural talent and an extraordinary portion of tact with which he managed not only to veil his deficiencies but *a fortiori* to conciliate the esteem of many of the greatest and cleverest in the land. He was a welcome guest in all circles, for his convivial qualities were remarkable and his propriety of conduct admirable. Fox, Windham, Sheridan; the Dukes of Sussex, Bedford and Atholl; Lords Holland, Grey and Brougham, all knew and esteemed the singular Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and did not scorn to make him their *point d'appui* when Pitt and Percival mis-managed the affairs of the country. When Perry died, the *Chronicle* became the property of Mr. Clements, at a cost of £40,000, and though its circulation fell off, owing, in a great measure, to additional competition, it still held a high place in the esteem of the liberal portion of the Aristocracy and promised to repay the heavy purchase money. But the growth of liberal doctrines and the diffusion of Bentham's works soon convinced the Proprietor that titled men and country squires would not long remain a sufficiently influential body to entitle them to the complete devotion of any journal:—taking then, the tide of affairs "at the flood" Clements put the paper into the hands of Dr. Black, and Mr. Mill:—a higher tone—a tone more consistent

with popular interests and consonant to popular tastes—was straightway assumed, and the paper has since flourished as the best *daily* radical.

The *Sun*, the *false Sun*, as it is now whimsically called, to distinguish it from its rival, the *True Sun*, is fast sinking to rest. Fortunately, the other luminaries of the press do not borrow their light from this strange planet, and, therefore, need apprehend no oblivion from its decline. *Mr. Murdoch Young* is proprietor and editor.

The *True Sun* has been established by *Mr. Patrick Grant*, out of the wreck of property saved from his connection with the 'false' *Sun*. Six years ago, this latter paper was in the last stage of a galloping consumption, when *Mr. P. Grant*, who had connected himself by marriage with the present President of the Board of Control, purchased it in conjunction with *Mr. Young*, and by directing attention to accuracy in reporting speeches at meetings and in Parliament, and to rapidity in publishing them, contrived to obtain for the *Sun* a very extensive circulation. Some disputes with *Mr. Murdoch Young*, however, which have since formed matter for discussion in the Court of King's Bench led to disconnect *Mr. Grant* from the old concern, whereupon he marched across the street, and lighted up a new orb with the residue of his cash and his influence. The *True Sun* is very fairly conducted, and we believe still enjoys the support of the Right Hon'ble *Charles Grant*, and the disciples of the late *Mr. Huskisson*.

The *Atlas*, a compendious Sunday paper, of a liberal but not very decided character, acknowledges the government of a *Mr. Southern*. He is very gentlemanly man, with some acquaintances in the Foreign Office. Further—this deponent sayeth not.

The *Morning Post*, belonging to and edited by the Messrs. *Byrne*, is too well known to need any particular description—*Lord Ellenborough* has been known to write a few articles for it, and *Sir Andrew Halliday* has not unfrequently afforded his assistance.

Mr. Mudford, who formerly edited the *Courier*, and who is known to the public as the author of some admirable tales termed "*First and Last*" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, now conducts the *John Bull*. He receives considerable aid from *Theodore Hook*, *John Wilks*, once *M. P.* for *Sudbury*, and *John Wilson Croker*.

The *Age* is in the hands of *Mr. Westmacott*—and dirty hands they are.

The *Town* is a new Sunday paper which is steadily advancing in public esteem. We believe we know the name of the

Editor, but as we are not quite certain of it, he must remain behind the curtain. His politics are liberal and his arrangement of news compendious and judicious.

“Last scene of all”—the *Times*, Messrs. Barnes, Lawson, Walter and Alsager are the dabblers in this impure stream. They are men of wealth and interest, great capacity for business and uncommon industry. The principles of the *Times* are founded on the hacknied mottoes “*Vox populi, vox Dei*” and “*tempora mutantur,*” &c. The profits of the *Times* are about £24,000 per annum.

Turn we now to the Magazines—those pleasant receptacles for wit, for anecdote, for literary criticisms, biography and tales.

Blackwood.—To say who conducts this Magazine must be superfluous. The name of John Wilson is sounded throughout all the regions of the earth. On the plains of Africa—on the heights of Himalaya, in the back woods of America, and in every corner of Europe, *MAGA* is a familiar friend, and, spite of her antiquated politics, a cherished and respected one. We read her political articles, as we do some venerable publication of the 12th century, that we may, in some measure, become acquainted with the tone of thought prevailing in the dark ages. But when we cut the leaves of one of North’s ‘*flights*’ or fall in with the *Noctes*—presto! we are on the borders of the lake, or unravelling the mazes of the Grampians, or feasting at the board, with Tickler and O’Doherty for *camarados* and real natives and whisky for the inward man.

Blackwood circulates 12,000 numbers!

Fraser’s Magazine is the property of a young man who has just began business in Regent Street. He spares no expense in the purchase of contributions from occasional writers, and moreover keeps in constant pay a Mr. Herraud (as chief Editor) John Galt, Dr. McGinn, Mr. Fraser of the Foreign Office and a Mr. Churchill.—Fraser is a bad imitation of Blackwood: he has all the venom without the beauty of the Tory serpent;—still his Magazine is as clever and interesting as most others, and that is saying a great deal.

The *New Monthly Magazine* is under the direction of Mr. E. L. Bulwer, assisted by a Mr. Hall, whose wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, is familiar to the public as the Editress of an Annual and the Authoress of some Irish Stories of much humor and pathos.

Captain Marryatt, the author of the ‘*King’s Own*,’ ‘*Newton Forster*,’ ‘*the Naval Officer*,’ ‘*Code of Signals*,’ &c. and who is known to the Indian community on account of his share in the Burmese War, owns and conducts in chief *The Metropoli-*

tan. He is the author of the clever papers headed 'Peter Simple' and the 'Pacha of many Tales,' together with several lively and historical Naval Sketches. Moore and Campbell each write a tale or a few Stanzas for the *Metropolitan* monthly, but beyond this their connection does not extend. The hard work of the *Metropolitan*, such as getting up summaries of news, arranging matter, correcting the press, answering correspondents and occasionally contributing, is left to a Mr. Cyrus Redding. This gentleman has long been connected with the Press and has published some clever poetry in imitation of the German. He is reputed to possess considerable talent. His salary is £130 per annum, which we mention to give our readers some idea of the state of remuneration for literary labour in England.

The *United Service Journal* is the property of Mr. Colburn. The principal Military, and we may add Political, Editor, is a Major Shadwell Clerke, a gentleman of much taste and talent, and extensively connected with the upper circles. He has lost a leg in the service of his country, but has supplied its place with a cork limb. Major Clerke is a very amiable, gentlemanly man, but the very *beau ideal* of a Military Tory. Sir John Phillipart conducts the Naval department of the Journal, and the minor details i. e. the drudgery, is left to a Lieut. Hall, infantry half pay. The Journal is extensively circulated, and would be still more popular, could the Editors contrive to exclude all political matter or at any rate abstain from the display of party feeling.

The *Monthly Magazine* is under the control of the accomplished James Sheridan Knowles, the author of *Virginus*, *William Tell*, &c. conjointly with the Revd. Mr. Pemble.

Mr. Dilke, aided by a host of contributors of literary repute, is at the helm in the *Athenæum* office.

Mr. Jerdan, assisted by a Mr. Gray, is the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

The Hon'ble Mrs. Norton caters for the Court Magazine, erst *La Belle Assemblée*, and by judiciously courting Literary talents deserves the praise of raising the character of the periodical to a very respectable standard.

The *Court Journal*, another pet of Mr. Colburn's which he has had the bad taste to create in supercession of a far superior publication—the *London Weekly Review*, is conducted by Mrs. Gore, a clever woman who has already distinguished herself as an Authoress. The original papers in the *Court Journal* are of a very newkish character, and its fashionable intelligence is

the reverse of authentic ;—nevertheless it is received into numberless drawing rooms and boudoirs, and moreover enjoys the patronage of sundry milliners, barbers, and treasury clerks.

Here endeth our sketch of the mighty machine by which the political world is kept in constant motion—to which we owe many of our most valuable institutions and privileges—and in which we trust for protection from the encroachments of power and the outrages of factious. There is, as our readers know, a host of minor periodicals, and a tremendous provincial press in England of both of which we purpose treating on a future occasion.—The object of the present sketch, has been to establish that the mass of mind which constitutes our best palladium is neither the exclusive property of the titled nor the wealthy ; and that—disregarded as the conductors of the press would individually be, were their names at all times publicly divulged,—ensconced in their incognito they rule the rulers, and successfully embody the opinions of countless millions.

J. H. S.

LINES.

Sail on ! sail on ! through starlit skies—
Through seas of cloudless space, sail on !
How many lovely, loving eyes
Now gaze upon thee, new-born moon !

The absent lover's fev'rish eye,
Illumined by thy trembling rays,
Grows calm ; he thinks, eyes far away,
On thy pale crescent, *now* may gaze.

The ship-boy's bride now turns his eye,
In which the tears still stand on thee,
And hopes, that thy beams cheeringly,
Give light to *one* far, far at sea.

The robber chieftain's tim'rous bride,
Will curse thee, for thy beams so bright—
And dread that dark ills may betide
Her husband and his band, to-night.

But why should I gaze on thee so ?
Who neither hate nor love aught now,
Canst thou alleviate my woe,
Or cool the burning of this brow ?

No ! no ! thou canst not—still 'tis meet
Upon thy placid face to gaze,
And gazing on thee, to forget
The tears, the smiles, of bye-gone days,

D. P. F.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE MR. LAWSON.

It might seem to a casual observer almost incredible, that any man eminently endowed by nature, should remain long unknown or unregarded in this metropolis of the East; and yet it is not the less strictly true, that, from whatever cause, there is scarcely any spot in the civilized world, where genius unassisted by adventitious advantages, is so ill able to make itself respected, or to assert its independence of conventional distinctions. The individual whose name heads the present article, afforded in his life-time, an illustration of this remark; for, if in his native country or in any other enlightened land, he had surpassed in intellectual attainments the crowd around him, in the same degree in which he rose above the majority of his brother exiles in India, in every thing but mere wealth and the pride of place, it is not to be doubted, that he would have received in abundance, those tributes of love and veneration, that are due to superior mental powers, when not unworthily directed. But here is an instance of a man of true genius and high moral excellence, who, after passing thirteen years of his useful and spotless life in this small community, was scarcely known beyond the circle of his own friends! This circumstance would have been the less remarkable, if Mr. Lawson had entirely buried the power and beauty of his intellect, in the obscurity of domestic life; but it happens that (influenced by the irrepressible desire to communicate his thoughts and feelings to his fellow creatures, and awaken the sympathies of the general human heart, which is so characteristic of the poet) he published, at different intervals, in this city, a number of poetical works of very great and peculiar merit. It is true, that these works were not unnoticed nor uncommended by the local press, but this only makes it seem the more singular, that he should have obtained so little of that personal influence and distinction, with which literary excellence is usually associated in other quarters of the globe. So slight, indeed, was the impression of his genius, upon the public mind, that his reputation, such as it was, nearly ended with his life, and the lapse of eight brief years has thrown his memory into oblivion, except amongst those religious classes, with which his duties as a Christian Missionary brought him more immediately in contact. His ardent hopes, his glowing enthusiasm and his generous thirst of fame, can now afford but a melancholy retrospection to those personal friends, who once regarded with affectionate admiration and a proud sympathy, the passionate yearnings of the poet. His poetical life

was as a dream, and his name "was writ in water." But as his associates were chiefly of a religious turn of mind, they will console themselves with the reflection, that their departed friend had still higher objects than poetry and fame; and that, in those things in which he was more intensely solicitous to succeed, his exertions were not made in vain. If they will say, he has failed to obtain a position in the Temple of Fame, his pious labours and the purity of his daily life, will have secured to him a place in that house not made with hands, a house eternal in the Heavens. Even men, whose religious notions may be less severe and limited than those of the poet's friends, will not reject so sacred a consolation; for, amidst the countless opposing creeds that have occasioned discord and division amongst the followers of a religion, so simple in itself, and so earnest in its exhortations to charity and brotherly love as the Christian system, there are few minds that do not pant for a future state, and acknowledge that a well earned character below is a passport to happiness above. For our own parts, we are ready to confess, that on certain religious points, we differ widely from the late Mr. Lawson and his Missionary brethren, though we do not the less appreciate their pious zeal, and the purity of their intentions. Mr. Lawson is said to have spoken, in his last hours, of his love of poetry as one of the sins for which he hoped to be forgiven; but such a remark was, in our opinion, unworthy of a man of sense and intellect, and can only be attributed to some of those numerous influences which sometimes unduly operate on a death-bed repentance. His poetry was always of a religious or moral cast, and could never have been regarded as a sin against God, by a sound mind in a healthy body. The fact of the repeated publication of his poetical productions, probably almost in defiance of the prejudices of some of his religious brethren, shows what was his own unbiassed feeling upon the question. In one of his latest prefaces, he speaks of poetry as the noblest of human arts. But in the debility and anxiety inseparable from that awful moment, when the soul is escaping from its earthly tenement, a man of the firmest nerves and the noblest hopes, may be influenced by the solemn warnings of his religious attendants and those timid scruples which sometimes alarm the bravest and the best. It is a vulgar and foolish notion, that a death chamber is a school for logic. A man on a couch of sickness or in the agonies of death, is far more open to the suggestions of superstition than of reason. He is more easily worked upon by fear than judgment. The mummeries of a Brahmin priest would have deeper influence over a Hindoo's mind, in his last moments, than the arguments of an Aristotle or the zealous representations of a Christian.

pastor; and there is no persuasion more unfounded than that which supposes a dying dictum, can settle those disputed points of religious faith, which have excruciated the mightiest intellects in the severe serenity of their studious hours. But, even were this the case, it would still remain to be considered, how the last contradictions should be reconciled; for we cannot discover a greater unanimity of opinion, in the bed-rooms of the sick than in the temples of religion. There is, perhaps, no variety of creed which has not had its death-bed believer. All that we can reasonably trust to, in the final hour, is the solemn sincerity of a man's expressions—for he is not likely to play the hypocrite in his parting struggles. But his immediate convictions at that period, with respect to difficult and complicated questions, are not to be weighed against opinions formed with studious deliberation and cherished and acted upon during a long existence.

The composition of religious poetry, is an act that no man, in a sane state of mind, and with all his faculties about him, would consider to be a crime, for which it is necessary to seek divine forgiveness. Even Cowper himself, though the violence of his religious zeal, in some degree, unsettled his intellects, did not cant about his poetical enormities, and wrote no line which, dying he could wish to blot. Of all God's gifts to man, Milton esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. "In its legitimate and highest efforts," says Dr. Channing, "it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature." The same eloquent and pious author, also makes a very judicious and true remark, that even when poetry is degraded by unhallowed inspirations, she does not lose all her original brightness. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. If Mr. Lawson had recovered his health, mental and corporeal, he would perhaps have returned to those elegant and refined pursuits, which only become objectionable, when they exclusively absorb the mind and interfere with the performance of our social or religious duties. It does not appear, that poetry ever had this injurious effect upon the conduct of Mr. Lawson.

As it is not inconsistent with the plan of this Magazine, we shall now proceed to lay before our readers, such little notices of the life and character of Mr. Lawson, as we have been able to collect, together with a few remarks upon the nature of his poetry. It is a grateful task to recall the remembrance of de-

parted worth, and to do that justice to the dead, which has been denied unto the living.

The Revd. John Lawson was one of the sons of a respectable and wealthy clothier, in Trowbridge, Wiltshire. He was born at that place, of which the Revd. George Crabbe, the poet, was for many years the rector, on the 24th of July, 1787. We have never heard, whether it was Mr. Lawson's good fortune to become acquainted with that celebrated author nor are we quite certain as to the exact period when Mr. Crabbe first settled in Trowbridge. It was, perhaps, after the subject of this sketch had been removed to London, which was in the year 1803, that Mr. Crabbe, whom he subsequently imitated with great success, in one of the best of his compositions, became the rector of Mr. Lawson's native village. The latter was peculiarly happy in his local associations—for he afterwards resided at the village of Olney, a place rendered interesting and famous, by the residence of Cowper, whose ardent piety and poetical genius seem to have made a deep impression on Mr. Lawson's fancy, if we may judge from the internal evidence afforded to us in his writings, some of which are composed in a kindred spirit, and with several coincidences of thought and language. Cowper died at Olney, if we remember rightly, in 1800, but a very few years previous to Mr. Lawson's residence in the same place, when the memory of the poet of "The Task," must have been fresh and grateful in the minds of the inhabitants. It is impossible to say, how far this slight local connection with great literary names, may have operated upon the taste and inclinations of Mr. Lawson; and that, we may not lay ourselves open to the charge of being too fanciful in our notice of so subtle a link in the chain of association, we shall simply observe, that his poetry, from whatever cause, occasionally exhibits a curious mixture of the different styles of Crabbe and Cowper. Mr. Lawson enjoyed the advantage of passing the first years of his life, under the eye of a moral and religious parent. His father, as we have already stated, was a clothier. He had accumulated by great industry and judicious care, a sum of money that would have afforded a very handsome independence to every member of his family, if he had not unfortunately lost it all, partly by the destruction of his mills by fire and partly by the bankruptcy of individuals who were greatly in his debt. The utter ruin of his business and the melancholy prospects of his family, are said to have so deeply affected his spirits that he soon after died of a broken heart. It affords a melancholy instance of the heartlessness of common friends and the little confidence that ought to be placed in the cold charities of the world, that all his children were driven by his creditors, from the

paternal roof, and that the two youngest were sent to the parish workhouse. Even those persons most closely connected with the parent by the ties of nature or the interchange of mercantile transactions, and who had benefitted largely from the connection in happier hours, denied a shelter to his unhappy orphans. Mr. Lawson had the misfortune to lose his excellent and pious mother, at a very early age, but not before he was able to appreciate her worth which he has very affectingly commemorated in one of his latest poems. His passionate outpourings of domestic affection, pleasingly remind us of Pope and Cowper, both of whom were eminently distinguished for their filial piety. The touching and beautiful lines of the latter, on the receipt of his mother's picture, if once read can never be forgotten. While yet a mere child, Mr. Lawson exhibited indications of uncommon talent, especially as an artist, and is said to have made a drawing of the Crucifixion, (inspired by an eloquent sermon upon the same subject) that excited a considerable degree of wonder and admiration. Shortly after the display of this early proof of genius, being much struck by the spirit and beauty of the wood engravings, in "*Bewick's History of British Birds*," he was seized with a desire to imitate them himself, and with some bits of wood and a few broken penknives, he was so successful, that his father was subsequently induced to apprentice him to Mr. Lee, a respectable engraver. In his sixteenth year, he took leave of his friends and went to London, to commence the regular study of a profession, which seemed so congenial to his natural talents. He applied himself with great diligence to his duties, and made rapid advances in his art. On the sabbath day, however, he considered himself entitled not only to relax in his professional labours, but to indulge in a degree of dissipation, which was directly opposed to the parting injunction of his father, who anxiously desired him to be regular in his attendance at a place of worship. As it often happens, however, with young men brought up under religious restraints more than usually severe, he was no sooner independent of paternal authority, than he was intoxicated by his sudden sense of freedom and became wild and reckless in his habits. This licentiousness of conduct continued for about three years, when an almost accidental visit to his long forsaken chapel, revived all his old religious associations. His enthusiasm kindled the more intensely from the contrast and rapidity of the change and the force of his repentance. About this period, we believe, occurred the bitter family afflictions which we have already mentioned, and misfortune, in such a state of mind, would naturally have the effect of confirming his religious bias. He gave up, for a while, his first professional pursuits, and offered himself as a candidate to the Baptist Church

in Eagle-street, London, of which, Mr. Irving, the author of the "History of the English Baptists," was the pastor. After giving a written account of the great change in the state of his mind, in accordance with the custom of the congregational Churches, he succeeded in his new object. Soon after his admission to the church, he became impressed with the importance of Missions, and procured a recommendation to the Baptist Missionary Society. His services were readily engaged, and after he had gone through some preparatory studies at Olney and joined himself in marriage to an amiable young woman, (who is still, we believe, resident in India—a widow with eight children!) he was directed to proceed to India. On the 1st of November, 1810, he left England for America, where he was detained from various causes, for about a year. He then took leave of a great many new, but warm friends, at Philadelphia, and embarked for Calcutta, where he arrived in August, 1812. He was necessitated to take this indirect course to India; because, at that period, professed Missionaries could not obtain permission from the Court of Directors to proceed by the regular route.

Mr. Lawson was soon settled at Serampore, and rendered himself of essential service to the Printing Office and School of that place. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of the Bengalee language, which he both spoke and wrote with great fluency and correctness. His usefulness was particularly felt in the exercise of that mechanical turn, to which we have before alluded. He wonderfully improved the different types used in the Oriental languages, and reduced them in a way that had hitherto appeared to the Natives, to be quite impracticable. While occupied in this manner, an order was issued by Government, that all persons not regularly licensed to reside in India, should immediately quit the country; but Mr. Lawson, though included in this order, was permitted to remain, on a representation being made to Government of his great usefulness in the reduction of types, though his friend and fellow passenger to India, Mr. Johns, was denied the same indulgence. In the year 1816, he was ordained co-pastor of the first formed Baptist Church in Calcutta, in which he laboured for three years. He was next removed to the new Baptist Church in the Circular Road, which formed the last scene of his religious life. A few years subsequent to this period, his health gradually declined, and after about a month's distressing illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, he breathed his last on the 2d of October, 1825, in the 39th year of his age.

In person, Mr. Lawson was rather short and corpulent. Like Thomson, he was "more fat than bard besegms." His counte-

nance, though perhaps a little too full, was not deficient in dignity, being crowned with a noble forehead. He was subject, occasionally, to severe depression of spirits—but this affliction was seldom visible to others; and, when excited by the society of his intimate friends, he was animated and cheerful. He had also a turn for grave humour, and would sometimes occasion great amusement by his mock-heroic and whimsical remarks. Like many other men of genius, he was deficient in steadiness and perseverance. He would sometimes devote himself very passionately, for a few months, to poetry, and then leave it entirely, for painting or music. When he grew weary of these, he sought amusement in botany or conchology, or again returned to poetical composition.

It now remains for us to give some account of his publications. His first work, entitled, "The Maniac with other Poems," was originally published in England, in 1818. It was reprinted in the following year, in the United States, and was published again, just after his death, at Calcutta, with the addition of some "Miscellaneous Poems, chiefly Posthumous." The Maniac, though it contains sketches of his own family history, and is relieved with occasional touches of tenderness and beauty, is upon the whole, an unpleasing and monotonous production. It is composed of a succession of seven syllable quartrains, in the trochaic measure, in the form of a dialogue; imitating in these respects, Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland. We consider this short dancing kind of verse peculiarly unfit for a long poem. The interlocutors, too, in Mr. Lawson's work, are not the most agreeable, even in their titles. A *Swain* and a *Maniac* are the only speakers. There is something insipid and Rosa Matilda-rish, in the greater part of this poem, which is very different from the style of Mr. Lawson's later publications. We take the following specimen from the commencement. The reader will not wish for more:—

(SWAIN.)

Whence thy sorrows, stranger, tell?
Why beneath the willow shade
Where dumb silence loves to dwell,
Hangs with sad despair thine head?

Friendless, art thou 'rest of all,
Wandering from thy native cot?
Do thy tears neglected fall?
Breaks thine heart regarded not?

When we see the floret die
E'er its buds maturely swell—
When we hear the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Burst from hearts where joy should dwell—

Reason tells us, there's a cause ;
 Springs there are of every smart.
 Dies the flower ? The canker gnaws :
 Say, what canker gnaws thine heart ?

(MANIAC.)

Weeping willows now surround me ;
 Here the bending rushes spread ;
 Here the beams of morning found me,
 Here shall be my weeping bed.

Here shall be my weeping bed !
 Oh ! the soft, denied relief !
 I the tear of grief ne'er shed—
 Is there not a tearless grief ?

A blank verse poem, entitled "Female Influence," (a very pleasing and pathetic little work,) was his next publication. It appeared in Calcutta in 1820.

His "Orient Harping," also in blank verse, but a more ambitious attempt, was published in this country in 1822. There are some admirable passages in this poem, but it is deficient in unity of subject and design, and is rather a collection of sketches than a complete poem. The author is not particularly successful in his blank verse, though he shows a fine ear in his management of other forms of versification. He has scarcely strength enough to support that force of rhythm, that variety of music and general stateliness of measure which are required to compensate for the absence of recurring sounds.

To attach a kind of artificial energy to his style, he is sometimes reduced to the necessity of falsifying the accents of common words, as in the following lines :—

But in wild chágrin to improve mankind.
 With grave sarcásm chants of ábsurd things.
 Of former days, and sweet reminiscence.
 Of plébeian life, prepared or unprepared.
 Invisible my froward heart, conquéred.

He in other cases endeavours to give an air of vigour to the verse by mere coarseness of language, or senseless and even ludicrous alliterations. Thus

He did crush with *gnashing bite*
 Some sightless visage, warped with *pinching pangs*.
 This chop-fallen visage ? This piece of sanctity ?
 Foulest of skulls that ever held foul brains.
 Crush thee thou worse than *execrable egg*
 Black Ruggieri ! Back to Arno's waves.

His want of power to wield so fine an instrument as blank-verse, betrays him occasionally into expressions that are in no degree raised above colloquial prose. Such inequalities are allowable in dramatic verse, if the contrasts are not so abrupt

as to interfere with the pervading tone of the passages in which they appear. In heroic blank-verse, however, the poet cannot be too careful to avoid prosaic and vulgar expressions, especially in juxtaposition with a more imposing phraseology. The effect of neglecting this precaution, is always ludicrous. The following are specimens of the occasional want of keeping in Mr. Lawson's verse:—

- And o'er their slender limbs
 Prone on the ground, *again replace their linen,*
 Disturbed by blasts obtrusive.
 Oh! I could hear the bounding palpitation
 Of my sick heart; *so shocking was the silence.*

These illustrations of the truth of our objections, are not all taken from "Orient Harping." Two or three of them are from a later work, entitled "The Lost Spirit."

While we are upon the subject of Mr. Lawson's defects we may observe that he has an attachment to particular words, which though not objectionable in themselves, offend us by a too frequent repetition. This is an error which is met with in some of our most polished writers, and is something like the favourite touch of a Painter. Hazlitt remarks that in Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, not a very long poem, there are no less than half a score of couplets rhyming to the word *sense*. The great use made of this term is in some measure indicative of the character of Pope's poetry. Poets and their Critics, in his time, were always talking about sense. To some of our modern schools of poetry the application of the word would be deemed an insult. Genius and imagination are the charms now looked for in all poetical composition, and upon the whole we do not see much cause to regret the change in this mode of estimating the "art divine". Extremes, however, are always evil, and it would be no doubt far better for the cause of true poetry and sound criticism if genius and sense instead of being thus placed in almost direct opposition, were harmoniously reconciled. The following are the instances of repetition, given by Hazlitt in his lectures on the English Poets, but we recollect, very well, having seen them also noticed in the Round Table. It is not necessary to add the second lines of the couplets.

• To tire our patience than mislead our *sense*.
 • In search of wit these lose their common *sense*.
 • And fills up all the mighty void of *sense*.
 Ancients in phrase were moderns in their *sense*.
 The sound should seem an echo to the *sense*.
 Be silent always when you doubt your *sense*.
 For the worst avarice is that of *sense*.
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their *sense*.
 And without method talks us into *sense*.

These repetitions in one poem, by so careful and judicious a writer as Pope, are not a little remarkable; though we have observed a similar over-sight or infelicity, in other Poets, scarcely less finished and laborious. Goldsmith in his Traveller repeats the word *good* more frequently than Pope uses the word *sense* in his Essay on Criticism, a much longer composition. It does not however, catch the ear so forcibly as Pope's favourite expression, because it is not confined to the termination of the lines. As this slight defect in the Traveller has never been noticed before, the reader may be curious to see the examples of it. If Pope loved *sense* Goldsmith loved *goodness*.

And learn the luxury of doing *good*.
 Some fleeting *good* that mocks me with the view.
 That *good* which makes each humbler bosom vain.
 Exults in all the *good* of all mankind.
 Pleased with each *good* that heaven to man supplies.
 And thanks the Gods for all the *good* they gave.
 As different *good* by art or nature given.
 This favourite *good* begets peculiar pain.
 Thus every *good* his native wilds impart.
 Hence all the *good* from opulence that springs.
 To seek a *good* each government bestows.

We could very easily extend this minute verbal criticism, but it is not worth our while. At all events this is not the place for it and we must return to Mr. Lawson.

“The Lost Spirit” and “Roland” were his last publications of any length or importance. The one is written in blank-verse, and the other in heroic couplets. The blank verse of “The Lost Spirit” is, upon the whole, perhaps more free and forcible than that of his “Orient Harping,” though it is partially deformed by the same defects. The design of the poem is founded upon the story of Count Ugolino's imprisonment and starvation, with his children, as related by Villiani, in his Florentine History. A finer subject could scarcely have been chosen, though it required some courage to venture upon the same ground with Dante, who, in his thirty-third canto of the first part of his Comedia, in his passage through Hell, introduces Count Ugolino, knowing the head of the Archbishop Ruggieri, the treacherous and cruel enemy, who was the cause of the Count's misfortunes. Jonathan Richardson, in his work on Painting, gives us a translation of this passage in Dante, and makes mention of its representation in a bas-relief by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, who was, says he, a Dante in his way and a perpetual reader of the great poet. We have somewhere seen an engraving after a painting, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the same subject.

Mr. Lawson does not seem to have been aware of Warton's notice of the story of Ugolino, and his short prose translation, which is infinitely more striking than the verse of Richardson. We cannot resist the temptation of transferring it to our pages. Ugolino is giving the description of his imprisonment with his children :—

“ The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat. * But, instead of seeing any food appear, *I heard the doors of that horrible dungeon more closely barred.* I beheld my little children *in silence*, and could not weep. My heart was petrified ! The little wretches wept ; and my dear Anselm said, *Tu guardi sì, padre: che hai? Father, you look on us! what ails you!* I could neither weep nor answer, and continued swallowed up in silent agony all that day, and the following night, even till the dawn of day. As soon as a glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could view *again those four faces, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands* with grief and rage. My children believing I did this through eagerness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up, said to me, *My father! our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us.* I restrained myself, that I might not encrease their misery. *We were all mute that day, and the following.* Quel di, e l' altro, stemmo tutti muti. The fourth day being done, Gaddo falling extended at my feet, cried, *Padre mio, che non m'ajuti! My father, why do you not help me?* and died. The other three expired one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day, famished. *Then seest me now!* And I, *being seized with blindness* began to go *groping upon the ground with my hands and feet*; and continued calling them by their names *three days* after they were dead. *E tre di li chiamai poiche sur morti: then hunger vanquished my grief!*”

“ If this inimitable description” exclaims Warton “ had been found in Homer, the Greek Tragedies, or Virgil, how many commentaries and panegyrics would it have given rise to ?” Mr. Lawson has injudiciously deviated from history and made Count Ugolino's great misery arise from the unorthodoxy of his religious creed, that he might have an opportunity of describing the death bed of an infidel. If we pass over this defect, for such we cannot help thinking it notwithstanding the excellence of the author's motive, there is much to admire in the manner in which he has treated the subject.

The Poem entitled “ Ronald” is a very spirited imitation of the racy and animated style of Crabbe. It is the story of a young penniless vagrant, who not only contrives to escape the gallows but by natural shrewdness and religious hypocrisy, becomes in middle age a comfortable and influential tradesman in a country town. There is in this rhyming poem a degree of strength and freedom which shows by its contrast to Mr. Lawson's blank verse how much the latter species of versification must have overtried his natural powers.

The following is a detached passage from the description of Roland :—

“ Our Roland was the strictest of his sect—
The best could never charge him with neglect.
He fear'd his God, and kept his sacred day,
And with a confidential tone would pray,
If call'd to do it—yet with simpering word
Did often seem unworthy to be heard.”

But you may see him if you wish to see ;
 Come, draw the sash up ; there he goes, 'tis he !
 Look at his serious paces through the street,
 With shining shoes, and worsted stockings neat.
 The green umbrella is beneath his arm,
 And he is proof 'gainst every worldly charm.
 If wretched ones do beg, or awkward bow,
 He sees them not—if ever, yet not now ;
 Why should he be disturb'd ? 'tis not the day
 To give his half-pence, or his nods away,
 Nor doth he step aside, if thro' the woods
 He walks to distant worship, and the buds
 In spring do fill with fragrance all the air,
 And the fresh daffodil doth blossom there
 Tempting his hand to pluck the golden flower ;—
 He still is jealous of the solemn hour.

“ There ! thou hast seen him. That was Roland, sure,
 The very man who though he once was poor,
 Yet was the hardest griuder in the town ;
 'Twas he that pull'd the pride of Benson down !
 Tea for a poor man ? yes, it was a sin !
 Not that he valued it ; no, not a pin ;
 But he would never countenance such pride ;
 Let beggars strive their nakedness to hide,
 If they have money.—if they have it not,
 No tea at Roland's can for love be got.”

But we are better pleased with the easy vigour and graphic fidelity of the following :—

“ I love the country, and, I love the town ;
 While here, I feel as if I must go down,
 And see the wild flowers blossom ; when I've seen
 Their peeping heads push out from tufts of green,
 And have regaled upon the choicest sweets.
 I think again of London's bustling streets,
 And long to stroll amidst the endless noise—
 To be retir'd among a crowd of joys ;
 For you may be alone in busiest lanes,
 Stop, or go on ; look through the window-panes ;
 Go in and talk, and then go out again ;
 Do what you like, and give no mortal pain ;
 On thousand passing faces keenly gaze,
 And fill your sketch-book with a wondrous maze
 Of countenances, drawn with dexterous hand
 Of all between the Poultry and the Strand.
 'Tis good to watch the markings of a face,
 And write the meaning of each deep-wrought trace :
 You well may study man, yet be unseen,
 In crowds which you can scarcely wedge between.

“ 'Twas one October when I bade adieu
 To country scenes. I took my parting view
 With glowing love—there was to me a charm
 In all I saw ; the landscape red and warm
 In every tinge seem'd glorious ; every sound
 Was pleasant, and I felt my full heart bound,
 While listening to the voice of lowing cows—
 To hoarse winds passing thro' the bending boughs—
 Or the lone sound of hatchets, felling tree—
 Or simplest noise that fills the chilling breeze,
 When the ripe shining chestnut rustles down
 Pump on the hard turf, smiling bright and brown.
 Some clouds of evening rain did gather then,
 As sometimes you have seen in autumn, when
 The sun still shines with watery ray oblique,
 And you unfurl your thin umbrella quick,

Green and transparent in the rainy light,
 Pelted by liquid gold drops in your flight.
 'Twas but a passing shower—'tis gone away—
 And 'mid such scenes I fain would longer stay—
 But hark! the coach is rattling on the road—
 It whirls along its living cumbrous load.
 I cannot stay; it stops—I step within,
 And hope to reach at morn "The White Horse Inn."

We shall now give some specimens of Mr. Lawson's skort miscellaneous pieces. He was not only a poet, but a painter, and it is said, that his representations of external objects, on canvas, were equal to those which adorn his verse. The reader will appreciate the value of such a compliment, when he has read the following descriptive sonnets:—

SKETCH AT EVENING.

The west is flush'd with loveliest streaks of red,
 Faint, and yet fainter dwindling as the noise
 Of day subsides, and all the quiet joys
 Which stealing eve doth ever gently shed,
 Charming are felt, but not expressed. *The bed
 Of the calm river stretch'd like polish'd skies,
 Bears the straw laden boat with equal poise,
 Seeming suspended, while high over head
 And deep beneath is seen a heaven of light.
 Tho' straw-load is revers'd down in the stream.
 The upward spreading smoke curls too with gleam
 Bluish below, then fades upon the sight,
 As the old oat-man blows his nightly fire,
 And watches the last blush of lingering day expire.*

OMENS.

Watch when the horned moon far in the west
 Looks like a crescent boat of slumbering fire,
 Red as still sinking ere her light expire.
*Uncertain glimmerings fall upon the breast
 Of the dull crane, that seeks his nightly rest
 Upon some dim-seen thatch.* Luckless and dire
 The Omen, if such rest be thy desire,
 Thou moping gloomy bird that dost molest
 The poor man who abhors thy unclean feet,
 And hears with fear *thy clattering bony beak;*
 While hateful owls flit round thee with their shriek,
 All unpropitious, as thy form unmeet,
*Like something muffled in a winding sheet,
 Bides motionless, till gold and crimson day-beams break.*

APPROACHING RAIN.

When the black pausing skies prevent the light
 Of heavenly burning fires, and silently
 Tired Nature holds her breath, and not a sigh
 Shakes the tall tufted reeds, and listening Night
 Hears tiny sounds, as of some pigmy spright
 Shaped like a gnat, and ever gushing by
 With trumped warbling note; look thou on high—
 Wait for the blessed rain. The insect bright
That like a wandering star doth float about,
 Well knows the sign, and busy in the dark
 Hangs on the *dubious trees* his phosphor spark—
 Lights up his lantern; then quick puffs it out.
 Hush! 'tis the sound of coming showers—the tops
Of the dry plantain shake, and welcome the first drops.

SPRING.

Arise ! the fresh green of the moisten'd earth
 Smiles, and will give thee gladness ; for each hue
 Hath beauty in it, and each form to view
 Is lovely. Yes, the sweets of morning birth
 Will bless thee for thy gazing, and the mirth
 Of the sequester'd cuckoo will renew
 Thy wasted strength, and thou shalt see the dew
 Clearer than diamonds of untold worth,
Tremble and roll upon the arum leaf
 Sea-green, and scatter'd where thou lov'st to rove ;
 While the deep-scarlet cotton tree above
 Lifts to the azure heaven in strong relief
 The first bloom of the spring, whose wholesome gale,
 And with it life and health, thou shalt inhale.

THE CITY OF PALACES.

O sun-bright city, opulent, and proud !
 Thy palaces uprise like fairy dream,
 Or northern snowbergs, *whose tall peaks do gleam*
Refulgent when the sun without a cloud
Lights up their silver summits, as they crowd
White on the blue of heaven. Thy mid-day beam
 Illumes thy stateliness, as steeples seem
 To pierce the sky : and arches grandly bow'd,
 Bold statuary lions, column, dome
 Reveal the pride of wealth. But sadly rise
 (The long forgotten dead t' immortalize)
 Each black mausoleum, and each solemn tomb.
 On whose aspiring points, like moveless stone
The ancient crane doth stand, all mute, gloom-struck and alone.

A BENGAL PICTURE.

Paint now an azure sky without a cloud ;
 Throw in the distance mists and jungle shade ;
Sketch tall thin trunks faint gleaming from the glade,
And cocoa-nuts high tow'ring, plumed und proud.
Beneath shall be a hovel, and a crowd
Of bronzed dwellers, where the thatch doth fade
From golden yellow to each dingy grade,
And blue smoke curls about till it doth shroud
The idle groupe. Next on the foreground see
Two ragged horses just released from toil,
Browsing upon the fragrant straw wisps, while
The creaking carriage waits for company.
 Now add a sunshine varnish. There—'tis done ;
 A Bengal sketch—not sooner seen than known.

The following poems are in a different style, and will serve to prove, that, if we except his failures in blank-verse, the author could show a fine feeling for the melodies of English versification. Mr. Lawson added musical talent to his other elegant advantages, and composed some of the most popular hymn tunes now sung in England and America.

MORNING.

" Then shall thy light break forth as the morning."—*Isa. lviii. 8.*

Serene the glory of that light
 Dwells on a thousand clouds,
 Those solemn remnants of the night
 Swim in celestial crowds.

Hath not the light a heavenlier ray
Emerging from the clouds ?
O 'tis the brightest, loveliest day,
That breaks from prisoning shrouds.

Dark was my soul, for the deep night
Reign'd long and heavily,
Blest orb ! thou bring'st diviner light
To wretchedness, and me !

REQUIEM.

" Weep ye not for the dead "—*Jer.* xxii. 10.

The day of woe, the bursting strife,
The dark vicissitudes of life,
Have had their influence ; but the day,
The strife, the change, have pass'd away.
The loud storm rush'd—and was no more ;
The thunder roll'd—then died the roar.
'Twas all an agonizing scene,
A dream which is not—but hath been.
O weep not for the dead !

Saints rest upon their quiet bed,
Sleeping with undelirious head.
The deep distraction of the breast.
Subsides into a placid rest.
The hollow wild eyes dim and dry
Are clos'd and slumbering pleasantly.
The countenance of cloud and sadness
Hath the pale look of solemn gladness.
O weep not for the dead !

O weep not that the weary day
Sinks to the sepulchre of night ;
It fades to blaze with purer ray
The morrow's resurrection light.
Its dawn is up—the fleecy sky
Redden in orient majesty.
Impearl'd with an immortal dew,
The bland creation smiles anew.
O weep not for the dead !

PILGRIM OF NIGHT.

" The moon walking in brightness."—*Job.* xxxi. 26.

Watch thou the lone pilgrim of night
Throughout her magnificent range !
Watch thou the pure glory which sleeps in her path,
And hallows each beautiful change.
With solemn gaze, through the deep blue
Of the star-spangled wildering sphere,
O watch her white countenance pensively shine,
Nor refuse the lone pilgrim a tear !

Watch thou the pale sojourner there
Embark'd on the main of the skies,
While perilous cloudy-waves wild on the gale
To glory tempestuous arise.
Like pearly-edg'd billows they swell,
And gleam with fantastical form,
Dashing round like the sea-foam the crescent all bright,
With her silver horns toss'd on the storm.

Watch thou when she comes from the east,
 Where the mountains retire from the eye ;
 Deeply red like some signal fire's slumbering blush,
 Obscurely she paints the dim sky.
 The clouds as they stretch in long lines
 Her slow kindling radiance wide stains,
 Till her full fiery orb, unprevented, looks forth,
 And, calm, o'er the majesty reigns.

O, watch the lone Pilgrim of night,
 Throughout her magnificent range !
 There is glory in all her vicissitudes still,
 And she smiles in each beautiful change.
 She walketh in brightness above
 To cheer some pale pilgrim below ;
 For mortals may learn from the path of the moon
 There is light or in weal or in woe.

 SPRING.

"Come away, for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth : the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land".—*Solomon's Song*, ii. 10, 11, 12.

Come away to the sweet breathing fields ;
 The gloom of the winter is past,
 No longer the rude torrents deluge the vale,
 Nor howls through the wood the cold blast.
 Come away to the sweet breathing fields,
 And watch the first blush of the rose,
 While the sun in his youth with a gold glowing beam
 Paints its bow on the storm as it goes.

The new bursting bud of the flower
 On the lap of the blossoming heath,
 Unbosoms in fragrance the lurking vermeil,
 And scatters its odorous breath.
 The loveliest birth of the spring
 Hangs lightly its star cluster'd head,
 And blooming to meet its own image below,
 It bends o'er the water-cress bed.

Escap'd from imprisoning bulbs
 The hyacinth's succulent spears
 Bright wave to the wind, and the delicate flower
 Pale blushing its pyramid rears.
 The sorrowing yellow fring'd eye
 Of the narcissus on the lone wold
 Retains the fresh dew like a sun-drinking tear,
 Or a diamond sparkling in gold.

O charm'd by the ousel's deep song,
 Come away to the sweet breathing fields !
 The violet that slept in its vernal recess
 Its balm to the solitude yields.
 Where silent the water course rolls,
 All luscious abroad on the plain,
 The crimped geranium in wildness reveals
 To the desert its dark ruby stain.

Come away to the sweet breathing fields !
 Or to the thick forest repair,
 For the woodbird now warbles her tremulous hymn,
 And the voice of the turtle is there.
 Nor at night is the wilderness mute,
 While the moon climbs her mountainous way ;
 The nightingale sings to the murmuring gales,
 Till the dubious dawn of the day.

Thou way-faring man, come away !
 The clouds of thy winter retire,
 The morn of thy glory casts o'er the wide heavens,
 The blaze of ethereal fire.
 Eternity rolls on thy view,
 The light of ineffable day ;
 Then rise from the gloom of thy sorrowful night ;
 O way-faring man, come away !

We have been thus lavish in our specimens of Mr. Lawson's smaller poems, because they are now so little known that they will have all the grace of novelty in our pages. We should scarcely do justice to Mr. Lawson's literary character, if we did not add a pleasant extract or two from some of his essays published many years ago, in a periodical called the Asiatic Observer. His knowledge of botany, in the study of which he appears to have taken great delight, enabled him to write a very curious paper on Cryptogamous plants, from which we take the following passage :—

“ Wherever there are bamboos cut up, and used for making fences, posts of sheds, &c. you may see, if you please to look, especially in the wet season, hundreds of pale scarlet or vermilion coloured processes, like pins stuck into a pincushion to within the eighth of an inch of their heads. This pin shaped plant is more plentiful toward the joints of the bamboo, and is perhaps as common as any plant in India. It is called by the botanists *Clathrus* or *Trichia*. It is a pleasing subject for the lens, and consists of a capsule, or head, full of the coloured fluid which makes it so red, and which it oftentimes discharges on the bamboo, causing the appearance of a patch of fleshy red paint. At other times, when several grow close to each other, all the heads seem to unite, and form a sort of little scarlet table, with divers legs, and which might well accommodate the elfin tribes before mentioned, that is, if there are any in India. If a small portion of this colouring matter be put into a drop of water under the microscope, thousands upon thousands of seeds, oval or round, according to the species, will stream out from the general mass. There are several species of this plant every where to be found. These old bamboos will also furnish you, at different seasons of the year, with several specimens of the lateral fan-shaped *Agarics*. These will afford much pleasure, as some of them are remarkably handsome, from the pure whiteness of their pileus, like a flake of driven snow, and also from the regularity of the flesh coloured gills beneath having all the symmetry of an opened fan. On the bamboo, also grows a fine specimen of a plant called the *Boletus lachrymans*. It is of a bright sulphur yellow, when young and fresh, and will grow over whatever wood is at hand to support it. In short the bamboo is an host in itself, and produces as many parasites in one season as will sufficiently employ the pencil and pen of him who wishes to paint and describe them. You can scarcely lean upon the bamboo railing in your garden without soiling your clothes ; but examine the sooty little patches of black powder, which universally discolour old mats and bamboos, and you will find, that the slightest portion of this soot, in a drop of water, will exhibit, under the microscope, an ocean, with innumerable bushy entangled trees floating about, with their branches formed of myriads of globes, ranged in bunches or attached like heads ; and each globe is nearly transparent, and of an olive or bottle green colour. While contemplating this picture, it should not be forgotten that each of the globes themselves, invisible to the naked eye, is a capsule, or seed-vessel, filled with countless seeds. No wonder this plant spreads rapidly, and in every direction ; and thus we are enabled to account for the dingy appearance of old bungalows and huts.”

Our next specimen of his prose style shall be taken from an article entitled, “ A Morning Walk in India ” :—

“ The sun is now making his august appearance at the skirts of the eastern horizon. His approach had been long indicated by the increasing splendour of the clouds which attend the regent of the day. While gazing towards the point where the glorious orb just peers above the dim distance of the landscape, you may, with the aid of a little imagination, conceive that the gates of heaven are opening to your view, and that one of the highest of the angelic orders, having received his commission from the Eternal, is now passing through the imperilled portals of immortality. The changing clouds are his in-

sense breathing horses, and the sun is his chariot : but a few moments dispel the illusion, and every thing subsides into the reality of a bright and cheerful morning in India ; for the Mina birds are enlivening their retreats with noisy songs—the doves, sequestered in the shades of the orchard, utter their peculiar tones of pensive melody and the tall trees appear as though dyed in the gold of the new-born day. At my right hand I gaze over a wide extended field, where the view is terminated in the west by a thick jungle, containing trees of different descriptions. The rounded clumps that afford the deepest shade, are formed by the mangoe, the banian, and the cotton trees. At the verge of this deep-green forest are to be seen the long and slender hosts of the betle and cocoon nut trees ; and the grey bark of their trunks, as they catch the light of the morning, is in clear relief from the richness of the back ground. These as they wave their feathery tops, add much to the picturesque interest of the straw built hovels beneath them, which are variegated with every tinge to be found amongst the browns and yellows, according to the respective periods of their construction. Some of them are enveloped in blue smoke, which oozes through every interstice of the thatch, and spreads itself, like a cloud hovering over these frail habitations, or moves slowly along, like a strata of vapour not far from the ground, as though too heavy to ascend, and loses itself in the thin air, so inspiring to all who have courage to leave their beds and enjoy it. The champa tree forms a beautiful object in this jungle. It may be recognized immediately from the surrounding scenery. It has always been a favourite with me. I suppose most persons, at times, have been unaccountably attracted by an object comparatively trifling in itself. There are also particular seasons, when the mind is susceptible of peculiar impressions, and the moments of happy, careless youth, rush upon the imagination with a thousand tender feelings. There are few that do not recollect with what pleasure they have grasped a bunch of wild flowers, when, in the days of their childhood, the languor of a lingering fever has prevented them for some weary months from enjoying that chief of all the pleasures of a robust English boy, a ramble through the fields, where every tree, and bush, and hillock, and blossom, are endeared to him ; because, next to a mother's caresses, they were the first things in the world upon which he opened his eyes, and, doubtless, the first which gave him those indescribable feelings of fairy pleasure, which even in his dreams, were excited ; while coloured clouds of heaven, the golden sunshine of a landscape, the fresh nosegay of dog roses and early daisies, and the sounds of busy whispering trees and tinkling brooks, presented to the sleeping child all the pure pleasure of his waking moments. And who is there that does not sometimes recall some of those feelings which were his solace thirty years ago ? Should I be wrong, were I to say, that even at his desk, amid all the excitements and anxieties of commercial pursuits, the weary Calcutta merchant has been lulled into a sort of pensive reminiscence of the past, and, with his pen placed between his lips, and his severed forehead leaning upon his hand, has felt his heart bound at some vivid picture rising upon his imagination. The forms of a fond mother, and an almost angel-looking sister, have been so strongly conjured up with the scenes of his boyish days, that the pen has been unceremoniously dashed to the ground, and "I will go home" was the sigh that heaved from a bosom full of kindness and English feeling ; while, as the dream vanished, plain truth told its tale, and the man of commerce is still to be seen at his desk, pale, and getting into years and, perhaps, less desirous than ever of winding up his concern. No wonder ! because the dearest ties of his heart have been broken, and those who were the charm of home have gone down to the cold grave, the home of all. Why then should he revisit his native place ? What is the cottage of his birth to him ? What charms has the village now for the gentleman just arrived from India ? Every well remembered object of nature, seen after a lapse of twenty years, would only serve to renew a host of buried, painful feelings. Every visit to the house of a surviving neighbour would but bring to mind some melancholy incident ; for into what house could he enter, to idle away an hour, without seeing some wreck of his own family ; such as a venerable clock, once so loved for the painted moon, that waxed and waned, to the astonishment of the gazer, or some favourite ancient chair, edged so nobly with rows of brass nails,

-but perforated sore,

And drill'd in holes,

By worms voracious, eating through and through.

These are little things ; but they are objects which will live in his memory to the latest day of his life, and with which are associated in his mind the dearest feelings and thoughts of his happiest hours.

Turning from the picture which has detained me so long, the wide green plain now attracts my attention. The rains have been so abundant this season, that every hollow is filled with water, and the lower parts of the plain present the appearance of detached

lakes, like sheets of the sky spread out upon the earth. These shallow lakes are the favourite resort of the gloomy crane called the *Argilla*,* or bone-swallower. There they are, a hundred assembled together, up to their knees in their loved element; but what they are about, none can imagine. Were their forms remarkable for ede and elegance, we might be tempted to suspect that they are engaged in the important duties of the toilet, surveying in the mirror beneath them, the united graces of limb and costume; but they possess so much real gravity of character, that it would be uncharitable to suppose them admitted to so trifling an occupation. They seem rather to be engaged in the study of some mathematical problem never to be solved, and are not want-essigies of certain learned meditative bookworms, always studying, but never coming to any important result. And yet, if you rouse them from their reverie, you cannot help thinking that they have discovered the lateral motion, by the flap of their wide wings, as they walk off, and with one eye gaze in silent scorn over their shoulders at those who break the thread of their thoughts. But why should I disturb them? They have an undoubted right to think as they please, provided their cogitations do not disturb the general peace."

"Indeed Calcutta would not look like itself without them. Sometimes they are to be seen high in the vault of the blue sky, whirling in extended circles, without scarcely giving themselves the trouble of moving a wing; and after tiring themselves with this amusement which is to them like taking a rife on the course, down they come and with a mighty rush they settle upon some prominent edifice, where they stand motionless as a statue, and seem to be a part of the buildings on which they perch. It is well known that they have contracted a peculiar intimacy with the lions on the palace; and, as if in quaint mockery of all our ideas of human greatness, they without ceremony stand, and perhaps sleep for hours, upon the head of the noble beast that has the whole world under his paw. It is interesting to watch them while they are choosing their favourite resting places for the night at the top of some tall tree. You might think they were inanimate scarecrows, did you not notice them sometimes disputing together about those vain things seniority and precedence, while their outstretched naked necks, (for there are ladies amongst birds,) and open beaks, indicates no disposition in the parties to yield a fancied prerogative: but they have their customs and manners, like other societies; and it would certainly be considered a mark of low breeding, did they not, in a city like this attend to the necessary forms of etiquette."

The following is a very true and lively description of a scene, with which our Indian readers are familiar:—

"In collecting my thoughts after this dissertation on the costume, habits and pursuits of this singular community, I find that I have strolled into a more busy scene, and have hardly escaped stumbling over those different samples of grain spread out on cloth, to dry in the sunshine, which you so often meet with opposite the dwelling place of a Bengalee shopkeeper. What a crowded stall is here! This man unites in himself all the occupations of the huckster, the grocer, the oilman, and the corn factor. The shop is a curious show of variety; and Wilkie himself might find in painting it a stimulus for his happiest touches. The thatch of this habitation is covered in part with the straggling arms of a sort of pumpkin, and the white bell shaped flower is seen looking out from the broad crumpled leaves, to smile upon the day-light. In the back ground above the thatch, the tops of some plaintain trees are waving like prince's feathers; for they bend with the slightest breeze. Placed in due order before the hut are various gumlas full of rice, and pulse and grain of many kinds, some dark grey, some bluish, some brown, and some orange and white. At the side of the entrance on the floor of the verandah, if it may be so called, sits an oiled, shining Bengalee accountant, with his long disty book before him, and with his pen made of a reed, behind his ear. Before him are heaps of cowries, and lesser heaps of copper coin. The back parts of the shop are obscured in the shade, and yet you can make out the forms of some of the inmates, still occupied in finishing their morning nap, while others are preparing for the business of the day. One of the party stoops with his brazen pot to dip up the water from the ditch that runs before his house; and rising he stands erect, and pours the grateful deluge upon his head, and thus enjoys his morning bath. Another squats himself as near the rill as he can, and employs himself in scouring to a superb polish his brass lota, or with a stick scrubs his ivory teeth to an enviable degree of whiteness, and chatters about the concerns of business all the while. Suspended along the top of this inexhaustible depot of necessary articles, you may enumerate green and yellow clusters of plaintains, new hookahs for the luxurious, and a parrot or two, dressed in pea-green, with violet heads, squeaking, and biting their chains at the approach of every stranger. In the middle of the shop, and elevated in a commanding situation, sits the cross-legged merchant, enjoying the odour of his black and stale hookah. On one side is the coolhey of oil, which commodity he deals

out to the poor customer ; and, lest a drop should be spilt, and his clean warehouse soiled he wipes the edge of the measuring cup with his finger, and with surprising instinct and economy transfers the remainder of the shining unction to his jetty hair.

With these ample specimens of Mr. Lawson's style, in prose and verse, we shall leave our readers to form their own judgment of his merits. If what we have said ourselves, may seem somewhat too partial, we can only observe, that we had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the subject of this notice, and that we are quite unconscious of any undue bias in his favor.*

IL FAUT PARTIR.

I.

We must depart,—
 The summer's o'er,
 The autumn's yellow leaf is falling,
 And, harbinger of winter hoar,
 The bleak north wind is loudly calling—
 We must depart.

II.

We must depart,—
 The verdure's gone,
 The nightingale's sweet note is o'er,—
 My favorite haunt, the wild-wood lone,
 Stript of its leaves, delights no more,—
 We must depart.

III.

We must depart,—
 A sigh to leave
 These fairy nooks, where none intrude—
 Where, when my heart was prone to grieve,
 I solace found in solitude,—
 We must depart.

IV.

We must depart,—
 For grave or gay,
 We all must leave life's joys behind us,
 If virtuous pleasures harmed our way.
 We'll tranquilly hear death remind us—
 We must depart.

* Since the first part of this article was printed two errata have been discovered which can be most effectively noticed in this place. On page 20 for *quartrain* read *quatrain* and for *Rosa Matilda-ish* read *Rosa-Matilda-ish*.

A SEASON IN CALCUTTA.

A Season in Calcutta, with Sketches and Etchings; by T. Fairforth. 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley. London.

We deem it rather fortunate that a work like the one whose title heads this article, should have reached us just in time to admit of our noticing it in our first number. So palpable is the apathy of people in England respecting India and all belonging to it, that it is really gratifying to find any notice at all taken of us by the inhabitants of the mighty Babylon, or rather by some stray pilgrim now and then, who may be necessitated by a mere call of business to make a voyage to our shores; for who ever comes upon an excursion of pleasure to India? We are therefore grateful to Mr. Fairforth for his work, and should have felt so even if he had abused us, like the Parisian who boasted that the King had spoken to him, and on being pressed to tell what he said, replied that he told him *to stand out of the way*.

Much after this royal fashion, it has been the mode of England to treat Indian interests, ever since that buccaneering genius Lord Clive laid the foundations of our power in Bengal. In her treatment of colonial matters, more especially as relates to India we recognize much less of the fostering care of the pelican, than the indifference of the ostrich.

Surely there is something base and cold blooded in all this. The people of England not only will not make themselves acquainted with the real state of things in this country, but they make it a boast that they will not. It is in fact a *leze majestie* against the despotism of fashion, and a breach of *ton* to pretend to the possession of any knowledge whatsoever respecting India. "India indeed! who cares any thing about India?" Such are the monstrous picktooth remarks of insolent contempt with which we are treated by our countrymen who never crossed the channel—or who perhaps occasionally hand a letter addressed to some cousin at Poonah to a private friend coming out to Calcutta, begging that he would have the goodness to deliver it some morning with his own hand. Is not all this very mortifying? And who cherish this state of things? We answer the Press of England, the most venal and the most besotted to lucre of any on earth with the great sprawling corrupt time-serving "TIMES" at its head.

Providence, for purposes of good we hope and believe, has delivered into our hands a vast and magnificent empire, an exhaustless entrepot salient with resources that have been sadly

lost sight of, and instinct with energies that have never been properly developed. In proportion as a subordinate territory is well or ill governed, in such proportion exactly will it be productive and beneficial to the superior state. Here perhaps we come to the secret of that general apathy we complain of. India has not been sufficiently productive and beneficial to the English nation at large to cause the strong current of the popular interest to run towards it. The people only consider it as a kind of stock jobbing concern, in opposition to another concern, with which they are a little more familiar, viz. the West India interest. To these two causes, then it would appear that much of the evil we complain of is owing. Both it is to be hoped are giving way before the light of truth. East Indian interests have hitherto been but very feebly represented in a corrupt Parliament, or if represented at all were only so by a few Directors or a Committee of Stockholders who mainly considered what might be the result of dividend time. The day of regeneration is near at hand, and the advocates of slave production against free labour have indeed cause to tremble.

The indifference alluded to, however, on the part of our well doing countrymen and countrywomen at home, is at the best in exceedingly bad taste when we bear in mind that there is scarcely a family of the middle ranks in England that has not a near relative in this country. How *dear* such relative may be is another affair, although judging from the stated indifference in question, affection would seem to be somewhat at a discount. There is no remark so often heard, we understand, among the good folks at home, as the forgetfulness of their friends in India. The latter can safely return the compliment—and add besides that we poor exiles do take the most intense interest in what passes in the land of our birth, and our fondest hopes; while *they* take not the slightest in that of our adoption, or where at least we are compelled to spend the best part of our existence. ‘Love me, love my dog’ and we may illustrate the adage further; who cares much for *any* individual will for his sake even, endeavour to make himself acquainted by books and conversation with that remote corner of a foreign strand where he may have gone to seek his fortune. Another cause of the apathy and total indifference to Indian affairs of our countrymen which we had nearly overlooked, is the omission in their early education of introducing such to their acquaintancē. They are familiar enough (in their school-boy days at least) with the campaigns of sundry ancient Spartans, Athenians and Romans, but they know nothing about those of Lord Clive or Lord Lake. They are intimate enough perhaps with the Agrarian law of old Italy, but know nothing and wish to know nothing about the Ryotwarry system. In a word they care nothing about us because they expect

nothing from us. They cannot eat our mutton occasionally, or ask a pecuniary loan, therefore they eschew us and our interests, and our hopes and our wishes. They will not even read a book about us, and such of their fire-side travellers as write bad and sneering books, full of fashionable slang and heartlessness, always *shew up* Indians in a ludicrous and contemptible light. Of our difficulties, our sufferings and our cares they know nothing, nor can we make them well intelligible to people who will read nothing, and listen to nothing about us, save and except when some broken down refugee from the land of Rupees happens to die very complaisantly and to leave money to needy and greedy relatives. Nay, an Indian is hated at home—he is shunned at the Clubs as they verily believe he can talk about nothing but Tigers and the Cholera (*they* are now even with us as respects the last topic). He is dreaded in the country village lest he should spoil the market—and cause an advance in the price of eggs and butter. He is avoided by the ladies, unless he should happen to be single and be supposed to possess money; in that case he receives marked attention from speculative Mammams whose daughters hang rather heavy on hand, or *young* maidens bordering upon a *certain* age. All this is exceedingly disgusting, but when things come to the worst they must mend!

According to the system of the Phrenologists the love of approbation is one of the most operative faculties of our nature. Be that system correct or fallacious, is not a question on which we shall now enter; but there can be no question as to the fact, that there *is* in the human mind a most urgent craving after the good opinion of our fellow creatures. This faculty kept duly regulated, no doubt works manifestly well in the hocus pocus of life. There cannot in the absence of principle be a more effectual preservative of character, or a better safety valve for principle itself when it attains the high pressure heat of excess and enthusiasm. The love of approbation affects less or more the high and the low, the rich and poor, irrational as well as rational animals; all are anxious to appear well, not only with their own immediate circle, but with their superiors and even those below them. This is the true perpetual motion that gives its saltiness to the great ocean of life.

To the influence of some such feeling, it is we presume, mainly owing that we opened the work, the title of which heads our remarks, with feelings of no common curiosity. On the whole we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the work, as far as amusement goes; for entertained (we are free to confess) we have been in glancing over Mr. Fairforth's pages. The style has

nothing very remarkable about it, and if chargeable with being common place, it at any rate does not set the reader quite asleep. It is true several of the opinions promulgated in the work are at variance with our own, but it would be extravagant in the extreme if we declined giving them a cursory, and we trust though cursory, a *fair* examination, on that account. At times we have felt rather dubious whether we correctly comprehended the author's meaning; and a suspicion of attempted mystification even has come across our mind. On consideration however, we have felt that we had no right, without stronger proof, to form any other notion of our author's motives and intentions than that which he has himself chosen to promulgate. Our perusal hitherto has been confined entirely to the prose portion of the work, and any opinion we now express must be considered as confined strictly to that. Should we command time to glance over the poetical portion, we must of course be understood as reserving the right of commenting freely upon it.

Of the Sketches and Etchings we hardly know what to say. "*Calcutta during a North Wester*" has much of the solemn gloom of Martin, but the introduction of the showman with the monkey and goat, exhibiting to the children at the corner of Tank square, scarcely harmonizes well with the subject. The Bheesties too are out of proportion. At least we can say for ourselves, we never saw such sinewy giants. '*A Calcutta Cockney*' is not a bad hit, considering too that it is but an etching. He is represented walking up Durrumtollah with a female on each arm, and a cigar in his mouth and a pocket handkerchief sticking out of each pocket. The original we are told was usually to be seen of a Sunday evening dressed in a green coat, a scarlet waistcoat, a sky blue pair of breeches and top boots, with a white hat, an extraordinary protuberance of frill and a huge bunch of seals. The beau is represented as in the act of how-d'y-doing, to three somewhat similarly attired beings passing in a buggy, each smoking a chiroot. The whole is touched up with a Cruickshank neatness and graphic effect, and we trust will somewhat mitigate the ferocious smoking habits of our street rambles. To complete the picture, a Native horsebreaker is seen passing in the back ground with a cigar sticking out of each corner of his mouth. '*Gentle Correction*' is a very spirited sketch; it represents a poor drunken sailor attacked by about twenty chowkeydars who are dragging him by the heels and beating him all the time, while the darogah is crying out "asteh! asteh!" The "*Lawsuit*" tells its own story. A Falstaffian looking Baboo is seen entering the Supreme Court. This is entitled *front view*. *Back view* represents the same person stealing out of a *side door*, reduced to a skeleton, and a well known constable run-

ning after him, while a label from his pocket hints the occasion of his pursuit, being headed "*Costs of Suit.*"

Our readers no doubt will expect us to place before them a few extracts. We scarcely know where to begin, but perhaps the following from page 39 of the first volume, will be as acceptable as any.

With respect to the architecture of Calcutta, its claims to approbation are founded upon an eternal truth, and a necessary fiction; the first being that variety is charming, and the second, that a City not having one palace even to boast of, should nevertheless be *the CITY OF PALACES*. As regards variety, there certainly is to be found in Calcutta a most edifying and refreshing succession and commingling of orders. Not only may the observer in the course of a short walk behold all the ancient orders; but he may occasionally see the whole blended delightfully together, the edifices reminding him of Pandora who was fabled to have the quintessence of every kind of beauty; each God and Goddess conferring something upon her. In addition to the architectural styles of Greece and Rome, Calcutta also boasts the Hindee, the Saracenic and the Bhuddist orders of architecture; to which may be added one that has sprung up luxuriantly of late years viz. the *Doosra Composite*.

Two of the finest specimens of the *Doosra Composite* are to be seen at No. 1, Chowringhee Road, being two magnificent gateways. I found it difficult to trace the erection of these *chef d'œuvres*, but a tradition exists among the Natives that they were the work of Goddesses. To describe these is entirely out of my power but the *Sketch at page 10 will give a tolerable idea of their appearance. They are in the form of two exquisitely light arches flanked on each side by the most beautiful tiny minarets.

Attached in shape of a porch to that most useful hospital erected near the General Hospital by Lord Combermere, the admirer of the *Doosra Composite* will recognise another specimen of that charming order. The pile itself, which may be considered as a most appropriate memorial of his lordship, is I understand, by way of distinguishing it from the General Hospital, now universally known as the *cui bono* Hospital. The porch alluded to is one of the most commodious I have seen in the country, and just what ought to stand before the door of such a mansion; being spacious enough to afford shelter for two or three carriages and palankeens which is a point of great consideration in a climate like this. As a towering and *erectos ad sidera tollere vultus* specimen of the *Doosra Composite*, I need only mention a certain Cenotaph not a thousand miles from the Esplanade. Nothing can be better in its way, for it in a signal degree produces on the mind the peculiar effect of the *Doosra Composite* which is of itself a feature of the sublime, viz. a grand puzzlement of the faculties, and a defiance of classifying it under any given order. Government House itself had a very narrow escape of being altogether free from any part or parcel of the *Doosra Composite*. The incomparable Britannia that stands atop of that chastest of domes, I have no hesitation in putting down as a peculiarly bewitching bit of *Doosra Composite*. The *Durruntollah* contains some beautiful *Doosra Composite* zoology in brick, as do several other parts of the city. I will not swear as to the general, but if I am not mistaken the traveller may see some splendid lions, sphynxes and horses heads. One of the best of the last is to be seen near the Hippodrome of Mr. J. Hunter.

We turned with no little anxiety to the chapter entitled "*Calcutta Society*" and on the whole, it is gratifying to find a stranger giving such testimony as the following to its merits.

I was particularly struck with the high bred tone, and yet pleasant companionship of *Calcutta society*. A charming young lady is with a classic and refined simplicity called a *spinster*, and a bachelor supposed to be well off, an *eligible*. To me, a bachelor myself, it was a most interesting point to discover, if possible, the qualifications that entitled an unmarried gentleman to that designation, but I never could exactly find them out, though, if I am not wrong they are comprised in that cabalistical word an *establishment*. Perhaps however, respecting my own nescience on the subject, I may truly say, that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

* This we have not been able to get copied for our present number.—Ed.

The first evening I dined out, I happened to sit between a gentleman, who I was told was a Civilian, and a lady. Deeming that I could seldom have such an excellent opportunity of getting some colloquial knowledge of the Justinian code and of general equity, I began with, "Doctor with reference to that portion of the Pandects which —" I stopped for I saw that he looked shocked. "You are mistaken Sir" he said. "I am not a clergyman nor a physician, I belong to the Civil Service?" We then fell by degrees into a slipshod pleasing conversation and I was quite charmed with his very extensive information, and his urbanity of manner; he spoke most agreeably of every person and every thing, but himself. There was no vulgar pertinacity respecting his own peculiar, no eternal reference to parish business, no allusion to shop. Although his talk on the whole was rich and varied, being in Shakespeare's happy phrase 'of a mingled yarn', yet it had at times a foreign dash that gave it a zest. He spoke a good deal about the Regulations, whence I infer that he was a man of staid and regular habits; there was also much said about two of the Hindoo Gods, viz Cutchery and Roonookary; and he dwelt with considerable energy on the way in which Riots were put down by Lord Cornwallis when he organised the Zemindary system, or the Calcutta Militia.

The conduct of official men is ever a subject fraught with elements of dissent. Our oldest and best authors not infrequently touch on this topic with a degree of soreness, as if they had suffered some inconvenience from those antics that 'men clothed with a little brief authority' play before the Gods, and which according to our immortal Shakespeare (no mean authority on that or any subject) 'make the angels weep.' But to return to Mr. Fairforth.

The characteristics of the Calcutta Officials are urbanity, courtesy, and a readiness to oblige that anticipates the wishes of the applicant. This is especially the case in all the military offices. The rules and orders of Government being simple and few he who runs may read them; but even if this were not the case the most ignorant Griffin would never be at a loss in a Calcutta Office. From the highest to the lowest there is a delightful alacrity apparent amongst them all. The same is also the case at the great stations up the country. There is no chilling or overbearing abruptness, no forgetfulness of *bien-sance* in the most distant degree; in short not a trace of "insolence of office" have I ever experienced in any part of India. The youngest Griff, the rawest Subaltern even meets with none of those flouts that "patient merit of the unworthy takes." Neither are you badgered from office to office, as is sometimes the case in other parts of the world. But the fact is that matters are conducted with such scientific simplicity that there is less writing and bother in Indian offices or with Indian Departments than any where else, so that a very few forms of a general nature answer every useful purpose. Add to which that in a country where the Thermometer only amounts to some ninety five degrees in the house, during the warm weather, the Government has humanely and considerately built a large square of offices on the Deosra Composite plan; so that under one roof in a manner, you may transact all business with the Government offices, without having to trudge miles and furlongs from one to another, which in the event of your liver being somewhat delicate, is highly salutary and comfortable. A Sanatorium I believe is kept up also for sick officers, so that such a thing as one dying in some obscure lodging house or barrack, is never heard of, at least in Calcutta.

The notice of the Supreme Court at page 97 not being very long we shall quote it as it stands. Respecting the Court House, our author states:—

This superb edifice is well worthy indeed of being the Academy of Justice (if I may so term it,) of a great Empire. I scarcely can venture to decide which is the most magnificent, the inside or the outside. Grandeur and spaciousness are the leading characteristics of the interior. The walls are adorned with valuable pictures, placed in the most admirable lights, of Bacus Minos and Rhadamantus I presume, for I could obtain no information respecting them. What first strikes the spectator is the evident consideration for the comfort of the public with which the plan was laid down;—of a piece with this, is the praiseworthy attention to the accommodation of the gentlemen of the Press who have a place entirely set apart to themselves close to the bench and the jury box, so that they are never at a loss. I often and often frequented the Court, tempted no less by the interest of

the causes and the eloquence of the Bench and Bar, than by the comfortable seat which one can always command.

Mr. Fairforth enters more into the subject of Government than we could have wished, we are always sorry when we find strangers touch on this topic, as it is one that is worn thread-bare; add to which that every writer has generally some nice little Utopian Scheme of his own, which unless he happens to become Governor General, is of little importance.

On the whole I highly approve of the general machinery of the Government, and the hint of which I presume was taken from the Venetian Oligarchy, especially the Council of Three. The smooth oiliness and quiet power of eternal justice with which this system works, were happily perceptible in the Stamp Regulation, and the Half Batta measure.

He is vehemently severe on the Governor General for what he whimsically admits to be a virtue in another part of his work, *viz* his honest hatred of all humbug, or as he phrases it "his Lordship's confirmed Humbug-phobia." He twits his Lordship too for his marked patronage of literature, and thinks it is liable to foster the like dangerous pursuit among the Natives. Our author like George II. evidently "hates all Boetry and Bainting." He inconsistently condemns the rigorous system pursued by his Lordship towards the Press, so very different from the delightful freedom it enjoyed during the palmy times of the Bayleys, Lushingtons and Adams.

He expresses himself highly gratified with his experience of the admirable working of the Police of the City, and thinks that nothing can be better calculated to make the system work well, than the Magistrates all assembling in one place. The organization of the Chokeydars he considers as faultless and above all praise. He states in connexion with this part of the subject a curious circumstance which we confess we never heard of before :

One night I had to walk home very late from the house where I had dined, the Syce or Groom having disappointed me in bringing my Buggy. In passing along Esplanaderow near the corner of Chowringhee Road, I saw a Buggy standing near what appeared a spirit shop. I soon recognized it to be my own, and to my surprise saw a stout Persian looking man all be-bearded and whiskered sitting in it. I drew near, and still to my greater surprise heard the person sitting in the Buggy say in good English to another similarly accoutred, "The rascal of a Syce will be out presently—be sure to nab him and take care you dont mistake your man." He had scarcely spoken—when the rogue of a Syce came out beflustered properly, not with the tuscan grape, but with bazar arrack. He was seized instantly by the pedestrian. The fellow made a mighty pother and asked what fault he had committed, "Fault," exclaimed the Persian, "thou hast lingered on thy way to get drunk, thus endangering the safety of thy master's Buggy and Horse, and disappointing him; for lo! he is waiting for thee at Sir ——— where he dines." The Persian then looked at me, and putting his hand over his eyes in order the better to distinguish my features, added, "and here is thy master himself, rascal." The pretended Persian then shook me heartily by the hand, and to my astonishment I recognised in him one of the Magistrates, and in the person sitting in the Buggy another. "You see," said they, "that your property had a narrow escape of being stolen had we not interfered." We had a hearty laugh over the adventure, but it shews what admirable information they possess. I found farther that there is scarcely a night but the Magistrates roam about the City in disguise like so many Caliph Haroun Alraschids and Vizier Gassiers, as we read of in the Arabian Nights.

At page 203, there are curious statements respecting the lighting of the City of Palaces which we suspect will prove as new to our readers as they did to ourselves.

The City of Calcutta is perhaps one of the best lighted in the world. The Government was upon the eve in the time of the Marquis of Hastings's of conferring this boon on the city, one that bears such an important effect upon tendency to crime, it being well known that the darkest parts of a great city, are generally speaking the nests of crime. The breaking out of the great war against the Mahratta Princes delayed his Lordship's generous intention for a time, but at length private enterprise and liberality anticipated this enlightened intention of Government which elicited a most luminous speech on the occasion from Ram Ruttun Nemo one of the Aldermen of Chitpore and also himself a munificent contributor to the lighting and watering of the Streets.

In justice to the spirited individuals at whose sole expense the streets of Calcutta are lighted at night with a blaze of glory as brilliant as the prismatic rays and as varied, it is proper that we should mention their names. They are B—th—and Co. F—th and G—n, Th—p—n and Co. R—ds and M—tn. N—y and Co. R—n and Co &c. &c. Nor must I omit the names of some of those philanthropic persons who have done a similar service to the native parts of the town. They are Ram Ruttun Nemo, Govind Chander Pillup, Raddamohun Fine, Ooma Churn Meetabat, and Horeemohun Blarney.

After the above details the reader will not be surprised to find that almost every thing else is suitable. The author testifies to the beautiful order and regularity and cleanliness of the Meat, Fish and Vegetable market or bazar, which belongs to a Company of Calcutta Merchants, who in the purchase and admirable management of it, have evinced that tact and public spirit for which the Calcutta Merchants are so very remarkable.

Not only is the City of Calcutta well lighted, but well kept in every respect. In other towns that I have been in, one's rest is apt to be broken by all sorts of noises at night. This would be dreadful in a climate like that of Calcutta, but nothing of the kind is allowed. No singing out, no shouting, no firing of squibs and crackers, no riotous processions on the plea of religion. Neither is any sort of indecency permitted. Accordingly no lepers or loathsome looking wretches are allowed to frighten ladies and nervous invalids from the true proprieties of charity by extorting contributions from their horror, not their compassion; and you never see loose brahminy bulls, or naked, hairy and ash covered Fakirs and Sunnyassees, &c. Through the authority of the Magistrate the law of driving on the proper side of the street is strictly enforced. Accordingly you never hear of any accidents from bad driving in Calcutta. Servants too are remarkably honest, and well behaved, no doubt from their salutary fears of a visit to the police office, where a truly marvellous tact is evinced at discovering truth, so that roguery is sure to be found out and justice and truth to triumph. This too is effected with so little seeming trouble that no one deems it a *bore* to go to the police, and even if a trilling trinket is stolen it is almost immediately found out and restored. The police in particular have their eyes sharply fixed on all low grogshops, pawnbrokers, and workers in silver and gold. It is manifest that where no check of any kind is kept on such gentry, that a person's most valuable articles of plate might be melted down immediately after they were stolen. To melt down even an ounce of silver, however, requires a high degree of heat, and such can only be produced by using fuel; but why pursue the chain of little circumstantial facts by which the police so skilfully suspect that plunder's in the wind, and prevent it if possible? One leading cause of the effectiveness of the Calcutta police, is the high character of the Darogahs and chowkeydars. The former are men of family and respectability, known for their strict veracity, and having such a horror of perjury, that they inspire the underlings with a similar sentiment. They are for the most part retired Rajpoot Sepoys and Jemadars, &c.

In our author's notice of Calcutta entertainments and gaieties, he appears to us to be just and judicious towards all parties.

There is always a succession of delightful balls, plays and conversazions in Calcutta, got up on a handsome, yet economical scale, such as suits the reduced means of a community suffering to its very centre from the effects of mercantile failure, or government re-

trenchment. There is an assembly, or Fancy Ball once a fortnight at the Town Hall which commences at eight o'clock precisely and terminates at 12. Sir C M— gives every month a ball at his own residence, which is always attended by all the chivalry, rank and fashion of Calcutta. Nothing can exceed the punctuality of the guests in coming exactly at nine o'clock, so as not to keep their kind host waiting too long, or detain supper to too late an hour. With that delicate consideration which is a prominent feature of society in Calcutta they all depart before one o'clock in the morning so as to admit of the worthy master of the revels getting that necessary degree of repose which all who have to transact important business in Calcutta, so much stand in need of. In Sir C.— I was prepared to find an accomplished gentleman and statesman, a hospitable and much esteemed member of society and one truly beloved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, but certainly not an adept in science. Next to Dr. W— however, he is understood to be the best Botanist in India, and his having had charge of the Botanic Garden during that gentleman's absence for three or four years in England confirms the fact beyond a doubt. I was also much struck at Sir C—'s parties no less than the Town Hall assemblies, with the quiet sedateness and gentlemanlike and ladylike self control with which the Calcutta people take their seats at the supper table. When supper is announced, there is no squeezing and no unbecoming or vulgar pressing and crowding, but a fine aristocratic (as it were) *adante* movement to the supper room, and you never see a lady standing while perhaps within a few feet of her some goth "quaffs his Rhenish down."

Apropos to convivial meetings, I may also mention that nothing is more indicative of the high civilization of Calcutta Society than the singular order and decorum with which the business at public meetings is transacted. There is no clamour, no intemperate opposition, no unseemly exhibition of partizanship, and nothing observable but a spirit of cordiality and polished courtesy.

Respecting the Calcutta Baboos, his testimony is highly favourable indeed.

I was prepared to find the Native gentlemen persons of highly polished and delicate manners, nor was I disappointed. Their conversation is extremely interesting, their visits always well timed and short, and they generally have no other object in these but mere kindness. They have very nice notions of the proprieties of life, and never make unreasonable requests; as for instance to entreat a recommendatory card to a judge in whose Court the cause of the applicant may be undergoing a hearing, &c. wherever there are ladies, too they behave with peculiar politeness, immediately resigning their chairs to them. This fine polish particularly distinguishes those who have been educated at the Hindoo College; and I was one night an admiring spectator of it on the occasion of the baptism of one of their own number. On the entrance of the ladies and other friends of the officiating Clergyman (it occurred at a private mansion) all the young men rose, and with the most admirable grace and good breeding, resigned their seats to the ladies and the most elderly of the gentlemen.

Since the above was written we have skimmed over Mr. Fairforth's second volume. The history of the Calcutta Literati is very pleasantly written, but our space is too limited to admit of our making any quotation at present. We could have wished however that the author had not evinced such a determination to make a book by stuffing a volume that pretends to give an account of a season at Calcutta, with fugitive pieces by Barry Cornwall, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Emma Roberts and Allan Cunningham, &c. &c. He highly admires Alaric Watts as an author and a man, and refers to his *Conversazione*, as a piece replete with that deep flowing charity, kindness, and good humour which ever form the concomitants of genius:—but what is all that to the people of Calcutta? In case our readers however might like to see a few of those specimens of original

composition which he says were handed to him by the authors, we shall endeavour to satisfy his curiosity, although Mr. F. will pardon us for entertaining cogent doubts of their authenticity.

A FRAGMENT—BY L. E. L.

It was a Writer, and he sat beside
 A table cover'd o'er with foreign lore,
 Volumes of Haffiz and the Gullistan
 Of Sadi Vitreous vases round him stood
 On ebony teapoy, on the table too,
 All full of flowers delicious by the Malli brought,
 There were jeraniums, and the rose Edward,
 The lotos like a pleiad gently shining,
 Marigolds, and violets, sweet jonquills
 Jasmynes and asfodels and amaranths,
 Heliotropes and primroses and larkspurs
 In paradisiacal confusion bloom'd,
 Or seem'd to bloom, for even now they droop
 Although their stalks in balmy water lie ;
 Anon they 'll still more droop and fade and wither !
 Most like these florealities are his
 That writer's meditations, Frederick
 Fitz Herbert Ralph ! Pale is his cheek
 And dim the lustre of his azure eye
 He minds not Persian lore, nor yet Hindee,
 Arracanese, Sanscrit or Bengallee ;
 For lo ! his hopes are gone and blasted all
 Since *she* Medora, mistress of his soul
 The gentle cyed, swan-neck'd and giraffe-footed.
 Alas ! unto another she's betroth'd !
 O hapless Frederick Fitzherbert Ralph
 Her father's most ambitious, although
 Wearing but scarlet tunic to his back :
 The Major and his haughty wife let wive
 No person, not of station and of rank,
 In their great family, or would-be great.
 Thy dear Medora *must* be mated to
 Sir Tom MacDandy, a civilian old,
 And full of hoarded lakhs, as he's of years
 Whilst thou poor Frederick Fitzherbert Ralph
 Art yet a Writer only, and in debt.
 He moveth not—his cheek is very pale,
 His eye is fix'd on vacancy : his head
 Falls sideways on his chair—he's DEAD,
 Midst dying jonquills, asphodels and amaranths,
 Heliotropes and primroses and larkspurs !

The next are entitled:

STANZAS—BY MISS E—R—TS,

"The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !"
 How pleasant it would be
 To have a pic-nic party,
 Beneath the forest tree !
 Each guest of genius should bring
 Whatever dainty fine
 Might hap to strike his fancy ;
 Tom Moore should bring the wine.

The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !
 Methinks I see the board,

* Evidently these lines are written in imitation of those commencing "The Greenwood ! the Greenwood !" in Miss R—ts's published poems.

A SEASON IN CALCUTTA.

Bulwer brings a Salmie
 And pie of Perigord ;
 Southey sends a barn door fowl
 Wordsworth, lamb and trout,
 Coleridge, a nicely devil'd owl
 Alaric Watts, sour-kroust.

The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !
 Wortley* of lineage high
 Elaborate brings sugar plums,
 Jerdan a giblet pie.
 L. E. L. of potted larks
 Will bring a sav'ry store,
 Miss Mitford a nice apple-tart
 And Hogg a roasted boar.

The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !
 Cunningham supplies
 A capercailzie cockaleekie,
 Haynes Bayley the mince-pies ;
 Campbell sends a cygnet,
 North, a brace of grouse,
 Galt, a loin of toughest veal,
 Marryatt, Lobscause.

The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !
 Grapes are brought by Leigh†
 Charlie Lamb sends sweet bread
 ‡Hall, Skelligallee
 Hood brings a bag of nuts,
 Many dishes pour in,
 Cobauks, brings Ballie Fraser,
 An Olla Podrida Bowring.

The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !
 §Knowles will bring a hash,
 And Grattan from the ' Byeways'
 Potatoes a la mash.
 Banim shall provide Potheen,
 Carlyle, a German ham ;
 Mrs Norton, Maccaroni
 And Raspberry jam.

The pic-nic ! the pic-nic !
 How bright the *bon mots* shine,
 How gracefully the repartees
 Commingle with the wine !

* Viz. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley — See her most exquisite " Eastern Night" in the Keepsake — and the no less exquisite " Stanzas" in the same. They are fine specimens of Patrician poetry. The first commences thus

Here the manguasteens swell, the magnolias bloom
 • Chenar-tree, banana, and palm, shield earth's flowers ;
 • The musk-deer lie stretch'd 'neath the gum-tree's sweet gloom
 • And the paradise birds wing their way to the bowers.

The allusion to the *gum-tree* reminds me of Mathew's song of " Possum up a gum-tree, up he goes, up he goes."

I cannot ~~forget~~ also giving one of the *Stanzas* by the same romantic fair hand :

" When the sweet bulbul thrills the perfumed breeze,
 And crescent crown'd, gleam those pomegranate trees,
 And thy caique shoots through the lumbering seas,
 Remember me ! remember me !
 I passionately pray of thee !

This from a young Lady *in her own right* is quite irresistible—but a *caique* near *Persian* bowers is rather odd. We shall hear of Bengalée tomahawks, and warrior death songs next.—T. Fairforth.

† Leigh Hunt

‡ Captain Basil Hall.

§ Sheridan Knowles, author of the " Hunchback," &c.

Take all the feasts and festivals
 This town of ours can yield
 There's none like this our pic-nic,
 When talent's in the field !

At page 73 there is a succession of pieces under the head of "The Indian Day," subdivided into "The Ride," "The Breakfast," "The Tiffin," "The Dinner." We can only give the first two, although we would fain, if we could, submit the whole.

THE MORNING RIDE—BY H. M. P.

Now come the delicate calls of the Sirdar
 Breaker of sleep—of riding, harbinger.
 "Sahib ootao ! your charger is tyar !
 It's now an hour from day-break,—there's a stir
 Of strife amongst the early waking crows ;
 A hum of servants, and a ceaseless whirr
 Of sparrows numerous." Forth he grumbling goes
 And gives while mounting a refreshing sneeze,
 While fogs malarious roll in swathes away
 Yet lingeringly, like ghosts at break of day
 From some red murderer's grave. "Sir, if you please,
 I'd rather you'd excuse me rides like these
 And leave me to my slumbers sweet and light
 Till comes the call to meal that's breakfast hight."

THE BREAKFAST.

BY THE SAME.

Down from the teapot hissing comes the spray
 Of water bullient on the sweet debris
 Of crystal saccharine, the bright candy
 Of China, land of superfine clay
 Figur'd and porcelain'd ; land of junks and tea.
 Lo ! the tam'd griffin gasping makes his way
 Through smoking fish and rice. O then the bore
 Of being question'd by that griffin *cake*
 About trite nothings that one's patience shake
 While on the wings of inspiration soar
 The renovated spirits ; and *Qui-hye*
 Is dreaming of his natal soil and sky ;
 He gives that Griff a look by passion driven,
 That plainly says—"I wish you were in—heaven !"

We scarcely know what to say to the next—but leave it entirely to the judgment of the public, the putative author being no longer among us to refer to.

THE LAY OF HURRYHUR DUTT—BY H. H. W.

The Kotwal of Monghyr Ram Deen
 A daughter has more fair
 Than any thing on earth e'er seen
 In water or in air.
 Than all the City of Palaces
 Can boast of, and than all
 That on a festive night is seen
 Within the bright Town Hall.

Her eyes are dark, as is a *goal*
 Her bosom's like the moon,
 And the dew upon her ruby lips
 Like wine in a silver spoon.
 Her teeth are whiter than *Hate-ka-Dant*
 But her eyes on Hurryhur Dutt are aslant

A SEASON IN CALCUTTA.

Though her haughty sire commands
The maiden shall be wed
To an old *Podar* of *Kshetri* race
To *pice* and *taccas* bred.

And lo ! on the *Chubbootru* seen
Are the friends and relatives all
Come to behold the child of Ram Deen
Wedded to Sri-nath Paul. †
There's Kistnomohun and Debinath
And Girish Chunder, and Dwarkinath,
A Talookdar from Zillah Behar
And a fat Mahajun from Candehar :
And many others whose names most queer
In this our lay would sound I fear.

* * * * *
But Hurryhur Dutt he stands aside
Pierc'd by the shafts of *Kama*,
And anxious to pounce on the bride
He earnest prays to *Rama*.
Instantly his feelings rise
And he attempts a bold emprise ;
The folks are assembled snug
Each one a garrulous guest ;
For the wine gins to tell which good Ram Deen
Had provided for the feast.

And they eat and drink as free and sharp
As a flock of *Neel-ghaus* at noon
On some woody slope or bowery scarp
Above the *Deyrah Doon*.
And little they deem that in the wine
There is *oferm* enough
To take out of each the waking shine
And set him to snore and puff.
For Hurryhur Dutt took care to dose
Each guest till he *doses* in turn
But in the bride's cheek a blush like a rose
Doth glow, her eyes they burn
And all are asleep but he and she !
Said Hurryhur Dutt, "away!"
A *Dinghy* I've got on *Gunga's* wave
To deserve the fair, there's none like the brave ;
Away ! away ! away !"
And lo ! ere night on his journey afar
He had sped. The Mahajun of Candahar
Was the first to miss the bride, his head
He rais'd and—

Cetera desunt.

We can assure the reader, that it was with no small astonishment we read the following—we give it exactly as it stands at page 96, and after perusal, we certainly concurred with Hamlet, that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy !

SONNET TO MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT—BY D. L. R.

Unwelcome one ! when I behold the frown
Over thy pallid features grimly play,
Because I had not the preceding day
(As thou didst order), gulp'd some horror down,
I feel it is of misery the crown
To writhe reluctant, 'neath thy leech-craft sway.
O from thy potions to be far away !
Deep in some forest glade where nature's gown

Is spangled with the dew on asfodel
 And violet ! I haply there might dream
 Of realms where *Doctor* is a word unknown
 And " *To be taken*", never is a spell
 All fraught with frightfulness ! Almost a ream
 I could indite on the delightful theme !

Well after *that* we may believe any thing ! Need we tell the reader, that the above is an impudent forgery ? The rest we presume is of a piece—and we would willingly cancel the whole had we time, but the printer waits and we cannot help ourselves.

FAIR MARGARET.

I.

Fair Margaret ! fair Margaret ! how beautiful she seems !
 Like some bright form, that poets snatch a glimpse of in their dreams—
 A being of celestial mould, whose face with beauty beams,
 Like those fair nymphs, who used of old, to haunt the fairy streams.

II.

'So calm, so mild, so eloquent,' seems that sweet face to me,
 More perfect than a statue sent from Greece or Italy—
 For, there's a grace in that sweet face, beyond the power of art,
 A charm, the chisel cannot trace, that thrill's the gazer's heart.

III.

Alas ! for lovely Margaret, her's is an early doom,
 Death on her hath his signet set, and marked her for the tomb,
 Let not her rosy cheek beguile, 'tis but the hectic bloom,
 And soon the sunlight of her smile, will be o'ercast with gloom.

IV.

To see the rose and lily cope so brightly on her cheek,
 Might half induce me yet to hope, altho' the hope be weak—
 But ah ! that clear transparent skin—that fleeting crimson streak—
 That eye so bright—that form so thin, an early death bespeak.

V.

The beauties I have seen expand, I shall not see decay,
 Nor watch consumption's icy hand, stealing her charms away—
 My fate is on a foreign strand, for many years to stray,
 Ere I regain my native land, stern Death will seize his prey.

VI.

Many will mourn for Margaret, when she in death shall sleep,
 But few there are, will not forget, as time doth onward sweep,
 Or feel like me, the fond regret, the anguish keen, and deep,
 The bitter grief, unknown as yet, the woe that will not weep.

VII.

The ties from early infancy, around my heart were twin'd—
 Her thoughts and wishes seemed to me, a part of my own mind ;
 She shared my hopes, she shared my fears, and I shall never find,
 So kind a heart in future years, as that I leave behind. A. W.

THE LATE SCARCITY AT POONAH—PRICE OF GRAIN.

Of all things an indiscreet tampering with the trade of Provisions is the most dangerous, and it is always worst in the time when men are most disposed to it, that is in the time of scarcity. Because there is nothing on which the passions of men are so violent, and their judgment so weak, and on which there exists such a multitude of ill-founded popular prejudices.

BURKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SIR,—At a time when the greater portion of the South of India is visited with distress from failure of the monsoon, by which the streams and tanks are for the most part dried up, and the crops destroyed or seriously injured; my attention has been arrested by a somewhat inflated account of the plunder of Poonah, by a mob, excited to violence through the high price of grain.

It would appear, that the price of grain had risen rapidly for some days, that complaints had been preferred to the magistrates, but that the answer was “What can we do? Every man has a right to sell his property as he pleases!” “Is this reason? Is this justice?” enquires the writer of the Report, and his sentiments are re-echoed by the Editors of more than one Gazette, who join in a tirade against “those wicked merchants,” “those cruel dealers.” I shall endeavour to prove the absurdity and injustice of these tirades against grain merchants, and shall explain how the reply of the magistrate, as above stated, was the only one he could have given, consistent with his duty, and consonant to the laws of commerce; which have been declared to be “the laws of nature and consequently the laws of God.”

In the many conversations I have enjoyed on this momentous question, nothing has amazed me more than the want of acquaintance which many of my opponents have betrayed, in the acknowledged principles of trade, and the pertinacity with which others have maintained the distinction between the trade in grain, and a trade in cloth, in spirit, in bullion, or any other merchandise. To every argument I adduce, I am met with an exclamation of “extortion,” “fraud” “monopoly,” “cruelty,” “wicked grain dealers,” and the same man who acknowledges the right of the merchant to make the most of his capital in all ordinary commodities, yet denies it with respect to corn. The theory I maintain is, that there is no distinction between the principles that govern a trade in corn and those that govern the trade in any other commodity, and that a time of scarcity, affords no justification for deviating from those established principles.

The editor of one of the Bombay papers, in lamenting over the fate of the unhappy city, observes, “that the tumultuous proceedings might have been prevented.” Undoubtedly they

might, for if ever there were a place where disorders might be instantly checked, it is that very city of Poonah with a British force of 5,000 bayonets on its confines. But how does the reader think the editor would propose to have prevented these disturbances? Not by interposing the strong arm of power and protecting the grain merchants from violence: but by the establishment of an arbitrary Neeruck, and thus plundering the grain dealer by wholesale in a compulsory sale of his property to the multitude at a rate fixed by the magistrate.

This is the doctrine usually maintained by soldiers in high command; nay even by a large proportion of the educated magistracy and by almost every native in the country; and yet no doctrine was ever more fallacious in principle, or more mischievous in practice, than that advocated by these zealots of the sect of Regulation.

It is the first principle of commerce “that the producer must be permitted and even expected to look to all possible profit which without fraud or violence he can make: to turn plenty or scarcity to the best advantage he can: to keep back or to bring forward his commodities at his pleasure; and to account to no one for his stock or his gain. On any other terms he is the slave of the consumer, and that he should be so is of no benefit to the consumers. For the consumer if he were permitted would always be the dupe of his own tyranny and injustice.”*

It is the province of all good governments, while they effectually guard against any infraction of right on the part of either dealer or consumer, to ensure that, as far as practicable, the former shall be protected from violence, the latter from oppression. The passions and reason are but seldom in unison. The appeal to the one is usually at variance with the other, and it is by the sober dictates of the latter that a legislator can alone be guided. A time of famine is the very last when the kinder feelings of the man should be permitted to interfere with the public duty of the magistrate, for at no period could the dereliction of that public duty be attended with such disastrous results. I will not dwell on the tyranny or illegality of a Neeruck, but shall confine myself as much as possible to an exhibition of the frightful impolicy of the measure; and if ever there were a case, to which the celebrated saying of Fouché on the murder of the Duke D’Enghien, “Sir, it was more than a crime, it was a blunder,” was applicable, it is to the arbitrary enactment of an assize on food.

It is a very common error to suppose that the high price of grain at the commencement of a scarcity is a misfortune; but

* Burke.

it must not be forgotten that improvidence is almost ever the concomitant of ignorance, and that the only check the uneducated know, either to their passions or their appetites, is the inability of gratification. Such being a recognized principle of human nature, it must be obvious that whenever the failure of a harvest occurs, in consequence of which the grain of the preceding year must supply the necessities of two seasons in lieu of one, the sooner the price rises the better ; for not only are the resources of the state thus husbanded by timely provision, instead of being squandered in the profusion of plenty, but in a market unshackled by the dread of interference from any quarter, the more readily will the grain dealer enter into speculations for the lucrative employ of his capital, and the more effectively in consequence will the scarcity be diminished.

If the failure of crops extend over a considerable tract of country, there is but slight difference between the condition of a province and that of a ship at sea. If a vessel have a voyage in prospect, which will at least occupy 50 days, while she has but a full allowance of provisions for 30 days left ; the sooner the commander places his crew on half allowance, the better will he provide against a further necessary diminution of daily fare, the more surely will he guard against the eventual horrors of starvation ! What the force of authority effects on a limited population at sea, the preventive check of high price effects on shore ; i. e. a compulsory diminution of food ; for the men whose two rupees has usually produced him 30 measures of rice, finds that the same sum will now only procure him 20 seers, and he is thus compelled to reduce his consumption with reference to his diminished means.

It is moreover a vulgar error to suppose that the shop-keeper or Bazar man is interested in high prices ; so far from it, that the higher price to which grain rises, the more confined are usually his sales and the smaller consequently *his* profits. It is of the scarcity that the farmer very naturally takes advantage. It is he who raises the price on the merchant, factor, or bazar man, according as he may supply one or other of these characters, and thus re-imburses himself for the loss of one portion of his crops, by the enhanced profit on the remainder ; and as a general principle it may be added that the larger the *quantity* of grain or of any other article the shop keeper sells, the greater will be his profits without reference to *price*. If indeed the same person be grower, factor, salesman, then indeed his profits will depend on *price* rather than on *quantity*. But this combination is seldom practicable in any extended society, and the bazar man is usually a distinct character from the grower of corn. The former looks to the ryot for his supplies, and the latter of course

shapes his proceedings with reference to the urgency of demand. But exclaims my reader, "compel the bazar man to sell at a fixed rate and the price must fall to that rate." This notion is clearly erroneous, for the ryot in times of scarcity, will not produce his grain for sale to the bazar man, unless he obtains his own price. The bazar man cannot purchase, because he cannot realize the cost of the grain. The stock in the bazar must soon be exhausted. The bazars must close and if the obstinacy or absurdity of a magistrate were to persist in such a proceeding, the effect would be that of an apparent famine. But supposing the zeal of the magistrate to rise with the emergency and that he seize the grain of the farmer and throw it into the market, at what he might conceive a fair rate. What would such a proceeding be but an arbitrary spoliation of property, sheer robbery, for which he would merit if he did not meet it, a gallows:— one such act would compel the necessity of still wider proceedings: the agriculture of a country could never stand before such infatuation, and the result, instead of a mere scarcity would be a positive famine.

It has been very accurately observed, "that the wages of labour ought not to fluctuate with the market of provisions. The rate of wages, in truth has no direct relation to that of price. Labour is a commodity like every other, and rises or falls according to the demand." It might have been added, that in times of scarcity such a system would be most detrimental, for the moral check on appetite, alone effected by high price, would be in a great measure frustrated, if wages were increased so as to afford the labourer extended means of consumption.

In regard to the wages of Military service these observations are not exactly applicable. Policy demands that as far as practicable no cause for discontent shall any time exist among the armed supporters of a state. The pay of the soldiery has therefore been calculated with reference to the price of grain: i. e. when the price of rice exceeds the rate of 12 seers per rupee, the sepoy is entitled to receive one seer daily from the public stores, or in lieu thereof a compensation in money, calculated at the average excess above the market rate for the whole month. This is a politic measure, as it removes all cause for complaint from the soldier, at the time when Government most requires his energies in support of the public peace and under circumstances which might otherwise be fraught with deep danger. But such a system, however applicable to a small isolated body such as the Soldiery, could never be introduced throughout a province, nor adopted towards a whole people.

My reader will perhaps enquire, "Is a monopolist to be permitted to keep up the price of grain above what it ought to

be, when the poor people are perhaps starving around him" ? To this I reply that the dealer has nothing to do with the necessities of the purchaser, further than to shape his terms according to the urgency of demand and the means of meeting such demand, and who is to fix upon what is a fair price ? Assuredly no human authority ! for who can know the cost of the grain in the merchant's possession ? or who is to know the losses he may have sustained in former speculations which he now seeks to recover by the present enhanced price ? Will the Magistrate defray those expenses, those losses ? But even granting that the merchant does ask an exorbitant price for his grain ! What is the inevitable result ? but that his avarice counteracts his interest. The increased price immediately induces import, large quantities pour into the market from places where the harvest has been more abundant. The price of course falls from competition of the sellers, and the covetous monopolist eventually obtains far less profit on his grain, than he would have realized with a less greedy disposition. But it must not be forgotten that speculation can never exist cotemporary with the arbitrary interference of Government Regulation.

" Well ! but in India" will my reader perhaps remark, " as the Government occasionally receives its produce in kind, it ought surely to be satisfied with the moderate profit, and thus relieve the distresses of the poor." Such is the language of the Philanthropist, but it is, I conceive, not based on sound reason. The grain belonging to Government should be subjected to the same laws as are applicable to the produce of individuals whether grower, landlord, or speculator. It should follow the rate of the market. It is the balance between consumption and production which makes price. The market settles and alone can settle that price, market is the meeting and conference of the *consumer* and *producer*, when they mutually discover each other's wants. Nobody, I believe, has observed with any reflection what market is, without being astonished at the truth, the correctness, the celerity and general equity with which the balance of wants is settled. They who wish the destruction of that balance and would fain by arbitrary Regulation decree, that defective production should not be compensated by increased price, directly lay their *axe* to the root of production itself.* " The proceedings of a department on the part of a Government, will not that I am aware justify any deviation from the established principles of commerce, and I must here confess my belief that in most instances where an *actual famine* has devastated the land, save and except when effected by the incursion of the

* Burke.

ocean or rather sudden and similar calamity, it has been created as often by causes within the control of man as by the unhappy failure of the seasons.

In illustration of this position I shall not refer to sacred writ, or Ancient Traditions, I shall content myself with a single quotation from Tod's excellent History of Rajasthan. "Reputable Merchants of the Mahajin tribe," he observes, "refrain from speculating in grain from the most liberal feelings, esteeming it a want of charity.

The humane grain Merchant says, 'to hoard up grain for the purpose of taking advantage of human misery may bring riches but never profit.' In my opinion this is mere delusion. The more speculators there are in grain, and the richer they are, the better it is for the public. It is to the providence of the much vilified speculator in years of plenty, that we are indebted for subsistence amid the failure of crops; and it surely matters little to us who benefit by the arrangement, whether the effect is produced by avarice or philanthropy! It was well for Central India, in the great scarcity of 1804, that a merchant Prince was to be found in Kotah who had not been actuated by the feelings common to the grain dealers of Rajpootana; for during that eventful period his store houses, the accumulated collection of years, fed the whole of Mewar and Rajwarra. Old Zalim Sing netted a million sterling, but what mattered that? He saved his own and the adjoining provinces from those horrors of starvation which desolated the remainder of the extensive Region from the Kistnah to the Chumbul.

But supposing the price of grain rises to such a height as to be beyond what the ordinary rate of wages can command! Ay we now arrive at the question! "How a Government should act in time of scarcity." To which it may be replied in the clear language of Burke "that in these times the first thing the government owes the people is information; the next is timely coercion: the one to guide our judgment, the other to regulate our temper."

There are two modes of partially relieving the distresses of a people, by direct or by indirect means. The latter are manifold and are those to which alone a good or a wise Government will resort; they consist in the remission of all duties of import, export or transit of grain in the affording every facility for dealers to remit money to provinces where Rice may be procurable, and, if circumstances should render it expedient, in occasional donations of a bonus on the importation of corn.

The direct ones are two—The establishment of public granaries, and importation of grain on the public account—and 2ndly,

the establishment of that arbitrary spoliation of property y'clept a Neeruck. But of these both the one and the other eventually counteract the very result they are intended to produce.

It is a favorite notion with many that public granaries would be found highly useful in repressing the avarice of individuals, and thus keeping down the price of grain. But I have endeavoured to explain that it is to this same avarice that we are not only often indebted for existence amid the failure of seasons, but it is from the collision of avarice with avarice that results arise which could scarce be reached, far less improved, by the most extended philanthropy. Of all the mischievous systems ever adopted by a state that of public granaries is among the worst, and startling as the phrase may sound, a public granary is a public nuisance ! A Government cannot subsist a people ; the attempt would prove alike dangerous and futile, for it is a people who support a Government ; and the most the latter can ever hope to effect. is to support and direct individual energy and enterprise. But who will speculate for the supply of corn when he knows that the state holds a store, which will be thrust into the market in order to check his profits, the legitimate proportion of which the Government presume to decide, and thus are judge, jury and executioner at once ? and the proceedings therefore of a Government which tend to check individual enterprise in the supply of food, are as little consistent with sound principles of policy, as they are at variance with the interests of the people.

“ If a Government” observes Burke, “ makes all its purchases at once, it will instantly raise the market on itself. If it makes them by degrees it must follow the course of the market. If it follows the course of the market, it will produce no effect and the consumer may as well buy as he wants, therefore all the expense is incurred gratis.” I will not dwell on the cost of state granaries, the expenses of their maintenance, the army of Agents, Clerks, Guards, &c. for their superintendence and protection, the losses by waste and corruption, the dissatisfaction which must ensue on the issue of tainted or damaged grain, as must occasionally happen. I will not dwell on all these drawbacks, for it must be notorious that Government can never compete in cheapness with individuals. But if it were intended that Government was to buy or import grain on its own account, and sell it at a loss which only a state Revenue could afford, I may observe that the measure in the first place would prove insufficient for the object, if any thing like general relief were intended, while it would obviously destroy the energy of those who were trading on natural and private capitals, if it did not eventually ruin them. • If such a measure were contemplated as a measure of justice, it would be unjust, if merely as a matter of

charity the evil would be still the same, for the principle of a public granary is one fraught with deep mischief. Its immediate result is the extinction of the middle man or grain dealer. Its consequent result, is that of compelling the people to look solely to the state for support in the hour of trouble, than which I know few systems entailing more real difficulties on the Ruling Power.

In every land the chain of mutual support should be such, that the bearing on each link is fair and proportionate. But we entirely lose sight of this principle and strike at the very root of stability in a state, if on every occasion of difficulty the people are to look to Government for relief.

In most countries the labourer contributes little or nothing direct to Government. He contributes to the farmer, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, the Shopkeeper. They in return afford him the means of subsistence and protection. The Farmer, the Shopkeeper, &c. do contribute direct to Government in a variety of duties, imports, &c. They receive nothing from it but protection and to that they have a claim. But in every clime, under whatever rule, the people should be taught to look solely to themselves and to their grain-dealers for *food*; and in times of great scarcity, it is for the charity of the rich—of the well-disposed—of the Government occasionally itself, to find them *employ*, as the mode of relieving their distresses. I am opposed to the direct issue of grain on the part of Government in whatever emergency, save a sudden irruption of flood or foe. The payments for labour should be in money---a perfectly free market should be enforced—and the graindealer being thus left to follow his own course in the supply of grain, should feel that under no circumstances will the Government interfere, save to afford him protection from the violence of the mob. I have already explained how his avarice will immediately counteract itself from natural causes and bring with it its own punishment.

In India where the rental from land forms the principal Revenue of the State, the duty of affording assistance to the poor in times of scarcity is more incumbent on the Government, especially in Ryotwar districts, than in most other countries. In so acting, the State only performs the part of a humane and liberal landlord, and its arrangements should be such as, 1stly, shall prevent the poor wretches from dying of starvation, and 2ndly, shall provide against infraction of the public peace. The more judicious mode of effecting these results is the employment of the poor on some public work. In the neighbourhood of large towns, there are usually some public works, which may be undertaken with advantage on such occasions. Some tank or wa-

ter course or canal, to be deepened or cut anew---some road or bridge to be constructed or repaired---some wells to be cleaned or sunk ; and the first attention of Government should be directed to the object of retaining the population in their respective districts, where their labour may be best turned to account, instead of permitting them to resort in great numbers to the Presidency, where the difficulty of effectively employing so large a multitude is much increased. But whatever sum such work may cost---however little return it may produce on the outlay of capital, matters little. The duty is imperative, and such disbursements must be accounted for on the score of charity, and written off to profit and loss.

Under such circumstances, to many it may appear indifferent, whether a Government issue grain or money in payment for labour, provided the amount value of either be equal. But the effect is very different. When money is issued the payments immediately find their way into the Bazars, in support of the regularity of issue, and to the improvement of the channel of supply. The issue of grain must produce the directly contrary effect and injure the stability of the market. Every seer issued withdraws a purchaser from the regular Merchant or Bazar-man, in lieu of whom is substituted a Government officer, whose function cease with the emergency which called him forth. But in the meanwhile the dealer is injured---his resources are of course weakened---his energies at an end ; and those resources cannot be replenished at will, nor those energies rise at command ! Men may forgive the individual who rivals, the speculator who perhaps outwits them, but they will not forgive the Government who injure ; and if there be one feeling more than another likely to endure with lasting energy in a merchant's breast, it is aversion to an interference of the State in the legitimate profits of his trade.

I have now done. In the observations I have above offered, I am far from wishing to prevent the ministrations of benevolence either on the part of individuals or a Government, I only wish to see them exercised in the mode likely to afford the most practicable benefit with the least practical ill. If the principles I have advocated are erroneous, perhaps you, Sir, or some of your correspondents will kindly detect my errors and set me right. I have no object but the advancement of truth. But if they be, as I believe them true, I will conclude with a hope, that whatever distress may be in store for us from the chastening hand of the Almighty, I may not live to see the evil heightened by the interference of a Government Regulation, by an impolitic, however well meant, meddling with the subsistence of the people.

Madras, December 30, 1832.

JUNIUS.

TO MISS —, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Thy brow is circled with the wreath, that speaks a festal day,
 And clustering tresses round thy face, its heightened bloom display;
 Of graceful snow-white drapery is formed thy nuptial vest,
 An emblem of that purity that lives within thy breast.

II

Even now before the altar's step I see thee blushing stand,
 With the chosen *one* beside thee, who clasps thy trembling hand;
 And tho' a smile illumines thy brow, a tear-drop dims thine eye,
 As glistening showers will sometimes fall athwart the sunny sky.

III

A father's care o'ershadows thee, in this most trying hour,
 And calms thy drooping spirits with religion's healing power;
 Yet anon the signs of outward grief, alas! too truly tell
 His inward anguish, as he parts with all he loves so well.

IV

They shew, how bitter is the pang, that wrings a parent's heart,
 When he nerves himself from all he loves, (his virgin child) to part;
 And trusts his dearest treasure now on life's tempestuous sea,
 Unknowing of the stormy cares that in her path may be.

He gives unto a stranger's arms, a gem whose worth is known,
 And almost feels in this cold world, forsaken and alone;
 Whilst *thou* goest forth in innocence, a wedded peace to know,
 Or bear within thy guileless heart, the load of untried woe.

VI

Yet, Oh! if spotless purity, if every matchless grace,
 If all the sweetest charms of soul that years may ne'er efface,
 Can elaim from him, who shares thy heart, deep gratitude and love,
 Believe me, thou his tenderest care, his fondest pride shalt prove.

VII

Then bear thyself, young blooming bride, as best becomes thy lot,
 Nor stain with tears that blushing cheek, where sorrow's trace is not;
 For thy career, as bright shall be, as brightly shines this day,
 On which the muse of friendship breathes her warmest, latest lay.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

Spring, gentle spring, opened in all its bloom and beauty :—the cold, bare trees of the gardens of the *Tuileries* put on their gay attire, and the vast expanse, which canopied the merry city, assumed a mild and cheerful blue complexion in supercession of the dark livery of murky winter. The walks of the *Jardins*, the *Champs Elysées* and other delightful promenades, were crowded with the joyous and the blithe, pouring forth mutual congratulations on the return of “Ethereal mildness” and her train of pleasures. ’Twas the season of the carnival,—the season of

— dance and song and serenade and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more —

From ‘morn to dewy eve’ groups of masks and merry faces were seen exhibiting their wit and talent to the infinite amusement or excessive annoyance of their more soberly clad neighbours :— at night the *salons* were thronged with *Terpsichore’s* gay votaries, and nought but sounds of mirth were heard from *Porte St. Martin* to its fellow of *D’Enfer*.

The season advanced—*Euphrosyne* still held potent sway.

The Carnival—the happy Carnival—alas ! the last that many who were then sporting in health and vigor were fated to enjoy— was drawing to a close, when there came at once a pause—an awful pause in the revelry and merriment, for Rumour with her many tongues proclaimed, the “*CHOLERA IS IN PARIS !*”

Had the wand of an enchanter touched the city, it could not have produced a more sudden and complete metamorphosis. Deep and gloomy silence instantaneously succeeded the tumult of mirth and festival : dismay scattered the crowds thronging the *Boulevards* and promenades ; the pallid hue of fearful apprehension and the flutter of irrepressible anxiety supplanted the careless gaiety of each countenance. The sprightly Gallican, who but one day before chaperoned a smirking *Grisette* along the *allées* of the *Tuileries*, politely exclaiming “*Pardon Monsieur*” as by accident you trod on his corny toe, might now be seen sauntering, along with a rueful, woe-begone air which seemed to say “perhaps it will be my turn next.” Men who but yesterday rejoiced in a squeeze and luxuriated in a jostle, now walked far apart, and sedulously avoided the *lee* of each passenger, lest any pestilential particles of cholera might come “betwixt the wind and their nobility.” A universal panic in short seized the whole town, and the nation of *philosophers*, who had hitherto manifested a lofty

contempt* for the timidity displayed in other countries were now to shew that their behaviour under similar circumstances was not only less firm and patient, but ludicrously weak and superstitious. Every body left Paris, who had the means of doing so. The private conveyances were secured by the wealthy, and the public vehicles were in such demand, that at one time all the places were engaged for the ensuing fortnight.†

Scarcely had the earliest burst of fear scared the Parisians from their haunts of pleasure ere their ingenuity was set to work to devise means for escaping the assaults of the insidious enemy or of repelling his attacks when their encounter was unavoidable. The votaries of Science and empiricism were indefatigable in their researches and experiments, and numerous were the remedies which resulted from their operations. In fact, the number of their *infallible* specifics was only exceeded by the copiousness of their application. Not to speak of the almost suffocating fumes of chlorine that assailed one on entering almost every public building or private house, it was *scarcely possible to breathe the air in many of the streets* from the same cause.

But it would not have been characteristic of the nation if common place means had alone been employed to ward off the dart of *pallida mors* in this new and formidable guise. Genteel and tasteful methods of inhaling chloride were recommended to general practice. Amongst others it was sagaciously proposed to suspend to the noses of the male sex by means of an elastic spring, a small bottle containing a solution of chloride of soda, that the bearers might have the benefit of perpetual purification. I am not certain however, whether this singularly ingenious mode of applying the specific was resorted to. At any rate no victim to the scheme exhibited himself for public inspection. Nevertheless chlorine, in some shape or other, was the associate of each Parisian at home or abroad. He would live in no atmosphere which was not impregnated with his darling nostrum. In short, such was the excessive fear which pervaded the town, and such the general confidence in this remedy, that many very serious affections of the lungs were produced by the inordinate quantity employed in some of the houses. Indeed I am not sure that chlorine, instead of preventing did not act as a remote cause of cholera itself.

Still chlorine was not the *sole* expedient resorted to in the present awful emergency. The proverbial Parisian talent of in-

* Several insulting articles to this effect appeared in the *Gazette de France*, and *Constitutionnel* while the Cholera prevailed in England.—Ed.

† This wholesale evacuation, however, stopped as soon as it was ascertained, that the Cholera had seized on some of the fugitives while far from medical relief. Every one then stood fast, deeming the Scylla of Paris not more fatal than the Charybdis of retreat.

vention was allowed full exercise, and in these forms did it develop itself. *Here a marchand de comestibles* solicited your attention to his Anti-Choleraic lozenges,—*there* a notable housewife consumed all purifying pastiles. The far famed Indian cajepu (kyapootee) oil was for a time in vogue, but its adulterated condition destroyed its powers. A member of the faculty urged you to smoke from noon till night, and the tobacconists accordingly made a rich harvest. Now would you meet a *Deputé* of a *Departement* with a phial of chloride of soda, or a box of camphor, suspended to his neck by a white, blue, or red ribbon; and then a *belle bourgeoise* with a lemon stuck full of cloves like “quills upon the fretful porcupine” which—“ever and anon she gave her nose and took’t away again.”

But Chlorine and Camphor were of no avail. The malady increased to a truly alarming extent, and the ill success of the medical treatment was such as would amply apologise, if any thing could, for the adoption of the most foolish and superstitious means that could in any way tend to keep off the pest. For eight or ten days 97 out of every 100 attacked, were swept from the face of the earth. At the expiration of this period, however, it was pompously announced in the journals that two or three patients had been dismissed *cured* from the Hotel Dieu. This produced a brief revival of the people’s spirits. But ah! had they known how many had been under treatment during that period and the result of that treatment, I apprehend they would have discovered small ground for consolation. Day after day the faculty were fated to admit the futility of their best concerted measures in arresting the progress of this exotic disease, which, like the *Sinmoom* of the desert, bore havoc and devastation on its wings. ’Twas melancholy—’twas humiliating—to note the ghastly face of stricken age, with its glassy blood-shot eye, yielding quietly to the mortal wound of the unerring arrow of death, while another fellow-being, with agony depicted in his livid blue visage, lay writhing and twisting his cold body calling “water! water!” until each sound more feeble than its predecessor sunk with its author to “mere oblivion!” Sad, most sad and heart rending was the spectacle of a hospital crowded with beings who but a few hours before were rejoicing in life and hope as if their term of years were endless;—sadder still the picture of the same abode of disease next day tenanted with as many *new* faces, the earlier inhabitants having passed, with awful rapidity to the traveller’s last bourne.

But most bitter, and most grievous was the reflection, that in this age, which men call enlightened, and after the experience of so many thousands, and tens of thousands of deaths, no relief could

be yielded to suffering mortality—no, not even a straw could be thrown out by the professional man with any hope of saving the sinking corpse. Not that any means of alleviation were left untried which human ingenuity could devise. Each physician had a ticket pasted up prescribing a course, which was always indiscriminately pursued towards the patients, however various the forms of their complaint. Some bled, some blistered; some made the patients drink punch—some solutions of alum—some prescribed solutions of Glauber salts till the sufferers could or would drink no more; others insisted on dashing cold or hot water on the plague-struck till they breathed their last. This physician galvanised—that cauterised, until death released the poor victims of the combination of agonies. The failure of these expedients had, after a time, the effect of deterring those who were attacked from resorting to the hospitals, and the most absurd rumours that ignorance, prejudice, malice or political intrigue could engender were sedulously circulated. Amongst other scandals it was generally bruited about that the people were poisoned by order of the King* as a happy means of ridding the country of its redundant population; and such in fact was the credence which this report obtained that numbers formed crowds around the hospital entrances and attacked the litters on which the sick were transported. Nor did the medical men accompanying the sick always escape unhurt, for they were naturally deemed the agents of Louis Philippe's murderously practical political economy. This latter species of retribution was not however of frequent or continued practice, but there is no doubt it would have become more general had not a happy incident put a period to so extravagant a proceeding. A litter, containing a patient, was being borne to the Hotel Dieu, when a crowd suddenly assembled around it and arrested its progress. At this instant the young medical student attending the patient, a German, if I recollect rightly, presented himself to the crowd and after assuring them that it was '*le veritable Cholera*' expressed his surprise at their conduct, so opposite was it to all he had been led to expect from the polite people of *La Grande Nation*! The incense took—the mob was convinced, the student was cheered, and the litters thenceforth pursued the even tenor of their way.

* This imputation was not only ridiculously unfounded, but was particularly ungrateful, for His Majesty at this moment was earnestly and zealously applying himself to the mitigation of public suffering. His cares and anxieties were warmly shared by all the members of the Royal Family whose conduct in the exigency was highly worthy of praise. They each contributed liberally to the different establishments for the relief of the sick. The Duke of Orleans visited the Hotel Dieu a few days after the appearance of the scourge, and was incessant in his attentions in other quarters. It was said that His Majesty wished the Queen to retire to St. Cloud; but on his refusing to accompany her she unanimously replied that the same circumstances which caused him to stay behind should operate with her, and that there was no danger to which he could expose himself for the good of the people that she was afraid to share with him.

But though the members of the faculty thus obtained by the adroitness of their brother professional an absolution from all further molestation, the idea of 'poisoning,' which I regret to say has not been confined to France, still operated to an alarming extent. Several innocent individuals fell sacrifices to their imputed characters of poisoners. One of the *gens suspects*, however, saved his life by a remarkably felicitous exertion of presence of mind. He was passing a grocer's shop in the Rue St. Jacques, when he stooped to examine some sugar at the door. After looking at a little in his hand he threw it again into the cask. Some people seeing this, and fancying that he was mingling "insidious substances" with the much-used commodity, shouted spontaneously "poisoner! poisoner!" and assembled a crowd, who were proceeding to lay violent hands upon the supposed culprit, when he again put his hand into the cask, and taking up a handful of the *deadly ingredient* quietly conveyed it to his mouth.

As the disease advanced its effects became more generally apparent. The Theatres presented 'a beggarly account of empty boxes'—the Cafés exhibited but a small number of idlers engaged in their favorite game of Dominos: few private parties were held, for, as I have before remarked, numberless families had left town, and of those that remained most had some relative carried off by the popular scourge, or the death of some connexion of the intended guests prevented their collecting in any great numbers. In the coteries, which it *was* possible to form, the discourse was ever of cholera. No dancing was indulged in, for dancing promoted heat, and heat perspiration, and subsequent exposure to the air produced—Cholera. Ices went out of fashion—for to swallow such luxuries was tantamount to imbibing so much Cholera. But this prejudice was of temporary duration for it was suddenly discovered, that ICE was a certain remedy for Cholera, whereupon the craving for creams returned with fourfold strength, and people sighed, at length, that winter had been so chary of its frosts. Cholera, or rather Anti-Cholera bills stared you in the face at the corner of every street. Everything in short was connected with or converted into Cholera—"the very stones prated of its whereabouts." As a friend and I were walking along the *Rue de Bac*, we passed a cabriolet containing two men apparently asleep. We had not, however, long left the spot where the vehicle was standing when we saw a crowd rapidly collecting and forming a gradually encreasing circle around it. This induced us to return and investigate the object of attraction. Superficial appearances certainly justified curiosity and apprehension. The face of one individual was pale, and the vicinity of his eyes was deep blue, and all motion seemed ex-

tinged within him. The face of the other was bluer still,—his cheeks, his throat and all around his mouth were suffused with the hue of indigo. One of his eyes was half open and glassy, and a short gurgling, mysterious sound proceeded from his throat. Such symptoms readily suggested to the inflamed minds of the bystanders that the two individuals were neither more nor less than victims to the Cholera—one dead and the other in the last agonies. I advanced to the Cabriolet and the people shrank from me as from one already afflicted with the pestilence. I called the cab driver, but ‘answer made he none.’—I mounted the step and called again;—still no reply—and again the people “scattered backward,” and reproached my fruitless temerity. I put my finger on the pulse of the first sufferer,—it was bounding freely. I passed it to the other without speaking,—his pulse too returned a healthful response. But these motions, and the silence in which they were performed served but to confirm the crowd in their direful apprehensions, and again they withdrew from the neighbourhood of the vehicle. I now shook the driver right heartily—upon this he opened his eyes, and began to rub them strenuously with his hands:—I could contain my laughter no longer, and this emotion being as contagious as its opposite, soon communicated itself to the assembled multitude and sent them grinning to their homes.

The cause of the mysterious choleraic appearances in the two sleeping individuals was, in the first, a black eye obtained in some pugilistic encounter, while the others’ face had obtained its complexion from his having recently shaved off a very dark and wide spreading beard. Their sleeping position was the result of too copious a use of *la petite verre*.

A brief experience of the almost certain fatality of the disease having established the inefficacy of cures, the public attention was now more strongly directed to the discovery and adoption of preventives. In determining these a reference was naturally made to the effects which the malady had produced in other countries which it had recently visited. In England, for example, it was found that the mortality had been comparatively trivial, and as the English consumed considerable quantities of tea it was shrewdly conjectured that this grateful herb was the cause of their light infliction. Tea, accordingly became a general beverage. Rice, it was known, was a common article of food in India, and as the Cholera was *sometimes* cured there, it was sagely inferred that similar diet might prove equally serviceable in Paris. Rice was therefore devoured in abundance, and the proverbial culinary talents of the Parisians were devoted to the concoction of Rice *potages*, rice puddings, rice fritters, &c. &c.

One empiric sold an unknown mysterious specific and crowds bought it. Majendie had employed *punch*, and a few cases had recovered. 'Majendie's punch' was thenceforth sold at every confectioner's. It was under the serious consideration of the faculty of medicine whether the arch-enemy could not be *shot* out of Paris, but this profound scheme was soon abandoned, for one of the faculty having collected a quantity of air from all the hospitals, theatres, infected streets and church tops, and experimented thereon, he told them there *was no difference* in its chemical composition and natural air. Had any sensible English chemist made these experiments he would have been content with saying "*he could discover no difference.*" The opinion, however propounded by this *medecin*, aided perhaps by the idea that the sound of guns and smell of powder might instead of frightening away the Cholera, raise certain other spirits of a rather volatile nature, had the effect, as I have said, of preventing the trial of the experiments.

It was said in England by the Anti-Reforming party, that the Cholera alone respected the aristocracy, for small was the number of persons of "gentle birth," who there experienced its attacks. Here in Paris, on the contrary it was no respecter of persons. It appeared in the family of the Premier a few days after it shewed itself in the city, and that great statesman ultimately fell a victim to its ravages. It was maliciously said, and the report was not altogether groundless, that the intelligence of the Duke of Wellington's succession to the Premiership of Great Britain frightened Casimir Perier to death. At any rate it is a fact, that the news had such an effect on the frame of the minister, who was then in very weak state, that the collapse, which followed the agitation and excitement terminated in death.

I must not close this sketch without a glance at the funeral ceremonies, which added to the gloom pervading the proverbially gay metropolis of France.

In most of the streets the gates of the rich were hung with black; the churches too were invested with "the trappings and the suits of woe." Long mourning trains distinguished the obsequies of the wealthy citizen—while the poor were collected into one common cart and buried, as they had died, *en masse*. Who has not admired the simple elegance, *Père la chaise*, where unobtrusive sorrow hangs her silent chaplet or scatters her modest flowrets o'er a departed friend? Here in the midst of a city, famed for its heartlessness and ostentatious parade, who could have expected such sweet and primitive simplicity, mocking the hollow and fragile character of earthly pleasures? Such were the questions, which unconsciously presented themselves on my

first visit to this delightful spot. I visited it once more. Vanished was the poetry of the *locale*, and rude were the sanctuaries now offered to poor mortality. Vast trenches monopolized the ground heretofore appropriated to simple "narrow cells," and hundreds were promiscuously thrown together in one undistinguishable mass, where each lifeless body owned a separate abode. I stood by the brink of one of these huge pits meditating on the devastating character of the new and frightful visitant, when my attention was drawn to a small *cortège* of coffins of different dimensions followed by a man in tattered habiliments wearing a piece of crape in his hat. 'Here,' thought I, 'is a mark of the mortality in one poor family alone;—here is a melancholy type of the remorseless, reckless character of death's fell instrument, that at one swoop widows the fond husband, sunders the ties of brotherhood, and renders childless the proud yet tender trusting parent. No sex, no age, is secure from the assaults of the mysterious enemy—no circumstances influence for one moment the destroying power, who marks, and annihilates his prey at one and the same instant. I moved onwards to another part of the cemetery, and stopped at another spacious newly covered grave, in the centre of which a man was busy erecting a small oblong railing, such as distinguishes the greater part of the burial places in other parts of *Peré la chaise*. I approached him, the fellow was whistling some merry air, and involuntarily forced a recollection of Shakspeare's merry maker of graves. He had "no feeling of his business" for "custom had made it in him a property of easiness." I addressed him. He was going, he said, to make a *petit jardin** for his sister-in-law, "who was buried somewhere hereabouts." "To be sure there were others buried near the spot, but the ground cost him nothing. He was a carpenter, and "idle at the time," so he thought he "might as well be doing that as any thing else."

Had any one told me this anecdote the first time I visited this enchanting spot, I should have treated it as a calumny—a sacrilegious scandal, worthy only of a professed resurrection man. And yet such callosity may be the origin of many of the most gorgeous monuments, that rise over the disgusting remains of frail mortality, that lie entombed in this or any other cemetery. I have ever thought, that in most instances the splendor of the monument was a symbol of the pleasure the erector felt in the departure of his relative to the other world.

"And they who loath'd his life did gild his grave."

But that the "petit jardin" with its small black cross bedecked with floral chaplets, and surrounded by evergreens, over which

* A common term for the little enclosures in *Peré la Chaise*.

the weeping willow drooped its melancholy head—that this sanctuary could be reared without a sigh or a tear to water the modest tributes of regret, was more than, *even in Paris*, I could have expected. Y.

 STANZAS.

I.

Away!
 These are flow'rs that suit not the cloud in my brow—
 Would ye deck a corse with the red rose-glow?
 Would ye scatter the lilac's gaudy bloom
 O'er the spotless white of the marble tomb?
 Keep these wreaths for the young and gay,—
 Take them away!

II.

My brow!
 Seems it so smooth that flowers should there
 Mingle their light with smiles as fair.
 Or think'st thou the rose's leaf can hide
 The wrinkles of care, the furrows of pride—
 Or over the traces of deep scorn throw,
 A masking glow?

III.

Oh, no!
 There are cares that will eat thro' the heart, till they burst
 Thro' features that cover the spot where they're nursed;
 There are feelings of madness, of wickedness, grief,
 That give forth their signs, like the curl of the leaf,
 That speaks to the eye of the maggot below—
 —Is it not so?

IV.

The sound of the rebeck is dissonant now;
 The days tell of sorrow, the night dreams of woe;
 On the faint perfume of those exquisite flowers,
 A sad recollection—cloud-like—lowers;
 Death broods o'er the earth, and the breath of decay
 Blends with my lay!

R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

A VISIT TO THE REEWAH FALLS.

Having occasion lately to travel through a part of the province of Bundelcund, my curiosity was strongly excited by the glowing descriptions, I every where heard of the beauty and grandeur of certain water-falls in the neighbouring district of Reewah—which some were even bold enough to compare in these respects to the famous falls of Niagara. Being for the present my own Commander-in-Chief, and free “to expatiate through wide nature’s bounds, and choose at will” I determined to judge for myself, and altering my line of march, crossed the range of hills, which traverses Bundelcund from the N. E. and soon found myself encamped on the luxuriant banks of the Touse, near the little village of Coondwah. Having obtained the requisite information regarding the situation of the falls I sent on a tent to the spot, and starting myself in the cool of the evening overtook my camels on the road. The night was now fast closing in with threatening clouds to the S. W. A dreary heath lay before me, over which my eyes wandered in vain pursuit of a tree or hut. The guide himself appeared bewildered and at last confessed, that he had long since exceeded the ne plus ultra of his geographical learning. I was about to retrace my steps to the nearest town, when I was overtaken by a sturdy young peasant, who volunteered his services. In less than half an hour we arrived at a wretched village called Herko where in spite of the importunity of my new guide, who appeared anxious to take me on to the Falls, I halted for the night. I was just settled comfortably in my tent when the wind, which had been blowing somewhat violently, suddenly subsided, and I could distinctly hear the rumbling of mighty waters at a distance, the sound being such as led me to form great expectation of the grandeur of the scene.

I had previously supposed that the immediate vicinity of the Falls must be very hilly, but here the country is flat and bleak, nor do any hills appear within ten miles. The whole land is, however, considerably elevated above the level of the Ganges, into whose stream the Touse empties itself about 50 miles N. E. of Reewah.

The water falls occur two short marches to the North of the last mentioned town, in the rivers Touse and Beehur. There are three principal ones, of which I saw but two—said to be the largest.

Leaving Herko at dawn of day I followed the winding course of the Touse for about a mile, the roar of the water becoming

louder at every step, till I came at last in sight of the huge perpendicular cliffs of solid rock which confine the new bed into which the river fall. Scrambling my way over the stones and bushes I soon found myself opposite the fall itself. It was not so steep as I expected, the height not exceeding, I should imagine, 200 feet. It was nevertheless a sublime spectacle to a novice in such scenes. Compared with the whole breadth of the river's bed, the body of water was very small; there was however enough to give it the character of grandeur and magnificence. In the rainy season when the river is at its height, it must be so in the extreme. What adds much to the beauty of the scene there is a gradual slope upwards of the country behind, down which the river may be seen dashing along with a succession of smaller cascades, until it reaches the edge of the precipice,

" where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round."

It required many efforts to tear myself away from this enchanting spot to find shelter in my hut from the clouds which began to thunder over my head, and seemed almost to threaten another deluge upon the earth. My next visit was to the Burra khoonda, as the natives called it, or great fall of the Beehur river. This is much steeper than that of the Tonse, but not so picturesque. The height cannot be far short of 300 feet. Here the most lovely scene was the bed of the river below the Fall. It was truly romantic, and well worthy the study of a Salvator Rosa. The huge rough precipices on every side excluded from the prospect the world beyond them; as if to confine the observer's attention within their own beautiful limits. Between them in the lowest depth in the valley the little stream scarce yet recovered from its shock darted rapidly through the rocky intricacies with a winding course, and created showers of sparkling foam as it dashed over the strong obstacles of its bed.

" With lessened roar
But wild infracted course, it stole at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

A rich variety of green herbage, and trees with foliage of the warmest tints, decorated its sides, ascending in some places to the very top of the cliffs, and thence shooting out horizontally, overhung the valley.

These scenes which under better auspices would have amply repaid me for my journey thither amidst four days of incessant rain and tempest, I could only admire, but not enjoy. Therefore taking advantage of the first interval of sunshine I mounted my horse and pursued my course homewards. I have described the

neighbourhood of the waterfalls as bleak and unattractive—but this is only the case on the south side of the Tonse, for the northern bank presents perhaps as lovely a scene as could be found in India, and reminded me forcibly of our own boasted Richmond. From a range of green hills in the distance the lands approach the river in gradual descent, with pleasing varieties of hill and dale, and are filled up with lofty woods, shady topes, verdant lawns, and cultivated fields; clothed in nature's richest livery, and

“ All the soft magnificence of spring.”

conducting the mind in fairy trance to

“ Regions where the morn of life was spent.”

In conclusion I will say that no one possessing a relish for the beautiful and sublime in nature, should pass within fifty miles without turning a side to gratify his taste at the noble water-falls of Reewah.

EXUL.

SONNET.

TO A LADY, SINGING.

A voice divine is echoing in my heart—
 The tears are in mine eyes:—Oh! never, never
 Did holfer tones from worldly thoughts dissever
 The dreamer's soul! I feel myself depart
 From Life's dim land.—Enchantress, as thou art,
 Oh! that thy magic spells could last for ever!
 The song hath ceased!—I wake with sudden start
 Like one half-sleeping on a murmuring river,
 When the bark strikes the shore.—As glad birds dart
 Through earth's dull mist, and cleaving sunnier air,
 Send down their liquid notes from fields of light,
 So thou, fair Minstrel, seem'st from regions bright
 To breathe celestial hymns. Thy music rare,
 Like matin songs that charm away the night,
 Would chase from saddest hearts the gloom of care!

D. L. R.

A CHRONICLE OF CRAIGHAITREY.

The evening sun shone on a band of spearsmen who in their steel barred caps, corselets and glittering lances were winding up the rocky ascent that led to the lonely Castle of Craighaitrey. Their leader, a young knight, apparently not more than two and twenty, seemed from the frown upon his brow to be leading his gallant little band on any thing but a peaceable adventure. A profusion of snowy feathers drooped over his bright cuirass and ever and anon as he dashed the trowels of his spur into the flanks of his spirited charger, the gallant animal curvetted and pranced in a manner that showed off the masterly horsemanship of his rider. A squire carried a shield, battle axe and spear, whilst another led a sumpter horse; the whole party bearing battle axes at their saddle bows. The castle which the spearsmen were approaching looked grim and grey and on the front next them exposed a draw-bridge and portcullis. The warden could easily be seen as he paced the battlements above, whilst from time to time some helmeted head would be seen gazing from the barred casements of the main building.

“The knaves keep a good look out I see,” exclaimed the young knight addressing one of the horse-men that had ridden hastily up to his side, “but by Saint Dennis we shall lead them a ray’d they little reckon on!”

“We are already within bowshot distance;” replied the other, an elderly knight, whose grey hair, strong marked brows and keen eyes and martial air shewed him to be one with whom war was a familiar theme. “They have the vantage of stone walls and high towers; beshrew me, a good cross bolt would tell musically even at this distance on one of our morions. Take my advice and halt your party. They would parley—see—they have raised a white flag.”

A small white flag was displayed from the tower over the drawbridge, as the warden in a loud voice exclaimed—“what would the Normans with the castle of Craighaitrey? Come they in peace or war?” A short conference now took place between the leaders of the advancing band, when the elder knight spurring a little from the rest replied—“Desmond needs not be told the object of our coming—we seek the honourable restitution of the lady Bertha De Lacy.”—“Ye seek her who is not here,” was the reply. However, gallant Sirs, if you will trust to the honour of Desmond, you shall have safe conduct to his presence and honourable egress—what say you to a parley?”

“Can we trust those that have broken faith already?” asked the younger knight. “But we will send Hostages to the number that enter,” replied the Warden, “we do not break the laws of hospitality.” “I’ll accept your offer on condition of your sending two hostages, but the son of Desmond must be one of them.” After some hesitation the Warden replied, “it is agreed. Morat the son of Desmond accompanied by his foster brother shall join your band,” and the Warden disappeared from the tower. The Normans having sounded a halt, each horseman springing from his steed commenced loosening the saddle girths. “Have a care you have time allowed you to draw buckle on horse girth before you so speedily give your steeds easy breathing,” observed the elder knight. “A few gallow-glass battle axes would make rare work on the sleek skins of your steeds and those wild Irish know nothing of honourable fighting. By the mass! how cheerily their fires are burning there. I guess they have not had a Norman amid their kind for some time; but see, here comes the old boar’s cub. We must keep a tight hand on the young savage, or he may give us the slip, and then Bryant, thy life were not worth a silver farthing.” The young Irish chieftain had crossed the drawbridge which was lowered for the occasion. His appearance was graceful, his form slender and handsome, but rather juvenile, a cloak of blue cloth hung loosely from his shoulders, a close fitting web cloth covered his slight but well formed limbs, whilst leather sandals and a high conical cap completed his dress. He approached carelessly, and scanned the appearance of the Norman party with attention. His well formed features, light blue eyes and auburn hair accorded well with a mingled expression of mildness and determination. From time to time he appeared to be passing his remarks to his companion. “Don’t be outdone in courtesy Bryant,” exclaimed the elder knight; “see! he comes on foot; dismount, from your roan barb.” “By the mass! I will not dismount,” replied the younger knight, “it is too much courtesy in entering yon villainous hole at all. Look you to the safe keeping of the young savage, whilst I and Derrick read his sire a lecture.” So saying, he dashed the spurs into his steed and followed by his squire, passed the young chief at a full gallop and was soon seen darting like an arrow over the drawbridge and passing under the gothic arch way of the main tower. In a few minutes the son of Desmond stood in the presence of Sir Lionel Davenant, who dismounting from his steed, with a stern brow returned the salutation of the young chief. “You ride bold;” was the first exclamation; “we have damsels here that might win favourable glance from amorous knights, but we Northerns are rather chary of allowing the stranger to cast eye on them.”

"We come not, a wooing your daughters," replied the knight, "you know perhaps what a Norman ray'd is?" "But too well;" was the reply, "I lost a bride by a hanging party in upper Ossory." "Aye," resumed the young chieftain his blue eyes kindling and his lips curling, "Aye, and I shall yet be avenged. Is there no other chieftain than Desmond that Sir Lionel Davenant can suspect of the abduction of the lady Bertha?" "None," was the reply, "but look out, my merry men, there's a stir among the knaves, forward a dozen of you on the spur, I would not that harm came of Bryant De Lacy for all the kith and kin of Desmond." "Thy courtesy is slack," interrupted Morat, "or you would not in the presence of the son attach doubt to the fair fame of the father." "Young chief, in times like these men's speech is as rude as their actions; however, if I have said any thing offensive I am as ready to render due apology as I was hasty in offending." "I seek but fair usage at your hands, whilst your hostage," was the reply, "the Anglo Normans have ever been too churlish to our blood."

At this remark several of the horsemen returned a contemptuous laugh, at which the foster brother of the young chieftain gave a dark and menacing look. "The blood of the Boddaghalt has ere this paid forfeit for light laugh or ill timed jest;" and the speaker significantly touched the haft of his skin, that was stuck in a rough leather belt at his waist. "Peace, Derrick, peace;" interrupted Morat; "see, here comes our Seneschal. Perhaps the Norman may not despise the red deer and malvoise. I know my father's wont, and they that break bread with him are sure of a Coimreak thro' all the mountain passes, and you fair Sir knight, have to tarry longer amid these lonely hills than you reckon. There are healthy braes and mountain lakes where game abound, but the bow of the archer has mistaken the bay steed of a Saxon for the breast of a dun deer." "We can keep what we win," interrupted the knight as he vaulted into the saddle. "See! yon Lincolnshire bowmen! If I give the word they would let the grey goose shaft fly as true as did Robin Hood's." An aged man, in long saffron robes, bound round the waist with a broad silk sash, now approached; his grey hair unconfined fell over his shoulders, whilst his countenance displayed a mingled feeling of fear and respect. "Is Sir Lionel Davenant here," he timidly enquired? "I am he" replied the knight as he lowered the point of his spear until the point touched the earth. "I come" replied the Seneschal, "in the name of my master Desmond to bid you welcome to his lowly keep of Craighaitrey. Touching the slander of his enemies respecting the abduction of the Lady Bertha, he will give true proof, that he is calumniated. Will the Norman trust the Irish chief?" A shadow of doubt passed over the

mind of the Knight, but immediately after, he exclaimed "Sir Bryant is in the Halls of Desmond; let this young chieftain remain our hostage." "As thou sayest; valiant sir," replied the Seneschal with humility, "but Desmond loveth honour more than aught he could work by treachery."

On the drawbridge waited Desmond surrounded by a few attendants whose saffron robes and long flowing hair afforded a contrast to the mailed retainers of the cavalier. "Welcome to the Hall of Desmond," he exclaimed after a slight obeysance; "our enemies have slandered our fair fame, but let the flowers of Chivalry judge for themselves. So, pass we on, gentle sirs." He conducted them to the long low hall, the common reception room of the inhabitants of the castle. Here a rude supper had been hastily placed on the dining board, a cheerful flame blazed up the ample fire-place, but the smoke in eddies rolled up to the roof and there hung like a canopy.

To the upper end of the table Desmond conducted his principal guests, whilst the troopers, ranged themselves at the lower end of the board; a guard having been left in the outer court, where the horses had been picketed.

A green hunting dress, with a low plumed bonnet was all the dress that Desmond wore, if we except the broad emerald, that looped in the plume of the cap, and a hunting horn that hung from his baldrick. After casting his eyes down the board for an instant, and seeing his retainers and those of the knights promiscuously mingled, he exclaimed, filling up a cup, "Desmond drinks good faith with the Norman;—those are sturdy followers of thine." "Indifferent well," replied Sir Lionel, casting however an eagle glance on the faithful followers of his fortunes. "They have broken a lance ere now in a stout meley; but by Saint Dennis, ye drunken knaves, have a care of the wine stoup, for ye seem not to lack liquor, nor to spare it." "You would not gainsay the hospitality of the host," interrupted Desmond, as he gazed with a smile on the bluff bold retainers of the knights, and his eye encountered that of Derrick, the foster mother of his son, with a peculiar look. "No," was the reply "except when our prudence is concerned."

At this moment, Sir Lionel could not avoid remarking, that the retainers of Desmond not only endeavoured to induce his followers to drink, but were sensibly increasing in number. The anxiety painted on his face was not unobserved by Desmond, who exclaimed,— "Our guests seem wearied, would'st thou to thy couch? Sir Seneschal, a torch for the knight." "I am not wearied myself" replied Sir Lionel, "but our yarlets yonder are dipping too deeply in the bowl."

“ They have travelled far to judge by their steeds.” Was the rejoinder. “ We, after a foray or a hunting party give way to wine and wassail. What sayest thou to riding to-morrow a few miles over our territory ; shorn though it be of its ancient extent, we have plenty of red deer and black game.” “ We have seen some of them already,” drily replied the young knight, “ but in due courtesy thou hast not made mention of the Lady Bertlisa De Lacy.” “ Of her, sirs, as I have said, I know nought, but I have engaged to do you service in the furtherance of your search.” “ It is well,” replied Sir Lionel, “ we will join the chase and accept thy hospitality, although beyond the Saxon pale. But the next sunrise will I trust see us accompanied by our host to whose aid we look for the rescue of the damsel.” “ My good offices shall not be wanting—and thy train to night ?” “ Hah !” —interrupted the Knight suddenly, thou speakest wise, Marchmont, hither,” and he beckoned the horseman to him and taking him a little aside, exclaimed in a low tone, “ I half doubt our host, keep a score or two of those Norman billmen on the alert ; if thou hearest but one note on my bugle horn, tarry not to awake the sleepers.”

Led by the Seneschal and accompanied by their host the two Knights were ushered from the Hall. On gaining the chamber appropriated to his use Sir Bryant threw himself upon his couch, whilst Desmond delivering a torch to Sir Lionel, wished him a good night, concluding with asking, “ would his guest receive a night cup, or should an attendant wait to disarm him ?” “ Thanks, my host,” was the reply, “ but we rough Normans, on a journey generally keep on our armour ; as for thy proffered courtesy of a night cup, by the saints, I’ve had more than usual.” With a slight inclination of the head they parted.

The moon still rode high in the heavens, as by the ruddy glow of the embers in the common hall stood two figures, clearly developed against the red light. They were engaged in deep conversation, in a low tone. At length one whose voice was evidently Desmond’s, exclaimed, “ But why not now ? the surprise were easy the Knights separate, and thou hast given secret entrance to the Kern from the bawn of Dunscaithin. How many do they muster ?” “ Some three score or more ; but your best men are gone against MacCarthmore, and those Norman and Saxon men at arms are rough customers at close quarters.” “ True, true, we must detain them till to-morrow ; when weary from the chase, they will drink deep ; and I have a ready invented tale touching the damsel.”

“ And what do you purport concerning her,” enquired the other, “ she will never consent to your will, and detaining her

here will bring down all your enemies in a body on you." "Let them come," fiercely interrupted Desmond; "do you remember Fion-a-Mortha?" "But too well; but then you had your own countrymen to deal with. This Sir Lionel, suspects you much."

"I know that, I know that, and therefore would strike the blow at once. He is one of the most powerful of the Sassanaghs, and he and that fiery young Knight out of the way, what might not a few of our keen fellows effect in a well planned attack on his tower, when he and the flower of his retainers have bitten the dust." "But you have not sufficient force to attempt such a daring deed."

"And hast thou no invention?" enquired the chief in a low tone; "is there no way but cold steel?" "What, you would surprise them in sleep?" "Aye, even that." "But maugre thy sagacity," interrupted Derrick, "they have taken special good note—a strong guard are on the watch, didst thou not see the Knight take that burly spearsman aside? and these harnessed Normans are strong as lions, on your fat venison."

"We can dreg their cups," rejoined Desmond, "poison, that will not work till sleep come on—sleep—heavy and deep!—Then with our battle axes brain them. To such deeds nor you, nor I are strangers!" "'Tis a dreadful plan, said Derrick, but they are the spoilers of our country, the tyrants that trample, on our freedom, and shall we not take them in the net?" "Even so, even so; and hark thee Derrick, dost think none but thyself and old Maudge know of the chamber or even the imprisonment of this Norman Damsel. I have a shrewd guess that that wayward boy of mine, Morat, has discovered the Lady Bertha?"

It was well for Derrick, that Desmond did not see his countenance. He however calmly replied, "How, how could he discover her chamber, there is but one passage to that tower and none of its loop holes or gratings face inwards,—seawards, through grated bars 'twere impossible to distinguish aught from the coral reefs that stretch out from the base of the precipice on which the tower stands." "True, true, all may be right, and now Derrick keep an eye on the Norman, for while we have been plotting against them, we ourselves may be duped and Saxon daggers at one's throat in sleep were a sorry jest." So saying the two parted to enjoy a short slumber before the break of the hunting morn.

The morning came—calm and beautiful, and the trumpets of the Norman horsemen mingled with the Sylvan horns of Desmond's retainers, while the rough stag hounds were led forth in leashes by men on foot.

The party were soon in motion and wending down the hill that led to the grey gate way. On the drawbridge stood the young Irish Chieftain with folded arms, and when he saw the last of the train wind into the woody valley below, he turned slowly into the tower. Immediately after, the drawbridge rose and the heavy portcullis fell, and save the centinels, on the battlements not a living being seemed to exist in the castle of Craighaitrey.

The young chieftain entered the main tower and ascending a narrow stair way, soon reached a low oaken door. At this he knocked and a woman's voice enquired "who knocks?" "'Tis I, Maudge" replied Morat, as he entered the room, a narrow low roofed apartment dimly lit by windows formed of panes of horn. A sort of loom occupied one end, a rude couch another, and some oaken chairs, were placed round a small table. Maudge, an old grey headed crone, was seated close by one of the dim windows spinning; her head was carefully wrapped up, whilst her keen grey eyes were fixed on the countenance of Morat.

"Son of the blue eyes, is it thou? Welcome be the son of Desmond." "Thanks Maudge, thanks, the Saxon has gone a hunting with our chief."

"Aye, the Boddaghalt!—I heard their heathenish trumpets. Woe to the day they entered our Isle!"

"Amen!"—said Morat, "this evening they return to the hunting feast." "Aye," exclaimed the old hag with a ghastly smile—"they return, who may never see Norman tower again!" "Hah! how sayest thou?" "The huntsman takes the strong deer in the toils, the warriors use guile in the field and the wronged often in the Banquet Chamber,—canst thou guess, blue eyed Morat?"—"A surprise at the feast, would old Maudge say?—or do they fight in the hunting glen?" "Thy first guess is shrewd, son of the strong minded," was the reply, with a sardonic grin. "I like not such deeds" interrupted the young chieftain gloomily, "why not fight the fair fight?" "Aye thou'rt like the young hunter who meets the stag singly at bay, but the old hunter who hath felt the antlers tarrieth not at any means; but Desmond once was like thyself, but he hath suffered much at the hands of the Saxon—who hath spread death and destruction in the land of thy forefathers!"—"Tis even as thou sayest, but shall *she* suffer," interrupted Morat? "Hah! hah! what a bright eye and a sweet voice will do, thou lovest this Norman Daniel, Morat, apple of mine eye?" "Tis but too true," replied the young chieftain clasping his hands together and letting them fall despondingly by his side, "love her!—"

aye, to destruction!" There was a pause after this ; at length the young chief addressed his companion. "Thou lovest the son of Desmond, through you and Derrick have I seen this foreign damsel ; tonight must seal her fate ! I would yet once more converse with her." "If thy fiery father should learn this, what were our doom," was the reply ? "But hast thou not ere this given me access ? Thou must not refuse me now !" "Have thy way then,"—said old Mudge as she slowly arose, "and yet you would be a fair couple," and she passed her shrivelled hand over his forehead and parted his fair auburn locks, "but seek not to wed with the daughter of thy foe."

It was a lofty apartment ; Morat entered, the floor was covered with rushes and by one of the large grated casements that gave light facing the sea, sat the lady Bertha De Lacy !

"What would Morat with Bertha De Lacy" was the first enquiry of the fair captive, as with a sort of start she turned her full dark eyes on his youthful countenance. "If thou art the bearer of cheerful news, be not chary of thy speech, but if!—" (and her silvery toned voice sank low) "if thou hast but thy wonted tale to tell, thou needest not speak."

"Lady," replied Morat in a calm clear voice, "the son of Desmond has risked much for you ; if his endeavours have failed, impute it not to want of zeal !" "Forgive me Morat ; wert thou a caged bird like me thou wouldst sometimes be querulous ; wert thou denied the merry green wood, wouldst thou not chafe like a reined in steed ?" "Thou speakest truly," replied Morat, "but lady I am unlike our warlike clan, the chase or the battle ever had but slight charms for me ; those book scholars of whom thou hast spoken were fitter companions for me than our wild untamed clan !" "Nay, one who has ere this painted scenes of glory so well must needs feel it in his bosom ;" interrupted the damsel, "but woe's me, woe's me, I am weary of this place !"

"Lady, I wish I could lighten the dreariness of thy captivity, but tho' I wrong the interests of our house, I will try to work out thy freedom !" "Then art thou not the tame spirit thou speakest thyself ;" replied Bertha, "but in what manner wouldst thou effect this ?" she added mournfully. "The gates and wickets are all guarded, and from this barred casement I only see the wild waves rolling in foam to the rocky shore—alas ! day after day hath my weary eye watched the sea-bird as it rose and flitted over the blue waves, and half-marked every hue of its feathers as it has soared around my solitary casement, when the winds whistled and the sea-caves moaned ; and then the distant sail ! alas ! it brought no rescue unto me !

And shouldst thou effect my escape what would become of thee, Morat? Thou art but a youth and unfit as yet to enter the struggle with the strong men." "It matters little what becomes of me," replied Morat slowly, "when thou art gone the sunshine of my day shall have been darkened,—what if the steel of a sire should shed my blood—should it not be in thy cause lady?" "Nay, I would not peril thy life" replied Bertha, slightly colouring "but amid my friends thou wouldst find a home and spirits far more congenial to thy taste."

"But can I forget the wrongs of my country?" interrupted the young Irish chieftain with emotion, "could I seat me by the hearth of the stranger who by the strong hand had dispossessed my kinsmen of their hereditary property; nay more! stained our hearthstones with the blood of women and children. Hath not the Norman lance gored the breast of freedom, and should I! the lineal descendant of the Desmond,—should I taste the cup of the Boddaghalt!"

"Thou art ever bitter in thy speech, Morat," replied the lady Bertha; "the warrior seeks for fame, and fame is to be acquired by conquest, and maugre I'm but a woman, methinks the Irish may forfeit nothing by a change, for lacking thyself, be it said, I have seen few far removed from savages!" "'Tis a severe jibe, but too well merited," replied Morat, as he bent his eyes on the floor and seemed lost in contemplation.

"And Morat thy dark stern father," added Bertha, "doth it speak a noble disposition to attack the weak escort of a female, and on neutral ground? Doth my captivity speak well? Foul shame and craven on him! Had a knight of Normandy so disgraced his birth, his spurs had been torn from his heels and he had been banished from all fair companies." "Thou speakest truth, nor can I refute thee," interrupted Morat, "but we too have suffered worse at the hands of the Norman. Oithona, my betrothed bride was cruelly slain by the battle axe of a Norman man at arms!" "I have heard the story," interrupted the damsel, "but no one of gentle blood committed that murder, but a low born churl; who expiated his crime by the death of a dog. Oithona, I've heard was beautiful?" "Beautiful, yes beautiful!" exclaimed Morat, starting, but I loved her not," "thou art a strange youth," interrupted Bertha, "so moody for one so young, why the youth of our country are pages at your time and were I at freedom thou mightest be mine, and then I should teach you so many pretty lays and stories of the giants and dragons!"

The ruby lip of Morat curled up into an expression of petty contempt as he replied, "The son of a warrior ill befits the task of minster to a lady. I could not make verses to fair eyes and raven

ringlets and possess an untoward temper that might not always suit my lady's humour ; and then the foolish Page might learn to love. Hast thou not some story of how a Page sang his mistress away from her lord ?" "Go to ! Thou art a forward malapert !" interrupted the damsel blushing, "thou dost not lack memory !" "Thou hast had many fond hearts to love you, said Morat, fixing a penetrating glance on her countenance, "and I have none." "Nay I know one," archly said the damsel, and a malicious smile sparkled in her beautiful eye ; "Canst thou not guess who that is." "Dost thou mean *me*," said Morat blushing and in a half doubting tremulous manner taking one of her hands. "Thou hast said it," but bending down until her features were concealed in the folds of her veil, she added, "that love which gratitude and friendship give birth to," I thought so ! I thought so !" exclaimed the young chieftain bitterly, as he dropped the snowy hand that had lain in his ; "but nevertheless, I will essay thy deliverance"—"I know thou wilt, brave, generous boy !"—replied the damsel, as with a mingled feeling of affection and shame at the freedom, she for an instant prest her lip to his cheek !

The crimson of the setting sun never mantled brighter on the bosom of the waters than the blush spread over the features of Morat, whilst the captive damsel smiling and yet blushing sank into her chair, ashamed at the sudden impulse that had caused her to use such a freedom ; but he, the object of her innocent caress, was a mere boy.

"In sooth I am an over free damsel," exclaimed Bertha, as she at length ventured to steal a glance at the countenance of her youthful companion—"but you know I have appointed you my page !"

Perhaps no hero of romance ever looked more silly than did Morat, who stood dangling his cap and afraid to venture a look at her whom he so much loved ; but he had never been schooled like the saucy pages of the Normans, who could carry a lady's love message, fasten a rope ladder to a balcony and tell a good round lie to the valiant knight. In such times the high Norman damsels would think it but little harm to take such an innocent freedom as has been recorded—"And what plan, Morat, would thy sagacity suggest ? How shalt thou win thy way through guards and locked wickets—this tower is high among the rocks"—"True, true, but when the tide falls it leaves many a deep gully of water amid the fissures and breaks in the rocks. I have lately examined the spot, and find immediately under the tower, now that the spring tides have set in, that a tract of water stretches for some space imme-

diately under the casement. This night, I will have a light skiff conveyed there ; and now to work upon those bars ;” and he produced a file—“ but the height” timidly interrupted Bertha, “ how is it possible to descend.” “ Formerly in case of siege, people at night used to be lowered from this tower. Two immense iron rings are built into the solid masonry of the tower, the ropes and pulleys I have concealed. If thou be but bold and determined, a steady eye and a firm hand, and all will be right ; there is a kind of chair attached to the ropes and to see more particularly to your safety I shall ascend first. The party I have gained over to my interests will raise me up and then lower us both steadily down. Some fleet horses after we have scrambled over the coral reefs await us, and then”—“ What then ?” enquired the captive—“ If the saints are propitious, we shall be joined by Sir Lionel Davenant.”—“ Do I hear you aright ?” Exclaimed Bertha almost breathless? “ I speak the truth, thy uncle sojourned under the roof of Desmond, last night, and with him the young knight surnamed Bryant.” Here Morat bent a piercing glance on the countenance of Bertha whose color changed rapidly as with a faltering voice, she enquired, “ if they had come to the rescue ?”—“ Yes, but treachery besets their path. To day the Normans have gone a hunting with Desmond.”—“ Then thou wouldst hint that an ambuscade is formed ? Say, say, why not warn them ?”—“ There were no need ; lady ; those Norman knights and Hainault Lancers are an over match for the few ill disciplined men Desmond could bring to cope with them.”—“ But thou hast spoken of treachery—where—how does it exist ?”

“ This night they return and when doubtless weary from the chase their cups are to be drugged—” “ *My father* and my *betrothed* both at once ! Oh Morat hast thou endeavoured to save my life and yet reserve me for such a doom.” “ Lady, thou wrongest me—I shall take good heed they suffer not by treachery, but mark to what a sacrifice will this act subject me. The unexpected resistance on the part of the Normans may end in my father’s death ; but I have promised and will fulfil my word ; but first to saw those bars.” And he set vigorously to the task, and four long hours it took him to accomplish his object. The tackle and ropes were fastened and lowered to the waters below. He had hardly concluded, when the shrill voice of Maudge who for some time had been absent from the apartment was heard as she came up the stairs exclaiming, “ Away—away, they have already reached the court yard—dost thou not hear the Norman hounds and the loud oaths of those mad horsemen.” “ Thou wilt be true to me, Morat,” exclaimed the damsel, “ and the hour ?”—“ Midnight—fear not the Normans will carry the fight,—as for my sire, Providence protect him,

altho' he scarce deserve its interposing hand." "It is a great risk" said Bertha, shuddering as she saw that the bars were so cut that the slightest exertion would sever them—"Do you wish to ruin us," exclaimed Maudge at the pitch of her voice, "I tell thee Morat, son of Desmond, thou dost trifle with more lives than thine own." "I come!—I come" replied the youth, as he gained the threshold, and turning towards the captive damsel, exclaimed in a low voice—"Though I give thee to the arms of another—though thy love is like a lost star to me! yet will I be true to thee; remember midnight, or perchance before that hour I shall be ready—be thou but bold and fearless, such as I've read thy Norman damsels are, and thou shalt be free to tread hill, dale and hollow!"

Weary from the chase, the more heavily accoutred Normans dismounted from their panting steeds and the court yard rung with noise and all the bustle attendant on providing for the comfort of their steeds. The retainers of Desmond were busily engaged assisting the riders whilst the kern or running footmen coupled in the hounds. Now might be heard the shrill voices of the sewers as they plied their culinary avocations and anon the half suppressed oath and sudden bursts of merriment of the retainers of both the chieftains.

The watchful eyes of old Maudge kept gazing on the drunken revellers who were now fast approaching to a state of intoxication. More than one flaggon had been overturned on the board and Dun-Morbath had already deposited his body on an oaken settle that occupied a portion of the little vaulted chamber—"I say friend, Derrick, how do you manage to live in this old ghost like, turret haunted castle, that seems to have no windows?—And as for those barbarous yellow shirts you seem so fond of, they are only fit for swine herds, or the canaille." "I know not what you mean by cannil! but this I know," hiccupped forth Derrick as he endeavored with unsteady hand to convey a flaggon to his lips, "that those same saffron shirts are far more consonant to bodily comfort, than to be cased up in steel pans like you Normans and Saxons." "Aye, but they can bide cut and thrust, not like your ragged kern would, who could take a wound from a lady's bodkin and whose long cloaks are only used for their better concealing their plunder from the eyes of honest men and serving them as a covering when they have not got as good a shed to shelter them as my steed Bal-donne on a foray!"—"Now the foul fiend's Malison on thee for a lying Norman, thou knowest thou dost belie my countrymen. But here old witch," he resumed after a pause, turning towards Maudge, "More wine, an thou wouldst not have an empty drinking horn thrown at thy grey skull! Aroynt thee witch

thou'rt worse than a Banshee !” “ Hah—Hah—Hah—Hah !” shouted the Norman, “ fire and faggot for the beldame !” “ Drink ! Drink ! good liquor to the strong man is like good provender to the war horse.” Muttered Mudge—“ Where is thy bonny Mistress, bold Norman Waissailer ?” “ That you and your cut throat chief best know ;” replied the Norman, as he struck his hand fiercely against the table, “ but by the cross ! we have not passed the pale for nothing, and our riders shant return unsatisfied !” “ Come, come,” interrupted Derrick “ I have not doubted the prowess of thy master the puissant knight Sir Lionel, nor that fiery devil, the young knight they call Sir Bryant—but come, send the flaggon round—here's amity.” “ Benedicite ;” hiccupped forth the Norman, “ most civilized barbarian. I tell thee, now that we have got the right side of the gate, to search every corner and cranny in this old fox den, and if the lady Bertha is found in keep or tower, a dog's death for that cut-throat, thy master ! but come brother toper, thy hand, thou'rt an honest cuckoldy knave.” “ Right, right,” replied Derrick, as he bent over the table after upsetting his can, “ and faith there will be more than honey at the bottom of your cups to night—eh ! that's an Irish coimreah for you !” “ The Norman was however too drunk to comprehend this, but with a smile replied in a maudlin tone, “ aye, aye, thy master is a liquorish dog, and faith his liquor is over strong.”

“ I carry the wolf's bone here at my belt,” stuttered Derrick, with a look intended to be knowing, “ but I'll spare thee for old times.” He however, whom he was addressing had gone fast asleep with his head on the table. “ So I can drink down those Saxon Wassailers ;” soliloquized Derrick as once more he raised the flaggon to his lips. After a pause, however, he ran from his seat and staggered towards the low door way. “ I am too far gone,” he muttered. “ but 'tis worth my neck to fail our chief, so I must do his bidding as I best may.”

In an instant Mudge had started from her position and raising a flaggon discharged it with all her might against the unprotected skull of the drunken Derrick, who fell down stunned by the blow and insensible from drink. The busy fingers of the hag immediately took possession of the paper containing the poison and the key of the postern through which the ambuscade was to enter. “ Sot ! drunkard ! she muttered, but I would not murder thee—for when sober thou wert ever faithful : thou wouldst have neglected the behest of thy chief and brought the naked skean into mortal strife with the steel clad men of might, and the pride of this falling house would have been sacrificed for such a graceless loon as thou. I'll dreg their cups, but thou wilt come of no more scaith.”

There was a tower of the building, which commanded a prospect of the wooded valley ; a large casement, gave a fine view of the open champaign, that stretched with gentle undulations for many miles from the base of the hill on which the castle stood. Beyond, the blue hills glimmered in their misty outlines, here and there diversified by the partial rays of a setting sun. At this casement stood Morat and as his eyes wandered over the vistas of woodland scenery, his mind was busy with the thought of the risks and dangers likely to attend the perilous plan, necessity compelled him to adopt for the rescue of the fair Norman Damsel.

“ Would,” he exclaimed “ that the hour were over, and Bertha free, and yet what a fate may not await me, when my stern father discovers, that through the treachery of his own son his captive has effected her escape. Though the means he adopts to secure her bondage would excuse any act of filial disobedience, and when she escapes, Morat shall be forgotten. Would that I had never seen this damsel and I had not loved thus ! and in vain !”

A gripe like that of a vice was now laid on his shoulder, and as Morat turned hastily round, his eyes caught the enraged features of Desmond, who had been standing behind him overhearing the whole of the foregoing soliloquy ; after viewing his son for a moment with a look of mingled surprise, contempt and anger, fixing his dark eyes that gleamed (like a wolf surprized in his den) from under their shaggy brows upon the countenance of Morat, he exclaimed, “ So, honest boy ! thou lovest the lady Bertha De Lacy and hast betrayed thy father. I have marked thee of late, and know thee too ! But stone walls and iron bolts shall shackle thy chivalrous knight Errantry.”

“ Ho, Fleath, bring the ring bolt and lock. This night at least you shall be debarred the society of your fair damsel.” “ Fleath” he resumed as the person named entered the apartment, “ fix the bolt and lock to the door.” As for Morat he sunk back into a chair in gloomy silence watching the progress of Fleath, who hammered away at the bolts, and when the task was concluded, Desmond in silence left the apartment, and Morat could hear the new fastenings drawn on the outside. He was left alone to meditate on the probable events of the night. Now he rose and paced his apartment with quick and irregular paces, now flung himself on his couch and anon springing up hastened to the open casement whence he beheld the moon like a ball of fire rising over the distant mountains. As he gazed from his tower he saw that the height was too great to attempt. He now betook himself to the door of his apartment, and commenced hallooing at the top of his voice, “ what in the fiend’s name are you roaring after that gate for ?” enquired Fleath, who was station-

ed outside the door, "you have set all the dogs in the hall bay-ing in concert—aye!—there goes old Reulura!—the cross of saint Patrick, if even old deaf Mudge or drunken Dun Morlath are not awake to it by this time!"

"Fleath, Fleath," replied Morat in a subdued tone, "is it fair keeping guard over the son of Desmond. Shall I, the right hand of the clan, be kept here like a spoiled child when the stranger and the Saxon feed by our hearth? Shall the wine cup pass and Morat not moisten his lip? Shall the wood be heaped on the hearth and I not feel its warmth? Shall the minstrels strike the harp, and I be silent? Speak Fleath, shall it be so? Remember the day is not far distant, when I shall have power and command; then I shall not forget Fleath, the son of MacCarthymore." "What? what can I do," was the reply. "You know 'tis death to murmur against the will of Desmond, —in aught else can I serve you, save by withdrawing the bolt."

For a moment Morat remained silent, but all of a sudden some thought seemed to strike him—"Aye Fleath, aye Fleath, my morning's refection was not over plenty, having waissailed too much over night; now it has waxed late, and I would feign refresh the body. Some venison, a muir fowl, and a stoop of sweet wine as thou lovest me! haste good Fleath." "Aye, now thou talkest wisely,—I'll do thy bidding forthwith."

At this his heavy tread was heard descending the narrow and nearly perpendicular steps that led from the threshold of the apartment to the bottom of the tower.

Half an hour of suspense had elapsed, when again the heavy foot of Fleath was heard slowly ascending the steep stairs. At length the captive could hear him drawing the bolts and rings. "Hast brought the viands, good Fleath?"—"Aye 'tis good Fleath now!" replied his goaler, "but blue eyed boy, I have done thy behest, so thou seest I am as good as my word." While he was endeavoring to steady the board of provisions with both his hands, and advancing a pace into the apartment, Morat who stood in the middle of the chamber instead of returning much thanks for his care, made a run at him, and when about a yard from him ducking his head so as to pass under the tray pitched into the stomach of his entertainer, with such good will as to send the stout gallow-glass, wine, venison, trenchers and all, headlong from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Crash, crash went the vessels, and bump, bump went the carcass of the devoted Fleath, bounding like a tennis ball 'till he reached the bottom, and there lay insensible; the only expression that had escaped him on his receiving the charge accompanied by a deep guttural groan, was "The foul fiend catch thee for a lying varlet!"

In a second the nimble foot of Morat had cleared the stairs, sprung lightly over the body of Fleath, and gained the inner court of the castle. He next sought the portcullis and demanded egress which was immediately complied with, and crossing the draw-bridge was soon wending his way by moonlight from the gray and lonely towers of Craighaitrey. Once he turned to gaze on the ivied walls glistening in the pale moon beams and could mark the lines of the warders spears prominent against the clear cold sky, and could hear the hum of many voices as they died away on the breeze of night from the banquet hall where the Saxon and their host were carousing, the former little dreaming of the diabolical stratagem about to be carried into effect. In vain he endeavoured to distinguish the tower that contained the person of Bertha Delacy. It faced the sea and was lower than the rest. With a sigh he pursued his way to meet the party he had gained over to his interests with the hopes of effecting the rescue of the Norman damsel.

There was a portion of the ramparts that faced the sea, flanked by the tower that contained the captive damsel and the corresponding turret at the opposite end. Here were pacing backwards and forwards the two Norman knights; their usual defensive armour had been laid aside and both appeared in doublets and hose of silk whilst a crimson cloak hung suspended from the right shoulder. They had been for some time watching the departing rays of the sun as it set in all its glory over the distant waves, when the younger knight Sir Bryant, turning to his companion exclaimed. "Beshrew me, I like not our host, what doth he purpose? keeping us up here from day to day; and to be frank with you, some of our knaves have overheard sundry whispers of a strong party that had been sent out against a neighbouring chief, and report says that Desmond does not bear the best character for honesty, and, by the Saints, this castle looks more like a donjon keep on the borders, than the residence of a well affected chieftain." "There is truth in what you say," replied Sir Lionel, as he leant his arms over the parapet that rose half breast high, "look at the sheer descent from this;" and he pointed to the rocky beach that lay below. "Why, flanked by those two projecting towers and the reefs below, twenty men might keep this place good against any force." "Aye, and dost mark this tower to the right, not even a loop hole is to be seen. The occupier of yon solitary keep must be accustomed to darkness: I would I had scanned it before, but it has fallen too much into the grey shade of evening." "To-morrow," resumed Sir Lionel, "we shall to horse and as our party are strong and the information we have received rather presumptive, we shall insist on prosecuting a search through the building; nay more: should our

scrutiny prove unavailing we shall take his stripling son as a hostage. "That is what *should* have been done before ;" was the earnest rejoinder, "this Desmond gave out that a safe guard was free to the Saxon, and yet as our scouts have reported it was that at the instigation of Desmond some of his own lawless retainers committed the ray'd on the safe keeping of Bertha Delacy. The foul fiend catch the hour that saw me absent from her side when the rescue was needed." "Fear not, but the time shall come when we shall rouse the wolf from his lair," said Sir Lionel, "our party have sworn to have seen a closed litter borne in the direction of Craighaitrey, but there is surety that the surprisal of her escort took place on the territory of Desmond, and you are not ignorant that our host is a disappointed suitor for the hand of my neice."

"Aye, curse on his presumption," interrupted Bryant, "but if she hath come of scaith at his or any other hand, let the northern chiefs look to their own ; it will be a rough ray'd when the Norman horse come down on the naked kern."

The broad and noble looking countenance of Sir Lionel relaxed into a smile as he replied, "In good faith nephew, I would as soon be out of reach of your good sword were I the villain that had wrought you this strait, but hark thee Bryant, not that it is often thy fault, but beware of the strong waters, I like not the look of those cut throat Gallowglasses and Hob-billers and altho' not much given to superstition, the saints protect me, I have heard strange noises in my chamber of a night here." "Hah ! sayest thou so," interrupted the younger knight ; "know then that last night even on this very rampart, for I had risen from my couch, did I hear the far off sounds of a female voice—such plaintive notes as a captive damsel might warble." "But dost thou not know that there tarrieth other damsels in the castle of Craighaitrey," resumed Sir Lionel, "and the Irish are a race that ever excell in music. Now by the honor of knight-hood, if I thought, that thy fair cousin were captive here, immured in furret or keep, believe me, I would not leave one stone on another !"

To this remark the younger knight made no reply, but gazed on the darkening waters of the ocean as with folded arms he stood near Sir Lionel, who soon after resumed. "But thou art low of cheer, fear not ; those wild moun-tain chiefs will hardly venture any violence, they know too well the prowess of Norman chivalry ; no, freebooter like, whosoever keepeth the damsel of a surety reckoneth on ransom."

"But it is getting late, let us to our chamber," and here the knight's voice sank to a whisper "and don a chain breastplate

under our brave doublets, for some way my mind misgives me. I've given our varlets the word to be on the alert and all carry their poignards in the folds of their buff jerkins, albeit we must to save appearances lay aside our casements of steel."

So saying, the two knights descended by a sloping causeway to the walls of the castle and by a narrow gate entered into the main building, and after passing thro' several intricate passages gained the common hall, where hurried preparations were making for the evening meal. Then proceeding to their chamber they put in requisition their prudent precaution.

Immediately after leaving the apartment of Morat, Desmond sought the common hall; it was a long low room the narrow casements of which at the further end looked out on the wall and gateway that gave egress to the causeway leading to the ramparts already mentioned as the knight's evening walk. A large fire was now bickering and blazing up the high fireplace and immense pine torches threw their ruddy light on the rough blue stone walls to which slanting outwards they had been attached. From the roof several iron and brass lamps fed with oil, shed a dubious light o'er the long heavy oak table which groaned with venison, beef, game and fish of every description. Huge flaggons and stone jars, and wooden platters with drinking vessels occupied the lower end of the board, but at the upper end that was slightly raised on a low platform, several silver goblets were placed on a white cloth; and a large silver bowl cased in a stand of carved oak and some comfortable but rudely formed chairs with high backs and cushioned seats bespoke the attention of the Irish chieftain to his more gentle guests. The walls were covered with wolf and fox skins; the head and antlers of a stag, the trophy of some long chase was contrasted with a bull's hide shield whose steel border and barbed spike glistened in conjunction with breast plates and skull caps to the ruddy glow of the blazing and ample fire. Knots of spears and arrows crossed into a variety of devices hung from the walls; and over the seat of the chieftain himself, was suspended his banner, whilst his shield was fastened to the back of his chair behind which stood two youths habitted in the long flowing saffron robes of the country, with green caps from under which their hair fell in graceful folds—these were the more immediate attendants of the chief.

Desmond had been watching in silence the progress of the numerous attendants as they carried in the various dishes of the evening meal, and when he perceived that all was nearly completed he hastily sought his own chamber and cast off his green hunting suit and donning the tight fitting green hose of the country, drew over his buff jerkin the favourite saffron garb, the sleeves

of which, with an outlet for his hands reached far below the knee. Hastily fastening his short purple mantle round his throat with an emerald broach and concealing a long glittering skean in his vest, he hurried from his chamber. In the dark ill lit gallery that led from this, his arm was suddenly arrested; in an instant his skean was half unsheathed, but his detainer in a low shrill voice exclaimed "Hist! tis *me*, chief of the many; tis I thy bondwoman Maudge—have heed or thou art deceived by the Saxon!" "Hah! how sayest thou? thy prophecy ever hath come true."

"As thou sayest, noble Desmond," muttered the hag, "thou wouldst poison the Saxon?"

"How knowest thou this?" interrupted Desmond, with a start, "hath Derrick?" "Derrick as thou wouldst have said, hath given thy secret council a stoup of usquebaugh, and he told me all. He is even now drunk with that brawling Norman horseman, him they designate Marchmont, besotted alike with Dun Morlath in the buttery on thy strong waters. Is it like the chief of Craighaitrey to trust to drunkards who reveal their secrets in their cups?" "Maudge, thy prudence hath perchance saved me, but where is the drug?" "Here! here!" shrilly replied the hag, "I took it from him as he lay stretched on the stone floor." "And the footmen from Duncathlin?" enquired the chief, "Even here is the key of the postern," replied Maudge.

"Fool that I am! to have trusted the drunken hound," interrupted Desmond, "aye the council of women doth excell in cunning! Give me the poison." "No! no, no, trust to me" was the shrill rejoinder, "I'll fail not to sweeten their parting cup, wilt thou trust *me*? Dost remember Fions-Amortha! the cup! the chamber! and the fate of dark haired Morven. In yon very tower, where this Norman Damsel is in durance, did not the skean sink into the throats of thy guests as they raised the drinking horn to their lips when they drained the last drop with heads bent back to thy health and left a bare throat for the thirsty steel? Aye, was not the wine and their blood poured over thy board where thou featest the foes of thy country to night? I thy father's withered paramour! ask this revenge; for he fell by the Saxon?"

"Thou councillest well;" was the reply, "when the ninth cup is called for, drug deep, but remember well 'tis to be the ninth cup and see that none mark thee; but the bowl and flaggons reserved for the upper end of the board where the Norman knights feast; be careful not to drug them. I would make them prisoners; for their ransom will fetch a round sum, or if their kinsmen be chary of the gold, there are dun-

geons enough in Craighaitrey where not a sound can be heard and where there are ready hands and keen steels!" "Thou sayest well, chief of the strong mind," was the reply, "but in sooth I almost pity that fair Norman damsel. Ah! too well do I know the sorrows of a breaking heart, when I was reckoned the flower of *Moi-Durach* and left the towers of my sire to follow the steps of thy brave father. What tho' I lived dishonoured by the world, I had *his* love and that was *all* to me; nor shame, nor sorrow, nor distress could bow me. I *hate* the Saxon and the Norman," continued Mudge with increased vehemence, "but still, still spare that damsel?" "What is it *thou* that sayest this?" interrupted Desmond, "thy conscience pricked thee not on a former occasion; let the name of *Fion-Amortha* be to thee a spell; and, not heaven nor hell shall keep me this night from the accomplishment of my desires. I will break that stubborn humour, and win in her reluctant arms a dear yet sweet revenge!"

"When I return from her chamber, do thou muffled up in the cloak of a boy loiter about the end of the table and keep the hood well over thy face; they will all have dipped too deeply in the bowl to take special notice of thee, and when I raise my hand thus, thou wilt open the postern of the western tower, give entry to the party who are concealed in the brushwood that extends around, bring them to the entrance of the passage that leads to the main tower, and on one single note from this bugle, let them cast themselves upon the stupified *Sassanaghs*, but spare the chiefs." "Thy will be done" ejaculated the hag "but I almost fear the undertaking!" "Then let my *Henchman*, brown *Carrick O'Carril* be in thy council; canst thou answer for him, I've ever found him faithful," "To the death;" was the reply, "but hark! they call the evening meal." "Bid brown *Carrich* be steady and keep from the flaggon to night and *Derrick's* lands shall be his reward. As for thyself, aught that thou claimest and I can give, shall be thine;" so saying with hurried steps he sought the common hall.

Our history now reverts to *Morat*. After his escape from *Fleath*, a short walk brought him to the foot of the hill on which was situated the tower of Craighaitrey and plunging into the woody dingles every glen of which was familiar to him betook himself with a good will to traverse the dewy grass on which the clear moon shone, making every dew drop appear like a pearl. Around stretched many a green knoll on which the dwarf oak and hawthorn flourished, and ever and anon as he brushed through the woodland path the hare or wild fox would start from the low brush wood, or some night owl

flit from the ash tree and as the eye followed its flight for an instant would dim the disk of the moon with its broad black wings.

It was to a hut on the banks of this rivulet that Morat directed his steps. A light glimmered through a partially closed casement and the voices of several men were easily distinguishable in the calm of the still moonlight. From his vest Morat drew a small bugle horn and putting it to his lips blew a few notes of a wild and peculiar character which were immediately answered by a voice from within, exclaiming, "how fares the Saxon?" "Open, open quick," interrupted Morat impatiently, "the moon has already risen a full hour ago, and there is no time to be lost." "Thy bidding shall be done, Morat, son of Desmond, though our heads be the cost of this same night's work." In a second or two the door of the hut was opened, a figure clad from head to foot in a cloak, now approached Morat, exclaiming, "thy bidding chief has been done, the skiff waits, and there is Lachlan, Forthamorloug, Carrick O'Driscol, Dermid of the glens and six of the lately arrived "Slieve-Gullian, Men." "Slieve-Gullian? I know them not," hastily interrupted Morat in a tone of displeasure, "have I not warned you that strangers were not to be on this mission; 'tis one of peril, a false cry, a craven movement, a moment's indecision and all may be lost." "They are true on my life, young chief," was the reply, "but wilt thou enter, the night is raw and the people that own the hut have kindled a good fire." "I will enter for an instant," rejoined Morat. "Hast thou the skiff at the brink where the waters commence under the tower I mentioned." "Even as thou sayest," was the reply, "and placed between the clefts in the rocks when the tide had fallen that no eye could detect it, it is not an arrow's flight from the base of the tower." "'Tis well Murrough," replied Morat as he entered the hut. In the centre of the apartment sat several men habited like Murrough.

"Art thou all prepared," enquired Morat as he declined the proffered drinking horn, "the night wears apace, and our errand must be done ere midnight?"

All declared their readiness for immediate departure, on which Morat continued, "Should this little horn but breathe one feeble note, fly! fly as ye value life, as nothing but surprize or failure will elicit the warning, so, now, let the word be, on."

In a few seconds the party were on foot, retracing a considerable portion of the path he had lately traversed off to the right of the valley, so as by a circuitous road to gain the easiest and nearest path to wind down the steep cliffs to the rocky beach.

In a little time the skiff was found and quietly launched on the bosom of the waters. " 'Tis a fearful swing for a lady to take" exclaimed Morat as he looked up at the tower. " Nay, nay, there is no fear," replied one of the boatmen, if the lady be firm of nerve. " Are the two horses ready?" hurriedly enquired Morat. " Aye, a full hour" was the reply.

In a few minutes they gained the base of the tower, where about a foot from the surface of the water swung a rude sort of chair. Two ropes that ran through two separate rings above, but which were only one foot asunder, were fastened to the board by four other ropes reeved thro' the corners of the square plank, but united three feet above into one single rope. On each side two long coils that fell thro' the rings above, lay dangling in the water, this the boatmen speedily seized four on each rope. " And now," exclaimed Morat as he seated himself in the frail chair, " remember the risk, I and this lady run. If from the casement above, I give a low whistle, lower us down rapidly. I will look to her safe keeping, and have you a bolt in the boat to make fast each coil of the rope as 'tis taken in my ascent, as if your grasp fail my fate is sealed?"

" I and Carrick O'Driscoll will look to that," replied Murrough as Morat seated himself in the chair, " but here, take this quarter staff to keep thyself from the wall and mind ever to keep thy face towards the tower." The frail chair rose rapidly and as it reached the lonely casement, one heart piercing scream rung on the silence of night, soon followed by loud shouts, clashing swords, and neighing of steeds. Forms of men were seen struggling on the battlements in the dim light of the moon.

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With a hasty step Desmond sought the hall and approached his guests with a welcoming smile. " We have hunted a weary way to-day Sir Knight. The keen sportsman, such as thou hast proved thyself this day, ever plays a good game at a full trencher ; so now let us move to the evening meal," and placing one of his guests on each side of him, Desmond took his place at the head of the board, and the followers of both chiefs ranged themselves at the lower end, while all alike commenced a vigorous attack on their trenchers, vigilantly attended by the household servants who running from one applicant to another, kept up an incessant angry dialogue, which joined to the impatient growl of some more favoured hound anxious after the day's weary chase for a participation in the evening fare, formed a somewhat boisterous entertainment. Still merrily rang beaker and trencher, and healths were pledged and hands grasped in seeming friendship across the board. " If thou always livest after this good fashion," growled one of the Norman knight's followers, his capaci-

ous throat filled almost to choking, "I would not mind tarrying awhile amid your wild mountains, but I suppose this is not an every day fare." "Desmond ever keeps an open house," was the reply, "and the flesh of beeves hath ever been well mingled with the contents of the drinking horn—hath the Norman aught to complain of here?" "In sooth not, good friend," was the reply, "and to show thee that I hold the hospitality of thee and thy master in good repute, I'll pledge thee. So send me the can." "To thee then," replied the other as he shoved the flaggon across the table, "but our good masters seem waxing rather warm! You Vaudant," he resumed, addressing the page of Sir Bryant, "see'est thou how thy master is angered. If he bent such looks on you when you buckle his armour on carelessly, such a slim, delicate lady's page would be annihilated!"

He to whom the latter part of this speech was addressed paid no attention to the jeer, but kept his eyes firmly fixed on the varying expression of Desmond's countenance, who glanced towards the principal doorway incessantly. The more substantial viands that had composed the meal had been for some time removed and the flaggons were busily circulated. The chief harper had already preluded a few notes on his harp, and the inferior minstrels were only waiting for the sign from Desmond to commence, when Sir Bryant abruptly exclaimed, "Sir chief thou hast denied that the lady Bertha Delacy is captive in these towers—why dost thou hesitate to fulfil the voluntary promise of accompanying us on the spur to-morrow and aiding in the search after the lost damsel." Desmond after fixing his keen grey eyes on the countenance of the younger knight, replied, "Hath Desmond refused? to-morrow, aye to-morrow, will I with thee—but thou hast a long journey to travel!" "I care not, so that it lead to the rescue," was the reply, "but the night waxeth late; will our host allow his weary guests to retire?" The brow of Desmond contracted as he hurriedly replied—"surely not, until we have drank a little more! Would'st thou not hear the minstrels? At thy age I ever loved the harp, nor spared good wine. But what sayest thou, Sir Lionel? thou whose years tally nearer with mine own?" "By our lady's grace, I have drunk deep as it is; but not to mar thy good wishes, I'll even quaff one measure more." "Hah!—bring wine—wine!" exclaimed Desmond, "we've had but the eighth cup! and minstrels strike up!—Brown, Carrick and Carrol come hither." "Carrol hath not been at the evening meal to night," replied a voice from the end of the table. "It matters not," replied Desmond as his eyes sank, "I dare swear the knave is after some mischief. But hither Toscar." A tall gallowglass immediately approached and making an obeysance stood before his chief. "What would

Desmond with Toscar? he waits his behest." "Nearer good Toscar," said Desmond, and he motioned him to stoop so as he could whisper in his ear. After a few hurried sentences, that could not be overheard, Desmond again sank back in his chair—"Dost thou understand me," he enquired, "Yes, chief, but reflect on the consequences," was the firm reply. "Dog! dost thou dare to cavil at my will," vociferated Desmond, starting from his chair and laying his hand on the haft of his skean, "I tell thee slave if thou tarriest, but one instant, I'll sheath this weapon in thy body.!"

"Strike then, chief," replied Toscar, "if thou thirstest for the life of a faithful follower!" In an instant Desmond had started from his seat, and in a voice of thunder ordered the minstrels to cease, and drawing his skean with clenched teeth and knit brows, advanced towards the immovable object of his rage. "Shame! shame on thee chief," exclaimed the athletic knight, Sir Bryant, starting up and placing himself between Desmond and his retainers, "thou shalt not harm him." "Sir knight," slowly and bitterly replied Desmond, "keep thy inconsiderate valour for thine own preservation, nor stand between my resentment and yon base churl. Believe me, you may yet need brave heart and stout arm!" "I carry both," was the reply, and clasping his hand on his sword continued, "I need not fear to cross weapon with thee even in thine own hall."

The retainers of both sides had now risen from their seats, and spears and battle axes were indiscriminately taken from the walls at this period. However, Sir Lionel arose exclaiming—"Shame, shame! brawling thus over the board, sit thee down Bryant and thou Desmond in thine own hall?" "As thou hast said," replied Desmond, sheathing his sword, "a pass or two when we meet on the border may suffice to check this headstrong humour," and he resumed his seat—"Toscar on thy allegiance I command thee to obey me." "It shall be done," was the reply, "but I wash my hands of all responsibility," so saying Toscar left the hall. A degree of gloom hung over the countenances of all; which Desmond in vain endeavoured to banish—"Come Sir Bryant," he exclaimed, let's forget what hath passed, thou art a keen huntsman, I will give thee a stag hound worthy of the chase—Ho! Colmar, bring Morni, the dun striped stag hound of Ardyen. There," he resumed as the noble dog was brought, "than him there's not a swifter in Erin." "I thank thee for the gift," replied the knight, "he is in sooth a noble animal. How comes it, thy son Morat is not here to night?" "He tarrieth in his chamber," was the reply of Desmond, "he is ever like a delicate flower and needeth much care, and those

drinking bouts do not favour well with young heads,—so minstrels strike up.” A rich flood of music rang through the crowded hall, again the cup passed merrily and confidence seemed renewed, while the jest, and the loud laugh were mingled with the heart-stirring strains of the minstrels—“Hath the *ninth* measure been served from the buttery,” enquired Desmond in a low tone to one of the faithful pages that stood behind his chair, “how sayest thou Everallin?”—“The *ninth* has just circulated the lower end of the board,” was the reply in a soft silvery voice. “Good ! good ! Everallin.”

“When the measures are well nigh finished, I charge thee to leave the hall, as then we shall have drunk too deep, and be more rude of speech than were just fitting the ears of such inexperienced youth as thou.” “Thy will is mine, chief,” replied Everallin folding his arms across his breast, but Toscar approaches, and beareth something.”—“Ha ! so, well, my bidding has been done.” “To the letter, chief !” was the reply, “and be these the bleeding witnesses ;” and Toscar removed the cover and displayed two human hands still bleeding profusely ! “God of our saints ! what meaneth this ?” enquired the knight, Sir Lionel—“Merely the hands of traitors,” replied Desmond carelessly, “Derrich betrayed his chief by word, he might next have used cold steel, but he were cunning now to grasp sword or spear”—A faint scream at this moment rose from behind Desmond’s chair ; the youth Everallin had fallen senseless on the floor. “Heave those traitor’s hands over the battlement,” exclaimed Desmond, as he sprang forward and caught the youth up, whose closed eyes and pale features were contrasted with the dark hair that fell over his saffron vest. Water and every method imagination could suggest were for some time resorted to in vain. “Open his vest,” exclaimed Sir Lionel, “such a sight as he hath seen at a banquet table might have turned sick the boldest knight that ever rode tourney.” This office was immediately performed by Sir Bryant, who instantly started back exclaiming, “by heavens ! ’tis a woman !” It was a woman, a fair and lovely woman, for the snowy heaving bosom that was exposed as Everallin slowly recovered, revealed the sex. Desmond, however, hastily unclasping his mantle threw it over the unconscious maiden, who had sunk upon his shoulder, yet altho’ this incident caused no little astonishment to the Normans it created no surprize in the followers of Desmond who looked coolly upon the whole scene. “You have been initiated a little more into the secrets of my household than I had calculated on,” interrupted Desmond, “but sit thee down fair knights ; in these wilds, life were but dull if lovely woman did not sometimes enliven it. But one cup more around, whilst I see this poor maiden to her chamber,” and

taking up a large silver jug he whispered to an attendant "let this be charged by Maudge!"

"Tarry not long," said Sir Lionel, "for in sooth it waxeth late. But what now, Vaudant, whither art thou wending, thou hast well nigh jostled me from my seat."—"I thought," exclaimed the page in an agitated voice "and, and, I thought you called me, and." "The boy hath quaffed over much," observed Sir Bryant—"come hither Vaudant," and as the page advanced the knight continued, "and yet thou carriest not such bearing either. What aileth thee, and why dwelt thine eyes on the end of the hall, where I recognise Dupont, Marsdrahe and Stout John of Heucham. Have the rogues been playing any practical jokes on thee; have they cut thy saddle girths? or are they gibing thee about fair Mouina whom thou lovedst at our valley in the Saxon Pale?" "Sir knight," replied the page in a low whisper, "beware, treachery is around thee, but it has been provided for, nay start not, see Desmond hath left the hall, Dupont, Marsdrahe and John of Heucham have just now warned thy followers, all have their swords and daggers, and a dozen or so are to make a rush for the arms on the wall. They meant to have poisoned our last cups, but that has been discovered." Sir Bryant turned towards his brother in arms and related the circumstance. Here leave we them to follow the steps of Desmond.

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"Thou art over feminine for the lady love of an Irish chief," gloomily remarked Desmond as he conducted Everallin to her chamber, "hast thou never seen blood untill now." "Oh speak not thus! blood, blood! aye 'till this breaking heart hath grown sick," replied Everallin sinking into a chair in the large dim apartment lit by a solitary lamp. "Alas the day I left Innis-Mona!" "Thou art weary of the change then," interrupted Desmond, "but dark eyed Everallin, the heart of Desmond clings to thee even now." "Alas! would that I were by the green woods of mine home, where the hunter and warrior dwelt and where save in honourable combat the blood of man never fell. Moira, cousin of my heart, come hither," and Everallin sank on the heaving bosom of her fair haired cousin and sobbed aloud. "Child of many tears," said Desmond, "the chief of Craighaitrey hath ever loved the daughter of Innis-Mona, hath he ever shown the breast of steel to Everallin?"

"Alas!" replied the maiden raising her beautiful dark eyes to his, "I left home, fame, kindred, all, all for thee, and then wert thou a chief of fame and unsullied with the blood of guests, in the pride of thy glory did the last scion of the halls of Innis-mona cling to thee, and assume this masculine disguise. To thy persuasive tongue did I listen, and gave credence to all

that thou didst utter, and yet what have I not felt? What have I not suffered; dost thou not mean to betray the Saxon and the Norman as thou didst the dark haired Morven of Osnory?" "Name him not! name him not!" interrupted Desmond, "that, and Fion-a-Matha's, was a fearful deed! but let it pass. Do thou not seek the hall where the Saxon drinketh. This, I charge thee on thy love for me." "And thou wouldst again commit murder," exclaimed the damsel. "Oh Desmond, Desmond! that *thou* shouldst have fallen so low. There was a time I had deemed thy spirit noble, but now!"—

"Woman! woman!" interrupted Desmond sternly "the taunts of a weak girl pass as lightly as the breeze of summer on the ear of a warrior. If thou dost wish once more to see the green woods of Innis-Mona where thy father's towers stand by the deep sea, say it Everallin, and thou shalt depart." "Oh canst *thou* say this," wildly interrupted Everallin, "*thou!* whom with all thy guilt, I have ever loved,—oh no, no, no, not this—not this!"—and she threw herself sobbing into his arms. "Thou art a strange girl," replied Desmond, as for an instant he pressed his lip to her fair brow, "but seek thy couch, love—Moirra, see that thy cousin reposes—my guests wait and the host may not tarry when the stranger sits alone at the banquet table." So saying, Desmond slowly left the apartment, whilst the unfortunate victim of his love sought her lonely couch.

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The Lady Bertha from her grated casement had been gazing on the moonlit sea. 'Twas a lovely night, looking like a mellowed day. "He will bide tryste," she murmured as she leant one of her beautiful cheeks on her fairy hand, "but 'tis a dizzy descent! Yet were not any venture better than to become longer exposed to the threatened brutality of Desmond. Morat hath spoken of my good uncle Sir Lionel, and the valiant knight Sir Bryant sojourning here. God grant they too may come to the rescue." "They feign would," replied a voice from the end of the apartment, "but lack the ability, the cunning fisher alloweth not his prey to break from the meshes of the net, and fair damsel, thou shalt be this night, the lady love of Desmond."

"Alas!—'tis as I feared," cried the lady Bertha clasping her hands together, "and thou art come." "Aye come for my revenge," retorted Desmond, who had entered the apartment, "these cherry lips fair damsel would I blanch with one fond pressure, albeit mine have been mentioned this night with good wine. Come wench, be not dainty, thou art in my power!"

"Thy power, yes, such as brute strength may effect, Sir chief," replied the Norman damsel, "but does it look well for the fame of Desmond, one known in the annals of

war to become the rude despoiler of female honor and innocence? Is he who hath faced the foe with the spear of freedom—is he to wreak the vantage of his strength on the captive damsel to his own dishonor?"

"Thou carriest a jibing tongue, I promise thee," interrupted Desmond, "but thine anger is but oil to the flame that burns within me. In sooth, proud damsel, thy very haughtiness doth give but a keener edge to my love!"

"Thou art a base villain, and black as the raven's wing is the heart within thy bosom! But mark me, if thou dost but injure one hair of my head, look to the vengeance of the Norman. There are many who will draw weapon for Bertha DeLacy. Aye, those" resumed the high spirited damsel, "than whom thou would'st sooner meet the mountain wolf unarmed in his fiercest mood than cross blade with!" "I crave thy mercy, fair damsel," interrupted Desmond approaching nearer at each word, "but as yet the chief of Craighaitrey hath not sought for his life at the hands of his foe. But thou wrongest me, I seek not dishonorable issue to my love. I offer thee my hand and fair dowry of broad lands. We Irish cannot mouth the court language of the gentle Normans, but our hearts are to the full as true." "Thy suit is vain," replied Bertha, "the earth and the waters shall first mingle ere I willingly mate with thee; sooner would this stubborn heart break! Why seekest thou my love? Well dost thou know that another held and holds my heart, one the playmate of mine infancy; but by that deference which man's nobler disposition ever showeth to woman, by all that thou hopest for now or hereafter, act the nobler and gentler part and forego the opportunity fate hath afforded thee. How many a night I have wept in my lonely sorrow and distress! Thy heart is not so utterly depraved, but that some lingering sparks of virtue may remain, and can Desmond offer his captive Damsel *his* love when he knoweth that Everallin hath been, altho', in dishonour, the partner of his bosom—she who left the green woods of Imlis-mona to follow the chieftain of Craighaitrey. Nay, frown not; still let me hope; still trust, that an impulse of generosity on thy part may prove my safe-guard. Thou canst not be so far fallen from the romantic character of honor that once was thine. What will it avail the advantage of thy power if the affections do not accompany possession." "Lady, thou must make necessity thy best excuse, in vain thy tears fall, and as for human voice 'twere idly wasted within the depths of these massy walls. Nay more, know this, Sir Bryant even now feasteth in my hall, and trust me, proud damsel, I shall not tarry at any method of satisfying a justifiable jealousy, nor shall it be a bloodless one if thou dost not shape thy inclinations to my will!" "If the noble youth be in thy

power, better it were that the axe fell on him than that the maiden he loves, to save his life, should become the paramour of such as *thou* !”

“ Hah ! ’tis well,” said Desmond with an ironical smile, “ ’tis well ; and yet with all thy affected delicacy, Morat hath been the companion of thy softer hours, and if he has not benefitted by his chambering, he is not his father’s son !” “ This is indeed cruel and insulting !” interrupted the high minded damsel, her eyes for the first time suffused with tears ; “ Oh that the good sword of any Norman knight were but here, to force the *lie* down thy craven throat !”

“ Hah ; thou canst weep I see,” interrupted Desmond, “ but soft, what grating sound is that ? nearer and nearer yet ; now it stops !” The heart of Bertha beat audibly as she heard the sounds of the creaking rope that was conveying Morat to the casement. Desmond resumed “ ’Tis but the night wind or some owl flitting around the tower—wilt thou give ear unto my suit ?” “ I’ve said thee, nay,” replied the Lady Bertha as she sprang for the door that led from the tower ; the grasp of Desmond however immediately arrested her flight. “ All the powers that exist above shall not keep thee, proud one, from my power,” exclaimed Desmond in a suppressed and deep tone, and he grasped her arm with such vehemence that the blood went and came in rapid succession over the countenance of his victim as she uttered a loud scream. At this instant a form darkened the casement, for an instant the bar bent inwards and with a loud crash fell on the floor. “ Hah ! treachery, they would storm the castle,” exclaimed Desmond as he sprang to the casement, “ this then be the fate of the first,” and with giant force he hurled the form from the narrow cell. There was a solitary scream, a pause, a heavy sound, and all was still !

“ God of heaven ! thou hast flung thine own son from yonder casement,” cried Bertha with clasped hands, “ he came to my rescue and this has been his doom !” The features of Desmond during the avowal of this had become ashy pale ; at length in an agitated voice he exclaimed, “ Thou must err, it cannot have been him ; this very evening did I draw bolt and ring on him.” “ ’Tis as true as there is a heaven above,” replied the lady Bertha, “ none, none but he, and that female fiend, ever came hither to the chamber of my captivity, and he, only he, planned my escape. But hark, there are hasty steps ascending the stairs of the tower and gracious heaven, do I not hear the call of *rescue* ? ’Tis, ’tis the note on the Norman bagle !” and in breathless agitation, she sank on her knees.

“Then is the hour of my fate drawn nigh,” exclaimed Desmond fiercely between his clenched teeth, “the poisoned cup hath ere this touched their nerves. And now for thee, for whom so much hath been adventured.” “Poisoned, poisoned,” exclaimed Bertha starting to her feet. “Aye, drugged at the ninth cup, but by heaven! there goes the craven cry of the kern, the villains are giving way!” “Chief, Chief!” exclaimed the voice of some one labouring up the steep steps. “If thou wouldst hope for life, fly! fly on the instant,” and Fleath entered the apartment. “How’s this,” exclaimed Desmond aghast, “what meaneth this? speak, I charge thee.”

“Thy plan hath been discovered and the kern from Dun-Scathlan have met the Norman hand to hand; they must give way against the strangers.” “Not while there remains power in the arm of Desmond to wield a battle axe,” interrupted the chieftain, “but my son, my son?” “Escaped me by stratagem,” was the slowly uttered reply, “but what ails the chief,” continued Fleath watching the fearful change come over his features. “Thy words then are true, lady,” said Desmond “and the last scion of my house hath met his fate at my hands. Fleath, tarry thou here, I’ve known one feeble blast on this bugle horn turn the tide of the battle, ere now. Lady, we shall meet again. By thee I have lost a son, by thee I now jeopardy land and life. Fleath, use thy skean should the Norman prevail, alive she may never leave the towers of Craighaitrey, and mark me, lady, I have done good service ere now in battle, my good spear hath e’er this left an empty saddle on the Saxon steed. This Sir Bryant shall feel the weight of Desmond’s arm, yes!” and he approached the damsel and gazing for an instant on her countenance with a sardonic grin resumed. “If I outlive this fray, thy fate shall be a fearful one. Knowest thou the fate of Fion-a-Mortha? She was of thy unbending nature, but I broke her heart! Not my victim alone, but abandoned to my followers,—such mark me, damsel shall be thy fate!” And with rapid steps, Desmond descended the turret stairs, leaving his captive under the ward of his rough henchman.

Loud and fearful waxed the sounds of the fray and in terror the lady Bertha De Lacy sat in the donjon keep. But by degrees the sounds of the tumult began gradually to subside and as she gazed from the casement she could perceive a stream of ruddy light spreading over the sea, whilst up the stairs of the tower came volumes of pitchy smoke. “The castle to a surety is on fire,” exclaimed Fleath as he for an instant gazed from the casement. “Here are broken bars, but faith an ugly depth

of egress." "This is indeed to be reserved for a fearful, fearful death," cried Bertha "is there no way of escape." "There is an open door," was the reply, "which sooner than be roasted here I'll avail myself of." "And what is to be my doom," enquired Bertha? "surely not left here to perish in the flames." "Lady, thou heardest my orders," was the reply, "But nevertheless here I will not leave thee; so downwards let us move." "And now whither wilt thou conduct me," she enquired in a tremulous tone. "In sooth lady, to judge by the cheers of the Normans I should guess to thy kinsman, the stout knight Sir Lionel Davenant, and I, I suppose shall have my windpipe severed for coming within arm's reach" "Fear not, fear not," interrupted the damsel, "a golden guerdon shall be thine; but haste thee, haste thee, see the flames are already reflected in long gleams of ruddy light on the waves." "Follow me, then lady," replied Fleath, "and see thou markest well, the steps are over steep, and a broken neck were nigh as bad as roasting in the flames." Swiftly and silently, for some minutes, the lady Bertha followed the footsteps of her conductor, at length she exclaimed "dost thou not see, that the castle burns on all sides, fly, fly for the Portcullis—let us escape!" "In sooth, fair lady, I am in as great haste as thyself, but that thy more tender feet fail thee to keep pace with mine. But dost mark the Normans! See how they hurl the kern from the battlements; lady I must leave thee—craven were I to stand here guardian to a weak woman, and Craighaitrey so beset"—and in an instant he disappeared from her side. Bertha now found herself in the inner court of the castle, and whilst the flames spread rapidly from turret to tower, the Normans sought the refuge of the court yard. But idle were all endeavours to describe the rapturous meeting of the brave Sir Bryant and the fair Bertha DeLacy. "By our lady's grace, but we have taught those treacherous Irish a right good lesson," joyfully exclaimed the bluff Sir Lionel, as the Norman party were mounting at the foot of the hill on whose summit the castle of Craighaitrey was burning, "but by my faith in knighthood it went hard with thee this night, Bryant, when thine arm crossed blade with Desmond, and thou mayest thank Marsdrake for that home-thrust for the victory—and thou sweet niece, hast thou got over the fears of this eventful night," he resumed as he addressed the lady Bertha, who in a closed litter the property of Desmond was borne along with the party, "thy valiant cousin Bryant, who rideth by thy side did prove himself good and true." "In sooth good uncle, I am but a timorous dame," replied the soft silvery voice of

the Norman Damsel—"but Bryant," (and here the young knight galloped up)—"hast thou in the spirit of true gallantry looked to the safe keeping of the maiden Everallin?" "Dearest Bertha," replied the young knight, "she has been provided for and is now in the rear. As for that old Beldame Maudge, she was forgotten, and must have perished in the flames, which we raised by converting the burning logs of the hearth and the torches from the walls, into instruments of destruction."

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Here the Chronicle abruptly breaks off, merely stating that a marriage was celebrated between the lady Bertha and the good knight Sir Bryant, and that several courses were ridden in honour of the same by sundry Irish and Saxon knights, with much fame to both, and that the fair and happy couple lived to a good old age and reared a numerous and stately offspring.

Culna.

C. MONTGOMERY.

STANZAS ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

Farewell to the land where my boyhood has passed,
 To the scenes where my childhood has flown,
 To the joys which I thought no misfortune should blast,
 To the pleasures of fancy too short lived to last—
 Ah! how are they vanished and gone!

All hail to the land where my destiny calls,
 Where the thread of my life must be spun;
 Oh! pardon the tear of affection that falls
 At quitting the country, my friends, and the halls
 Where I thought that my race should be run.

But India, thy shores to the exile proclaim,
 A joy for the virtuous and brave,
 If gratitude's tear shall ennoble his fame,
 If virtue and honor shall hallow his name,
 Or friendship shall weep o'er his grave.

Then cease ye my sorrows, and cease ye my tears—
 Bound onward my bark, o'er the main;
 Oh! forget not the friends who in childhood were dear,
 But in life's doubtful passage, press onward, and rear
 To friendship and honor a fane.

JURISDICTION OF THE SUPREME COURT.

A question was decided in the Supreme Court on the first day of last sittings of the highest importance, to the interests of all those who have any transactions with the mercantile or banking houses of Natives carried on in Calcutta, and by consequence to the houses themselves. The question has been discussed in reference to previous decisions by the Calcutta Newspapers, but our readers will readily admit that its importance claims for it a more extended investigation than the daily press can generally afford to such topics.

We know that subtleties are upon some occasions not without their use, and are upon others unavoidable, and we are aware they have been resorted to by the Court, with an utter fearlessness of the smiles they might occasion, for the purpose of extending their jurisdiction, much it must be acknowledged to the advantage of the suitors. but we are not aware of subtle distinctions, having been laid hold of, by the Courts on other occasions, in order to limit and contract their jurisdiction. It is known, that, to the other sources of jurisdiction as declared in the original charter of the Supreme Court in 1774, there was added by statute 21 Geo. 3 c. 70 "power and authority to hear and determine all manner of actions and suits against all and singular *the inhabitants of the city of Calcutta.*" It becomes a question, therefore, of great importance to decide, who shall or shall not be deemed *inhabitants of Calcutta*, within the meaning of this Act? We have been informed that ever since the days of Lord Coke, the word *inhabitants*, as a description of a class of persons, has been considered as "being the largest word of this kind"—and that the Lord Chancellor Eldon has said, "no word was capable of a larger or more limited interpretation", and that the construction was always to be made with reference to the nature of the subject." Thus, within the meaning of Act 22 Hen. 8. which imposes upon the *inhabitants of counties* the repair of bridges within such counties, a man is an inhabitant of a county in which he has "lands and tenements in his possession and manurance," though he has no house or dwelling there and dwells altogether in a different county. It is the same in regard to a man's being liable to the repairs of the church as an inhabitant and parishioner of a parish wherein he has lands in his proper possession, although the house wherein he dwells is in another parish, for that "the place where he lies, sleeps or eats doth not make him a parishioner or inhabitant only." We are told there are many cases in which persons actually dwelling

out of a parish, and having no house or dwelling in their own occupation or that of any other person within it, have yet been held *inhabitants* of such parish, having lands within it in their occupation, to the effect of being liable *as inhabitants* to parish burdens, such as taking poor children as apprentices and the like, and that Lord Kenyon in a case of this sort said that the above doctrine in Lord Coke's time had never been doubted from that time to the present. As the word "*Inhabitants*" in the Act extending the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Calcutta has reference to the *bringing of suits and actions*, that word, we should naturally suppose, ought to receive such construction as may effect the purpose of the legislature in conferring the jurisdiction. It is not to be construed as in reference to the *paying county or parish rates and taxes*, or the *serving parish offices*, or the *taking poor children as apprentices*, but in reference to the *being liable to be sued in that Court which is established to administer justice in Calcutta*. Now to this purpose it does not seem that the meaning of the legislature could have reference to the place where the person in question *lies, sleeps or eats*, for the discharge of these functions is no more likely exclusively to afford subjects of litigation than in Lord Coke's time they could reasonably be held to exempt him from bearing his share of the rates for repairing bridges in the county where he did not *lie, sleep or eat*, but where he occupied land and grew produce to be benefitted by the facility of transport which the bridges afforded. In like manner, *his property* and *his transactions in business*, are the matters likely to require appeals to the Court's jurisdiction, and persons living under it will not readily carry on extensive business and enter into daily transactions with him if they are obliged to follow him at every turn to Benares or Moorshedabad, to bring him before a Court there of whose modes of proceeding they are ignorant, and in which, perhaps from that ignorance, they may have no great confidence, before they can enforce a contract with him, recover a debt, or get at any of his property. The reasonable construction therefore, of this most flexible word *inhabitants* in this statute, would appear to us unlearned persons as we again profess ourselves to be, judging only from such information as we have been able imperfectly to acquire of the views taken by great authorities in other cases, to have reference to the *possession of Property* within Calcutta, and to the *carrying on business there*, without any reference to the actual *dwelling-place*, and still less to a constructive dwelling-place. Upon the continent of Europe, there are frequently many distinct local jurisdictions close together. There it is known that the Roman law has great practical authority. The general rule of the Ro-

man law was, that the defendant could only be cited where he had his domicile, or place of fixed residence, or had it at the time of the contract in question, but if at a certain place he conducted the affairs of an infant as his guardian, or had a banker's or goldsmith's or other shop, or carried on business in which liabilities were incurred, he must defend himself in the Courts of that place, although he had no place of residence there, and if he did not so defend himself, having no residence there, his goods might be sequestered and delivered over to the plaintiff, for "wherever one hath established himself, although not as a resident, but by hiring any shop, stable, granary, store-house, work-shop, and there buys and sells, he shall defend any action brought against him in that place."

This seems to us exceedingly reasonable, and equally for the advantage of the person carrying on such trade, and of those residing upon the spot or resorting to it, who deal with him. We are quite certain that the person least likely to profit by an exemption from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, is the banker or merchant resident in the Mofussil, and carrying on business in Calcutta by means of gomastahs and managers, for who would deal with them through these gomastahs upon other terms? We should think it natural to conclude that by the use of the word *inhabitants*, the English legislature accomplished the rendering the Supreme Court, with its otherwise limited jurisdiction, just that species of forum in regard to mercantile business transacted in Calcutta, which has been acknowledged ever since the time of the Romans to be equitable and convenient, and the inference appears to us irresistible that this word was adopted with the express intention of its receiving such construction—and such construction we understood it had received. In the notes to Mr. Clarke's edition of the Rules and Orders of the Supreme Court, we observe several cases to this effect.

In a case in 1824, Mr. Justice Buller gave his opinion, that the allegations, that a defendant was an inhabitant of Calcutta, and carried on trade and business there, &c., were not various but only one cause of jurisdiction, the latter facts being only evidence to prove the former. "A man," he added, "carrying on trade in Calcutta, and having a house of business with gomastahs and servants subject to his orders, has been for a long time held to be an inhabitant within the meaning of that term in the Charter." There is no mention of any dissent expressed on the Bench at the time from this proposition, and we understand such still to have been considered the law of the Court, and matter of daily practice. But another condition has, it seems by the decision of the other day, been declared to be imposed upon

the carrying on trade in Calcutta, and the having a house of business there with gomastahs and servants, in order to the trader being thereby subject to the jurisdiction of the Court as an inhabitant of Calcutta, and a further difficulty in ascertaining whether such trader is or is not amenable to any Court at Calcutta where his trade is carried on is imposed upon those who shall deal with him. Whether this condition and this difficulty are new we do not mean to say—but we have understood that no case was mentioned or alluded to, in which such a decision had been pronounced, which gives to the present decision the greater importance. In a bill filed in the Supreme Court in Equity the defendant according to the published Reports was stated to be subject to the jurisdiction of the Court, as carrying on trade as a merchant, or Banker, by means of gomastahs and servants at Calcutta, and as being a partner in a cootee, or banking, or mercantile house in Calcutta aforesaid. The Court held this description to be insufficient—that is, they held that a person, in the circumstances described by these words, is *not* an inhabitant of Calcutta, within the meaning of the Act.

An objection, we understand, was taken by the defendant founded upon the omission of an allegation in distinct words, that the defendant was *an inhabitant of Calcutta*—following this up with the description from which such inhabitancy was inferred. But to this, which was admitted to be a departure from common style arising from accident, it was answered in the words of Mr. Buller, that the allegations that the defendant is an inhabitant of Calcutta, and carries on trade and business there, are not various, but only one allegation of the same cause of jurisdiction—and, if the facts which constitute the inhabitancy are set forth, the Court will draw the conclusion of inhabitancy. This seemed to be admitted by one of the judges, and nothing, as we are told, turned upon this point. What the Court proceeded on was, the insufficiency of the facts alleged to infer inhabitancy within the Act. They held that the whole description was not to be taken together—but to be divided into two parts—and taken as two unconnected descriptions, the first being that the defendant carried on trade as a merchant or a banker, by means of gomastahs and servants at Calcutta without more. "We should have thought this, upon principle, applicable to the construction of the flexible word *inhabitant*, in reference to the object of the Act of Parliament, and upon the doctrine we have quoted, to be sufficient. But the Court held otherwise and one of the learned Judges said, that for all that appeared, the trade might be carried on *in the street*, and he seemed to think it preposterous that the carrying on trade in an open street in Calcutta, should render a man an *inhabitant of Calcutta*, that

indeed it was not necessary he should *dwell* in Calcutta to be an inhabitant, and that his trading there by gomastah or servants would do, but then the trade must be conducted *in a shop or a house*, in the occupation, as the learned Judge was understood to say, of the trader. We are quite sure this *must* be sound law, and it implies no doubt of its being so, to say, that the reason of it is not very obvious to persons like ourselves. When, from the nature of the case, *residency* within the limits is to be considered as the criterion of inhabitancy, we can understand that it may be necessary that the party have a house in which he may reside situated within the limits; but where *trading* within the limits is admitted to be the criterion of inhabitancy, it would seem to any body but a lawyer, sufficient, that the party *carries on trade* within the limits. We can understand that the frequency or infrequency of his transactions, and the character of casualty, or comparative permanency of connexion with the place which belongs to them, may be material in deciding whether they amount to a *carrying on trade* within the limits, to the effect of rendering him an inhabitant in the sense of the Act of Parliament, and he cannot carry on trade but in some place suitable to his particular trade,—but what this place may be, whether a stall or a shop, or a counting house, or an open exchange or piazza *frequented* by many merchants and others, but *occupied* by no one but the public at large, or whether he has a place exclusively to himself, or transacts his business in the counting house or shop of a friend, would seem quite immaterial; and least of all, since his residing or not residing within the limits is admitted to be immaterial, can we see how it should be of any importance whether his business is conducted in a *dwelling house* or whether any of his servants dwell there. It was however laid down, that to infer this *constructive inhabitancy* it was necessary that the party, if he did not actually inhabit, *i. e.* reside, in his own person within the limits, should reside as it were *by representation*, and that his gomastahs and managers at least should reside in a house of traders within Calcutta where his business is carried on which he might thus be said to occupy by means of these gomastahs. Now to us this seems a mixing of considerations entirely different. We do not understand that any of the cases has proceeded on the ground of a constructive inhabitancy being *actually inhabitant*, and that in any other sense the person so described is considered an inhabitant by construction only, but in all these cases the party has been considered *actually an inhabitant* within the direct meaning of the word when applied to such circumstances. Thus, where *inhabitancy* was meant by the legislature to describe the *occupying and cultivating of land*, it does not appear that mention

was made of the occupier *having a house* or of his *bailiff's inhabiting a house* within the county or parish. But where the meaning of the word *inhabitant* is either expressly by using the word *resident*, or from the nature of the thing as the serving a parish office in person, impliedly and necessarily, limited to the being a *resident inhabitant*, then we understand it is necessary there should be an inhabited house in the occupation of the person in question in which either he himself or some of his family or servants should actually dwell.

The Court, however, has in this late case, as reported, gone still further unequivocally to limit its jurisdiction by deciding that, which it considered as the second description of inhabitancy in the allegation of the bill, to be equally insufficient with the first. We should have conceived that the two parts of the allegation might be taken together that the defendant *carried on trade as a merchant or banker by means of gomastahs and servants as a partner in a cootee or banking or mercantile house situate in Calcutta.*

Now here is a trading, by means of gomastahs, and in a banking house, and in Calcutta. Nothing is wanting but *that the banking house is not a dwelling house, and dwelt in* not by the banker or trader, whose place of residence is admitted to be immaterial, but *by some of his gomastahs deputed to conduct his affairs at Calcutta.* It could hardly have occurred to say, that the words *banking house* meant *banking firm, or company* only, and did not designate a *building* where the business of banking was carried on. As we talk of a man's being a partner in a shop in Cheapside, or in a banking house in Lombard-street. For the true meaning, and the only unfigurative one, of *banking house*, is shop, or edifice, where banking is carried on.

The Court however thought the allegation must be taken as two distinct allegations, and the latter part standing alone was, that the defendant was *a partner in a cootee, or banking or mercantile house in Calcutta*—and this the Court has found insufficient to confer upon it jurisdiction over such defendant, as an inhabitant of Calcutta. Now this decision could only mean to assert one of two propositions, either that the being one of several partners in a mercantile establishment carried on at Calcutta, does not render a trader so trading in partnership, amenable to the jurisdiction—although if he were a sole trader, he would be so amenable, a proposition which cannot be supposed for a moment, to have been entertained; or that a partner, in such a house, cannot be considered an inhabitant to this effect, unless the banking house is part of, or adjoins to a dwelling house, wherein the managing or some other partner, or a gomas-

tah or clerk of the partnership actually resides—that is, lies, sleeps and eats, and this we understand to have been the decision of the Court.

By the law, therefore, as now declared, it is not enough to render a trader an inhabitant of Calcutta, to the effect of his being amenable to a Court at Calcutta, that he should carry on trade there by means of gomastahs, &c. but as it is explained to us, that trade must be carried on in a shop or rather in a dwelling house, or in a shop which is part of a dwelling house, and further that either the trader himself, or, provided he sleeps out of town, some of his gomastahs or servants must sleep in that house. Now it is very important that this should be known that those who deal with the native merchants of the place may be aware of the circumstances which must be ascertained before they are safe to deal with them, unless they would run the chance of a question of freight, or insurance, or sale and delivery of goods, or liabilities of principal factor, or concerning bills of exchange, or in matters of partnership, or relief in equity, arising out of any of the most complicated transactions entered into at Calcutta, being carried away from the place where the contract was made, and where they who have contracted with such native reside, and where the Supreme Court sits appointed expressly for the trial of such questions, to the Zillah Court of the 24 Purgunnahs, or of Hoogley, or it may be of Benares or Moorshedabad, whither they will have to transport all their witnesses, and where they must leave their interests in the hands of Native Vakeels, who may discuss these matters in Persian, or Hindoostanee. That this would be an intolerable grievance, will be readily admitted. Nevertheless, to avoid the risk of it, it will hereafter be necessary, before dealing with a Native merchant or tradesman in Calcutta, to ascertain whether he himself sleeps within the Mahratta ditch. If he does not, and many of them reside at great distances in the Provinces, leaving the conduct of their trade in Calcutta, to gomastahs, then it will be necessary to ascertain, whether the trade is conducted in a house which is in the trader's occupation; and lastly, whether the gomastah or some other servant of the trader, actually resides or sleeps, in such house. But, though all this may be proceeded in with the utmost caution, at the time the dealings commence, or the contracts are entered into, what shall be done in a case where the trader, wishing to defeat the jurisdiction at the time, and himself living elsewhere, causes his gomastah, and all his servants, before the action is brought, suddenly to remove their dwellings from the place of business, beyond the Mahratta ditch, leaving a counting house, or shop, in an uninhabited house, though carrying on business to the same extent, and to all appearance, equally as that of a Calcutta mer-

chant, as before? while he has completely, and by these simple means, withdrawn himself from the jurisdiction of the Calcutta Court?

The consequences of this interpretation of the law, as it stands, which we are bound in duty, as well as inclined by sincere feelings of respect, to assume the correctness of, and which at any rate, we are too ignorant of legal reasoning to dispute, are so important and obviously so pernicious to the commercial community of Calcutta, that we think the immediate attention of Parliament should be called to it, in order to a revision of the law. This is not the only point regarding the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court which requires to be settled and declared by the Legislature which we may hereafter feel it useful to discuss in this work.

FRAGMENT.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Beautiful!

Upon the shore to watch, at early dawn,
The sun-light tipping the dusk waves with gold,
And issuing, like an arrow dipt in fire,
From the wreath'd quiver of the curling clouds!
The tide is out—and every wave that breaks,
Bids a short farewell to the shelving shore,
Leaving pink weeds, and shells, and dripping ooze,
In token that it shall return again!
Rocks, rough with limpets and brown tangle-weed,
Jut here and there,—whilst on the steady cliff,
(Half hid in water and half robed in weeds,)
Its cable sure the crafty muscle spins,
Lashing itself in safety from the surge!

Farther and farther rolls the sea,—majestic
As a retreating army, when it falls,
But does not flee, before the victor foe!
White are the sands before me—here and there
Speckled with slaky spots of green, that tell,
Where 'neath their verdant curtain cockles hide.
Strange shells, the marvels of old ocean's bed,
Are strewed around; have they been always here,
Or come they hither from far distant shores,
Unwilling riders of the angry wave?

———— Beautiful!

The distant expanse gleams—the sun ascends
Pyre-like—the sea is studded o'er with boats,
Where the bold fisher plies his arduous trade!

THE HONORABLE MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

Of all the men who have exercised authority in India within the memory of the present generation, perhaps none have left behind them so deep an impression of their public talent and private worth as the Hon'ble Mountstuart Elphinstone. It may not simply be said of him, that he never had an enemy ; this is but a negative homage awarded to passiveness ; it is to be recorded of Mr. E. that he made each man his friend. Simple and unaffected in his manners, mild and unobtrusive in his address, placid and cheerful in his temperament—it could scarcely have occurred to the common observer, that Mr. Elphinstone was either deeply learned, firm of purpose, or profoundly skilled in the chicanery of diplomacy and the subtleties of sophistry. Yet those who drew ordinary deductions from the modest bearing of Mr. Elphinstone were egregiously deceived, and perhaps none were greater sufferers by their inferences than the native princes with whom Mr. Elphinstone had occasion in the course of a long political career to negotiate. It was not the smooth, bland exterior of the ordinary diplomatist, which perplexed the calculations of the wily vizier and intriguing Rajah ; they were too deeply skilled in such common place trickery to hold it at more than its ordinary value ; but it was a rare combination of masterly skill and plain dealing—of stupendous talent and extraordinary humility. The governments of the different presidencies were well aware of the qualifications of the highly gifted subject of this sketch and judiciously availed themselves of his services during the long wars with the Mahrattas. It is not going too far to say that our success in the struggle owes as much to Mr. Elphinstone's diplomacy as to the exertions of our troops. Bajee Rao lives to tell how vain were all his schemes opposed to the transcendant genius of the Poona resident.

In person Mr. Elphinstone was tall and well formed,—“ grace was in all his steps ;” in fact a more perfect gentleman in appearance, never existed. Though intimately acquainted with the classics—possessing a thorough knowledge of several oriental languages ; by no means ill versed in French, Italian, and Portuguese literature and very generally informed on all matters connected with History, Antiquities, Geography and Political economy—adding to all a taste for science and polite letters, yet Mr. Elphinstone never availed himself of his exalted position to assume a lead in conversation, but was ever found enquiring, listening and investigating. In this he furnished a singular contrast to another illustrious functionary, and unlike the same indi-

vidual had a horrible aversion to speech making. Mr. E. could scarcely return thanks in public, when his health was drunk, and looked nervously about him as if fearful of attracting censure or ridicule ; so closely are often allied true merit and excessive modesty ! In his capacity of Governor of Bombay the prevailing characteristic of Mr. Elphinstone was *liberality* in every sense of the word. The public resources were drained by him to reward services, to promote general comfort, to educate the natives, to improve the condition of the British community of Western India, and to embellish its metropolis. His private means were exhausted in contributing to general enjoyment ; and in relieving individual distress. He *never made a promise*, and yet never sent away an applicant or aspirant dissatisfied. Jealous of the patronage of his office, yet no man in power made more sacrifices to his colleagues in the distribution of offices or more anxiously sought to reward meritorious individuals even at the expense of obliging powerful friends *at home*. Diffident of his own powers, though in himself a host, “ a tower of strength,” he delighted to be surrounded and assisted by the cleverest men in the services, and it is a fact that those men who have cut the most distinguished figure in western India as Collectors of Revenue, Judges or political residents, have all been at different times about Mr. Elphinstone’s person. Certain other rulers have preferred to imitate the ‘ great Captain of the age,’ and sedulously discarded all who were accustomed to think for themselves, finding it quite sufficient for all the purposes of good government to employ men who could carry a simple order into effect.

A great deal of stress has been laid upon Mr. E.’s conduct in regard to the *deportation* of Mr. Fair, the editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, and he has on that account been charged with truckling to the judges of the Supreme Court, and been classed with his friend and school-fellow Mr. Adam, &c. &c. The facts of Mr. Fair’s case have never been clearly stated, or much of the prejudice arising out of Mr. E.’s proceeding would long since have been dissipated. We are, however, in possession of some *data* connected with this business, and shall hold our sketch imperfect if the refutation it contains be not offered.

Mr. Fair, it will be remembered, was Editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, and, in that capacity, published a report of certain proceedings in the Supreme Court, the chief feature of which report was that the barristers were made to talk ‘good law,’ and perhaps good sense, while Sir C. Chambers and Sir E. West, were furnished with speeches containing neither law nor sense.

There were two ways of dealing with Mr. Fair for this offence. The Judges might have had him brought up for con-

tempt of court, and have dealt with him, accordingly. But this involved a position of affairs repugnant to men of liberal minds. Neither Sir E. W. nor Sir C. C. cared to sit in judgment in a case in which they were to be at once prosecutors, witnesses and arbiters; they therefore constituted the government of the Presidency, the judge in the matter—supplied the necessary evidence—which went to repudiate the language ascribed to them in the report—and awaited the issue; declaring themselves content to receive an apology from the editor for his misrepresentations. The government, whose bounden duty it was to uphold the dignity of the Supreme Court, called on Mr. Fair for his apology. Mr. Fair, we have reason to know, was ready enough of himself to make the necessary *amende*, sensible as he was of the penalties, which awaited contumacious conduct. But here lies the *cream* of the business. The obnoxious report was the production of one of the parties, who had been suspended by Sir E. West for the insulting memorial addressed him some months previously. It was important to the *clique* to maintain the integrity of the report—in other words to annoy the judges and preserve a record of their folly. Mr. Fair was therefore assured, that the report was correct, and was borne out in this assurance by the testimony of other parties present in the court. To this assurance was combined a vague promise of support to Mr. Fair under all the circumstances that might arise out of his firmness, and this it was which induced Mr. Fair to adhere to his declaration, that the report was a correct one. Surely, admitting the real reporters to have believed in their consciences, that nothing had been set down “in malice,” Mr. Fair might safely enough have taken the judge’s *words*, that they did not utter such and such sentiments? If A. purposes to inform the world, that he thinks *black* is *white*, and B reports that A called it *blue*, it is much more probable, that B should have made a mistake in his report than A in his declaration, seeing that A never held the notion ascribed to him, and that reporting, even by short hand, has not yet reached perfection?

Several opportunities were given Mr. Fair to recant his injudicious assumption, but he did not avail himself of them, and became, by his transmission to England, (the only means of punishment in Mr. Elphinstone’s hands) a willing sacrifice to the schemes of a faction and his own foolish obstinacy. Mr. Fair subsequently brought an action against Mr. E. on the latter’s return to England, but was defeated on a technical objection. It would have been curious to have seen the grounds on which Mr. Fair intended to have insisted on his right to damages.

That the imperious obligation Mr. Elphinstone was under to act as he did in this case was to him a subject of great pain, can be

fully testified by those who know him best. He had a high respect for the liberty of the subject and resisted on more than one occasion the efforts of gentlemen "high up in the service" to deport respectable "interlopers." He was ever anxious to uphold officers in the discharge of their duties, but he never considered it his province to chastise private offences while the law provided a separate remedy*. Mr. Elphinstone is now in retirement—limited in his private fortune, for he was too liberal and disinterested to avail himself of the means of wealth presented in his various offices, he passes the evening of his days in travelling about his native country and in visiting different parts of the continent of Europe. He evinces no desire to take any further part in public affairs, but readily affords the aid of his valuable counsel when applied to and does not cease to feel great interest about the affairs of a country where he spent his best days, and to which he was so large and constant a benefactor.

△

SONNET.

Oh! question not, dear friend, why sorrow steals
 O'er this worn heart. On thy young cloudless brow,
 Fresh as the morn, joy's light may fitly glow,
 While all thy frame health's genial fervour feels.
 I would not darken with despair's appeals,
 A breast like thine; I would not thou should'st know
 That inward weight of weariness and woe,
 That looks ne'er speak and language ne'er reveals.
 Thou shalt not share the sickness of the soul
 That sees but strange deformity and gloom,
 Where glad eyes drink delight. May happier doom,
 Dear youth, be thine. May smiling hope controul
 Thy visions ever, while life's shadows roll
 Far off, like mists that morning rays illumine. D. L. R.

* It is astonishing how many cases of deportation occurred at Bombay previous to Mr. Elphinstone's accession to power of which no account has yet been published. Three instances are known to the writer to have occurred based on "*Insolence to Military Officers.*"—△

LEIGH HUNT.

The sympathy which has been expressed in this author's misfortunes by this community, is honorable to both parties. Like mercy it hath a two fold quality : it blesseth both the giver and the receiver. At the same time it assures us, that whatever may serve to throw further light on his opinions, especially on an important subject on which he has been much misrepresented, will be deemed interesting by those who have thus kindly evinced their respect for his genius, and stretched forth to him the hand of fellowship, to lift him out of the depth of distress into which he has fallen. Under this impression, therefore, we are about to present them with a preface to a little volume from his pen, which was printed, but never published, being intended merely for circulation among his most intimate acquaintance ; a copy of it, however, having been presented to the writer of this article, he does not consider, that any breach of confidence will in spirit be committed by his submitting the preface to the Indian reader, since that is written by a particular friend of Leigh Hunt's, a gentleman of considerable talent, who had urged the printing of the "Meditations" to which it refers. The little work is entitled "Christianism or belief and unbelief reconciled ;" and we will venture to say, that, however the sincere christian may regret the author's rejection of the saving knowledge of the true faith, a perseverance in which may perhaps in some degree be ascribed to the bitter and unrelenting persecution which Leigh Hunt experienced for the honest avowal of his opinions, every man of candour who had read the meditations of which we speak, would admit, that they breathe throughout, the spirit of a genuine and fervent natural piety and a perfect charity with all faiths and with all mankind. But our business at present is with the preface alone, and here it is—preceded merely by the title, and a little explanatory note in the private journal whence it is extracted.

CHRISTIANISM OR BELIEF AND UNBELIEF RECONCILED, BEING EXERCISES AND MEDITATIONS.

"Mercy and Truth have met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

Such are the title and motto of a little volume of Meditations by Leigh Hunt composed when labouring under severe illness. It was not published but merely printed for circulation among his friends and as he does me the honour to rank me as one of them, a copy was presented to me with the somewhat singular condition that I should en-

gage to copy all the meditations within a year,* a condition imposed on every one to whom a copy was sent and to which I readily assented. The Editor's preface was not included in the condition but it was so interesting that I could not omit it.†

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The Reader will permit a short explanation of the circumstances under which this volume comes into his hands. It consists of a set of aspirations, or thoughts and feelings connected with the best hopes of man both regarding this world and the next, written by Mr. Leigh Hunt while in Italy and at a very trying period of his life. The manuscript having been communicated to the present writer by the kindness of the author (of whose friendship as a source of profit and delight he wishes this was the fitting time to speak) it appeared to him so very eloquent an exposition of a pure morality, so full of enthusiasm and a deep perception of the beautiful and good, as to be well calculated with those who have no settled religious opinions to make them at least, *wish* to have some : and indeed to raise and give a new zest to religious feeling with all who have not been sufficiently used to cultivate it.

But with these latter considerations the Editor has nothing to do. His object in undertaking the present duty is of a nature more personal and private. An opportunity seemed to present itself, on printing the manuscript for private circulation among men of letters, of shewing the real state of Mr. Leigh Hunt's opinions upon a point on which he has been greatly misconceived and of doing so without the chance of offending any. The Editor felt that if this could be effected, certain erroneous feelings might pass away from the minds of those whose good opinion is worth having, and even that advantages might result to the general world of letters beyond what he immediately contemplates.

With this object he applied to Mr. Leigh Hunt for permission to print the "Christianism" for *private circulation*. To this a ready and kind assent was given, in a letter which is subjoined as an introduction to the Meditations.

The reader has thus before him the circumstances under which the volume claims his attention. It does not come to encroach on his right of private judgement but on the contrary to enable him to exercise it in the best manner and from real premises. The work abounds with reverence for things the most revered by others, and only aims at a more comprehensive notion of what the best of us desire ;—cherishing every considerate, exalting and endearing sense of duty,—

" Overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love."

* The following is a copy of the characteristic note which accompanied this little work and the novel entitled Sir Ralph Esher :—

" I send a copy of the Esher and another book for your acceptance, that is to say, provided with regard to the latter, you agree to certain terms which I have the impudence to propose to all to whom I give it : viz. to promise me to copy out all of it (with the exception of the Preface and introduction) in the course of a year, and when you can afford it, to give it the handsomest and heaviest binding in your power. I have reasons for this which I will tell you when we meet, till when as in every other instance you must think the best and reasonablest you can, of your,

Obliged Friend,

LEIGH HUNT."

† The copy of the work was unfortunately lost or mislaid ere the condition could be fulfilled.

and presenting religion in a spirit which can surely give no offence to any well constituted mind, seeing that it manifests so much love to all.

In conclusion the Editor can only express the hope, that this work may produce the beneficial effect which he has had in view. We trust that the motives which have actuated him in giving it a circulation so limited and confining it to the world of letters alone have been satisfactorily explained. Whether it may hereafter meet with a wider circulation, it is not his business to enquire. He may be allowed however to say, that should it do so, he believes it will be productive of one great good which does not seem hitherto to have presented itself to the minds of religious thinkers, namely that it will prove the possibility of bringing about a connection between the natural and supernatural in religion, and this too with assistance instead of injury to the best claims of both. Certainly the whole spirit of the book may be pronounced not unworthy of its claim to admire Him whose precepts and conduct are the noblest code and the purest example of moral excellence ; who is well distinguished in its pages as the practical perfecter of all philosophic doctrine and whom fine old Decker has characterized with a bold and pious enthusiasm, as

" The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him—
A soft meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

As we are on the subject of Leigh Hunt and his opinions, it may not be deemed out of place to offer a rapid sketch of his career as a public writer, and his claims to that support, which men of the most opposite opinions in the world of literature at home, are uniting to extend to him.

Leigh Hunt first started as a public writer in the *News*, a journal established by his brother. Gifted with considerable genius, and a naturally fine taste, an intuitive perception of the beautiful and true in nature and art, his inclination, and the situation in which he was placed, led him at first to develop his talents in criticisms on the drama and the fine arts.

The drama first attracted his attention, and he may be truly said to have *introduced*, or to have revived at least, genuine dramatic criticism, for there was nothing deserving the name of it, when he started as a theatrical reviewer. The system which then prevailed has been thus happily and justly described by himself in a work, which is considered by some of his friends as one of the great mistakes of his life :

" Puffing and plenty of tickets were the system of the day. It was an interchange of amenities over the dinner table ; a flattery of power on the one side, and puns on the other ; and what the public took for a criticism on a play, was a draft upon the box office or reminiscences of last Thursday's salmon and lobster sauce."

Suffice it to say, that Leigh Hunt effected nearly as much for the drama as Gifford had previously accomplished for literature by his *Baviad* and *Mæviad* ; and if there was as much severity as truth in his strictures, the candour with which he has since acknowledged the fact, at once reflects honour on his character,

and atones for the error. He was certainly right about Master Betty (as all the world has since confessed) tho' opposed at the time to a host of prejudice in his favour, and there are some who still think that he was not far out in his attacks on the "Majestic dryness and deliberate nothings of Kemble," who he said was no more to be compared to his sister "than stone is to flesh and blood."

In the *Examiner* in 1808 Leigh Hunt made his *debut* as a political writer. His mind is constituted to be much excited by politics, for a deeper sympathy in the happiness of mankind is felt by no man living—no public writer can with more sincerity nor with a more confiding appeal to his writings and sufferings exclaim :

——— Nihil humanum a me alienum puto

He was not merely a reformer, but a bold reformer in times when even the moderation of the moderate Whigs, was almost deemed traitorous, and when the penalty of any more searching liberality was prosecution or persecution, fine and imprisonment, to which was added the ruin inflicted (on those who like Leigh Hunt had neither rank nor fortune to shield them from the shafts of malice,) by infamous attacks on private character. Leigh Hunt was imprisoned for a libel on the late King then Prince Regent, who had been in his younger days himself a *pseudo* liberal. The libel contained nothing, that would not now be deemed mild and innocent, certainly nothing that was not far too true, for the same character has since with justice and well merited severity been described as the modern Vitellius. The description of that imprisonment is one of the most interesting and beautiful passages in Leigh Hunt's recollections of his life. It shews how a gifted mind supported by a consciousness of right, can triumph over the ills, that flesh is heir to, and dispel even the gloom of imprisonment with the sunshine of its intellectual grace and power ; and how an elegant taste can convert a prison into a bower.

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take •
That for a hermitage.

It was in this imprisonment, that Leigh Hunt made the acquaintance of Moore and Byron, an acquaintance so full of promise to him and which might have been a source of so much delight and benefit to all, but which like so many acquaintances in the world, proved the greatest misfortune of his life, to the very one of the parties who might well have hoped from it the greatest honour and advantage. He was sought by the two poets,

because he then enjoyed a high reputation not merely as a political journalist, but as a critic on literature and the fine arts, while they perhaps felt at the time, a sympathy in the fate of one who had so ably stood forth as the champion of principles that they by a mistake by no means uncommon, mistook for their own. Leigh Hunt however, while maintaining his literary fame in the *Examiner*, never deserted the cause of popular rights. Through evil report and through good, he was the zealous, able and indefatigable advocate of reform. Persecution, imprisonment, sickness and pecuniary distress, failed to diminish his exertions until at length he had no means to go on, and some differences of opinion with his brother John in 1822, led to his resigning his connection with the *Examiner* which has never been renewed.

His voyage to Italy, the history of the *Liberal*, and his return, are all matters of notoriety: he has since been constantly engaged in writing for different publications, among others the *New Monthly Magazine*. He established the *Indicator* and the *Companion* and lastly the *Tatler*, but has been unsuccessful in all these publications, not from any want of talent or exertion, but chiefly from want of capital and of management, for it is at length admitted beyond all dispute, that he is without any exception, the most delightful essay writer and original critic on the drama and the fine arts now living. Another secret of his failures is, that he could not as Moore advised him and as that Bard of the circles actually did himself, keep his religious opinions in abeyance.* With him the love of truth is a principle of action to which he has ever given such

Sovereign sway and masterdom

over his mind, that he could not we verily believe, if he would, resist its impulse. Falsehood would be as difficult as it would be disgraceful to him; and he never thinks of it.

While he was conducting the *Indicator* and afterwards the *Companion*, composed of literary essays and criticisms, he was not wholly neglectful we believe of politics, but occasionally wrote for popular journals: but in the *Tatler* although the Stamp laws prohibited his professedly dealing in political discussion, he continually contrived to introduce it in reviews of the *Quarterly* and other periodicals, and of Books and Pamphlets which were incessantly issuing from the London Press on

* Moore in one of his letters to Leigh Hunt, regrets that he does not keep his religious opinions in the back ground, for he adds that the "MANIA" is so universal, that he who hopes to cure it, is as mad as the patient! We quote from memory, but we are positive that we use nearly the very words employed by the poet. And this is the pious Mr. Moore, who is so shocked at his lamented friend Lord Byron's scepticism! Out on such detestable hypocrisy!

the question of Reform during the period of the agitation of that great measure. His connection with the *Tatler* ceased in the winter of 1831-2, and he was afterwards editor of a political weekly journal, the *Plain Dealer*, which the proprietors had not capital to carry on. In short, he has been throughout his career as a writer, the able, stedfast and enthusiastic advocate of those political principles, the signal triumph of which he has lived through persecution, sickness and pecuniary distress to witness, and now in the decline of his life he is still struggling against accumulated difficulties to maintain a home—a shelter, and to provide a mere subsistence for his large family; while many who have squared their notions by the convenient rule of expediency, and been either tacit reformers or anti-reformers, or demi-reformers, having escaped all the ills attendant upon the display of moral courage in evil days,

Now share the triumph, and partake the gale

of popular applause, while he who has done more than any living writer to insure that triumph, the veteran Reformer, is consigned to neglect and despair. The war of reform is over—the great victory is achieved, and now the political popinjays who “but for these vile guns” of power and persecution, would have mingled in the strife, come and snatch the laurels which should grace the brows of those who really won the good fight, while

Each coward son of peace flies far
From the neglected son of war.

Some few there are however, who pay more than lip homage to Leigh Hunt for the services he has rendered to the cause of Reform; and we believe that the day is nearly arrived when something like justice will be done to his fame and to Hazlitt's also. Already indeed, the greatest living writers have certified their high estimation of the merits of the first as a man of genius and a man of worth; and it was gratifying to find among the names subscribed to the testimony, those of Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth who have been, the first especially, among his most bitter opponents; in fact the names of every living writer of note, save those of Sir Walter Scott who was out of England and of Professor Wilson. The most distinguished men of our little world of literature in the East, have not merely echoed this sympathy in behalf of a man of letters in distress, but have given a more substantial token of its earnestness in subscribing for his work. We repeat that the act reflects honour on them, and that spite of his errors and mistakes, there is no man living more deserving of the kindred sympathy of every friend of literature, of every friend of freedom, and of every friend of truth, than LEIGH HUNT.

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

The land ne'er smiled beneath a lovelier day,
 So rich is every light, so soft each shadow!
 How brightly beautiful this sun-lit meadow!
 How merrily the small rills o'er it stray,
 While on their fairy banks glad children play!
 With songs of birds the perfumed groves are ringing—
 'Neath cottage eaves the village maids are singing
 And blend their artless songs with laughter gay,—
 A herdsman old in yonder shade reposes;
 And kine, knee-deep in pasture, feed at pleasure!—
 Oh sweeter far than Persia's fields of roses
 This simple scene, that memory long shall treasure.
 Elysian landscape! Ere life's vision closes,
 May this worn heart here taste luxurious leisure!

D. L. R.

TO MY FIRST GREY HAIR.

Ha! silent monitor of years gone by;
 Thy early presence, brings full many a thought
 Of boyhood's days, when o'er the summer's sky,
 No clouds save those with passing showers fraught,
 Obscured the dancing sun-beam; now must I,
 By lapse of years, and sad experience taught,
 Hail thy mysterious warning with a sigh,
 That manhood's ices approach, that wintry storms are nigh.

Sickness and sorrow, like the hand of time,
 Will blanch the raven locks and quench the fire
 Of youthful eyes, and in this hated clime,
 Both have I tasted, but should I enquire,
 What others suffer'd, mine indeed decline
 To nought: whence then, this piteous desire?
 To seek for thy dread visit other cause,
 Than that adduced by years, supplied by nature's laws.

As the bold mariner, when skies o'er-cast,
 Portend destruction to his fragile bark,
 Prepares in haste to meet the coming blast:
 E'en so must I, this single warning mark,
 And brace my nerves before the time be past,
 To ride in safety o'er the billows dark,
 Of life's dread voyage; for each rolling year
 Must add to all our griefs, and multiply our fear.

W. Z.

THE KUDDUM RUSSOOL.

Near Sultun Khoosroo's garden at Allahabad stands a large mosque of brick masonry said to have been erected some centuries ago. This sacred edifice is reputed to contain the impression of Mahomet's foot on a piece of stone confidently asserted to have been brought from Mecca. The shrine is visited once a year by the whole mahomedan population of this city, on the occasion of an annual festival held there, and, at other periods, by small parties, particularly about the time of the new moon, for the purposes of devotion, or by individuals, for presenting their offerings in performance of their vows. The shrine is held in great esteem and veneration by the superstitious moorish populace, and is placed in charge of a Faqueer, who boasts his descent, in a direct line, from the first attendants of the Kuddum Russool. Curiosity made me inquire of my moonshee into the history of this relic of superstition, but he told me that it was not easy to gratify me on this point as no authentic account of the shrine was extant, except what was to be found in tradition relative to the removal of the impression of the prophet's foot from its original position; but in the truth of which no dependance could be placed, as traditionary narratives are so liable to be corrupted by interpolations; 'but, sir,' continued he, 'if you are desirous of learning something of the life and character of one of the Faqueers, who, in days of yore, served at the shrine I could, perhaps, satisfy your curiosity on that head.' I replied in the affirmative, and the next day my moonshee produced a small Persian manuscript, which, he assured me, was a most scarce work, and contained a correct and faithful account of the Faqueer he alluded to, as it was composed by the Faqueer himself, with the exception of the conclusion, which was written by one of his favorite disciples. I perused the manuscript with the utmost eagerness, and, having found it exceedingly interesting, I have taken the trouble of translating it for the perusal of the English reader. It may be sufficient to state that the work is written in the first person, as the author is the reciter of his own acts.

THE HISTORY OF MAHUMMUD SHAW FAQUEER.

'I was scarcely twenty years of age, when my father, who ministered at the shrine of Kuddum Russool, installed me as his present assistant and future successor, into the holy office. It must, however, be confessed that my disposition and inclination little fitted me for so sacred a calling; but this my father deemed of no consequence, as, in his opinion, it was the sacredness

of the office, which I was one day destined to fill, that would invest me with sanctity, and not the character and conduct of the individual, which could alone render him respected, esteemed, and honored as truly pious. But how much my father erred in this opinion, experience of the scandalous lives of those, who take upon themselves the profession of a faqueer, without thought or reflection, must convince every one, how noble is the calling, of a faqueer, how exalted his character, when the former is assumed from sincerity, and the latter regulated by piety; but how vile and degrading does that profession become and how low does that character sink, when the first is made subservient to purposes of wordly interest, and the last prostituted to the attainment of an equally despicable object; public notoriety, without consideration of the artifices by which that notoriety is gained. This was precisely the case with me; nay, it was worse. I had become a faqueer, and been initiated into the mysteries of his profession, not because I thought the latter more honorable than any other vocation, or entertained a higher respect for the reputation of the former, than for that of any other man; but because my father left me no choice, and I cared not, therefore, to disappoint his hopes and expectations of encreasing the fame of his ancestors; because I was perfectly passive to his will, and felt totally indifferent as to what occupation I followed and, therefore, yielded, without hesitation and without reluctance, to the old man's whim, who foolishly imagined that my assumption of a profession, which he considered so illustrious, and which had descended to him from his progenitors, was all that was necessary not only to give, in time, a serious turn to my character; but also to redound to the credit of his name and family. Mistaken old man! He knew me not; he knew not the disposition of my mind: he knew not that I was a dissembler and a profligate. Young and inexperienced as I was believed to me, I was a confirmed hypocrite and debauchee by nature. I easily persuaded my father that I really cherished an ardent desire to enter into the holy functions, and entertained the highest respect and reverence for the office. I found no difficulty in convincing him of the singleness and sincerity of my motives in embracing the profession; for my father's simplicity of character and openness of disposition, totally disqualified him from scanning men's actions and penetrating their real motives; so that in labouring to satisfy him of the honesty of my purpose he was incapable of discovering the absolute deceit I was practising on his unsuspecting credulity, and could not perceive how thoroughly I despised his profession, and in what sovereign contempt I held the character of a faqueer, or if I did not wholly despise his calling, at least, I deemed it, in no degree, more praiseworthy than any

other, than even that of a cobbler, who honestly labours in his vocation and is useful to society in supplying one of its most indispensable and essential wants, or than even that of a *Moordafurash* or undertaker, who performs a necessary though profitable office to deceased humanity.

My father did not long survive my installation. He was suddenly seized with a violent malady, and, in spite of the skill and experience of his physician, soon laid low in the grave. I followed his bier, as a matter of course, surrounded by his weeping friends, and, perhaps, shed a few natural tears at my sad bereavement; but they were not wrung from me by sorrow for the loss I had sustained; they were probably forced by the momentary impulse of human weakness. I had been deprived of the tender cares of a mother when I had scarcely attained my fifth year, and consequently retained little or no recollection of her. I was now cast upon the wide world; but not like a friendless and destitute wretch, who knows not where to lay his head, or where to seek shelter and protection from the pitiless storm of adversity. I was more fortunate, for I was surrounded with splendour and dignity which unsought and undesired shone around me. I was a servant of the most high God; an attendant on the Kuddum Russool; revered and adored by the deluded multitude, as a person of uncommon piety and sanctity of character, and regarded by the simple and thoughtless, as one raised by the favor of heaven above the ordinary level of humanity. How enviable was my situation; how exalted my station! The great and the small, the rich and the poor, the prince and the peasant, equally contended for my notice. Kings and potentates, before whom myriads tremble and prostrate themselves, cast their diadems at my feet, as more worthy to grace them than to adorn their own brows, and meekly bowed their necks before me; the old and the young equally bent their heads to crave a blessing from me; and even beauty, proud, haughty beauty, humbled herself in the dust as a suppliant for my smile and benediction. Such was Mahummud Shaw at the commencement of his career; but from this summit of exaltation and dignity, he fell, like the arch-apostate from his sphere of glory, into the lowest depth of shame and ignominy.

I was now little more than twenty years of age, tall in stature, robust and muscular in frame, and, let me not be accused of vanity when I say, singularly prepossessing in appearance. These were no trifling advantages in my favor, and I turned them to the best account.

For nearly fifteen years nothing of very material consequence occurred worth mention, except that I grew bolder and bold-

er in vice and stronger and stronger in iniquity. Many were the young and beautiful creatures, whom I immolated on the altar of lust, whose utter, irretrievable ruin I secretly effected by the success of my wiles; whom, when the burning phrenzy of hot desire had cooled by fruition, I flung from me without one feeling of regret, as the gorged vulture casts the rejected morsel of carrion from its sickened maw, and for whose fate I never felt a touch of remorse.

It was one Thursday evening about dusk, and after the usual frequenters of the *durgah* had retired, that a new visitor honored the Kuddum Russool with the sunshine of her presence. It was a female of rank, but, as I subsequently learnt, reduced in circumstances. Her features were concealed by a veil attached to a cloak of white cloth commonly worn by *Sydannees**, which made me naturally conclude that she belonged to that class, as she really did. Her gait, as she walked into the *durgah*, was stately, her figure majestic, and her whole demeanor commanding and calculated to inspire awe and respect; but I could not judge of the style of her beauty from its being concealed, as already observed, until, having passed the threshold and carefully scrutinized the interior of the mosque, to satisfy herself that it was clear of intruders, she flung aside all reserve, as unbecoming so sacred a place, and, like all *pardansheen* females†, disencumbering herself of her wrapper, exposed a set of features moulded to such exquisite perfection, so divinely fair and delicate that, accustomed as I was to the sight of the handsomest women, I could not behold the angelic creature glittering before me without perfect rapture. I gazed at her with an intensity of admiration that concentrated all the faculties of my mind into one powerful feeling of absorbing interest. The scene was indeed a touching one. The night, which drew on apace, was dark, and the shrine was illumined by a couple of lamps that usually burned at the two extremities of the Kuddum Russool, except at festivals, when there used to be a general illumination as the concourse of visitors on these occasions was of course very great. Close to the Kuddum Russool first stood but an instant only and then knelt to perform her devotions the sybilike being I have just described. How heavenly, how seraphic did she look in every varying posture, which the different requisitions of the *Numauz*‡ enjoins as necessary. Every changing attitude, which she was obliged to assume, seemed only to invest her with a new and

* The *Syuds* are the highest caste of Mahomedans and the *Sydannees* the highest caste of Mahomedan female.

† Women who live in concealment generally, and, when they do venture abroad on any occasion, which very rarely happens, cover themselves with a light cloak with a veil affixed to that part which falls over the face.

‡ Prayers.

peculiar charm ; every motion was marked with a grace that communicated a fresh and particular interest to the act of devotion, in which she was so deeply engaged that she did not notice the profound admiration with which I regarded her. How fervent seemed the orisons which the lovely devotee poured out from her inmost soul to the prophet ; how sweet, how holy and sublime appeared the aspirations which her pure spirit breathed forth in rich and grateful incense to heaven. How elegantly would she sometimes stand erect with her hands crossed over her heaving bosom, or hanging negligently at her side ; how gracefully at others would she bend her neck, and half her form, and then sinking on her knees perform the *sigdah*.* There is no object in the world so interesting, no spectacle so lovely as that of a young and beautiful woman engaged in devotion.

Absorbed as my new visitor was in her religious exercise, she seemed hardly to observe me, and, indeed, I was myself so deeply wrapt in admiration of her charms that I remained motionless and speechless all the time she was repeating the *Numaus*, and followed her receding form only with my eyes, as, rising from her last prostration with the fire of holy zeal and sincere piety kindled in her radiant eyes and kissing the sacred impression, she silently withdrew, without, as was customary with the devotees of both sexes, exchanging a single word with me, or even bestowing a casual glance on the servant of the shrine ; but it was well that she did not, for had she done so, she would most probably have averted her face with shame, shrunk back abashed, or recoiled with horror, as from the glance of a basilisk, had she discovered in my looks, as she inevitably must have done, the burning fury of passion.

Who and what my new visitor was I knew not at the time, for I had never before seen nor even heard of her ; but I determined not to remain in ignorance of her name and family. The next day I made the necessary inquiry, and learnt with joy that she was called Lala, and was the daughter, the only child, of a broken down emir, who, having been ruined in fortune, had recently quitted Shahjehanabad,† and came to reside at Allahabad. Like me, Lala had been bereft of her mother at a tender age, and the care of her education had, in consequence, devolved entirely on her father, who doted on her to excess. Lala, as I was informed, bore so strong a resemblance to her mother, that the deceased parent seemed to live again in her offspring ; and if

* The *Sigdah* is the prostration of the head on the ground performed in a sitting posture, and accompanied by an inclination of the body.

† Shahjehanabad is the imperial cognomen of Delhi, and derives that name from the Emperor Shahjehan, who founded it, or rather removed the seat of Government to it from Agra.

there was any difference observable between them; it was in the fairer shade of Lala's complexion, and the more harmonious style of her features. Cold and dead must be the heart of that man, who could view such enchanting beauties without feeling, his bosom warmed by the intensest emotions of passion. I saw and admired Lala; but mine was not the ardour of simple admiration, which spontaneously springs up in the breast at the sight of a more than ordinarily interesting object; it was the offspring of unhallowed desire. I gazed at the lovely flower, as it bloomed and blushed before me in all its native innocence, purity, freshness, and beauty, only for the mischievous purpose of plucking it from its stock, indifferent whether it flourished or withered in my grasp. I sighed to transplant this fair blossom into my bosom, to inhale its fragrance, and taste its sweetness, regardless of the one which I already possessed, and which was almost as lovely to look upon; but which was daily decaying under the ungenial blush, which breathed pestilence and infection over it, and which made it lawful for me to sigh after another. I was, in short married, and married to one, who in spite of my indifference and coldness towards her, continued to love me to distraction, and who, for her unwavering attachment and affection for an unworthy object, deserved a kinder and happier fate; who, notwithstanding my constant aberrations from the path of duty, never once upbraided me with a word of reproach for my baseness towards her. For years Goolzaree had been the companion of my bosom, and that bosom, hard and callous as it was now become, had at one period beat with true fervour for her, though it had now ceased to respond to those soft feelings, which *her* guileless breast still cherished for me. Though nearly as handsome now, as when I first pressed her to my heart, yet her charms had lost their novelty in my eyes. Poor thing! she was aware of the new magnet, which drew my soul away from her, yet would she not reproach me even with her eyes, she would not pain me even by a sigh; but was silent and submissive under this fresh and cruel indignity. What a viper a man can sometimes become, ready to sting the very bosom, which warms and nourishes it. What a vile wretch, what a cold-hearted villain was I, to repay such excellence, such devotedness with such unparalleled treachery.

No sooner had Lala retired, than, urged by the extravagant feeling of the moment, and the wildness of my passion, I mechanically went and stood on the very same place, yet warm with her touch, which she had occupied, as if contact with it would bring me in close embrace with Lala. I knelt and prostrated myself on the ground, as if that act of phrenzy were capable of realizing my wild wishes. I glued my lips to the spot, yet moist with her kiss, which her own had pressed. In a few minutes,

the madness of passion, the imbecility of folly passed away, and the soberness of returning reason represented, in its true colours the extreme silliness of my conduct. From this hour, however, my days and nights were given to thoughts of Lala, and spent in devising schemes for the accomplishment of her destruction; but somehow or another all my plans miscarried and all my attempts to effect my purpose failed. Whether Lala had actually, though unperceived by me, noticed my extravagant admiration of her, and had, therefore, kept herself away, or whether my not seeing her again was to be attributed to accident is what I cannot tell; this only is certain that for weeks she did not make her appearance abroad, and when at last, she did revisit the shrine, how much she was altered; not for the worse, for no earthly calamity could in my opinion, have any power over her charms. The first glance satisfied me, that she had been long and seriously ill; and this event at once explained the mystery of her recent seclusion, and selfish as I was become by profligacy and vice, I pitied her from my soul.

Lala revisited the Kuddum Russool again, to offer her thanks to the Prophet for her recovery. Her form, naturally slender, was much wasted; her countenance was wan, and her voice tremulous from weakness, still there was something in her appearance that rendered her, if possible, more touchingly sweet and interesting than even in health. She had brought an offering with her, which she placed on the edge of the impression, and having entreated my good offices to read the necessary ceremony over it, was, at its conclusion, about to retire, when, suddenly recollecting herself, she paused and addressed me; 'Your pardon Shaw sahib; I had almost forgotten your share of the *Sirnee*.* Allow me to entreat your acceptance of a little,' and, taking a portion in her hand, offered it to me. I stretched out mine to receive the grateful present, without having the command of my tongue to utter a word of thanks. As she withdrew, I instinctively followed her to the terrace in front of the mosque, and strained my eyes after her retreating form till she was completely out of sight.

It will not be necessary to recount the various schemes and stratagems which I secretly employed to entice Lala to her ruin. Openly I dared not proceed to work, for independantly of the loss of character, I dreaded the resentment of the old Emir, who, if his suspicion were once awakened, would not, I knew, scruple to make me feel the bitter effects of his vengeance, and it was, in all probability, owing to the extreme caution which I was forced to use, with a view to secrecy, that all my projects miscarried. My seeming holiness and blameless-

* *Sirnee* is consecrated offering.

ness of life and conduct, which I was by no means prepared to risk, made me naturally shrink from the adoption of any open plan, as easily liable to detection, and fraught with serious consequences. In the opinion of the deluded multitude, who content themselves with regarding merely the outside of the characters of the professors of religion without troubling their heads to scrutinize their real pretensions to superior sanctity, I had hitherto stood high, and how could I bear to descend from that elevation, how consent to compromise that dignity to which fortune had raised me; how could I submit to the scoffs and jeers of the envious; how endure the scorn and mockery of the infidel, or the sneers and taunts of the mean and contemptible. The very idea of being reduced to such a degrading level with those, whom, in the haughtiness of my pride, I had spurned, like the worm, fit to be crushed under the foot, wrung my soul with agony.

It was in a state of illhumour that I quitted my humble roof at a somewhat advanced hour of the night, and, for a long while wandered from street to street, unknowing and undetermined what course to pursue.

Unconsciously I proceeded in the direction of Lala's residence, and when I had approached within a short distance of it, I distinctly heard sounds of mirth and gladness within. My curiosity being excited by this circumstance, I entered a dilapidated building adjoining that side of the old Emir's house which his daughter occupied, and taking my station at a window in the upper story that directly overlooked Lala's apartments, I perceived by the light of the rising Moon, as she peered over the low wall, a group of females assembled in the area, and seated, on a carpet which was spread on the ground. There was one in the centre, who attracted my attention by the singularity of her appearance, and who, on a cursory examination, I found acted the part of *Sheikh Suddo** and was entertaining her companions by telling their fortunes. They were all young and handsome, and seemed to feel a peculiar interest in the diversion. I did not see Lala among them, and could not conjecture the reason of her absence. The representer of *Sheikh Suddo* had her covering thrown off, and thereby exposed her fair neck and arms to my view; her long glossy tresses floated in undulating stream over her bosom and entirely concealed her features, while her body was bent forward, and her hands rested on the carpet. The music, which had ceased for a while, now struck up again, when she, who personated *Sheikh Suddo*, commenced waving her body in gentle motions backwards and forwards, gradually

* *Sheikh Suddo* is a female saint, whose presence can be invoked by music alone.

increasing in quickness, until, at length, she swang her head in a circle in rapid succession while her hair swept round with equal celerity. The exercise was continued for a considerable space, when one of the young women, flinging a handful of flowers into her lap, addressed her in these words :

Tell, tell me true, what most I love
On earth below, in heaven above.

To this the following appropriate response was made :

There's nought on earth so near thy heart,
As young Kurreem, so spruce and smart.

In like manner the rest of the women one after another consulted *Sheikh Suddo*, and each had the secret of her heart revealed to her. Where can Lala be at this moment, thought I; why is she not here to share in the recreation. Perhaps she had joined her companions in the early part of the amusement but had retired from fatigue occasioned by her weak state of health. As these reflections passed in my mind, the falling of a quantity of rubbish behind me made me look back, and when I again turned to the group, the representer of *Sheikh Suddo* flung back her luxuriant hair, and discovered to my astonished gaze, the lovely features of Lala, who, it appeared, had all this while personated *Sheikh Suddo*, and performed her part to admiration. The moon had now ascended sufficiently high, and its bright rays falling on Lala's animated countenance lent an irresistible power to her charms, so that I gazed at her in speechless wonder and admiration. It is true that her late indisposition had somewhat paled her complexion and dulled the natural brilliancy of her eyes; but still her beauty lost none of its fascination.

'Lala,' said one of her companions, 'it is now your turn to have your fortune told, even as you have so successfully predicted ours.'

'How can that be,' replied Lala, 'since I personate *Sheikh Suddo*, and am not, therefore, permitted to reveal the secrets of my own bosom.'

'The objection is easily obviated,' rejoined the first speaker; 'there is old Nina; let her be sent for to supply your place, and tell your fate.'

Old Nina was accordingly summoned, and desired by her mistress to take her place, and play her part. The old woman obeyed most reluctantly, as she had been roused from a sound sleep. But she knew that grumbling would be of no avail, and, therefore, prepared to perform the part assigned her with the best grace she could assume. As soon as the music commenced, Nina untying her coarse grey hair began moving her crippled

frame backwards and forwards, increasing in quickness as she felt inspired by the holy influence and, fixing her hands on the ground for support, swung her head and hair in a rotary direction with as much rapidity as her age and infirmities would allow.

Dark and ominous were the responses she returned to the questions just put to her by Lala, who appeared so little affected by their threatening import that she ridiculed the fears of her playmates, who were not a little alarmed on her account. Who indeed, could have imagined then, that these dire prognostications were at all connected with the fatal catastrophe which seemed decreed to overtake the unhappy girl; and I, who was, in fact, so intimately associated with these awful denunciations had not, at that period, the slightest presentiment of their truth.

No sooner had old Nina concluded her responses, than casting back her disordered hair, she started up with a sudden spring, and, in the midst of such a concentration of loveliness and beauty as surrounded her, stood like a fury, wild and frightful to behold. What a contrast did old Nina's appearance present to that of Lala under similar circumstances; in the one were blended youth, health, and loveliness; in the other were exhibited old age, decrepitude and deformity. The apparition of Nina was sufficient to strike terror in the timid bosoms of the females, who hastily retreated with Lala into her apartment, and resigned themselves to sleep.

On my way home, having to pass the *durgah*, I observed one of the leaves of the door thrown open, and a light burning in the interior. Surprised at this unusual circumstance, as the lamps, which usually burned at the shrine, never lasted beyond the first quarter of the night, and it was now past twelve, I cautiously approached the *durgah* to ascertain the cause of the event, and, through an aperture in the wall, discovered a decrepid old woman almost doubled by age, with her snow-white hair streaming over her shrivelled shoulders, and her wrinkled attenuated hands resting on the Kuddum Russool, imprecating deep and bitter curses on the head of the destroyer of her great-grand child's innocence and virtue. A cold shudder crept over my frame I knew not why, and, recoiling with horror at the blasphemous denunciations of the old woman, I at length summoned sufficient courage again to look through the crevice, and, observing the superannuated wretch raise her head and mumble curses more terrible than what she had before uttered, my indignation was suddenly roused, and 'devil,' instinctively burst, from my quivering lips. I next rushed into the *durgah*, and, grasping the affrighted beldame by the arm, dragged her to and

fro, exclaiming in a deafening voice ; ‘ Hag of iniquity, fiend of darkness, on what mischief art thou now bent. Is this a place and this an hour to be engaged in evil machinations. The grave yawns to swallow thee, and the worm of corruption waits to feast on thy carcase, yet thou, unconscious of thy doom, instead of employing thyself in preparations for thy end, art come here to waste the brief term thou hast made with death in calling down evil on others. Who is thy great grand daughter, what is her name, and what that of the villain whom thou accusest of having robbed her of her peace.’ Little I dreamed that in denouncing another, I was in reality denouncing myself, that *I* was the villain, whom my own lips had condemned as the heartless seducer of a young confiding creature, whom I had first betrayed and ruined, and then cast from me as a loathsome object and that *I* was the hellish demon, who had destroyed the happiness of the trembling old woman’s sweet and innocent child, for scarcely was the name ‘ Kurreemun’ pronounced by her, though in a feeble tone, than self-condemned, (oh, how powerful is the force of conscience !) I stood a convicted criminal before that very shrine, which I had accused the old hag of profaning. I now gradually released my hold, when finding herself at liberty, and anxious to escape from further violence, she hobbled out of the *durgah* with all the haste she could.

It being very late now and not wishing to return home, I unloosed my waistband, spread it on the floor, and stretching myself on it, resigned myself to the influence of sleep. But my slumbers, from the agitation of mind I was in, were necessarily disturbed, and I had not, I think, long closed my eye-lids, when I beheld in my dream the venerable form of a very old man standing on the Kuddum Russool and looking sorrowfully at me. His foot occupied the sacred impression, and so exactly fitted it that it required no sagacity to discover in him the great prophet, the vicegerent of God, the founder of Islamism. His countenance, as already stated, was sad and pensive, and his eyes, although they sparkled with unearthly fire, were filled with tears. Fixing a reproachful look on me, ‘ unworthy faqueer,’ said he, ‘ how hast thou discharged thy duty ; how hast thou polluted my holy *durgah* by thy crimes ; how hast thou reviled thy faith by thy scandalous life ; and how shamefully hast thou abused the sacred office entrusted to thy charge. But it is not yet too late, and time is given thee for repentance and reformation ; choose therefore, between good and evil, between life and death, heaven and hell ;’ so saying the prophet held out his hands to me, in the one he had a green branch of the Tuba tree as the emblem of immortality, and in the other a scull, as the emblem of death. I put forth my hand to reach the former, but unconsciously grasp-

ed the latter. Dropping the skull with a convulsive shudder, I again stretched it out for the boon of life ; but the prophet and his gift had vanished, leaving me overwhelmed with grief and confusion, agony and terror. The scene now changed, and the rest of the night passed away in a succession of frightful dreams, and when, at last, I opened my eyes, the beams of morning had dawned brightly on the *durgah*, and the city again presented the usual scene of noise, bustle, and activity. Gathering up the cloth on which I had reposed, and shaking the dust from it, I wrapped it round my body, and hastened to my deserted home.

The first object that met my attention on my return was Goolzaree. It plainly appeared that she had taken little or no rest, and spent the night in weeping and watching for her truant husband. Her eyes were red and swollen, and her cheeks bedewed with tears ; but I felt neither pity for her sorrow, nor compunction for my barbarity ; and I even affected not to notice her distress. What a hard-hearted wretch a man sometimes becomes ! When he once takes a dislike to a woman, how savagely he treats her ; spurning her whom he once professed to love and cherish as his own soul, as a foul and loathsome thing, even while, in spite of his cruelty, she adores and caresses him. Judging from my present altered conduct, it will scarcely be believed that there *was* a period, though a brief and fleeting one, when I sincerely admired and passionately loved Goolzaree ; but then she was in the halcyon bloom and freshness of youth, and she was little less attractive now, but I was blinded by my vile passions and did not acknowledge the potency of her charms—and my heart then knew no other love, nor had become estranged from her by other and more powerful allurements. It was under this infatuation of mind, this madness of passion, that I was urged, to the commission of the most criminal excesses.

For several days I remained at home without once venturing abroad, and when at last, I did proceed to the *durgah* one evening, I was somewhat surprised to find a crowd of people assembled on the terrace clamouring vociferously for me. 'Where is Shaw Saib to-day ? What has become of him for so many days, and why is he not present on this particular occasion ;' exclaimed a number of voices just as I had reached the *durgah*. On enquiring into the cause of this uproar, I learnt that it was the first day of the new moon, and, in corroboration of the fact, was desired to look to the west, and there behold the resplendent planet shining in the firmament of heaven. Something had occurred since the morning to agitate me more than usual, so that it had entirely escaped me, that the new moon was, indeed, expect-

ed to rise that evening. A small dense vapour hung heavily underneath the moon, edged with a silvery streak caught from the reflection of her light which seemed to glow with greater and greater vividness, as the underhanging cloud approached nearer and nearer, until it enveloped her for a moment, when she burst forth again from her prison of darkness, with surpassing splendour.

Without waiting to apologize for my absence, or offer an explanation of my inattention to the functions of my office, I entered the *durgah*, and having performed the necessary ceremonies enjoined for such an important occasion over heaps of offerings promiscuously piled before the Kuddum Russool, dismissed the murmuring crowd, after rubbing the forehead of each individual with the consecrated ashes reserved as a charm against evil influence. The men had hardly withdrawn, when they were succeeded by groups of women bearing similar offerings, and these too I dismissed in like manner. I was now about to retire, when Lala made her unexpected, and to me welcome appearance. The sight of this lovely being made my heart bound with tumultuous rapture, insomuch that my hand trembled excessively, when I attempted to rub the sacred ashes on her forehead. Worked up to the last pitch of excitation, and regardless of all decency, instead of touching her polished skin, I unconsciously put one arm round her fair neck, and encircling her slender waist with the other, attempted to ravish a kiss from her lips, when, exasperated beyond the controul of reason, and burning with indignation, Lala forcibly disengaged herself from my grasp, and suddenly seizing me by the beard dragged me several times round the shrine, at the same time loading me with every epithet of contempt, which the tongue of an infuriated woman could utter.

Satisfied with the chastisement, she had thus inflicted on me, she released my beard, and then warned me of the consequences of a repetition of such conduct, and quitted the *durgah*, leaving me overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and smarting from the pain of my lacerated chin. No sooner, however, had my fair chastiser departed, than my feelings began to be chafed, and my blood to boil with fury at the gross insult offered to the *Noora-Khooda**. I swore to avenge the indignity; but I did not fall down on my knees before a lump of clay and invoke its curse on the head of my insulter: this would have been aping vulgar prejudices. I sprang upon the shrine and impiously inserting my foot into the sacred impression, lifted one hand up in mock appeal to heaven, and with the other

* *Noora-Khooda* signifies the light or glory of God's countenance, and it is believed by Mahometans, that the glory of God actually resides in their beard.

holding my torn beard, swore by the head of my father to be revenged on Lala, or if I failed, to disinter his unbleached and mouldering bones from the depths of the grave, and cast them to the dogs to gnaw at. I swore by the Caaba, by the tomb of the prophet, by his very beard, by the majesty of God; nay more, I swore by Iblis himself, and invoked his aid to help me to avenge the injury I had suffered from a girl, over whose head scarcely eighteen summers had yet passed. Violent as my passion had hitherto been for Lala, it was instantly cooled, and its warmth converted into the most deadly hatred against her. Opportunity alone seemed wanting to carry my resolution into effect, and that opportunity appeared far off; but what mattered it; the blow was merely suspended, not averted; vengeance was merely delayed, not disappointed; the longer, therefore, the uplifted stroke was deferred, the heavier would it fall; the longer vengeance was put off, the deeper would it be. Had I been gifted with the attributes of those Peers* of old, whose glance could consume the scoffer, I would that instant have laid my victim prostrate at my feet. The consciousness of my impotency served only to exasperate me to madness, and in the first paroxysm of blind fury, I cursed my weakness, and blasphemed the name of the prophet for suffering a servant of his temple to be insulted and outraged within the very sanctuary which he was employed to protect from profanation, without instant destruction overtaking the offender; forgetful that I was myself the greatest criminal; forgetful that I was myself the polluter of the sacred shrine, the disgracer of my sacred office, and of my holy religion.

When the storm of passion had somewhat subsided, I began to reflect on the consequences of my folly. I doubted not, but that Lala would complain to her father of the outrage I had committed on her, and that the superannuated dotard, transferring the insult to his own person, would call me to a severe reckoning for it. I however, entertained no serious apprehension for my life, and endeavoured to persuade myself that the old Emir's anger would after all, but evaporate in empty threats, for, esteemed and revered as I was by the populace for my supposed virtue and piety beyond any other man, and I confess with shame and humiliation beyond my desert, I felt satisfied, that my personal safety would not be permitted to be endangered on account of what would most probably be termed a mere frolic; but my admirers were not aware how unworthy I was of their sympathy, how undeserving of either their respect or their attachment; for, like a perfidious wretch, I had repaid their uniform kindnesses by turn-

* Peer means a saint or a canonized person.

ing the influence, which the sacredness of my office and the sanctity of my profession had invested me with to the dishonour and ruin of their wives and daughters. I knew that my simple denial of any premeditated indignity would secure me from personal violence and danger, for it could not be supposed, that the malicious accusation of a simple girl even supported by the evidence of a couple of prejudiced witnesses, would be allowed to outweigh the positive denial of a person of my character, particularly if that denial were accompanied by a solemn asseveration on my part.

Time now flew away on the wings of swiftmess, without my seeing or hearing of Lala, for since the unfortunate occurrence just described, she studiously refrained from either visiting the *darrah*, or venturing abroad.

Though *she* seemed to have forgiven my rashness, or forgotten the outrage she had received, yet *I* had not forgiven her, nor forgotten the injury I had suffered. *I could* not forget it, *I could* not forgive her, unless, indeed, all sense of shame and disgrace, all natural feelings had died in my bosom. Taking advantage of the darkness of the night, I would often approach Lala's residence, and walk round and round it again and again, sometimes stroking my beard in painful silence, indicative of the depth of agony with which I inwardly writhed; sometimes laughing with bitter scorn and mockery; and sometimes grinding my teeth in impotent rage.

The grand festival of mohurrum, in the celebration of which the feelings of every moosulman are so deeply interested, was now close at hand, and the appearance of the next new moon, which was to usher it in was anxiously and impatiently awaited, as the signal for its commencement. When at length the moon rose in the glittering west, what a general sensation it created, and what a general change it produced? On the evening of its expected appearance, a great stir was observable all over the city; the tops of houses were crowded with the inmates, and the streets and avenues of every description lined with multitudes moving backwards and forwards, looking up to the radiated sky, or greeting each other in commemoration of the event. The lovely crescent was discovered glowing with a silver splendour, and gladdening the hearts of true believers by its influence; but when the gazers reflected that the light which sparkled with such brilliancy in the heavens above was the herald of sad tidings, and come to announce the arrival of the season of mourning, their countenances fell instantly, and their hearts were pierced with sorrow. Those faces which had been ere while enlivened with the smile of gladness were now cast down

with grief; and those voices, which had been ere while attuned to song and harmony, were now hushed into stillness, or only heard in lamentations. Gaiety, conviviality, and mirth lost all their charms, and seemed as it were, banished the world for a period, and nothing save ejaculations of 'Yah Hosein, yah Hosein,' with the hum of *murceas*, or sacred lays, commemorative of the martyrdom of the two brothers, Imaams Hussun and Hosien, disturbed the universal silence. Such was the sudden transition which the city of Allahabad underwent in the short space of a few hours, and men, women and children now busied themselves with the requisite preparations for the celebration of the Mohurrum. It was the season of mourning, of self-denial and self-abasement, of grief and sorrow for those transgressions of our race, which had made the holy martyrs yield up their precious lives, as a propitiatory sacrifice for the redemption of true believers from sin and corruption.

I was standing on the terrace in front of the *durgah*, with my eyes strained toward the quarter, in which the new moon was expected to take its birth on that glorious evening. The sky was perfectly clear, a few stars glimmered here and there, and by the twinkling lustre they shed served only to augment the brightness of the new born planet, which glittered in the firmament like its infant queen just crowned to begin her reign. Crowds of visitors ere long commenced assembling before the shrine of Kuddum Russool, and after performing the religious exercises enjoined for observance at this particular season, rubbed their foreheads on the shrine, and withdrew, repeating with a sigh the customary ejaculation of 'Yah Hosein, Hosein, Hosein, yah Hosein.' I was accustomed to pass the ten days and nights of the festival in the *durgah* without once returning home, as assemblages of visitors constantly collected before the *durgah*, and rendered it absolutely necessary, that I should be present, and accessible to them at all hours in order to administer to their wants.

With the early dawn I commenced decorating the *durgah* in a manner suited to the occasion. On each side was erected a lofty booth, ornamented with coloured paper, painted and unpainted talc, and silver leaves. From these places sherbet was gratuitously and liberally distributed to the thirsty. Within, a number of beaten gold and silver representations of the *punjah* or hand*, and of other objects of reverence fastened to the ends of poles covered with green cloth and red and yellow cotton, were

* The representation of the *punjah* has reference to five prophets and the other figures are emblematic of other parts of Islamism.

fixed in the earth immediately behind the Kuddum Russool, and vessels filled with delicious beverage disposed around it. The shrine exhibited a scene of unusual attraction, and persons of both sexes and all classes, laying aside their natural scruples and prejudices would flock promiscuously to the *durgah* in consequence of its being esteemed a place of greater sanctity than any other on account of the Kuddum Russool contained in it ; and at this peculiar period of the year, it used to be more than ordinarily crowded. A presentiment suddenly arose in my mind, that the Mohurrum would afford me the anxiously-waited-for opportunity of glutting my long cherished vengeance with the blood of my detested enemy, though that enemy, was a female, a young and beautiful female, whose only crime was her exquisite loveliness, for it was that alone, which had done the mischief. That opportunity appeared now to have arrived, when least expected, and may I add, when least sought after, when least desired ; but until the near maturity of my purpose, I had but an indistinct perception of the mode in which it was to be ultimately effected ; and it was not till the night of the seventh day, that the dark and atrocious deed was perpetrated. How my blood runs cold at the bare recollection, even at this distant period of the horrible tragedy, that was acted to quench my fiendish thirst after revenge. This was a day of unusual grief and mourning, as the *tajeeahs*, or representations of the tombs of the blessed martyrs, were to be consecrated, when the spirit of the holy Imaums is supposed to pass into them, and no true believer, who had any respect for himself, or felt any reverence for his religion would fail to pay, at any rate, a short visit to the Kuddum Russool.

By the voluntary contributions of a few pious moosulmans, I was enabled to build annually a splendid *tajeeah* at the *durgah*. Neither skill, labour nor expense was spared to finish it in the most superior style, which, probably, had its share in attracting visitors to the shrine in larger concourses than any where else. I had entertained hopes of seeing Lala among the number of female frequenters ere the festival closed ; but in this expectation I was disappointed for a time, as that malicious creature seemed purposely to keep away. I however more than once distinguished her father among the crowd, but he too, as if actuated by the feeling of his daughter, would not loiter long.

The sun began at length to sink below the western horizon, which it touched, as I imagined, with a very dull splendour, and presented to my eyes a strange phenomenon. Whether it was the effect of my own excited feelings roused by the prospective accomplishment of my object, or a real prognostic of the scene of iniquity,

about to be performed, I cannot tell ; but on my fixing an intent gaze on the glowing disk of the sinking sun, I thought I perceived its brightness gradually fade away, and a livid paleness, chequered with a few dark spots of crimson overspread its surface. I was at a loss at first to comprehend what this extraordinary spectacle exactly portended ; but a little reflection exhibited me its possible connexion with Lala's fate, as the events of that night fully illustrated.

In the evening the *durgah* was brilliantly illuminated, as, indeed, it was every night since the commencement of the Mohurrum. The shrine itself was surrounded with innumerable lamps, which, with the gold and silver images presented a most interesting sight. The *tajeeah*, though small, was constructed, as already stated, with uncommon care and taste, and was accordingly viewed with mingled feelings of delight and veneration. The people prostrated themselves before it, repeating an ejaculatory prayer, and on rising beat their breasts with earnestness and retired with sobs and lamentations. After the men came the women, and it was at a late hour that that blossom of female beauty and grace, Lala, accompanied by a small party of intimate friends, each radiating with charms, made her appearance at the *durgah*, imagining, no doubt, that her late transgression had been forgotten ; but she was mistaken. She had yet to learn that the infliction of an injury, aggravated by disgrace, disappointment, and insult can be forgotten but in the grave only, and that the longer revenge is deferred, the sweeter it becomes. The moment my eyes lighted on Lala, my whole frame became agitated, which, fortunately for my purpose was not remarked by her, while my fingers instinctively collapsed, as if they actually clutched a murderous weapon, or grasped the throat of their victim. The foolish bird that is perched on a lofty branch, doubtless, fancies itself secure from harm, and Lala seemed equally unconscious of danger. But I did not study the vulgar gratification of shedding the purple stream of her life with my own hands. I cherished not the brutal ferocity of my eyes with the convulsive contortions of her limbs, and feasting my ears with the music of her dying words. No ; this was a mode of revenge low and vulgar, fit for the gratification of a plebeian mind only. I studied a more refined method, and it only remained to perfect it by practice. It was by the hand of her own father that I had planned Lala's death.

Having deposited their offerings of sweetmeats and sherbet on the shrine, Lala and her companions entreated my good of-

fices to perform the *fateeah** over the same. I required no persuasion to comply with their solicitation. When the ceremony was completed they approached the *tajeeah*, and forming a circle moved round it in slow and solemn measure sometimes striking their breasts and thighs with their palms accompanied by the interjection of 'haye, haye,' expressive of the depth of their sorrows, and sometimes singing *murcees* with touching pathos. Lala's fine voice was heard clearly above that of the rest, and for a while overpowered my faculties with ecstasy by its richness; now its splendid and melodious strain would rise into a magnificent swell, and next sink into a thrilling and melancholy cadence. How engaging, how interesting she looked in her mourning dress. Lala's green muslin habit, edged with narrow silver lace, with the badge of gold thread worn across her bosom; her long black tresses floating in negligence on her shoulders; her slender white arms bared to the elbow, and occasionally lifted to strike her chest, the light tread of her feet, and the graceful movements of her form realized a picture seldom seen except in fairy land, or in the dreams of night. I was completely fascinated; and was ready to fall at Lala's feet and worship her as a divinity; but at that moment of excitement, I accidentally passed my hand over my beard, and in an instant my slumbering resentment was worked up to fury; a scorching flame burnt up my heart, and all those transports of delight, which the witchery of Lala's charms had but now kindled in my bosom, were entirely extinguished, and the almost smothered embers of deadly hate fanned into a fiercer blaze than before—it set my brain on fire. But I did not scream and roar with the maddening torture of my soul, my head whirled and my limbs trembled so excessively that I should have certainly fallen to the ground, if I had not leaned against the wall for support. In a few minutes, however, the storm of passion, which had raged in my bosom with such violence as had entirely shaken its faculties sunk into an unnatural calm.

Wearied with their exercise, Lala and her companions desisted from it, and each taking up her basket of sweetmeats and vessel of *sherbet* made a *sijda* to the *tajeeah*, and Kuddum Russool, and prepared to depart. While, however, they were engaged in their exercises, I had dexterously contrived to empty Lala's vessel of a portion of its contents and replenish it with a strong liquor, as well as to exchange a few of the sweetmeats in her basket with some that I had had prepared with *mar-*

* *Fateeah* signifies consecration. Every offering presented to an idol must have this necessary ceremony performed over it.

joom,* satisfied that if she partook of either, without detecting the treachery, my purpose would be accomplished, as I was well convinced that the old Emir, Lala's father, who was a *mooreed*† and abominated not only wine, but every kind of intoxication, would never forgive his daughter the profanation of so holy a season. Unconscious of the fatal deceit, Lala participated plentifully in both the sweetmeat and sherbet, and if she at all discovered the cheat, it was too late to repair the mischief, as the wine and *manjoom* soon inebriated her to a degree, to render her unconscious of her state. Her father returned rather late that night, and attracted by sounds of merriment and laughter so unusual at this period went directly to his daughter's apartment, and found her standing near the silver images, staring wildly around, which he was unable to account for. Approaching near her, she appeared to reel and her eyes to glare. A painful suspicion crossed his mind. Scandalized by her conduct, he eyed her with scrutinizing sternness, as if seeking for an explanation. Lala laughed, and stretched out her hand to grasp the staff of one of the images. Exasperated by what the old Emir considered an unpardonable profanation of the sacred symbols, he half unsheathed his dagger, exclaiming in an angry tone, 'by the head of Hosein, Lala, thou art a shameless wanton, and deservest to die for thy folly.' Lala affected to laugh at her father's threat; but that burst of obstreperous mirth only betrayed her state more clearly, and unable longer to preserve her position, she reeled, and would have fallen to the ground had she not seized the nearest silver image and supported herself by it. This was too much; it was past human sufferance. Enraged beyond the possibility of command, the incensed old man drew forth his gleaming weapon and, ere the momentary impulse could be restrained, buried it deep in his daughter's bosom, staining his hands and face with the blood which spouted forth in one gush from the wound. With a piercing shriek, Lala fell prostrate at her father's feet.

While life yet remained, though ebbing fast, Lala expressed a wish to see a priest, and the Moolna of the city being confined to his bed by indisposition, I was summoned in his stead to administer the consolations of religion to the victim of a parent's fury. Not altogether unprepared for the event, I received the intelligence of the catastrophe with a thrill of savage exultation, and waited not for a second message to attend on Lala. On my arrival I found her dying, with her female domestics weeping around her couch. I confess I regarded my prostrate insulter with a smile of fiendish triumph. Driv-

* A preparation of intoxicating drugs much used by the Mahomedans.

† A pious person, or a saint of an inferior degree.

ing away her attendants on the plea of their cries disturbing her last moments, and kneeling down by her side, 'I had heard,' said I in a low voice, but sufficiently audible to Lala, 'that the blood of an enemy is sweet, and I find it so by experience : This work is mine. It was I who mingled wine in thy sherbet ; it is I who have done this deed. Remember,' continued I, 'remember the Kuddum Russool, and this beard,' waving it at the same time over Lala's pale countenance as, with a convulsive start, she unclosed her glazed eyes, stared round with a frightful wildness that would shock the firmest nerves and faintly recognizing me, made a violent effort to speak ; but the death rattle was in her throat, and only the word 'fiend' escaped with difficulty from her livid lips, as, with a feeble shudder, she breathed out her spirit, and lay a corpse before her even yet unrepentant destroyer.

When Lala's father had recovered from the swoon, into which he had fallen immediately after stabbing his daughter, and during which he had been removed to his own apartment, he became fully sensible of the rashness of his act, and the irretrievable nature of the loss he had sustained by it. The violence of passion now gave way to the violence of grief, so that he rent the air with his piercing wail, beat his breast, tore his beard, dashed himself on the earth, and struck his head on the pavement. He cursed himself as the murderer of his own child, and called on heaven to restore her to life, or take his own in expiation of his crime. The remainder of the night was spent in weeping and lamentation, and in making preparations for the performance of the funeral obsequies. Before taking leave, I was desired to attend the *kubberistan** in the morning, and be ready to officiate on the melancholy occasion.

At an usually early hour, I proceeded to the *kubberistan*, and had to wait for a long while ere the procession arrived. The bier was borne on the shoulders of six young and interesting females clad in deep mourning, and with tears trickling down their cheeks. On the body being deposited in its destined habitation, I read the appointed service in a slow and solemn tone, interrupted at intervals by the ill-suppressed groans of the bereaved parent. When the ceremony was over, and the earth about to be thrown into the grave, the old man made a trembling sign for a brief respite, and casting himself on his knees, removed the pall from the face of the corpse to take his last farewell of that countenance on which he had never before gazed, but with the tenderest affection. So sweet and interesting did Lala look even in death that she and death seemed to be wedded to each other ;

* A place for interring the dead.

the shroud was her bridal robe, the grave the couch on which she reposed, and the mourners the witnesses of their marriage vow.

This train of reflection was suddenly interrupted by the loud cries of the females, who had borne the bier to the *kubburistan*. Throwing back their coverings and loosening their long jet-black hair, they struck their breasts, cast themselves on the ground, and flung dust on their heads. This was too much for even my nerves, so that I could no longer quietly stand and witness so distressing a scene, and therefore, hastened from it ; but had not proceeded far, when a most appalling scream arrested my progress. I turned round and beheld Lala's father rolling, like a madman, on his daughter's grave, which had been filled up by this time. It is impossible to describe the feelings which this heart-rending scene produced even in my iron breast. I was rooted to the spot with awakened horror and remorse ; and looked upon myself as the accursed author of this calamity, as the hellish fiend, who had destroyed the hopes and promises of a fond parent, and then smiled at the ruin he had made.

From this hour I became one of the unhappiest of human beings ; but my misery was of my own creation, and locked up in my own bosom, for, from the world I studiously concealed my wretchedness, and dreadful were the internal struggles which it cost me to appear calm and collected before it. It is sympathy alone that enables a man to endure with patience and fortitude the punishment of his crimes ; but what sympathy could I promise to myself, since none knew of the torturing anguish which wrung my heart in secret. Who can form any idea of the horrible agony which lacerates the feelings of him, whom shame and pride persuade to hide his torments. Who can pity him, who can fathom the depth of his misery, or measure its fulness.

' Such is the eventful history of Mahummud Shaw,' who, proceeds his favorite disciple, ' for more than forty years officiated at the *durgah* of Kuddum Russool. He continued dragging on a miserable and lingering existence for sometime, and was one day found dead on the cold and mouldering grave of the deceased Lala. It was early one morning that having occasion to visit the *kubburistan*, I was surprised to see a man apparently asleep on Lala's tomb. Curious to ascertain who the slumberer was, I cautiously approached him ; but judge of my astonishment when I discovered in the individual before me my own master, and of my horror on finding him a corpse, in one hand grasping a small manuscript, and with the other encircling the decayed column of masonry at the head of the monument. I hastily quitted this scene of wretchedness to communicate the melancholy news to Goolzaree, who wept long and bit-

terly at the irretrievable loss she had sustained. From a hurried perusal of the manuscript and a few hints which had accidentally dropped from Goolzaree in the fulness of her grief, I gleaned sufficient information to satisfy me that the work was unfit for the public eye. A variety of conjectures was of course formed regarding the extraordinary circumstances attending Mahumud Shaw's death, and the discovery of his body in so strange a place and in so strange a situation. In the evening his remains were deposited in the earth, but far from the grave of the unfortunate though beautiful LALA.

H. P.

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.

Farewell my harp, a long farewell, thy master's power is o'er,
 And he who once could sweep thy strings, shall wake thy tones no more.
 Ah, woe is me, I might have been the proudest of my name—
 I might have braided for my brows, wreaths of immortal fame—
 I might have stood with throbbing heart amidst that glorious band,
 The men of aspirations high, the poets of my land!
 For I have felt, have deeply felt, the spirit-stirring glow,
 As from my lips in trickling streams, sweet poesy did flow:
 And thoughts, for which in vain I sought expressions meet to find,
 Have struggling teem'd within the deep recesses of my mind.
 Low murmuring sounds of harmony have boom'd within mine ear,
 Filling my soul with pleasing awe, yet awe unmix'd with fear;
 And then soft lays of melody, such as an angel sings—
 And then the rustling far-off sounds, as if of fluttering wings—
 Then all around hush'd silence fell, far over wood and plain;—
 Ah me! such sights and sounds will ne'er revisit me again;
 For care's dark cloud and sorrow's blight have o'er my spirit come,
 And ev'ry glowing impulse now, is chilled beneath the gloom;
 The thrilling thoughts of other days have vanished from my breast,
 Like an affrighted turtle-dove, abandoning her nest,—
 And frolic fancy's rain-bow huss and feeling's power are fled,
 And in my mind the heavenly power of poesy is dead.
 Farewell my harp, a long farewell, thy master's power is o'er,
 And he who once awak'd thy tones, shall sweep thy strings no more.

J. O. S.

TO A FAIRER FRIEND.

Who would deem most highly of our kind,
 Nor hold all friendship as an idle name,
 I think of thee! For thou art aye the same,
 Unturned from truth's straight course by fortune's wind.
 Oh! recreant spirit passionless and blind,
 Is he who warms not with affection's flame
 For worth like thine, nor feels thy social claim
 Thy fire of heart and purity of mind!
 And not alone, fair friend, thine ardour calls
 For love responsive, but the Muse's praise.
 E'en he, thy bard, whom sorrow's frown appals
 Hath owned the magic of thy mirthful ways.
 So when the dull night's solemn shadow falls
 Some favorite star still cheers us with its rays!

D. L. R.

A MAN OVER BOARD—A FACT.

We were at dinner—or rather at dessert—discussing, over our wine and almonds, the comparative value of our bets as to the ship's arrival at the Cape, when the cry of "a man over board" resounded from stem to stern. In an instant we were all on our legs and rushing out of the cabin,—Down with the helm!—cast loose the boat! Where is he? Who is it? proceeded from fifty voices, and ladders, hencoops, and hatch gratings were indiscriminately hove over the side.—Not five minutes elapsed and the poor fellow is a quarter of a mile astern—but the vessel is now aback, and he boldly essays to diminish the distance between them. 'Keep up your spirits! keep—quiet! Don't exhaust your strength!' calls out the Captain—'Bear a hand ye lubbers—(to the men lowering the boat)—there, that 'll do—five in the boat are enough—lower away!'—Away she bounds over the swell:—all hands crowd the poop and every eye is anxiously strained towards the object of solicitude. 'It is the boatswain! and, thank Heaven! a strong swimmer. See—he boldly buffets with the billows and 'dares the element to strife'—Ah! now he raises a hand! Are his powers failing?—No—he beckons the boat—But ah—that horrid bird!—a ravenous albatross which but two minutes since was not even in sight—It hovers o'er him—it will tear out his eyes,—pull away boys, cheerily! cheerily!—They redouble their strength—the sea vulture is scared from its prey—they reach the sufferer—they shout! they shout! Praise be to God! the man is saved!

△

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE ARTILLERY.

There is no principle which appears better established, in the formation of an Army, than that the duty which falls to either the Cavalry or Artillery must depend upon the number of Infantry. Each arm must therefore bear a due proportion to the other at all times to perform the same duty with the same efficiency. Whatever proportion of Artillery is once fixed as requisite for the whole Army when compared with the Infantry, one, must be preserved at any other period to ensure equal efficiency, seeing all arms ought to be increased or diminished in equal proportion: but, a want of due support must follow a diminution of this proportion. It must naturally therefore be with some surprize that we peruse Col. Salmon's evidence before the House of Commons, in which he suggests, the reduction of the whole of the Native Artillery, in the first place, as *useless*, and in the next place, as *at all times dangerous*; and gives it as his opinion that the European Artillery alone is sufficient for the Indian Army. The examination of these opinions as regards the Bengal Army, will lead into considerable detail, and into a repetition of much that has been said over and over again in the last 30 years—but the necessity of having an *efficient* and a *sufficient* Artillery is one of such paramount importance, and the weight which may be given to sentiments issuing from such authority may be productive of so much mischief, that I shall be pardoned, perhaps, for entering more fully into the merits of the question, than it would otherwise seem in these days to deserve.

SECTION I.

The proportion of Field Artillery for an Army, is not decided upon any fixed data, but experience and practice seems to have determined this in the best organized Armies in Europe, to be from 3 to 4 field pieces per 1000 men both Cavalry and Infantry. We have not any authority in this point in the British Army, nor any documents which would lend us assistance in determining what is officially considered in England a fair supply. We have no mean authority however for what was established in the French Army, to which, apparently, most of the European nations (and England as well as others) conformed as nearly as circumstances would admit. Lespinasse, who served as General of Artillery with Buonaparte through all his Italian campaigns,

published an Essay in 1800 on the formation of his Artillery, in which he demands that "3 pieces per 1000 men shall be in the field with all their ammunition complete in waggons, furnished with proper draft cattle, and able to follow the guns"! He says, "that this was the proportion, which had met with Buonaparte's approbation during that campaign; but we have reason to suppose that Buonaparte's further experience convinced him, that even this was not sufficient, for in his notes written at St. Helena, when commenting on the new organization of the Army by Louis the 18th, he says, "it is necessary that the Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry of an Army should be in due proportion. These arms cannot be substituted for one another. This proportion has at all times been a subject of meditation for great Generals, and it has been agreed to be necessary to have 4 pieces of Artillery per 1000 men, and Cavalry equal to $\frac{1}{4}$ of the Infantry."

Both Buonaparte and Lespinasse were fully aware of the evil consequences of having too numerous an Artillery. Lespinasse, relating the various changes, which took place in the French Artillery, and talking of the first introduction of field pieces into a line, says, "The strength of an Army was reckoned by the number of Field Pieces, which bristled in front, and they seldom were much short of making their cannon as numerous as their musquets," but subsequently he observes. "It was at length allowed, that too great a number of Field Pieces attached to an Army much encumber it, and impede its movements," and further, "that it is now a principle never to be lost sight of in war, only to bring in front of an enemy a sufficient Artillery to over-power his." Buonaparte explains this in the notes before alluded to in which he says, "It would be in vain to attack an enemy occupying a good position, and with 50 or 60 pieces of Artillery, by an additional 4,000 Horse and 8,000 Infantry; it would require a battery of equal force under which the column could advance and form for the attack." From all this we may conclude, that the number fixed by these authorities has equal reference to the mobility and to the effect of Field Artillery, upon the combination of which principles the support to be derived from Artillery in action must depend.

If we search into the records of Indian warfare we shall find that the proportion of Field Artillery which accompanied the Armies in the field, was never very different prior to 1796 from what is above prescribed. We need not go further back than the battle of Plassey; and commencing with it, we find, that Lord Clive's Army in this battle, consisted of 750 Europeans, and 2250 natives, exclusive of the Artillery-men. To 3000 troops

he had 10 field pieces, between 3 and 4 per 1000 men. Though the enemy's Artillery was numerous, it was cumbersome, consisting mainly of heavy guns mounted on platforms containing the waggons, men and all. They were consequently not only ill served, but immoveable or nearly so, with exception of 10 field guns served by Frenchmen, and it was not until after a cannonade of 4 hours, that Lord Clive advanced his line and gained the battle. Lord Clive had not therefore too much Artillery.

At the battle of Wandiwash, there were engaged 1900 Europeans, 2100 sepoy and 1250 irregular horse. The whole troops engaged (deducting a reasonable proportion for artillerymen) were about 4800 men; and although 26 field pieces were with the whole Army, which when the action took place had a considerable number of men detached in garrisons, it appears from Orme, that not more than 16 were with the troops in action, viz. 10 in the first line, 4 in the second line, and two in a detached post. This was between 3 and 4 per 1000 men, including the irregular horse, or 4 per 1000 men to the regular troops. This battle was fought against French troops under Lally with 16 field pieces, and the success of the day is stated by Orme to have been much influenced by the superior fire of our Artillery, of which we clearly had not too much, when compared with that of the enemy.

When Colonel Caillaud took the field from Patna in 1760, he had 200 Europeans and 1000 Sepoys with 6 field pieces. Making a reasonable allowance for Artillery-men, he had about 5 guns per 1000 men.

When Captain Knox defeated the Nawab of Purneah opposite to Patna he had 300 Europeans and 1000 Sepoys with 5 guns, which is nearly the same proportion as above.

When Lord Cornwallis marched against Seringapatam in 1792, we are aware, that he used every endeavour to reduce his Artillery to the lowest scale, from the difficulty of procuring the means of draft and subsistence, yet to 16,721 men he had 49 field pieces. This was 3 per 1000 men, including a considerable body of irregulars, of the worst description. For his regular Army, all that was really efficient in action the proportion was probably nearly 4 per 1000 men.

We have thus given strong reason to believe, that in no case has a less proportion of field Artillery been used in Indian warfare previous to 1792 than the experience in Europe has evinced to be indispensable. The experience of Indian service seems to have led to the same results as in Europe, and up to this time we hear little of the superior effects of the enemy's Artillery, to which our

own was always fully equal. By this time the battalion gun system had come into vogue, on which two guns were attached to each battalion. The number of field pieces is in consequence seldom recorded either in history, or in official dispatches, otherwise than as a "*due proportion*;" or we may presume, 2 guns to about 900 men in the Infantry, and 2 to about 600 in the Cavalry, which would be little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per 1,000 men in the aggregate. We had little heavy ordnance besides this for batteries of position. In the mean time the Armies of the Native Powers had been receiving instruction and formation from French Officers, upon French principles, and were not only furnished with *a due proportion* of field pieces, but numerous heavy and manageable Artillery of position. Let us mark the difference in the accounts of battles.

At the battle of Assey Sir A. Wellesley reports "the British Artillery opened on the enemy at the distance of 400 yards, but finding it produced little or no effect on the enemy's powerful and extensive line of Infantry and guns, I ordered the Artillery to be left behind and the line to move on." We gained the victory it is true; but as Sir Arthur reports with severe loss; for the "enemy had a well equipped train of Artillery of 100 pieces." We had 4,500 men in action, and probably therefore about 12 field pieces, the *usual proportion*.

At the battle of Delhi Lord Lake reports that he sent for the Infantry and the Artillery, but it is evident our Artillery was not sufficiently powerful, for when we attacked, our troops advanced "under a tremendous fire of round, grape and chain shot, and at 100 yards from the enemy were received with a shower of grape from all their guns." None then had been disabled by our fire; in fact, the line was almost compelled to advance to silence the enemy's Artillery from which they were suffering greatly. The enemy had 78 pieces of Artillery taken from them, which must all have been in action and which Lord Lake reports "were exceedingly well served;" but as we had 8 battalions of Infantry and 3 Regiments of Cavalry in the camp, we probably had not more than 20 to 25 pieces altogether attached to the Army.

At the battle of Luswaree, after the failure of the attack with the Cavalry, the Infantry and Artillery were waited for, and the gallopers with the Foot Artillery guns were formed into 4 batteries (probably from 22 to 24 pieces) to cover the attack. But the impression made by them was so insignificant that Lord Lake determined to storm the enemy's line, which was covered by guns, and when the troops arrived within grape distance he reports that "our advance was so much disturbed by the severity

"of the cannonade as to encourage the enemy's Cavalry to charge." Lord Lake here again reports that the enemy's Artillery were well served, and he took 72 pieces of all kinds from them. But the loss on our side was excessive.

It would appear that subsequent to this war a probable increase again took place in the number of the guns which were taken into the field, while the efficiency was increased, certainly by the embodying of the Horse Artillery, and the formation of the foot field pieces into batteries.

When Lord Hastings took the field in 1817-18, he had about $2\frac{1}{2}$ field pieces per 1,000 men, including the irregulars; but about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to the regular Army only. The Army of the Dehkan seems to have had a similar proportion, yet at the battle of Mahedpore Colonel Blacker says in his memoirs of that war, speaking of the evolutions before the action—"The whole were performed with great steadiness under a fire of both round and grape shot from several batteries. By this time the Horse Artillery was either silenced, or dismounted, for their light pieces were unequal, however well served, to stand against the heavy calibres in their front." But "the heavy calibres in front" were not all the disproportion. It is clear that our troops were insufficiently covered by Artillery during their formation and attack, for in his account of Sir J. Malcolm's advance to attack the line Colonel Blacker says, "This desperate service was performed with suitable determination, and if the troops of this division wanted the support of a friendly battery, they were animated, &c." Here for "want of support of a friendly battery" the spirit of our troops was required to stand the fire of at least 63 guns which were actually taken from the enemy, and the consequence was, that though we gained the battle, the loss in killed and wounded was "severe; and" says Colonel Blacker "most of the wounds were desperate being chiefly made by gun shot and grape." This could not have been, had the enemy's Artillery been previously properly battered by a sufficiently powerful Artillery on our own side.

No argument can be required I think to prove that our Field Artillery has in none of these latter cases been sufficiently powerful, and in all the wars of 1803-4 and 5, it is on record that very little Artillery was disposable in Cantonments, while the battering artillery was on the most insignificant scale, and principally served by the same Officers and men who served the Field Pieces, who were moreover during sieges for weeks together in the batteries without relief. In the campaign of 1817-18, there were few heavy guns with either the Grand Army or Army of the Dek-

han, and these principally intended to form batteries of position not for siege. All the Artillery-men were required for the Field Pieces, and until the Armies returned to Cantonments and made some of the Field Artillery-men disposable by placing their guns in the magazines, few siege operations of importance were undertaken.

For the siege of Hatrass in 1817, and Bhurtpore in 1825-6, all the available Artillery was called into the field; but at the former there was no Field Artillery except the Horse Artillery, the whole of the Foot Artillery was employed with siege equipment. At Bhurtpore the Field Artillery, Horse and Foot was only 48 pieces to about 25,000 men, not $1\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000 men, and the siege ordnance was equally served by these men, both Horse and Foot, and the Artillery men especially allotted to the siege train. The siege equipment was indeed extensive, yet the engineers wanted more guns, and the Foot Artillery men, with the Officers both Horse and Foot, were 25 days in the batteries without a relief.

In practice therefore we see that the Artillery has always been since 1796 unequal to the duties required of it, and we can shew that in this time a considerable diminution had taken place of the men required for that proportion which experience had proved to be best suited to the wants of the Army.

Until about 1792-3 we have shewn that the proportion of Field Pieces per 1000 men was generally in the field at least similar to what is fixed in Europe as the best, and we may reasonably conclude that the relative proportion of the several arms was fixed in 1796 something near what had been usual before that time, in a proportion therefore which would have admitted of the same number of Field Pieces per 1,000 men, where there was no very extraordinary siege work, or such siege work only as should be calculated upon with the ordinary resources of the Army.

The Artillery in 1796 was fixed at about 4020 men of all classes (a), and the Infantry was 28,584 (b) men. The Infantry was therefore to the Artillery as 7-1 to 1.

(a) 3 Battalions Europeans of 5 Companies, 102 each,	1530
30 Companies Lascars 75 each,	2250
Men serving 14 Galloper guns with the Cavalry Regiment,	240
	<hr/>
	4020
(b) 3 King's Regiments,	3000
Company's European Regiments,	3000
Native Infantry,	22584
	<hr/>
	28584

In 1803 when the war broke out the Infantry was 51,168 men(a) the Artillery therefore should have had about 7200 men, but at this time it had only 5796(b).

The augmentation to the Artillery it may also be observed of 6 Companies with Lascars (the only one except the raising of the experimental troop of Horse Artillery) took place in February 1802, so that allowing time for the arrival of the men afterwards from Europe, with time for their drill and discipline, it is not probable they were very efficient in 1803-4. This with being 1400 men short of the proper proportion will account for a want of Artillery in Lord Lake's Army.

Yet there was no further augmentation of the Artillery until 1808, when a Company of Golundauze was added without Officers, and again in 1809, 3 Companies of Lascars and two troops of Horse Artillery were added, but all without officers.

In 1814 when the Nepal war broke out, the Infantry had gradually encreased to 57816 men(c) to which the artillery ought to have been about 8140 men; but as the previous augmentations had only yet brought it up to 6870, it was now necessary to raise another company of Golandauze (without Officers) a few months before the war broke out; and three more Companies of Lascars (without Officers) during the very height of the campaign, a sufficient indication of want of Artillery.

This campaign having terminated unfavourably, five more Companies of Golundauze were added (without Officers) just as the 2d campaign was commencing, and three more Regiments of Infantry were added also to that arm. Thus the Infantry was increased to about 63,460 men, to which the proportion of Artillery ought to have been 8940 men, instead of which it was not

(a) 5 King's Regiments,.....	5000
1 Company's European Regiment,.....	1000
24 Native Infantry,	45168
	<hr/>
	51168
(b) 21 Companies Europeans 102 each	2142
39 Companies Lascars 75 each.....	2924
Golandauze about,	600
Experimental Troop, H. A.	130
	<hr/>
	5796
(c) 6 King's Regiments,.....	6000
1 Complete European Regiment,.....	1000
27 Native Infantry Regiments,.....	5116
	<hr/>
	67816

more than (a) 7800 men or about 1200 short of its complement; while of these actually embodied 1000 had not been 12 months in the service when the campaign commenced.

In 1817, and not three months before the troops marched for the Mahratta war, Lord Hastings withdrew the gallopers from the cavalry, and in some degree augmented their number, adding them as 3 troops to the Horse Artillery; but as this did not make an addition of more than 100 men to this corps, a new formation was again required in 1818 after the war was concluded, which augmented it to about 8200 men (b). As the Infantry, however, remained the same strength this was still about 700 short of the proportion of 1796, although we had now made the nearest approach to it, since that period. The most prominent feature of the arrangements of 1817 and 1818, was their being the only permanent arrangements for an encrease of Officers since 1796, except those given with the 6 companies in 1802. The corps had been increased from 4020 to 8600 men, yet the Officers which were 99 in 1796 were still only 140 in 1817, to which they had been increased in 1802. But in addition to the 99 in 1796 there were 7 Cavalry Officers exclusively employed with gallopers, and doing therefore duty as Artillery Officers, making in all 106 for the whole 4020 men, so that for the 8200 men given in 1818, including the gallopers withdrawn, there should have been 216. The Officers were not therefore 2-3 of the number, which in proportion to the men should enable them to perform the same duties as in 1796, and the augmentation then made to 197 Officers was scarcely sufficient to restore that proportion.

This sketch of the progress of the Bengal Artillery will shew evidently, I think, that in every point of view the other arms of the service have been kept far in advance of that corps, and the natural consequence was our constant inability to supply Artil-

(a) 21 Companies Europeans,.....	2124
3 Troops Horse Artillery,.....	318
42 Companies Lascars,.....	3150
12 Companies Golundauze,.....	1440
3 Companies Irregular Golundauze,	360
Horse Artillery Lascars,.....	81
20 Galloper Guns,.....	300
	<hr/>
	7773

(b) 7 Troops Horse Artillery,.....	750
Lascars for ditto,.....	224
24 Companies European Artillery,.....	2472
Lascars for ditto,.....	1800
Companies Golundauze,.....	1800
for ditto,.....	1125
	<hr/>
	8171

lery in sufficient quantity ; that which was supplied was raised too frequently on the spur of the moment, consequently badly disciplined ; and it was always from their not being increased in proportion to the men raised, unsufficiently officered. We cannot therefore be surprized at the apparent want of proper support to our troops in action ; or that the department should have felt, and represented, the excessive exertion required from it in the field. It is only to be regretted, that notwithstanding the effort of 1818, to place the Artillery again upon its original footing, it should nevertheless have been since allowed to fall into neglect. The Infantry even on the present reduced scale being in 1833, 64748 men(a) the Artillery should have 9120 men and about 240 officers, instead of which it has only 6667 men(b) and 200 officers being worse off for both than at any period almost since 1796. Yet it is from these that Colonel Salmon would reduce about 2400 Native Artillery(c) Horse, and Foot, reducing the Regiment thereby to about 4300, which is nearly the same strength only as it was in 1796, and not quite half of what it should be in proportion to the Infantry of the present reduced establishment.

In case of war there cannot be a doubt, that the Infantry and Cavalry must be augmented, if not in number of Regiments, at least in number of men, but Artillery are not so easily organized, and the difficulty of doing so, must be increased if, as has been before, the small number of Officers and men should be so much engaged in field operations as hardly to have the means in cantonments of giving new levies proper instruction. We may in such a case again expect to see men who have to learn their duty when placed in a battery on actual siege(d), and Officers who have first seen a shell fired on actual service(e). The enquiry

(a) 8 King's Regiments,.....	8000
1 Company's European Regiment,.....	1000
74 Native Regiments,.....	55648
	<hr/>
	64648
(b) European Horse Artillery,.....	1015
European Foot ditto,.....	2149
Native Horse ditto,.....	334
Native Foot ditto,.....	2000
Lascars,.....	1169
	<hr/>
	6667
(c) Native Artillery as above,.....	2334
Lascars of 3 Troops.....	81
	<hr/>
	2415

(a) At Hattrass for instance.

(e) This was really the case about 1814.

into the proper establishment for the Artillery will become subject to another section.

SECTION II.

We have next to enquire how far it is at all times dangerous to maintain a body of Native Artillery, the ground for which I presume, is the desire of keeping the "science of war in the hands of Europeans alone." This seems to imply the apprehension, that the science of Artillery may be disseminated by deserters who have been instructed by us: for in no other way, could the instruction of the natives be detrimental, than by our superior advantages being made known to the native powers, and this could not be done by men who remained in our service.

But even were we to allow, that desertions took place to the fullest extent, which the most zealous alarmist could conceive; we may deny the degree to which the spread of our science would extend to be in any way alarming. Few Artillery-men even among our Europeans, ever acquire that extent of knowledge, which would qualify them to direct Artillery on scientific principles. This is not a subject, which it is at all necessary to discuss in presence of the soldier, and the knowledge of it therefore remains exclusively among the officers, who receive a peculiar education for it at the expence of the State, and whose duty it is to study it, in the books and memoranda accessible to those interested. Even those European soldiers, who can read well enough, and who feel the desire of acquiring the information, are a very small proportion of the few who will read at all; and such a disposition is still less likely to be found among natives, with whom, education is less general, even than among our Europeans, and whose distinguishing character it is, besides, rather passively to obey, than inquisitively to discuss, the reasons for the orders they receive. The native Officers all rise from the ranks, and are equally incapable with the privates, and admitting, that they have greater opportunities to acquire, they have a proportionably increased inducement not to divulge information by desertion. But besides this, such information as is really scientific being already accessible to those who can read, and afford to pay for the books in which it is contained, may be, and probably has been, in some degree acquired through them without the necessity of entering our service; and we have at any rate no security against this by the non-employment of natives in the Artillery Department.

As to the manual part of Artillery instruction, and the secrets, which may be supposed to give us a superiority in the equipment and management of Artillery, even if this were solely confined to the expertness of spunging and loading a gun, it need give us

little anxiety. I apprehend the details in the preceding section will shew that the Artillery of the native powers has already been sufficiently well served for all useful purposes, while I have never met any recorded instances of deserters from Native Artillery soldiers, of any class, being conspicuously employed in these services. We know in fact, that the principal instruction the Armies in general of the native services have received, has been from French Officers, and sometimes from European deserters from us; and this is a source which we shall not close, by refusing ourselves the advantage of employing Native Artillery-men. The real truth is, however that the mere expertness of serving a gun is not a matter difficult to acquire. In 1779 there could probably be little of our knowledge in this respect carried off, yet Colonel Pearce then reports to the Commander in Chief that "Soujah Dowlah had Golundauze, who could fire a salute with "one gun and did it." The fashion may not please us, but this we have ourselves changed three or four times of late years without giving much encrease of efficiency. The fire of Artillery will approach nearly the same rapidity under any fashion which is sufficiently practised. The greatest importance in the manual labour of artillery must unquestionably be given, to a knowledge of laboratory work, of the mode of preparing ammunition, and the duties in the Arsenals, Gun Carriage Agency, Powder Manufactory, and Foundry in which those works are conducted which give superior strength, lightness and general adaptation to all the carriages and implements we use. There are limits, however set to the knowledge to be gained in these departments, which should not pass unnoticed in estimating what could be useful to native powers. As far as the furnishing of common shot cartridges and ordinary ammunition, the Native Artilleries have always been tolerably well and abundantly supplied. They require no teaching to make these sufficiently good for their purpose. But every information connected with the preparation of shells of all kind, must be useless from their inability to procure the shells themselves. It is not in fact from secrets, which we could by possibility prevent the natives becoming acquainted with that we have any danger to fear. The superiority of our Artillery depends much more on our present means of supplying those things natives cannot supply, and on the greater science and expense bestowed upon its equipments in properly adapting all its parts to each other, a degree of science not to be looked for in India among natives of these days, and an expense which no native State can be prevailed upon to incur. It is the want of ability and means, more than the want of information which keeps them behind us, in perfecting this as well as other branches of the Army. But so soon as they shall be able from the improved

education and resources of the country, and better managed finances, to procure and direct such supplies, and meet such expenses, they will never want all the necessary information to apply them which is already to be found in books, and which will be sought for from foreigners, however careful we may be to conceal our own.

It may become a question also whether we take the best and most probable way of preventing the spread of this knowledge, even were this possible, by denying ourselves the services of Native Artillery-men.

The impossibility of employing Europeans in duties of fatigue and exposure under a burning sun, and the economy of performing those duties which require inferior physical power, by people who receive infinitely less pay ; together with the impossibility of procuring common labourers from Europe, introduced from the very earliest date natives of the country into our Arsenals and Manufactories.

In the Artillery the dragging of the guns, greasing wheels, conveying ammunition, and in general all the drudgery of the department were given over to natives. European Artillery-men did little more than serve the guns in action: the other duties were allotted to men raised principally from that class of natives, who enter on ship board, and who like them were therefore denominated Lascars. Men of the same description were entertained for our Arsenals and Magazines, under the title of store lascars, or magazine men ; and by these classes all laboratory work was performed, all ammunition was prepared, every duty which could be required was executed, whether in Park, Magazine or Depôt. Some of the steadiest Europeans were indeed employed to superintend and direct them, and more or less, some working parties of Europeans might be employed on occasions of emergency, but in general, the whole duties of the Artillery were executed by natives, except the service of the guns in the field.

In our manufactories of gun carriages and of gunpowder, and in every magazine workshop, natives of the country were employed. All the artificers of the Artillery itself were natives ; so that with the exception of the simple, but laborious, duty at a gun, the whole of the secrets of Artillery were fully made known to the natives, from the first establishment of the Indian Army ; and if desertion was likely to have been injurious to any serious extent, we have certainly not been defended against it, by not having any native Artillery-men.

In proportion to the importance of the service, or the trust and confidence reposed in its members, we see in general, that

pay has been regulated. In the Artillery services in Bengal, however, this has not been the case. The pay of a Lascar, both in the Artillery and in the Magazines, has been invariably from 5½ rupees to 6 rupees a month; while the pay of a sepoy has been 7½ and 8 rupees. Now, there is no class of human beings who estimate their own consequence more by the value we pay for it, than a native of India, and the consequence of this inferior pay has been, that the Lascar neither esteemed himself, nor was esteemed by others, as a proper fighting man. The pay indeed, corresponded precisely with that allowed to the non-combatants of the Quarter Master's establishment, with which they were too ready to believe themselves rated, and were too generally believed to be rated by others. Under these feelings, it was in vain to expect either the same exertions in danger and fatigue, or the same fidelity to the State if such exertions were demanded of them, as from the better paid men; yet one of the principal duties demanded of the lascar, viz. dragging guns whether into action or into battery, is one of great danger and of vast importance, and one which, under these circumstances, they neither did nor could be expected to perform without dissatisfaction and without discontent. As if to complete the degradation of this class of men, they were clothed in a very inferior way, when compared with the rest of the Army, and were entirely without arms, and left nearly without discipline. They were indeed attached to the European Companies of Artillery, while in that Corps; but having no European Officers of their own, and Native Officers (if they deserved the name) without Commissions, and little better paid than Havildars of the line, it was impossible they should receive that attention required, to make and maintain a soldier's character and feeling. In time of peace, they were accordingly too often employed in degrading work—in time of war, too often punished and rebuked for want of that which it was unreasonable to expect them to possess.

The only difference between these men, however, and the Gollundauze, or regular Native Artillery-men, consisted in instructing the latter in spunging and serving a gun; in paying them and clothing them better; in furnishing them with proper arms, and supplying them with better prospects in the service, by giving actual commissions to their Native Officers; by in fine raising them to the same scale, in all these respects, as the Infantry Sepoy; and it seems a strange argument, to endeavour to impress a belief, that all this should only tend to encourage desertion, by an increase of which alone could the maintenance of this class of Soldiers be more dangerous to the State, than of those already employed.

In proof of this statement, we may produce the following evidence:—In 1779, a positive order was procured by the alarmists, to disband the Native Artillery and give those the option who chose it, of entering the Lascars. The then Commandant of Artillery (Col. Pearce) thus addressed Government—“Most of the Golundauze are now good Artillery Soldiers, and as the name is in Hindoostan the highest among the Soldiers, none of them would, I believe, enter the Lascars, even if the pay were equal. But the difference is so considerable in disfavour of the Lascars, that that alone would be sufficient to prevent it,” &c. &c. At the same time he reports to the Commander in Chief—“They all know, that a Golundauze is in the country service the most honorable distinction. I do know that they will not become Lascars, that the ignominy of the name among themselves, and the consequent shame of descending from the highest to the lowest rank, and the difference of pay prevents it.” It seems, that Colonel Pearce proposed the measure of raising Golundauze solely from the low estimation he had of the Lascar as a soldier; for on the same occasion he writes to the Commander in Chief regarding the Lascars. “It was finding I could not get any, but men unfit for Sepoys, that I recommended changing the name (to Golundauze) giving them arms, and increasing their pay,” and in 1770 talking of the Lascars, who were lent to the guns manned by Sepoys, he says “They, though they are of the Artillery, are only employed to drag the guns, they are unarmed, and undisciplined, but they serve for many menial offices, which make them desirable.”

Thus we find that the Lascar was not in much repute in the early days of this army, nor have we any reason to believe, that they ever were so. The menial and disreputable employments which they were called on to perform, even in public orders, may be inferred, when we find in Field Army Orders 21st April, 1807, that they were prohibited from being ordered to kill mad dogs, a duty now a days performed by the lowest caste of natives, and when it was necessary for Colonel Horsford in 1809 to direct “that no gun Lascar be employed in private, much less on domestic business,” and in explaining this to say in public orders, that it was “his settled resolution to emancipate gun Lascars from the state of degradation in which he found them.”

Since 1809 the Lascars have indeed been better clothed; have been supplied with swords; have been given a proportion of Native Officers, but smaller and worse paid than in the line; but, they are still worse paid in all ranks, so that the real feeling has been little improved. The Lascar has been made more

sensible indeed of the degradation of the line of service, which he has entered by the endeavours to make him appear like a soldier, without being able to feel himself more respected by either his brother soldiers of the Army, than whom he is so much worse paid, or in the Regiment to which he is attached. The Lascars are even at the present day, little esteemed as Artillery-men; of little value on any occasion of danger or fatigue, and more suited to the Civil Department of the Army. Their numbers have in consequence been much reduced to make way for the more useful Regular Native Artillery-men.

If the Native Artillery-men (Golundauze) were now disbanded, it is to these men we must again look, for assistance to the European Soldier. It cannot be intended I suppose, to throw all duties of whatever exposure to the sun solely upon the European: but this must be done unless Lascars are allowed; and even then it is to be feared, that the various causes, which have before led to raise, reduce, again to embody, and finally to augment our Golundauze to a respectable corps, would before long again bring about the same result. Whether this disciplining and disbanding of Native Artillery men could tend to preserve our science from becoming more generally known can hardly require to be asked. The necessity for Native Artillery-men, to take small detachments for which Officers cannot be allowed, is imposed on us from the experience how fast the discipline and character of the European is lost under such circumstances. The frequent necessity for detachments in the hottest and most inclement season of the year, in which it is admitted, that European Infantry cannot be employed without such sacrifice of health and life as to shock every feeling of humanity, equally demands our consideration for the European Artillery-man. Accordingly so early as 1770, 2 guns attached to each Native Battalion were ordered to be worked by the Sepoys assisted by Artillery Lascars for the purpose of meeting such emergencies. But it was soon found, that this system only made good Infantry soldiers bad and inefficient Artillery-men; and it gave place to a regular establishment of Golundauze. In 1778 they were so well disciplined, that a number of Golundauze accompanied General Goddard's Detachment; in 1779 the alarmists obtained the orders for the reduction of these men, in defiance of the strong opposition of all the Artillery authorities; but again in 1798 the calls of necessity and humanity prevailed, and 40 Golundauze were ordered to be attached to every company of Artillery; since which, they have been gradually and regularly increasing, and have shared in all the Artillery duties of the various campaigns, in Mysore, with Lord Lake, at Java, Nepal, and indeed in every service from 1798 up to this day. In 1806 they were first formed into a Battalion without Officers; and in

1818, when they had grown up to a body of 1800 men, the necessary addition of Officers was given to them, though in a small proportion only. In 1827, they were finally formed under the sanction of the home authorities into two permanent Battalions, with a proportion of Officers to each.

A stronger proof could hardly be produced of the necessity of using such a class of Artillery-men than their gradually growing upon our hands in defiance of prejudice and opposition. In all this time too we have no instance produced of any of them having been instrumental in disciplining the Artillery of any native power; in fact, we have no proof that they are more prone to desert than any other Native soldiers; while we have some reason to believe that the high character, which a Golundauze bears in all Indian Armies, has prevented desertion among them even when the other arms were notoriously suffering from it. Colonel Goddard in his orders of 1st November 1778, complains of the "frequent desertions from the Cavalry and Infantry," and gives them a long lecture upon ingratitude, and want of fidelity to the State; but though the Golundauze were then only newly raised, and by no means in high favour, he adds "the Commanding Officer with much pleasure excepts the corps of Artillery from the foregoing observations, their steadiness, fidelity and military conduct claim his particular thanks." Since this the character of the Golundauze has always stood so high in the Army, that it would be waste of time to enlarge upon it.

It seems then, that Golundauze (or natives serving guns) have now been in the service for 63 years, and Colonel Pearce says, that in addition to their duty at the guns in 1776, "those I have trained perform all the duties the Lascars are wont to perform" while we know, that all now in the service have equally been obliged to do all duties without other assistance. It appears moreover that natives less respected, and less bound to the service, have from the first formation of this Army, been fully instructed in all the essential duties of Artillery soldiers. It does not appear, however, that any danger has been incurred from, or that any evil has been proved to arise out of this system. It seems natural therefore to conclude, that there really has been none, and that all apprehension of it must be diminished rather than increased by retaining the well paid, respectable, and efficient Golundauze, instead of the ill paid and inefficient Lascar, who can hardly aspire to be ranked in the Army as a fighting soldier at all—and this again may be even further diminished by giving the Golundauze that distinguishing superiority of pay over the Infantry Sepoy, which the Artillery Soldier has over the Infantry in every other Army in the world, Asiatic as well as European.

If this be so, there is still a further argument in favour of Golundauze, viz. the greater efficiency of our Artillery. When a gun is manned by Europeans and Lascars, the former are on a scale barely equal to work it, the latter are more than half the complement; but as they are uninstructed in gun drill they are unable to give any assistance to the Artillery-men—every casualty therefore among the Europeans materially effects the vivacity with which the gun could be served; a casualty of 3 or 4 men, renders it almost impossible to serve it at all, and certainly difficult to continue a fire for any length of time. Even without casualties, as all the posts filled by Europeans are posts of considerable exertion, fatigue is soon produced, and the vivacity of fire considerably affected by this at an early period.

But when the whole 15 or 16 men of a gun are able Artillery men, they can all relieve each other; the duties of many of the posts filled by Lascars, and, which would then be filled by Artillery-men, are not fatiguing, so that those men, who are occupied in the most arduous duties, can be relieved by comparatively fresh men, and the fire of the gun can be maintained without over fatigue to the Artillery-men, for a period almost unnecessary for any action. In this case too casualties to the amount of half the complement of the men at the gun, would not more than reduce it to the same state of efficiency at which the other commenced the action, so that there can hardly be a probability that the service of the gun could ever be affected from this cause.

Neither need we apprehend any very considerable increase of expense. Two Golundauze may on an average cost as much to the State as three Lascars. The complement of a gun with Lascars was always 8 Artillery-men and 12 Lascars or 20 men; but with Golundauze 16 Artillery-men would suffice; so that 8 Artillery-men would do for 12 Lascars, or, the numbers would be reduced nearly in proportion to increase of pay; while we should have fewer claims for pensions, and less chance of accidents in battery, and in the field, from the reduced numbers of hands about our ordnance.

SECTION III.

The reasoning in the foregoing sections has been conducted on the supposition that the proportion of Artillery to Infantry as established in 1796 was just, and that no alteration had taken place in the organization of the Artillery since it was fixed. But there are material changes to be considered, though as they do not affect the general reasoning, they have been reserved for a separate Section, that the chain of the argument might not be interrupted.

In 1796 the galloper guns were in *fact* the only species of Horse Artillery, and in estimating men to serve these guns, it must be clear, that we have estimated nothing almost for their drivers, who were always supplied, like the men working the guns themselves, from the Cavalry. In like manner now the men of the Horse Artillery Troop drive as well as work the guns, 3 men on each carriage remaining mounted while the gun is engaged ; and as there are 16 carriages in a troop, or 192 in the 12 troops, we ought to have an addition to the corps above the proportion of 1796 of 576 men for this duty, or, including the allowance for sick about 650. To the 9120 men due to the present strength of Infantry adding this number the whole corps would amount to 9770 Artillery-men.

Again in substituting Golundauze for Lascars we have shewn that when 3 of the latter were used in 1796, 2 of the former would suffice. This principle has in some degree been acted upon in the changes since 1818, as the Lascar Establishment is much reduced, and the Golundauze by no means added to in equal proportions. In 1796, there were 2250 Lascars in the Foot, and about 50 in the Gallopers, with 4020 Artillery-men. To 9120 Artillery-men, therefore there should now be 5217 Lascars, but if Golundauze were entirely substituted for Lascars, we should have only 3478, diminishing the corps by 1739, or to about 8030 men, including the Horse Artillery Drivers.

These include the principal changes in the constitution of the corps, as to men, which would materially affect the numbers derived from direct proportion ; and be it observed, that as regards the Lascars the reduction in their numbers had not been contemplated previous to 1818, the stage to which we have regularly brought up our deductions. The propriety then of Lord Hastings' policy in then augmenting the Artillery to approach the full proportion of 1796 can hardly be questioned, for Lascars were at that time given even to the Golundauze themselves. The substitution of the Golundauze entirely for the Lascar as far as they went, was a subsequent measure, and it will afford further proof perhaps of the correctness of the foregoing conclusions, to shew, how nearly the above proportion of 8030 men, supposing all real Artillery-men substituted for Lascars, and as derived from the proportion of 1796, would correspond with a fair estimate of the Artillery required for the Army in its present state.

The Bengal Army consists of 7 divisions commanded by General Officers, and although during peace the troops are not equally divided among the divisions, yet we shall probably obtain a fair strength of a division in the field in war, by supposing a General Officer's command to consist of one-seventh of the

whole Army. It seems a principle, which we should always keep in view, that each General Officer should have the means of equipping his own division under his own authority : and that, as the Field Artillery bears a certain proportion to the whole army, each General Officer should have the same proportion for the troops under his orders.

We have determined that this proportion is from 3 to 4 Field Pieces per 1000 men Cavalry and Infantry, and that we may not overcharge our estimate, we shall assume, the smaller number of 3 per 1000 men to be the number of Field Guns to be constantly kept complete with draft cattle, men, ammunition, and carriages, to accompany the Troops to the Field.

We have already shewn that the Infantry is 64,648 men, but besides this there are Local Corps amounting to 5360(a) men, who have been, and are intended to be, employed with regular troops, and, who either now have guns, or are allowed guns when on service. Thus the whole Infantry come up to about 70,000 men, or a division to about 10,000.

Were the Cavalry of the Army taken at $\frac{1}{4}$ according to Buonaparte's proportion we ought to have 17500 men. There really are not however more than 9600 (b) men barely sufficient for 4 divisions of the Army on the above proportion. But as there never is any Cavalry stationed in the Presidency or Dinapore division, we may suppose that, the force of Cavalry was intended solely for the other five divisions, which would give each of them, about 2000 men; or one in five instead of one in 4 of the Infantry. The Bengal Army therefore may be taken as 5 divisions of 10,000 Infantry and 2000 Cavalry, or 12,000 men ; and 2 divisions of 10,000 Infantry only.

Taking the whole Army at about 80,000 men, the Field Artillery would be 240 guns, and supposing the batteries formed of 6 pieces each, which I consider the most convenient for the voice

(a) Ramghur Battalion, men,	1120
Hill Rangers, ditto,	400
Nusseeree Battalion, ditto,	720
Sirmur Battalion, ditto,	720
Assam Battalion, ditto,	1080
Sylhet Battalion, ditto,	900
Arracan Battalion, ditto,	420
	<hr/>
	5360
	<hr/>
b) 2 Regiments European Dragoons,	1600
8 Regiments Light Cavalry,	4000
5 Regiments Irregular Horse,	4000
	<hr/>
	9600

of the Commander, and the most manageable in manœuvre, we obtain 40 Field Batteries for the whole Army.

For the 2000 Cavalry in each division, we obtain 6 pieces each, or one Battery, which must unquestionably be Horse Artillery; and I proceed to shew that to meet the existing improved system of using Artillery, it is necessary, that one Battery at least to each Infantry division should be of the same description. As an Infantry division is 10,000 men the guns will be 30, or 5 Batteries; but it will readily occur to those conversant with the movements of an Army in this country, that the constant appendage to a line of Infantry of so many as 30 pieces, with their carriages, &c. &c. for ammunition and stores, would vastly encumber its movements. Neither could so many conveniently manœuvre with troops without continually embarrassing them, for if even Batteries occupied intervals in line, they could seldom move as the line did and preserve their position, owing to the broken ground and various other impediments, which would not retard Infantry, but would prevent the guns preserving their proper places. One Battery on each flank may conveniently be placed in line with the Infantry, and may without interfering with their changes of position and evolutions, conform to them, and cover them by their cross fire; another Battery placed disposable to strengthen the centre, and support either flank if necessary, would in general support the troops sufficiently in their advances to attack when opposed either by few guns, or after the enemy's Artillery had been well battered. It will be evident that the flying Battery, as it may be called, which is to support the centre, or to move to either flank, and perhaps to do both, during *one* action, should be capable of the most rapid movement—should be in fact a Horse Artillery Battery. In this manner 3 Batteries, or 2 Foot and 1 Horse, should be constantly in the front line of the action with the Infantry, and 1 Horse with the Cavalry. The 2 other Batteries may be with the 2d or reserve line, which might in general move a short day's march in rear of the main line, and would be called up merely when strong posts were to be occupied, or where a powerful Artillery already in position was to be opposed. These 2 Batteries may therefore without inconvenience be also Foot Artillery Batteries.

Thus we obtain :—

HORSE ARTILLERY.

For 5 Cavalry Divisions,	5 Troops.
7 Infantry Divisions,	7 Troops.

FOOT ARTILLERY.

7 Infantry Divisions,..... 28 Batteries.

A Horse Artillery Battery is at present very inadequately manned ; for of 108 Artillery-men, 7 are employed on the staff of the troop as saddlers, trumpeters, farriers, &c. &c., leaving 101 men to 16 carriages, of these 6 are Serjeants, which leaves 95 Artillery-men, or not quite one to ride each horse in draft, without even allowing for one being sick, or for a single Recruit at Drill. But there are besides 60 Horses out of draft, as re-change, which would require not less than 30 men more, so that even if for the 27 Lascars 18 Artillery-men were to be added in exchange, 12 more would still be wanted for the duties of the troop in the Field: and to meet the occasional sickness and casualty in the field among 138 men, at least 16 additional, or about $\frac{1}{8}$ would be requisite, making the total strength of each troop to be perfectly efficient in Artillery-men and Drivers 154—12 Troops 1848 men.

For the Foot Artillery not less than 16 men a gun actually about it and its attendant carriages can be reckoned a sufficient proportion, to which add 3 for the Staff Serjeant, Drummers, &c. &c., and 4 to attend on the Spare Waggon and Carriages, we obtain as the necessary strength of an effective company 103 men. To this add $\frac{1}{8}$ for sick and casualties in camp, we find a Company without Lascars should be about 116 men. (In England for 6 guns 120 men were always sent on foreign service) 28 Batteries at 116 men each gives 3248 men.

Although government have allowed ordnance for distinct Siege Trains in each Magazine, yet it does not seem necessary to calculate on men for each Train. No Siege Train of any importance can be equipped for service without considerable preparation, which will require time sufficient for Artillery-men to be collected, and the larger the Train, the greater the time, and the greater the distance from which the men may be drawn. If a very extensive Siege is contemplated, the force of Infantry must take up so many troops, that field operations could hardly be in progress at the same time ; so that we may be assured, that if we suppose 140(a) pieces were required in the Upper Provinces, at once, no further operations could be maintained with our Army on its present establishment. A train, however, of nearly this number of

- (a) 24—24 Pounders.
 24—18 Ditto.
 40— 8 Infantry Mortars.
 20—10 Infantry Ditto.
 16—5½ Infantry Ditto.
 10— 8 Infantry }
 6—10 Infantry } Howitzers.

pieces has been required both at Bhurtpore, and Hattrass, and therefore not improbable to be again required; and this number of guns employed at one time in Sieges, might easily be made up, if we suppose several smaller trains engaged at the same time in different quarters. Adding to these considerations, that this the only resource from which heavy guns can be drawn, a small proportion of which is indispensable with every corps equipped even for field operations, the number of guns above required will not appear over estimated.

A train of this extent would require, allowing a set of men for relief, 1719 men (a); and allowing the same number of men for the Lower Provinces, in which they may be required, not only within our own dominions, but for Foreign service, at a time when those in the Upper Provinces could not be spared, the whole of the men for Siege Artillery may be calculated at 3438 men.

It will be evident, however, that when an Army is engaged in a Siege the Field Pieces cannot be required to act as such, in the same numbers as in a Field action. Keeping the 3 Batteries in the first line always ready to support the Troops, the men of the other two Batteries per division may on such occasions be made available for Siege purposes, or half the Foot Artillery allowed to serve the Field Pieces. This amounts to 1624 men, and therefore the men estimated for the Siege Artillery may be reduced by so many—or to 1864 men.

With so ample an allowance of men for all Field and Siege operations, I shall not demand any distinct proportion of Artillery for the Post Guns, nor for our smaller Garrisons. In general we may allow them to be supplied from the men above estimated, because, I assume it for granted, that in case of emergency we should be allowed to withdraw the Artillery at out posts altogether, seeing that these Guns even in peace have no means of moving above a few yards, and therefore could not be reckoned as available Artillery on actual Service.

But we must not neglect the Garrisons of Fort William, and Allahabad, which under all circumstances, during a War, should have a fair proportion of Artillery; and probably about 400 men for this and all general purposes of Garrison duty during War will not be too much.

(a) 64 Guns and Howitzers 12 men each,.....	768
76 Mortars 10 men each,.....	760
	<hr/>
	1528
For Sick and Casualties in Camp,.....	191
	<hr/>
	1719

Thus we have :

Horse Artillery,	1848
Foot Field Batteries,	3248
Siege Artillery,	1814
For Garrisons,	400
	<hr/>
Total,	7310

We must still, however, remember that no allowance is made above for Recruits ; that for European Recruits, we have to send to Europe ; and that unless provided for, we must have our Troops and Companies deficient by a year's supply for it will take this time at least before they can be furnished after every casualty which happens ; not less than another year will be required to discipline them as Artillery-men ; so that for every man who dies, or whose contract expires, we must either await 2 years deficient, or have an excess of two years supply in the establishment of the corps. Natives can be recruited indeed more readily but they require longer to instruct, having no previous drill as the Europeans receive at the Recruiting Depots ; they have about $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ of their number on leave for 9 months of the year ; and the option of being discharged every 3 years, instead of at 12 or 17 years, as Europeans have. We are to remember too, that Artillery is not like Infantry and Cavalry, effective in proportion to the number of men, but to the number of guns they can serve ; so that by having only a certain proportion of men short, though not amounting to a gun squad, it may nevertheless deprive us of the services of a gun altogether. On the whole to add one-tenth to the number of effectives required as above for the recruits, necessary to maintain our efficient numbers always available, cannot be considered more than proper, for this seems the average supply of recruits now required annually.

To the 7310 men adding thus one-tenth or 730, for Recruits, the whole Artillery corps on this principle would amount to 8040 men ; differing very little from that deduced from the proportion of 1796, and proving, that the establishment then fixed, was calculated upon good principles, and a knowledge of the real wants of the service.

* The strict rule of proportion will not, however, from various causes, be equally applicable to determining the number of officers required now, from those allowed in 1796 in proportion to these men. Since that time all the Horse Artillery has been raised, and the expense of this arm, naturally induces Government to keep it on the most efficient footing. Where the greatest expence is bestowed, the greatest care is judiciously enough taken to en-

sure against want of efficiency in time of service, which would be little short of throwing away the money laid out. For the same reason in forming and maintaining Artillery of all kinds, the officers cannot be calculated merely for the discipline of the men they have under command, but by the number of guns which these men can serve. If guns are improperly directed they may do more mischief than good in a line, and the first consideration is to supply the directors.

Although from 1809 to 1817 no Officers were given to the 3 Troops of Horse Artillery, but such as were lent from the Foot, yet the full proportion of effectives was invariably kept complete; and since that time, although each troop has been allowed an establishment of the same number of Officers which is allowed to a company, yet no absentees on the Staff or Furlough are admitted to be kept on the strength of the Horse Artillery.

Thus the Foot Companies have really a much smaller proportion of effective Officers than the Horse Troops have, from having the double proportion of absentees included in their establishment. If, however the whole establishment of Officers in the corps were proportioned to the men, as they were in 1796, it must follow from the foregoing arrangement, that the Foot Artillery must have a smaller proportion doing actual duty than was then allowed for it; or if their proportion is to be the same now, the whole establishment should be greater owing to the additional importance of the Horse Artillery. We have however before shewn that the whole establishment is less, and therefore ever since the Horse Artillery was raised, the Foot Artillery Officers have been, as they now are, very deficient even of the proportion of 1796.

Again the establishment of Officers of 1796 was calculated with an establishment of Lascars assisting the Europeans, a duty now proposed to be done by a smaller proportion of Golundauze. But as the same number of guns would still be manned, the same number of officers would be required to the reduced number of men; and on this account again the actual number should be greater than that derived from proportion to men instead of less.

Lastly to those Golundauze raised expressly to save an increase of European Artillery, Officers are equally required to be estimated by the number of guns they can man. We cannot calculate on assistance, as Officers, from Native Officers. We have already said that a Native Officer, rising from the ranks, is just as incapable of the scientific direction of Artillery as the European non-Commissioned Officers; indeed from want of equal education he is in general even less capable. To suppose

the contrary is in fact, to admit the very strongest cause of alarm in employing natives ; and to compel them to take that duty which would stimulate them to acquire a greater ability for this service, would be in fact, to do our best to produce the very evil which we apprehend. A Native Officer may well be entrusted as in other corps with much responsibility in the Regimental lines ; and will relieve European Officers from much duty connected with discipline. They may even be as useful as sergeants in laying guns in Battery under the superintendence and direction of an European Officer ; and they may be capable of conducting them from one point to another. But none of the duties which a Native Officer can direct, are of that description, which render European Officers less necessary in action ; and it is therefore incumbent on us, if we desire to have efficient Artillery when manned by natives, to have a full proportion of European Officers to them. At present they have only about $\frac{1}{2}$ the number of the European Artillery.

For all these reasons I shall take a different process for calculating the officers, and estimate upon the admitted principle that 1 Officer is required to direct every 2 guns in action. Proceeding on this ground, a Horse Artillery Battery of 6 guns will require 3 Officers to lay guns, and one to command and direct the Battery ; a fifth Officer can hardly be dispensed with to direct and superintend the great number of spare cattle and carriages, forming in fact a second line manœuvring in rear of, but parallel with the Battery itself, and independent of it. The 12 Troops would therefore take at least 60 effective Officers under the rank of Field Officers.

A Foot Field Battery of 6 guns requires fully as many Officers to lay guns and direct its movements ; but the number of cattle and carriages which are spare, being smaller, the fifth Officer may be dispensed with. The 28 Batteries require therefore 112 Officers effective under the rank of Field Officers.

The 280 Siege guns require 140 Officers, supposing on an average 1 to every 2 guns, but of these 56 may be furnished from the Field Batteries on the same principles as the men were, leaving 84 only for this particular duty ; and the 400 Garrison Artillery would require about 16 continually effective, and all under the rank of Field Officers.

Thus the total Officers to be always effective and under the Rank of Field Officers is 272(a) ; add as for the men $\frac{1}{2}$ for sick

(a) Horse Artillery,.....	60
Field Batteries,.....	112
Siege,.....	84
Garrisons,.....	16

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE ARTILLERY.

(34) and we have required to be in India 306. The number of Officers in so many under Field Officers allowed to be on Furlough is (a) 59, therefore the whole Officers under that rank should not be less than 365. As $\frac{3}{7}$ are Field Officers in the line, we should have 65 Field Officers; making the corps 430 Officers without making any allowance for Staff situations.

We may now examine the whole of our deductions by a comparison with the relative strength of the English Army, although, as I am without accurate data it will be but a rough comparison. By the Army List of His Majesty's Forces for September 1832 the strength of the whole British Army, Infantry and Cavalry, appears to have been, (b) nearly the same as we have reckoned the Bengal Army, or, about 80,000 men, while the Artillery consisted of 10 Battalions, each of 8 Companies, or something about 8000 men (c); and to these there were 438 Officers (d). These are proportions so nearly similar to what we have made out above that they add strong confirmation to the results, and give confidence that we have not overrated the estimates, because it is probable that in the Royal Artillery they cannot require so extensive a recruiting Establishment, or so great an allowance for Officers absent on Furlough, seeing the major part of the Corps is on home service.

Conclusion.

I have endeavoured in the preceding details to shew, 1st, That the Artillery on the Bengal Establishment was fixed in 1796 on a certain proportionate strength to the Infantry and

(a) There are 5 Captains to 12 Subalterns. The Captains are therefore $\frac{5}{17}$ of the whole, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of them may be on Furlough, or $\frac{5}{68}$, and the Subs being $\frac{12}{17}$ as $\frac{1}{8}$ may be on Furlough it would be $\frac{3}{17}$; Thus $\frac{5}{68} + \frac{3}{17} = \frac{5}{68} + \frac{12}{68} = \frac{17}{68}$ but $\frac{17}{68}$ of 306 = to 59.

(b) 17 Regiments Dragoons,	10,000
Guards,	4,500
99 Regiments Foot,	75,300
Rifle Corps, West India Regiment, Ceylon Regiment, and other irregular Corps probably,	7,200
	Total,
	97,000
Deduct Regiments serving in India,	20,000

Available English Army,

(c) A Company in time of war is about 120, in time of peace, though reduced in the home establishment it appears to be strong when on foreign service, and probably an average, including drivers for the Horse Artillery guns as we do, is not less than 100 men per Troop and Company.

- (d) 10 Colonels Commandant.
- 20 Colonels.
- 42 Lieutenant Colonels.
- 80 Captains.
- 87 2d Captains.
- 169 Lieutenants.
- 30 2d Lieutenants.

Cavalry not much differing from the practice in Europe. 2d, That this footing has been deviated from up to 1818, by keeping a smaller proportion; and that during this time our Armies have suffered on the Field for want of a powerful support from Artillery. 3d, I have endeavoured to determine the strength of an efficient Corps of Artillery for the Bengal Army, and have shewn, that the result hardly differs from the proportion of Artillery now allowed in the English Army.

I have thus I think made out, that so far from Colonel Salmon's proposal of reducing the Native Artillery in Bengal being reasonable, an increase of Artillery should be made, of at least $\frac{1}{3}$ of the present establishment. That it may not be believed any great difference would be the consequence of extending our consideration to the Armies of the three Presidencies, it will suffice to observe, that Colonel Salmon admits all the European Artillery which he would retain would not exceed 6600 men, a number just about equal to the existing Artillery, Native and European, of the Bengal Presidency, and proved to be unequal to its Army alone.

I have endeavoured further to shew that the supposed necessity of keeping European Artillery only, is founded upon insufficient grounds, so that in effect, there is no more danger in the Government availing themselves of the economical plan of maintaining Native Artillery, than of maintaining Native Infantry; I have now however to qualify this on considerations purely professional, because, it must be admitted, that, in the service of Heavy Ordnance, and in many other duties, it is so desirable, that it may almost be said to be necessary, to have recourse to European assistance and superintendance. The past experience rather than any argument which we can produce must be our guide in determining the proportion which is indispensable, but from this it would seem, that in the whole Artillery about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the men may be natives (a) without much inconvenience, and pro-

(a) In the Horse Artillery.

9 European Troops are, men,.....	972
3 Native Troops,.....	300
12 Troops Lascars,.....	324
	<hr/>
Total, Natives,...	624

To the Foot Artillery.

20 Companies of Europeans,.....	2060
16 Companies of Natives,.....	2000
20 Companies of Lascars,.....	800
	<hr/>
	2860

bably, even a something larger proportion; but I would not recommend more, because I am aware, that the natives have been objected to in many of the duties of Horse Artillery in which they have been employed, as well as in the Foot for serving siege Ordnance.

In both cases however I think the objection is not well grounded. In the Horse Artillery I confess I am disposed to believe the objection has originated from some remains of the old prejudice, which would exclude Natives as Artillery-men altogether. The Field Guns in the Horse and Foot Artillery being of the same nature, whatever difficulty natives may find in serving them in one, must be found in both and the employment of the natives must therefore be equally objectionable in both.

With Field Pieces of large calibre (12 Prs. for instance) which were formerly $\frac{1}{3}$ of these in use with the Horse and Foot Artillery, there are many Natives, I admit, incapable of spunging them with sufficient rapidity. When a vent is well served nearly a perfect vacuum is formed behind the sponge in withdrawing it, while the air is compressed in putting it home, both of which offer a powerful resistance in a large bore such as a weak man may find difficulty to over-come, and which will make the service of such a gun slow with weak men to work it. For this reason Europeans are necessary to such pieces. Their superior intelligence in our mode of marking and writing also make them desirable at shell pieces tho' not absolutely necessary, especially not so to those pieces which have an European Officer always with them. But considering that European Officers are supposed disposable by the foregoing plan to every two pieces in action, and that the heavy calibres form a small proportion of our Field Artillery, there cannot well be any duty in the service of the guns of a Field Battery Horse or Foot, half of which may not be performed by Natives, more especially if we remember, that natives are capable of being made excellent Horse men, and might well supply the place of Drivers in the Horse Artillery, but particularly to the waggons and spare carriages even of the heavy Ordnance; while in the Foot, they are fully equal to, as they have always been employed at the drag-rope work and many other duties of the heaviest guns.

In serving Siege Ordnance I have no doubt that except with shell pieces, they are equal to all duties. A Siege Gun is not fired rapidly and can be spunged and loaded by more than one man. I have in fact seen a siege Battery served entirely by Natives, fire more rapidly than is even desirable. One only consideration is necessary in this case, that as Natives will not eat any thing they do not cook themselves, they cannot be kept

in Battery without a regular relief to admit of this, so that their number must be always equal to allow such relief, or else it would be impossible to employ them. But without calculating the expence of sending out an European Soldier to India he will cost the state more than 2 Natives—2 Europeans will in fact cost as much as five Natives; so that to employ the Natives with ample relief would not be more expensive to the State. But when we consider, that besides this, the Europeans must after all be assisted by Natives, which would be entirely saved by giving a double set of Natives only to the Guns, we must still have a considerable saving to the State by their employment; while if we suppose only half of Artillery to be Natives it would seldom be necessary to have them employed in any duty when there could be danger of inconvenience.

There is another point to be observed which has certainly contributed to render our Field Artillery ineffective as well as a want of men and Officers, viz. the bad draft cattle allowed for it. All Artillery except the Horse Artillery has been invariably drawn by Bullocks until 1817, and although we cannot possibly object to Bullocks as draft animals, when mere draft is all that is necessary, and over tolerably good roads, yet they are not adapted to severe fatigue, or to manœuvre on uneven and heavy ground.

It is the nature of the best bullocks when jaded to turn obstinate, to lie down, and otherwise to become unruly. A disposition of this nature cannot be depended upon in line with Troops, where a road cannot be picked, but where it is necessary to move regularly, or else to break the whole line—a line too of 5000 or 6000 men, is not likely to meet in any country a smooth hard plain to form upon, but the probability is that cultivated fields, or broken ground, shall be a considerable portion of that occupied. Thus in a field action guns are constantly liable to meet the worst description of ground—the very description which it is most desirable to avoid even with fresh bullocks. But if formations take place on such ground, after a long march in which bullocks have already endured a fair share of fatigue, it becomes nearly impracticable to get any further exertion out of them, and there is certainly no hope, of being able to effect any thing like regular formations with Troops, and with the necessary regularity.

In all the wars previous to 1809 the bullocks were also supplied with bad drivers, men merely picked up for the occasion; and neither men nor cattle were ever accustomed to combined movements in Battery. In 1809 a regular establishment of bullocks and drivers was formed to be drilled into Artillery

duties ; but an experience of 9 years fully satisfied every body that with all care, our Field Artillery could not be brought to cooperate usefully with the line even under this system, and in consequence, Lord Hastings early in 1818 formed an experimental Battery to be drawn by undersized and cheap horses. This so perfectly answered every purpose, although not very efficiently formed, that 2 more were added, and one of these, in the beginning of 1824, accompanied a column of Troops from Nusseerabad to Jeypore, about 85 miles in 60 hours, over a heavy sandy country, keeping well up with the Cavalry, and still being as fresh for action as the rest of the Troops. The favourable reports on this and on every occasion where these Batteries were employed on comparing their performance with the bullocks, obtained in 1827, the sanction of the Home Authorities to the whole Field Batteries being drawn by horses ; but within a year this was suspended by the Local Government, and before the arrangement was half completed, this valuable establishment was broken up on economical motives solely.

It must be confessed, however, that unless the Horse draft is reverted to for our Foot Field Batteries, they cannot be expected to be on an efficient footing in the field ; and when it is considered at how great an expense even a bad Artillery must be maintained, which will be quite lost to the State on the day of battle, when the Artillery will be unable to do its duty, and how important this particular department of it is to the success of our operations, the comparatively trifling addition required for horses to give it the necessary efficiency, can hardly be worthy of the consideration of a provident and a liberal Government.

TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN.

When ushered to this world of guile
 Helpless and naked thou wast sent,
 Friends all around did laugh and smile,
 While thy first hours in tears were spent.
 So act thou on this little stage
 That on the day when thou must die
 When soars thy spirit from its cage
 All friends around thee then may cry,
 Whilst thou to leave this home of clay
 May laugh and smile, then pass away.

ALIF.

THE EDEN OF THE SEA.

(Written at Ceylon.)

A dream! a dream! our billowy home,
 Before me, as so late, so long,
 The ocean, with its sparkling foam;
 The ocean with its varying song:
 Our ship at rest where late she rode,
 Furl'd every sail though fair the breeze;
 And narrow walks, and small abode,
 Exchanged for roaming land and ease.

Short sojourn make we, yet how sweet
 The change; the unaccustomed air
 Of all we see, and hear, and meet;
 Ceylon—thy wooded shores are fair!
 I love the land left far behind,
 Its glorious oaks, and streamlets clear—
 Yet wherefore should mine eye be blind,
 My heart be sold to beauty here?

No—in a world as childhood new,
 Is it not well to be a child?
 As quick to ask, as quick to view,
 As promptly pleased, perchance as wild?
 Deride who will, my childish wit,
 My scorn to-day of graver things—
 Let *them* be proud, but let *me* sit
 Enamour'd of a beetle's wings.

Books for to-morrow: this calm bower
 (Yet mind and learning know the spot)
 Suggest to me the primal hour,
 When goodness was, and sin was not;
 When the mild tenants of the wood
 Came trustingly at Adam's call,
 Nor he, nor they, athirst for blood,
 The world one paradise for all.

I know that creatures strange and fierce
 Here lurk, and here make man afraid—
 But let the daring hunter pierce
 Their hidden lairs, in this bright shade.
 Let me forget save what I greet,
 The air alive with dancing wings,—
 Tame creatures picking near my seat,
 Resplendent flowers, and happy things.

The squirrel at his morning meal,
 And morning sports—so lithe and free;
 No shadow o'er the grass may steal
 With lighter, quicker steps, than he:
 Racing along the cocoa leaf,
 You see him through its ribs of green;
 Anon, the little mime and thief
 Expanded on the trunk is seen.

These cocoa trees—not fair in woods,
 But singly seen, and seen afar—
 When sunset pours his yellow floods,
 A column, and its crown a star!
 Yet dowered with wealth of uses rare,
 Whene'er its plummy branches wave,
 Some sorrow seems to haunt the air,
 Some vision of a desert grave.

Ceylon! Ceylon! 'tis nought to me,
 How thou wert known, or named of old,
 As Ophie, or Taprobane,
 By Hebrew king or Grecian bold.
 To me, thy spicy wooded vales,
 Thy dusky sons and jewels bright,
 But image forth the far-famed tales,
 But seem a new Arabian night.

And when engirdled figures crave
 Heed, to thy bosom's dazzling store,
 I see Aladdin in his cave;
 I follow Sinbad on the shore.
 Yet these, the least of all thy wealth,
 Thou heiress of the eastern isles,
 Thy mountains boast of northern health,
 There, Europe amid Asia smiles.

Were India not where I must wend,
 And England where I would return,
 To thee, my steps would soonest tend,
 Ev'n now, I feel my spirit yearn.
 Not as the stranger of a day,
 Who soon forgets where late he dwelt—
 But as a friend, who, far away,
 Feels ever, what at first he felt.

Madras, February, 1833.

M. J. FLETCHER,
 (late of Ipsbury.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EURASIAN.

I am a *Half-Cast*—offspring of the lust and indolence of the proud European—first fruit of the cupidity and simplicity of the sable Hindoo. Inheriting the lofty spirit of my sire—the sensibility and listlessness of my mother—my life has been the scene of one perpetual tempest of passion—one huge whirlwind of uncontrollable circumstance. The whips and scorns of fate—the proud man's contumely and proud woman's contempt—have been my constant portion: my progress to the humblest point of eminence or wealth has been impeded by an obstacle which no human means could surmount. What think you?—have I been unprincipled—indolent—speculative—infirm of purpose?—I have been none of these. I have been the positive reverse of all. What then? Haply—“I am *black*” and for my ‘complexion’ have I been much “misliked.”

Listen to a brief tale.

The — regiment of Native Infantry was quartered at Dinapore during the year 1802 but was on the point of moving away to form part of the grand army then pursuing a victorious career under Lord Lake, when it was joined by a youth who to much grace of person, united an ardent spirit of enterprise and uncommon sweetness of disposition. These qualities were eminently calculated to render Henry T—— a favorite with his brother officers, and there is no doubt that had the bounties of Nature been chastened and improved by a wholesome course of education he would have had no difficulty in maintaining the advantages which those attractive attributes acquired for him. But T——'s parents had spoiled him, and through a mistaken fondness had withheld from him those opportunities of severe instruction which alone can counterbalance the evil suggestions of an indolent temperament. He was, in fact, the slave of his passions. No principle was suffered to interfere with his sensual gratifications, or control the injurious consequences of their indulgence. Thus—to attain a given end—he violated truth—insulted his brother officers—broke his pledges—incurred enormous debts and finally—but I anticipate.

The regiment had returned to its old station after a twelve month's campaign; Much loss of men had been experienced and a step or two had been attained by the junior officers:—some had gained laurels by their gallantry, some—hard blows—some had procured staff appointments,—Henry T—— a mistress.

I pass over a detail of the means by which this last appendage was obtained. The transaction was disgraceful to all

concerned, excepting the poor and simple object of the transfer. She,—young, tender, warm and confiding,—deemed she saw in her committal to the arms of the handsome and lascivious European a gracious smile of Fortune, and held her bondage virtuous. Trained up to know no will of her own, and stranger alike to the forms and character of honourable matrimony, the innocent Minah considered herself thenceforth the servant and slave of H. T—— and in the integrity and singleness of her heart vowed to him undeviating truth and obedience.

Months rolled away, and again the gallant band was in hot pursuit of one of the potent Chiefs of Hindoostan.—Twice had the Mahratta hordes sustained the furious onset of the disciplined forces, and even now victory hovered doubtful over the contest of ——. At length, fortune favored the English commander, and a further accession of territory was sealed by the blood of the natives of the soil.

The evening roll had been called—the wounded were carried to the hospital tents—the picquets for the night had been stationed—the wearied sepoy was occupied in preparing his plain and temperate meal, and the European officers were engaged in quaffing bumpers in honor of their success, or reposing from the fatigues of the day. T—— was amongst the former. There were claims upon his affection—his humanity—but there were likewise attractions for his palate, and it would scarcely have been characteristic to have attended to the first, until the last had been gratified. Not, therefore, until he had shared in the Bacchanalian orgies, did this selfish youth wander forth amidst the heaps of slain to seek her, whose love, superior to all considerations, had borne her to his side while the bloody strife was waging and the storm of battle thundered over the plain.

Three several times by the light of the moon had H. T—— slowly paced amongst the slumberers in glory to discover some trace of the slave of his pleasures and partner of his toils,—but to no purpose;—not a sound gave him a clue to her retreat, and he was reluctantly winding his way towards the bivouac of his companions when a faint cry, apparently proceeding from beneath a broken ammunition cart, attracted his attention. Instantly he darted to the spot,—and there—faint, bleeding and weeping, did he discover his Minah folding to her cold, but throbbing bosom a new born babe! Yes, the random shot which struck my poor mother to the earth was the signal of my birth!—Would that—but hold! let me stifle the parricidal wish. We cannot tell what may be in store for the afflicted—we know not yet for what we are destined.—My father, though sadly enthralled with his own passions, was nevertheless not deficient

in humane and generous impulses. He hastily raised up his wounded companion and her charge, and bore them to where a rude tent had been raised. Medical assistance was soon procured, and such comforts prepared for the sufferer as the state of confusion in which the regiment then was allowed of.

Another month passed over our heads and the corps was ordered to —pore.

My memory does not supply me with the events, which distinguished my earliest years; nor have I ever heard that they were remarkable for any accidents of importance. I can just recall that I was a great deal with my mother, and that I had a little sister who did not survive;—that I once made a long journey on the back of an elephant, and that I was made a great deal of by my father's brother officers. At eight years of age I was put to school at the Presidency. And now commenced the working of that sensibility which has made this world in truth a vale of tears to me. There were many boys at this school, some older, some younger than myself. Some were born of European parents, and were fair and delicate; some were so dark that, but for their features, you would have supposed them to be genuine Natives—others, like myself, betrayed in their tawny hue the corruptibility of their origin. But in our youthful simplicity this was held an accidental affair which involved no distinction amongst human beings; we had none of us learnt to hold our fellows degraded in proportion to the depth of their complexion, until our school master, a vulgar, illiterate kind of person, unhappily 'untuned that string'—and then 'what discord followed!'—"Go, you little black rascal" said he one day to a poor lad who was blundering through his syntax.—'Black' thought I—'why that epithet? It was used reproachfully: are then all or any colors, crimes, or is he only an offender who owns a sombre skin? If the latter, then must all be criminals, more or less, as they recede from the fairness of the European. The reflection absorbed me. I became gloomy, but I was not without hope that it was a mere *façon de parler*, and that I should one day hear the master reproach an English child with being white.

I waited in vain.—The changes were rang on "*Black imp, half cast Mongrel,*" "*yellow faced whelp,*" and similar sneers; but the white lads were rated in other terms—and never censured for the livid whiteness of their cheeks. Hope still suggested that this partiality arose from the circumstance of the School master himself being a European, and therefore we of the copper hue, in our disputes with the fair boys, bandied about reproaches founded on the favor of the latter as freely as they

now learnt to contemn *our* colour. The reciprocity did not please me however. The origin of this new species of detraction was an Englishman, and I had sagacity enough to conjecture that the prejudice was a general attribute of his countrymen. Then what dismal forebodings oppressed my heart! The reproach, I feared, did not apply solely to the skin, but to some disabilities which it involved, or to some evil propensities, which its possessor might be supposed to be afflicted with. I examined my own heart. Were my frailties more numerous than those of the European lads? My conscience answered that there were many less amiable than myself. I had my share of vicious inclinations and so apparently had every other half cast lad, as it now became the fashion to call us; but to the perception of the most humble and the most self-censuring there was nothing in them to place the European immeasurably higher in the scale of virtue. Then whence the ground of reproach?

Impatient to be enlightened on a point which affected me to an inconceivable degree I wrote to my father craving an explanation. My letter was a long time reaching him as he had quitted the station whither I last addressed him. The reply was months in coming, and when a letter did arrive it contained not the most remote allusion to the subject on which I had written, but an intimation that as it appeared I now wrote a sufficiently good hand to qualify me for active duties, he should remove me from school *instanter*. I cannot say I regretted the announcement, for school had become of late the scene of frequent and fruitless contention. A month later, an officer called at the school and, producing my father's authority for taking me away, I was delivered into his custody.

I was at this time nearly fifteen years of age. My father had for some time been a Captain in his Regiment and there was an early prospect of his attaining the rank of Field Officer. How often did I lament when at school, that he had not earlier reached that enviable distinction! It is a common thing amongst the boys in the Indian schools to boast of their fathers' rank and consequence, and to measure their esteem for one another by the relative degrees of their respective sires. The poor mother on the other hand is scarcely ever alluded to, though perhaps, the child is to her an object of pride and unceasing solicitude, while the father laments its existence as an ugly excrescence or a perpetuation of crime—a heavy tax on momentary pleasure. Such was the case at Mr. B—'s seminary. The Colonel's son crowed over young master, the major's minor, while he in his turn asserted his superiority over the youth whose parent merely commanded a company.

The kind hearted officer who conducted me to——had made the journey very pleasant, and seduced me, by what I must now think his *condescension*, into a belief that the prejudice which had so much interfered with my peace was peculiar to the vulgar, and that I should now find a just level. Vain hope! The sarcasms of the school went no further than the ear, the contumely of the great world was to affect me in every relation of life.

My father did not evince much satisfaction in again beholding me, but my poor mother's delight was intense. She wept vehemently, clasped her hands, and hugging me closely to her bosom cried repeatedly "*Merra babba! Merra babba!*"

I was much moved by her warmth. I was more moved by my father's coldness. In the evening of our arrival he called me to him and said "William, I am going to the mess. Circumstances prevent my taking you with me, you must mess with your mother"—My apprehension, naturally quick, readily supplied an infelicitous meaning to the word '*circumstances*'—but hope still whispered "this is a military rule to which he must conform." Nevertheless I determined to ask my mother about it, and should have done so that very evening had she not renewed the manifestations of her joy at having her *butcha* all to herself. Could I make so ungrateful a return to her tenderness as to exhibit impatience at being left in her society?

The next morning at breakfast my worthy sire intimated that the adjutant of the Regiment had kindly consented to take me into his office where I should have an opportunity of learning the business of a Clerk, and in time become a very useful member of society. This intimation was on the whole flattering, for at that time, I did not know that a Clerkship was too often the beginning and the end of a country born youth's career, I looked upon it as merely the *premier pas*—the first step in the ladder of preferment, and accordingly went to work with a light heart, and a less fevered imagination.

My diligence attracted the attention of the officers, and I soon became a general favorite. One of them, a Major C—, particularly noticed me, and in about four years after my first joining took an opportunity of testifying his regard in a pointed manner. Government appointed him Political Resident at a distant station, and he then offered to make me his Clerk. This offer I gladly accepted, for my father's health was now in a very precarious condition and he was compelled to seek a restoration thereof in his own Native Country. My mother was much afflicted on the occasion of his departure, and volunteered to accompany him to Calcutta whence he embarked for England.

In a few weeks my new employer had entered upon his new duties. The station was remote from the Presidency, and as the Europeans were few in number the Major unbent a little of the *hauteur*, which in common with the rest of the corps he had manifested at head quarters, and occasionally admitted me to his table. Unhappily I could not there understand the true cause of this indulgence. I could not see that it was a violation of common practice warranted by the confined extent of English society, but vainly deemed it a tribute to my merit—a concomitant of my promotion from the rank of adjutant's Clerk on thirty rupees a month to a Resident's *Assistant* on three hundred. I was not however a forward or presumptuous youth, but bore my blushing honors with so much moderation that the indulgence became quite common. In a little time three or four officers at the station followed my excellent master's example, and I was admitted to a tolerably familiar footing. We rode together, dined together, and, when my avocations allowed it, shot and hunted together. There was one, however, amongst the set who did not relish this freedom, and was palpably constrained in his efforts at courtesy; he was the youngest son of a poor Scotch nobleman, commanded the Resident's escort, and gave himself—on the strength of his noble extraction—as many airs as if he were Governor General of India. But more of him anon.

About a year after we had been fixed at our new station, Major C— received intimation that his youngest sister, his favourite, had at length yielded to his repeated request that she would come out to India to keep house for him, and had taken her passage accordingly.

This news diffused an universal joy at the Residency, for as there was but one lady in our society, a middle aged matron, and the new comer was reported to be a lovely, unaffected girl, much additional cheerfulness was anticipated. The Major busied himself in altering and improving his bungalow for the reception of his fair guest, a new room was added, and the garden was immediately placed under the direction of two skilful *Mhazies*, "for" would the Major say, "I know Maria is fond of flowers, at least she used to be, and the pastime will the more agreeable, now that she will be so much dependent on her own resources." Scarcely had every thing been got into proper trim, ere my master hurried off to the Presidency to receive his sister.

We passed the remaining two months very heavily, for we had less occupation than usual and had lost the most agreeable member of our *coterie*. To me his absence was particularly painful, for I already discerned, or thought I discerned, a coolness amongst the remaining few, and a disposition to avoid my society. I was not long however kept in this unpleasant predicament for at the

commencement of the third month I received a kind letter from Major C— announcing his departure from Calcutta with his fair charge and commissioning me to prepare for their reception. I executed the task with great delight and could not fail to perceive the confidence of my excellent friend and employer had restored the flow of my associates' good feeling. Hang them! slaves and hypocrites!

It was evening. I had just returned from my solitary ride along the road where the Resident and his daughter were to come, when a trooper came tearing into the Fort to announce that they were within a stage of their journey's end, and would enter the fortress the following morning before sun rise. I hurried off to acquaint the Commandant of the Escort, and the officer in charge of the detachment of troops stationed in the Fort, in order that all might be got ready. I then started off to the next stage, having previously given directions for the preparation of an excellent breakfast, and by ten at night reached the little camp. The party had retired to rest, so I quietly took up a night's lodging in the cooking tent, and rose long before dawn to welcome my superior. He was evidently pleased with this mark of attention, and asked a thousand questions in regard to the affairs of the station during his absence. Day broke, and an ayah came out and announced that the *Beebee Sahib* was ready to start. Accordingly the palanquins were prepared, and I was about to mount my horse, when the major took me by the hand, and, leading me to the door of the largest tent, kindly introduced me to his sister. "Here, Maria," said he "this is my trusty clerk, my major domo Mr. T—" She curtsied gently and said something, but I could not distinctly make out what. The tone, however, I clearly recollected was kind.

Let me endeavour to describe Maria C— as she then was. Of years she had probably numbered nineteen: her person was *petite*, but exquisitely formed. Her countenance was of a somewhat pale hue, but of that paleness, which rather indicated thought than delicacy of frame. Her eye was hazel, and its expression combined intelligence with simplicity: her hair, a deep brown, well assorted with the eyes, and gave in its wantonings before the morning breeze, additional whiteness to a neck which at any time might vie with the fairest alabaster. Her hands and feet were small and beautifully proportioned!

It may readily be conjectured, that Miss C— was a prodigious favourite with every body at the Residency. Her cheerfulness and conversational talents rendered her father's table more social than ever; her musical abilities contributed to enliven many an evening, which had heretofore been consecrated to the consump-

tion of cigars, and her skill in equitation caused us to lengthen the evening rides and to leave our morning pillows half an hour earlier than formerly. Of course, as the Major invariably accompanied his sister, I did not obtrude my society sooner than invited; but the advantage, which the European gentlemen thus had over me was counterbalanced by the frequency of the opportunities of speaking to her afforded me by my employment in her brother's house. Would that I had never been permitted to approach her!

It was a cool and pleasant evening in the month of February 182—. The resident was rather unwell, and, unable to take his usual promenade, had desired me to bring certain papers to his bungalow and to assist him in transcribing a dispatch he was anxious to forward to the presidency.

We wrote in a part of the house which served for a drawing-room, while Miss C. sat at an adjoining table at work. What it was that caused me to do so I cannot remember, or even conjecture; but once during my labor, I raised my eyes in the direction of her chair,—to my surprize she was looking at me! and there was an expression in her countenance which I thought denoted an—*interest* at least in the object of her contemplation. I instantly withdrew my eyes, my brain reeled, my pulse throbbd—I could not write. But why all this? Had I justly interpreted the maiden's glance, or was it merely at the suggestion of vanity that I appropriated a look to which I had no claim.

I would observe further. Again I cast my eyes towards Maria and again I met her eye—nay more! she smiled—by heaven, she smiled upon me!

It may easily be conceived that after this incident I was not very fit to continue my business. My agitation was too great for any occupation. Concealing therefore the true state of my feelings, I feigned sudden indisposition, and requested leave to retire. The resident was too considerate not immediately to assent to my wishes and volunteered to put by my papers; I then left the bungalow, not however, without casting one more look at the source of my new emotions in wishing a respectful good night! I could then perceive her agitation was likewise intense. Her face and neck were suffused with a deep scarlet, and she hung her head over her work without venturing again to encounter my eyes.

The reader may form some idea of the state of my mind on returning to my quarters. For the first time in my life I was under the influence of the strongest of all human passions, and that too through the agency of the first and only English girl, I had ever spoken to.

Hitherto she had appeared to me a being of such transcendent worthiness and rare beauty, that had any ambitious desires sprung up in my bosom, I should have sought to stifle them from an apprehension of the utter impossibility of their gratification. Moreover I had perceived, as I thought, the commencement of a little flirtation between the commandant of the escort, the sprig of nobility before alluded to, and my young mistress, and I looked forward, though not without certain secret regrets—holding, as I did the young officer in little estimation—to its terminating in a matrimonial engagement:—but now, when I could distinctly perceive symptoms of interest in my behalf, my aspirings acquired confidence, and I dared at once to be in love! Oh who shall tell the force with which this exquisite passion affected me? who shall describe the terror and fury, with which it raged within my sensitive bosom. I could not rest, I could not eat, nor drink, nor talk, nor work,—neither books, nor sports of the field had charms for me. A heavy lethargy accompanied with fever stole over my senses and for two or three days I was confined to my bed.

The medical officer of the station visited and took blood from me, vainly endeavouring to ascertain the quality of my disease; my kind employer too was incessant in his enquiries, and even came himself to my bedside, but his presence gave me much uneasiness, and I felt like a criminal before his judge. On the third day, reason, however, began to reassert her sway, and under her guidance, I endeavoured to devise means for seeking and communicating more explicit avowals on the subject to rest my heart.

The reader will readily consent to be spared the infliction of a recital of the numerous schemes which suggested themselves, and of the conflicting emotions by which I was variously affected. Suffice to say that in a few days my soul found utterance, and Maria confessed her own attachment in tones that thrilled through every pore and fibre of my frame. Still I did not dare unbosom myself to her brother. I cannot precisely say why, for I did not anticipate any decided objections on his part either on the score of my means, my person, or my character. But there was an undefinable sort of apprehension about the disclosure, which induced me to delay it until an event occurred, which dashed the cup of joy from my lips, and plunged me into the deepest abyss of misery and despair.

It seems the time had arrived for the relief of the detachment of sepoy which was quartered at the residency station for the service of the resident on occasional occasions. The officer who commanded the old detachment was a married man, but his spouse

was rather a homely, if not a vulgar personage, and little sympathy had therefore subsisted between h/r and Maria C. His successor had a partner of a different stamp.

Long resident at one of the presidencies and accustomed to all the *sentiments* and usages of Anglo Indian society, Mrs. Maxwell had acquired a peculiar aptitude for the discovery of eligibles, and could guess to a rupee the wealth of every *pretendant* out of the service, or could discern to the exact point the extent of interest, which every one in it could command.

This lady had not been many hours at the residency station before she was visited by Major C. and his sister, and welcomed with all the fervor of their generous natures. She soon returned the visit of the party, and I learnt from Maria at a subsequent interview, that she was much pleased with the frank and ladylike manners of her new friend. Unaccustomed as I was to the ways of the *great* world, I could not help feeling pleased at this accession to our circle, even though my own reception, when I called on the lady, was rather cold and formal. I cherished a hope that Maria would soon be on terms of intimate friendship with Miss M. and might thus impart to her a knowledge of the state of her heart; and procure her assistance in bringing about the consummation we naturally desired. A much shorter time, however, than I had calculated on, elapsed to produce a far different termination to this attachment.

I had called suddenly one morning at the residency to pay my respects to my *young mistress* and was surprised on entering the drawing room to see her pass me straight to her own room in tears! I stood stupified with doubt and apprehension, but was soon roused by the Ayah coming out, to say her 'Madam' was unwell, and that I must excuse her. I questioned the ayah as to the nature of her illness, and freely asked her if any thing else were the matter,—for this sagacious *fille de chambre* had long divined the nature of the understanding subsisting between Maria and myself, and could interpret correctly the ambiguous terms which my question was couched. The ayah answered she did not know, 'but that' madam sahib 'had cried much lately when alone'. Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. C. to whom I instantly addressed myself expressing much regret at his sister's indisposition. He replied very kindly, and satisfied me at once that he entertained no idea of the real state of affairs.

"My sister," said he "has been quite decomposed of late, and I am at a loss to guess the cause. I rather think she needs a change of scene for our out-station life is something of the oddest, and she has been used to a little gaiety."

I turned pale at this suggestion of a change of scene and after a common place observation or two took my leave.

On my return home I wrote a letter to Maria, imploring an explanation of her state of mind and recommending her to communicate all to her brother. I put the letter in my pocket for the purpose of delivering it to the ayah, and in the evening took a ride preparatory to adjourning to the Major's house. The ride furnished me with some clue to the sad mystery. I accidentally met Captain and Mrs. Maxwell walking in company with Mr. —, who commanded the escort, and of course bowed and drew in my rein. The salutations of the party, however, were remarkably cold, and I could detect the lady exchanging satirical smiles with my Scotch friend, which gave me no little uneasiness. The indisposition of our fair friend naturally called forth an observation soon after the rencontre, and I remarked that the Major had talked of a change of scene as necessary to his sister. To this Mrs. M. rejoined "ah, yes, the sooner it takes place the better on several accounts." "No doubt Mr. T. will much regret the lady's departure," insinuated he of the escort. I answered, after a little hesitation, during which I endeavoured to control my agitation, that I thought we should all lament the loss of one who had so much contributed to the general happiness. My embarrassment, however, did not escape the perception of the lady, and taking advantage thereof she immediately exclaimed, "ay but, you, Sir, in particular will be a sufferer, for if I may speak from a little experience, persons situated like yourself are not always so fortunate."

My emotions now visibly increased, but I nevertheless contrived to mutter some incoherent syllables, in the form of a disclaimer or a query, I forget which; and then, wishing them a good evening, galloped onwards.

It was now plain to my fevered imagination that the bubble had burst. In spite of all my caution, the *coterie* I thought had discovered the existing amour and were apparently determined to prevent its continuation.

What was to be done? I had no confidant whose advice and assistance I might ask for,—no means of ascertaining to what length the scheme, of my opponent had gone. It was clear that no one was satisfied with the *ligison* and that the affair would soon reach my employer's ears. I therefore determined at once to unbosom myself to him, and by anticipating my enemy; soften, if I could not prevent, the effect of their ill nature.

My determination being taken, I immediately proceeded to the Major's house. On announcing myself I was desired to walk

in, and was ushered into the room where he usually sat of an evening reading to his sister. They were thus employed when I entered. "Well T—," said the Major, "what are the news? are you come to take a cup of bohea with us?" "I am come Sir," said I faltering, "to speak with you on a subject of some moment to— all three of us." I would have added—but my power of utterance failed me. Maria perceived my agitation, and hastily rising, left the room. This restored my presence of mind a little, and after a pause I resumed; "I am come, Sir, to tell you, that I am the cause of your sister's apparent indisposition.—I have dared to love her—and dare to think my affection is not altogether offensive to her."

"Good God" ejaculated the Major, suddenly rising "has she ever told you so?" "She has" I fervently rejoined, "and"—"Oh!" said the Major in a hurried tone "this is most sad, most sad," and saying this, he rushed into his sister's room—I was petrified with fear. In a few minutes I heard the voice of my employer calling out to the servants, and Maria hysterically sobbing—My first impulse was to rush to the room to soothe the suffering girl, and mitigate by prayers her brother's wrath; but I was prevented by the butler's coming out and saying, "Oh Mr. T—, pray go to your house, for master is very angry with you." I did not go, but retiring to a corner of the veranda waited the issue of events. In about half an hour, Mrs. Maxwell, who had been sent for, arrived, and I could hear the servants whispering to one another that their young mistress was very ill—No one can imagine what agony I endured for the following hour. At last every thing became silent, and from the dark corner, where I was standing *perdu*, I could perceive the Major and Mrs. Maxwell walk into the dining hall in close conversation. But a few words reached my ear; yet they were sufficient to convey the purport of the discourse to my throbbing heart—"a destruction of prospects—such presumption—worthy of a member of council—dear girl—happy—*half cast—complexion*." That was enough—feelings that long slumbered, at once revived with tenfold force, and with a fevered pulse and a beating heart I quitted the house.

It was night,—the day had been dark and lowering, foreboding the commencement of the rainy monsoon which now suddenly set in with a fury which well accorded with the tumultuous "habit of my soul!" Ruthlessly the flood burst upon the earth and would easily have quenched a whole universe of flame, but was insufficient to subdue the volcano which raged within my heart. I proceeded homeward rapidly,—and reached my door, in a state of palsy that may easily be conceived. Throwing myself at once upon a couch I gave vent to a torrent of grief.

from which I was roused by my servant begging of me to take off my clothes which were completely saturated. I complied mechanically, but scarcely had I enveloped myself in my morning gown before the same domestic put into my hand a note couched in the following words.

“Capt. M.’s compliments to Mr. T—and on behalf of Mr. — (naming the commandant of the Escort) has called to make arrangements for settling the respective pretensions of Mr. T and his friend to the hand of Miss C—. Mr. T— must be aware that his presumptuous suit is no secret at the station, and he cannot therefore object to assert it in a mode *becoming a cavalier*, particularly when the gentleman who offers him this opportunity of defending his pretensions confers an honor to which neither Mr. T.’s rank, complexion, nor underhand proceedings entitle him.”

“Capt. M— is at home to Mr. T— at all hours.”

It was not very likely that such a note as this should tend in any degree to calm the tempest which was then devouring my whole soul. I am naturally courageous—the “son of the battle” was a term which the circumstances of my birth had procured for me and the applicability of which my daring spirit in infancy had confirmed.

Under any circumstances, therefore I should have accepted my enemy’s challenge; but now, when misery assailed me in every shape, death seemed to possess an attractive form, and I was cheered with the prospect of its early embrace. Still, I was loth to leave the author of so contemptuous and insulting an epistle unpunished while his principal had the satisfaction of shooting me through the head; so, hurrying on my clothes, and regardless of the sacred character of the day, I ordered my palanquin, and in spite of the storm and the rain proceeded armed with a stick to the house of the Irish Captain.

I found the Captain seated in an arm chair, smoking a segar and reading a pamphlet with his legs on the table. Without waiting to be announced I sprang out of my palanquin, and rushing into the room with the Capt.’s letter in my hand I accosted him by asking if he was the author thereof. Without looking at it, or appearing in any way surprised at the suddenness of the address, he took his segar out of his mouth and coolly said, “To be sure I am—and why not?” “Then,” cried I, choking with anger, “receive the reward of your insolence,” and giving loose to the impetuosity of my passion, I began to belabour him with my rattan. I had not the advantage long however, for the Captain being a strong man he soon closed with and dis-

harm me. What further might have happened it is difficult to say. The entrance of servants prevented any continuation of the struggle, so, bestowing a hearty malediction on my victim, I left the house. The following morning I penned a reply to the Commandant of the Escort, accepting his challenge, but begging a pause until I could find a *friend*, as the aiders and abettors in these bloody rencontres are called *par excellence*.

I have already said that I had no intimate associate at the station. It was therefore a difficult matter for me to fix upon an individual who I might apply to in the emergency, with any hope of success. Whilst I was deliberating as to the best course to pursue my servant announced the Major, who soon after entered the bungalow, and coming into my bed room, where I was seated ruminating, took a chair close to me, and with an earnestness of manner, thus at once addressed me.

"My dear T—, it grieves me to the soul that my connection with one for whom, you must be aware, I have ever felt much kindness is now to cease, and to cease under circumstances so painful. But I have a duty to perform, and feelings must be forgotten in a compliance with the obligation. You have unhappily formed an attachment for my sister, and she for you, but she has been rendered sensible that the consummation of what were your mutual wishes would entail upon her irrevocable ruin, and reflect disgrace upon her connexions, and she has therefore empowered me to beg you will think no more of her."—I was stupified—sick to death—but answer made I none. My master, greatly moved—proceeded. "It has consequently become necessary to remove you from a spot where you would continually be encountering one who must henceforth be indifferent to you, and who could only be pained by your presence. I have friends at the presidency, and to them I shall write to procure you an appointment and to provide me with a successor to yourself, and I can only hope that he may prove in any degree as good a youth, and as clever an assistant, as I have ever found you." Here I could perceive the tears bursting from his benevolent eyes. I would have answered, but a mental syncope oppressed me! I thought she had seen Othello's "visage in his mind"—but "all's over now!"—A long pause ensued, we were both greatly affected. At length the Major, stooping, picked up the letter of Capt. O'M.—which I had accidentally left on the floor, and running over its contents asked me when I received it? I told him every thing, not even omitting to state the embarrassment I was in for want of a second—an embarrassment which I felt the more inasmuch as it prevented my rushing forth to meet that fate which I now so much desired. "My boy," said my poor master, "it has been my fault that you have been placed

in a station for which your birth, according to the usage of English society, disqualified you, and it has therefore been through me that you have encountered insult and disappointment. It hence becomes my duty to support you in your present situation, and to assist you in vindicating your character. I will be your second. Say what message shall I carry to your foe?" — "Tell him"—hastily I exclaimed, and intuitively grasping the Major's hand,— "tell him, dear, kind sir, that I am ready *this moment!*"—The Major departed—and left me a prey to the keenest grief that ever yet assailed a sensitive and honorable bosom. He soon, however, returned, and informed me that that evening was fixed on for the combat. Heaven pardon me but I anxiously prayed for the annihilation of time, that death might come the quicker.

In the evening we,—my antagonist and his friend, the Major and myself—met in a mangoe grove. My kind and magnanimous employer addressed a few soothing words to me before the word was given to fire, to which I merely replied "say to your sister I die loving and forgiving her!" We then took up our ground, and fired—My enemy fell wounded..... a fortnight afterwards—a fortnight of acute suffering and close confinement—I was on my way to the Presidency, bearing letters of introduction to two Staff Officers of distinction and one of the principal civilians. In the course of a month I reached my destination, and instantly bent my steps to the residence of my poor mother, who had not seen me for two years, though her occasional acknowledgment by letter of the trifling sum I was enabled to spare her from my monthly salary had kept me assured of her continued health. I cannot picture to the reader the fervor of my mother's joy at our meeting,—her heart was only equalled in its warmth by its constancy. I detailed to her the rough course of my "true love"—and found consolation in her sympathy at least, if not in her reasoning. Like most of the children of the sun, my mother's temperament was rather violent, and this disposition gathering strength from ignorance, she indulged in furious invectives against the author of my suffering where another, under the correcting influence of education, would have suggested explanations, if not palliatives. When the tumult of anger had somewhat subsided, we discoursed of other subjects and I enquired whether any thing had been heard of my father since his departure—my mother answered in the negative, adding however that the stipend he allowed her had been regularly paid.

My letters of introduction were duly delivered and three weeks subsequently I was installed in the office of a Commercial

House, then of great celebrity and supposed wealth. My avocations and the *agrémens* of the City of Palaces produced a temporary oblivion of past affairs, and my mind was gradually acquiring its ordinary healthful tone when my eye fell one morning on an announcement in the *Hurkaru* of the marriage of Miss C——, I should say—to my detested rival the Commander of the Escort! What a wound was this!

* * * * *

It has never been my forte to pourtray agony. The lifelessness of the sketch has always been in proportion to the intensity of my misery. It is the recollection of griefs which paralyses my powers. I act the hours of torment over again. I must therefore appeal to the sympathies of those who may peruse this narrative. Let them endeavor to conceive what I am unequal to exhibit.

* * * * *

Once more the equanimity of my life was restored. I had won myself into a conviction that Maria would be miserable with her choice and the malicious hope conveyed balm to chastened soul.

But the calm was of brief duration. Destiny had decreed to me a life of storms—a career of incessant trouble, and repose was only accorded me that new pains might be more poignant—more severe from the contrast with my brief hours of *enjoyment*—that can be so called which was but a respite from suffering.

Amongst the various sources of amusement to which my attention had been directed since I quitted the Residency, none had acquired a higher place in my esteem than the public journals. Fish and kedgerie—the dry toast and eggs—the coffee and meats—were enjoyments I could have dispensed with at my breakfast table, without a murmur; but the Newspaper had become an ingredient in my existence. It was the summum bonum of my life:—"rob me of that, and you left me poor indeed." Accordingly, nothing which transpired in the great world escaped my knowledge. I saw that battles had been lost and won—that Ministers had half ruined the fairest of lands and the mightiest of people—that roguery prevailed while honesty suffered; that religion was more a theme for the tongue than a purifier of the heart; that the many were persecuted, that the few might enjoy—that in short—that my father a Lieutenant Colonel, as he then was, had married in England! and married of his own cast and color!

The reader must kindly bear in mind that the individual who offers this narrative to the public eye had been brought up in a remote quarter of India, where Europeans were few in number, and under circumstances which prevented his acquiring an intimate knowledge of the extent of the depravity obtaining amongst the fair rulers of the soil. I did not *then* know that the desertion of the *Hindoo Mistress* for the English wife was a piece of cruel infidelity of constant occurrence. I did not *then* know that the bonds of love were less respected than the cement of *legality*.

I had never much loved my father. His habitual coldness towards my mother and myself,—the little I had of his society since he first sent me to a Presidency school, were circumstances which engendered an indifference to his love, by no means strange though some may deem it unnatural. The shock, therefore, which my feelings sustained on learning that he had played the traitor to my mother, resulted not from any sudden apprehension that I had lost a parent, but from the conviction that a gross insult had been put upon my kind, innocent and confiding mother, and that the cruel author of my existence had sought this new union as a means of shaking off all connection with her and her offspring—Animated by such thoughts I did not, as might be supposed, surrender myself to that wretchedness which the morbid character of my sensibilities had hitherto exposed me to—anger, not grief, at once inflamed my soul and instead of “weeping my sad bosom empty” I vowed to “hold fast the mortal sword” whose edge my father’s perfidy might serve to whet. The constitutional timidity and supineness of my mother were well known to me, and suggested the propriety of concealing from her the resolution of seeking redress with which I was now possessed. She would have cried me out of purpose—she would have called me “*parricide*” and however much my intentions might be restrained within limits of crime, as far as my father was concerned, no doubt that the fears to which my mother would have been subjected by my conduct might have inflicted a death-wound on her, thus justifying the epithet and defeating my own views.

Impressed with this notion I did not impart to a single soul the real objects with which I at this time prepared for a voyage to England. To the repeated questions of my friends I answered that I was anxious to visit a land so justly famed for her laws, her institutions, her commerce, the picturesque beauty of her rural divisions, the luxury, grandeur and industry of her busy haunts. They were all sensible how deep an interest I had learnt to take in the concerns of the parent country, and

would infer from the enthusiasm of my character, the extent of the anxiety which induced me (apparently in so sudden a manner) to quit India for the sake of a visit to her shores.

For were the reasons here alledged altogether inoperative, or even ostensible. I did, in sober truth, fondly yearn for the green wood and the lawn, the copse and the meadow of "merry England." I sincerely longed to breathe the free and bracing air of the bonnie North—to see the "mighty Babylon," to hear the manly commoner assert the rights of his countrymen—to associate with Britain's daughters—and—shall I confess the weakness?—to feel that *color* was no shame.

* * * * *

The bark dances gaily "o'er the waters of the dark-blue sea"—The valetudinarian already finds "health on the breeze"—the sailor's heart thrills as the vessel turns her head towards the happy haven—The Eurasian—the Anglo Asiatic—the *half-cast*—the poor, despised half-cast—how feels he?

Alas! no brilliant prospect—no cheering hope enlivened my pilgrimage. I left the land of my birth without a sigh,—for the bastard creole has no country—no national sympathies in common with the happy pure and legitimate.

England offered delights which I had never tasted, but these were neutralized by the melancholy character of my mission—I was going to call to an account, as I thought, a faithless husband and an unnatural father, and though I had been early taught to forgive the injuries we experience at the hands of others, if we hope for forgiveness ourselves at the great Tribunal, yet could not divest myself of the idea that there was something sacred and redeeming in the character of my present purpose, for my cause was the cause of a parent.

The vessel neared Gravesend and the wearied passengers, having taken to a boat were landed on the soil of the free. Some hired postchaises, some embarked in steamers; I caught a Dover Coach and, taking a place on the roof, was more than three hours, warming my hands in the private parlor of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. I can well remember the moment, when, laying aside my cloak, and seating myself for the first time in my life by the side of a blazing fire with a wet newspaper in my hand, I felt that I was perfectly independent. It was a glorious moment! The walls of the little parlor circumscribed my dominion, but within those limits I owned nootic sway. My pockets were full, and the gilding of their contents so covered the copper of my skin, that every waiter and every maid treated me as if I were the child of wedlock,

and fair to boot!—The paltry gratification arising from purchased tavern comforts was however but transient. The all-absorbing object of my visit to England did not permit other thoughts to occupy any continued sway, and before I had retired to bed on the first night after my arrival I had enquired the way to —Square, where my father's Calcutta agents informed me he resided, and had given directions for being guided thither on the morrow.

The morrow came. Hastily did I swallow a moderate breakfast, and at once bent my steps to the abode of Colonel T——. Often and often had I, during my voyage, laid down a plan of conduct for myself as soon as this crisis should arrive, but as yet I had fixed on no determinate course, and now that the awful moment of action had arrived I stood irresolute, embarrassed and distressed. A well dressed servant answered to my modest summons at the door, and to my faltering question replied that his "master was not at home, but *missus* was." Mechanically I moved into the passage, and taking off my hat followed the liveried lacquey up a flight of well carpeted stairs into a drawing room gorgeously but not inelegantly decorated. A chair was given me; and without noticing the disappearance of the domestic, down I sat and was soon lost in a reverie. I was in my father's house—a stranger—no doubt a most unwelcome visitor. I had come uninvited; nay more, I had come with hostile purposes, and if the law could not redress my grievances,—if my parent's *pocket* were to remain uninjured—I hoped at least to sear his conscience, and disturb his peace. I would "speak daggers to his soul," and *declare* the wrongs he had inflicted if I could not *avenge* them. It might be thought that the perfumes of the saloon where I now sat, and the dainty toys which every where met my eye, would soothe my troubled spirit and change the current of my reflections. Not so:—that costly Indian screen served but to recall the place of my nativity;—those velvet stools and damask sofas forced a contrast with my pensioned mother's lowly couch,—the gildings of those cornices and mouldings spoke but too plainly of injustice done to the honest trader, or of the lavish use of the *new wife's* dowry. Thus were my cogitations rendered more bitter, my wavering purposes more fixed.

I had not remained long in this moody contemplation of the gaily chattels of the drawing room ere the folding doors opened and a female, plainly but tastefully dressed, entered and addressed me. "I beg your pardon Sir," said she, "but my stupid want omitted to announce you by name. May I ask to whom my husband is indebted for the honor of this visit?"—"To his own villainy, Madam," sternly replied I—"I am his son!"—"Good

Heavens! exclaimed she, running to the fire side and seizing the bell-rope, "what is all this? who is this?" and she rang the bell with violence. I saw that she was pale with affright, and I repeated that I had addressed her so abruptly. "Be calm, Madam," said she, "you are perfectly safe from me.—violence towards women is as revolting to my nature, as tame submission to the wrongs inflicted on me by man. Be calm." But my efforts were thrown away; she was sobbing hysterically when the servant entered, and perceiving the condition of his mistress, called aloud for a female domestic, who, running in, tendered her aid to the suffering lady and led her from the apartment. I remained,—the valet watching me, and apparently undetermined as to whether he should permit my stay, thus guarded, or request the departure of one who had apparently caused so much commotion in the house. At this moment a loud rapping at the door announced the arrival of the Colonel. The servants hastily descended and scarcely had he opened the door before he began some explanation which I was unable to hear.

My first impulse was to rush down the stairs and at once to demand my unnatural parent, and call him to account in the presence of this household; but a moment's reflection served to assure me that such a proceeding, though particularly theatrical in effect, would but prove the signal for the violent ejection of my person, and thus destroy the end for which my visit was undertaken. I therefore screwed my resolution to the sticking place, and, re-seating myself, awaited my father's entry. I was not long in suspense. Colonel T— had apparently merely gone up stairs to ascertain the condition of his wife when he entered, and looking at me, as steadily as his agitation would permit, he said "I need not ask *who* has dared to disturb the tranquility of my establishment though I may express my surprise at this sudden appearance. Pray, Sir, what brings you here?"—"My wrongs" answered I, in a firm and loud tone. "I have come to ask you what atonement you can offer for the desertion of your wife and child, involved in this act of bigamy?—I have come to seek retribution—vengeance." The energy—I may say the frenzy of my address startled my father, and he stood for some seconds pale and mute with astonishment. At length, drawing a chair, and seating himself in it, he summoned all his coolness to his aid, and beckoning me to sit,—a signal I did not choose to notice—he stammered out, "I suspect there is some mistake Sir, you are labouring under some delusion."—"Am I not your son?"

"Why—yes—I believe there is no doubt of that."—"Is not your name Minal?"—"Equally unquestionable I can assure you."—"Then how comes it since you have had the reason to believe her dead that you have married another?"

"Oh," rejoined the soldier-savage, while a brutal frown crossed his upper lip—"I see now the nature of your error. My dear boy you have acquired some strange notions on this head, and it pains me that the task of undeceiving you has not been left to others."

"How—what—speak—for mercy's sake, speak!" and my mouth was parched, and my fist clenched, and my teeth gnashed with the agony of doubt.

"Your mother and I" tremulously drawled out my lustful Sire, "were never married; she was but my mistress,"—"And I am your bastard?—God! God!" and I sank on the floor.

How many hours I might have remained in the stupor which succeeded this exciting scene I cannot tell, but on recovering from my trance I found myself in a large and costly bed, in a darkened apartment, and a man servant seated by my side. To my enquiries as to where I was, the domestic answered that I was in the visitor's bed room at Colonel T's, who had desired to be informed when I might awaken. I said no more, but fell into a deep reverie concerning the horrid disclosure which had been elicited from my father. It seemed then I was a bastard; that not only did the cruel stigma of complexion attach to me, but all the pains and disabilities of illegitimacy were likewise my portion. My birth had not received the hallowed sanction of matrimony. I was begot in mirth,—born in the midst of strife, nurtured in the heart of prejudice,—and was to pass my allotted term of life the slave of keen sensibilities. But how was it that up to this moment I had remained in ignorance of my real condition.

The mystery was soon explained: I had never raised the question, and those around me who knew me well were too considerate to volunteer a communication, which would have added gall to the cup I was quaffing as a *half cast*. But why did I not consult some lawyer of experience before I embarked on an expedition which now threatened a quixotic termination? Simply because I never doubted that my mother was the *lawful* wife of her deserter, and therefore could not question the turpitude of my father's conduct: besides it was of moment to me that my intentions were kept secret, and therefore I did not care to make a confident of any individual as long as I felt persuaded of the justice of my cause.

While I was rapt in this contemplative mood, the Colonel entered, and approaching my bed side assumed a smile, which was evidently foreign to his nature, for all his earlier goodness had merged into gross selfishness and sensuality—and addi-

me. He pretended much sympathy with my suffering and regretted that our meeting had taken place under such untoward circumstances; he would have been delighted to have welcomed a son in a different manner, and now that I was acquainted with the real state of things, he hoped that I would give him an opportunity of making my stay in England agreeable. To all this I turned a deaf ear.

Indifference to my father had grown into antipathy and I now loathed his very presence. Humbled as I was, however, by the knowledge of my real condition I did not deem it becoming to indulge in any additional reproaches, but thanking him for the attention that had been shewn me I begged to be conducted to my hotel, promising to pay another visit to — Square before my departure. Colonel T. pressed me on leaving to accept a bank note for £50, for my petty expences, and this I had not the courage, to refuse for I had somewhat miscalculated the expences of a residence in England and positively needed every little assistance.

For two days after the incidents above related, I remained a prisoner in my chambers in the hotel, a prey to depressing melancholy; at length it occurred to me that I should be doing injustice to my mother, injustice to myself, if I surrendered the hope of obtaining some satisfaction for the injury inflicted on us by my father, merely because he chose to assert my bastardy. His statement might be false, or, if true, there were probably remedies for his desertion by an appeal to the laws. To a lawyer then I directed my steps, and after stating my grievances in detail accompanied by a handsome fee, I learnt for my consolation that if I could bring *evidence* of any marriage contracted between my father and mother in India, I could indict him for bigamy, or, if not, I might, should *proofs* be forthcoming, bring an action of damages for seduction and breach of promise. At best, then, it seemed that I must resort to India for the means of proceeding further in the business. It was hard that so long a voyage should have been undertaken with so infelicitous a result, but there was consolation in the thought that I had thereby obtained a clue to my father's offence and might now perhaps succeed in my search after vengeance. Of course I did not renew my visits to Colonel T.'s, although he twice sent to invite me. I could not reconcile to my conscience the acceptance of attention and hospitalities from one who I considered my foe, and who I was seeking to assail by legal means.

I staid three months in England devoting all my time to the inspection of her institutions, visiting her chief manufactories, attending the theatres, Courts of law and churches, and then prepared to depart for Calcutta.

I took my passage in a fine 700 ton trader. There were eleven passengers in the ship besides myself, a Colonel and his lady, a Civilian and his two daughters, a country born girl, the child of an officer in India, who had just finished her education, a Captain returning from furlough, two assistant surgeons and two cadets. We were all very good friends, and as the seniors were men of liberal minds, I was exposed to no insults on account of my unfortunate complexion and the circumstances of my birth. Perhaps the presence of a delicate, well bred female, labouring under the same disabilities with myself, contributed in some degree to restrain whatever propensity to insult any member of the party might have entertained. At all events great forbearance was exercised, and had it not been for circumstances, which I am now to detail to the reader I might have reached Diamond Harbour without sustaining any disquietude of mind beyond what the perils to which as traversers of the wide ocean we were exposed, unavoidably created.

My place at table was nearly opposite to Amelia Harcourt, *my country woman*, at least we were sufficiently near each other for all the purposes of direct conversation. On board our happy ship the discourse was as free and unconstrained as certain forms and points of etiquette would permit, and when the tropical sun sank to rest, all parties were wont to promenade the deck, and linked in the arm of a chosen associate to indulge in still franker communion. Opportunity, and perhaps a secret power of attraction mutually operating on two individuals of a like kind, threw Amelia Harcourt and myself together very frequently, and although she was but an ordinary beauty and had been taught to place a higher value on the lighter graces, than on the solid branches of knowledge, her uniform cheerfulness and correctness of sentiment gained upon my heart and inspired me with *almost* as much fondness for her as I had felt for Maria C. The rest of the party no doubt perceived the growing attachment, but they offered no impediment to its progress. I will not suppose that the two half casts were held in too little esteem to excite jealousy amongst the Europeans,—that would be an impeachment of the sincerity and cordiality of our fellow passengers. I am inclined to think that the indulgence arose partly from the fact of Amelia H. being without any direct protector excepting our good natured Captain, and partly from the knowledge which existed of the acute sensibility and impetuosity of her admirer.

Our voyage, as far as the neighbourhood of the Isle of France, was cheerful and prosperous, and great confidence was entertained, that we should reach Calcutta without any serious accident, when all at once there arose a fearful wind, and a rough

and roaring sea, thunder, rain, and lightning. It came not upon us gradually and sensibly warning the mariners of its hostile approach, and enabling them to prepare for the contest, but suddenly and furiously, tearing away the masts, sails, cordage,—sweeping away casks, barrels, baggage and furniture:—for three or four successive days, the elements waged incessant war with the devoted bark, and at length left it in so unmanageable and uninhabitable a condition, that in spite of all exertion we were compelled to desert our hitherto cheerful “home upon the waters,” and commit ourselves to frail boats trusting to God for salvation from the dangers of so exposed a situation, A compass being saved, together with a few other necessaries, we bent our course to the Isle of France, and after a tedious and perilous voyage of 150 miles reached Port Louis in a state of destitution that can but faintly be conceived.

It would be idle, and perhaps egregiously vain to narrate how earnestly I endeavoured during the progress of calamity to soothe the alarms of the object of my affection and mitigate the misery of her situation.

“She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,” and looks and words of love, and made me happy with the assurance that if any thing were needed to prove to her the force and sincerity of my passion it had been supplied by my care, courage and devotedness in the hour of danger.

The shipwrecked party were hospitably received by the sympathising inhabitants of the Mauritius and supplied by these philanthropists with clothes and divers other necessaries. I was lodged at the house of a respectable French merchant, who fortunately was of a humane and charitable disposition; *fortunately* I say, for scarcely had I become his guest ere a violent fever assailed me, the consequence of so much anxiety, privation and exposure to the sun—and confined me for weeks to a sick couch. Amelia—my Amelia—was received by the family of a celebrated advocate, and, from all I heard (for I was too ill to see her) seemed to have suffered but little from the effects of our misadventure.

We had not been more than three weeks the tenants of the hospitable settler’s abodes before a ship arrived, on her way to Calcutta, for the purpose of landing passengers. Advantage was taken of this circumstance by several of our party to proceed to their destination, and every aid, which the residents could give, compatible with the means, was readily furnished in furtherance of such an object. The limited accommodation of the vessel however, and the indisposition of several of the disastrous travellers, myself among the number, precluded the departure of

the whole. Colonel P.—W. A. the Civilian, and all the ladies were therefore the only persons provided with passages, the rest being left for a future opportunity. The thought was possibly selfish but it struck me that Amelia might have contrived to stay until I had recovered rather; than leave me in a precarious state of health to follow or not as it might please the fates. I justified her, however, by supposing her to be the creature of circumstances in this instance, and was strengthened in this notion by the terms of a letter addressed to me on her departure, in which she mourned the separation, termed it unavoidable, and alledged the impropriety of intruding so long on the liberality of her stranger hosts.

Amelia's departure, which to my prophetic soul typified an eternal separation, had a sensible effect on my shattered frame. I grew worse and worse, and three long months of confinement, strict regimen and medicaments rolled over my head, ere I began to revive:—at length, the fever subsided, and its disappearance being quickly followed by convalescence I was soon able to take my passage for Calcutta which I reached in a month.

My first object after my arrival at the Presidency was to seek out my *widowed* mother, for while I felt that she had the best title to priority of attention from me I concluded that she would naturally be the most anxious to see me after my return from England. I was besides in need of a little of that nursing which paternal solicitude and fondness alone sufficiently supply. It might be conjectured that another motive for visiting my mother presented itself in my supposed anxiety to obtain the necessary evidence of my father's *illegal* behavior with a view to attempt proceedings against him. But such a conjecture would be erroneous. A new object had, since I left England, engrossed all my attention—Amelia's affections had completely superseded all thought of the bitter injury my father had inflicted on my mother and myself, while the analogous character of her situation tended to reconcile me to the belief that illicit connexions were common and such abandonments frequent. To my mother, then, I went,—to her I applied for soothing care, and my appeal was heard and I soon regained health and strength. To her I confided the history of my past pains—my early joys—my present love. From her I received unaffected sympathy and more sound advice than I believed her capable of offering. But this was the result on my part of inexperience. I have since found that this class of females possess no ordinary share of shrewdness combined with their native simplicity, and it seems to me that if the *olive-colored children* of the European were to bestow a little more of their society on their mothers than, in their silly

pride and unnatural weakness, they ordiparily condescend to do, they would acquire a few grains of practical sagacity of incalculable value in regulating their every day transactions. But this is a digression.

As soon as I was able to move out, which was within a week of my arrival, I proceeded to the house of a gentleman where I knew Amelia Harcourt was to reside on her arrival, and desired to see her. Judge of my consternation when I was informed by the durwan that she had left the residence of her friend six or seven weeks previously!—I was perfectly thunderstruck. Was this intentional? Was this the second stage of a defection from her pledge? or had she merely gone to pay a visit to her friends preparatory to my arrival? Half doubtful, half apprehensive—I desired to see the lady of the house, the *sahib* being absent on business. I was speedily admitted, and as speedily convinced that again was I doomed to be the victim of woman's caprice! Mrs. W. had indeed heard *something* of a little flirtation(!) on board the —, and that Miss Harcourt had conducted herself with great *indiscretion*, but beyond this nothing had transpired. What was I to think of this? Had Amelia abstained from very shame to impart her attachment to her new friends, or had she preferred leaving the communication of the fact to me? I would not long remain unsatisfied; I wrote to her at once. I did not however employ the language of reproach, for the generosity of fondness induced me to give her the full benefit of every doubt, and I addressed her under the apparent persuasion that her sentiments had undergone no change. I told her that my health was restored—that in a few days I should resume my duties in the public office to which I belonged—that my pecuniary affairs were in a satisfactory condition—and that I was ready to enter upon the solemn contract that should bind her mine for ever. For some weeks I received no answer: at length the worthless and capricious jilt informed me in a flippant epistle that I had somewhat mistaken her feelings towards me! She felt a high esteem for my personal character and was overwhelmed with gratitude for my attentions in the hour of danger, but that I must cease to think of her otherwise than as a friend, &c. &c. &c.

This was my cure;—this was my last attempt to rise above that condition in which the accident of birth, and the peculiar character of the East Indian government—have placed me. I have found that it is *insolence* to seek equality with those who “swell the trader's train,” *madness* to aspire to the affection of a Western girl—*unparalleled presumption* to seek for preferment in the state—*overweening ambition* to pretend to the hand of one of my own complexion if she happens to have acquired a few superficial accomplishments in England!

I am now married.—I have found in one of humble birth, but careful education, a friend and a rational companion. Abandoning all views of personal aggrandisement I now limit my aspirations to the general good of the community of which I am an humble member, and I begin to feel that if it pleases Heaven to spare my life until the disabilities which we labor under are effectually removed, I shall not have lived in vain.

J. H. S.

A PLEASANT DREAM.

“He assured me that, on the night in question, he had eaten nothing—‘nothing but a plate or so of cold boiled beef, three or four dozen oysters, some toasted cheese, and a few kickshaws.’ He then proceeded to describe the effects of this abstinence.”

DR. BUCHAN.

Methought I lay on a desert sand,
A desert wild and drear,
Which human eye had never scann'd ;—
No living object near ;

No bird, no insect : all around
Still, motionless as death ;
No air from heaven ; no earthly sound,
But my own slow heaving breath.

'Twas evening ; and the sun had fled
Beyond the furthest west ;
And there I lay on my sandy bed,
But vainly strove to rest :

Thought flew to my own far distant home,
And her all lonely there ;
And I cursed the fiend that bade me roam
From one so fond and fair.

And I pray'd for death as I prostrate lay,
But my pulse beat strong and slow ;
And soon that last hope died away,
And my heart sank faint and low ;—

When a spot—a speck—on the desert's rim
(Which, mid the fading light,
Seem'd on that sea of sand to swim)
Stole on my doubting sight.

Onward it came, but still afar ;
 And the gloom still deeper spread ;
 And not a solitary star
 Its ray of solace shed ;

And fancy lent its fearful aid,
 As I thought what it might be ;
 And my spirit shrank, as all afraid
 Of the dread reality.

Dreadful it proved !—but, soon, I slept ;
 If sleep it might be deem'd,
 Through which strange horrors wildly swept,
 And threatening terrors gleam'd ;

But I slept—such sleep as now I've told,
 Unconscious of my state ;
 Though the chill of night fell bleak and cold,
 As I lay thus desolate.

I slept—how long, I know not now ;
 But I slept—that troubled sleep ;
 Till, suddenly, across my brow
 A cold hand seem'd to creep ;

And slumber ceased : the life-blood seem'd
 To curdle in its flow :
 I tried to think that still I dream'd ;
 But, alas, it was not so !

Close by my side a coffin lay,
 Curtain'd within a shroud,
 O'er which dark plumes, in dim array,
 In mournful stillness bow'd.

And two black imps were squatted near,
 Of frightful form and face ;
 Who met my gaze with that demon's leer
 Which shew'd their hellish race.

I strove to speak, but the utterance died
 In silence on my tongue ;
 I strove to weep, but the tear-drop dried
 On the heart from which 'twas wrung.

But soon one imp to the other spoke,
 But the words were strange to me :
 The tone was a growl, with a raven's croak ;
 And each grin'd hideously.

And up they leapt, with a horrid yell,
 And round the coffin paced ;
 And, jabbering some unearthly spell,
 They thrice that circle traced ;

Then kneeling by the shrouded chest,
 They raised it from my side ;
 And placed it on my panting breast ;
 And each its balance tried ;

And then, like monkeys, up they sprang,
 Astride, on either end ;
 And kick'd and bang'd till the coffin rang,
 And its planks seem'd like to rend.

See-saw, it swung : ' Hurrah, hurrah !'
 The monsters madly roar'd ;
 While a skeleton's bones, with a clattering jar,
 Rattled from board to board.

See-saw, it swung : ' Hurrah, hurrah !'
 Again they yell'd aloud,
 Till the waste resounded near and far ;—
 When open burst the shroud !

Merciful Heaven ! I saw my name,
 In lines of lurid light,
 All traced in blood, that gleam'd in flame
 Across my giddy sight.

Aghast I sank : I pray'd for death ;
 And my prayer was heard : one scream,
 And the scene dissolved : I gasp'd for breath ;
 And—woke :—'twas but a dream !

R. H. R.

INDIAN ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

A writer in the *United Service Journal* under the signature of W. W. having indulged himself in certain libellous comments on the character, spirit and powers of the Native Army in India, I have been induced to forward you some observations in reply, and if I have been betrayed into greater length than is desirable in such a discussion I trust my readers will forgive it, in my desire to relieve the body, of which I am a member, from the stigma which this writer has attempted to attach to it.

In the above article, I have been at a loss whether more to admire, the erudite acquaintance with the Indian Army, which the writer betrays, or the liberality of spirit so conspicuous throughout his comments. Idle rumours are received with all the gravity of facts, assertions are put forward with all the assurance of truth, while prejudice has breathed its venom over the whole. Some of the more prominent features in this malevolent production have already been exposed by another pen;* for me is reserved the severer task of combatting each position in detail, whether advanced by ignorance, by prejudice, by illiberality, or however glossed over by an appearance of candour and regard for the welfare of our Indian Empire.

After noticing the anxiety which every Englishman ought to feel regarding the permanency of our career in this country, he observes "that this anxiety is frequently got rid of by terming India an Empire of opinion, which opinion he conceives to be a conviction of our power to crush all attempts at insurrection." That this feeling conduces much towards the security of our dominion is undoubtedly true. But I would rather place the primary cause of our safety, in our pledged recognition of the several castes and creeds, our non-interference with their ceremonies, the toleration we yield to all alike, in a word our strict observance of that doctrine of the great Shah Jehan "that to have good subjects, we must take them with all the mummery and nonsense of their religion." We have far more to dread from the indiscreet zeal of fanatic missionaries than from the efforts of an open foe.

It is the observance of the above honorable principle of toleration which I conceive primarily ensures the permanency of our dominion, and connected with that observance, the belief in our good faith so universally entertained. The pledged word of a British functionary is unbroken, and the same man, who would

* SCRUTATOR in *Bengal Hurkaru*.

rather be cut to pieces than surrender to his own countrymen, yet surrenders with confidence to a British Officer. It is the existence of these feelings which, added to the energy of our character, preserves us a mere handful amid a host. But should the unprincipled folly of our Rulers at any time justly attach the bye word of "punica fides" to the British name, from that hour our career in India would be a fearful struggle.

Thus much by way of preamble. I now proceed to notice the observations on the Indian Army. W. W. commences with a sneer at the just remonstrance of the Bengal Officers on the subject of the celebrated Batta question, and avails himself of the opportunity to launch into an impertinent commentary on the want of subordination and military feeling of the Indian Army, as contrasted with the King's Troops, while he afterwards diverges into remarks on the mutinies which have occurred, and offers observations on their prevention.

The breach of faith on the part of the Home Government with regard to the Batta regulation has been so often exposed, the more especially in the well known memorial of Lieutenant Colonel Baker, that I was not prepared to meet with a justification of that measure, save on the score of imperious state necessity; nor was I prepared to find a writer so ignorant or so profligate as to sneer at the temperate appeal of a soldier transmitted through his Commander-in-Chief, or to attribute such appeal to a want of high military feeling. I define high military feeling to be that which obeys orders without questioning the how or the wherefore, and which bears the severest privations on service without murmur or complaint. Have the Indian Army sinned in this respect? Methinks a few years campaigning under a tropical sun would have taught W. W. a higher estimate of our military feeling than he appears at present to possess. He need not have gone far to have found instances of high and resolute valour and chivalry, of cheerful submission to privations on service and of devotion to their colours and the state that would have reflected honor on any Army, and which have justly won for that body, of which I am a humble member, its high, its honorable character. But Military service in every country is a compact, in which there are two contracting parties. The state and the soldier. The soldier pledges his service for a pay guaranteed by the state. He cannot quit that service at will. Neither can the state, so long as it commands his service, withhold his pay at will. It is true that might may make right, but statesmen should never forget that that argument cuts two ways, and I will not admit that military feeling is compromised by an open yet temperate appeal against acknowledged injustice, by respectful re-

monstrances against an arbitrary infraction of the rights of the soldier.

W. W. was perhaps unaware that the right of the Bengal Army to superior allowances had been formally recognized by the Home Government in their despatches of 1810 published to the Madras Army in answer to the application of the latter body for increased rates. Whether the system is based upon fair and honest principles I am not now about to discuss. But that right stands unrepealed in the General Orders of the Madras Army, and with that fact before him, will he still assert that the memorials of the Bengal Army were unfounded, or will he state whether His Majesty's Army have ever been subjected to such a trial as an arbitrary diminution of their pay? Am not I right in affirming, that the law of England does not permit the stoppage or deduction of one farthing from a King's Soldier's pay, save by the decree of a court martial, or a court of requests.

That there have been mutinies in India, dreadful mutinies, is a fact unhappily too true. But of late years they have been of rare occurrence and invariably partial in their operation. I conceive that no mutiny in India can be productive of any extended result, from the disinclination which must ever exist to a coalition between the Moslem and the Hindoo, for it would be a woeful hour for the latter if the mussulman again became "Lord of the Ascendant." Yet I know but one sure mode of preventing mutinies in any country, and that is the enforcing a system of non-interference with the religious prejudices of the Troops, and a strict observance of justice. Armed masses of men are pretty much the same all over the world, in one respect; if you do not treat them with strict justice, they will mutiny. This truth has been exemplified in every age, in every clime, and when mutinies have occurred in India, it has too often happened, that they have been created, more by the stolidity, the carelessness or the injustice of the then ruling powers or their subordinates, than from any innate spirit of treachery in the Troops.

But W. W. contemptuously styles the Indian Army "Mercenaries," talks of the inexpediency of having so large an Army of one description of men, and recommends the substitution of Arabs, Malays and Caffres! "Mercenaries" forsooth! do they not fight pro aris et focis, for their homes, and their lands, Whose fields do their fathers and their brethren till but their own? Whose cotton do their families spin and weave but the produce of their own fair land? Whose salt do they eat but that of their own Government? Who protect their wives and their little ones? Who enable them when worn out with long service to pass the evening of their day in content among their kindred, while

their children gather round the veteran's knee and listen to the tale of bye-gone glories, the fields of Wellesly, of Cornwallis and Och-terlony? Who but the Rulers of their natal land—that Government under whose rule they have been born and nurtured. The Government to whom they own their allegiance, to whom they have pledged their fealty. Away then, with the preposterous idea that the Indian Soldier is a mere mercenary! As well might one designate the British Soldier a mercenary, because, though he serves his country, he yet receives the remuneration for his service at the hands of his king!

Assuredly nothing could tend so materially to shake the fidelity of the native army as an appearance of distrust:—Yet what would the employment of Malays, Caffres and Arabs, as recommended by W. W. indicate but distrust? I conceive that no measure could be productive of more mischief. None fraught with more infinite danger than any similar proceeding.

The suggestion has evidently originated either in ignorance or in overweening presumption. He deems and deems rightly that we have little to fear from an internal foe. But although he acknowledges the Sepoy to possess some of the qualifications of a good Soldier, yet he doubts his capacity to compete with others than the natives of India. He deems him unequal to meet the Russian in the field, and speaks of the necessity of employing Europeans to storm a fort, especially when defended by Arabs.

With regard to “the necessity of having Europeans to storm Forts, &c.” I may remark that it certainly is desirable to employ them on such occasions, as their presence affords increased confidence and incitement to the valour of the Sepoy,* and there is about them an energy to overcome obstacles and an intelligence, to say nothing of their superior strength, which the latter soldier does not possess. But when well commanded, with Officers whom they know, respect and love, they will keep pace for pace with the European, even in services of the greatest danger, and emulate the post of honor. But admitting the expediency of an intermixture of Europeans in most instances where extraordinary energy and enterprise are required, I am by no means prepared to admit the propriety of employing an excessive proportion, for it is very doubtful if the high character of the sepoy has not somewhat degenerated and his spirit been somewhat lessened since the opportunities for distinction, occasioned by the employ of Europeans have been diminished. Although improved in discipline, he perhaps has fallen in his own estimation, and the native

* At the Fortress of Lataree however when every European Officer had been either killed or wounded, the sepoys carried the place by storm, and put every soul to the sword.

army having become in some degree a secondary one since the days of Coote, the pride of those of whom it was composed has been lowered. It is obviously little our interest to diminish that pride or to weaken that spirit, and an injudicious increase to our European force, while it would augment the burthens of the state, would by no means proportionably advance the efficiency of our arms.

W.W. quotes a passage from the Monthly Review that "In the assault of Bhurtpore we know that not one of the native Regiments could be induced to approach the walls until the European troops had surmounted the Ramparts," and adds that that article had hitherto remained unanswered.

That the above assertion should have been permitted so long to remain unrefuted, must be a subject of deep regret, for my Brother Officers should remember that a statement unblushingly asserted, however false, if not contradicted, is by too many received as truth. Let us now examine the fact. Bhurtpore was a fortress which was generally by the natives believed to be impregnable, and that opinion, although known to be fallacious among scientific Europeans, had gained strength from the disasters of Lord Lake. It was the only fortress in India from which the British soldier had been compelled to retreat discomfited, where the ground had been whitened by 3000 slain, and of which the principal Cavalier, now levelled with the earth, was vauntingly declared to be cemented with European bones and blood.

At the period of the last siege, the eyes of all India were upon our arms, and defeat would have been attended with much temporary peril. The Europeans were as usual placed in the van at the storm—but at one of the breaches the natives were shoulder to shoulder with them, as they surmounted the ramparts, and the General Orders of the several divisions, backed by the heavy list of casualties, in the native ranks, will prove how well the sepoy force performed the part assigned them, that of nobly supporting their European comrades.

If W.W. alludes to the former siege, the charge is equally unfounded. It is well known that on that occasion at the third assault, when the Europeans had been compelled to retreat with terrific slaughter, the Bombay 12th Regiment won the admiration of the whole army. They advanced to the assault, and after beating back the enemy who had made a sally on the trenches, actually planted their standard on one of the Ramparts. Unfortunately this work was cut off by a deep ditch from the body of the place, and Lord Lake was compelled to order them to retire, which they reluctantly obeyed, with a loss of 350 men and

seven Officers, being about one half the number they carried into action! Is this incapacity to storm a fortress? Is this unwillingness to advance until Europeans crowd the ramparts? Away with this odious charge, which if put forward in ignorance, was no less scandalous, than, if put forth knowingly to be false, it was infamous. In either case I little envy the writer his feelings.

But it would seem that the sepoy is unequal to the Arab in the field! Pray whence was that vague notion derived?

That the Arab is not inferior to any troops in the world in defence of a fort is true. But it yet remains to be proved that he is equally efficient a soldier on the plain;—on the only occasion where, I believe, this race were ever fairly tried, man to man, against our sepoys, at Corrigaum, they fought most bravely, but were beaten. But even were the position true, that the Arab is superior in courage and in physical power to the Sepoy, there are other circumstances which must be considered, before it could be declared desirable to employ him. In the first place in point of expense, he would cost more than double the sepoy, and indeed even more than the European, while his innate insolence, spirit of insubordination and attachment to a roving life, must ever present serious obstacles to discipline, and render his employment a service of danger. In the second place he would be indeed a mercenary, bound by no tie to the land he defended—possessing no hold on the soil. He could enjoy no community of feeling either with the Rulers or the people—and would be exposed to the temptation of deserting his colours to any who would proffer him higher advantages than he then enjoyed.

At the open village of Corrigaum in 1817, 400 sepoys, a few irregular horse, and thirty artillery men, were attacked by a body of about 20,000 men, commanded by the Peshwah in person, and after a dreadful contest of many hours' duration compelled the enemy to draw off. On this occasion the principal body of assailants were 1,300 *Arabs*! In commemoration of this noble defence, the Government have erected a handsome pillar near the spot, on whose face in three several languages are engraved, as a record to forthcoming ages, the names of the heroes who fell. I have stood before that pillar. Ay, have gazed around me on that field of fame—and have felt my heart beat quicker. Who would not experience emotion on that spot? But what was my especial feeling? Why pride, high pride to think what the mind of Britons had achieved supported by the physical force, not of their countrymen, but of sepoys, dissimilar in caste, in colour, in habit, yet however dissimilar in feeling, however disunited by discordant principles of Religion, united in one glorious resolve to stand by their blood-stained colours to the last, to die but not surrender.

With respect to the "incapacity of the Sepoy to meet the European in arms" I am also enabled fortunately to meet this assertion with a refutation, not based on mere theory, but before I proceed any further it is expedient that I should offer some observations on the character and spirit of the Indian Soldier, and the mode in which I conceive his services may be commanded with most efficiency.

It is well known to the majority of my readers, that the Indian Sepoys, if not to the same extent in the minor Presidencies, are, at least in Bengal, of a far higher description both as to caste, family and fortune than the corresponding rank in the British Army; they are men of the highest caste, of the highest sensibility of honour, while many are possessed of considerable landed property, and being far removed from want, enter the service purely from high feeling and the hope of advancement. These men will not tremble before an enemy.

There is among a large proportion of the Indian Army a high feeling of chivalry, such as is hardly exceeded by any soldiers in the world, a romantic daring, an enthusiastic heroism, and their glorious exploits emblazoned on the scroll of fame, have often borne the appearance "more of fictions of romance than materials for sober History" but it has been well observed, by a writer in the Quarterly Review, that "their minds are alive to every impulse and from similiarity of feeling will vibrate at the same touch. They are feelingly alive to innovations on their customs, their prejudices and their Religion, but well commanded there are no men more obedient, zealous and faithful." Their courage, their spirit, their unconquerable attachment to the service have been proved in many a trial of hardship, of danger, of imprisonment, of cruelty, of death. But perhaps no more affecting incident is to be found in the annals of any Army than the cheerfulness with which the Sepoys have voluntarily undergone privation, in order that their European comrades, whose stamina required more vigorous support, might not sink from want of due sustenance.

"Yet these are the men whom W. W. asserts "require to keep them efficient to have all those comforts about them to which they are habituated:—when these fail, when their Bazaar equipage is absent, they soon sink." A single march of twenty-four hours would soon satisfy W. W. who most require an extensive Bazar Establishment, the European or the native, and with this single comment I dismiss his ridiculous assertion.

It is this cheerfulness of the sepoy amid suffering and privation which forms so marked a contrast to the sullenness, the dogged indifference of the European in similar positions. This

was especially exemplified during Monson's disastrous retreat in 1804, for amid all the horrors of that fatal march the spirit of the men was unbroken, their discipline was rigidly maintained, and when the European Officers themselves, worn out with heat and fatigue, appeared faint and desponding, an inspiring whisper would be heard from the ranks "keep up your heart Sir, we will take you in safety to Agra."

But "it is through their affections alone that such a class of men can be well commanded." This maxim has of late unhappily been neglected, for it is the besetting sin of our countrymen to suppose that one system, one code of laws are equally suited to every people; and this doctrine which they are so fond of adopting in all civil cases, they adapt also to Military jurisprudence; and if the innovations, which have of late years been introduced into the ranks of the Indian Army, have in some respects improved the appearance and strict discipline of the service, they have been often no less prejudicial to the temper and attachment, than injurious to the spirit of the Sepoy. It should never be forgotten "that it is only by treating them with kindness and consideration, by stimulating their pride and by attending in the most minute manner to their feelings and prejudices, that we can command their lives through the medium of their affections, and so long as we can by these means preserve the fidelity and attachment of that proportion of the population, which we arm to defend the remainder, our empire may be considered as secured."*

Of late years our Indian Armies have enjoyed but few opportunities of collision with an European foe. The hour has been however at Java, at the Mauritius, as well as on the main land of India, where the Sepoy has crossed bayonets with the European, and has arisen a proud victor from the struggle. The remembrance of these encounters are still cherished with feelings of honest pride by the Native Army, and if the hour should come, when the Hordes of Tartary, incited by a lust for plunder, or the disciplined Armies of Russia, inspired by a hope of crushing the "Ocean Lords," should venture to set foot on the plains of Hindoostan, I, for one, should little fear the result. If half a century since the French Citizen soldier was beaten at the point of the bayonet by the Bengal Sepoy, is it likely that the latter would now crouch before a Tartar robber or a Russian slave? In physical force he is far their superior.* In moral courage at least their equal, he is better equipped, certainly as well disciplined and immeasurably better commanded; and I believe with the writer from whom I have above quoted, "that sepoy acting with

* Quarterly Review.

British Troops and led by British Officers would advance with as assured a confidence of victory against a line of disciplined Europeans as against a rabble of their own countrymen. They might fail, but they are too bold and too conscious of their courage and strength ever to anticipate defeat."

Since the above was written I have read the evidence of Sir E. Paget before the House of Commons, impugning the subordination of the Bengal Army, with real regret. He was certainly justified in promulgating the fact, if true. But methinks a regard for his own character as a soldier might have induced him to pause before he delivered such a statement to the world, for the charge, if not altogether groundless, recoils with damning energy on his own head. Sir Edward Paget will confess that during the career of the Marquis of Hastings no such charge was even whispered. That chivalrous soldier and statesman breathed his own spirit into the Indian Army, and if one solitary instance of disrespect to him was displayed, the offender was, at least, not an officer of the *native* Army. If therefore any spirit of insubordination has since arisen and now exists among the Bengal Officers, as blazoned forth by Sir E. Paget, his successor, this feeling may justly be supposed to have originated in the pleasing example displayed by their Commander. He was the first, though perhaps not the only "Commander in Chief in India" who has had something himself to learn on the score of subordination, and it would be well, for the future character of the Indian Army, if their Commanders, while enforcing strict discipline among their subordinates, would not forget the high position they occupy in public estimation, and the mischiefs that must result from pernicious example—would avoid those virulent indecent squabbles with their respective Governments, of late years alas! too frequent—and remember, that while one portion of their duty is, to enforce strict justice and discipline in those under their command, and to enlist their best energies "through the medium of their affections," it is no less incumbent on themselves to set an example of strict deference to authority, to practice no less than to enforce obedience.

JUNIUS.

Madras, May 13th, 1833.

SUUM CUIQUE BONUM.

“Then hey for the life of a soldier.”—*Old song.*

1.

“Let the sluggard pine
For gleaming wine,
And praise the banquet free—
The ready spear,
The trumpet clear,
The whirlwind charge for me.”

2.

Let damsels sigh
For minstrelsy,
For scarfs and rich brocade—
I love the sight
Of falchion bright,
Of hauberk, helm, and blade.

3.

Let poets rave,
Of the dark, cold grave,
‘Hell’s gloom’ and Heaven’s ‘blue arch’—
Dauntless we go
Thro’ the driving snow,
On the warriors’ midnight march.

4.

Let gallants gay,
In proud array,
Bow low at beauty’s shrine—
I homage yield
To sword and shield,
Their triumphs now are mine.

5.

Then let them flee
To their revelry,
In ladies’ bower and hall—
Be mine the steed,
The velvet meed,
The ‘thrilling bugle call.’

6.

Let miser’s wealth,
Be conned by stealth,
And counted oft again—
While pennons stream
And sabres gleam,
In the glorious battle plain.

7.

Let priests then raise
 Their notes of praise,
 In the long drawn lofty aisle—
 To me more dear,
 The chieftain's cheer,
 When closing hosts assail.

8.

Reckless of life,
 In the combat's strife,
 Perchance I find a grave—
 Let fall no tear,
 Above my bier,
 Pity suits not the brave.

9.

While monarchs lie
 With unclosed eye,
 And troubling cares o'erwhelm,
 The turf my bed.
 My drooping head
 Is pillowed by my helm.

10.

Let gluttons laud
 The festive board,
 And eke the gen'rous flask—
 More pure I deem
 The mountain stream,
 Drained from my polished casque.

12.

Let vassals bow
 With body low,
 When tyrant lords advance—
 Supremacy
 We do deny,
 King's crouch before our lance.

13.

Let twinkling feet
 To measures meet
 Trip nimbly o'er the sward—
 The war-steed's prance
 Be our wild dance,
 To the 'conflict clang' of the sword.

14.

The harp then string
 And wildly sing,
 The feats of chivalry—
 Give me the note
 From clarions throat,
 And the shout for victory!

IMITATIVE HARMONY.

"Tis not enough to harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

"Tis not enough his verses to complete
In measure, numbers, or determined feet,
To all, proportioned terms he must dispense
And make the sound a picture to the sense.

Pitt's translation of Vida's art of Poetry.

Doctor Johnson has remarked, that "the notion of imitative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced many wild conceits and imaginary beauties." This observation applies perhaps as much to the reader as to the poet, and at all events its admitted truth does not in any degree affect the critical canon which Pope has rendered so familiar. As well might the occasional failures of the painter, or the mistaken interpretations of indifferent judges be adduced as an argument against the existence or value of some peculiar and subtle beauty in the pictorial art. It is not every spectator who understands the expression of Raphael's faces. When a pedantic coxcomb was lauding that great artist to the skies in the presence of Northcote, the latter could not help saying "If there was nothing in Raphael but what *you* can see, we should not now be talking of him."

The effect of Imitative Harmony in verse is generally best appreciated by a learned ear and a cultivated taste, but it is in some instances of so palpable a character as to be perceptible to the dullest reader, though he is not perhaps able to explain the cause. Those critics are grossly mistaken who regard this beauty as a modern discovery or invention. Homer has been celebrated as the poet, who of all others exhibited the greatest variety of sound in correspondence to the sense. Vida in his *Art of Poetry*, to which Pope is so heavily indebted, has illustrated Virgil's great excellence in this respect. In point of fact, the art of selecting sounds expressive of things is resorted to even in common conversation, and that language is the most perfect which most readily admits of such an application. All good Poets and even Orators attend more or less closely to the rule in question, though often quite unconsciously. The passions naturally suggest fit and faithful sounds. Love and sorrow prompt smooth and melodious expressions, and violent emotions obtain utterance in words, harsh, hurried, and abrupt. We see therefore that this critical canon is founded in nature. It is not, however, to be denied that like many other good rules we may make a great deal too much of it;

for too incessant and ambitious an attempt to copy nature in this respect may lead to a total want of it, as those writers who are pathetic or passionate on system become mayhap and ridiculous. The poet should trust wholly to his genuine impulses unless he have art enough to hide his art, which comes after all to the same thing, for the perfection of art is nature.

Those readers who are not already familiar with Christopher Pitt's translation of Vida would do well to turn to it, if they feel any interest in the subject of this paper. Pitt was not a first-rate poet. He wanted fancy and passion; but he was a classical scholar and a correct and skillful versifier. His translation of the *Æneid*, though inferior to Dryden's has been praised by Johnson, and his *Vida's Art of Poetry* was for a long time extremely popular. It is curious to compare his translation of *Vida* with those passages which Pope has imitated in his *Essay on Criticism*. The following is one of the most celebrated examples of imitative harmony in the English language:—

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line too labours and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain
Flies o'er th' unbending corn and skims along the main.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Let us compare these lines with the translation of the passage in *Vida*, which appears to have suggested it:—

When things are small, the terms should still be so
For low words please us when the theme is low.
*But when some giant, horrible and grim
Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb
Comes towering on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove
The verse too labours; the thronged words scarce move.
When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough
Crumbles and breaks, th' encumbered lines march slow.
Not less, when pilots catch the friendly gales
Unfurl their shrouds and hoist the wide stretched sails.
But if the poem suffer from delay
Let the lines fly precipitate away,
And when the viper issues from the brake
Be quick: with stones and brands, and fire attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.*

Pitt's Vida.

Some of the above lines in italics are so admirable that we cannot help preferring them to the parallel passage in Pope. The overflowing of the second italic line, as if the object were too vast for the usual limit of the verse, and the abrupt but sonorous termination in the middle of the third line, are contrived with exquisite skill and judgment. The rapidity of the last four lines is

also a wonderfully successful exertion of poetical art, and is greatly superior to Pope's illustration of quick motion. His last long lumbering line is any thing but expressive of extreme swiftness, and as Johnson has truly observed, the word *unbending* is one of the most sluggish in the language. The line gives an idea of space but not of celerity. The length and stateliness of its regular iambs make it "*move slow*" and "*labour*." How superior, as an example of quickness, is the following :—

Let the lines fly precipitate away.

But in the illustration of smoothness and toil, Pope infinitely excells his rival, and also exhibits a great advantage over him in the general elegance and finish of his performance. Pitt has been obliged to borrow several of Pope's expressions and some of his own are wretchedly prosaic. "*Strive to shove*," for instance, is detestable. The ensuing couplets are not to be compared to the four first lines in the extract from Pope :—

To the loud call each distant rock replies ;
Tossed by the storm the towering surges rise ;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dashed from the strand the flying waters roar,
Flash at the shock, and gathering in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys
And calms at one regard the raging seas
Stretched like a peaceful lake the deep subsides
And the pitched vessel o'er the surface glides.

Pitt's Vida.

This is tame and prosaic, with the exception of the alexandrine in italics which is highly expressive and picturesque. We must here quote a line from Wordsworth.

And see the children sporting on the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

This magnificent line has an immortal air. The sound and the sense are equally impressive. It is even superior to a similar passage in Shelley.

— And hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

While on the subject of the sea, we may, as well also refer to Lord Byron, whose oceanic poetry has many fine illustrations of Pope's favorite rule. What a free, wave-like, sweeping harmony pervades the following exquisite stanza :—

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me like a steed
That knows its rider. Welcome to their roar !
Swift be their guidance wheresoe'er it lead !
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed
Flung from the rock on ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail

The *harmony* of this splendid Spenserean stanza, (a form of verse which Shelley considered inexpressibly delightful and which Hazlitt has called "a labyrinth of sweet sounds,") is quite perfect, and the ideas are in unison with the music; but for some portion of the latter excellence the noble poet was indebted to James Montgomery, of Sheffield, who had previously written:—

He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless from wave to wave.

In Lord Byron's grand and vivid description of a storm amongst the mountains, there is a specimen of imitative harmony.

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!

But let us return to Pope, who after all has given us more specimens of this peculiar beauty than almost any other poet. What an admirable illustration of a lame Alexandrine is the following:—

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
And like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

The pause before the word *drags* has an excellent effect and wonderfully helps the very graphic image. But alexandrines are not always "needless" though in the heroic couplet they can very rarely be introduced without an awkward effect. In winding up the volume of sweet sounds in the Spenserean Stanza their grace and fitness are unquestionable. It is absolutely necessary, however, that the cæsural pause should be after the sixth syllable, or the line halts and "drags like a wounded snake." It has always been a matter of wonder to us that Shelley who was deeply learned in the mysteries of versification should have so frequently transgressed this rule. Byron, Campbell and others have been guilty of the same error. Even Spenser himself is often at fault in his concluding lines. The following excellent lines from the *Essay on Criticism* very admirably illustrate the rules they would enforce—

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

In the next couplet, we think Dryden's name should stand in the place of Denham's. The first line has the "easy vigour" of which it speaks.

And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.

The anecdote given by Leigh Hunt of Moore's repeating with great *gusto*, the following lines by Dryden, remarkable for their "easy vigor," pleasantly occurs to us at this moment:—

Let honour and preferment go for gold
But glorious beauty isn't to be sold.

A comparison of a couplet of Dryden's with two of Doctor Johnson's, places the unaffected force and freedom of the former in a striking light.

*Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life
Then say, &c.*

Listen to Glorious John Dryden, and compare his directness with the pompous pleonasm of the author of the Rambler.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.

Though Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day is generally admitted to be a failure and to be in almost every respect greatly inferior to Dryden's Alexander's Feast, it is not utterly devoid of merit. Dr. Johnson highly commends the third Stanza, in which he says "there are numbers, images, harmony and vigour, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden." Dr. Aiken remarks of the first stanza (which we shall here quote) that it "seems to imitate happily the music it describes":—

Descend ye Nine ; descend and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire ;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain ;
 Let the loud trumpet sound
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound ;
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats
Till by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

But though Dr. Johnson bestows a general approval on this poem (the least successful of all Pope's works) and though he honours some passages with particular praise, this first stanza, he describes as consisting of "sounds well chosen indeed, but only sounds," and we confess we think the criticism is strictly just. We have already admitted the danger of a too minute attention to the art of representative metre as it may lead the poet to overlook far more important considerations and to sacrifice sense to sound. A similar danger, however, is common to all other arts.

The painter as well as the poet may make too much of his accessories, and too little of his main subject. This is no reason, however, why the painter's accessories or the poet's metrical details should be treated with indifference or contempt. The music of verse seems to have a natural affinity to what may be called the music of thought, and no reader of nice ear or poetical sensibility can fail to appreciate its worth. "Harmony of period and melody of style," says Shenstone "have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of Scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones." The reason is, that beautiful thoughts and exquisite emotions involuntarily move harmonious numbers. "Song" says Campbell "is but the *eloquence* of truth." It is curious, that the critics generally should have paid so little attention to what we hope it is not presumption to style, the philosophy of versification. Blair has not a word upon the subject of imitative harmony. But it is clear that Milton knew its value.

One of Pope's best attempts at imitative harmony, is his description of the labour of Sisyphus.

With many a weary step and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone,
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.

To every reader, who has gentility enough to aspire the h's, the second line is quite a task. Here indeed ;

The line too labours and the words move slow.

Mr. Crowe, the author of *Lewisdon Hill*, has attempted a new translation of this celebrated passage, and it is not without great merit, though unequal to Pope's.

Then Sisyphus I saw, with ceaseless pain
Labouring beneath a ponderous stone in vain.
With hands and feet striving, with all his might
He pushed the unyielding mass up a steep height ;
But ere he could achieve his toilsome course
Just as he reached the top, a sudden force
Turned the curst stone, and slipping from his hold
Down again, Down the steep rebounding, down it rolled.

Paradise Lost abounds in examples of the beauty of which we are treating. The toil of Satan perhaps even surpasses that of Sisyphus.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on : with difficulty and labour he—

Hark, to the "*harsh thunder*" of Hell's gates ! With what rapidity they fly open !

On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 The infernal doors; and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder.

Here is a happy imitation of an echo.

——— I fled and cried out *death*;
 Hell trembled at the hideous name; and sighed
 From all her caves, and back resounded *death*.

The pause after the word *shook* in the next extract is very effective.

And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delayed to strike.

Here is a description of carriage wheels descending and ascending a hill.

Which in their different courses as they pass
 Rush violently down precipitate
 Or slowly turn, oft resting, up the steep.

Dyer in his *Ruins of Rome*, a poem, which Wordsworth remarks has been very undeservedly neglected, has a fine specimen of imitative harmony. The fall of ruins is strikingly represented in the following lines,

The pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears
 Aghast the voice of time: disparting towers
 Tumbling all precipitate down dashed.
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

The same poet well describes the sudden delay in a ship's progress on the Indian Ocean by a cessation of wind.

With easy course
 The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopped
 By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas.

Cowley laboured hard to produce an echo to the sense and sometimes succeeded, as the following lines may show. The continuity of a stream is well represented.

He who defers his work from day to day,
 Does on a river's brink expecting stay,
 Till the whole stream that stopped him shall be gone,
 Which runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Southey has a ludicrous but happy couplet on a duck, that

“Waddled wide with flat and flabby feet.”
 Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor.

We need hardly give any further specimens, for every reader though he may not previously have studied the subject, must now understand the nature of imitative harmony in verse. It depends it will be seen, sometimes on the sound of particular words, sometimes on the pause, sometimes on the length or shortness of the metrical feet, and sometimes on all these circumstances artfully or happily combined.

THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.

I.

The moonlight falls on yonder ruined pile,
 Like the first penitential thoughts that dart
 Thro' a lorn sinner's breast! It doth not smile,
 As in a summer night,—for clouds dispart
 The looming heavens; whilst fitfully athwart
 The broad expanse gleam lightnings, sharp and red,
 That from their unexplored dominions start—
 Like sudden ghosts that haunt a sickman's bed,
 Seen by Remorse, whose ear can note a spirit's tread!

II.

Yet on my soul descends a soothing spell,
 And sweet hopes o'er my mind profusely burst;
 Like the pure waters of a mountain well
 That sparkle, when the saffron morning first
 Calls the gay birds to slake their early thirst,
 And bathe their dusty plumage in the stream!
 By what strange power are such ideas nurst,
 To cheat reality with some bright dream,
 What time the sicken'd soul with sullen gloom should teem?

III.

Is it to tell us, that the cares of earth,
 With earth shall pass away?—that there are skies
 To which, ev'n in our earth-born dreams, start forth
 The lark-like spirit; regions, to which flies
 The heavenly spark within us, that ne'er dies,
 The eldritch spell may quench its nature bright
 For a brief space,—to grovel where it lies
 Amongst the embers, whose extinguished light
 Shall upward glow again, beneath an angel's might!

IV.

Look yonder! for the shallop of the moon
 Is whirled in billowy clouds, thro' which it wades,
 Now disappearing from the view, but soon
 Seen sideways,—shaking from its disc the shades
 That dim its glory! Thickening storm pervades
 The hazy heavens, and, gathered in white power,
 The snow collects its wreath of fleecy braids,
 Eager to launch the fair and feathery shower
 Upon the earth—which sleeps, nor dreams of such a dower.

V.

'Tis the first burst of winter,—lo! I see
 The essence of its influence on each thing
 That lives or grows!—the crisped grass—the tree,
 With brittle boughs, their leafy arms that fling,
 Withered and sear, upon the beggar'd spring,—
 The quick shrill cry of covert-seeking birds—
 The biting blast, that to us seems to cling—
 The storm-waked cattle, lowing to their herds,
 Who, roused by falling sleet, reply with cheering words!

VI.

To-morrow there will be a change on earth—
 A bridal vest of white shall clothe the world;
 The stream, that glode in purity and mirth,
 Singing its ballad to the woods unfurled,
 Shall seem a thing of chrystal, crimped and curled,
 And silent in its progress; and the sod,
 With dews autumnal that was erst impearled,
 Shall bear the semblance of a snowfloe broad,
 Such as 'mid arctic seas by shaggy bears is trod.

VII.

But winter cradles spring—as grief matures
 The human soul, bestowing health and grace!—
 And o'er the meads, the mountains, and the moors,
 The joyous spring shall show her verdant face:
 The cressy rill once more shall run its race,
 The birds sing welcome to the swelling woods,
 And softest sunshine glorious shadows trace
 O'er battlements antique, and rushing floods,
 And fragrant forest tracks, where minstrel-silence broods!

Fort George, Scotland, Dec. 1832.

R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

FRAGMENT.

— The earth is green with beauty—flowers
 Spangle the path that homeward leads, and bright
 Amid the cornfields blows the cyanus—
 Blue as the turquoise in a lady's ring!
 The sheaves are clustered o'er the fields, like heaps
 Of golden tresses; and the dewy webs,
 Wove by the gossamer, suspended hang,
 A floating bridge—o'er stubble and o'er lea!
 How beautiful is earth! the sea how grand,
 Even in its peaceful moments! and how prone
 To droop and doubt, is the weak heart of man!
 Look on the skies, refulgent with the sun
 That kisses prince's hall and hermit's hut,
 And hope shall shed its dews upon thy spirit,
 Telling of brighter skies than these!

B. C. C.

MY AUNT RUBBY.

By the author of "The Dead Guest."

MY AUNTY.

A short distance from the small town of Waiblingen, the widowed lady of the head Tax Commissioner Rubby, had purchased the seat of Veler, probably because her brother was the clergyman of the village of the same name. The clergyman was ill provided with the goods of this world, though he had many advocates in Heaven, his whole family having gone before him to a better world; the sister on the contrary was considered the richest landed proprietor for thirty miles round. Her late husband had collected together an immense property. The clergyman was an almost daily guest with Aunty Rubby, for by that name he called his sister.

He called her so, from custom, as he had a hand in the instruction of a young niece of the name of Sophy, who lived with the head Tax Commissioner's lady, and who was to be the heiress of all Aunty Rubby's fortune. As Sophy never called her mother's sister by any other name than Aunty, the clergyman adopted insensibly the same name. And because the clergyman called her so, Administrator Erl took the same liberty, not however in the presence of the head Tax Commissioner's lady, but whenever he spoke of her. For the same reason the servants at the Veler used to name her so also; she was even so called by the peasants in the village; thus, the head Tax Commissioner's lady, became the Aunt of the whole world.

Indeed she deserved the name, for she was the motherly friend, the adviser, and the comforter of all who came within her sphere; she was the best, the most benevolent lady that ever lived. She made indulgent allowance for every one's weakness, provided they too had forbearance with hers. For example, she connived at the singularities of her spiritual brother which were occasioned by absence of mind; she listened with great complaisance to the scientific learning of Administrator Erl, and she put up with Sophy, who yawned or even fell asleep whenever she entered upon her favorite lecture on house economy and order.

As for order, let Aunty alone. Every thing had its time, its place, its rank, and its due name. Not a particle of dust was to be found in her rooms, nor on her furniture; in the kitchen all had the brilliancy of a bondon; the flies were pursued by an inexorable house-police, like thieves and sharpers. The salutations for the morning, mid-day, and night were

minutely prescribed, according to the rank of the individual addressed; and she established a formal ritual for the bows and courtesies which were to be made on certain occasions. Aunt Ruby ordered all herself, the economy of land and house. She listened to every one's advice, though every one afterwards acted with due obedience as she was pleased to judge. In fact, she was the queen of the village. She had no declared favorite, except Sophy. Sophy indeed was the favorite of the whole village, nay she would have been the favorite of the whole world, had the whole world lived at Veler. For Sophy was a most lovely child, that is a child between 17 and 18 years of age, well formed, with shining auburn hair, blue eyes, and.....but why give a description of her person? Who has not seen a fascinating girl of that interesting age? With such a girl in the house, Aunt ought to have reflected that the best regulated family might be put into confusion sooner or later. Indeed one cannot harbour a more dangerous guest in a house than a handsome young girl. But Aunt had a blind confidence in her own wisdom; she would sooner believe the last day of judgment had arrived, than that the smallest part of her house regulations could suffer the least infraction. But at last she was compelled to acknowledge it, as will be seen in the following relation of the most extraordinary events which ever happened on this planet, and which therefore deserve to be made known to the whole world and to be preserved for the edification of posterity.

THE LETTER.

It happened on a very warm May day that the parson entered the room with his usual salute: "Good morning, Aunt! good morning, Sophy!" The Aunt nodded with a friendly smile; Sophy seated on the couch by her side, knitting a stocking for Uncle, returned the salute. "Now look ye, parson, what a figure you are?" exclaimed the Aunt. "How so?" replied the parson, who was searching in all his pockets for his handkerchief to wipe his heated face. "Perhaps you have your wig in your pocket, as you keep your handkerchief on your head!" "On my head, you say!" replied the astonished parson on putting his hand there and finding it. "Well Aunt you may be in the right, it is very warm day; I came from the town; in the way I laid myself down under a tree, and to cool my head put down my wig and covered it with my handkerchief." Whilst Sophy gave him a seat and went out to prepare for the Uncle a cooling draught, the parson began anew to fumble in all his pockets. "What is it you look for now parson?" "If I am not mistaken I brought a letter for you from town; but for the life of me, I don't know what's become of it. I think the letter was from the Mayor." "Search and you will

find it. But for heaven's sake, parson, do put on your wig, it looks very indecent to be without it. You will give scandal to the whole community with your bald head." "I hope not. But you speak of my wig, Aunty, give it to me." "Your wig! You have given me none. Have you lost it in the way?" "May God forbid it, it was my newest wig! But Aunty you may be in the right; yes, it now occurs to me, I left it together with the letter from the Mayor to you, in the shade of that unlucky tree." The Aunt rung the bell, the maid servant made her appearance, the Administrator was sent for and requested to have an immediate search made for the wig and letter. Aunty was not more impatient to see the bare head of the parson covered, than to read the letter from the Mayor. After Administrator Erl had made minute enquiries about the shape, colour and size of the wig and about the address and seal of the letter, he dispatched instantler, two grooms, four thrashers and the milkman to search on every high and by-road, and on every foot path between this and the village. He himself took his position close to the windmill on the top of the adjacent hill, and reconnoitred from thence his messengers with a telescope. With such excellent regulations, things were sure to succeed. Within half an hour the Administrator espied one of his ambassadors with both wig and letter, and a short time after all the seven messenger with the Administrator at the head, crowned with perfect success, brought back the wig and the letter.

The letter was indeed from the Mayor himself; written in his own hand writing. It contained nothing of less consequence than a formal invitation for the Tax Commissioner's lady, the reverend brother, Miss Sophy, and the Administrator Erl, to the marriage party of the eldest daughter of the Mayor. The marriage ceremony was to be performed in six weeks, and the invitation to be verbally renewed by the bride and bridegroom.

EMBARRASMENTS.

Aunty felt very much flattered by the polite attention of the Mayor with whom she was only distantly acquainted. The strict observance too of every due formality had also won her heart. Yet there were many difficulties, which required to be weighed by a family consultation. My Aunty found it a very delicate point to bring Sophy into any nearer contact with the young gentleman of Waiblingen. For in the first place, Sophy was past 17 years, in which Sophy saw nothing of consequence, but Aunty much. In the second place, Sophy was very beautiful. In the third place, Sophy had to expect considerable fortune, and Aunty had not a mind to part with her favorite cheaply. In the fourth place, Sophy was inexperienced in worldly matters in the highest degree, though she did not at any time betray a lack of curiosity.

The gentlemen were not to Aunty's liking ; firstly, some were very handsome, which is bad enough ; secondly, they were fond of novel reading ; thirdly, they had an amateur theatre, and two book-binders actually thrived at Waiblingen in keeping circulating libraries : a melancholy sign of the times ! Thirdly, their handsome and too attractive figures ; and lastly, none had fortunes equal to Aunty Rubby's, or were of a rank that might be compared to that of head Tax Commissioner. Even the Mayor of Waiblingen was no great thing, and all others were of still less distinction, as merchants, tradesmen, shop-keepers, counsellors, advocates, and writers. Thus Aunty reasoned in her own heart. According to such reasonings she used to take her measures towards all the world at Waiblingen. After many deliberations at which Administrator Erl was associated, it was resolved to accept the invitation of the Mayor, but only with the most wise precaution. The paramount consideration was, and it was left to Aunty, to make Sophy mindful of the dangers of the heart, and to hint about the rocks on which innocence is so often wrecked. For so much was plain, that Sophy was of that dangerous age at which a shipwreck might be made ; of an age at which girls cease to delight in playing with dolls. Hence the good child was to be apprised of many things which she had never dreamt of before. At all events it was necessary that she should see the world and be seen, as she was not destined for a nunnery. Aunty felt that as well as any mother who has a girl to dispose of, for they cannot be preserved and pickled. On the other hand the parson was not to be remiss in holy admonitions to her. The Administrator who in his younger days—for alas, he was now a bachelor of fifty-six years—had after his own saying—and to be sure no one could know better, been a most accomplished dancer, promised to instruct Sophy in that elegant branch of education. All three promised to keep a constant and careful eye on the girl.

EXERCISES FOR THE MARRIAGE PARTY.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the tailor, shoemaker, and milliner were now set in motion. Aunty was for making her appearance at Waiblingen according to her due rank. Sophy was rejoiced from her heart at all these preparations ; such things had never happened before. She kept her dancing master in breath or rather without it. She only regretted that his legs, fifty-six years old, would not keep time with her's of 17. Nature and anticipated pleasures, soon taught her to dance. Mr. Erl put her quickness to his own credit, and he danced with a breathless pleasure, the more so as according to the decree of the family counsel he was to be at the marriage party. Sophy's sole partner throughout the whole time the dance was to be kept

up, for which exertions he was glad to prepare himself before hand, daily, as he felt that his knowledge in dancing had had time to rust. But all human projects are vain and this one failed, through the following causes. The day before the feast all the various dances and steps were to be repeated. As Aunt and the parson were now to be eye-witnesses of Sophy's proficiency, Administrator Erl tried hard before the spectators, to dance at least as ably as his scholar. She sprung jovially about like a butterfly, and in her joy she made many a leap, which was not the less charming for being out of rule. Mr. Erl was in ecstasy and wanted to show the climax of his art in dancing. He cut a high caper but it did not quite succeed; in the second attempt to cut a caper he failed completely. His short thick legs moved so unnaturally that by the continued motion of his body an unexpected misfortune happened. He fell plump upon the ground in the most unmasterly manner; and as an old oak in falling pulls down all the surrounding smaller trees, he tore Sophy down with him.

As the parson who was just about to open the door, heard the fall at which the whole house trembled; he stepped in hastily. Partly from his haste, partly from a natural near-sightedness, there was a second mishap. He trod on the leg of the dancing master who in a pardonable fury drew it quickly towards himself, by which motion he came in too close contact with the parson's thin legs, which made the latter lose his equilibrium. Before he could ask his pardon, the parson was down too. Whilst his well powdered wig by the sudden swing of the head flew under the couch, his long and thin shanks were turned towards heaven, as if to implore help. The parson got first on his legs again, and because he heard the footsteps of the head Tax Commissioner's lady at the door, he seized with great quickness the snow white hood of Sophy, and covered his head with it. Sophy was likewise on her legs when Aunt entered the room. Mr. Erl on the other hand was still sitting on the floor, making desperate grimaces, for he had sprained his ankle.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Aunt Rubby, "Do you play comedy? Do you forget decency? Is such your breeding? And then particularly you, parson " And who me particularly?" asked the parson somewhat nettled, for he did not much admire the sermons of his sister.

Sophy, interrupted them, explained the whole mystery, and exchanged her hood with the parson's wig.

This event however insignificant it may appear, was the first cause of all the subsequent misfortunes. For Mr. Erl was now lame for many days and therefore could not dance at the party.

! WARNING.

The following morning Sophy was up before the sun, she could not sleep for pleasure. Aunty Rubby too was up, before the sun, she could not sleep for anxiety. As it was now too late to prevent Sophy from dancing with the smooth-faced gentlemen of Waiblingen, she worried herself the whole night to find the best similies, the most efficacious expressions to warn her innocent unguarded heart against the temptations of love, or as it is more correctly expressed in Christian charity, to fortify her against the enticements of Satan.

“ You are now seventeen years of age, my dear Sophy !” said she. “ I beg your pardon, Aunty, seventeen years and seven months.” “ So much the worse.” “ Why so ?” “ Because you are only nearer the age for getting married.” “ But that can be no great misfortune.” You told me you were once married yourself, and my late mother, as well as I recollect, was so too. And don’t you know Aunty, not a week passes either in the village here or at Waiblingen without a wedding ?” “ All this is very good....but...” “ And to be sure, Aunty, there must be something very pleasing in marriage. Do but recollect how our sister could scarcely for joy await the day of her marriage ? How the young forester, her present husband, was always after her ? how they loved and caressed each other ? how they....” “ You are a child, Sophy. Hear me. You are young, of not unpleasing features, of a good family, your father was a Commissioner, you have a fortune of your own and perhaps another to expect; there will be no lack of lovers. Those young gentlemen will tell you many pretty things. They will try to gain your favor, peradventure the worst, the poorest wretch may by your inexperience please you most of all. Just to-day at the marriage party they will lay their nets to captivate your heart. Hence I exhort you, be very prudent. Trust no one of those young gentlemen whatever handsome things he may tell you. Trust them not at all.” “ But why not trust them ?” “ Because they are all flatterers, liars at heart, the one is like the other, they will all endeavour to turn your head. They will tell you in one breath how amiable, how charming you are. They will swear that you are an angel, that they love you, that without you they cannot live, that....” “ Oh no Aunty, no one will say so.” “ But should any one say so, will you believe him ?” “ If he were to attest it by an oath—then Aunty ?” “ My dear child, they are never serious, they will swear oaths to whatever they wish to make you believe, and they will afterwards laugh at your childish credulity. Depend on, if any of those wretches flatter you, it is with the sole view of having a hearty laugh.” “ But what can their motive be for so doing ?” “ For the love of a joke, nothing else. How many a girl

has been ruined by believing such unprincipled rakes ! How many a girl that trusted her flatterers, has lost by it, her peace of mind, her honor, even her innocence !” “ Even her innocence ? how is that to be lost ? Innocence ?” “ Yes. That, you don’t understand as yet, nor can I explain it to you, just now.” “ It must be difficult indeed, for uncle parson himself could not say what innocence is.” “ Well Aunty, don’t let us turn our heads or break our hearts about it.” “ Before all things Sophy, be always obedient to me. Guard yourself against adulation, take particular care not to give or show any one the preference, keep every one at a respectful distance ; and if any one should hazard a hint to you about adoration and love and similar nonsensical stuff, turn your back upon him immediately. You are too good for one of Waiblingen.” “ But Aunty, am I always to behave so.” “ When it is time, I will get a husband for you. I shall choose him so that you will hereafter bless me in my grave. You may depend upon that, but on your part you must promise to be very obedient.” “ But Aunty you know, that I am always so.” “ Well, well, we shall see that ; I shall carefully watch you this evening at the party.”

THE MARRIAGE PARTY.

Aunty Rubby thought she had done her best, so she comforted herself. How can we all use right precautions ? How easily man deceives himself ! Aunty knew very well from old experience, that nature will have her way, in spite of all warning and preaching, yet she thought that with Sophy it must be quite otherwise than with other girls. Now she thought that Sophy was not made of the same stuff, merely because she was educated by her. All stepped into the carriage, and drove off for the party at Waiblingen, the gardener and the milkman standing behind the carriage in bran new liveries. Lady Head Tax Commissioner was received with much ceremony, and all her suite complimented with so much courtesy, that she was all happiness, and she even grew faithless to her purpose of always being near Sophy. The parson found some talkative old associates, and Mr. Erl limped about with his friend. Sophy though at first shy in the circle of young ladies which surrounded her, soon became gayer and at last as familiar as if she had known them for years.

After the feast was over, the dance began, when sometimes with one youth, sometimes with another she seemed to move as it were on the waves of harmony, through the brilliant rows of dancers ; then intoxicated with joy, her whole frame thrilled with joy. The transport made her lovely countenance, and figure transcendently enchanting. The most handsome men, the best dancers crowded round and contested which should lead her to the dance, as if she was the prize of the most deserving.

That attention pleased her more than all the sweet fine things, which were told her by the inspired youths. She breathed nothing but joy and pleasure; what a wide difference in the arms of these young men, and the stiff hands and exhausted limbs of the Administrator. This I call dancing indeed, she whispered to herself. Night came on; Aunty Rubby had resolved to return to Veler before it should grow quite dark, but she forgot her resolution in the incense which was offered to her from all sides as well in praise of her own dear person, as of her enchanting niece. The sweetness of the incense was not the only cause of the delay; a terrible thunder-storm approached. Aunty Rubby had an hereditary antipathy to thunder storms and the summer was to her the most disagreeable season of the year, merely on account of the loud peals from heaven. She remained then (though on account of the storm, and with some uneasiness) at the card table, playing at cards with the Mayor, the parson, and the captain of the principal fire-engines.

FIRST MISFORTUNE.

Sophy was very much pleased with the thunder storm. She wished thunder storms to gather from all the cardinal points round Waiblingen, and thunder to the dance the whole night; she was then the more sure to empty to the very dregs, the cup of such delicious and rare pleasure. Wine, music, dance and pleasure had changed her whole being. Her cheeks glowed, her dark blue eyes glittered with transport. Had now any one young gentleman of Waiblingen, swore he loved her—(the only thing she was apprehensive of, after the warnings from her Aunt)—she would have pardoned him. Fortunately no one spoke of love to her, but every one who was so lucky as to become her partner for a dance, told her she was an angel. Though she did not quite believe it, yet she did not take it amiss when she was assured of it. There were not wanting many sly pressures of the hand, and many languishing sighs and soft glances, as a homage to her beauty; in the waltzes many an arm pressed her to a throbbing breast—all this was very unlike the style of her dancing master!

By bad luck she found herself thirsty; her partner was off and back again with the quickness of lightning presenting her with a glass of punch; she drank it and continued to dance. But now all things seemed to turn round with her, she found herself giddy and laughed. By this violent motion of the blood she began to feel unwell. She complained of it to her partner, a handsome young man, who with the utmost complaisance offered her immediately his arm to lead her to breathe in the free air. In leaving the room, he from fear that she might catch a cold by the sudden transition from the ball-room to the external air, took her to a side room that stood with the door ajar. A forgot-

ten light was burning dimly and by the long wick hanging over the candle, was evidently dying away.

Sophy sank exhausted and almost fainting on a sofa in the room. She breathed with difficulty. Her compassionate partner in the greatest dilemma entreated her to unlace herself whilst he would run for a glass of water. In his anxiety he forgot the glass of water, he could not leave thus his exhausted partner, who by her great debility could not help herself.

The heavens thundered, the music from the opposite ball-room sounded loud, and again indistinctly as the door of the ball-room was opened or shut. But neither Sophy nor her compassionate physician heard either the heavenly or terrestrial music. Every one was occupied with his own pleasure, nor were they missed in the ball-room. After more than two hours they thought it prudent to return to the ball-room and join again the dancers.

Sophy soon lost sight of her affectionate physician. She did not even find an opportunity to thank him for his trouble. At last it occurred to her to look after her Aunty. Wearied, she left the dancing-room for the card-room, which she reached just as there happened to be round Aunty's card-table, a noise of a most extraordinary kind.

SECOND MISFORTUNE.

At first Aunty Rubby was most lucky in her play; the Mayor on the contrary was most unfortunate. But fortune by an unaccountable caprice, suddenly changed her favorites. With the more eagerness Aunty tried to re-obtain a friendly smile from her. Thus absorbed she forgot her Sophy. The knave of hearts caused all the mischief. Sophy might have danced away the whole night, Aunty would not have perceived it. She said she had thrown the knave of hearts; the parson on the other hand insisted that it came from his hand. He showed his hand to Aunty Rubby to convince her that she must be mistaken. In the heat of the demonstration he approached the light too closely and his well curled new wig, caught fire and communicated the flame to the magnificent head-dress of Aunty.

For a moment all was in alarm, every one was startled by the novel scene and suffered the two heads to flame away. When Aunty felt the fire increasing on her head, she made a desperate motion with both her hands and threw off what remained. Even her false hair was torn off;—a portion of the burning head-gear fell on the superb wig of the Mayor and extended the conflagration to an alarming degree. Mr. Erl, when he perceived three heads on fire at once, piously clasped his hands and limped prudently away. The parson did not perceive the conflagration before

some hot ashes fell on his cards. He contemplated it with wonder as the product of an unheard of phenomenon, and glanced with an inquisitorial look towards the roof of the room in search of the cause of this singular freak of nature. Meanwhile every one engaged at the other various card-tables sprung up either to succour those damaged by fire or at least to obtain a nearer view of the curious sight.

During this confusion, Sophy arrived, in time to behold a part of the ruin of the stately hood and the remnants of two wigs.

CONSIDERATIONS.

On the following day every one at the Veler having assembled at breakfast after a long repose talked over the pleasures and pains of the preceding evening. Aunty condemned every large assembly of people, and maintained that there never was one without its concomitant misfortunes. Sophy, on the other hand, did not deny that she was greatly amused and she wished for nothing better than to go every day to a marriage party. After a few weeks the party was forgotten at the Veler. Sophy only dreamed of it awake and in her sleep. She was generally as cheerful as before, but sometimes when she was knitting or occupied with other domestic work, she sunk all at once into silent reveries, letting her work drop from her hands.

Aunty Rubby had a sharp eye, and the frequent musing of her niece seemed strange to her. At first she observed her only with suspicion and brought the discourse on this and that young gentleman of Waiblingen, and went from one dance to the other. Sophy replied with open serenity. It appeared that Sophy was pleased with the generality, without having for any one a particular affection. With that Aunty was satisfied ; she was sure that Sophy could not dissemble.

But after a few weeks more Sophy began to get very poorly, she felt inclined to faint, and sometimes she felt sick. The poor child fell also into melancholy fits, till her eyes filled with tears, yet she knew not why. Aunty Rubby endeavoured to cheer up her favorite with a variety of pleasing discourses, and of course she came on the future marriage of Sophy. It cannot be doubted that this prospect has something pleasing in it to young girls.

Sophy listened devoutly when Aunty praised with much eloquence the ceremonies of matrimony. First the bridal pleasure, then the delightful honey moon, again the joys and the cares at the cradle, the motherly dignity, at last the happy life of a grand mother at the sight of her grand children.

"Oh my Aunty, nothing pleases me better than the thought of the joy of a mother at the cradle. It must be delightful to be a mother of a little darling being, and to carry such an angel at one's breast. Oh! that it were so already!"

"May God prevent it!" said Aunty, "first betrothment, then the espousals, after that only, christening—before then many years will pass!"

"Many years!" and Sophy made a deep sigh and hung her pretty head very low in her tippet.

Aunty was too well pleased herself with such like discourses, not to return to them frequently. To her love of occupation, a new and interminable field was now opened to her, which promised her room to play a more conspicuous part than the bride herself. She thought now with seriousness about a match that might be the most acceptable to Sophy, and at the same time the most comfortable to herself. But before the choice could be made—for it required a numerous correspondence regarding various information which it was necessary to obtain, things changed entirely—Sophy was on the way to become a Mamma!!

ALL TOPSY-TURVY.

It was found necessary to send for the Doctor at Waiblingen, as Sophy's health became every day more precarious. The face even of the dear child had changed; her once rosy cheeks were now pale as lilies. The Doctor of Waiblingen guessed at many things, every one but the true one. After a few visits he marched up to Aunty Rubby and told her with much assurance: "I am now quite certain Miss Sophy is in the family way."

Aunty Rubby was so much beside herself at this declaration; that in the first moment she did not know whether she was to faint away, to give the Doctor a box on the ear for his impudence, or to burst out into a loud laugh at his folly. But as most other people, she possessed presence of mind only when she had time to consider about the matter. "I could not believe it. But since he says so....." "What folly! I should rather believe the heavens are about to fall. How should you, Sophy, have come to this?"

"I don't know, Aunty, but I think you must understand that better than I."

"You have no lover?"

"I don't know who he is."

"I suppose it is all the result of that cursed Waiblingen party. I wish I never had heard of that marriage, I should then not have lived to hear such scandal. And your health would not have been impaired."

"I think so too. You know, I have already told you, Aunt, that during the ball I was nearly fainting, and that I was obliged to leave the ball-room."

THE LAW-SUIT.

After a few days Aunt had wept herself dry. She saw that tears, wailings and lamentations would not mend the matter. Every one was obliged to agree that Sophy was as innocent as before the fall. An apology was made to the Doctor, the secret, which he had found out, was now confessed to him, and he was requested to give his future assistance. But yet the paramount riddle was not yet expounded; for Sophy did not know any thing about the name or rank of her seducer. She only recollected that he was a handsome young man of twenty three, an elegant dancer, that he had on a green coat, white pantaloons, &c.

"Your way of education, Aunt, is the cause of all the mischief!" said the parson, who in pity took up Sophy's cause: "I am a friend to innocence, but every thing has its measure and end. Eve in the Paradise was warned, and the tree of knowledge pointed out to her. That you have neglected. With you, Aunt, rests the fault, and Sophy must bear all the harm. Assist her in bearing the damage; you see how good naturedly she lightens your guilt. There is an innocence which proceeds only from an inexperience of sin; and on the other hand, there are many sins that are clear proofs of innocence."

Aunt Rubby was not the person to leave to any one the last say, nor did she fail to reply to the sermon of her brother in the most conclusive strain; yet she felt as if he was in the right. She became daily more resigned to her fate. Sophy was treated with forbearance, and at last again with tenderness. The whole wrath of Aunt was now directed against the unknown seducer.

The parson as well as Mr. Erl were now sent daily to town in order to learn the name of the destroyer of Sophy's honour. But the Doctor of souls returned every time unsuccessfully; he either forgot altogether why he came to town, or if by chance he recollected it, the description of the person escaped his memory altogether. Mr. Erl, on the other hand, was more lucky; he recollected the most minute particulars! From Sophy he had asked and by degrees obtained so many details, that he could not but be successful—a dimple in the chin, fair hair, blue eyes, four rings on his fingers, large whiskers. &c. &c. &c. He examined every man in Waiblingen, that was at the ball, but none was found to answer the description; therefore, concluded Mr. Erl, he cannot be a resident of Waiblingen. But no

strangers were there except an old cheesemonger of the neighbouring town, and the son of Baron von Maltitz, about 23 years of age. And as Baron von Maltitz only lived at 5 miles distance from Waiblingen on his estate, and as every young lady who had danced, and also those who had not danced with him, recollected very well the dimple in the chin, the whiskers, &c. even the four brilliant rings on his fingers (though some pretended he had seven) all was quite clear; moreover he came to speak by pure chance with an Apothecary's hump-backed daughter (who in spite of her father's well furnished shop, was never disturbed by gallantries); she said that she had seen Sophy leave the ball-room, leaning on the arm of her partner Baron von Maltitz.

Aunty Rubby was quite delighted at the discovery and the more so because it was a Baron who was the cause of all the mischief. It was agreed unanimously by the assembled family counsel to write a letter to the Baron; it was written and dispatched instantly by a messenger. He was politely invited to call at the Veler where matters of the greatest importance should be revealed to him. The messenger returned. Days, weeks, passed by; no reply, no Baron!

Aunty who had already built many castles in the air and wished to have a Baron as nephew, began to wax very uneasy at the delay. The family counsel was again assembled in obedience to its decree, Administrator Erl was sent as plenipotentiary to the castle of Maltitz in order to bring the case to the knowledge of the father in case the son should prove untractable. He was invested also with full power to give an account of the large property of Sophy, with the assurance of her becoming universal heiress to the still larger property of Aunty Rubby. But at all events, he was to negotiate a marriage, and that the most speedy one.

The Administrator threw himself comfortably in the chaise of the head Tax Commissioner's lady, drawn by her two best mares with the milkman turned into a coachman. He soon arrived at Maltitz.

His return was expected with trembling impatience. All placed the utmost confidence in Mr. Erl's eloquence, so that no one doubted he would bring the whiskered baron a prisoner to the feet of Sophy. But they had reckoned without their host.

At last he returned, but alone. He brought the reply. It was worse than the worst they had imagined. The young gentleman was not at Maltitz, but at Venice. The old gentleman was at home roaring under an attack of the gout, and he got in such a passion when he opened the preliminaries of his mission, that

he threatened Mr. Erl if ever he should dare to approach him again on such an errand, he should let the hounds loose on him. On this the Administrator let him see the rough side of the question in bringing humbly forward the prospect of a heavy law suit. The gouty man gave him the comfortable decisive reply, that he would write to his son and in case he were to confess to have forgotten himself with a commoner, and even given her a promise of marriage he should not fail to pay what in such cases the law may award ; secondly, there could be no question about marriage and such like foolish stuff ; and thirdly, he raised his whip, and said, that he the Administrator might go to the devil !

The parson knew not what to say ; proposed to take the matter into serious consideration and observed that all things were directed by the Almighty. Aunty melted into tears. Mr. Erl proposed to hand over her just complaint to the hands of a lawyer, to begin a law-suit immediately. " All this would not have happened," added he " had I not sprained my ankle at the last dancing lesson." Sophy sunk her head on her bosom ; she was silent, tears trickled down her pale cheeks.

On the following day, lawyer Eggimaun of Waiblingen made his obeisance. He was one of the most powerful of pettifoggers, and understood how to make white appear black and black white. Moreover he owed a personal grudge to the house of von Maltitz, because he had, a few years since, solicited there in vain for a situation, and the Baron had given the place to his mortal foe.

" Permit me to observe," addressing the head Tax Commissioner's lady, " my name is not Eggimaun, and call me a fool, if in a twelve-month's time, your niece is not Baroness von Maltitz !"

The look of confidence with which the lawyer spoke infused into Aunty such a degree of hope and courage, that the suit was immediately began with a zeal such as revenge only can inspire.

POMPEY THE LITTLE.

But in despite of this united zeal, the suit went on in the usual slow way, particularly as the defendant was leisurely visiting the antiquities of Rome, and it was absolutely necessary to hear his reply to the accusation made against him.

Meanwhile the family at the Veler had been increased by a little Cupid ; Sophy was a lovely mother ; and was happy at the sight of her child. Her dearest wish was accomplished. She never had sighed so much for a husband as for the pleasures of a mother. Aunty Rubby was raised to the dignity of grand aunt,

(she found it a little against good rule, and the idea of her grand aunt-ship often caused her to make wry faces, but what is done cannot be undone,) and in time she could even take in her arms the little darling, who was thus smuggled into her house and family, in such an odd way.

The grand uncle, the parson, christened the grand nephew. It was resolved to give him the name of Pompey after his father's christian name, and as for the family name it was thought best to be silent about it until it should be decided by law if the name were to be von Maltitz or simply von Veter.

Whilst little Pompey grew daily in strength and wisdom, a letter arrived from Rome from Pompey the great. The letter though far from being to the taste of the old Baron, was still less so to Auntie ? The young Baron declared very freely, that he remembered very well having had some gallant intercourse with a girl at a marriage ball at Waiblingen, but that he had never seen that person, either before or after ; and that the same person appeared to him of very doubtful character ; but he requested, that some money might be given to hush the matter up, and the sooner the better.

On the strength of this letter by which the main point was avowed the law-suit was continued with uncommon bitterness. Auntie Rubby displayed her pride. She wrote to the old Baron, who made several amicable proposals, that it was not at all her wish to intrude herself into any relationship with the family of the Baron, but she wished for the honour of her niece and her grand nephew to give them a name, and it should be so, even at the expence of thousands of ducats. That she had no intention to give her niece to a Baron, that possessed besides his paper pedigree, more debts than lands. She should consider such an alliance as a dishonour, that he should be neither the first nor last nobleman, who might wish to exchange his sixteen rotten ancestors with the well filled gold coffers of a commoner. That now-a-days the value of indigent nobility was well understood ; that not a Kreutzer could be borrowed on a genealogical register, that numbered its ancestors up to Adam and Eve, but that with a hundred ducats only, a diploma of nobility might be had with a genealogical tree carried beyond the flood ; that for this and some other reasons she should insist, that his son Pompey Baron von Maltitz should be married in all the forms of the church to her niece, and that three days after they should be divorced again in all the forms of the laws, so that each party was to be again at liberty to marry whomever please he or she. This over-towering tone of Auntie Rubby made the old gentleman almost lose his reason ; his rage was the more violent as he

perceived that this woman, whom before he had thought beneath his notice, had by her great wealth, a greater influence at the Court-house than he with his economical system. He might perhaps, after having heard full information of that woman, have put a good face on a bad matter—for the Baron was indeed deeply in debt—and given his consent to an alliance with the wealthy commoner. But Aunty Rubby's letter teemed with impertinence, and provoking insinuations.

He now tried very hard to foil his antagonist. He secured all his property, raised money on any condition, and with a liberal hand he spent gold on every side; but Aunty, however well he paid, always gave double. It is not therefore to be wondered at that in the space of a twelve-month the law-suit terminated in two instances in favour of Aunty.

VICTORY OVER POMPEY THE GREAT.

After the old Baron had lost his suit in two instances his fury knew no bounds; he became so outrageous as to be altogether insupportable. He daily exercised his whip on dogs and servants. He threatened his lawyer to blow his brains out if he dared to lose the law-suit in the third instance, and to his son he wrote letter after letter, full of oaths, to leave Rome immediately and to return to Maltitz.

Meanwhile Pompey the Great studied amongst the Antiquities of Rome the history of former ages. Following passionately the masterpieces of art, he cared little about the doings at Wai-bligen, Maltitz and the Veler. But when he was informed of the loss of the law-suit in two instances, he foamed with rage, at the crying injustice and wilful blindness of the Judges.

But now that he had received orders to return from his father, he left Rome on the following day.

But a journey from Roma to Maltitz is rather long, especially as the modest state of the Baronial finances would not permit him to travel post. Meanwhile the law-suit in the third instance went forward. The sentence was given; it confirmed the decree of the first instance. Baron Pompey von Maltitz was condemned to restore the honor of the young lady in question by a formal marriage, yet with leave for divorce immediately after the matrimonial ceremony agreeably to the forms of law.

The losing lawyer took care not to carry this news personally to his employer. He announced it in a letter and asked at the same time for his discharge. The old Baron read the terrible mandate; he was stunned with horror; it dropped from his hand; he dropt with it—he was dead!

When Pompey the Great arrived, his father was buried, but fate was so kind as to provide him with a bride and a child.

THE MARRIAGE.

The young Baron was a man of honorable principles, knowledge and talent. The death of his father grieved him much, but the decree of the last appeal still more. He was invisible to the whole world; he lived in the castle of his ancestors the life of a hermit, occupied with the amelioration of his finances, which with the old nobility-display of his father, the expensive journies in Italy and not least by the ruinous costs of the law-suit, were brought to the lowest ebb. He did away with the useless show, the journies in Italy ceased, and the law-suit was luckily or rather unluckily terminated. But savings alone would not do. By a judicious cultivation of his lands, a better observance of his large woods, he endeavoured to indemnify himself for all his losses and to pay off the large debts. He felt that a poor Baron, is but—a poor Baron, and he resolved to be more. He perceived clearly the faults of the former administration; he made and adhered to his plans. Already in six months time by advantageous sales of wood, he was enabled to pay off part of his debts, and thus he frustrated Aunty's wicked speculations. For Aunty did not despair that the castle of Maltitz together with all its lands would be sold off for debts, and she wished to buy up the Barony with all its appendages for herself and Sophy, and to live there with her triumphantly married and divorced lady Baroness von Maltitz.

But it now was apparent that these hopes vanished, and that the forced bridegroom suffered half a year to pass, with no thoughts, about the judicial sentence. Aunty Rubby judged it advisable to assist the bad memory of the Baron. Administrator Erl had to draw up a letter to put him in mind of it, but as she never found it sufficiently severe he had to alter it, to copy and re-copy it at least twenty times before she would put her name to it. The well known sentence was recalled to his treacherous memory, but in large letters it was added that it was not with any desire of entering the Baron's family, but because she looked with much impatience to the happy moment of the subsequent divorce. A short reply to it was given in the following lines:

“MADAM,—I never had an opportunity to appeal to your delicacy, yet I must beg of you to postpone a little that detestable ceremony, at least for decency's sake, should you indeed possess such a feeling, until an unhappy son has put off the mourning, which he now wears for a father whom you have brought to an untimely grave.”

If Aunty Rubby had lost the suit, she could not have been more completely humbled than she was by these lines. First, the Baron was not quite wrong, that was the most vexatious; secondly,

he set her delicacy in doubt, which alone was the height of impertinence—lastly, and that was beyond bearing, she was reminded by the Baron of the common rules of decency and good breeding. She tore the letter into a thousand pieces and threw them out of the window; she then bethought herself, went out before the house, picked up again the small pieces of the letter, that no living soul should guess a single word of the letter, which she carried immediately with her own hands to the kitchen, and threw into the fire, one by one, lest any part should blow up the chimney—and waited until the last piece was burnt.

She then endeavoured to assume a placid countenance and observed to the friends of the house in an indifferent tone that the Baron had begged of her, in a most supplicating letter, for some delay owing to his manifold business; that not to appear importunate, she was not disinclined to consent. But her blood boiled with anger whilst she calmly said so. An inextinguishable hatred to the Baron, now seized her heart; she swore to herself never to forgive this letter.

A few months after, the Baron sent word that he was now ready to undergo the ceremony, and, as he expressed himself in a rather insolent way—to suffer the rack. He proposed the day and it was agreed that the ceremony should be performed at Muri, a village equi-distant from Maltitz and the Veler.

On the appointed day, Sophy accompanied by her Aunt, and Administrator Erl, drove to Muri, all dressed out in the highest finery; the gardener, milkman and ploughman were clad in rich livery, and were seated before and behind the carriage; Aunty had a desire to shine before the Baron and if possible to humble him deeply. Melancholy had spread additional charms over the angelic features of Sophy; to-day, this very hour she was to give her hand to an unknown man only to be separated from him again!

They arrived at the Red Nose, the only tavern at Muri, but no bridegroom had as yet arrived; the landlord of the Red Nose begged them to have a little patience, and to command in the meantime all the good things in the house. But quarters of hours passed away; the bridegroom came not. The parson of Muri had all the verses of the psalm sung, he could delay no longer to read the Sunday litany; Aunty Rubby's anxiety rose to despair. "See, the unprincipled wretch, he wants to lay a new affront at our door; the miscreant!" she called out ten times every minute; she stood on pins; she ran every moment to the window where Sophy sat weeping in a corner. She stretched out her neck, looked with staring eyes towards the road to Maltitz; the Baron came not.

The bells of the church had ceased ringing, the service had begun. All on a sudden Aunty espied a cavalier riding in a gallop towards the Red Nose, whither he alighted. He was a young man of a fine countenance, and of a noble address, clad, it seemed, with studied simplicity. It was superfluous to announce himself as Baron von Maltitz, the dimple and the whiskers which were deeply impressed on the memory of all, would have made him known sufficiently. Sophy turned scarlet at his sight, and pressed still closer to the corner in which she sat. She was no wanton maid, but she had always lived with her aunt in an almost nunlike solitude and thence as the fair sex of Waiblingen used to denominate it with christian charity, she was a human goose! To find Sophy as she was, was beyond the Baron's expectations. Such a fine noble form, so full of mildness and dignity, the graceful oval head of a suffering Magdalen; the glance of innocence, which through her tears stole upon him; the sacred glow of her blushing cheeks.....all this he did not expect.

"Heavens, what a girl!" thought he, and it was all he could think of; never had his mind been in such a confusion.

"Is it agreeable, Baron?" said Aunty, pointing towards the door, which Mr. Erl opened: "we are waited for in the church."

The Baron made a polite bow, and said in a rather too indifferent tone of voice: "Which of you ladies wishes to be my bride?"

Aunty with an angry glance, yet without saying a word, pointed towards the lovely being in the corner, who had sunk her eyes bashfully to the ground. The Baron went immediately up to her, and seeing the tears that trickled down her cheeks, he was about to say: "You weep but water, I have wept blood!" but the reproach died on his lips from astonishment. All that he had thought of in the way of bitter and contemptuous words, to appease on this day the ashes of his father by a small revenge, was cleanly obliterated from his memory. He had, it is true, been informed that Sophy not only was a very handsome and very rich girl, but that she was nothing less than a coquette.

The Baron offered his arm to his bride; Sophy embarrassed wanted to decline it; but yet she accepted of it. She wished she had been able to hide herself from the whole world!

Aunty followed the mute pair, she followed them with a face flashing with anger, for she could well explain why the Baron led his bride by the arm. He wished to hold her up as an object of ridicule and contempt. "Yes, yes," said she, "he wishes the poor unfortunate girl to be considered as an object of scorn;

hence his boots and spurs covered with dust and dirt, his old grey frock and round hat, more like a servant than a Baron!

Alas, poor Pompey! he thought little of boots, spurs and hat. With furtive glances he looked at his weeping bride; he could not but think, that he led the most beautiful woman of the land.

He made slower and shorter steps, that he might prolong for a few moments this unexpected pleasure. And when from time to time—and it happened often—he looked at the suffering Sophy with her innocent face, he cast his eyes immediately afterwards on the ground; he then felt as if his conscience reproached him: “It is I, that have plucked this fair lily!”

To make some compensation appeared to him the least he ought to do as an honorable man. “My dear Lady,” said he, “I feel extremely sorry that I must appear before you as a villain, whom you are compelled to detest. Believe me, I am very unfortunate!” “It is well that I have not been the willing cause of your distress!” whispered Sophy with a friendly seriousness, and with tears in her eyes.

This reply was a stab to the Baron’s heart; the greatness of his crime and of his loss was apparent to him. Nor was it alone the sweet tone of her voice, that made such a deep impression on him, but the full meaning of these few words. The polite man of the world by this sentence of the simple girl was quite put out; he knew not how to address her again.

They entered the church, and soon knelt before the altar. The Baron was in a singular mood; his hand trembled in that of his bride. She spoke the *yes* scarcely audibly; the Baron as if he thought he could solace his oppressed heart by giving vent to that single sound, made the word, *yes*, re-echo through the whole church, and as they had to exchange rings he looked for the most precious on his fingers, and put it on hers, who when others are to be joined, was to be for ever separated from him. Aunt Rubby, who had so much longed to behold this testimony of her revenge had a strong inclination to express her joy.

NOT DEVOTION.

After the marriage the parson held a most excellent sermon on the ceremony; he was sometimes so far moved at his own words, that tears came to his eyes; but some of his hearers concealed their emotion beneath a soft slumber! The Baron heard not a word; he saw nothing but Sophy, who was now seated opposite to him. He had time to contemplate her countenance. Raphael’s angels and Madona’s were but distorted objects, compared to that face in which melancholy and benevolence, feminine dignity and humi-

MY AUNT RUBBY.

lity were so happily blended together. He remained unquietly in his seat, continually shifting his position; shame, self contempt, love, despair, and a hundred more violent emotions assailed his heart. Whilst the reverend gentleman spoke of a better world, of the death of the sinner, of the resurrection of the body; the Baron recalled to his mind the death of his father, the singularity of finding a girl amiable after she had carried on a law-suit against him for two long years.

“But Baron,” said he to himself, “has the devil dazzled your eyes? But really the woman is an angel, and I a devil to have ruined this angel, and to have treated her for years in the most shameful way. But I mistook her before knowing her—well, that may be pardoned. But I furnished charges against her—that too may be excused, for my father and the damned lawyer described this holy soul, as a common wench. But you believed all without wishing to see her after you returned to the country, after hearing her praised by every impartial lip.—Oh! that I had taken a ride to the Veler to convince myself against all my prejudged opinions! May Heaven pardon me. I deserve to linger in this torture of hell!”

Aunty looked with the comfortable triumph of mischief at the face of poor Pompey, which clearly betrayed his internal uneasiness. But she explained his agony quite differently. She imagined that he was ready to jump out of his skin for despair, that she had got the victory over him.

Poor Sophy, her feelings were far from being enviable. She expected immediately to be publicly exposed; she imagined the eyes of the universe to be fixed on her as the dishonoured woman, who by means of artful compulsion was to be restored to honor again. Though she did not hear a word of what fell from the pulpit yet she thought it was herself whom the parson particularly described as the fallen woman. Then a more pleasing scene passed before her eyes; she fancied she saw her dear little Pompey, now more than two years of age, the darling fatherless child. A gloomy melancholy fell upon her soul. She looked up to heaven in a supplicating attitude and prayed for her son.

And from time to time she directed her eye—the curiosity was certainly excusable—at her husband, of whose figure she had scarcely the faintest recollection. He was a handsome man, that could not be denied, and then he looked so much like little Pompey. She then inwardly repeated his words as he led her to church. What could he have meant by it? But when his dark blue eyes met hers, then, she wished to be concealed in the centre of the earth. Again when she looked at the ring

with brilliants, a ring which had been on his finger—it could not but distract her attention. An unguarded sigh escaped sometimes from the depth of her bosom. Though the parson had held one of his longest and best studied sermons, yet time flew very fast.

SEPARATION.

Aunty Rubby gave hints and visible signs with hands, eyes, contortions of the face, nodding and shaking of the head, to Administrator Erl for him to lead Sophy from church. At last he took the hint, but all on a sudden the Baron stood before him, and pushed Mr. Erl very politely aside, saying: “Permit me to reconduct my wife back to the Red Nose.” “It is impertinent of the man!” remarked Aunty to Mr. Erl. “Why did you suffer yourself to be pushed aside? He does all this to spite me, to show the world that he is not, at all humbled by my triumph. But he is widely mistaken. I observed him well at church; he does not deceive me. Rage and bile almost choke him.” But the Baron was not choked: “May I be permitted to take the hand of my amiable spouse, whom, for a few days only I am allowed to call mine?”

Without waiting for the leave being given, he pressed her hand in his, and was going to say many things, but they had already reached the Red Nose. Aunty immediately ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, the Baron to gain a little time, ordered some refreshments for the ladies, but the landlord of the Red Nose had little else to offer but sour beer, bad wine and brandy and good spring water. Aunty Rubby with a formal courtesy declined immediately every thing of the kind.

“He thinks to be sure,” said she to the Administrator, “to gain me with his awkward courtesies. What? to order refreshments in such a hedge inn! as if he was not aware that here scarcely oats can be had for the horses. But I say again, he won’t impose on me!” Aunty on that endeavoured to assume an unconcerned look, she spoke to Erl and Sophy of the most indifferent things in the world, without so much as heeding the presence of the Baron. Pompey stood lost in meditation. At last he stepped forward to Aunty, who with her fan was hammering on the table, and said: “Madam, let us confess it, every one of us here plays a forced and unnatural part, and I of all, the worst.” “It appears thus, sir,” replied the Aunt, “that your conscience awakes, though rather late.”

“You are right, it awakes. I have been deceived and have deceived myself. Believe me, it is my sincere wish to make

amends for the crime which I have committed. Yet I feel a life of repentance is not sufficient to atone for it." However sincere poor Pompey was in saying this, Aunty knew well how to explain the hidden meaning of his words, in which satirical scorn was so clearly visible.

"Baron," she replied, "it pleases me to think you are sincere in what you say. Indeed a penitence for the term of your natural life cannot obliterate the hue of that hideous crime; but, if hereafter you should feel something like despair, I will then believe that all is not lost in you. But let us cut short such a discourse, it can only serve to add to former crimes new offences. Don't forget the respect which is due to the sex, even by the lowest boor."

"Madam, I deserve to be thus treated by you. I have but one request, it is the first and last before our separation! Permit me to speak for a few moments alone to my—may I be allowed to say—my wife?"

"Baron, our time is short; I am sorry; the horses are already put to the carriage!"

"I ask it only for a few brief moments."

"It cannot be!"

"May I as the husband not demand it by right?"

"She may be already considered as divorced from you."

"So I am *obliged* to consider her, but for that very reason, it may contribute to my own peace, perhaps that of my spouse. I must demand for a few minutes to have a free conversation with her."

"As to that she may judge for herself."

The Baron approached his wife with much respect; with a sad look he presented his hand, and conducted her into another room.

Sophy suffered herself to be led, though not without trembling. She scarcely knew what she did or what she ought to do.

He shut the door of the small room they stepped into, and addressed the trembling Sophy:—

"Baroness....." he began with a trembling voice. Sophy blushed at this address. "Oh, do not call me so, sir. I shall remain true to my condition. The ceremony that joined our hands lays no duties on you, it gives me no rights." "Do not be angry if I give you the name to which the church entitles you."

"Sir, our time is short, be so obliging as to let me know why you wanted to speak to me alone?"

“ I entreat you, madam, to be sincere ; give me a candid reply — have you not lost every good opinion of mankind on my account ? ”

“ I believe still in the human heart, because I believe in one God.”

He then threw himself at her feet and looked up to her with tears in his eyes. “ Oh then do believe me this moment. I was a cursed monster towards you, and yet I was not and am not a villain at heart. You may hate me, abhor me, I deserved it. But believe me, madam, I was no villain.”

“ What could such belief serve you ? ”

“ It will give me some peace. You have been compelled to sacrifice a great deal ; but I have lost more than you.” “ But do get up, sir, and let us return.” “ No, be an angel entirely, and grant me one earnest request.” She was silent. He kissed her hand with fervor, which he had seized in spite of her objection, and said with down cast glance, for he did not dare look up to her, and in a low tone of voice : “ You are a mother, I a father, I entreat the favor to be allowed to see my son, even for once only.” She did not reply, nor could she ; she was weeping aloud.

“ I am not worthy to see the son of the mother whom I have so ill used,” continued he, in a faltering voice. The tears trickled down Sophy’s cheeks : “ I am not worthy of it, but generosity towards an unfortunate man is worthy of your heart, madam. May I one day, whichever you may please to fix on, go to the Veler and press my child to my repentant heart ? ”

“ Whenever you like.” Said she, sobbing, and went towards the door.

Aunty Rubby looked astonished as she saw them entering the room, hand in hand and with their eyes full of tears. “ He has requested,” said Sophy, “ to see our little Pompey ! ”

“ And the Baroness has given me leave ! ” added he quickly.

Aunty made a cold face. The carriage was ready. They stepped in ; the Baron assisting the ladies to mount. They went off. The Baron looked after them, even a long time when he could see them no longer.

REFLECTIONS.

“ Done ! ” exclaimed Aunty, when they were out of the village, “ clearly done ; my dear Baroness, I am quite enraptured.”

“ Oh Aunty,” replied Sophy, “ call me as before. It sounded to me as a reproach when the Baron gave me his title.”

“ It was his duty. You are now a Baroness, you are married to him. Our Pompey will have full pretension to inherit

Maltitz ; but on this head I must yet consult Lawyer Eggimaun, who is to call the day after to-morrow. We shall then give him instructions for the divorce. Well, as for a law-suit, I think we shall have none ; the consent of both parties, and then the sentence of the court of justice—that will hasten the matter. But the day after to-morrow, I say the lawyer must receive his instructions, and eight days after it shall appear at the court. The Baron, your husband, and all his kin and the whole world shall learn that we cared merely for your honor and the punishment of the miscreant, but not for his barony ; we throw it at his feet. But should he protest against the divorce, (I merely put the case—he might do it were it only to vex me) and should it cost me a thousand ducats more, the divorce shall and must take place. It must, I say. How ! truly, we did not want a connection with the house of von Maltitz. I despise the poor knight, and his high noble arms I should scorn to use for the cover of my grease-pan. No, no, for that we are too good. But as the world now is, it shall believe it. It shall hear of it. Would it were the day after to-morrow, rather than this-day ! However, the forms must be observed. To-day the wedding, the day after to-morrow the divorce. It is as it ought to be. You have told him so ? But why did you and he cry ? In this way Aunty Rubby continued with uncommon vivacity for half an hour longer. The pride of triumph inspired her ; Sophy or the new married Baroness, for so we must now call her, was compelled to relate to the good woman the conversation with the Baron when alone.”

“ The man, and note it, I am not mistaken, the man is either a fool or a villain !” It is scarcely necessary to add that this observation came from Aunty. She stopped herself all at once with a frowning brow, a glittering eye, a piercing glance at the Administrator, her fore-finger raised, as if she called on the whole world to listen, and then said in a suppressed tone of voice in which there was something terribly joyous : I am distracted with bliss. A delightful thought has touched me. Listen my child, if it were actually so, should you have made an impression on his heart—if the libertine has indeed fallen in love with you, then . . . then . . . I tremble with delight.”

“ What then Aunty !” asked the young Baroness who was terrified and blushing all over.

“ If it were so, it would only cost you a friendly smile and the fop would lay at your feet, then divorce, then a flat refusal ! We should be most brilliantly revenged.”

“ No Aunty, to such sport I shall give no countenance.”

With similar discourses they at last arrived at the Veler. They entered through triumphal doors adorned with flowers; guests from Waiblingen were invited by the Aunt, without the knowledge of Sophy, to her feast; every family of the Veler dressed in their Sunday clothes was crowding the place. A most superb meal was prepared in the house. In her park was an open table for peasants and their families. Music and dance were kept up the whole night.

REFLECTIONS OF A DIFFERENT KIND.

Baron von Maltitz on the contrary passed the day in a melancholy mood. He rode back to Maltitz, his head sunk upon his breast. Sophy was continually before his eyes—one and the same sentence constantly haunted his mind. “A heavenly being! never, shall I lead such a wife to the altar again!” he repeated it in a whisper, he spoke it aloud. He heard the enchanting tone of her voice, saw her eloquent eye full of tears.

“Gracious heavens!” and such a wife, *my* wife, and yet I dare not call her mine!” he cried out in despair.

The hope to see her again could alone revive him. He could bring himself to renounce her hand, but never the happiness to see her. He could not hope for love from her, but for forbearance for his child’s sake. He was lost in melancholy. Again he suddenly raised his head in a rage when he bethought himself of the law-suit, the cause of it, and of his calumniating letters.

The poor horse was compelled to participate in all the sensations which alternately seized his master with despair; he rode at a neck-breaking gallop; in recollection of his charming wife, in the slowest possible pace; he spurred his horse to a strong trot when fear or hope assailed him under similar reflections. When he reached his home, he found but vacancy and dreariness. He wanted to read, to draw, to fiddle, to play chess; all would not do; every book was dull. Could he but see the steeple of Veler!

His fever was as fevers are wont to be; it increased towards sunset. He shut himself up alone, made plans, and wrote letters, all addressed to the Baroness, all which were successively thrown away. To do any thing properly it is absolutely necessary to sleep once over it. The following morning he saw every thing in quite a different light. Heaven be praised. I have my eyesight again. Every man has had an attack of folly once; well I had mine yesterday, indeed I conducted myself like a school-boy at the tavern. He immediately busied himself with the economy of his land, he laboured much harder than usual, and to convince himself that he still possessed a sound mind, he

resolved not to go to the Veler for ten days to come ; he kept his word, though he struggled hard.

THE BARONESS.

At the Veler important changes had taken place in Aunt Rubby's household economy. For such was her pleasure. Every thing was to be done with due decency, A whole wing of her large house was entirely appropriated for the young Baroness. The free disposal of the interest of her money was given to her ; a lady's maid for her own use exclusively attended on her ; the title of Baroness was not to be wanting ; her aunt and uncle alone had the privilege to call her by the former familiar name of Sophy.

After these arrangements which, though Sophy considered them as superfluous, the lady of the head Tax Commissioner held of paramount importance, Lawyer Eggimaun received full instructions, for the long expected divorce. After a few days more the lawyer brought the divorce petition ; Sophy signed it.

In the mean time passing strange things happened to Sophy. She could not look at her little Pompey without thinking of the big one ; and when the young mother kissed her darling son strange thoughts crossed her mind—she was a wife without a husband. The circumstance was still more strange, that in spite of all the pains she took to hate the Baron to please her Aunt, she could not succeed in hating the man whose image she traced in her child. Nay, after a mature consideration of what the Baron had told her in the small room at the Red Nose, his general way of behaving at that time, his falling at her feet, his moist supplicating eye, all these were brought into consideration, and many things more, for who can know all that passes in the mind of a young lady under such circumstances. She could not for all the world find the man hateful. She was even a little rejoiced at the prospect of seeing him when he should call to see his son, for the urgency with which he requested leave made her suppose it would be on an early day. She looked attentively at the ring with brilliants which he had given her. On the second day she went frequently to her jewel box in which it was confined, on the third she put it on her finger, and wore it in her apartments—for woeful would it have been, if she had been perceived with it by her Aunt !

But when a week had passed away without seeing or even hearing a word from the Baron, and it had been repeated to her morning and evening as regularly as the sun rose and set : " Dont you see how much the crocodile's tears of the tender father signified ? A laughing stock has he made of you ; I say it again, a mere laughing stock ! but he won't deceive me. ! " Then :

Sophy too became suspicious. The ring was replaced in the jewel box, and she grew thoughtful and melancholy.

THE VISIT.

The Baron kept his word to himself, but after ten days were over he intended to keep his word to the ladies also. He rode up to the Veler.

When about half way as he discovered the steeple of the church in which he had been married to Sophy, his heart beat faster. In passing by the Red Nose he dismounted, to settle about a horse bargain : but more to look at the corner in which she was seated ; a world of thoughts thronged upon him ; nothing was done about the bargain. When he saw from afar the fine buildings of the Veler he was absolutely compelled to ride very slow—breath began to fail him. His indisposition increased, his pulse beat faster, his breath became more audible, as he approached the beautiful buildings and park of the Veler.

Administrator Erl received him at the gate. Aunty Rubby met him with cold words though polite gestures, in her rich and elegant drawing room.

“ Madam,” said he, “ I avail myself of the kind leave to await on you and the Baroness, and to see my son.”

Aunty seemed undecided for some time ; she then said : “ The Baroness with her child is in her apartments. Let me request you to walk over. My Administrator will have the honour to show you the way.” A curtesy showed him that he was dismissed by her.

Sophy had seen him approach ; she was seized with fear and trembling. She got up ran about the room and forgot what she intended to look for. Meanwhile he was already announced by her lady’s maid, and he stepped in. “ Madam !” he turned alternately pale and red : “ Madam, your kind permission has given me the courage . . .” he could say no more, for his courage failed him.

Sophy in confusion said something, which she did not understand herself, nor, by good luck, did he hear a word of it ; his soul was entirely in his eyes. A chair was given to him. He began to make excuses for having come so late. Sophy gave only a silent nod. He continued with more life. “ Do not pre-judge me by that behaviour. It was by no means indifference ; it was mortal strife with myself. Yet, with the prospect of your being torn from me, oh ! I tremble to see you again. Alas ! I am very unhappy !” “ The sight of the child will rejoice you.”

“ Oh my dear madam, how can it rejoice me ! The sight of the child will awaken a thousand reproaches ; that child, which ought

to join us, is the cause that you are for ever separated from me! Can you conceive a criminal who would lay down his life with pleasure to appear innocent before you?"

"Comfort yourself, let not the poor little child be frightened from you by such vehemence."

The Baron remained silent, gazing at the beloved figure of his wife, whilst the maid brought in the little Pompey, who with extended arms ran up to his mother.

The paleness of death seized the Baron, when he saw the charming boy; he remained on his seat mute and stiff, a marble statue.

The Baroness observed with terror his death-like paleness. He slowly shook his head in token, that he wanted nothing. At last he got up to approach the child. The young mother bent herself down to the child saying, "Look at this gentleman, my dear Pompey, give him your hand, it is your father." The last words were uttered very indistinctly; she sobbed aloud.

The Baron knelt down to the child; he pressed the little hand which the boy presented to him; he then got up and took him up in his arms and kissed him. The Baron's features remained unaltered, but large tears fell down his cheeks. "You, father, you?" said the little handsome boy, and played with the watch-chain of the Baron, who drew the splendid watch out and gave it to the child saying: "That's your's, my sweet little boy!" and kissing the child, he again exclaimed: "God, Thou seest my heart, Thou seest how truly unhappy I am. Here do I behold my lost paradise!" and then went towards an open window and with folded arms gazed at the heavens. Little Pompey sprang towards his mother holding up to her the superb repeater: "See mama, what father gave me." But she replied not; she wept but the more.

The Baron remained long silent; he was too deeply affected by the force of a variety of contradictory feelings. At last he slowly advanced towards the Baroness, stood before her as if he had to make a heavy confession, his eye was full of tears, his lips quivered as if he wished to speak, but deep agony seemed to impede his utterance. Sophy averted her head from him and hid her face in her handkerchief.

"O! do not cry dear madam," said he at last, it belongs to me alone to weep. You see, madam, how many I have already wept. But I am not ashamed of them. I implore you, dear madam, not to weep. Each tear you shed is an additional debt of mine, each sob of yours thrills my heart. Am I then not un-

fortunate enough? Do not make my misery greater. I alone am the guilty wretch! I make no claims on your esteem, for I abhor myself. I venture not to implore your forgiveness, for if you can be angel enough to pardon a sinner like me could I pardon myself? Could I unmake the misery, which I have brought on your youth? One thing alone must I entreat you for, and ah! do not refuse me; I conjure you, let me hope to share your commiseration. Heaven too showers pity on a repentant sinner!"

She remained silent, she scarcely heard what he said. He fell on his knees and said: "Dearest lady—why am I not permitted to call you wife? Oh, do not entirely repulse me. Permit me sometimes to visit this place, the sojourn of innocence and love—to see sometimes the little Pompey, my son. God! thou knowest my feeling! I cannot go on. But....."

The voice failed him. He clasped with his last words the child in his arms and covered it with kisses. "I should not refuse that request Sir," replied Sophy, more composedly, "but that permission depends on my Aunt, my second mother; you must address yourself to her."

"And should that leave be granted to me by her—will you then add yours?"

The Baron then seized her hand, pressed it with fervency to his lips—embraced the child, seized his hat, stammered something about thanks for the interview, and took his leave.

It was his purpose to go immediately to ask for the Aunt's permission. But as he descended the stairs, the cold stern countenance of the Aunt came upon his recollection, and he trembled at a refusal. "Let it be done by a letter!" thought he, for he felt that in his present state of mind he should be but an indifferent spectator. He reached her room door—he once more wavered whether he should go in or pass by, but before he came to a decisive answer he was on his horse again, and off in a gallop.

SECOND LAW-SUIT.

Sophy went, after she thought the Baron had gone, to Aunty. The Baroness had to relate all that the Baron had said and how he had behaved all the time, which to see a child only, she found inconsiderately long. Pompey came in gladness of heart towards them, holding the golden watch of his father in his little hands.

..... "That the sight of the child should have moved him," continued the Aunty, "I will easily believe, my dear Sophy. He must indeed have been made of marble, to behold this angel

here, and not like the Publican in the New Testament beat his breast and say : God be merciful unto me a miserable sinner ! That he should have given his time-piece to the child is very natural. That he knelt down before you, is no proof, that he repents of his shameful action. For know, my dear Sophy, men kneel down as easily as women shed tears. Above all, I should have wished you had shown yourself to him with more decorum. He did not deserve to become a witness to your tears. Would to God, I had been in your place ! But he is what his father was, a proud fop without manners. I think it would but have been common politeness, to seek the mistress of the house to take leave of her. I demand merely the observance of the most common breeding. But that never entered the brute's skull. I was already seated on the sofa expecting him, perfectly prepared to look quite *unprepared*. But by his ill-breeding I was cheated of all I wished to tell him, and the particular way I wanted to dismiss him. I see his plans clearly. He perceives you are too good ; that you cannot say, no. Don't you see his diabolical drift ? He wishes that you should fall in love with him, that he may say to the world : you see that I was in the right ; it is she, that has seduced me ; even now she clings to me like a leech. Oh Sophy, you don't know those artful men, they form the most hellish designs with the most innocent countenance ! It is for that he wants to see you frequently. But tell me why did he not come to me and ask leave ? I ask why ? Because a bad conscience burnt him. He was afraid to encounter my piercing eye which already had seen through many of his wicked designs.

Sophy, a real angel of goodness, wished to soften many observations of her Aunt, but all was in vain. Aunty Rubby, otherwise the best woman in the world, was implacable against the Baron. She could not forget the newly added affliction, that she was seated on her sofa prepared to receive him, with hands, feet and countenance duly adjusted, and that she was compelled to come down from her seat without the opportunity of displaying her majesty.

On the following day a messenger on horse back came with a letter from the Baron addressed to Aunty Rubby, with the following lines :—

“MADAM,—I became such a prey to the most violent feelings on leaving your house yesterday, that I could not do myself the honor to wait on you at my departure, when I intended to have asked you, what I now do, by this letter, permission to come and see from time to time my beloved son ; to press him to the heart of a father who considers himself unworthy of so much happiness” —“What ?”—thought Aunty, “and it does not occur

to his mind to ask pardon for his incivility in not coming to me before his departure?" With that his doom was fixed.

On the next day, Rubby decided on the following reply.

"NOBLE SIR,—After what has passed betwixt us, and remembering the years of sorrow you have brought on our house, you will perceive yourself, that it would be too much for us to receive into our circle the founder of so much mischief. I therefore do hereby decline the intended honor. Be however convinced, that the child which in your letters from Italy you denominated, *par excellence* the bastard, and which name you were pleased to continue in all the subsequent law acts, will, even in the absence of the tender heart of his father, receive an education worthy of his station in life."

The letter was sent off. Sophy would have wished for many ameliorations in it—but Aunty in other things very accommodating and affable to all, was only irritated and more embittered towards the Baron by the least contradiction in his favor. Hence, it was prudent to be silent.

Meanwhile the law-suit had begun and proceeded in its majestic slow way; Aunty was in hope that it would be terminated in four weeks at the longest; now it looked as if it would last four years. A most unexpected letter from Lawyer Eggimaun reached the Aunt, to the following purpose: "Our adverse party seeks again every possible cavil; not to gain their cause, for that, take my word for it, is impossible, but to render our conquest more difficult. I have the honor to inform your ladyship that the counsel of Baron von Maltitz, in his name, protests against the divorce, though it appeared to be clearly enough pronounced in the last sentence. But these new tricks shall little avail to the client of the adverse counsel, and I beg of your ladyship not to make yourself uneasy on that account because I can see nothing else in these protestations, but a designed attempt again to vex your ladyship."

When this letter was read before the assembled counsel, Aunty made a sour face; Mr. Erl took a pinch of snuff to awaken his imaginative faculties; the parson shook his head and knocked down a fly; Sophy blushed deeply and turned toward the clock to see what the hour was.

"Most impertinent!" cried the Aunt, and threw the letter away: "But the Baron cuts himself. The first law-suit has emptied his coffers; this one shall empty his house."

THE GHOST.

This circumstance appeared to no one so strange as to the young Baroness; she went to her room, and as she passed before

the large mirror—(at other times she liked well enough to look into it *en passant*)—she cast down her eyes not to see herself. She opened the window to enjoy the free air and to admire the fine country round, illuminated by an evening sun; but the finest lay towards Maltitz. No wonder that she looked towards that side particularly; again it was absolutely impossible to look towards Maltitz without thinking of the Baron; one cannot help one's own thoughts.

“He does not wish then to be separated from me!” she thought, leaning on the window, without thinking much of the fine country and the cool air: “He then really considers himself as my husband.” A blush came over her cheeks with the word husband, as it never had entered her mind; never before did she consider herself as the wife of the Baron. There was something so curiously familiar that she had never done with the words “my husband”; she appeared to herself, as if she was indeed the wife of that husband; she even forgot upon this, Aunt's rage and the law-suit.

“True, I ought scarcely to pardon him, tho' it may be, he mistook me before he knew me,” she continued to herself: “But again it is true, that what has happened cannot be undone; it has been repaired; true tho' against his wish and will; but this was only as long he did not know me. Now, he does not consent to be separated from me; should he persist, good God, what will come of it? Surely I cannot become his wife though—I am his wife. It is a singular case. And should he gain his suit against my Aunt, well, I am only curious to know how things will turn out. The poor Baron, yes, indeed, I pity him from my soul. He has a very good heart; but alas, I cannot help him. But, to be sure I must consider him as my husband as long as the law-suit is to last. She placed the watch next to the ring which she had received from her husband; and as at night she went to bed, she put by all the rings she wore on her fingers, and put on the one that laid next to the watch until the next morning. Even in her evening prayers she did not forget to include her husband, for we are to pray even for our enemies. Nor did she ever consider the suit of divorce as her own, but as a concern of the Aunt, and it appeared to her as if her Aunt only wished to be divorced from the Baron.

She every day loved solitude more, for then she heard nothing of that disagreeable law-suit; she could then undisturbed occupy herself with the little Pompey and the thought of his dear Papa. She often remained dreaming till late at night, giving herself entirely up to her fantasies. The wing of the house which she occupied lay adjacent to the park of the estate with

high beeches, of a century old. Whenever at twilight she looked down the park she saw a figure moving between the trees; it sometimes moved this way and sometimes that way, and then disappeared. She could not indeed well discern the figure in the dusk yet her heart began to beat when she perceived the same figure whenever she looked that way at the same hour, which was only seven evenings in the week. It might be a ghost or perhaps some messenger from her husband, desirous of delivering a letter to her and who might not have the courage to enter the house. Sophy was timid, but not less curious. Besides she had sufficient resolution to meet an encounter with a ghost. She went, immediately after she had put her little Pompey to bed, into the Park.

She had scarcely gone forty paces into the little wood, when to her great fright the spectre appeared, came up to her politely and was apparently very happy to find her alone. Sophy trembled all over, but it was now too late to recede.

Aunt has forbidden the house to me; I do not blame the offended lady. I have deserved it. Only do not you be offended that I venture to breathe in your neighbourhood—it is the only thing, which now gives me any satisfaction. It gives me moreover the hope of seeing either you or my little boy. Do not deprive me of this innocent enjoyment. In return I promise never to address you any more against your pleasure. Did you but know how much I suffer, you would be tempted to pardon me.

“After the express declaration of my Aunt.....” “Be it so. I obey. I am mute. I shall remain miserable. Yet madam; listen to a single word more, I must excuse, must justify myself for my proceeding in the new law-suit. You insist on the divorce madam—but even at the hazard of your hatred—I cannot consent to it. Let heaven be a witness, I cannot consent. No power in the world shall rob me of the sweet, ah too dear illusion, that I am your husband.

“You see my embarrassment, sir. Explanations of this kind I do not wish to hear verbally from you. Leave all those things to the lawyers and judges.”

“But I was compelled to inform you of my sentiments, madam. Should you persist in your decision, should I lose my cause, that day I shall lose my life. Never, never shall I consent to a divorce! It will be a thousand times easier for me to die. Hate me, I love you; abhor me, I adore you. Never deign to look down on me; never even think of me, but still I love, I adore you. You can never take away from me the happy conviction,

that before God's altar you have given me your hand. There will always be bliss to me in that thought."

"But let me entreat of you, sir....."

"I am now at ease, madam, for I have opened my heart to you, you know now that I love you. I shall leave you, but I will love you; I will obey you, I shall hide from you my detested presence, but I will watch from afar. But should you deny all to me—then at least grant the father the pleasure to see his son. I do not attempt to demand it as a right, I ask it only from your humanity.

The Baron continued a long time in this strain and the timid Sophy was humane enough to listen and even to promise that he should see his son sometimes.

"Sometimes!" exclaimed the Baron with a doleful vehemence and tears started from his eyes: "Sometimes! the father is permitted to see his child *sometimes!* Well even this boon I receive gratefully from you—sometimes! But will not the son always look on his father as a stranger if he can but so seldom see him? But one request more, dear madam—both my pockets are full of sweetmeats and toys, I brought them all for little Pompey. I beg of you, dear madam, to give them to the child—tell him they come from his father, who loves him so dearly."

Whilst he emptied his pockets and filled Sophy's work basket the good Baron could have shouted for joy, and Sophy in the excess of her dolefulness was ready to sink in his arms. But both parties concealed their feelings behind the mask of decorum, and continued in a strain that contrasted singularly with the voice of nature.

The Baron once more put his hand in his pocket and drew from it his picture elegantly set, in a rich frame: "And that my son should not forget my features, give him this too. Let him put it amongst his other toys; tell him frequently, This is the likeness of your father who loves you! If he sees me sometimes only, will he ever love me? I beg of you to give it to him." It was already in her work basket with the other toys.

Thus a whole hour passed away; each would have asserted with an oath that it was not more than a second.

"But when, dear madam, may I see my Pompey?" he asked in taking his leave.

"I must show the respect to my Aunt, which is due to her from me. But at all events you shall be informed of the day and hour." They took leave; the Baron hastened towards his horse in the care of his huntsman at the end of the park, leaped on

his back, riding the usual way towards his castle singing and whistling. Sophy went home and locked up the toys carefully. At supper she was unusually silent, and suffered the trouts to get cold, however much she was reminded of it by Aunty and Mr. Erl.

NEW CHICANES.

Aunty Rubby continued in an excellent humour, for she received from time to time hopeful news from Lawyer Eggimaun. Yet she found Sophy's indifference about the law-suit very strange: "It is not my suit, but yours!" She repeated ten times a day. It even roused her bile when her generous niece ventured to say a single word in favor of the Baron. But Sophy's heart was now quite differently constituted. The ghost had made quite a peculiar impression on her. She could not for the world forget those words, the unusually tender tone of his voice when he repeated: "I adore you!" The ring did not fail a single night to be on her finger, and as to the picture the mother played with it much more than the son to whom it belonged. Above all things the Baron could not have made a more dangerous present than this seducing picture, it was so much like him; how far the perfection of art is carried! It was absolutely impossible to lay it aside when once in her hands.

Aunty Rubby knew nothing to be sure, of all this mischief caused by the Baron, nor had she the least idea of the amicable dialogues with the likeness of the same man, whom Lawyer Eggimaun had to pursue by law for life and death. She would have discovered in it the most vile trick which had ever been made use of in a cause pending at law.

But the Baron's trickery was clearly shown from the circumstance, that he even non plussed the genius of Lawyer Eggimaun, who wrote, "I must inform you, of one of the most singular events, that has ever happened to me in my practise! Whereas I continued to have the best hope to succeed in our cause, but I am informed, that Baron Pompeyus von Maltitz in a formal act recognizes the noble lady the Baroness von Maltitz as his spouse, and in case of her lapse, the young Baron von Maltitz, whom he recognizes as his lawful and legitimate son, as universal heir of all his estates, landed property, &c. in case even that the divorce of his marriage should be awarded by the court. Though this aforesaid singular and to me most incomprehensible artful lawtrick cannot change the progress of the divorce suit, yet it seems clear enough that the Baron makes use of this dangerous trick to direct the public opinion against the noble lady Baroness von Maltitz. Hence I beg your instructions in this matter."

"Nor can I conceive this! My head turns!" exclaimed Aunty after the perusal of this letter before the assembled secret counsel.

"Not mine indeed," said the parson, "I should accept of the donation, the like things occur too seldom to be refused."

"And I am humbly of the opinion of the reverent parson!" added Mr. Erl, "Come Sophy tell us your opinion?" asked the Aunt, "you see that the Baron is either a fool, or that some cunning is here concealed to catch us in a trap. For how could he give away all his estates to you after you are divorced from him?"

Sophy thought of the words of the Baron when she was in the park with him and her eyes became bedewed with tears. She saw only in his sudden resolution pure and disinterested love, and that without her he scorned worldly goods, nay even life itself. Such an idea raised him in her mind, and she either through forgetfulness or courage replied to her Aunt: "I cannot but see in this but a most generous behaviour. Really my husband thinks very noble! I shall never consent to despoil him! The suit of the divorce ought rather to be suppressed. My husband deserves esteem."

Aunt felt as if she had fallen from the clouds in hearing these words. She looked with astonishment from the parson to Mr. Erl, from Mr. Erl to the parson; then when she came a little to herself again: "Your husband? What? Your husband? Most noble, generous? Suppress the suit?" and in a calmer tone of voice she added: "You are a real child, Sophy?" The parson, who spite of his short-sightedness, had a view of Sophy's mind and heart, said smiling: "You are in the right sister, Sophy may be a child, but she is a child of a thousand weeks!"

"Well done!" added Mr. Erl; "the Baroness is just nineteen years and three months old, or a thousand weeks!"

THE BETROTHMENT.

Indeed the parson had hit her age more precisely than he had thought of. Sophy said nothing more, nor did she oppose the decree of the council, that the Baroness should only accept of the estate of Maltitz such part as should be awarded to her and her son by the law; neither did she call the Baron—in respect to Aunty—any more by the name of any husband, nor, from habitual obeisance did she say a word about suppression of the law-suit: but then when alone in her room she knelt besides her graceful boy, showed him his father's picture, and said with a tender warmth: "See, this is your dear, dear father; is he not very dear to you too?" She looked immediately for the best ribband in her possession, put it through this golden ring in the

frame of the picture, or hung it on her bosom; she was delighted when little Pompey called for the picture, which belonged to him. In her solitude she called the Baron by no other name than her husband, and as Aunty informed her that next Sunday they were all invited to a party at Waiblingen, she wrote to her Baron: "Sunday evening you will find your son in the park." And, to be sure, on Sunday she was seized with such a violent head-ache, that it was absolutely impossible for her to join the company to Waiblingen.

And sure enough the Baron by sunset was in the park; and Sophy soon after came trembling, (I could never ascertain whether it was from fear or joy) with the little Pompey at her side, towards the well known spot. They found each other. He lifted his son in his arms with violent emotion; he loaded him with caresses, and bestowed the dearest names on him; he then again emptied his pockets well supplied with toys.

Sophy sat on a bench and assisted her son to arrange the fine toys. The Baron with a silent rapture stood before the young mother and her child.

She at last raised her eyes up to him and said: "Baron you have destined me a donation too, but of far more consequence. Whilst I thank you for it, I must beg of you to desist from it. I cannot receive such a donation in any case whatever, as your own sense of delicacy must tell you."

The Baron was for a little time silent ere, with downcast eyes he replied: "You refuse to-day what at all events must come to you, whichsover way the law-suit may be determined. What, shall I do without life with my estate? You despise me—Well, I have deserved it. You persist on the divorce, that is, you persist on my ruin. So be it!" added he with a deep sigh!"

"No, sir, I cannot, I do not wish for your ruin!"

"Could you ever pardon me?" cried he casting a burning glance of hope upon her.

Sophy thought of her Aunt and was at a loss how to reply. But before she could speak little Pompey sprung towards her leaving his toys: "Put now the picture of my dear papa with those fine toys, mamma;" and with that the little boy drew the string of the picture of the Baron from her bosom.

The Baroness melted away with shame: "What are you doing, you naughty boy?" She stammered. But the naughty boy held his booty fast, and did not leave it, till she was compelled to give him the picture, which he placed between his leaden guns and cavalry. A happy omen seized the Baron at the sight

of his picture as it came out from that sacred place. His knees failed him. He sunk before Sophy pressed her hand to his glowing lips, and said "Gracious God, I am pardoned!" the Baroness in her confusion could not reply a word. The treachery was done, she did not know how she felt; but nature claimed her holy right, and love's triumph. Her hand replied unconsciously to his pressure, he raised his head as if he wanted to find in Sophy's glance an extinguisher of his doubts. He folded his hands as in the attitude of praying; his looks beamed with animation. But as beautiful as a saint, full of humility and dignity, love and sorrowfulness, sat Sophy before him,—the wooden bench was more glorious than a throne. "You have then pardoned me," did he ask in a doubtful yet in a very soft voice as if he was afraid, that a strange ear should listen, but no one heard him but Sophy's, not even the little Pompey was present as he was exercising his hobby horse through the park. "I believe in your heart," said Sophy as softly. He then seized her hands, pressed her to his beating breast and exclaimed: "Oh believe in it, do for ever believe in it! and that this heart loves you, with unutterable love until it will break—believe it! for ever!" said he and throwing both his hands round her waist he pressed the trembling woman to his heart. Dissolved in a tenderness, which she never knew before, she dropped her head upon his shoulder. Now there was no longer park, nor earth, nor heaven. His ardent kisses met her rewarding lips; his vows of true love responded to hers. Who knows how long the enraptured pair would have exchanged their oaths and lapped their souls in Elysium, if Pompey the Little had not returned shouting from his gallop. Both raised the graceful boy in their arms, kissed his red cheeks redder whilst he like Cupid embraced, with his little arms and with a roguish innocent smile, their necks and brought together the lips of the happy pair. But it grew dark, they were obliged to separate. But the separation ceremonies took up again a full hour. For they walked arm in arm up and down through the dark allies of the dark park, they repeated assurances of love and tenderness as if they had lost their memory. They concerted about days and hours, when they were to see each other in the park, or how in bad weather they were to conduct an intimate correspondence. A hollow tree, a superstitious horror to the forester, frequently the blessing of lovers, became the sacred depository to Sophy and the Baron; it was destined to receive those lines, which they had to write to each other.

CONSEQUENCES.

It may be natural enough to suppose that they had much to write, to conceal and to take away from the holy repository;

that they agreed for the days and hours of meeting. But they were apprehensive of the ensuing winter when in evening promenades, with all the glow of the heart, one runs the danger of the hands, ears and feet being frozen. They spoke too of the suppression of the unhallowed Law-suit, which was to separate a pair which without each other did not consider life worth having; they complained of the stubbornness of Aunt Rubby. All this was a matter of course. Both parties expected a happy issue of the divorce suit.

However it was equally natural, that Aunt Rubby should scent something wrong, especially as she perceived that Sophy was either swimming in raptures or sunk in tears. She found too that she was obliged to hear Sophy, in spite of her being only a big child, speak of "her husband," and this always with a singular emphasis of voice and gesture. Sophy now sometimes ventured to become his advocate, as if Aunt Rubby was to be habituated by degrees to that disagreeable name. Aunt Rubby was almost every evening informed that Sophy was in the Park, and she herself in spite of her fear of rheumatism sneaked sometimes after her, yet always found Sophy alone: it was natural that all this should excite suspicions.

Aunt Rubby shook her head and said to her brother "I believe, Parson, that our little Baroness is in love."—She was in the right; only the sharp sighted Aunt did not feel certain that the Baron could be the object of her love. We must watch this singular child, said she, more narrowly. For she won't speak her mind. It is a most delicate undertaking, for I am too old to run after this light footed girl. And you must understand Parson that it would be against decorum and dignity to give such a commission to servants. Yet she must be observed in the park—for these daily visits must be for some good reasons."

"Leave that to me, Aunt"—replied the Parson, leave it to me. I will guard the park like a forester."

THE PARSON'S ADVENTURE THROUGH AIR AND WATER.

The plans were acted upon with secrecy and above all with great cunning; they adopted towards Sophy an open free manner, and on the following day by sunset the Parson sallied out.

The Parson hit indeed the lucky moment; the Baron was actually in the park. He entered the park from the side on which the Baron usually made his entry. The Baron was in the habit of dismounting there from his horse and giving it in charge to his forester. As bad news never comes single, so do lucky circumstances sometimes crowd together.

The forester, probably to look after his own affairs, had for this time tied the Baron's horse by the bridle to a birch tree. The Parson looked for sometime at the beautiful and elegantly saddled horse; he smiled at his own shrewd idea: "I'll lead it home to the stable, the proprietor will surely come to claim the horse, and so all the mystery will soon come to light; verily, verily, the thought is a cunning one!"

One circumstance alone was unfavorable. The horse seemed to have a secret understanding with his master. For it would by no means suffer itself to be led forward by the bridle: flatteries, caresses, pulling, pushing, all was in vain; they had not the least effect, it pawed with its forefeet and drew back its head.

"Friend!" said the Parson "you are for all this but a mere beast, you have no eyes behind the ears. I wager you that after these useless ceremonies you will go very quietly." He had no sooner said this than he scrambled on the back of the noble steed which suffered it all very peaceably. True the reverend gentleman had not mounted a horse for thirty years. The parson's legs had in that time grown shorter by two inches, thence they proved too short for the stirrups; but now the ride was for a few minutes only and on the beautifully even road of the park, and then it was proper to show for once to Auntie Rubby that in spite of theology he had by no means become a stranger to the equestrian art. Besides there was danger in delay.

He pushed his heels therefore into the horse's sides, which frightened at such ill usage, immediately jumped out of the park on the large road, agreeably to his wonted custom. For several weeks past it had taken no other way with his master. The parson in danger of losing his equilibrium, stuck his ten fingers in the horse's mane. But as he saw himself so suddenly transferred to the large road he endeavoured to become master of the bridle. With this arduous attempt he nearly lost both stirrups: in securing these he lost the former; thus he laboured a considerable time in these alternate attempts. In the intervals he endeavoured to soothe the fiery animal by gentle strokes. All in vain. Nay when he in despair seized and pulled the reins suddenly, whilst with his shanks he firmly embraced the horse, it began, to his unspeakable horror to stand on its hind legs and walk about like a human being and to make curvets that were by no means pleasing to the reverend gentleman. In his agony he gave up his safety to his horse, to which he clung like ivy, with hands and feet. It now galloped as if possessed of a legion of devils, and hearing and seeing were no longer in the Parson's power. "Unto thee O Lord," he cried, "do I lift up my

soul! Shew me thy ways, O Lord! This is the incarnate Satan! Deliver me speedily; O Lord, be thou my strong rock. Oh the cursed brute! Why could not I leave this dragon where he was? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble: mine eye is filled with grief, yea, my soul and my belly."

It happened that the road was intercepted by a gate, on account of the grazing cattle.

"God be praised for this wonderful interposition! Here the cursed beast must stop." But the beast heeded not the trifling obstruction, it flew over it like a true Pegasus; the unlucky rider's hair stood on end and his hat and wig flew off. "Whither, in God's name, will the beast take me? Should he continue at this hasty rate, in eight and forty hours I shall have circumgalloped the globe." He had not time to prolong these consoling reflections when he espied before him a bridge over a river. The Parson, justly apprehensive that the beast in his blind fury might miss the bridge, and jump into the river with him, gave a desperate pull with one hand at the bridle, but he either pulled too long or too forcibly; the strange animal left the bridge to the left and went into the river.

The Parson was nigh fainting when he perceived himself suspended between heaven and earth; the waves at first only wetted his black stockings, but soon after they pierced his velvet pantaloons; then the water reached above his hips.

The horse, a most expert swimmer happily reached the other shore, found the road again and with a similar mad haste continued the journey with the Parson, and stopped only when it was within the stables of the Baron von Maltitz before his usual manger.

The servants that were in the yard of the castle seeing the sight, ran towards the stables, assisted the reverend gentleman from the back of the horse and inquired anxiously after the Baron, and how he came to his horse.

SAUL BECOMES PAUL.

An unutterably agreeable sensation came over the ecclesiastic as he again rested on terra firma. It is true that he was unwigged and unhatted, and the larger half of his body was dripping with water; he was far from home, and the dark night before him. These were considerations by no means pleasant; but still life at least was saved.

Whilst the servants stormed the breathless Parson with questions, the steward made his appearance, and hospitably requested him to enter the castle. At his earnest request he was promised that a conveyance should be got ready to take him

back to the Veler, he suffered himself to be persuaded. In the meanwhile, however as nearly two hours elapsed and no conveyance appeared, the Parson began to suspect that he was looked upon as a prisoner on account of the abduction of the horse, though he had solemnly and repeatedly assured them that the horse had run away with him and that he had mounted it from a mere caprice at the sight of so beautiful an animal. After long consideration he resolved to make his escape; with that intent he rose from his seat and was going to open the door when the Baron von Maltitz came in. He had arrived on the horse of his forester, whilst the despairing forester had to look for the runaway horse of the Baron.

The Baron, as soon as he recognized the reverend uncle of his wife—he was already informed by his servants of the arrival of a wet Parson with a naked head, on his horse—conducted him immediately into a better room, ordered fresh linen and clothes, and left him to change. After that there was no thought of leaving Maltitz for the night. The Baron seized the opportunity to heap hot coals on the head of his enemy, by splendid treats and by loading him with kindness.

The uncle was much surprised at the kindness of the Baron, he began to feed very comfortably on boiled meat and venison, and the burgundy and hockheimer were not wanting. Yet, however comfortably he was seated in the soft arm-chair, he felt the whole evening, as he himself said, as if he had that satanical beast between his legs. “Nevertheless, I cannot give sufficient thanks to that most excellent beast, replied the Baron, for having brought the dear uncle of my beloved wife. I long wished for the honor of your acquaintance, and to entreat your mediation. I adore my wife, and I am forcibly to be torn from her. She has pardoned me—she loves me—she does not wish for any separation and yet” “Loves you? and does not wish for any separation?” repeated the astounded Parson shaking his head, covered with the Baron’s best night cap.

“Do you wish for any proofs?” responded the Baron. “Yes, I shall be open with my dear uncle, you shall know all.” He rose to fetch the letters.

The Parson in his grateful heart had already made peace with his noble friend; nay, he now felt a friendship for him. The Baron had been so forbearing as not even to inquire into the reason why he seized his horse; he was so complaisant, his heart seemed to be seated on his lips; it was not possible to do otherwise than like him; he felt quite at home with him. He had previously only assisted in the war as an ally of Aunty and Sophy. But as Sophy had herself broken the triple alliance

and made a separate peace, what remained to the allies to be done?

And indeed the Parson saw from the letters of his niece, that between her and the Baron there was a stipulation not alone of eternal peace, but of eternal love. He read one letter after the other; the purest tenderness breathed through the whole of them, and also the most forbearing respect towards the aunt and uncle. The Parson laid the letters by much affected, he stretched his right hand over the table to the Baron and said, I give you my hand here in token of peace; Sophy shall be yours. The suit must be withdrawn, yet we must treat Aunty Rubby with much kindness. She is a very excellent woman, but who has not faults? In this matter, so many things have occurred by which she thought she was maliciously insulted, that she is more obstinate than I ever knew her before. Till now I saw only one side of the question, I was lead away by the partiality I bore my sister; till now I have been a furious Saul—now I shall be a friendly Paul.

The Baron rose, sprang towards the friendly Paul, and embraced him heartily.

SHAKING OF THE HEAD.

Only late on the following day did the new Paul return to the Veler. At the limits of that estate, he left the Baron's chaise, preferring to walk from thence. On his promenade he met Sophy leading her little Pompey by the hand: "From whence do you come, my dear uncle?" "From the Baron, who desires to be remembered kindly to you." Sophy blushed all over, she stammered, "from Baron von Maltitz?"

"And whom else? Well, I cannot blame you for loving him as much as you assure him by your letters."

"My letters, uncle?" "Yes your letters, those you wrote to him, and which he took from the hollow tree."

"Which I wrote to him? What do you think of me!"

"That you are a little, cunning sinner, who would like to impose on me." Sophy could no longer fain ignorance. She saw she was betrayed. With great anxiety she seized her uncle's hand: "Dearest uncle, do not betray me to Aunty! O do not for heaven's sake. I will confess all to you."

"Well, well, but neither must you betray me to Aunty. I went to the Baron by the most singular accident. I am perfectly reconciled to him. I bring here a letter from him to you. Read it, but don't say a word to Aunty."

Sophy took the letter, she could have embraced the dear uncle, but for the number of labourers in the field. She had now

a confidant to whom she could impart her sentiments. She gave her child to her lady's maid, shut herself up in her room, and after she had read the letter she knelt down, her hands stretched up towards heaven and with a grateful heart she lisped with tears in her eyes, prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty.

Meanwhile Aunty Rubby had heard from her brother the history of his odd adventures. As he began relating how he had found the home, her eyes glittered with joy at such a fortunate discovery. When he told her that he had mounted the beast, she remarked: "But you cannot ride brother, leave that alone, for which you have no calling." But when he came to the leap over the gate, and to the swim in the river, she anxiously seized both her brother's hands and exclaimed. "Heavens! brother to what terrible dangers you have exposed yourself!" She did not rest till he had halted before the stable. When the Baron came to make his appearance, her face became visibly longer. The more the Parson praised the Baron, the longer grew her face, and the colder she became. But when he added, "Sophy does not appear to feel disinclined to the Baron, would it not be as well to abandon the law-suit and to let the young people do as they feel inclined." Aunty shook her head whilst she gazed on her brother from head to foot.

"Hear me Parson, I am afraid that your ride, your terror has affected you. That the Baron has not thrown you out of the house in that pitch dark night, but shown you some hospitality is well. He only did what in his place barbarians and heathens would have done; for his roast venison and bottles of burgundy I will not give Sophy to him. What a weak man you must be, to renounce your principles and forget all the shame and every injury which the Baron has heaped on our house. And for what? for a single supper!" The Parson waxed indignant at Aunty's remarks and said; "Aunty has every particle of christian charity left you? Well if it is so, I wish that you, instead of I, had had the ride, that you had flown through the air and swam in the water through the roaring waves, to become acquainted with that worthy gentleman. You would then be of a different opinion." Aunty Rubby thought the strange wish of her brother as indecent as offensive. She made an extempore speech to him that lasted beyond an hour; the burden of which was, "I must decline listening to any further allusion to that man. In future I shall act for myself alone, according to my principles."

THE CONSPIRACY.

Aunty was indeed obliged to act alone. Sophy and the Parson made common cause against her, and Mr. Erl who perceiv-

ed a split in the counsel endeavoured to neutralise himself so as not to offend either party. From this moment Aunty did not speak a word about the law-suit either to Sophy or the Parson. If either of them attempted to begin, Aunty frowned and withdrew.

With the more virulence and bitterness, Aunty managed the business with Lawyer Eggimaun, and spared no money. She said to herself. "When once the divorce is pronounced, all will be at an end, and the Baron forgotten." After a fortnight Aunty received a most consolatory letter from her lawyer. "Our cause is near at an end. By the next sitting the court will pronounce sentence of divorce." Aunty was in her glory but she cunningly concealed her victory, especially from her brother and niece. But Sophy was informed in the park of the coming evil. The Baron was in an agony of pain. "Nothing can save us," said he, my dearest wife but a written recantation from you. Necessity presses, the day of decision is at hand, open your heart to your inexorable Aunt. If she has a spark of humanity in her, she will feel for us. You are my wife, my wife before God and man—who can tear you away from this bosom, if you don't wish to be torn from it yourself?"

Sophy folded her arms round the neck of her beloved husband, and said sobbing. "No I will not leave you! This day I will speak to my Aunt, I shall confess to her that I love you, and that I wish the suit dropped!"

"And is that all?"

"What more do you wish me to say or do?"

"Sophy you are my wife! Tell the Aunt, that as the wife of Baron von Maltitz, you want to live with him in his castle—that it is your duty not to live separate from him—that it is the duty of a father to nourish and educate his child. Why shall I live alone and friendless; why be without you and Pompey?"

The Baroness concealed her head in the bosom of her beloved husband. What he said, she had not even dared to think. She pressed his hand and promised to speak with the Aunt.

"I will go with you before the Aunt." "No my dear friend, I shall go alone or accompanied by uncle only."

"And if she should persist in her will. How then dearest Sophy?" "God alone knows!" "To-morrow evening I shall receive your answer?" "Certainly." "But should the Aunt not change her mind, you will then give me your declaration in your own hand writing, that the divorce-suit has been conducted without your consent or will?"

"No, but I shall give you my written declaration, that I am reconciled with my husband and that I renounce my desire for a divorce!"

"That will do. But after such a declaration how can you remain a moment longer at the Veler, without giving the lie to your hand writing?" Will not the world say, if she is really reconciled to her husband, why then does she live separate from him, why does she not take the right of a lawful wife? Dearest Sophy, to-morrow my chaise shall arrive at the park, and do you bring our son with you. From Maltitz you may write to your Aunt to excuse the step you have taken. It is no crime; we are solemnly married. Aunty will at first be angry, but uncle will console her." Sophy did not know how to contradict. She was in too great confusion and then his kisses were warmer, more glowing than usual.

THE LAST CONTEST.

Sophy delayed her decisive declaration to Aunty to the following morning, for she wished to make it in presence of her uncle whom it was necessary to instruct before hand, and it was as well that he should stand witness.

"Cut the matter short my dear child," said the Parson to her on the following day as he entered her room: "you are the Baron's wife, you don't wish to be separated from him? Sit in his chaise by his side, and go with him and your son to Maltitz; that is your place. Aunty Rubby cannot object to this. She will raise a terrible noise at first; I shall endure the storm for a while, and afterwards, we shall have fine weather again."

Sophy and the Parson stepped before Aunty, both with firm intention to speak courageously. But as Aunty now sat before them with her usual majesty, both lost courage. The Parson took one pinch of snuff after the other; Sophy played with a flower that she had in her hand.

"My dear, my best Aunt!" began Sophy at last, turning quite pale. "I have to tell you something, but don't get angry. The suit at law is against my will. I wish to remain the Baron's wife."

Aunty Rubby coloured highly, and she gave a long staring look at Sophy!

"What, are you out of your mind?" "She is in full earnest," interrupted the Parson, and I think too, Aunty, that that would be the best end to a bad song."

"Or in other words, you wish to expose us all to the scorn of the world. If such were your sentiments Sophy, why in the name of the holy Trinity did you begin the suit?"

“Was it I who began the suit, dearest Aunt?”

“Well you at least signed the petition for a divorce.”

“Because I did not know the Baron at that time.”

“And do you flatter yourself, child, that you know him now?”

“He loves me.”

“Do you believe that in good earnest?”

“I have the highest esteem for him—is he not my husband?”

“Your former, or your late husband! I really cannot conceive what can have changed your mind so suddenly. But if you should actually wish to trample under feet every principle of decorum and honor, it is by good fortune to our house too late now. On that head I had the most satisfactory accounts from Mr. Eggimaun.”

“No Aunt, I am still in time to recall that hasty petition. I declare my reconciliation with the Baron. I love him. With him alone, the father of my child, can I be happy.”

“Baroness,” said Aunt Ruby in a tone of voice and with a look of cold severity, such as Sophy never saw in her before; “Baroness, it appears that you found it convenient to act a secret romance. Perhaps my officious brother ~~has~~ offered you his assistance; nay, to be sure he has, because he has been treated with a supper. I confess your words are as singular as humiliating. Should your sense of religion and your ideas of gratitude permit you to play with me as with a child? You are your own mistress. Sacrifice honor, and decency; sacrifice your poor mother for the man who has dishonoured you before the whole world, who has attempted to reduce you to a common prostitute, who has stamped your son with illegitimacy, who has made me look like a bawd, and who has found it convenient to repair his ruined finances with your money. Another maiden of ordinary breeding would have hesitated to give her hand to her spoliator; but for you he is good enough! But please yourself, Madam, if you suppose the judges to be so silly as to be fooled by you. For my part I shall never act in contradiction to my principles; I shall show that honor is dearer to me than life itself.”

Thus said she and was going to leave them, but Sophy in deep agony cried aloud, and threw herself bathed in tears at her breast: sobbing she said: “Oh no, my dear, my beloved Aunt, my more than mother, do not say so!”

“I say so and I shall say so. If it is your pleasure to sacrifice our honor, you are little in want of my affection. Should you

not wish to leave the Baron, then you must leave me. Do as you like."

"But Aunt, he is the father of my child, my husband who loves me—and oh Aunt, Aunt, for whom I feel an unutterable love!"

"Receive then my compliments on that happy circumstance."

"Will you then drive me to despair, Aunt, by this strange, this horrible irony?"

"By no means, how can I drive you to despair as you are blessed with the love of the robber of our honour and of our peace?"

"Stop!" interrupted the Parson. "stop Sophy! you have scarcely courage enough to sacrifice the whims of a hard hearted Aunt for the sincere love of an upright man. But Aunt has not the least scruple to sacrifice your happiness and your love without hesitation for a fancy of her own. She cares only for herself, not for you; your happiness only served to give a name to her vanity. Therefore Sophy, have done with your lamentations. Go, God's blessing be with you, the wife shall leave father and mother and follow her husband. Go Sophy where God and nature call you and may God's blessing be with you!"

Aunt was terrified at her brother's speech; for he spoke in a tone of voice, more firm Aunt than thought him capable of.

"Parson," said she with an assumed high tone: "keep your matrimonial sermons for the church, but this is my house, and I beg to be spared them."

"No Aunt, to this place particularly they belong and you shall hear them!"

Aunt turned with a cool indifference from her brother to Sophy, and said:

"Sophy, I rely upon you that you will be reasonable and follow my advice. I am too old to change my principles. You now know my decision. In future not a word between us about the Baron. I hope you have understood me?"

With these words Aunt left the room, and the Parson went with Sophy into her's. He intended to console her, but she was quiet. Aunt's last words had wrought in her a change of sentiments which were quite the reverse of what Aunt intended.

"I am now fully resolved to the last step!" said Sophy, "I now see clearly that Aunt will have her will, cost what it may; though it should render me, my child and the Baron unhappy. I am of that age, that I may decide and act for myself. But I need not decide, my duty to my child has decided."

"Reasonably spoken, Sophy," replied the Parson: "Go to your husband, and Aunty Rubby, with her iron principles, will turn about before winter."

THE ELOPEMENT.

Sophy, accompanied by her uncle, the maid leading Pompey, trembling and with tears in her eyes, left the house and entered the Park at the dusk of the evening. She gave a last parting look at the dear house. The Baron was already in waiting. Trembling and tears disappeared when she was enclosed in the arms of her dear husband. All walked on in silence to the end of the Park where the chaise of the Baron waited.

The Parson himself assisted Sophy into the chaise, after having once more embraced her cordially, and said, "may God bless you, and my dear child! I'll go home now to relate to Aunty Rubby how the Baron has eloped with you; to-morrow or the day after I'll go to Maltitz, but not on horse back." The Baron embraced the good uncle with gratitude, he then took his seat at the side of his beloved wife, with his son on his lap. This scene had something particularly piquant for the maid who joyfully sprang into the chaise. Rubbing her hands, she remarked, that under such conditions she should willingly suffer herself to be eloped with every day in the year, Sundays not excepted.

"Aunty!" said the Parson, as he entered Aunty Rubby's room, "I have some news to communicate. The Baron has eloped with Sophy, little Pompey and her chamber maid."

"Eloped you say!" said Aunty in a tone of terror, and sprang up from the sofa, "It is not possible!"

"That I must know better than you, Aunty, for it is only a few minutes ago that I lifted poor Sophy myself into the Baron's chaise."

"What you, Parson?—how? And the Baron attempts such an outrage on my own lands? And you parson, in a violent plot against me?"

"I can see no great violence in this. Sophy went with pleasure after she could find no mercy from you."

It was now that Aunty in the greatest agony fell sobbing and crying on the couch. For some time she was too much a prey to despair to articulate; at last she said: "Such disgrace I did not deserve; what will the world say! We shall be the ridicule, the scorn of the whole land. All order is upset! First christening, then marriage, then love affairs, then elopement—and this was to be the lot of my house!—and she flew into a rage again. No, I will not agree to it. I will begin a new suit with the Baron."

He has committed an outrageous depredation on my land, and he has broken the public peace!"

"To restore domestic peace. But summons him again, get *yourself* separated from the Baron, but Sophy does not wish to be separated from him."

Whilst the dispute between the brother and sister lasted, the loving pair had reached the Baronial seat. Here every room was splendidly illuminated, all the Baron's servants surrounded the chaise, arrayed in their best suit, and gave a loud huzza to their new mistress. The overseers and wardens of the village of Maltitz came to do homage to the Baroness. Sophy was so much pressed by felicitations and homage, that she was glad when at last she found herself alone with the Baron.

"Be it my first duty now," said the Baron, "to lay the little sleeping angel Pompey in his bed;" nor would he suffer any one to undress him but himself, he then put him in his new bed that had been waiting for him a long time. "O how happy I am," exclaimed he, "now only I feel the voluptuousness in full measure of being a father." He then led the Baroness through every room, and showed her those destined for her, and it is needless to add that they were the best of the house, furnished in the most tasteful style, and provided with a thousand little conveniences.

THE LAWSUIT HAS AN END.

Sophy lived in the Baronial seat as in a happy dream. She could scarcely bring herself to believe that all was real. The thought of Aunty Rubby alone gave her uneasiness, yet that did not hinder her from writing by messengers to the court as well as to lawyer Eggimaun, that she lived with her husband and desisted from her first application for a divorce from him.

After three days the Parson kept his word. He came to visit the happy couple. "Children, do not be frightened," said he, "with me arrive seven carts heavily laden with trunks, boxes and a variety of furniture; the carters, adorned at the breast with immense nosegays, and with silken bands on their hats and whips of all colours of the rainbow, are all tipsy; I am intoxicated too, but it is with joy. Aunty Rubby sends Sophy her dowry, with friendly greetings and sour looks."

"How, has Aunty pardoned me? Does she still love me?" asked Sophy, suffocating the dear uncle with her kisses, so that he could scarcely reply: "Don't you know then that principles go with her against all things? Consider what a shame for her, for our house, if the world could believe this union was done without her will. Now it is all quite the reverse. Aunty boasts publicly

of the reconciliation of the parties. The day after your departure she dispatched a messenger before sunrise to Mr. Eggimaun. She receives complimentary visits on the happy turn of affairs, and the whole world believes that she has caused the good work. But when alone, she cries, and when she can lay hold of me, she scolds. With all her weaknesses and principles she is still the best Aunty under the sun!" Sophy's eyes filled with tears, "And as for you, my dear Baron," continued the Parson, "write without delay a letter to Aunty, full of profound respect, ask her forgiveness for the elopement, thank her for the precious dowry, recognize the maternal tenderness; afterwards fill your letter with complaints, that without her assistance it is impossible to bring the new settlement of the house into any order, that the maternal advice and help are absolutely necessary; that by to-morrow you will be with the Baroness at the Veler to entreat her benediction, that you will trouble her with that night's lodgings, that the day after you hope to be so happy as to bring her with you for some weeks to castle Maltitz. Do as I tell you, and all will be well. I will answer for the consequences. In the meantime I'll assist the Baroness, in unloading and unpacking the dowry."

They obeyed the uncle cheerfully, and his advice was by no means a bad one. For as soon as Aunty had received that affectionate letter from her nephew, her whole frame thrilled with joy; she ordered mighty preparations for entertaining the married couple; no money was spared to make it splendid, and more than once she said to Administrator Erl; "I always thought it would come to this! Now they feel the want of me; they are young and inexperienced, they don't know how to help themselves, something is wanted here, something there; they beg and pray for my assistance. What shall I do? I am too good, much too good! I see I must go to make order, but so it must come when things are done behind my back. All is in confusion."

The next day Aunty received the Baron and the Baroness in her state dress—at first rather coldly. But when the Baron kissed her hand, when he begged her blessing to crown his happiness, the blessing which he would only receive from her motherly hand, when he entreated her to look upon him as her son; when Sophy hung sobbing at her neck,—then she was again the good Aunty as before; she pardoned all, gave her affection and love to her children and promised to stay for some weeks at Maltitz. But in the midst of her joy she felt a strange dissatisfaction and with a grave shake of her head exclaimed:

“ 'Tis very well, my dear children, but yet I cannot forget that the order of things is sadly reversed ; first came the christening, then marriage, then love, then betrothment, then elopement ! Where in the whole world did such things ever happen before ?

V. R.*

TO IANTHE.

And can'st thou think this heart is free,
A heart so long, so sadly tried,
Or deem the pulse that throbb'd for thee,
Could ever beat for aught beside ?
Ah, no ! though every hope is gone,
And every scene is over-cast,
I feel I still must love thee on
As fondly, vainly, to the last.

We met, as 'twere a short sweet dream,
And parted—'twas a mournful day ;
I scarce had time to bless the beam,
When all its light had past away ;
A little longer, yet to gaze
On that loved face ;—Oh ! vain request !
Alas ! what time can now erase
Those features from my fevered breast ?

No, e'en when with the young and gay,
And eyes are beaming bright and fair,
My spirit coldly turns away,
The eyes *it* loves—*they* are not there !
Or if perchance our glances meet
And mine a transient pleasure show,
'Tis but the thought how far more sweet,
The eyes of one—I see not now.

There's not a dream of starry night,
But that lost form again I see ;
There's not an hour of day's pure light,
But whispers to my soul of thee.
My fond faint hopes of future bliss,
The perished joys for which I pine :
Janthe ! can a heart like this
Be ever aught but wholly *thine* ?

Camp — June 1st, 1833.

* In this article, furnished to us by a foreigner, will be observed many strange idioms and peculiar turns of expression, but we could not always alter them without injuring the naivete and humour of the style. To have made the article more purely English it would have been necessary to rewrite it entirely.—Ed.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
INTO THE INDIAN COURTS OF JUDICATURE.

The essays which from time to time have appeared in the several Calcutta Periodicals, have been too *brief and slight* to afford any general view of this important question. Most men have formed some opinion on the subject, for they constantly think upon it and speak upon it, but neither has their reflection nor their conversation been sufficiently earnest or serious to lead a majority to any one conclusion. We still see occasional letters in the *Hurkaru*, the *Bull*, or the *Delhi Gazette*, advocating or deprecating the introduction of the English Tongue; the Government have taken the first step, but we are yet justified in saying that no one opinion predominates amongst those who are most able to form it.

Would that we were competent to the task of presenting fairly to the public the advantages and disadvantages of employing English as the Law language of India, as well as the difficulty of keeping the record in English as it is now kept in Persian. The two considerations are distinct. The one question is, what are the difficulties of introducing it *in the first instance*; the other is, what are the advantages to be derived from it when once introduced. We are conscious of our inability to *handle this subject properly, but so little has been written worthy of attention,* that perhaps even *we* may offer a better digested view of the case, than has hitherto appeared in print. At any rate we approach the question unbiassed, and have the advantage of some practical experience amongst those who would be most affected by the adoption of the measure.

Respecting the obstacles which oppose themselves to the *record* of Indian Courts and Cutcherries being kept in English, it is our purpose to say little more than may occur in the discussion of the general question: the superiority of the *kullum* over the *quill* in this particular will be universally admitted; the mechanical labour of scribbling is performed with much greater facility and rapidity by the former, than by the latter, the writer mends his pen once every dozen lines, the mohurrir once a week: the writer requires a table and a chair, and pounce, and Company's pen-knives, and European paper, and a convenient light, and at least 50 rupees a month! The mohurrir squats down in a corner, does the same work in a

* Many well written letters on the subject have appeared in the Newspapers since this opinion was formed.

tenth part of the time, and requires only 10 or 12 rupees a month. As to the taking of depositions, it could not be done by these writers. There are perhaps few writers at present competent to take depositions at all, and those few are probably in the receipt of salaries beyond any thing which the government would be prepared to give. Some change must be made in the system; *viva voce* examinations might in some instances be substituted for written depositions and the presiding officer's notes might become a record; or he might dictate an abstract from them, or cause such to be prepared, authenticating the result with his signature; or lastly, the covenanted assistants themselves might be employed in this necessary and important duty. This appears to us to be nearly a means of overcoming the grand difficulty, the junior Civil Servants, generally, possess integrity, ability, and an anxious desire to make themselves of use whenever they can; it is not easy to find them work, and by requiring them to take the English depositions on the first introduction of the new system, the authorities would at once give satisfaction to the parties whose witnesses were undergoing examination, and would afford to the assistants an opportunity of fitting themselves for the public service, which they now very much want. Some of your readers may be startled at our assuming that these gentlemen have so much leisure, but we appeal to the Civil Service *en masse*, for the truth of the assertion. They have no authority whatever which is not deputed to them, and upon what therefore, can they spend their time beyond signing perwannahs, authenticating copies, paying pensioners, and opening the dāk!

Another objection of this class was urged in the *Bengal Hurkaru* some time ago by one who seemed more inclined to submit to, than encounter difficulty. He admits the practicability of writing *roobecarees* in English, but adds that "no European officers in the country have leisure to draw out these numberless papers themselves." This is not perspicuous. If it is meant that the European officers should write out the *whole* proceeding, which embraces a review and abstract of the whole case, it is of course, as he says, impossible: but if the European be expected to write down only the grounds of his decision and his order, then it is very practicable. *Roobecarees* however are not always decrees: hundreds are mere official memoranda and to such no European officer could attend.

It must be allowed on all sides that the introduction of English would be attended with great difficulty, and might bring with it for a time evils from which we are now exempt: but we

are to consider, not the *positive* but the comparative excellence of the measure, and we must therefore reflect upon the system which at present exists, as well as upon that which it is proposed to substitute.

Wherever in the course of these remarks the word "*Judge*" is used, it is to be understood in its most general sense: not as applying exclusively to the officer presiding in a regular Court of Civil Law, but to all functionaries, who are called upon to *judge*. In the same way the word "*Court*" is to be received as applying to all public places in which a *Judge*, as defined, holds his sittings.

The Persian is the language neither of the Judge, nor of the parties interested in the Judge's decision. This simple fact would appear to many decisive. It is enough, they will say, no change can be otherwise than beneficial in so monstrous a state of things! It appears to them, as absurd as if a Frenchman and an Englishman should gravely sit down for the purpose of enjoying each others conversation, whilst neither knew a word of any language but his own. There are many, we say, who will not even *listen* to any further argument:—they urge that you set out with an absurdity and that if the *argumentum ad absurdum* does not satisfy you, they are sorry for you, you may refer to your Euclid, but they will have nothing to say to you. We do not go quite so far as this, but neither are we prepared to defend the present system, as better than any other. The devil is not so black as he is painted, neither are our Mofussil Courts and Cutcherries so abominable as the "Mahratta-ditch people" would have us believe: good as they are it is our desire to make them better, and so just for the sake of the argument we will admit that the use of a language thoroughly understood *only* by the officers of the Court is a matter which ought to be amended.

There are two alternatives, the introduction of English throughout British India; or the use of the vernacular dialects. If the latter were practicable there can be no doubt but it would be the best measure as far as regards immediate consequences; there are prospective advantages to be calculated upon from the use of English to which the enjoyment of Provincial jargon can offer no counterpoise. The substitution of Hindoostani throughout India would benefit a very small portion of our subjects, and in Bengal would be a positive evil: under the Madras and Bombay presidencies there are probably many portions of the country which would be as little benefitted by it as Bengal, whilst the only alteration in the record would be that "*hooah*" would be employed where "*shudaast*" now stands.

Neither is the Hindoostani a convenient language to argue in, so that with the exception of the little alteration just mentioned the roobecree would remain much the same as it is now: petitions would be in the same condition, depositions alone would be more intelligible in a *part* of the British possessions in India. Should any disciple of Gilchrist maintain that Hindoostani is as good a language for argument and reasoning as Persian, let him hand his last proceeding of any intricacy to his Serishtadar and desire him to translate it to some one *totally* ignorant of the language in which it is written. The result will be as follows: either the native officer will perform his task with difficulty, circumlocution and repetition, or the person to whom it is read will not understand a word about the matter. The roobecrees, after the adoption of the plan immediately before us, would be Persic-hindee, as they are now Hindee-Persic, and would be no more intelligible to the suitors in Court than they are at present. The language *spoken* in Court is Hindoostani already, or if any other be spoken it is the dialect of the province in which it is used. To speak therefore of the "*introduction*" of Hindoostani is almost a misapplication of terms; and if, as we suppose this change would produce little or no good even in the provinces west of Patna, it will perhaps be allowed that enough has been said about it. It would be a half measure! it would check instead of promote national improvement, it would discourage the students of languages rich in scientific and literary productions, it would be going back instead of going forwards, it would be a false step in the march of intellect, and has probably never been seriously contemplated.

The most weighty of these objections apply equally to the use of the provincial dialects, but a mighty advantage would attend this measure which no other could boast of. Every thing done in Court, whether spoken, or committed to writing would be understood by the people: were it possible to accomplish this we should decidedly advocate the use of the vernacular languages, but it is impossible. Europeans are not qualified to conduct the business of the country under such a system, and were they forced to become so, they could never be removed from the stations for which they alone were fitted, without injury to the public welfare. Neither could any one be promoted to any high office without being a perfect linguist, as it would be necessary for him to understand all the dialects used by the several divisions under his superintendance. It will occur to many that so great a variety does not exist, and that, as far as this Presidency, is concerned, Hindoostani above Patna and Bengalee below it, would be sufficient. Setting aside the many notorious and insupportable objections to the use of such poor and barren languages,

it may fairly be doubted whether they would answer the purpose. We have already alluded to the difficulty the mass of the people would have in understanding the written Hindoostani, and he will here make one more enquiry. Is the character to remain Persian?—if it is, the then state of things will be worse than that which preceded it; no one not versed in Persian could read the proceedings: and if it is not, a thousand minor objections start up in the record department. Neither is colloquial Hindoostani understood by the majority of suitors in Court, and by some, the purely it is spoken the less it is understood. Many no doubt are familiar with it: those who have learnt even a *very* little Persian, those who have associated with Europeans, or constantly attended the Cutcheries are free from inconvenience, and with time you may make yourself sufficiently intelligible to the more respectable of the village Zemeendars. But who shall cross-question an Aheer! or a Choomar! a being, from whom the most expert native is often unable to extract a plain answer at all, to say nothing of the vehicle in which it is conveyed. Even a British Judge cannot always understand a Somersetshire ploughman.

This probably holds good in Bengal as well as in the finer provinces of the west, but our experience in that part of the country has collected on our first arrival in the country when we were less able to form opinions, and we therefore claim indulgence, if like a late benevolent writer upon Indian affairs, facts should be against us. Nor are we trifling with the public so far as to offer observations upon matters of which we are altogether uninformed. We know something of Bengal, but upon our own ground we are confident.

Under these circumstances it must be universally admitted that the means of communication between the *Judge* and the *judged* would be much diminished by the introduction of a new tongue. You could no more converse *then* with respectable shop-keepers, or village Zemeendars than we can *now* with the lowest classes: and this we conceive to be the only serious evil which the use of any other language would occasion. An evil which would not be encountered suddenly, nor without preparation, an evil which would become less and less every day.

The other alternative to the continued use of a language which neither Judge nor suitor knows any thing of, has been already stated to be the introduction of English.

The Suitors in Court who do not read Persian, that is some nine-tenths of them, must be perfectly indifferent whether one foreign language or another be employed in the proceedings upon their case. They would not then comprehend what passed be-

tween the Judge and the pleaders, attornies, or aumlah any more than they do now ; whilst as respects those persons who do understand the Hindoostani at present spoken, no change could take place until they had had a fair opportunity of learning sufficient English. The *power* of communication between the public officer and the litigant would be for a long time neither more nor less than it is now, for however complete the change might be it is not to be supposed that Government would abate one single iota of the knowledge of native languages now required from their Civil Servants. It is not unlikely that the parties would be more satisfied with a decision when they knew that he who passed it, was well acquainted with the language in which he spoke : it would assuredly be delivered more clearly and confidently and that alone would produce its effect.

The greater quantity of stamp paper required for writing English petitions and taking copies of English record would be more severely felt than might be supposed, but the evil is not without remedy were it considered of sufficient moment. By merely increasing the size of the paper this inconvenience would be removed at a very trifling expence. The parties would have to pay more to copyists than they do now ; but these inconveniences are not considerable and will be found to be fewer than might willingly be submitted to in attaining so important an object.

Some advantage might accrue to them from the more moderate rapacity of the subordinate officers of the Courts, who, we conclude, must for some time be better paid than they are at present : there is no security for honesty like the absence of temptation, let Mr. Mills say what he will ; and we may hope something from the circumstance that they will principally be furnished from a class of men whose religion and professions are abhorrent to peculation : and who, if they did take a bribe, call it a present would at any rate have the grace to be ashamed of it.

It has been declared that the adoption of English would increase the influence of the native officers. As we have already provided against any deficiency in acquaintance with Persian, and Hindoostani on the part of the European, we are at a loss to see how such an effect is to be produced : but this *provision* was in all probability not contemplated. In so far as the Judge might peruse the record of the case himself with as much rapidity as the Serishtadar now does it for him, he would be more independent of his aumlah than he is now ; he would be less likely to omit any material consideration in forming his opinion : a passage may escape the ear, which could never pass the

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eye unnoticed ; and in short we should anticipate a result diametrically opposite to that which has been suggested.

In no other point of view do we see how the suitor is to be affected by the change ; independantly of his co-interest with the Judge himself, by this channel he would drive, as we hope to shew, a multitude of collateral advantages : he would be as much, and no more, in the power of others than he is now and he must always be so unless his own dialect were adopted ; this indeed would be a blessing to him individually, but we have already set aside the consideration, and even if practicable, the perpetuation of darkness and ignorance, to which it would tend, could scarcely be a blessing to his country.

The establishment of aumlah in every Court into which English was to be introduced, must be re-organized from beginning to end. The Government has many good servants amongst the natives, who would consider their dismissal as an act of injustice. And it *would* be a piece of republican ingratitude, if the deed were perpetrated. Their present position could in no wise be permitted to interfere with a measure of such general interest and the economical Government that could diminish an ensign's allowances for the sake of a surplus, is not likely to hold in undue respect the claims of their native servants. They must go : the greatest happiness principle requires it ; and the additional expence of uncovenanted European officers or of able natives might be defrayed from the sums lately drawn from the Army and the Civil Service.

We cannot let this opportunity pass of noticing the slighting tone in which it has of late pleased several writers of ability to speak of their aumlah, and more especially of their Serishtadars. One or two of the *Hurkaru's* correspondents have contemptuously termed this officer a head clerk ; and tho' that term is indefinite it is evident that they wish the public to suppose that in the offices of these correspondents the Serishtadar is a mere automaton. This is both untrue and ungenerous : *the average information of these officers exceeds that of the Civil Service !* the local knowledges and experience is valuable at all times, and is absolutely indispensable to the newly appointed head of an office ; their integrity is greater than calumny will allow ; and, deay it who can their assistance is made use of by every Civilian from Loodhiana to Juggernath ! Of those Civilians, few would be ashamed to acknowledge it ; and those who least *require* the assistance will be the most willing to make the confession. Had the worthy animal in the fable been content to hide his deficiencies under the cloak of modesty, he might partly have succeeded ; but

when he attempted to do it with a lion's skin, he was detected at once.

After establishing our English aumlah, we should require English vakeels, or mookhtars. The parties would retain the option of appointing whomsoever they pleased, but a certain degree of acquaintance with the English language must become a *sine qua non* to the acceptance of such nomination. At first some difficulty would be felt in finding persons of sufficient ability and local information for vakeels, and agents, who also understood and spoke English : the demand would speedily create a supply but tho' talent is one of the cheapest commodities in the market it is to be feared that it will not be what political economists call an *efficient* demand : the mookhtars must be paid for a time more highly than at present, which the suitors could not afford. Europeans and East Indians would attain a sufficient knowledge of the native languages to officiate as advocates long before those who now act in the capacity, could qualify themselves for addressing the bench. A very moderate acquaintance with the Hindoostani will fit a man for the one but he should be perfect master of English who would attempt the other. Persons so qualified would not be content with the fees now paid in the lower Courts and Cutcherries, and we should be forced to submit for a time either to inferior general ability, or to technical incapacity : an inconvenience both to Judges and suitors. It should however, be borne in mind that the Judges are not to be allowed suddenly to lay aside all their Oriental lore, and even should a pleader during the first few years fail in making himself intelligible the indulgence of the Court might be so far extended to him as to permit him to argue in Hindoostani : or suppose that the introduction of English were accompanied by a proviso that any pleader should be at liberty to address the Court in whichever language suited him best ; we see no harm as likely to result from this licence, and for a certain period it would probably, in practice be unavoidable.

We must allow that some difficulties occur here yet not of sufficient consequence to deter the Government from proceeding nor can a measure of such extended operation be carried into effect as easily as a Circular order. Several annoyances and troublesome circumstances would occasionally present themselves during the first years of the new system, and it would not be matter of astonishment if they occasionally partook of the ludicrous. Amongst other varieties we might live to hear a Magistrate gravely lecturing a Hindoo thief in uncommonly pure English, the said thief not understanding one single syllable of what was said to him. This would undoubtedly be very ridiculous but, unless the jungles have destroyed our memory, society has sub-

mitted to similar absurdities for many a year within the bounds of the Mahratta ditch.

If then the Government made a proper use of their servants' present knowledge of Persian and Hindoostani ; if the pleaders and others made a proper use of their time in acquiring a knowledge of English, or of Regulations, as the case might be, we may conclude that the measure would not encounter any insurmountable obstacles even in this difficult quarter.

But the effects which the introduction of the English language will produce upon the Judge himself, form by far the most important feature in this momentous question. The benefits conferred upon the people will be in exact proportion to those conferred upon him, if indeed they are not, literally, one and the same thing. Improve the Judge and you improve the administration of justice : degrade him or interfere with him, and justice is but a name. These are trite remarks but they recur with unusual freshness to us, whilst contemplating the more honorable and dignified position which Indian Judges will be enabled to hold by the introduction of their native language. We will endeavour to enumerate the most manifest of the advantages which will accrue to the presiding officer, but we are conscious that our list will fall far short of the number which indubitably must take place.

Nothing is further from our intention than the slightest reflection upon any body of men, European, or Native ; but, if in the course of the following observations any sentence liable to such misinterpretation should escape us we hereby disown it ; yet must we not be hampered ; we must write and the public must read with freedom nor is the truth disagreeable to any except those whom it would expose :

- “ Here's freedom to him that wad read,
- “ Here's freedom to him that wad write !
- “ Here's nane ever fear'd, that the truth should be heard
- “ But they wham the truth wad iudite.”—*Burns*.

an undeniably sound moral reflection, which it would be absolutely philanthropic to translate into Russian, or to paste up upon the walls of Milan or Vienna. But we are digressing from our dry subject ; we must resume, for be it known to you, dear reader, that if we once got to Milan or Vienna not all the iron steamers of the Indus and Ganges would have power to tug us back again. We would willingly go on writing about Italy and Liberty and Burns ; but every line (to say nothing of its irrelevancy,) would unfit us more and more for our dull task ;—so one more turn of the screw ! and behold ! we again plunge into our heavy enquiry.

Respecting the advantages accruing to the Judge there can surely be but one opinion. The introduction of English will be in every point of view beneficial, satisfactory and agreeable to him. He will feel himself more at home upon the bench; he will be a more perfect master of every case that is brought before him; he will not have or *need not* as a matter of course have on his establishment, any one of attainments superior to his own in one essential part of his duty; there will be no occasion to appeal to others for the interpretation of disputed passages in decrees or roobecarees; he will assume his proper station amongst his officers; he will preserve his dignity with greater ease; he will draw comparisons between himself and the king's judges and will endeavour to imitate them: he will employ a more dignified tone and manner than when struggling with a foreign language; he will no longer address his petitioners and subordinate officers in a language peculiar *out of office* to his menial servants; he will on the contrary employ that which he uses in the society of his equals and superiors: and, above all, he will never be driven to the frequent indecorum of talking absolute nonsense in his parturient efforts to accomplish the delivery of his opinions in Persian or Hindoostani.

We will fasten upon this last abomination before we meddle with any thing else! We will admit for the sake of argument that all the Company's officers old and young are perfectly competent to understand the merits of a case after all the proceedings, evidence, exhibits, &c. have been carefully read over to them and to which perusal they have paid due attention. We will also allow them to be perfectly competent to cross-question any witness *who speaks good Hindoostani*, and with the assistance of their much abused Serishtadars to extract his meaning from one who does not. We will furthermore grant them to be fully able to examine most documentary proofs themselves though in this they would not unfrequently have occasion to refer to the aforesaid person whose services are so ill requited. In this statement we have done the Civil Service no more than justice; many may insist that we have not even done that; some Civilians are of course far superior to the standard laid down, some are perhaps inferior, but, upon the whole, the average is not below what we have stated. Suppose then this case which has been read over to, and examined by the Judge to be a difficult one: there shall have been offered much contradictory proof, oral and documentary; we will suppose that several discrepant precedents had been furnished; that it involved the interpretation of a doubtful passage in the regulations; and that it was altogether a very complicated affair. Now are we to hope that the knowledge of Persian, and Hindoostani sufficient for un-

derstanding such a case will enable a man to sum it up? Certainly not. To recapitulate what has passed during the progress of the suit in a clear, and masterly manner, and to deliver opinions upon it in terms which express neither more nor less than is intended, is an exercise for the first lawyers in Europe. Even if the Indian judges spoke the native languages with as much facility as their own, they would still labour under many disadvantages, compared with their brethren in the west. In making the comparison we neither take the Lord Chancellor in the one instance, nor the Judges of the Sudder Dewannee Adawlut in the other. In each profession we will take a member who is neither very high nor very low, neither at the top, nor yet at the bottom. We will name one of the King's Judges in this country on the one side and a Zillah or Session Judge on the other. Enter the Supreme Court of Calcutta and observe the dignity, the learning, the comfortable self-satisfaction of the robed functionary, and mark the confidence with which he enters upon a case, the reasoning by which he decides it. Now turn your eyes from his lordship on the bench, and view the Civilian placed in a situation equally arduous,—we might say infinitely more so; the case before him is no less intricate than the one before "my lord:" the litigant parties are no less interested in the result: life or property are at stake as much in the one Court, as in the other; and the only difference is that the King's Judge sits on the inside of the Mahratta ditch, and the Company's Judge on the outside of it.

What qualifications do the two Judges bring to the task? On one side is legal education, experience, and a life of practice amongst men from whom he derives as much information as he gives. On the other there is *no* legal education, twenty years less experience and practice, amongst men whose education, knowledge, and general information are all inferior to his own. Integrity and natural talent we will suppose to be equal, although it would be no reflection upon the Civil Service to assume that men *selected* for appointments were *upon the average* superior in ability to those who succeeded to them in virtue of seniority. The English Judge, already possessing so great a superiority addresses the public in his own native language, whilst the Indian officer has to employ one which he has picked up principally from his domestics, and which is naturally ill-calculated for the purpose to which it is about to be applied. Can a man so situated do justice to himself? Can he pull the case to pieces; give his opinion upon each member of it, with the reasons thereof; explain the slight difference which in each part affected the scales he held; interpret the disputed law; and, having assigned to each argument its due weight in detail, can

he then put all the scattered parts together, and recapitulating the heads of his argument come to so logical a conclusion, that even should he be wrong, all disinterested auditors will be inclined to agree with him?

Can he do all this at all?—Possibly!—Can he do it in Hindoostani? No.

If any gentlemen of the Civil Service, than whom we conscientiously believe a more honourable or more able body of men does not exist, should feel that justice has not been done them in these remarks, we are ready instantly to admit it. As we observed before, we speak not of those individuals who are more able than their brethren; neither of those who are less so. We take the average, and it is most especially necessary to do so when considering a service in which *all* the appointments are most important, and which is itself a monopoly. It may be as well here to mention a circumstance, which may not be known to persons *out* of the service; we mention it not as a subject for discussion, but as a notorious fact that the judicial is by no means the most arduous branch of the service: neither is it conducted by men in any degree superior to their companions. On the contrary, a Revenue officer who has distinguished himself is on the high road to such honors as this country can offer: he comes out of the crowd and is rarely allowed even again to take his case in a regular Court. Enquire of every judicial officer under the presidency of Fort William, whether upon the same salary, he would prefer the duties of a collector and magistrate? one and all will smile at the question. Ask the collector, or the magistrate, or the unhappy being who unites in his own person the authority of both, what he would think of a judicial appointment! He will tell you that *compared* with his own, it is an absolute sinecure. We are open to conviction; nay, we are most anxious not to press our own opinions, and therefore will give our readers the grounds upon which they have been formed. They consist in a personal acquaintance with *five* mofussil stations where Judges resided; nor, at any, had we reason to doubt the correctness of the opinion we formed at the first. How far these facts correspond with the overwhelming load of business, of which we lately heard so much, we do not know: neither is it any affair of ours: nobody asked us any questions, or they would have heard that which we now tell the reader.

To resume. If the Judge, which title we now again use in its extended sense, does not deliver his opinions in the same manner as they do in England what is it that he does do? He cannot write down his order on a slip of paper and give it to the writer to translate! nor whisper it to his Serishtadar! nor send

a Chupprassie after his return home to acquaint the parties with their good or ill success! It is not easy to say what system is pursued; none generally; each has a way of his own, and as we happen to be acquainted with one or two, the reader shall have the benefit of our information.

A. is a mild well-informed man, liked by the natives and esteemed by the Government; he is diffident of his powers which are great and would probably be much distressed at the necessity of delivering even an English opinion, with a reporter staring him in the face. Having made himself master of the case upon which he is about to pass a judgment, he intimates in a few words to the plaintiff, or applicant, that he has succeeded, or failed. The decree or roobecaree is then written from his notes in his private apartments, in chambers: business goes on smoothly, the decrees are well drawn up, the parties are, or appear contented, and A. is at ease.

B. is a more energetic character. When he comes to the delivery of his opinion he is unwilling to acknowledge even to himself that any obstacle interferes with the satisfactory execution of his duty. A mere order, in a matter evidently calling for the Judge's view of the whole case he would look upon as a confession of inefficiency: come what may, he is ever resolved to shew the people that he forms his own opinions, and that he is anxious to put them in possession of the same, if he possibly can, accordingly he attempts a regular speech: if intelligible, he considers himself triumphant, and is generally confirmed in his feelings by the undisguised satisfaction of all around him. Nevertheless he has often confessed, and lamented his failure; in the middle of a sentence which he had been five minutes concocting, under pretence of looking over his notes, he has suddenly become aware of a little point, undisposed of, militating against the very opinion he is expressing. He tries to demolish it in a parenthesis, the little point swells upon him—and by the time he has done with it, he has no command of language to bring him handsomely back to his concocted sentence. It requires a very clear arrangement of ideas to address an assembly in a language with which the speaker is not familiar. Enable B. to address his hearers in English and the result would be very different.

C. belongs to a class, not as we trust very numerous, who rejoice in the description conveyed by the words "Company's hard bargains:" yet is he by no means inefficient and few know that he is careless; he understands Persian, speaks Hindoostani and knows the regulations perhaps better than either of the former two. He apprehends the merits of a case with great rapidity and accuracy, but the labour of recounting the several

steps by which he has arrived at his present position is too great for him : moreover some of these *steps*, are *kops* and *jumps*, which are not very easily reduced to writing. The consequence is evident. C. gives the order, but says no more about it : his Serishtadar is a first rate man, for an idler of talent is sure to have clever men about him ; and he the abused, the unrewarded Serishtadar writes for his indolent, though able master a better roobecaree than A. or B. or half the Alphabet besides can produce. C. gets "through more work," as the phrase goes, and obtains more credit, than A. and B. put together.—If C. were allowed to speak English in Court, might he not overcome his want of zeal and do that himself which his Serishtadar now does for him.

D. is inefficient : he looks exceedingly grave and utters his "Decree dismiss" or his "munzoor na-munzoor" as pompously as any Judge in the universe. He has been known on occasion to change his mind without any ostensible reason, and is said to search for the opinions of others before deciding. His roobecarees are however no worse, than other people's, and as he is not obstinate as well as stupid that eternal Serishtadar keeps him straight. Now we would enquire how long would such a character remain in any situation of consequence after the introduction of the English language ? Not a week ! Publicity would compel him to tender his resignation, as soon as he became aware, or as soon as others became aware of his unfitness. He might then weigh cotton, or sit at the receipt of Customs, but he would no longer have the opportunity of injuring the people, or of bringing the Courts of Law into disrepute.

We might go on through the Alphabet, but the remaining characters seem to resolve themselves into one or other of these ; partaking more or less of their respective qualities.

While upon this subject it will not be irrelevant to notice the great attention with which all natives listen to the Judge's opinions, when steadily and connectively delivered. However noisy, and unmanageable they may be during the investigation, however unlike Hindoostani may be the language in which it pleases the Judge to address them, yet, the instant he attempts a delivery, a becoming silence pervades the Court, or office ; every eye is turned upon him ; his sentiments are caught up with avidity ; and all parties seem to rejoice in the few pure drops, which fall upon them direct from the fountain of justice. This it is which has made us insist so earnestly upon the advantages of English as the language in which the Judge should sum up the case ; and though it must be admitted that for a period he would be even more unintelligible to the greater number than he is now, yet that period would be very short ; and then, the waters

of justice which we have just seen falling drop by drop upon the thirsty applicants, would pour upon them in one continuous and uninterrupted stream.

The different relation to his *aumlah*, in which a Judge would stand after the introduction of English is not the least advantage to be derived from it.

It is not to be denied that in every office there is certainly *one*, and very often more than one native officer, equal, if not superior, in *natural talent* to the *average* of Europeans in the service. The use of Persian is a rail-road for this equality to travel upon, and involves a constant exposure of inferiority on a very principal point: a circumstance, which, if not otherwise mischievous, must have a bad moral effect. There is something humiliating in an appeal to a subordinate officer for information which you are supposed to possess yourself: a reading lesson in Court is not gratifying to one's feelings, and the alternative of never reading any thing at all with your own eyes is a worse state of things than the other. Be the evil great or small, it would be removed by the introduction of English.*

We trust we shall not be accused of indulging in Eutopian fancies, if we suggest that after the English language had come into use, the force of example would act more vividly than it does at present, and would produce beneficial effects in the Indian Courts. At present the difference between the Supreme Court, and the Company's Courts is so very wide that no comparison at all can be instituted between them. The noisy remonstrances of the pleaders, the pertinacious shout for justice of the petitioner, or plaintiff, the confusion of strange tongues, create a scene so very little like what is to be met with any where else, that a model of judicial demeanour is not to be found. The natives can, of course be *silenced* so long as every presiding officer has the tremendous power of arbitrarily imposing fines for contempt of Court: but the silence of fear is not the desideratum; we want the silence of respect. There are Cutcherries where no one dare breathe a syllable; the Judge remains uninformed; he sits in all the bliss of confident ignorance; his erroneous views are never assailed and corrected by the pleaders; he does an inconceivable quantity of mischief: and his Court is as quiet as a cloister.

* We are not ignorant that several members of the Civil Service can take up any case whatever and read it through with ease from beginning to end. But mark how even ability is misused! One of these "Farsee-Khaun" was in the habit of putting the bundle of papers before him in Court, reading it to himself, and then passing his final *decree*, without listening to any of the arguments which the *vakeels*, or parties themselves — that have wished to urge. When we heard this declaration we were tempted to ex-
 — "why boasteth thou thyself, thou tyrant! that thou canst do mischief!"

“ ——— I see a mighty darkness ”
 “ Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom ”
 “ Dart round.—”

Shelley's Prometheus Unbound.

We would rather hold our Court in the market place, than reign thus the Demogorgon of mental obscurity ! But introduce English and we are satisfied that the behaviour of all parties would improve. The pleaders have much to learn from the superior class of Europeans who follow the same profession in Calcutta ; as they became more reasonable and logical, the Judge would become more mild, and attentive to them. Nor would his improvement depend entirely upon theirs ; no sooner shall a Judge however young, find himself speaking English, than he shall become more grave more dignified, more like those other Judges whom he has been accustomed to revere from his childhood. Early associations will do their good work upon his mind ; and whatever he might be *out* of Court, *in it* he will assume a demeanour more fitted to the nature of the duties he has to perform.

Again, a man is much more likely to use familiar, rude and indecorous expressions in a foreign tongue than in his own. This we see every day ; medical men and others use Latin words whenever they cannot find a decent one in English ; and when Mr. Gibbon would acquaint the world with the character of the Empress Theodora he wrote in Greek : instances might be multiplied. To some feeling of this sort is to be attributed the careless use of objectionable terms, with which some functionaries have been charged. It has even been said that Judges have been known to use violent language to the officers of their Court ! Let us have the English language and no such accusation would be heard again. At present we will not deny the *possibility* of there being some truth in the report : A junior member of the service in the daily habit of bestowing flattering epithets upon his *superior* bearer without once thinking of their offensive import, will be too apt to forget himself, and *unwatched* to repeat them elsewhere, when provoked : and provoked he certainly would be for no one can sit long in Cutcherry in the hot weather, and retain his placidity of mind, however perfect the decorum with which he externally conducted himself. Zeal itself is irritating. But introduce the English language and he will, without an effort, chasten the licentious tone ; he will hesitate to use the words “ fool ” and “ ass ” though he thinks “ pagul ” and “ guddha ” very venial expressions : the grossness of the terms will strike him at once, and he will desist from very shame.

Under the present system every covenanted officer of the Government has so many papers to sign in the course of the day that he never thinks of ascertaining their contents before he authenticates them. He is *nominally* responsible, and when once a

Governor General like Lord William Bentinck should make him *really* so, the only effect of the severity would be a decrease of two-thirds in the public work done, with increased caution in doing the remainder. Were the documents written in English, a glance would be sufficient to shew what they were, and though the signer might not read every word he would at least know that he was not authenticating a proceeding respecting which he had given no original orders.

There are other minor cases of the same nature which in the present stage of the business it is unnecessary to describe: whenever the detailed arrangements come to be considered they will claim due attention, and the advantages of any improvement in them will be properly appreciated. For the present we trust enough has been written to satisfy the most sceptical, that in every point of view which concerns the presiding officer, it is highly desirable that his own language should be used; for whatever increases the efficiency of the Judge improves the administration of Justice.

A page or two back, we declared ourselves at a loss to say how Judges acted on certain occasions! Are the Courts then shut up? or if not, if indeed they *are* held with open doors why should we not know as much of the Indian as we do of the Calcutta Judges? We answer, simply because there is no real publicity, nor will there be so long as the native languages are used. True, the Courts are open, any one may come in and go out, may take notes of what is going on, and may publish them if he pleases, but unfortunately this is never done, or so seldom that it can produce no general effect. A reporter would never be quite sure of being right; he would have no time to correct himself by referring to the record, even if allowed that indulgence; he would often misunderstand what the Judge said; whatever may have passed verbally, the test of the reporter's truth would be the written record. Besides this, these notes, not over trust-worthy in the first instance, have to be translated into English with some trouble, and at some expence, and when all is done, for some reason or other nobody cares sixpence about them, unless thrust into notice by the facetious letters of a Salt-officer's Ghost, or by a leading article in the *Bengal Hurkaru*.

The introduction of English will go far to remedy all this. The suspicion that reports, as now got up, do not correctly relate what passes, is one reason why they carry with them so little interest. You never yet saw a report of a conversation between a magistrate and a lathee-wala, or between a collector and a bakedar, and if you ever should see one, it will probably

convey no better idea of the original, than did the translation of the famous Bhagulpore notice some years ago; a production sufficiently injudicious, but no more resembling its English representative than if it had been one of Shakespear's Tragedies. But let us have English, and all parties would improve; Judges, Mooktars and Suitors would behave better for their sins would be registered and brought to light instead of being the subject of a passing animadversion, or, of temporary astonishment. When the language used in Court becomes the same as that in which newspapers, periodicals and pamphlets are written, or in other words when the language of the press shall be the language of the country, then will the gulf now gaping between them be contracted and the blessings of publicity will be showered over India.

We have not imposed upon ourselves the ungracious task of chronicling all the trifling errors and peccadilloes of a most excellent body of men; but we think we hear some self-satisfied exception congratulating himself upon the small necessity of publicity to check such rare occurrences as public indecorum or abuse of power. Doubtless they are rare, and we hear of them more rarely still: it was by the merest accident that the public ever learnt that Mr. — did not like to be "squinted at" upon the bench. Yet there are strange rumours afloat, so strange that his must be a curious imagination who could invent them; besides we never hear of similar occurrences in England, where people's imaginations are to the full as fertile as they are here, and where nothing of the sort would remain a secret for four-and-twenty hours. There are stories of very extraordinary performances in the Native Courts, which remind us of the unhappy condition of certain chickens who were unlucky in their partner at a ball: a Serishtadar in the Province of Behar is said to have been chased round the room by a Judge! to which picture wags have added a large carving knife in the hands of the one functionary, and an open window at the service of the other! Only fancy Sir Charles Grey—full cry after the Advocate General—out of his chair—over the table in dispersing the briefs—through the crowd, into the veranda,—clattering amongst the broken plates of the Chinese—up and down—round and round—till the exhausted officer of the Court fairly bolts over the railing, and comes head over heels into the road below!

But can Bengal not furnish us with a momentary smile?—yes, *there* lives a collector with a stick! The story is yet fresh in our memories, nor will it easily be forgotten by *some* of the parties concerned; let us in charity hope that the marks are not still as fresh upon the back of the gomastah. We are improving; we notice these little peculiarities on the part of our collec-

tors, which a few years ago we should not have thought of doing. This stick will become a tale for future ages, and the descendants of the gomastah will be found over their hubble-bubbles, telling stories, and beginning with "once upon a time there was a collector and a stick;" in the lapse of years, the truth will be forgotten, and the "collector and his stick" will assume that marvellous character which throws such an indefinable charm over "Jack and the Bean stalk."—

To the westward of both these provinces was not long ago to be found an Acting Magistrate, who fined his Serishtadar for informing him, that the order about to be recorded was contrary to the Regulations! Certainly this officer's Court would afford an instance of that awful silence which we attacked just now. If the Officiating Magistrate was determined to pass illegal orders, not only on that, but on all future occasions he acted wisely: the deeper the obscurity in which evil is done, the better for the perpetrator: but we are inclined to think the generality of mankind rather weak, than bad; the Magistrate did not wilfully pass an illegal order, but he had not liberality, or generosity enough to submit to the correction of an inferior in office; or, as ignorance and presumption ever go together, it is not impossible that he may still have thought himself right in despite of his Serishtadar's warning. It may be urged that the means of detecting and exposing this outrage are available to every one, since every order of the kind is recorded: but in the first place the Serishtadar dare not if he value his place, do any thing which might irritate his tyrant; and secondly, the written proceeding would give no insight into the matter. In it, there would be no mention of the order passed, of the Serishtadar's remonstrance, or of the Law itself, but the roobecaree would run in this way; "Since the Serishtadar of this office has interfered with the Huzzoor at the time of passing orders upon a case, and since such contempt of Court (goostâkhee) cannot be permitted, accordingly he is fined ——— rupees."—This is what it probably *would be*; now follows what it *ought to be*. "Since I, A. B., am unfit for the duties of my situation, it is particularly necessary that no one should set me right in public, as that would lead to detection, and might expose my deficiency; accordingly it is ordered that the Serishtadar of this office, who has just been guilty of this offence, shall be fined ——— rupees."

We trifled with the other cases, but we cannot laugh at this: it is sickening to see such a disgusting display of misplaced authority. However, we return with greater confidence than ever to our panacea: could such things be if every man's conduct were liable to public scrutiny? Would not publicity subject it

to such scrutiny? Would not the introduction of the English language create such publicity? The officers of Government are *now* only nominally responsible and the act must be gross indeed which drags them into public notice: *then*, every act would be subject to the most severe of tests; no levity, no carelessness but would find its way abroad, and the Company's Cutcherries would immediately exhibit all the regularity and decorum which characterize the King's Courts. Those who differ with us, will perhaps deny that these effects would be produced by a simple change of language: to such we would urge that every native would study English as soon as that became the road to promotion, that it would amalgamate European and Native tastes, that it would give to both a something in common which is now a desideratum, that the public periodicals would be more universally read, and that knowledge and European ideas would be more generally diffused through the country. The introduction of English would do more towards improving the minds of the people than the establishment of an hundred colleges: the necessity of bestowing Government appointments upon English scholars would act as a premium upon improvement: to us it appears that the whole character of the country would in a few years be changed; and one of the first things they would learn would be, that the *Bengal Hurkaru* or the *John Bull*, was a much better court of appeal, than either the Sudder Board of Revenue, or the Sudder Dewannee Adawlut. We quit this subject with regret: we feel inclined to write *publicity, publicity, publicity*, over and over again—to tease our readers with the word: we long for *publicity!* and we are confident that there is more virtue in a little “pernicious publicity,” than in all the orders of all the Governments of all the Indies.

There is another good reason for adopting the English language; after the expiration of the charter, it is confidently expected that colonization will be allowed. Europeans will then acquire real property in the Mofussil, where they must necessarily become entirely subject to the local Courts. They will soon become a numerous and influential body of men, they will contribute to raise the character of the natives, they will promote the knowledge of English, and will essentially aid the Government in the attempt to make it generally adopted. Until English is introduced, this class of men will feel no confidence in the Courts: a failure in any cause they will attribute to the inexperience of the Judge, the influence of his aumlah, or to whatever other reason their sircar may choose to assign; whilst success will be welcomed as a piece of good luck, or as the natural result of heavy *law charges*. After its introduction they will attend the Cutcherries themselves,

they will understand what is going on, they will communicate their own impressions to the natives, whose judgment will be mainly formed by theirs, and they will form a valuable connecting link between the Government and the people. May not the attainment of such an object be counted amongst the advantages, which will flow from the introduction of the English language.

A friend of ours has urged upon us the well known argument that we should "let well alone:" he maintains that all things considered, the machine works uncommonly well, and that we should not be justified in rushing upon rash experiments so long as the present system answers the purpose. To this we reply by renewing the shout for publicity! All goes smoothly, does it? It is the smoothness of the ocean when she has swallowed up Navies; it is the calm that brooded over Venice in her bloodiest day; it is the quiet which distinguishes Austria at the present hour; it is the silence of secrecy, for where nothing is known, nothing can be complained of; and if it be argued, that in *this* country we need not be *afraid* of speaking, or writing, we answer, that it matters little whether fear, or ignorance create the treacherous and unnatural repose.

To attempt to describe the advantages which the introduction of the English language would confer generally upon Hindoostan independent of its influence upon the Courts of Justice, would be to write an essay on man. We shall therefore allude only to one general effect to be anticipated, as it is more immediately than the rest connected with the subject under discussion. The natives of this country are said to be devoid of moral character: the wisest and most benevolent men may labour and may legislate, but their laws are enacted in vain so long as the executive has not a means of discovering a simple fact. Our jurisprudence is in advance of the people and without enquiring in this place whether the law should be suited to what the people *are*, or to what they *ought to be*, the only course now left us is to raise the latter to a level with the former. Perjury and forgery are crimes of which few natives, whom we see in Courts, are ashamed, they see no moral wrong in them, and subornation of perjury is what very few natives at all would object to. Under these circumstances, however perfect the theory by which the rights of persons and of things are secured, they are not likely in practice to be very well protected.* Education and national improvement are the means, the only means

* We have heard public men declare that they could always separate the truth from the falsehood; and we reluctantly remember something of the sort in Mr. P——'s letter on Anmlah influence.—Now whenever we meet with one of these clever fellows, we uniformly claim the same capability; but we would not deceive our readers, and therefore whisper to them in a note that in point of fact, we are *not* conjurers!

by which this evil can be remedied, and no measure would contribute so immediately to their advancement, as the introduction of the English language.

The first step, has already been taken—most cautiously taken ; a feeler has been put out to invite discussion, to try the “temper of the times,” and we hail its appearance. The Governor General has commenced, it is said an English correspondence with the Native independent princes : a piece of news only important as being, the “*premier pas*.” As to whether the princes will like it, or not ; or whether English secretaries will be forthcoming or not, it is irrelevant to enquire ; the work has been commenced—may nothing occur to prevent its steady progress.

We might lengthen out this paper to any extent by considering the various arrangements which it would be necessary to make in the several Courts and Cutcherries as it came to their turn to receive their mother tongue ; we might speculate upon the path which the new language must take from the Sudder Dewannee Adawlut down to the Sezawul's Cutcherry ; but in the first place, this would require most extensive knowledge of detail throughout the country than we at the present moment have at command ; and in the second, we think we have already been quite tedious enough. The subject would be even more dry and far more uninteresting than that of which we are now about to take our leave ; we will therefore postpone it *sine die* confident that when the time comes the plan will be carried into execution with the greatest possible regard to the interests and convenience of the public both European and Asiatic. No doubt there would be difficulty and expence to all parties at first, but if the advantages are ultimately to bear any proportion to those which we have anticipated we ought not to hesitate. The sudden, and forcible imposition of Turkish or Persian upon a conquered people would be an act of tyranny ; but the gradual introduction of any European language rich as they all are in literature and moral philosophy into a country like India, would be an act of infinite wisdom and philanthropy. H.

**DÉSCRIPTION OF THE JUNGLE FERRY DISTRICTS,
INHABITED BY THE CHOOARS, INCLUDING BORABHOOM,
DHOLBHOOM, &c.**

About 30 miles to the north west of Midnapore, commences a tract of country, which, since our earliest communications with India, has remained in comparatively undisputed possession of the wild beasts of its interminable thickets, or the scarcely more humanized denizens of its wretched hamlets. Uninviting in general appearance and affording but unprofitable returns to the speculations of the commercial wayfarer, it is yet strange, that so large a tract of country, scarcely a hundred miles from Calcutta, should have remained totally unexplored and unknown. A few hasty sketches of the "*terra incognita*" may perhaps be not altogether void of interest.

Approaching Midnapore from the north, a few strips of iron stone, with here and there patches of a gravelly soil, are met with, for some miles distance—but they are scarcely to be noticed. And on the east side, until you enter the town, the old paddy fields of Bengal hold undisputed sway; so that the jungle appears divided from the arable land by no intermediate link, and spreads like a sea of desolation direct from a genial boundary. As far as Rypore, (a town nearly 40 miles N. W. of Midnapore) the banks of the Cossai river, which flows by both places, retain their fertility; and fields and thickly interspersed villages, with good carriage roads, diverge for 6 to 10 miles from the water side. The Soobonreeka, another river, running nearly parallel to the Cossai, at a distance of about 50 miles, presents in its valley a similar contrast to the surrounding sterility; but from a want of inhabitants, the ground is only partially tilled or built upon, and its richness is more developed by the hand of nature, in the masses of vegetation, and parks of trees (some of immense size) which here luxuriate in uncontrolled profusion.

The intermediate space is one waste of rock, hill, and dale, and table land intersected by nullas and ravines; the whole covered with a monotonous extent of stul jungle. On the banks of the larger nullas, the prevailing features of the country are diversified by denser masses of forest trees and underwood, interspersed with every variety of the most beautiful vegetation. Many of these spots are lovely, beyond any thing that imagination can conceive of nature, until her fantastic work have been witnessed in the hearts of these secluded recesses. Huge trees rear over the turfy banks of the clear hill stream, in long rows

like a gothic aisle of superb dimensions. From trunk to trunk hang festoons and clusters of the wild vine and other parasitical plants, many of which are richly studded with flowers; these either stoop down in slender wreaths to the water's surface, or passing across the higher branches, lie reflected on the deep eddy, like a lofty ceiling of exquisite fretwork. High and abrupt hills, clothed with thick jungle, close round the scene, and intercepting the sun's rays, save for a few hours about the meridian, wrap these vallies in a cool and almost unbroken summer twilight of shade. In the mornings and evenings these spots are enlivened by countless species of the feathered race, and the glades re-echo to an infinite variety of notes, from the abrupt crow of the jungle cock to the melting strains of the shahmah warbler. As the day advances the chorus ceases, the birds retire into the thickets, and the valley becomes lonely and still.

Winding onwards, the nulla enters a different scene. Grey walls of granite, rise abruptly for twenty, fifty, or a hundred feet from the water—or else, piled in shapeless masses, form bogs and pools, and fanciful inlets to the stream; in other parts, fragments, as if rolled from the hill side, stretch across the water, and breaking its smooth course into a hundred threads of silver, present rude but stable bridges of every form and variety.

Such are spots, which might well make "even a wilderness dear," were it not that a sense of utter solitude, of total seclusion from the vicinity of mankind, stamps the beauties of the scene with a sensation of awe rather than of pleasure. A loneliness is perceptible in the shaded recesses of the jungle. Silence creeps along with the stream. A sombre stillness broods over the valley, and we feel as if we had invaded nature in her most secret recess, the sacred beauty of which had never been intended for the rude gaze of man.

The plains, or more correctly speaking, the table land, which stretches from one line of hills to the other, is more thinly clad with jungle, and the soil being in parts susceptible of cultivation. It is here, that the villages of the Chooars may be met with. The houses are much of the same construction as those of the common Bengallee bustees, though on a poorer scale; the size and population of each settlement being in proportion to the extent of arable land, which surrounds their dwellings. The generality of these are, however, merely what are called in America "clearings," and the people subsist on the supplies obtained from more opulent quarters. In the still more retired parts, the huts of the Natives are merely constructed of branches of trees, planted in a circle, and joined together at the top, the interstices being filled up with twigs and leaves.

The people of these districts are divided into three classes, the Raiots, Boomijes, and Curriahs. The former scarcely differ from the common Bengallee; they are the cultivators of the soil, and may scarcely be ranked as Natives of the Jungle Mehals, having, though many generations back, emigrated from more civilized and distant parts. *The Boomijes and Curriahs are the true Chooars, they lead an idle roaming life, depending on the Raiots for supplies, in cases of emergency, when they betake themselves to their fastnesses, and mixing freely with them and living in the same villages in quieter times. The Curriahs reside wholly in the hills, some parts of which they are able to cultivate. There is a subdivision, rather perhaps a variety of caste among the Boomijes, calling themselves Sontauls; the distinguishing traits of which sect I am not acquainted with.

The Curriahs are an athletic, light and handsome race, with regular, and in many instances delicate features, united with much physical strength. The Boomijes are for the most part a slight-limbed, active, and ill-favoured race, many of them resembling the hill tribe of Tibet, in the broad cheek bone, flattened nose, and oblique eye. They wear scarcely any clothing beyond a piece of cloth round the loins, which almost moulders off before renewal, the sirdars or chieftains being alone distinguished by a turban of the same material. For fighting, however, they generally strip themselves naked. The Curriahs have the head bare, their long hair knotted behind and falling in a plume on the back of the neck; they wear in addition to the Boomijes and Sontauls, short square pieces of cloth from the shoulder over the back, similar in shape to the capotes of the Albanians, and forming a not ungraceful addition to their well knit and buoyant figures.

The arms of these people consist principally of bows and arrows, in the use of which they show extreme dexterity. The bow is made of the paukh or hill bamboo; a strip of the same supplying the cord. Those for the feet are of great strength, and require long habit in using. They are placed, for practice, on two short forked sticks—the archer sits down close to it, applying the soles of his feet to the bow, the arrow lying between them, and then holding the string with his hands, pulls it back, stretching himself out in the attitude of one rowing. In this way arrows weighing sometimes half a pound, are discharged to great distances. The most eligible position for this projectile, is on a steep declivity where the marksman takes aim readily at an object below him, without materially altering his position.

* Literally "countrymen" Boom, used generally as a terminal, signifies country. Dholboom, Maudboom, Burraboom, (the lands of the boar) &c.

These bows are known amongst most hill people in India and were much used by the Bheels and Ghoorkas.

As one of many instances of their skill in shooting, a man selected from a number of competitors for a small prize, held out to the best marksman by the present collector of Midueepour—transfixed a common bamboo walking stick, placed upright on the ground, at a distance, if I remember right, of 90 yards. They project the arrows also with considerable force. A sepoy during the disturbances in 1832, had a lota, which hung to his napsack, shot completely through, from a long range. They use these missiles in procuring their own subsistence. Mechams and covert ways of branches are formed in many parts of the jungle, from whence the “shikarree” himself clothed in a mantle of old dead leaves, takes deliberate aim at the passing deer, hogs, peafowl, &c. And rarely fails in securing something. The arrow is also their chief fishing instrument, for which purpose it is formed like a long nail, with a single barb and an eyelet hole, for some yards of thin strong twine, the other end of which rest in coils on the shoulder. Large fish, when swimming slowly along the surface of the water, are readily transfixed, and brought to land by the line.

Besides bows and arrows they are commonly armed with a battle axe, called **Bulwar** or **Goorsa**, the edge of which is deeply indented and of a curvilinear form. They are light and efficacious weapons. **Tulwars** of the commonest sword form and a long sort of pike are used, but more sparingly. They have also matchlocks, which they use with tolerable accuracy, fired on a rest from some concealed spots. **Lead**en bullets are however a great rarity, in lieu of which they load with cylindrical pieces of a hard slaty stone, from its form a very uncertain projectile, but inflicting severe wounds when successful. Every clan, of 40 or 50 men has its blacksmith, for the sole purpose of forging arrow heads, of which we always found a plentiful supply. When a number are prepared, they are subjected before distribution to grand ceremonies, the **Nyah** (or priest) blessing them by every promise. “If ye hit a tree, its bark shall dry up and its roots wither, and its leaves fall and if shall die! If ye hit a bear in the hills, it shall become cold! If ye hit an enemy he shall become dead. And his wife and children, and his mother, and father shall die—and his cattle run wild in the jungles, and his tanks dry up, and his rice perish.” All of which the auditors receive with implicit faith.

The **Chooars** are **Hindoos** of a modified description, invoking **Kalee** on all occasions. Their principal objects of veneration appear to be local and tutelary spirits, supposed to reside among the jungles and hills. Every remarkable spot, a rock, or pass, or

deeper dell in the forest has its bhoot or evil spirit. The chief of these resides on the top of Dalma, the highest hill in the district. To him an annual pilgrimage is made by the people, who resort thither in great numbers, with singing, dancing and procession. It was on this spot that their chief ring-leader, Gunga Narain held his durbars, assuming still greater sanctity in the eyes of his followers, by his choice of residence. They have several festivals throughout the year. The principal ones are in propitiation of the spirits of hunting and fishing, which occur twice during a twelvemonth, hundreds collect for this purpose, either to scour the jungles in a general "Hankai" as it is called, or to wind along the banks of rivers and nullas, where destruction is dealt on every tribe of fish that infests the waters.

The music of these simple people is of the most barbarous description, as to the nature of the instruments, but scarcely so offensive to the ear, as the horrific clangs and screams of a more refined Hindoo orchestra. An accompaniment *obligato* to all vocal performance is derived from a peculiar instrument. A cocoa-nut cut at both ends and well polished, is fitted on one extremity with a tight parchment cover, on the other a string is stretched across made of twisted horse hair. This unique lyre is held close to the body by the left hand, the fingers of the right being vigorously employed on the cord. By compressing the elastic nut-shell, the string relaxes and a graver sound is produced, resuming its tension gives birth to the acute tone and this is the only method of varying the intonation of its limited gamut. Very old people are the performers, an anomaly in musical qualifications peculiar to Chooar amateurs. A band of these aged bards was constantly in attendance on one of the petty jungle rajahs, Burrut Singh of Goberqosee in Burrabhoom. When he paid his visits of ceremony, and as though exclaiming with the last minstrel.

"And said I that my limbs were old
"And said I that my blood run cold?" &c.

They set themselves to the practical application of the science, with a vigor worthy of younger years, although they might scarcely have mustered more than six teeth among the six professors. They use likewise bamboo flutes, the ends adorned with long wreathes of some sort of pith. Their tom-toms are of all sizes and well toned. The deep dull sound of the war-drum was not displeasing to the ear, as it was answered and carried on for miles over the hills whenever intelligence was received of the approach of our parties.

Little can be said with regard to the warfare carried on last cold season in the jungles. It was of the most desultory nature, and occasioned, but little bloodshed. The extreme disparity of

weapons and their small numbers, prevented the Chooars from coming in actual collision with our ranks, which were subjected to few casualties during their stay in the country. Their extreme vigilance on the other hand, and the almost impervious nature of the country, rendered them tolerably safe from our attacks and harassed the heavily accoutred sepoy, without their ever being able to strike a definitive blow. In some places they had erected substantial stockades, but for what purpose besides amusing themselves with a belief of resistance, is not clear, as they were evacuated on the first attack, the garrison placing much greater confidence in the natural barriers of rock and thicket which surrounded them. I should here mention that in two cases, when detachments of the 24th N. I. came upon stockades the inmates were dislodged without returning a shot. It was probably from the effects of a sudden surprise, for the garrison could have but little idea of true and false attack, diversions in the rear and demonstrations in front, &c. resources in our tactics, which they could have scarcely calculated against. A "dour," as it was called, that is a secret expedition of one or more companies from the head quarters, was a system unlike any thing we may meet with in modern warfare, saving perhaps some instances of "Still hunting" in Ireland. Day break, sometimes moonlight were the most eligible moments for surprising them during the cold season, when they were benumbed with cold and their chowkies less vigilantly watched for this purpose. The party would leave camp about 3 or 4 o'clock, according to the distance of the spot, and set forth with all silence and secrecy, groping their way through the jungle and over the rocks as well as circumstances permitted. By following judicious guides, their outposts were avoided and the party led by a circuitous rout to the rear of the point attacked. If during the approach, no drums were heard the party would halt, remaining in the immediate vicinity of the place, until the first break of day began to render objects visible. They would then advance silently and quickly, and sometimes get within fair point blank range of several groupes sitting round their fires. After the first volley, the survivors instantly dispersed, darting with the speed of deer up the rocks, and through the jungle and were seldom brought again into view, within musket shot, for the rest of the day. The araul was then burnt, and the grain and other provisions destroyed—the latter was generally found buried, to the amount of a hundred maunds or more. The cattle, goats, poultry, &c. fell into our hands, together with any prisoners, women or children who might not have effected their escape. While this was going on, the arrows began to drop in at intervals, and when the detachment marched off, the fugitives

collected round the rear, or made detours to meet the column at a pass, keeping up an unceasing annoyance of arrows, with an occasional matchlock until the extent of jungle was traversed, and open ground obliged them to cease following the steps of the party. In return for this, a continued rattle of musketry was of course maintained, the sepoys taking aim wherever they saw an arrow emerge. In a day or two after, the reports would reach camp whether any of the Chooars had been killed or not; the average number was small enough in most cases.

Round the camp these people kept a vigilant look out, having their watchmen placed in the verge of the jungle, as near the sentries as possible. Squatted underneath some bush, the head and body covered with a cloak of leaves sown together, they had opportunities of sending their arrows at a straggler without fear of detection, and of apprising their comrades of the least movement. Hence it was but too often the case, when a detachment arrived at an araul, to find it totally deserted and cleared of every moveable article altho' every expedient for secrecy had been resorted to. The camp followers frequently fell victims to their own cupidity, in wandering outside the pickets for plunder. Rambling about the deserted villages and gradually straying from the vicinity of the camp they rarely escaped the quick eyes of a hidden enemy, and as certainly found no mercy at their hands. They have been brought back on doolies mutilated and cut to pieces with battle-axes in the most disgusting manner, others escaping, have run back to camp, with the loss of a hand or an arm. But though these instances were not of rare occurrence, no example could deter them from going out, perhaps a mile from the pickets, in the hope of procuring a stick or two of sugar cane, a handful of gram, a little straw for "Bichallee" or some such trash, whenever we entered a fresh encamping ground. The prospect of obtaining such, with the immunity of parting with his heart's idol, his "pysa" being too irresistible in the eyes of a Bengallee, to withstand the risking of life or limb. Another grand inducement, the darling sin of pilfering, was not to be withstood, however severe the penalty, which so often stared them in the face.

During the excursions of a detachment (from the 34th regt.) in the southern parts of Dhalboom, they not unfrequently, fell in with bodies of people, altogether different from the Boomijes. It is supposed from the arrows they made use of, that they were Seiks, which suspicion was strengthened by discovering several "Chuckees" or quoits among them, a weapon much used by that people. Whether these were mercenary bands, or disaffected members of some of the larger Hindoo Settlements, was never clearly ascertained.

The Boomijes divide distances into the Koss—Paw, and Dha-kee, (an ambiguous term, chiefly designating an ear-shot distance,) their manner of computing the loss is singular—a leaf is torn off the saul tree, and when it withers in the hand of the traveller the loss is accomplished by this method. Rude as it appears they have portioned the distance off with comparative accuracy and as nearly two British miles as possible. These people speak in a rude Bengallee dialect, it gets more and more indistinct after advancing a short way into Pachete and Singboom, until completely lost in the Col language, which bears no affinity to the Bengallee or Hindustani.

The productions of the soil in the Jungle mehals, are limited to the scanty portions of arable land met within the precincts of the forests. Sugar cane is much cultivated; it grows to a great size, and is of excellent flavour. Gram thrives in some situations, but never reaches any size. It was not found to agree well with our cattle. Tobacco is grown partially, but of indifferent quality. The lowest parts of flat vallies are stocked with paddy in tolerable abundance, mangoe, tamarind and jack trees are met with in the neighbourhood of villages, but the cocoa, palm, and Betel cease to exist in this soil. The ground of the table lands is indiscriminately composed of argillaceous tracts interspersed with gravel, mica, lime stone, or iron stone. Calc is efflorescent, in many parts giving an appearance to the earth, as if covered with glittering hoar-frost; this was generally seen in sandy regions. The hilly tracts were almost entirely of granite and sandstone, with slate in the lower strata; coal was frequently met with in company with the latter. In one place, Luckra in Suttakehance (Borabhoom.) it was nearly superficial, and of excellent quality. The larger rivers run over sandy beds, and wash down much gold at certain periods. The Soobonreeka, in the dialect of the frontier Coles, has derived its name; from this peculiarity. The zoological kingdom in these jungles offers infinite variety to a lover of nature; but such is the impervious nature of the country, that he is seldom gratified by the acquisition of the rarest specimens. The Gowar, a noble species of Bull, is met with in large herds—but they are so difficult of access that very few have ever been brought into immediate notice. The animal is shaped like the English bull, of a pure chestnut color, and stands full six feet from the withers. Elephants roam about in countless herds; they are of small size, very swift and unapproachable; tigers are scarce, hyænas in great numbers, with deer, hog, bears and others of the species generally met with in our jungles. The Hunaman monkey, and the small common species frequent the skirts of the forest in thousands, but are never found in the interior. A beautiful scarlet-colored squirrel (*sciurus ma-*

erourus) and the flying squirrel (of a species hitherto unknown) are common. The Lemur *Tardigradus* is met with, and also porcupines near cultivation, and the manir or pangolin, near ant-hills. Birds are found of every species; with a few exceptions nearly all that inhabit Bengal, may be seen here. Wild ducks in their migrations pass over this country unnoticed, only two that breed in the woods being ever found; the whistling teal and the Gerra duck. The Syrus frequents occasional marshy tracts, with some species of the Ciconia, and snipe swarm in every convenient place. The woods resound morning and evening to the crows of the jungle cocks, which are here very numerous, but so wary, that they are scarcely ever procurable by the gun. Peacocks are abundant and by their splendid appearance add much to the beauty of the scenery. Of the smaller birds there is such a variety, that it would far exceed the limits of this sketch to enumerate them. The most beautiful of these. *Muscicapa brevirostris* with its dazzling plumage of scarlet and black, is often seen, shining amid the trees. An elegant species of the Curucui has been found here. The deeper glades by the banks of streams, are inhabited by numbers of the shahmour whose exquisite song vies with that of the nightingale. The bursts of enchanting music issuing from the deep nooks where this bird sits day and night, give an air of holy sweetness to the beautiful spots where they are chiefly found. A large species of hornbill, frequents the taller trees in the jungle, and by its quaint appearance adds to the novelty of the view. Countless varieties of insects may be met with in different situations. The shaded glades of the forest watered by pure streams, and enriched by flowers, of every shape and hue are enlivened in the warmer parts of the day, by hundreds of the lepidopteræ, of a species which, I have never before seen among the specimens of collectors. Their gaudy appearance and their numbers recall to mind a passage in the diary of a traveller, in Africa, who was surprised in some parts of the woods at observing the "showers of butterflies," which appeared confined to some particular spot.

In concluding this hasty outline, it is with a feeling of regret, that I close the subject without having it in my power to remark more fully upon the Geology of the country, or to enter into a scientific enumeration of its vegetable productions; of these the Junglemohals appear to be grand deposit, and it is reasonably to be supposed that by the investigations of men of ability, acquisitions in the mineral and botanical kingdom might be obtained, which have hitherto been little dreamt of as existing so immediately in the vicinity of the capital of India.

During the movement of the troops in the jungles, little time was afforded for minute investigation of any nature; nor indeed,

had there been, is it probable that the expedition was attended by any one sufficiently versed in those sciences, to have drawn out a comprehensive statistical detail of a country, hastily supposed to be a mere wilderness, but in itself, replete with interest.

T.

STANZAS.

When o'er our path kind Fortune smiles, as smiles the summer fair,
And not a cloud life's landscape shades, and music fills the air,
Unmoved her lavish gifts are viewed, and thanklessly possess'd,
We prize not, with a grateful heart, the good that makes us blessed.

But when these gifts are all withdrawn, and threat'ning clouds appear,
When Want, with haggard mien appals, and misery is near;
When timid Hope affrighted flies the prospect overcast,
Ah! only then we seem to know the glory of the past.

When Love, with soft endearing sway, is so'veign of our home,
And sheds o'er every scene a charm, that makes it hard to roam,
Though sweet and dear the present bliss its worth is half unknown;
Until with vain and bitter grief we find the pleasure flown.

When cold distrust and jealousy usurp Love's tranquil sway,
And foul suspicion fiercely frowns and scares each smile away;
The value of our loss we learn, with idle, fond regret,
And prize full well the light of love, when love's last sun has set.

When blessed by those who claim our hearts by nature's common ties,
Whose every deed of kindness done fresh happiness supplies;
How carelessly the boon we take whose bliss we daily prove;
The chain whose links, by nature formed, are rivetted by love.

When Death's relentless hand has snapped the links of life apart,
How dearly then each injured friend is cherished in the heart;
We feel the worth of those we love and mourn their mortal doom,
And love them best, and prize them most, when buried in the tomb.

LAICUS.

BIANCA DI-CAPELLO;
OR,
THE BEAUTY OF VENICE.

It was a clear moonlight night, when Manfred Cassanova, emerging from a postern of his palazzo in Venice, sought the square of Saint Mark's. Wrapping his mantle close around him, he stood for some time in silence, where the shadows fell deepest from the lofty dome of the Cathedral. "Now," thought he, as for the twentieth time he felt for the keen stiletto that was concealed in the folds of his vest, "if evil be intended towards me, I have yet a good weapon and a willing arm, and it shall be found, that Manfred Cassanova will not suffer injury without requital; but if he bring me to safe speech with that high haughty dame, so peerless in her beauty, and gain me a favourable reception, I'll do his bequest, were it to poignard the Doge!" "Have a care, the walls of Saint Mark's have ears," whispered a soft silvery voice, close to the cavalier. "Hah! thou art here," exclaimed the Cavalier; "lead on, I am armed!" "Armed!" exclaimed the mask, drawing back in apparent distrust; "do you fear the enterprize?" "Men do not travel at night, through the streets of Venice, with unknown guides, without weapons," was the reply. "You have no violence to fear from me," was the rejoinder: "are you willing to give the reward I demanded?" "Yes, if thou art true to thy word," replied the cavalier, in a haughty tone: "The noblesse of Venice seldom lack gold to reward services, such as that for which thou art now employed." "Signior," replied the mask, in a suppressed voice, poverty often makes villains of us; you are endeavouring to deceive me—aye, start! I have drank the Genoese wine in fair Tuscany, and know the Florenese accent from that of Venice!" "Thou art more shrewd than I guessed thee," was the prompt reply—"and my name?" "Wears a high title, and would ill sound in companionship with the daughter of Bartholemew Capello, the rich Venetian jeweller." "As thou seemest to have read through my disguise, keep my secret." "Fear me not," was the reply: "thinkest thou, I would have entered on this dangerous enterprize, were I not aware, thou wert well able to reward me—abide by my guidance, and thou may'st yet become the lucky wooer of the fairest dame in Venice." "But stop, sir—whither art thou leading me," enquired the cavalier, as he remarked, his guide was leading him down the narrow and intricate lanes and bridges that led to the lagoons; "surely the daughter of a rich

jeweller would not abide in this part of the city?" "Aye, even here," was the rejoinder; "have I not told thee, that the maiden fled from the roof of her sire, and that the man's fortune were made that would but give the rich jeweller a hint of where his lost daughter is abiding." "And who, in God's name, art thou?" rejoined the Cavalier, suddenly halting on one of the narrow bridges, under which the moon-lit waters were silently gliding. "An obscure individual," was the reply; "one, whose name, if even revealed to you, were of no moment: are you willing to proceed; the night wears apace." "Proceed, I follow on one condition which I must know, and on which you have as yet been silent—is the damsel married, or has she eloped as a paramour?" "She is a wife," was the reply of the black mask, in a low and hesitating voice; "she loves her husband; but knowing that his discovery would be his destruction, and being deeply distressed in pecuniary matters, rather than hazard an application to the rich jeweller, your persuasion and gold may win her over." "Did I not love her so! by Heaven, I would give over this adventure," replied the cavalier, "'tis downright villainy." "Deep as hell," was the rejoinder of the black mask, slowly; "but such things are common in Venice, and the love of such a woman might reconcile the most virtuous to guilt." "But the husband of Bianca?" enquired the cavalier. "Is from home—a false errand has sent him miles away. "I must now leave thee—dost thou not mark yon low porched door—that on which the moonlight is glistening, next to that tall building with the numerous projecting balconies?" "Yes, yes; but my excuse, my plea for entering?" asked Manfred, doubtfully. "Show this," replied the Black Mask, offering a small keen dagger, "and mark—say, thou art well acquainted with her husband; that dagger will too well witness for thee—as" ("and hear the voice of him," the Black Mask faltered) "we both have seen and done deeds, that are registered in hell! Spare not threats of discovering Pietro Buonaventuri to the senate, and put this crape vizard over thy face—so, well; knock thrice at the door, and at the third knock, pronounce the word "caution;" 'twill be immediately opened to thee. We shall meet at St. Mark's, but tarry not long." So saying, he of the Black Mask, glided softly and silently from the side of Manfred Cassanova. Thrice did the young cavalier knock at the door of the humble dwelling of the fugitive jeweller's daughter, and was answered by a silvery voice, demanding his name and purpose. The word "caution" caused the door to be immediately unbarred, and in a second more, the lovely wife of Pietro Buonaventuri stood with a lamp in her hand, before the ardent glance of her masked vi-

sitor; starting back with a hurried gesture, she exclaimed, "Here must be some mistake—yet the countersign?" "Fear not lady," replied Manfred; "I come from one well known to your husband." "Hast thou no other token, Signior?" was the next enquiry. "This," replied Manfred, as he displayed the keen short dagger in the moonbeams—"dost thou know the token? See, the blade is marked with a cross." "Enter, enter in Heaven's name," hurriedly responded the jeweller's daughter, and after carefully closing the door, led the way into a low miserably furnished apartment. A few embers of wood still dimly burned on the hearth. Placing the lamp on the table, she motioned Manfred to be seated. Well might the historians of the De Medici extol the almost seraphic beauty of the Venetian jeweller's daughter. Italy, 'tis said, never produced its equal—the deep blue eyes, expansive forehead, raven ringlets, and the complexion so delicately fine—a mouth that seemed expression's organ, though now the lips were partly unclosed, displaying the small fine teeth, as in the moment of apprehension, she gazed intently on the mask of her companion, and parting a stray ringlet off her pencilled brow, drew the clusters of her raven hair, through her snowy fingers. Her dress, however, was little better than that of a peasant; yet even in this garb, the matchless outlines of the Venetian beauty's figure appeared to perfection.

"Stranger, you have produced a fearful token from Cosmo, though from your dress, I can hardly suppose you lurked with them in that fearful night's business." "The nobles and cavaliers of Venice, fair dame, are often put to straits to obtain money," replied Manfred: "thy husband's secret is in my keeping; nay, more; one whisper in the ear of Bartholomew Capello, the jeweller were worth his life—thou knowest that thy father hath claimed thee of the senate, as the daughter of Venice, and Pietro, thy husband, does not belong to this state." "Alas, I know it but too well," replied Bianca, mournfully: "Heaven knows what I have suffered, since the day I left my father!" "Lady, there may be many who are willing to afford the aid." "How, how?" interrupted Bianca: "Pietro is an outlawed man; yet, even in his sorrow and distress, I will not desert him, though the God above knows, he hath often cruelly treated me, who fled her home, and all for his sake." "Truly, lady, this miserable dwelling ill accords with the comforts of a Capello's daughter." "It were even a paradise to me," quickly replied Bianca, "if I but possessed those wayward affections that once were mine: but forgive me Signior, this is not a fitting theme for the ears of a stranger, though, alas! thou seemest to know but too much already of our miserable fortunes." "Thou speakest truly," in-

interrupted Manfred ; “ thou knowest this Cosmo, who is better known in Venice as the black mask.” “ But too well,” was the faint reply of Bianca ; “ often at midnight, hath he and my husband sallied forth, Heaven knows, for what purpose.” “ There is money paid for blood in Venice, lady,” replied Manfred : “ this person named the black mask, is well known to me, 'tis but a few minutes since we parted,—but thy husband ; whither tarrieth he ? ” “ He hath left some two hours back with this Cosmo,” was the reply, “ and said, he purported returning near morning.” “ I must be candid with the dame,” interrupted Manfred ; “ I have reason to believe, a plot has been laid for thy husband's life—you need powerful assistance ; this unknown man, named the Black Mask, hath been bribed to betray thy husband ! ” “ Betray him,” exclaimed Bianca, starting from her seat and holding the lamp towards her visitor ; “ and who in Heaven's name art thou, that comest thus with this mysterious token,” pointing to the dagger, “ to tell *me* this ? ” “ One, lady, known to thy husband—in many a desperate game ; does Pietro never visit the Lacinno's houses ? ” “ Sir Mask, I know thee not,” replied Bianca firmly, although a deadly paleness overspread her countenance ; “ thou mayest be a spy of the senate, and having wrung from the lips of my captive husband, his fatal secrets, comest here by night to win from the lips of his heart-broken wife, a further confirmation of his guilt ; shame on thee, if that thou art a man of any feeling, if that a wife hath ever lain on thy bosom—shame on thee again, to entrap the confessions of the wife against the husband ! ” “ I have been married,” bitterly replied Manfred ; but he resumed after a pause : “ thou wrongest me by thy suspicions.” “ Then who art thou,” enquired Bianca ; “ is it manly, thus working on the fears of a helpless female ? ” “ Thou art over severe on me, lady—by Heavens, there is not that gift earth can produce, that I would not give to gain one kind word from thee : thy husband loves thee not, he spurns a woman—than whom (nor believe I speak the flattery of the court) Venice hath not the superior ! ” “ Hold ! hold ! Sir, these are words a virtuous wife should never hear.” “ Yet, proud girl, wouldst thou see thy husband betrayed ? Then would not all the influence of the Doge himself, save him from the rack ! aye, tremble ! for so help me Heaven, such shall be his doom.” “ Then what can his helpless wife do, to avert his fate ? ” replied the beautiful girl as with compressed and bloodless lips she stood before the unknown visitor—“ Canst thou not guess ? ”—“ I know not thy meaning,” replied Bianca ; “ I am poor in the gifts of this world and have for ever angered a kind and indulgent father.” As a tear slowly trickled from her dark silken eye-lash—“ Bribes I have

none to offer"—“And yet lady to possess but one half the love you bear for this Pietro Buonaventuri, one high in power would raise you both to affluence, far from the power of the Senate”—“Sir Mask, to plead ignorance now of your dishonorable intentions would be hypocrisy—Sir!—rather than with the slightest freedom wrong my husband—wrong his honor, I would see him stretched on the rack and follow his fate! Shame on thee; wouldst thou have spoken this had I been the acknowledged daughter of Bartholomew Capello?—no!—for a dozen of my kinsmen’s rapiers had avenged the insult offered to their house!”—“Hah! by my faith thou carriest it bravely,” replied the Cavalier, “but the time!—this solitary chamber!—all combined shall win by force what persuasion could not effect,” and making a sudden spring forward he endeavoured to lay hands on his defenceless victim, when at the same moment a loud crash was heard from an apartment that opened out to the back of the house, and ere Manfred had reached the beautiful and shrieking girl, he was felled to the ground! A foot was instantly placed on his bosom and the point of a rapier pressed to his throat.—“Yield then! or thou diest on the spot!” exclaimed the rough voice of Pietro as he leant over the Cavalier.

As Manfred gazed upwards he could perceive the pale haggard countenance of the jealous husband, bent with a deadly look over him, whilst behind stood Maranello, habited as a fisherman. “I must yield,” he replied, “since fate has ordained this mischance. What are thy terms?” “First that thou be disarmed. Maranello pluck yon rapier from his side and search his vest for his stiletto—Cavaliers when going a wooing other men’s wives generally carry weapons about them—now thou mayest rise Signior—the husband gives thee thanks for the care thou wouldst have shown of La Bella Bianca Buonaventuri—Aye Signior,”—and here Pietro spoke for an instant in so low a tone as to be only heard by the person addressed. The communication was short, but the Cavalier sprang back *as if a dagger had been suddenly planted in his bosom—“Now,” said Pietro aloud, “write me an order for an hundred ducats, or thou never leavest this place alive, and swear, deeply swear! never to divulge aught of me or mine—swear as you value life.”—“I swear,” replied the discomfitted Cavalier, as he wrote the order, “Aye this is well,” replied Pietro, with a coarse chuckle.—“Maranello thou knowest the quarter of the town in which Signior Manfred Cassanova dwells, take this order on his Steward for one hundred ducats—bring them immediately on receipt, or Sir Cavalier if thou hast been but playing me false concerning this money, within one hour thy life may rue it.”—“Pietro, husband,” interrupted Bianca, “thou wouldst not commit a murder

in cool blood?"—"Peace woman," said Pietro; and seeing Marenello prepare to depart, he exclaimed "draw thou the bait after thee, fisherman; and mark me Signior!—move but a muscle and my rapier shall pass through your body.—Wife, throw some more logs on the fire and place yon flask on the table," and the ruffian coolly sat down to the table, which however was between him and his prisoner so as to prevent a surprize.

Fearfully the time seemed to pass and deeply did Pietro Buonaventuri quaff from the flask. Still the fire formed of logs of wood burned briskly up the chimney and cast its glare on the pale haggard countenance of the Italian.—"Come Signior, thou needest not be churlish, partake of this gascon wine; what tho' it be not so rich and mellow as you of the Noblesse quaff, it may serve on a turn like this, and by our Lady's grace one hundred ducats is not much for such a gallant Cavalier as Manfred Cassanova to pay; but of a surety you showed your taste:" and here the speaker cast a complacent look on the beautiful but marble white features of his lovely wife—"I must say thee, nay," was the rejoinder of the Cavalier in a sullen tone; "Curse that villain of the Black Mask for deceiving me!"—"Black Mask!" exclaimed Pietro with a sudden start, "what, what of him?" "You need not affect surprize," interrupted Manfred, "I've a shrewd guess this scene was got up between you, but as I have sworn to it I'll keep thy secret; tho' now," and he laid his hand on one of the immense logs of wood that had only commenced burning, "now as we are man to man I'll laugh at your rapier; aye smile," continued the Cavalier as he made the heavy and partly lit torch circle round his head with a whir like that of an immense bird on the wing; "one pat of this from my arm, would break your Milan steel to pieces." "Nay, I dont seek your life," was the reply, "as otherwise, it might have been mine some few minutes ago: there was a day, however, Signior, when Pietro Buonaventuri was not always furnished after this fashion—there was a time my plumed bonnet nodded among the best of them that shut the strada! But the world has its ups and downs, and does queer things; yourself for instance! who would think of finding you here, why all Florence would call shame." "The foul fiend seize the mischance," interrupted the Cavalier, but the bitterness of the imprecation was considerably softened, as he stole a glance towards the lovely Bianca. "Pietro, you know my real name, as the crape visor falling from my face, in the struggle, revealed my rather too well known features; you must be aware, that it is in my power to serve you?" "Nobly, if it suit your humour," was the reply; "but have I not acted well by thee—were I not perfectly justified in having poignarded you for this adventure?" "Granted, but taking remuneration,

cancels the deed." "I have accepted the ducats, for necessity has no law." "Then why not seek the protection of Florence," interrupted the Cavalier, "then will you be certain of security." "Art thou sincere in this," enquired Pietro, as he bent an enquiring glance on the countenance of Manfred; "would not racks and dungeons be my doom?—in Florence thou art all powerful—here thou carriest but little weight." "As there is a Heaven above, I speak the truth," replied the Cavalier. "Then I accept your offer," said Pietro, "'twas luck that brought me here, just in the nick of time," and he rubbed his hands with a grin of satisfaction: "I shall take your ducats but as a loan, for to be candid Signior, I shall have turned my condition before long; but Cosmo, he of the black mask, shall pay me for this; 'tis foul play, trying to dishonour his comrade. Come Bianca, though fortune has frowned upon us, the prospect brightens—here, Signior is your sword, to prove to you, that I at least am sincere;" and again he filled his goblet: "in the gorgeous palaces of Florence, you will soon forget the affront put on you by Pietro Buonaventuri. If you had wooed with a less boisterous voice, I might not have heard you, nor spoiled sport!" "Husband," interrupted Bianca, who until now had been silent, rising from her seat indignantly, "this is brutal and unmanly—I've suffered much from you; but mark me, for I speak as an insulted wife and Venetian, if but once again you speak after that fashion, that moment I quit you for ever—sorrow, shame, distress, and poverty, all have I suffered un murmuringly for you, true to that early love that you in better days inspired me with. Was it thus you wooed the daughter of the Venetian jeweller, in happier hours—thus that your wily language was whispered in my too ready ears, when by moonlight we floated down the silent waters, in our gondola—thus," she exclaimed, the true Italian blood mounting, whilst her eyes sparkled and her figure shook, "thus, when humble at my father's board, amid the proud citizens of Venice, you carried yourself so lowly!" "Diavolo!" interrupted Pietro, half un-sheathing his poignard, "but I have the will to stab thee on the spot! What thou wouldst feign be as the bride of one of the noblesse, and have a Cavalier Servente—why, if such even now be thy pleasure, the latter wish may be easily gratified," and he pointed with a sardonic grin to Manfred, whose eyes (the truth to tell) glistened at the proposal! "Heaven be my protector this night," replied the jeweller's daughter, as she hid her face with her hands, whilst her neck became the color of crimson! "this is the curse of filial disobedience." "Come, come, Bianca, I did but jest," interrupted Pietro, as he attempted to kiss her; but in an instant she sprung to the door,

the enraged Pietro followed, and with one blow felled the unfortunate girl to the ground! With a spring like that of a tiger, the Cavalier grappled with the ruffian. In the interim Bianca effected her escape from the house and fled.

“Wilt thou yield?” exclaimed the young noble, as he held Pietro by the throat, against the wall, till his face had become almost black; “and speak, or by the saints I’ll strangle thee—swear never to lay hands on that fair girl again: mark me! we are now man to man, and thou art but a child in my grasp.” “Unhand me! unhand me for Heaven’s sake,” hoarsely articulated Pietro—and when Manfred had partly relaxed his hold, he resumed in broken accents: “Duke de Medici! thou hast dealt sorely by me! see, my wife hath fled.” “I may befriend you,” replied Francesco Duke de Medici; but Pietro, thou art a fearful villain. I see your wife is virtuous, therefore, I for ever abandon the pursuit of the intrigue—thou shalt have the 100 ducats; take them and be content; as for thy wife, I’ll see she is provided for—fly from Venice, or thou mayest rue the tarrying!” “Truly, your highness acts nobly,” replied Pietro, with a contemptuous smile; “the house of Medici are noble: but I agree; money I need—and, as he rather thought than muttered,—revenge!” “Beware then, Pietro Buonaventuri,” replied the prince, as he resumed the cloak and visor, that had fallen in the struggle; beware! As for the means of keeping you from any desperate modes of supplying the necessities of life, you shall be supplied with a sufficient but moderate allowance.” “Your highness’s pleasure must be mine.” replied Pietro, again with a smile: “you will, no doubt, take care of the fair wife of Buonaventuri—they say, Francesco Duke de Medici was ever fonder of other men’s wives than his own!” “Thou hast nothing to fear respecting thy wife,” rejoined the noble, as he moved towards the door—still facing Pietro; and resumed: “if thou dost follow me two steps, my rapier shall make short work—thy wife will keep secret the place of thy abode; I have pledged myself.” So saying, emerging from the dwelling of Pietro Buonaventuri, the *ci devant* Manfred Cassanova hastily wound his way through a number of narrow and intricate streets and bridges, and until he once more sought the dome of St. Mark’s. Near this, however, a group of maskers interrupted his progress. “Ho! Sir Mask, whither so hastily? St. Antonio, thou must have had a bad siesta, that thou walkest thus fast, to gain a good night’s rest,” exclaimed one. “And pray who art thou, mystic one, said another.” “Who I am matters not. I have not interrupted *your* path, and therefore beg you to give room.” “Ho! ho! some hot fiery fencer, I’ll gage,” was the reply, “caust fence about?” “If *you* WILL compel

me, I must then even give you a sample; as for you," he resumed, addressing one of the masked party, "I have discovered you, your name is Alfieri." "My name of a surety, and who art *thou*?" "Seek not to know," was the rejoinder, "I'll unmask for none." "Well! well! thou seemest a ready hand at the weapon," was the reply, "even pass on." All immediately gave way, whilst the disguised noble hurried towards St. Mark's, determined to see once more, him of the Black Mask, and upbraid him with this treachery. Long before he could reach the place of assignation, he could hear the strains of the party he had encountered, as underneath some fair damsels' balcony they serenaded her by moonlight!

"Thou hast not tarried long," exclaimed he of the black mask, as he partly emerged from the shade—and he added in an agitated voice: "I feared danger had beset thy path—how sped thy suit?" For a second the Duke gazed on the figure of the unknown, at length he exclaimed, "Thou hast played me foul—this Pietro was but too ready to befriend his wife, and it has cost me one hundred ducats." "Signior, thou canst not mean this in earnest," interrupted the black mask: "Pietro was, as I stated, sent on a false errand—the devil surely must have aided him?" "If you would have me give credence to your words, unmask then." The unknown was evidently a little moved by this request, as he replied in a low tone, "Signior, I am too well known in Venice, to uncover even unto thee; the dangerous profession necessity has obliged me to adopt, makes a disclosure of my features perilous. Shouldst thou again, in the splendid palaces of rank and riches, meet Cosmo playing another character—wouldst thou not by some sudden exclamation, betray my fearful secret?" "This masking and mystery is carried too far," interrupted the Duke: "you speak of your safety, one call here, would bring numbers to your apprehension. Do you mark, yon stalworth Cavalier,—what were your means of defence against us both combined? or single handed should I fear thee?" Cosmo laughed scornfully, as he replied, "Think you, Signior, that I have embraced this perilous life, depending upon the strength of this arm alone? One shrill whistle here and there were fearful odds at my bidding; but, if you should even again recognize the features I am about to disclose, have I your promise, the promise of a De Medici, that you will keep my secret?" "I swear to it," interrupted the Duke, curiosity prompting his acquiescence.

The Black Mask was removed, and displayed the features of an elderly man—the hair, though thick, was silvery grey—but still, the complexion was florid.

“Art thou satisfied Duke?” “I know thee not,” was the reply: “what then caused your obvious dislike to unmask—speak?” “*We have met before,*” said the Black Mask: “but ’tis well, you have not recognized me; now tell me the issue of your adventures?”

A few words explained the whole. “You shall yet have speech of her,” said Cosmo: “you do not mean to give over the pursuit?” “She is now with her father, ere this,” rejoined the Duke; “for Venice must, in all its windings, be well known to her. I honor her virtue, and except to offer an apology for the past to the daughter of Bartholomew Capello, the Duke De Medici will move no more in this matter.” He of the Black Mask was evidently moved at this declaration, and for some time a silence ensued; at length in a hurried tone he exclaimed, “Then you abandon the intrigue: remember, she is the fairest dame in Venice, and many of our noblesse would enrich the man that could put them in possession of such charms!” “How canst thou?” interrupted the Duke, “Thinkest thou, that the old jeweller will ever give up his beautiful daughter, the only scion of his house?” “The claims of a husband ought to be paramount,” was the rejoinder. The Duke smiled, as he replied, “And the husband, a proscribed man. Why the dungeons of the inquisition would be the first measure resorted to, and the stone walls of that edifice tell no tales.” “True, true,” was the reply of the unknown: “you are rich, reward me, and I will have this Pietro Buonaventuri conveyed to Florence, where you are omnipotent. If your love for this dame has not diminished, by appointing him to some lucrative situation, he may with some show of justice claim his wife, which, as a wretched outcast, he can never hope to effect: pause yet again, my time is precious, for I am on a dangerous errand for another.”

The plan seemed feasible, and the Duke yielding to the artful suggestions of the unknown of the black mask, exclaimed, “I leave Venice for Florence, to-morrow; your reward shall be handsome. See this Pietro, money may induce him to accept the offer, for I know him to be as avaricious as he is extravagant.” Here the unknown of the Black Mask seemed moved by some strange agitation. “Be it so Duke, ere long I’ll be with you in the ‘City of Roges,’—I ever loved the Arno and the marble palaces of Florence, unlike gloomy Venice, with its narrow streets, canals, and bridges. Adieu—and mark, have your eye about you. That Pietro Buonaventuri hath a true Italian heart; keep the middle of the street, as a short turning might salute your highness’s ribs with six inches of cold steel.” And with his usual noiseless step, the unknown disappeared amid the dark columns of the cathedral. The duke sought by a private passage entrance

into the palazzo, where he had fixed his temporary abode at Venice.

'Twas evening, the balmy breath of flowers breathed from many a trelliced terrace that swept with gentle declivities to the water's edge; and many fair marble palaces, with their long porticoes, threw their shadows on the bosom of the tide. The music of the distant boatmen stole over the waters, like the music of a dream—whilst the mists of eve were floating over the calm waves, and silvery beams mingling with the dying twilight, displayed the gentle glory of the fair sovereign of night. The eye might rest on many a moonlit sail, as they glided over the waves, and the sound of distant boatmen, and the song of the gondolier stole with soft and witching melancholy on the ear. On such a night it was, that to a beautiful building only separated from the water by a flight of marble steps, that a gondola came swiftly to the shore. The crimson curtains were drawn aside, as the boat reached the stair, and the moonlight gleamed on the venerable head of an old Venetian citizen, as he handed the light and graceful figure of a lady, from the gondola, with a care and attention that argued no common interest towards the fair object of his attention. Rich was the massive gold chain that encircled the neck of the great jeweller of Venice, and costly the black velvet suit, trimmed with fur, in which he was attired, and the sable plume of his bonnet waved proudly, as he led his beautiful daughter up the flight of marble steps to the entrance hall of his stately mansion.

A marble saloon in which a table was laid out with the most delicate fruit and wines, awaited their arrival, and casting her rich mantle and veil from her graceful shoulders, the lovely Bianca seated herself on a velvet ottoman, in the princely palazzo of her father.

“Bianca! dearest love!” exclaimed the jeweller, as he seated himself by her side, “say, are you not happy—happy to have escaped the miserable existence you were dragging out with that villain Pietro.” “Father! father!” interrupted Bianca; “do not, oh do not speak thus of him! Remember he is still my husband.” “Husband,” interrupted the jeweller, his grey eyes kindling, and raising his tall figure to its extreme height in his seat; “never shall such a miscreant call thee his bride—the blood of the Capello shall never be intermingled with such ‘cannaile.’” “Alas! thou forgettest,” interrupted Bianca, “that I have been a mother, and that the benediction has been said from the altar—he is still the father of my child!”

The proud citizen had hastily walked up and down the spacious hall, his sable cloak and tunic, reflecting

their jasper spangles in the mirrors that reached from the fretted roof to the marble floor. With anxious eyes Bianca followed his footsteps, and when at length the jeweller stood before her, exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "Father, thou wouldst not surely blame the wife, for shutting her ears to the perhaps too merited reproaches of an unfortunate husband. Alas! I did once love him—nay, be not angry, I have sinned against thee, but have I not suffered long and dearly for my ingratitude?" "Daughter," replied the jeweller, "I have freely forgiven thee. Thou Bianca, art the last of this house, and nigh hath it gone to break thy old father's heart to know that thou didst link thy fate with Buonaventuri; but I must make allowances for youthful love: nay, more I have heard with all his depravity, that thy —— '*husband!*' (I cannot well mutter the word) is talented to a rare degree—but, genius is, alas, too often allied to weakness if not depravity of heart. But thou art now out of his toils, and dearer in her loneliness and sorrow, is the daughter of Bartholomew Capello to her afflicted father. Yes daughter," exclaimed the jeweller, as he bent down and imprinted a kiss on her pale brow, "I am happy, happy, that thou art once more restored to thy father's arms. When I die, God knows how the world may deal with thee; though, as for riches, there's not a dame, however high her birth, whose dower shall cope with the jeweller of Venice's daughter. As for thy husband, I shall see that he is furnished with all that is necessary to make life comfortable—nay, more, I shall see him and concert the means of his escaping the all-vigilant eye of the senate. But Bianca, it must be on one condition—that you consent to a divorce. The senate are greedy, and I can in secret well afford to bribe their cupidity. Once free, there are many of the nobles that would be glad to place a coronet on that fair brow." Bianca, with a drooping head, remained for some time in silence. Insensibly the noble figure of Manfred Cassanova flitted across her mind, but in the next moment was repelled, as the recollection of his base intentions recurred to her mind. "Thy will, father, shall be my guide in the matter touching the divorce—for in sooth I see not how we could ever meet again. As for another marriage, I have been too bitterly disappointed in this one, to think of such an event for many a day. Alas, would that my boy were with me!" "Fear not, daughter, but he shall be restored to thee," interrupted the jeweller: "but thou hast not tasted any of those rich grapes that look so tempting from that China vase; see love!" and he placed on a silver plate of exquisite workmanship, a profusion of purple grapes, and pouring out a glass of sparkling Chian wine into a long taper glass, placed it on the table before her, "Why

love, though it is thy old father that says it, and though the simile be over common, the faint tint of this peach is rivalled by the bloom of thy cheeks, nor is there a grape whose blushing beauty can vie with thy lip. Ah Bianca!" he exclaimed, with a mingled feeling of parental pride and melancholy, "alas, that one so fair, so lovely, so gentle, should have been contaminated by a union with—" "Nay, nay, dearest father," interrupted the beautiful Venetian, placing one of her small snowy fingers on her lip, "spare me, spare me; *then*—if I *can*, I will banish all recollections of *him*!" "Well, well child, be it so," interrupted the jeweller: "but come Bianca, let us to the terrace, 'tis a lovely night; bring thy guitar, and enjoying the calm moonlight, let me hear once more thy silvery voice." It was with a melancholy smile that Bianca replied, "I will obey, but I fear thou wilt miss much of that softness, which once you praised me for;" and rising, she took her guitar from a richly inlaid ebony table, and followed the steps of her father, to the flowery terrace that nearly overhung the river. The breath of flowers came on the evening air, and the hum of the distant city might be heard in the calm, as the moonlight danced upon the waters. Seated on a couch the jeweller and his daughter, gazed on the gorgeous palaces that decked the opposite side of the broad canal, the marble pillars, the noble colonades, the majestic flights of steps that led to the margin of the stilly stream and the gondolas silently gliding past. The perfume of the orange and citron groves seemed almost mingled with the faint and far off melody of some solitary minstrel. "'Tis a lovely sight," replied Bianca, as for a moment her eyes wandered over the scene, one arm leaning over the back of the sofa, and the fingers of her snowy hand entangled in the soft glossy raven ringlets of her hair. At her foot lay a small Italian greyhound, and on her knee was her guitar, fancifully decorated with ribbons. "Would that the world were always thus lovely; and yet in yon vast city, how many a breaking heart is pining away in sorrow, poverty, and neglect. Often, I dare swear, dearest father, as thou hast sat here enjoying such sweet evenings as these, I have been in tears, the inmate of a miserable hovel!" "Oh no, Bianca, the world with all its pleasures was then to me a blank—but once more glad the heart of thy father, with thy voice; where didst thou get that guitar?" "'Twas Pietro's gift," replied Beatrice, blushing. "Pietro's," interrupted the jeweller, "that tawdry one! where love is thine own, whose exquisite tones were so well known?" "'Twas sold from distress," replied Bianca, after a pause; "but look father," and she held the instrument up playfully, "though it be not so costly, see 'tis newly strung, and from its age, is even far sweeter than the one you

gave me during the carnival," and she ran her fingers lightly over the string. "But my lay must needs be a sad one." "Even as thou wilt, love," rejoined the jeweller, as he gazed fondly on the lovely countenance of his daughter, who, after raising her eyes for a moment to the blue and starry skies, and preluding a few notes commenced a plaintive air.

A sigh breathed near Bianca, at the conclusion of the song, caused her to rise hastily from her seat and gaze around—but through the opening of the pillars where the moonbeam shone, nothing was offered to her anxious scrutiny.

The jeweller who remarked her agitation, glanced his eyes in the direction in which his daughter's had been turned, hastily enquired, "What has alarmed you?" "It may be the effects of imagination after all," she replied; "but I did fancy some one was stirring near us." "If there be eaves-droppers, they may pay dearly for their curiosity," observed the jeweller, as he entered the piazza; "but here are none." "It must have been fancy then," replied Bianca: "but the night grows cold—see the breeze begins to ruffle the surface of the waters, and the leaves tremble in the moonbeams," and looking round with apprehension, resumed: "let us retire—'tis foolish; but I know not why, dearest father, I would retire from this open terrace!" "As thou wilt, love," replied the jeweller, as he conducted his daughter into the interior of the palazzo. "Sweet love, good night," he exclaimed—and as he imprinted a fatherly kiss on her brow, added, "may the God that shelters innocence, befriend thee: happy, oh happy beyond all that earth can afford, is the knowledge, that thou art restored to me for ever! thou last of our race!" And here the jeweller lightly passed his hands over the features of his lovely child—"Thou art a sweet girl, Bianca, though it be thy father that saith it—but I am too, too fond of thee to upbraid: I'll say, thou art obedient too—thou wert never formed for a dull plodding life—no! I feel a consciousness, that something great awaits thee! and now, sweet love, adieu!" and the Venetian jeweller parted with his daughter at the door of her apartment—alas! he little thought, for ever!

The chamber of Beatrice overlooked the moonlit stream, a balcony opened out from the windows, in which were placed a number of exotic flowers, the perfume of which came sweetly into the apartment that formed the sleeping room of "the Beauty of Venice."

Without undressing further than allowing her beautiful hair to fall negligently, but gracefully, over her shoulders, Bianca seated herself in the balcony, leaning an arm over the marble ballustrade—gazing over the quiet tranquil stream, in whose

blue depths were mirrored the myriad stars of an Italian sky and was soon wrapt in deep thought; bitterly she recalled the many sad scenes of her married life, and yet, amid all the grandeur and luxury of her father's house, her heart still clung around the haunt of its earliest affections. Still, was Pietro, the father of her fair and beautiful child, beloved amid all his depravity; nor could she be blind to the almost inspired genius of her wayward husband. Strange, that such endowments should so often be in the possession of those who turn them only into powerful engines of sin and misery. "Yes, Pietro, though we are severed for ever—though thou hast treated this poor heart unkindly, still thou art beloved—the woman may condemn, but the wife and mother should forgive!" "Say, say again, those blessed words," interrupted Pietro, as he cast himself at the feet of his beautiful wife; "Oh Bianca, canst thou forgive me?"

Springing from her seat, the jeweller's daughter for some minutes gazed in breathless agitation on the countenance of her kneeling husband; at length summoning sufficient courage; she exclaimed—"Oh, why hast thou come—leave me, leave me," she continued in a phrenzied tone, clasping her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the image of her suppliant husband. "Alas! Bianca," replied Pietro, in his usual deep and sepulchral tone, "is it *thus*, *thou* greetest thine outcast husband, when the world has deserted him; proscribed, hunted him like a beast of the field. I am now without a roof to shelter me, and yet thou canst bid me leave thee!" "Oh, Pietro, Pietro, spare me!" "Yes Bianca—but 'tis I that have to seek thy pardon: wilt thou, canst thou forgive me? 'Tis long now, Bianca, since we parted, and thy wretched husband has suffered much since then, and whilst thou hast been revelling in luxury, I have sought the dark haunts of misery—but, dost thou still love me? or alas, have I lived to outgrow the strength of thy affections. Heaven knows, I have wronged thee deeply—but woman is ever forgiving. Sweet love, canst thou, wilt thou forgive me? Alas! Bianca, if thou dost not feel for me, where, over this lone and heartless world, may I seek for rest and consolation. Oh Bianca, there was a time thou couldst look kindly, lovingly on these features which poverty and distress have worn to the shadow of the character they once bore: say, say, have I utterly lost thy sweet affections: mother of my child! canst thou be deaf to the father and husband?" Bianca sighed deeply, as she replied, "Pietro, full well thou knowest, that I have borne from thee more than I can well think on; alas, our course should and *must* be far apart—I have sworn to my father, never again to join thee; but that thy necessities may not drive thee to desperate and unlawful courses, Bartholomew, my

father, has provided for thy honorable maintenance—nay, if thou keep quiet, he will so work on the senate, that they will connive at thy escape from the city.” “I thank thee!” bitterly exclaimed Pietro; “and I am to become an outcast, a fugitive vagabond, far from the city I have loved as a boy, and revered as a man;—and our child?” “Yes, husband,” hurriedly interrupted Bianca, “send the dear, dear child to me, here in the lap of luxury, all that Venice can command shall be his.” “Ha! ha! ha!” again tauntingly replied Pietro, with a hollow laugh, “and the father an exile—no, in good sooth, kind wife, he must even journey the same way—journey the same sad road through life, with his proscribed father; better that he be early inured to the miseries and arts of this callous world, than like his unfortunate sire, suffer want and contumely in the autumn of his years.” “Husband, husband,” once more exclaimed Bianca, in a tone of the deepest distress, “have pity on the mother; thou knowest thou canst never want while I live—nay, even luxuries shall be within the compass of thy power. Oh Pietro, thou knowest—oh, well thou knowest, how often, in the darkness of our misery, stung by thy awakened conscience, thou hast bewailed the headlong and resistless depravity of thy conduct—and, oh canst thou? couldst thou? make that poor innocent boy the partner of *thy guilt*?” Pietro seemed moved at this appeal, and remaining for some time silent, exclaimed—“And what shall be my *reward*! remember ’tis a sacrifice on my part!” “Oh, any thing—riches, prayers, gratitude, aught that I may compass,” exclaimed Bianca, as she cast herself at his feet and passionately embraced his knees. “Nay, Bianca,” replied Pietro, as he raised her up, and for an instant pressed his lip to her cold cheek, “I’ll even give him for the love I’ve borne to thee.” “The God above will reward thee for this,” exclaimed Bianca, giving way to a flood of tears; “but oh Pietro, when, when will you send the dear boy?” “When the morning star is alone in the heavens, he shall be on your terrace below! Will the mother be ready?” “Yes, yes!” replied Bianca: “but Pietro, this stranger, he who attempted our mutual dishonor—oh, with all his villainy, I trust thou hast not imbued thy hands with his blood?” “He is safe,” was the reply; “and thy wooer was no other than the wild young Duke Francesco De Medici—he has promised to aid me in some line of life; but, as for Cosmo, the Black Mask, I have warned him not to play me foul again; but it grows late—be thou at the lower step of the terrace, at the water’s edge—there Ponolo will be delivered unto thee—remember it will be in a gondola bearing a white flag, in it I mean to seek the lagoons, where a Belluca waits me, and then sail for Leghorn—and now farewell!

and for ever!" "Take these, take these, they will be of use to thee," exclaimed Bianca, as she unclasped a necklace of brilliant diamonds from her neck; "they are worth thousands—and write, write to say, where thou wilt reside in Florence, and thou shalt ever receive a handsome maintenance." "Then be it so," interrupted Pietro, as he enclosed the brilliants in the folds of his vest; "thou art now able to be generous; and I am at best indifferently off, and now farewell!" and for an instant Beatrice permitted the silent and unimpassioned embrace of her husband; the next moment he was gone from her side, and the fair jeweller's daughter was left in the balcony, gazing on the distant spires and public buildings of the city, that contained her dearest treasure—her fair haired child!

With a light foot Bianca entered the sleeping chamber, and her steps on the rich Turkey carpet were as echoless as falling snow. Seated at her toilette table, she gazed for an instant on the magnificent mirror, whilst a pardonable smile passed over her countenance, at beholding the reflection of her own beauty.

"I am fair, they say," she uttered in a kind of soliloquy, "yet what doth the possession of charms avail me? Have they not only been productive of misery to me? but to be deemed beautiful brings, one pleasing thought! will not my child be beautiful also?" And she drew from her bosom a miniature of her boy which in a kinder mood had been beautifully executed by her dissolute but talented husband. "Aye, here is well depicted the noble lineaments of the father unseared by crime and dissipation. Alas there was a day I did love thy father, but 'tis past!" and Bianca sighed deeply as she once more concealed the painting, and rising from her seat threw a silk cloak richly trimmed with ermine over her graceful form and once more sought the open gallery. Her head was uncovered whilst through her dark raven ringlets the pearls glittered like snow drops.

One by one the stars vanished from the blue vault of the sky, the moon had waned away in paly lustre 'till the star of morning shone alone like a beauty in twilight. Intently did Bianca gaze on the waters, but no sound of oars as yet stole on her ears. "Can he have deceived me? yet he seemed sincere." At this moment her eyes by accident fell on a low shrubbery of laburnum trees that overshadowed the nearer end of the terrace when she could distinctly perceive the figure of a man, his face was concealed and Bianca shuddered as she recognised the "Black Mask." The object of her alarm seemed to have grown conscious that he had been discovered as immediately gliding through the trees he vanished from her sight. 'Twas

with a beating heart that Bianca once more cast her eyes in the direction of the river, the faint splashing of oars after a long-pause came on the chill breeze of morn, and Bianca could perceive that a gondola was approaching silently but with almost incredible swiftness and neared the shore; a white flag, the signal, was displayed from the prow. A few seconds and Bianca was descending the marble steps that led from the terrace beneath to the water's edge. The gondola had reached its destination. As Bianca advanced suddenly she felt herself clasped round the waist by some one from behind and lifted into the boat, immediately a scarf was wrapt round her mouth to prevent her cries and in an instant she felt the boat move rapidly from the shore. Imagination may picture the feelings of Bianca as she gazed on the receding shore, but a bend in the river soon shut out the palazzo of her father from her sight and she could perceive that the white flag had been removed, palace after palace seemed to glide away 'till they approached the Bridge of Sighs. Here a gondola urged with great swiftness passed them, bearing a white flag, and the wretched Bianca could perceive Pietro standing at the prow urging the boatmen to their utmost strength? Vainly she endeavoured to cry out, the bandage was tightened over her mouth so as almost to create suffocation, and it was not until they had passed beneath the Bridge of Sighs and many threats that the slightest outcry might cause her destruction, that the bandage was removed and Bianca sat in terror and uncertainty, as the gondola passed rapidly along numerous canals lined on either side by high roofed houses, their narrow fretted casements, overhanging balconys and deep doorways dimly seen in the still dark grey of morning.

“Ha—ha—ha—ha,”—shouted Signor Giovanni! as he raised a large cup of wine to his lips, “your holiness is pleased to be facetious, but in good sooth Cardinal Ferdinand I scarce like such accomplices!” This was uttered by a short thick-set Cavalier, dressed in the extreme of the Spanish fashion, as he and three or four other patricians were seated round a table in an auberge that overlooked the Arno in the fair city of Florence. “Necessity has no law,” replied the Cardinal, a tall, dark, stern looking man on whose countenance bigotry and oppression were strongly pictured, “that my brother is thus to disgrace the honor of the De Medici by this intrigue and admit into his councils such a low born venetian as this Pietro Buonaventuri must not be suffered.” “Why, please your Excellency, men rather give the fair Bianca the credit of being his secret councillor. Women you know are the very devil when they become entangled, in state affairs”—“Thou sayest true,” replied one of the party whose handsome features and graceful figure offered a contrast to the

stern and more forbidding appearance of his companions, "and the Duke Braccaino hath had good reasons to mistrust the sex." "Vasari," interrupted the Cardinal, "mention not that hateful subject. The house of the De Medici have suffered enough already and oblivion should veil those misfortunes that have dimmed its lustre." "I crave thy pardon," quickly replied the other; "but I had deemed as we three already are privy to our state secret, that thou wouldst have been less scrupulous as to terms; do you intend to honor the palace of your brother the duke to night? he gives I understand a large musical entertainment." "I have thought of it," replied the Cardinal in an apparently thoughtless tone, "I shall go" "and I," added Vasari "to make myself the more welcome shall even join the musicians. The fair Bianca, will of course outshine all the beauties. By the saints, 'tis worth a fortnight's penance to gaze on her lovely features" "Diavolo," interrupted Giovanni as again he replenished his glass, "how could such a pale faced fellow woo and win such a bride! By the saint Vasari, thou who art allowed to be the best painter in Florence shouldst take her picture for Saint Cecilia. Such a countenance beaming over the altar would raise the eyes of many a Cavalier upwards in devotion." "Cease, cease thy ribaldry," interrupted the painter, "dost thou forget in whose company thou sittest," and he pointed to the Cardinal who, however, seemed to take little note of their presence as with folded arms he paced up and down the apartment. "Aye marry do I," replied the other in a low tone, "the devil hath seldom had a better pupil. I like that sanctified hypocrisy that with clasped hands and upturned eyes can coolly plot murder." "'Tis but the way of the Florentines," was the rejoinder, "but pass the flask." "By the saints that dry occupation of thine seems to have made thee drouthy; thou hast quaffed three flasks already—how dost thou think thine head will stand it this night." "I am well seasoned," replied the painter; "do but look at the Cardinal—the saints forefend!—but his grey eyes and frowning brows beneath that sombre montero, give him more the appearance of a murderer seeking the sanctuary of the altar, than the most holy Cardinal Ferdinand De Medici." "I'll not gainsay thy opinion," was the reply: "but in sooth, if our libertine Duke Francesco carry on after this fashion, the nobles will turn rebellious, and insulted Tuscans ever wear keen stilettos." "The people are deeply excited by this new liason," said the painter; "they say there are doubts, but that the late grand Duchess Joanno, his wife, did not come fairly by her death, and rumour says, that if this Pietro Buonaventuri were out of the way, that the Venetian jeweller's daughter might yet wear the ducal coronet!" "Hah! sayest thou so?" interrupt-

ed the Cardinal, who had overheard the last remarks, "who says, that the blood of the De Medici is to be polluted by such an alliance?" "Rumour, please your excellency," replied Giovanni, "although it be my own half brother that would dishonor his lineage." "Of thy blood, Giovanni," replied the Cardinal, whilst a withering smile lit up his sallow countenance, "thou needest take little heed, the barsinister is already blazoned on thy shield, but on ours it shall never be."

The face of Giovanni at this home taunt, became slightly coloured—but particularly accustomed to keep a guard over his temper, he exclaimed in an indifferent tone—"That is more my misfortune than fault, and men say that even your holiness is not wholly immaculate, and the blood of the De Medici was ever of a salt nature."

To this remark no answer was returned—for with folded arms, knit brows, and downcast eyes, the Cardinal resumed his hurried and impatient walk—"Shall," thought he, "shall the younger brother enjoy alone the sovereignty of Tuscany? Shall he revel in luxury, the companion of Princes, and I his elder be wedded to the church—curse, on the narrow minded policy that made them make a churchman of me! I was not formed for monks and prayers, but rather to be a leader in the van of war: yet sooth he is dallying in the lap of luxury, forgetful of the interests of his country—threatened by the see of Rome, and the nobles of the land in almost open rebellion—it must not, shall not be!" "Giovanni," he exclaimed aloud, "I know thou dost hate Franceso, and thou Vasari art wedded to my interests, is it fit I should see the fair province of Tuscany thus day by day losing not only its political interests, but mark the increasing sour motions of the people?" "Surely not, my lord," replied Giovanni, "thy ancestors were ever speedy at correcting such faults—but, art thou well assured of the fellow feeling of the nobles?" "Look," said the Cardinal, as he drew a scroll from his waist, "seest thou not here the names of many high in wealth and honors? they have sworn to aid me, whilst the people are ripe for a revolt?" "And what wouldst thou do with the deposed Duke," quickly interrupted Giovanni, fixing a searching look on the countenance of the Cardinal. "Nought to effect his life," was the reply; "there are modes and means of curbing the unruly and many strong castles in Tuscany." "But you spoke of aid to be received in the shape of an ally," interrupted Giovanni, "canst thou trust him?" "Yes, he waits below." "Let us see and judge then," said Giovanni; "when men jeopardy life, they should look well to those they trust." "Vasari, do thou summon this man—thou wilt know him by his Black Mask," exclaimed the Cardinal: "but un-

til we can judge, how far we can trust him, breathe not aught of our councils."

In a few seconds Cosmo stood in the presence of the Cardinal, when, after making a slight inclination of his head, he drew himself up. "Thou art named Cosmo?" enquired the Cardinal. The Black Mask inclined his head. "What surety have we, of the safe keeping of whatever council we must necessarily entrust you with, in the furtherance of our designs?" "This," replied he of the Black Mask, drawing a scroll from his waist, "'tis in the writing of the Duke Braccino, the Duke Francesco's brother-in-law. Your highness must be aware, and Signior Vasari well knoweth of late—but little friendship has existed between them." "Thou sayest true," replied the Cardinal: "but what may be the specific nature of the duties you are willing to perform?" This question was put in a calm and searching tone: "You are aware, in stormy times like these, men must needs be wary." "None more than myself," replied he of the Mask: "that letter ought to be a guarantee." "Hark ye, Sir Mask," interrupted the half drunk Giovanni, "have I not seen thee at dusk at the 'Villa a Caino?' hast never ministered to any of the Duke's pleasures?" He of the Mask seemed evidently moved for a second or two—but at length replied, "Your eyes have not deceived you; I did some service for the Duke, according to my profession, but was not overwell fee'd." "Thou art needy then, I conjecture," interrupted Ferdinand: "if thou dost my bidding, thou shalt have little cause to complain of my bounty: in a word perhaps thou mayest have to use thy dagger!" "I am used to the trade," muttered he of the Mask; "but there are other and safer modes of getting rid of officious friends—I have a special drug by me, they that do partake of it, pine away for weeks and die, as if consumption had sapped the strength of the constitution." "'Twill do, 'twill do," muttered the Cardinal: "dost thou guess on whom thou art to practice?" "I have a shrewd thought," was the reply; thou couldst not need the death of a poor man, but would feign lay the axe at the grand oak of the forest." "Thou partly hittest my meaning, but thou must practice on this Bianca, the wife of that wretch Pietro Buonaventuri." Here the Black Mask was again moved, but replied, "Even as thou wilt: though the Duke out of the way, I cannot see how this girl can interfere with thee." "There are reasons and good ones;" was the rejoinder: "wilt thou do my bidding?" After a pause, the Mask observed, "As thou hast said—but my reward?" "Name thine own, when the desired object has been accomplished." "Be it so—and the time?" "Minutes are days 'till the business is done." "I shall be punctual—where shall we next meet?" "To-morrow evening, by

the hour of eight, at the house of Bianca; the Duke and some of the courtiers are to be there to supper." "Amid so many my appearance might be suspicious," interrupted he of the Mask; "private meetings in prosecution of affairs like these, were surely the more prudent plan." "Nay, do my bidding," replied the Cardinal, with an impatient movement: "but here thy present wants may demand some pecuniary aid—here are a few pieces, get thee a better doublet and cloak; for the fashion of thy present garb denotes a scanty lined purse." "I take thy bounty," replied he of the Mask: "adieu, Signior Cardinal," and with a noiseless step Cosmo passed from the apartment, and a few minutes after, the conspirators were gliding swiftly in a gondola down the Arno, into the more populous parts of Florence.

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Lights gleamed and music sounded in the splendid palace of the Abbracchi, and the nobles and high dames of Florence, mingling in the dance, did honor to the entertainment of the young and romantic Duke Francesco, who seated on a splendid ottoman, conversed in a low and earnest tone, with the beautiful Bianca. It was after a silence of some duration, during which the dance had been renewed, that the Duke exclaimed in a low tone—"Bianca, by Heaven, thou dost wrong me by thy suspicions—why should I have resorted to such violence, when only emotions of love and tenderness possess my bosom?" "Please your highness," replied Bianca: "thou knowest well ere this, thou didst prosecute a dishonorable suit in Venice with me." "Yet lady, did I not crave thy forgiveness—and beauty, such as thine, might have pleaded excuse for an older man—thy husband, in carrying thee off, did but what was natural." "Nay, in truth, please your highness, I can scarce give credence to this; for, on the night of my being carried from my father's house, I did see Pietro urge his gondola by the side in which Cosmo held me prisoner, nor did I see him again until he arrived here from Leghorn." "Well, even suppose, that urged by this passion, I did use emissaries to bring thee here: hast thou aught else to accuse me of? thy husband holds places of trust and emolument and the breath of calumny hath never sullied thy fair name. Monarchs have power and their courts are ever the resort of all that is talented and beautiful, and if Francesco the Duke de Medici wish to grace the court of the "city of roses" with the presence of the Beauty of Venice thereby thine own vanity, a vanity pardon me that is ever at times interesting in thy sex, would plead my excuse." "Duke thou doest me not justice in laying against me the charge of vanity, nor can I see how my sojourn here amid the high and peerless Dames of Florence can

tend to aught but reflections at best little creditable to my reputation. That there are many who would appreciate the honors you would confer on me, I know but too well. "By our lady saints, thou art over severe on the morals of the court, fair Bianca," interrupted the Duke taking one of her hands in his, "but here comes my brother the Cardinal and with him Vasari, and further," resumed the Duke in a playful manner, "most peerless Bianca, thou must let the boast of our city, the painter Vasari, take thy likeness." "Please your Excellency that were a task beyond me," interrupted Vasari as he bent a long and libertine glance on the blushing features of Bianca, "many a fair face as the critics say have I made live on the canvass but this lady's beauty consists less in the formation of the features than in subtle light, a soul-breathing expression that looks defiance to the pencil of the artist." "In sooth thou canst mouth a compliment after some fashion," interrupted Giovanni, "and yet by our lady's favour, thou dost the fair jeweller's daughter but bare justice". She however to whom all these complimentary expressions were addressed seemed to take little notice of them, giving all her attention to the young and enamoured Duke, who bending down until his cheek almost touched that of the fair Venetian's, exclaimed in an undertone. "Love thou knowest cannot at all times be guided by the dictates of prudence; thine own marriage is but too just an example. Thou shouldst therefore make some allowance for the weakness of my heart?" "Please your Highness, although I was then so young that marriage was the result of a deep and serious love towards Pietro and thy present purpose savours little of what it ought. Thou hast heaped honors on Pietro, but report saith that thou hast not the purest motives in this."

To this remark the young Duke made no reply, but silently rising approached the Cardinal, who with folded arms and bent brows had been watching for some time the countenance of the Duke and that of the fair Bianca. "How now, brother Cardinal, thou dost assume a very sombre visage to-night. By heavens! there are bright eyes here that might win a smile from an anchorite!" "My mood is dull," was the sullen reply, "when I see the head of the noble house of Medici wiling away his time with an artful woman!" "Thou wrongest her, thou wrongest her," vehemently exclaimed the young Duke, "there is scarce a little dame that promenades the walls of the palazzo to-night that might not take a lesson in virtue from her. No if aught be to blame, on me fall the censure." "Thou hast had many a one," was the reply; "but whether thou didst benefit by them I cannot say," "My pleasure

brother can or ought to be of little moment to you so long as they militate not against your own interests."

At this remark the brow of the Cardinal assumed even a darker gloom, as he replied. "Our sire hath taken good heed that the paths to honorable ambition should not lie on my road; the gloomy cloister hath nigh well damped the spirit of the De Medici:" and with an appearance of humility the Cardinal cast his eyes downward. "Nay! nay, brother I did not mean to taunt you," interrupted the Duke, "but see, here approaches Pietro, do not let his being a stranger prepossess you against him, for in intriguing talent few can cope with him, and in our present difficulty with the See of Rome, he may be of the greatest service."

It was now with a low obeysance Pietro approached the Duke, observing "those papers, please your highness, intended for the Pope's legate, have been dispatched by a special messenger." "So far well; to-morrow we must answer the complaint of the Genoese merchants, but hither good Pietro," resumed the Duke, placing his arm familiarly within that of his with an insinuating look, "thy fair wife of a surety is in an untoward humour to-night, come do thou see that thou gettest her to sing to-night some one of those cazonets I so admire; by my Dukedom, 'twere worth twenty rose nobles to hear her warble a bar!" "Your Grace is over kind in your commendations," replied Pietro, with a sneering smile, "but in good faith it seems to me as if your suit would prove more potent than mine." "Nay then, by our lady's grace, thou dost flatter me," interrupted the Prince with a smile, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper he resumed, "that night in Venice when deceived by the Black Mask, of a surety thy wife did not favour me with the most flattering reception." "Rather I did not please your highness," significantly exclaimed Pietro! "Diavolo! what heed I that Pietro, do not play the offended husband, I know thee well! nay, do not start!" and wear that long face." It was however some time ere recovering from his partial discomposure and speaking in a mysterious and angry tone, he observed, "Duke, it has been told me thou hast been tampering with Cosmo, to get me from thy path—I can well conjecture your Grace's wishes for that event, nor am I so ignorant of the world as not to know that thou wert little likely to heap riches and honors on me," and here Pietro cast a glance towards Bianca—who, in a magnificent robe of purple satin, one arm lying gracefully over the back of a rich sofa, was gazing out on a balcony filled with choice exotics. The eyes of the Prince had rapidly followed in the direction of Pietro's, and for a moment became fixed on the countenance of Bianca, although directly afterwards cast

on the ground. "Your grace, I dare say, gives me credit for my penetration," further resumed Pietro aloud, anxious to make the persons that now surrounded them suppose, their conversation had turned upon something of a political nature. "Of a certainty not," replied the Duke significantly; "and thou dost wrong him in thy suspicions; him thou speakest of hath ever borne a bold face and open hand—and, I dare pledge my Dukedom that thy suspicions are wrong."

A grim smile passed over the features of Pietro, who, however, without any reply, approached his wife, and touching her gently on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Bianca, the Prince would hear thee sing—Princes must be obeyed, therefore attend to his wish." "I would willingly do thy will—but thou knowest not what snares are set for you; the Prince hath again made dishonorable advances towards me, and, believe me, has only aggrandized you from base and dishonorable motives: do leave this abandoned court—already have we not only become the objects of jealousy and scorn, but it seems we are so detested, that our lives are not safe. I know it was by the machinations of the Prince, I was brought from Venice: Cosmo hath betrayed you, and was lying in wait, when you had that parting interview with me, and overhearing the preconcerted flag of recognition, brought his gondola to the steps at the appointed time." "True," replied Pietro, musing; "but if we have been caught in the trap, we must even put a bold face on the matter: thou canst with woman's cunning feed him with vain hopes, until an advantageous opportunity arises of effecting our escape—aye, for the present wear a face of dissimulation, for he is of that disposition that if he dreamt of our intending flight, the deepest dungeon in Florence were our next habitation. But now the Prince approaches, do thou greet him fair, whilst I engage the Cardinal's attention, who seemeth over moody of late;" so saying, Pietro leaving Bianca to await the approach of the Prince, sauntered carelessly over to where the Cardinal was holding a low and earnest conversation with Don Giovanni and Vasari.

Once more was the beautiful Bianca left to resist the seductive language of the Prince, and 'twas with a mingled feeling of fear and disgust, that she gazed on him. "By my Dukedom, thou dost still wear a frown on that fair face, Bianca; look at La Bella Comptessa Tivoli, there thou mayest see the goddess of smiles personified," and seating himself by her, the Prince commenced rallying her on her melancholy. "Would not the fair Bianca be a guest to-morrow, at the rural festal, at the Palace 'A Caino,' where we are to enjoy a hunting party—and in the evening Vasari the painter has got up a burletta in

a small theatre constructed for the occasion: but see, here approaches thy boy—how well he looks!”

The beautiful eyes of the mother indeed glistened, as her child approached, who, springing on her knee, was clasped to her breast in a moment. The eyes of the Cardinal were now fixed on the group—at the same time, a page approached the Prince and put a scroll into his hand, which, after perusing, he hastily arose and left the apartment.

It was a starlight night, and the reflection of the many glittering chandeliers from the lofty casements of the palazzo cast down long lines of uncertain and dazzling light, chequered every now and then by the passing and repassing figures on the umbrageous gardens of the mansion, as the Prince, with hurried steps, sought an arbour that was formed at the brink of a small cascade. One small lamp was suspended from the leafy roof of the bower, and cast its slender and spiral light on the dark and trembling waters.

“I have bided tryst,” exclaimed he of the Black Mask, emerging from the extremity of the arbour: “what wouldst thou of me?” “Nay, thou knowest my wishes,” interrupted the Prince: “those that have eyes and ears, must know that when slight barriers oppose the wishes of a Prince, he seldom fails to have those about him to minister to his caprices. I love this Bianca, and thou hast done my bidding in Venice, in transporting her here; knowing my wishes, why didst thou not cozen that villain of a husband on board—the sea tells no secrets!” “Please your highness: villain as this Pietro Buonaventuri may be, it were a fiendish act to have murdered him—the saints know ’twas bad enough, robbing the poor devil of his wife, without taking from him the boon of an already miserable existence.” “And wouldst thou plead for him! To hear thee prate and moralize thus, is a greater sin in the face of Heaven than twenty murders. I tell thee, Cosmo, that while *he lives, she* never can be mine.” “Report belies your Highness then,” replied the Black Mask, “if thou hast not eloquence enough to persuade her to be kind to thee.” “I tell thee, Cosmo, she is not to be won—thou must devise some other plan.” “Canst thou not send him on some embassy, even on this one to Rome, and spread a false report of his death.” “’Twill never do,” was the rejoinder; “thou must use thy dagger on him!” “Then Duke, be it so! but mark, I do suspect some danger threatens thee here, on the part of the citizens—if I can fathom their intentions, thou shalt be apprized.” “Hah! whom do you particularly suspect?” interrupted the Prince. “As yet I cannot fix

on any one; but mark! footsteps approach—by the Saints, I fear, we have been overheard—I must fly.” “And of him?” enquired the Prince. “To-morrow seals his fate, your highness,” whispered Cosmo, as he glided through the trees—whilst by another path the Prince once more sought the gay illumined hall.

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Some hours passed, during which the gaiety of the palazzo was continued with unabated zeal, whilst the Duke Francesco De Medici drank in the mellifluous strains of the lovely Bianca, as seated in a small boudoir of the principal dancing room, she accompanied herself on a guitar, whilst her beautiful boy slumbered on a small ottoman in the centre of the apartment. The boudoir was lighted up by a number of frosted lamps, which shed forth a light resembling the mildest moonbeams. Splendid mirrors reaching from the roof to the ground, reflected the figure of the Venetian beauty, as gracefully she bent over her lyre, whilst magnificent China vases containing the rarest flowers, filled the boudoir with the most exquisite odours!

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Different was the occupation of Pietro, who, hurrying down the banks of the Arno, entered a gondola, which was in waiting, and giving the word, was rowed rapidly into the denser part of the city; the night had now become dark and cloudy, and gusts of wind came slowly sweeping over the dull waves of the Arno. “Row gondoliers! row! my time is precious,” exclaimed Pietro, in an unsteady voice; “make for that low house by the water’s edge, you may see a light in the casement!”

In a few seconds springing from the gondola, he added, “here is thy hire—thou needest not wait, as I tarry in the city for the night,” and in a few minutes his figure was lost in the gloom, whilst the gondoliers, allowing their boat to drop into the middle of the stream, let their anchor fall, and sought their slumber for the night.

Pietro, without knocking, lifted the latch of the humble dwelling, and entered into a well lighted apartment, round the walls of which were displayed fishing and landing nets, spears and other fishing tackle. A wood fire burned briskly, before which, in a rude chair buried in a sound sleep, reclined the figure of a fisherman, his head enveloped in a red woollen cap, whilst his doublet was composed of coarse blue woollen cloth—his limbs, from a little above the knee to the instep, were bare—he was of a slight form, with remarkably dark and heavy brows, tangled hair and pale complexion. Approaching towards him, Pietro shook him strongly by the shoulders, exclaiming; “Wake!

wake Maraneillo—ho ! man, wake !” Starting from his slumbers, the fisherman gazed vaguely round the room, until his glance rested on the disturber of his slumbers. “In the Saint’s name, what dost thou here at this time of the night,” he ejaculated ; “by the mass, I thought ’twas Jeneatte, though maugre the roughness of thy humors, ’twas that of a Russian bear compared to a kitten’s paw.” “When fate urges a desperate man, he takes little heed of the courtesies of life,” was the rejoinder : “Maraneillo—this Prince, this Duke Francesco, with all his pretended regard for me and Bianca, is even now plotting for my life, he was overheard but this evening, counselling concerning the speediest means of despatching me ; therefore I may now form an estimate of the true feeling he entertains for me—*dupe* that I have been.” “Yet hast thou not *duped* him ?” interrupted Maraneillo, with a sneer : “I knew he loved thy wife, and would feign that thou shouldst wear the horns ! and now thou art angered, because he wishes thee out of his way !”

“*Duped, aye, duped!*” muttered Pietro, his eyes bent on the ground, and passing his fingers repeatedly across his brow : “but thou must aid me.” “How ?” enquired the fisherman : “but Signior Secretary, thou wilt pledge me in a flask of “Rhenish”—so saying, Maraneillo drew from a cupboard a long necked bottle and two glasses : “Marry, ’tis good and racy liquor—and my saint Anne, that little rogue Jeanette, hath acquired of late a marvellous taste for its flavour, though confound the jade, she suspects, I’m not a member of the profession that my garb denotes.” Without speaking, Pietro swallowed three or four glasses, and seating himself in a chair exclaimed—“Maraneillo, I have served you at a strait before ; now—now thou canst do me a service : the Prince to-night intends taking a public gondola, the owner of which is known to me—I have bribed him to let me take the place of one of his gondoliers ; they are proceeding to a certain place of rendezvous, where, with some of his courtiers, he intends holding a secret conference relative to some state affairs, which he wishes to keep concealed from some of his older ministers, as ’tis touching certain movements relative to Rome—a secret, which, if I can discover and disclose to the state of Venice, will be the making of our fortunes. Now, thou must lend me thy present fisherman’s garb, it exactly corresponds with the dress of those gondoliers—do thou assume mine, and wear a black crape visor, and repair to the bridge *Triaita*, and there await my coming.” “Why, Signior, that is where thine own house is situated,” replied Maraneillo, “Well, even so—I will see thee within mine own house, only keep thou facing the bridge until twelve o’clock ; to-morrow, when I shall discover this secret, then let

Francesco tremble for his safety. I shall let him know, that another, and one unknown to him, is in possession of the secret, and that any foul play towards me will cause an instant exposure." "Have a care, Signior, that thou dost not get entangled in some net, from whence thou mayest not get easily free." "As for risk, 'tis only I that am endangered," hastily interrupted Pietro: "Diavolo! wilt thou do my bidding or not?" "To humour thy fancy then," replied Maraneillo, removing his red cap, "I will, for once, don the apparel of a Cavalier: how your patrician legs without a covering will fare this cold gusty night, thou best knowest."

In a few minutes, the metamorphosis had taken place, and with a rapid step, the disguised Pietro hastily departed from the dwelling of Maraneillo.

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The next morning all Florence was in commotion, the body of Pietro Buonaventuri, the favourite of the Duke Francesco, was found murdered, and so shockingly disfigured as to be hardly recognized; he had been seen to enter a fisherman's hut, by name Maraneillo, by the gondoliers, who had conveyed him from the ducal palace, and the same fisherman had been seen entering a gondola, which, from the depositions laid before the Civil powers, had been attacked by a Felluca, headed by a person in a Black Mask,—and the said fisherman, after a weight had been tied round his neck, was thrown into the river, and never rose more!

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The sun shone bright upon the fair City of Roses, one year after the foregoing circumstance. 'Twas a summer's eve, and all the villagers from the surrounding country came in flocks, crowned with flowers, through the streets, which were decorated with triumphal arches. Fair ladies were waving their scarfs from many a trelliced balcony, and all the young and gay cavaliers of Florence, on their spirited steeds, caracolled and galloped passed the dwellings that contained the fair ladies of their choice. The peasants, in their holiday suits, assembled in groups at the corners of the streets, gazing with admiration on the passing pageants. It was not, however, until near dark, that the cause of this unusual rejoicing approached through the leading streets of Florence; 'twas the bridal day of Francesco Grand Duke De Medici and Bianca De Capello, the Venetian jeweller's daughter: the marriage ceremony had just been concluded, and to his splendid Palace "A Caino," a few miles from the city, the young and enraptured Duke was conveying his lovely bride. Yet, amid all the demonstrations of joy evinced by the multitudes that

lined the streets, 'mid all the warm speeches of her royal bridegroom, it was evident to the spectators, that the features of the beautiful Duchess wore an expression of extreme dejection. There was apparently little reason for this, as the fate of Pietro Buonaventuri had been an occurrence of near a year's existence,—and considering the exalted situation to which she had been so suddenly raised, it would have appeared more consonant to nature, to have appreciated the singular beneficence of fortune. On the contrary, however, a strange gloom seemed to pervade the countenance of Bianca, and from the unwearied attentions of the Prince, he seemed as if he wished to hide from the eyes of the populace, the sad deportment of his lovely consort. It was with forced smiles and colourless cheeks, that the grand Duchess returned the greetings of the people: she could not but remember how, and with whom she had entered the city. And now as the triumphant Princess of Tuscany she was to play her part amid the proud noblesse and citizens of one of the most flourishing principalities of the Continent. The shades of evening had given way to the gloom of night, and the bridal party were now led by a number of torch bearers, the ruddy glow of which flickered and wavered on many a gay cloth of gold and dancing plume. It was as they were passing over the bridge that led from the city in the direction of Caino, that the eyes of Bianca became fixed on the person of the too well remembered Cosmo, of the Black Mask. He was standing under a lamp suspended on the bridge, and a high wind having arisen the doubtful lines of wavering light fell fitfully on his ominous and mysterious mask!

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The curtain of the theatre, erected in the palace, had slowly arisen amid a low strain of beautiful music. The drama was descriptive of the fatal effects of jealousy. It commenced with a dark scene in a forest, to give effect to which, coverings had been placed over the lights of the room, and the footlights of the stage were so lowered, that nothing save a dim shadowy light rendered the objects visible.

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“Hast thou drugged their cups?” muttered Ferdinand the Cardinal, to him of the Black Mask, as drawn apart where the shade fell darkest they met in silence: “Art sure it will be quick?” “They that partake of it will not breathe ten minutes after: but speak low—the cups are here—and as the Duke called for wine, I have mixed it in the Falernian instead of the confectionery—who is to carry it?” “Thou, thou must do it,” replied the Cardinal, in an agitated voice. “How can I ap-

proach the Duke masked? and he knows my voice." "Change thy garment to that of a servitor, and in this gloom thy features will not be distinguishable. There is no need of thy speaking, as in capacity of a menial, 'tis right to offer the cup in silent respect." "Be it so," was the reply of Cosmo; "I will be with thee anon." "Be quick then, ere the lights rise," replied the Cardinal, in a hollow voice.

Cosmo glided swiftly from the apartment, as the Cardinal muttered to himself—"Caught, aye caught! in *his own toils!* the fates nerve me to this undertaking."

In a few minutes, Cosmo in his new disguise advanced, as the Cardinal whispered, "Hast thou braced thy nerves to the undertaking?" "Fear me not," was the low and steady rejoinder, "I've done a darker deed than this!"

Habited as a cup-bearer, with a salver in his hand, Cosmo advanced towards the Duke and Duchess. "Aye," thought he, "I shall overreach this same Cardinal, deep though he be! Ha—ha—this smaller cup for her will effect but a temporary appearance of death; but this larger one, this precious embossed flaggon, contains a rare dose. Once the present Duke dead, and Bianca still alive, I've aid in the city to dispossess this dark priest ere long." Such were the reflections of Cosmo as he approached the Duke, who, on a throne with an overhanging canopy, was, with his lovely bride, placed in comparative darkness. Bending on one knee and stooping, 'till his head almost touched the footstool, Cosmo offered the wine cups on the massive salver. "Come love," he could hear the Duke say, "here is this little silver cup of sweet Falernian wine for thee, 'twill refresh thee after the toils of this day of pageants, whilst I, in this large cup, drain a deep health to my lovely bride!" As Cosmo slowly arose and stood for a second on the side of the throne, he directed his glance to the stage, unwilling to gaze on the unhappy result of his treachery. Giovanni and Vassari seemed to pay little attention to the spirit of the play, and at the side scenes many dark menacing looks were directed towards the place occupied by the ducal pair. "Bianca—what love—thou dost not seem inclined to drink—come love, as I have drank from this cup, do thou sweeten the remainder for me." The cup was already in the hands of the Duchess; this Cosmo perceived with horror, and offered to dash it from her, when he found his arm firmly grasped from behind, turning a fierce glance like an adder over his shoulder, he could perceive a fiendish and exulting smile on the countenance of the Cardinal, who whispered firmly in his ear, "move but an arm, and a dozen daggers shall be

sheathed in thee! thou wouldst have deceived me—but villain; I have discovered thee—thou'rt lost!" Trembling from head to foot, Cosmo turned towards Bianca, who, after drinking the poisoned wine, placed it on the salver, which echoed, as her fairy finger returned the heavy and massive cup—the echo went to his heart like a death knell!

In a few minutes, Cosmo could perceive the colour fading from the cheek of both, and ere ten minutes, the Duchess covering her eyes with her hands, exclaimed in a faint tone—"My Lord Duke, I am ill—very ill—oh, let me retire. Oh God, how my head swims!" "Dearest love," said the Duke rising; "the heat hath overcome thee—let us retire, and in the fresh air thou wilt get immediate relief." For a moment the Duchess rose from the throne, and again clasping her hands convulsively to her forehead, stood for a moment like a statue, and then uttering a piercing shriek, fell back dead in her chair. "Who hath done this, my Lords?" cried the Duke, as staggering down the steps of the temporary throne, he leant for a moment on the shoulder of the Marchese Tivoli. For a moment a dead silence ensued, at length with a countenance almost black with agitation, and every vein starting from his head, he exclaimed, pointing with his forefinger at Cosmo, "*there is the villain!*" "Your highness's humble servant," said Cosmo, "who hath done some signal service for your Grace." At this instant the shades were removed, the lights of which combined with the glare of the stage lamps, falling on the florid countenance and grey hairs of Cosmo, instantly occasioned the exclamation, "*The villain wears a composition mask!* tear it from his face." This in an instant was done, and displayed the sunken features and raven hair of *Pietro Buonaventuri, the Black Mask of Venice!* The Duke was now, however, totally insensible, on perceiving which, the Cardinal seizing on Cosmo, exclaimed aloud, "Here Lords and Ladies—here is the traitor and spy-bearer!" "Friend," muttered Pietro, in a deep and strange voice, to that in which he spoke as Cosmo, "I'll not be thy victim!" "Drag the villain to a dungeon," exclaimed the Cardinal, to Giovanni Vasari, and other of the conspirators, who now surrounded him. "My Lords and this fair company, I must even wish all good night—this unhappy business to-morrow must become the subject of deep and deliberate investigation;" and whilst the bodies of the unfortunate Duke and Duchess were conveyed away to a remote apartment, the affrighted guests separating spread an account of the strange and tragical event.

"Well, most holy and immaculate Cardinal," after a pause exclaimed Pietro, in his midnight dungeon, as Vasari, Giu-

vanni, and others of the conspirators, had stretched him on the rack, and were going to apply the screws—"thou thinkest to wring a confession from me!—though here bound naked to have my limbs rent from my body, but thou shalt not." "Let the torture be applied then," exclaimed the Cardinal: "thou hast never felt it yet; we shall soon learn what thy constancy is." It was applied, and as the joints of the arms and legs were drawn from their sockets, cold clammy sweat rolled from the wretched prisoner's brow, the eyes were stretched almost to bursting, the lip quivered, and the sinews seemed as if they would separate from the flesh. "Wilt thou confess?" interrupted the Cardinal, as he gazed on the features of his victim; the next stretch, and thou shalt suffer a death of lingering tortures." "In God's name, release me even by death from this agony," wildly exclaimed Pietro, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. "Wilt thou relate all?" speak, or I give the word.. "All, all!" was the reply, just distinguishable in the hollow and enfeebled voice of the sufferer.

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PIETRO'S CONFESSION.

"My marriage with the runaway jeweller's daughter entailed poverty and distress in their worst shapes; to satisfy the absolute cravings of nature, I resorted (with the trifling fund I could command by the jewels that were on her person) to the gambling tables—and, aye, even, though of gentle blood, to the trade of a bravo! To effect this latter character, I acquired by intense study, (in conjunction with a natural talent) a facility of changing my voice, so as to deceive almost any person; I next obtained a composition mask, formed of silk, so flexible as to fit the features, and so cunningly painted in connection with a scalp of grey hair, that I was enabled to visit the gambling houses in a black crape visor, without fear of detection. It was at one of those houses of fortune, I met the Duke Francesco; when hearing him expatiate so fervently on female beauty, I excited his imagination by descriptions of the beauty of Bianca, whose misfortunes, after a seeming unwillingness, I partly revealed to him. In fine he offered me bribes to a large amount, to gain him an interview—I consented, stating that I was well acquainted with her husband; further remarking, that he would be from home on a certain night, on which the Prince took me at my word—nay, I even led him to the very threshold of my own door, delivering into his hand a dagger, whose services Bianca but too well guessed. We then parted—but my journey, after seeing him enter, was but to hasten to another street, where Magnifico, a fisherman and a decoy of mine, awaited me. In an instant

my false visor was removed, and my own haggard face and dark hair exhibited in their stead. Immediately after, Maraneillo, in company with me, by a back postern, the key of which was in my possession, gained entrance into the house, and on the Duke's attempting violence, we burst in, and a hundred ducats was the forfeit he paid. By accident a dispute arose between Bianca and me, and being partly labouring under the influence of liquor, I struck her—the Duke closed with me, and mastered me, whilst my wife effected her escape. Being now deprived of my wife, I determined not let him pass with impunity, so that, knowing the tour well, after assuming my usual disguise, I reached St. Mark's (our place of rendezvous) before him; here I was of course looked on as the Black Mask, and I had to undergo his reproaches, wherein I had much trouble to argue him out of the conceit, to comply with which, at his request I unmasked. Again was he duped, as in the uncertain light 'twas impossible for him to detect the deception."

* * * * *

"It was now my object to gain an interview with Bianca, and one night fortune favoured me—but all my entreaties would not induce her to accompany me in my flight; her only wish was to obtain her child, and for which she offered riches at command. Ever subtle, a thought instantly occurred to me; I consented to restore Panolo and departed. Maraneillo, who I had made assume a Black Mask, overheard our conversation, in a shrubbery beneath her balcony, and his gondola being in waiting with mine, in one of the small branching canals, I made him at the appointed hour display the white flag, and thus she was decoyed into his boat. I then past rapidly from under the bridge of Sighs, in my own gondola, in the direction of the jeweller's palazzo: thus having, as the Black Mask, fulfilled my engagement to the Duke! Shortly after the arrival of Bianca at Florence, I appeared there openly in my own person, and was immediately taken into office, and a magnificent house near the bridge H. Trinitia assigned as my residence. I, however, took the precaution of never appearing but at night as Cosmo, and disguised in appearance and voice as related.

* * * * *

"However, after a time I discovered, that both Bianca and myself had become objects of hatred, and to none more than to Ferdinand, the Duke's brother, your present Highness, and with little trouble ascertained your sentiments on the subject, and finding that the Duke, from the combination formed against him, must in the end fall, I, disguised as Cosmo, offered my services to thee! and in that capacity was engaged to

poison the Duke and his favourite, at a musical festival. With respect to her, however, I intended to deceive you by administering a dose that would create the semblance of death, and on her recovery, to have conveyed her to a place of safety, knowing, that for this apparent fulfillment of your Highness's wishes, I should be well rewarded. The next night, in the palace of the Abracchi, the plot was to have been carried into effect—but, on the same evening, the Duke sent a special messenger to the little hut occupied by Maraneillo, and where, as Cosmo, I was to be heard of. That very night, as Secretary, I was playing my part amid the gay nobles and ladies of the court, where a single pass word contained in a note from Maraneillo, warned me, the Prince required my presence, in our usual rendezvous, a grotto in the gardens of the palazzo. I accordingly left the apartment, assumed my disguise, and having had a billet conveyed to the Duke, awaited his arrival, when to my dismay, I discovered, *my* services were required to murder *Pietro Buonaventuri!* so that his Highness might enjoy the beautiful Bianca—Determined to deceive him, though at the fearful cost of *rs*, I promised compliance, and seeking the hut of Maraneillo by a villainous story trumped up for the occasion, stating, I wanted, in the disguise of his dress, to become master of certain State secrets, known to the Prince and one or two of his courtiers, and directing him to proceed to my residence near the bridge, I took a gondola, and after rowing some time down the Arno, again landed, and on a similar plea, induced a badge man or porter to change clothes with me and proceed by boat to the bridge—this arrangement, after much persuasion and a trifling bribe, I accomplished, and concealed in my Black Mask, by some heavy bribes, hired seven or eight professional bravos, took to boat again and attacked the unfortunate badge man in front of one of the guard stations on the river, and fastening a stone around his neck, sunk him in the deep and rapid stream, which process was perceived by the civil authorities and a vigorous chase commenced. However as both boats got more entangled amid the narrow bridges we managed to land and diving amid the more obscure lanes and alleys effected our escape. My plans were not yet all carried into effect and to blind the world, 'twas necessary that Maraneillo should be my next victim, so about midnight we gained the bridge and falling suddenly on him despatched him with our daggers and so mutilated the face that it was the dress alone that caused his supposed recognition.

“During the course of the ensuing year I was in the pay of the Duke in my character of Cosmo, never appearing, but at night, and having the almost unlimited command of money. It was now

that finding your Highness was bent on his death that I entered seemingly into your designs "intending with the reward I received to fly with Bianca to some foreign land, but fate has decreed it otherwise."

The history of Ferdinand is well known and although the Florentines were well aware that it was by treachery he came to the throne, the people soon became reconciled to his government and the ex-Cardinal having assumed an appearance of great sanctity which being attributed to repentance he soon became as popular if not more so than many of his predecessors. The fate of Pietro Buonaventuri was never known—It is concealed in the records of the Inquisition "An ower true tale!"

Berkampore.

C. M.

" MAID OF BISCAY—FARE-THEE-WELL !"

" Ere the moon its seal of silver
Sets upon expiring day
Freighted with a pearl of beauty
Yonder bark will leave the bay,
Haste we then our last sad greeting,
Life's uncertain—who shall tell
When again may be our meeting
" Maid of Biscay—fare-thee-well !"

Mine 'twill be again to wander
O'er each well remember'd spot
Thro' the valley—o'er the mountain
By the lake—and near the grot—
That lone grot, in whose recesses
Sainted mystery did dwell
Witness of our fond caresses—
" Maid of Biscay—fare-thee-well !"

Days of happiness like dreamings
Vanish'd with the morn—have fled,
Lonely hours of care and sadness
Round my future paths are spread,
Thus it is that joy for ever
Thine from fortune's blighting spell—
Who would love—when hearts must sever?
" Maid of Biscay—fare-thee-well !"

POETRY AND UTILITARIANISM.

Sit igitur, Iudices, sanctum apud vos humanissimos homines, hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit. Saxa et solitudines voci respondent, bestie scopæ immanes cantu reflectantur, atque consistunt : nos instituti rebus optimis non poetarum voces moveamur ?

Cic-Orat pro Archia.

In the controversy which has so long been maintained concerning the rank and estimation which poetry may claim amongst the various arts that conduce to the enjoyment of life, those who argue in her favour ought to beware how they concede the point of *utility* ; for none, in truth, is of greater importance in the cause which they have taken upon themselves to advocate. This consideration, however, they appear almost entirely to overlook when they incautiously place Poetry and Utilitarianism in opposition to each other, as if they were mutually incompatible ; whereas the real question should be whether poetry does or does not possess a degree of utility fully sufficient to entitle it to the admiration and gratitude of mankind. This point once settled, the question of degree—which after all is the principal and by far the most difficult one to be disposed of—would remain to be argued according to the usual forms in such case made and provided. But how can we expect that it ever will be decided, when the disputants instead of acknowledging reason as the basis of their argument avowedly speak according to their individual prejudices or—to make use of a term, which though it means the same thing is less uncourtly in its sound—their prepossessions ? For it is with poetry as with most other objects of human interest ; if we consider it in itself according to the opinions of those who are its votaries or admirers, or the contrary, we shall find nothing but enthusiasm on one side, and contempt on the other ; to succeed in rendering the suffrages unanimous is indeed a vain and hopeless expectation ; though whatever be the event, each party will of course lay claim to having included in its ranks every individual whose name or authority is entitled to the slightest degree of respect.

On the difficulty experienced in attempting to change long established habits there is a pleasant anecdote related by one of the followers of Plato : A man of some eminence at Syracuse determined, it seems, to visit Sparta ; he could neither boast of the brilliant elocution of Prodicus, of the ingenious trifling of Hippias, of the rhetorical tone of Gorgias, of the revolting immorality of Thrasymachus, nor, in short, of any of those qualifications, which belong to Sophists by profession. His talent consisted in a happy mixture of the useful with the

agreeable. By the aid of fire, and a certain seasoning of which he possessed the secret, he knew how to confer upon every species of nutriment a degree of superiority, which though ever varied always reached perfection. He was in fact a finished artiste, and ranked as high among the Greeks as a culinary professor, as the celebrated Phidias himself did as a Sculptor. This personage, then, making his appearance when Sparta still preserved her political preponderance and extensive domination, felt himself confident, in consequence of the art which he professed, of becoming a man of no small consideration among the Lacedemonians. But it fell out quite otherwise. The Magistrates having summoned him to attend, immediately ordered him to quit the city, and to try his fortune in other states where it was probable that his accomplishments might recommend themselves to those who were not only sensible to the pleasures and enjoyments which they were capable of affording, but at liberty to take advantage of them. "As for us," they continued, less laconically than they were wont, "we prefer exciting the appetite by wholesome labour rather than by such contrivances as yours, and recruiting our strength with aliment of the most simple kind and such as requires no other cookery than the aliment of Lions." Our friend accordingly quitted Sparta, carrying his art along with him, and was received by the other states of Greece agreeably to the estimation in which they severally held his unrivalled talents, without experiencing any of the effects of those prejudices, which had caused his expulsion from Lacedemonia."

The application of this story is not difficult. In an age of industry, we will not call it an iron or a brazen age, but one in which the skill of mankind is exerted rather to abridge the wants of life than to supply its mere conveniences—rather to make it supportable than to render it agreeable—when it is above all things desirable to inculcate the advantages of frugality and a contempt for luxurious enjoyments, and when, in short, it would be more advisable to resume the strict discipline of Lycurgus than to exclaim "*Spartam nactus es hanc exorna*"—at such a crisis as this no man can be surprised if he observes a very general disposition to undervalue every thing that does not appear to be the produce of bodily labour, or to bear upon it the stamp of unquestionable utility. It was, indeed, upon this principle, that Plato advocated the exclusion of Poetry from the imaginary republic, which he was framing with more than * Spartan severity.

* In fact, as M. de Villemain observes in the discourse annexed to his translation of the republic of Cicero, Plato's speculation was nothing more than an exaggerated commentary upon the rough institutions of the Lacedemonians dictated by the ingenious and enthusiastic imagination of an Athenian Philosopher.

His, however, was utility not in the abstract, but in the concrete—utility as applicable to the peculiar institutions, which he was organising, and above all of them, to the instruction of youth in the principles of morality and reverence for the gods. His objection to Hesiod and Homer was that those writers exposed the gods to contempt and detestation by composing false and absurd fables respecting them, affirming that they warred against each other, Jupiter himself exciting discord by his intrigues; that they were the cause of evil, that they violated their oaths without scruple and deceived mankind by false dreams and auguries, and that they indulged in the most frightful debauchery and intemperance. “These fables,” says Plato, “are truly hurtful and since they give false and dangerous ideas to youth are not to be mentioned in their presence.” And who, with reference to the object for which he wrote, would venture to dispute the justice of his remark? But though he excludes poetry from his system of instruction he bears constant testimony to the merit of the principal poets; he applies the epithet of *divine* to both Homer and Pindar. He commends, as he tells us, many things in Homer, but alluding to the dream sent by Jupiter to Agamemnon, and to a speech of Thetis in Æschylus, he adds* “when any one says such things as these of the gods, we shall evince displeasure and refuse to join in the chorus—nor shall we suffer teachers to make use of such things in the education of youth, if our guardians are to be pious and divine men as far as it is possible for men to be.”

Here then we see that Plato's exception was not general, but special in its nature, and moreover intended to be but of temporary duration; without pausing therefore to examine into the reasonableness or practicability of adhering to the standard of personal qualification, which he fixed upon for his guardians, it will be sufficient to observe, that the promulgation of Christianity—or at least of reformed Christianity—has changed the whole question of education even with respect to the peculiar view which the philosopher took of it. The religious system of the ancients was so encumbered with deities of every description, and in the darkness of human reason, it was so natural to endow

* See his Republic book 2—commencing with this question on education “and is not the beginning of every word of the greatest importance especially to every one young and tender?” to the end. In his tenth book however he restricts his objections apparently to the imitative part of poetry because it excites the irrational faculties of the soul whilst it destroys or depresses the rational, and therefore thinks it may with justice be excluded from his proposed city—Καὶ οὕτως ἤδη αὖ ἐν

δικῆ οὐ παραδεχόμενα εἰς μέλλουσαν εὐρομηῆσθαι ὄλιν διὰ τοῦτο ἐγείρει τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ ἰσχυρὸν ποιῶν ἀπόλλυσι τὸ λαγιστικόν. * *which, it need hardly be observed, he is directly at issue with Aristotle who praises and recommends the description of poetry, here alluded to, as highly useful in effecting the very reverse of what Plato condemns it for. Plato's objection, however, seems to have been entirely of Plato's way of thinking, for whilst bearing strong testimony to the merits of poetry—and comparing poetry temperately with philosophy to Mandragora growing near a vine—he says many harsh things of it, and recommends its being kept away from children.*

their world of invisible spirits with the same feelings and passions which characterised the mass of mankind, that not only had every virtue its apotheosis, but some representative of every vice or misfortune eventually found admission into a community composed of such comprehensive, but heterogeneous materials; so that the time may be supposed to have soon passed away when Atlas could congratulate itself on the slender weight of heavenly mansions, which it was obliged to sustain,

— contentaque sidera paucis
Numinibus, miserum, urgebant Atlanta minori
Pondere.

Again, the system of education then in vogue, so intimately blended practical instruction with the doctrines of their religion, and a familiar acquaintance with their mythological lore to be acquired principally, if not entirely, through the medium of poetry, that the strange liberties which men of genius had been induced to take in describing the characters and actions of the Gods, precisely as they would have done those of a more powerful and exalted order of mortals, could not fail to be unfolded and exposed in all their deformity to the weak and indiscriminating intellect of the rising generation. It was, therefore, almost impossible for a young man to be imbued with any deep feeling of respect for the deity to whom he addressed his worship. A sentiment of fear, or, to employ a more accommodating term, of awe, dictated the strict observance of such rites as might tend to avert the wrath or conciliate the favour of a capricious and vindictive being—but external homage could go no farther, and internal homage was entirely wanting. That this was the fact, the solicitude of Plato to reform the education of youth, is sufficient evidence—and the difficulty if not impossibility of such reform is as clearly implied in the *ideal* nature of the scheme which he took so much trouble to recommend. Under the Christian dispensation, however, the case is very different. Poetical instruction does not necessarily form any part of our early education—and even where it does, the poetry in use is appropriated almost entirely to the simplest forms of praise of the one and only God, pointed out as the object of our adoration. Even if it were otherwise, if poems of a more elaborate description were put into the hands of profane youth, still Milton, who is the *Homer of our religion, is rigid in his prin-

* This incidental comparison of Homer and Milton is strengthened by a fine passage in Cicero's Tusculan Questions—"Tractum est etiam Homerum cœcum fuisse. At ejus picturam, non poëam, videmus. Quæ regio, quæ urbs, quæ locus Græciæ, quæ species formæque pugnae, quæ acies, quod remigium, qui motus hominum quæque rerum, non ita explicitus est, ut quæ non viderit, nos ut videmus, efficerit?" It is said that Homer was blind, and yet his is not a poem but a picture. What country, what coast, what part of Greece, what form and description of camp, what field of battle, what feet, what movements of men or horses, has he not described, when he has not had himself seen them, but in such a manner as to make us see them also.—How does this case apply to Milton; both as a man and as a Poet!

cles, ardent and sincere in his devotion—and, if not always strictly scriptural, is never otherwise than orthodox. Perhaps, indeed, it is not too much to assert that among the British poets, and those of the reformed religion in particular, there is no instance of the implied profaneness and contempt for religion, which has just been adverted to. The nearest approach to it that now occurs, is in the *Absalom and Achithophel* of Dryden, and in some other of his pieces; but his sudden and unceremonious assumption of the Romish religion, on the accession of James 2d, leaves little or none of the opprobrium to the reformed church. The only other English poems which, in the view now taken of them, one could desire to see placed in the *Index expurgatorius* are some of Lord Byron's, and of the school he founded; but even the most exceptionable, the mystery of 'Cain,' is far from displaying the species of impiety alluded to, though its undisguised scepticism and daring casuistry would be extremely dangerous if they were not fortunately of a description not calculated to address themselves to the feelings and understandings of youth. It is, then, to the Romish church, and to that alone, that the stigma of superstition, in the strict sense of that word, still attaches. "It were better," says Lord Bacon, "to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for, the one is unbelief—the other contumely; and certainly, *superstition* is the reproach of the Deity. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation—all which may be guides to an outward and moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and exerteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men." The form of superstition now alluded to, however, it is proper to remark, was an almost inevitable consequence of the position in which the early christians stood, with respect to the followers of the ancient worship. A disposition to conciliate, and to induce conversion, rather by shewing the facility with which a change in the objects of adoration might be effected, than by convincing the mind of the necessity for that change, naturally suggested a conformity in outward ceremonies, and even went so far as to preserve and uphold the sanctity of those spots which had been consecrated in consequence of some local recommendation or other adventitious claim to the respect of the heathen world. Hence the presiding deity or genius of every hill, wood, stream or fountain, of every shrine or temple, soon found itself replaced by a Saint, whose demands upon the respect and credulity of the votary, differed in no perceptible degree from those of the last occupant. But even this adaptation of the new, to the forms of the old religion, was insufficient to satisfy the gross wants of the multitude; or

rather, perhaps, it was difficult to proceed thus far, without assimilating the two worships still more closely, by adopting at least a portion of those impure and carnal notions, which constituted so remarkable a characteristic of the superstitions of olden time. Accordingly we find, that the sexual relations subsisting between the several heathen deities, were not deemed unworthy of a typical imitation; cleared, it is true, from the atrocious and unblushing licentiousness by which the former worship was disfigured—but still retaining a degree of voluptuousness, that could not fail to address itself to the coarse and sensual natures of the mass of mankind. Several instances of this description were brought to notice by a late traveller in Italy and Sicily—but two only may here suffice as an illustration of the fact:—“On a tablet in the chapel of Monte Pellegrino, dedicated to Sa Rosolia, are inscribed verses which commence as follows:—

Locum intras tenebrosum; Nec te piget luminosum
Vultum solis non videre; Nempe Christo vis placere, &c.

And on the other side—“Oh most glorious virgin, Sa Rosolia, who, fired by the love of thy heavenly spouse, (Christ), abandonedst the comforts of thy father's house, and the pleasures of a court, to live with him in the narrow cavern of Quaquilina, and the savage den of Monte Pellegrino,” &c.: and, again, in a consecrated room annexed to the chapel of St. Catherine, at Sienna, is recorded upon a similar tablet—“That what house, S. Catherine one day felt an amorous longing (*amorese smanie*) to see her divine husband; that two very beautiful angels appeared to her to comfort her—but that she, turning to them, said, ‘it is not you I want, but him who created you,’” &c. it being notified in the same manner, “that under that roof she had been married to Jesus Christ, in the day of the Carnival, in the presence of the most blessed Virgin Mary—of King David, who played upon the harp—of St. John the Evangelist—of St. Paul and St. Dominic” (Blunt's *Vestiges of Ancient Manners*, &c. p. 10, 12) “when I witnessed all this” continues the writer “I could not prevent my mind from wandering to the interviews between Diana and Endymion, between Bacchus and Ariadne, between Venus and Adonis, between Jupiter, Apollo, in short half the heathen gods and as many favoured mortals whose names afterwards became emblazoned in the scrolls of Mythology. It is remarkable, too, that the sex of the parties is as carefully adjusted in the former as in the latter instances.” Further,—but after what has been just said it ought not to be matter of surprise to anyone,—even the names of the ancient deities were preserved, and the ‘Sovereign Jupiter’ *il sommo Jove* became the poetical appellation by which God was distinguished by the

old Italian writers : and at the present moment there exist, according to the author above quoted many inscriptions like that set up in the Church of St. Rosa at Viterbo where God is styled the " Ruler of Olympus."

"Quis tamen laudes recolat, quis hujus
Virginis dotes, sibi quam pudicis
Nuptiis junctam voluit superni
Numen Olympi?"

And lastly, the still greater degradation of the objects of solemn worship is daily to be witnessed in the South of Europe, where the patron saint if he neglect to warn his votaries of any coming danger, or in short to comply with their petitions, not unfrequently receives a much more severe punishment than that with which the ancient Thrasians were wont to threaten heaven when they pointed their arrows towards it on the approach of a thunder storm. A much higher authority however, might be given in the case alluded to of the Calabrian and Neapolitan mariners, by citing the example of Augustus, who, we are told by Suetonius, in revenge for a defeat by sea, excluded the statue of Neptune from his triumphant procession at the termination of the war.

But to return from this digression—laying aside all consideration of the vices of the system itself, nothing can more completely evince the high opinion which the Greeks in general held of the utility of Poetry, than their having so intimately blended it with all the ordinary and extraordinary transactions of life. Their religious rites—their marriages—their amusements in peace—their triumphs in war—the birth of their children—and their funeral obsequies, were all alike celebrated by Poetry. The leading men of the day—men who were in advance of the times in which they lived, in knowledge and intelligence—were the first to pay honour to the muse. Lycurgus was so much struck with the merits of *Homer's Poetry that he had it transcribed and brought it with him into Greece from Asia Minor, where it had for years been recited by the Rhapsodists—Solon directed it to be sung at public festivals at Athens; and Pesiistratus esteemed it one of the most brilliant actions of his chequered life that he had succeeded in collecting the whole of Homer's rhapsodies as they were then called, into one body, arranging them in their present form, and thus transmitting them to future ages. Alexander when Thebes was devoted to destruction ordered the house in which Pindar had resided to be exempted from the general ruin—and when he set out on his expedition to Persia, he not only carried poets in his train but supplied himself with the most perfect copy that could be obtain-

* He did the same to the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* and ordered statues to be erected to those eminent men.

ed of Homer expressly as "the best provision of military instruction which it was in his power to make." The works of Euripides, Æschylus, and Sophocles, he also directed to be sent to him when he was in the distant provinces of Asia. Such indeed was the high opinion entertained by that great man of the utility of poetry in civilizing mankind that he is reported to have used his utmost endeavours to encourage the study of it throughout his extensive conquests, and with so much success, too, that the better classes of Persia and even Hindoostan were said to have acquired a fondness for repeating the verses of Homer and other of the Greek writers.

Nor were the Greeks singular in this decided predilection for the tuneful art. There is scarcely a people on the face of the globe that has not recorded its earliest attempts to emerge from a state of barbarism—the deeds of its heroes and its legislators, the precepts of its religion or the wisdom of its sages—in poetic numbers. Assuredly if indisputable proof of the utility of Poetry were demanded none more conclusive need be given than its having thus been resorted to in all ages and in all climes to humanize mankind, to unite them in society and to reclaim them from those acts of rapine and bloodshed which threatened if not to exterminate the race altogether, certainly, to reduce it to a state but little superior to that of the savage beasts by which its dominion over the earth was sharply contested.

But to pass from the lively and accomplished Greeks to the energetic but unimaginative Romans, we have no difficulty in conceding that in the early times of that republic Poetry was held in little estimation—the only art which it encouraged and cultivated was the art of war, all others it appears to have systematically despised :

Eexcudent alii spirantia mollibus æra,
Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus ;
Orabunt causas melius : cælique mearus
scribent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent :
regere imperio populos, ROMANE, memento ;
tibi erunt artes ; pacisque imponere morem
crucere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

* Plutarch in his treatise on the fortune of Alexander expresses himself as follows : " While Alexander governed Asia and civilized it Homer was read ordinarily ; and the sons of the Persians, Susians and Gedrosians chanted the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles." Ælian also and Dio Chrysostom inform us that the Indians translated the poems of Homer into their own language and recited them. In the fragment of Ctesias preserved by Photius it seems to be insinuated that the Greek language was introduced into India, for amongst other curious and incredible things which that historian relates, we are told that the very parrots spoke Greek ! Perhaps however this was mere irony, and intended as a sly hit at the Indian schools of that day, or possibly at some Hindu Biddatoy which enjoyed the patronage of the influential circles. In this sense, indeed, even at the present moment it might be said that Hindoostan abounds in parrots that speak English instead of Greek—and can show a good number, chiefly imported from England, however, that can chatter Persian. Whilst on the subject of the marvels of India it may be mentioned that in Strabo a historian cited by Herodotus and Aristotle is to be found the original of the wonderful account of the Hindus—as mentioned in the Romance of Christine II. Moenchius—having such large feet that they walked with them over their heads as crutches for several hours during the heat of the day. Which may remind us of the story made by Gibbon by a French lady when a similar story was related of a Catholic martyr going in search of his head :—" The length of the walk did not surprise her for in such cases it n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

and it is remarkable that Virgil the writer of these beautiful lines is even more of a Roman than a poet, for in this enumeration of the arts, by which a nation might distinguish itself, poetry is not even mentioned.

It was not till the close of the fourth century after the building of Rome that the muse of poetry appears to have been invited to trust herself in the midst of that unpolished community. On the occasion of a pestilence, the solemn farce of the *Lectisternium*, or banquet offered to the Gods, having been found inefficacious in averting their wrath, farces of another description, that is, scenic plays were introduced from Etruria. "A new thing," says Livy, "to a warlike people." These performances at first, it seems, were almost entirely musical, unaccompanied by poetical language—but they were speedily imitated and improved by the "younger citizens throwing out at the same time, amongst each other, ludicrous expressions in coarse verses, and with gestures adapted to the words." These and the fescennine verses appear to have been their first attempts at poetry; but it was not for more than a century afterwards, that regular comedies were composed by Livius Andronicus. That writer, however, was speedily followed by others and Nævius and Ennius—the latter of whom was settled in Rome by Cato, the Censor, the greatest Utilitarian of the day, about the year 514, composed epic narratives, besides a number of dramatic pieces. Still it was not till the introduction of the arts of civilized life had considerably softened the manners of the Romans, that poetry received 'honour due' from that rough people. But with civilization and refinement, the usual accompaniment of fastidiousness made its appearance, and we find Horace complaining in his Epistle to Augustus, that nothing in the way of Poetry was received with distinction, unless it had antiquity to recommend it; and Juvenal says, that Statius was allowed to starve even in the midst of applause bestowed upon the sweetness of his verse—

— tantâ dulcedine captos
 Afficit ille animos, tantaque libidine vulgi
 Auditur: sed cum fregit subsellia versu,
 Esurit—

Still Poetry flourished, and the estimation in which it was held by the enlightened is sufficiently demonstrated by the high commendation which Cicero bestows upon it throughout the whole of his works, but particularly in his oration 'pro Archia,' which is too well known to be quoted in this place. Horace too, expressly says that the poems of Homer contain more useful instruction than the works of either the Stoic or Academic philosophers—

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

And in the Epistle to Piso, he has summed up the merits of poetry in a way that cannot fail to satisfy the mind, not only of the Poet, but of the strictest Utilitarian himself.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poeta,
Aut imponere sœnda, et idonea dicere vitæ....
Omne erant punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

Ovid is perhaps *too much* of a poet, to entitle his opinion to the same weight, but Lucretius, who was more *philosopher even than poet, may safely be quoted as bearing testimony to the utility of Poetry as a vehicle of instruction: without availing himself of its aid indeed, he confesses, that he could not have attempted to unfold the depths of the Epicurean philosophy to his fellow citizens. The whole passage (at the commencement of the 5th book) is exceedingly beautiful; but we have only room for the following, as bearing more particularly on the subject in hand:—

Sic ego nunc, quoniam hæc Ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus not est tractata, retroque
Vulgus abhorret ab hac; volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi in seculo dulci contingere melle;
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenere
Versibus in nostris possem, dum perspicias omnem
Naturam rerum, ac persentis utilitatem.

And, to conclude our citations from Roman writers, Quintilian bears the following splendid testimony to the merit of Homer, and through him of poetry in general—the study of which he everywhere recommends—“*Igitur, ut Aratus ab Jove incipiendum putat, ita nos rite cepturi ab Homero videmur. Hic enim (quem ad modum ‘ex oceano’ dicit ipse ‘amniū vim fontiumque cursus initium capere’) omnibus eloquentiæ partibus exemplum et ortum dedit. Hunc nemo in magnis sublimitate, in parvis proprietate superaverit. Idem lætus ac pressus, secundus et gravis, tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis: nec poetica modo, sed oratoria virtute eminentissimus.*” Therefore, as Aratus thinks he should begin by Jupiter, so we may seem properly to begin from Homer. For he (in the manner he himself tells us, ‘that the course of fountains and the current of rivers owe their existence to the ocean’) gave birth and set the example of all descriptions of eloquence. Him no one has excelled in sublimity in great things, in propriety in

* Aristotle would have placed him, notwithstanding his unquestioned poetical merit, amongst the writers on physics, with Empedocles. Οὐδὲν δὲ κοινὸν ἔστιν Ὁμήρῳ καὶ Ἐμπεδοκλεῖ, πλὴν τὸ μέτρον. διὸ τὸν ποιητὴν ἰσχυροῦς καλεῖν, τὸν δὲ φυσιολόγῳ λόγον μᾶλλον ἢ ποιητὴν.—Poet. 4.

small. At once florid and compressed, grave and agreeable, now admirable for his copiousness, now for his brevity, he is not only particularly eminent for poetical, but for oratorical talent."

If then, we sum up the evidence of all antiquity, we shall find fact, inference, and opinion, alike eager to acknowledge the valuable services which poetry has rendered to mankind. Instructors of youth had recourse to its aid—Historians quoted its authority—Hierophants and Sages consecrated it to the explanation of the most recondite truths—Warriors professed their obligations to it, and Statesmen, Legislators, and Philosophers, vied with each other in doing homage to its merit. In the ancient world, therefore, the eminent rank which it enjoyed, is unquestionable. But in aftertimes, other principles must be adverted to, and causes which had not before existed, must be investigated, to enable us to assign its relative position in the present altered condition of society.

In setting out upon this fresh enquiry, it is impossible to overlook our obligations to poetry, as having been mainly instrumental in effecting the restoration of learning, after the darkness of the middle ages, and in giving form and consistency to several of the modern languages. To poetry and poets alone, do those languages owe their existence in literature. Men of learning, at the time alluded to, and even to a comparatively modern date, wrote entirely in Latin, and the vulgar tongue, as the vernacular dialects of the day were contemptuously styled even so late as the 13th century, was so little used, that interpreters were obliged to attend on occasions of ceremony, to translate the harangues of the speakers into it, for the benefit of the public. Learned men did not condescend to avail themselves of its assistance, either in their writings or discourse, and the church acknowledged no organ but the Greek or Latin. But, "as in all other languages," says Ginguené, "it was poetry which dared to take the lead in emancipating the world from this disgraceful thralldom." At first her efforts were coarse and feeble—confined to subjects introduced by the Arabs, the Provençales, and Troubadours; but she soon acquired strength, and the powerful genius of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio ensured the existence of the Italian language—whilst the dialects of the "gay science," in like manner became the foundation of the French and Spanish—and our own Gower and Chaucer performed the same services to England, partly by their original compositions, partly by transfusing into its as yet rude language, the more finished or elaborate productions of the continental muse.

This new obligation which poetry conferred upon mankind, contributed to uphold her in the rank and estimation which she

had ever enjoyed in the world of literature and civilization; but in proportion as the arts and sciences began to develop themselves, she found her situation materially altered. Her pupils surpassed their preceptress in knowledge, and she was necessarily somewhat lowered in comparative estimation, in proportion to the growth and progressive increase of other claims upon their immediate attention. The literature of antiquity was much more circumscribed both in comprehensiveness and in extent, than it has been since the invention of printing. In those early times, Poetry, Philosophy, and History, comprised the whole circle of human science; and the first named of them was in perfection, when the other two were yet in a state of infancy. The first epic that was composed, is still the most perfect; and, like the Nile, poetry may be said to have burst upon the admiration of mankind, in all the grandeur of maturity without any mortal being acquainted with its source:—

Arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli
 Non licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre,
 Amovit que sinus, et gentes maluit ortus
 Mirari, quam nosse tuos.

and, if we were inclined to continue the metaphor, we might add, that its transparent current, without being replenished by the dews of heaven, lost much of its clearness and beauty in its progress through the wastes of time, that romantic fiction, like a huge canal, diminished the pure volume of its stream—and that Madrigals, and short occasional pieces, had the effect of irrigation in diffusing its waters over the neighbouring plains, leaving it at last in danger of losing itself in the sands, or of being obliged to find an outlet by means of narrow, shallow, or obscure channels.

It is apparently, however, to the wild and extravagant fictions of the romance of modern times that poetry is indebted for the first sensible diminution of its claims upon our respect. There is nothing in what may be styled the primitive epic that necessarily deviates from truth excepting its poetical machinery, *and even that, in the opinion of many, is susceptible of an allegorical interpretation highly favourable to the interests of truth and morality. The enumeration and description of the Grecian fleet—the various qualifications of the Princes and warriors engaged on both sides at the Siege of Troy—their castrementation and military array—the councils of the chiefs—their combats—together with the multitude of events incident to so great an enterprise, might all have been drawn from authentic sources, and would have been amply sufficient to furnish out the materials of

* See Bacon's explanation of the physical, moral and political mythology of the ancients, also his exposition of the fables of Pan, Perseus, and Bacchus, see also Warburton's remarks on the 6th Æneid.

a noble poem, without rendering it liable to the reproach thrown out against Addison's ' Campaign,' of being merely a gazette in rhyme. The same too might be said of the wanderings of Ulysses, the two-fold nature of the *Æneid*—and of all the other epics of antiquity. But in the epic of romance every thing is different—there is no attempt to connect it with the truth of history, all is unreal, fanciful, and for the most part, extravagant—an unsubstantial pageant—in short, an undisguised fiction. The intrinsic merits of this variety of the epic, the lofty flights of imagination with which it abounds, the splendour of its imagery and the delightful sprightliness of its narrative, all, it is true, give it a powerful claim upon our admiration—but in the midst of its triumph, the severe dignity of the ancient muse, *ch'a nullo amato amar perdona*, seems to reproach us for our easy flexibility, and to remind us that nothing ought to be deemed worthy of our lasting regard that cannot boast of having truth not only for its foundation, but for the object at which it aims.

Aristotle, the father of criticism originally, it is well known, defined poetry to be " an imitative art," and this definition is not inconsistent with its having truth for its foundation, since it necessarily supposes some existing and visible object for imitation to have been present to the senses of the Poet. Otherwise, if fancy and imagination alone, without any thing of a real or tangible nature to assist them, be supposed to direct the operations of his mind, then imitation, as applied to so evanescent a process would be an absurdity. The poet would be occupied in imitating what was already imitated by the faculty of association, in making in short the copy of a copy, or the shadow of a shade. It is certainly much more consistent with his character that he should be thought " all compact" with the lover and the madman—" his eye in a fine *phrenzy* rolling," than that he deliberately sits down to feign what has no existence whatever. His fancy and imagination are the effect of his enthusiasm and not the cause—what he feels poignantly he describes enthusiastically—truth is his foundation, feeling and imagination his means, and delight and instruction his end. He does not deliberately feign what is not true, but he calls in fancy and imagination to assist in expressing and adequately impressing upon the minds of his readers, the real feelings, prompted by memory or judgment, which he is anxious to convey to them. When, however, fancy and imagination, instead of being employed in their proper sphere of illustration and embellishment, were called upon to furnish the very ground work of a poem, then it became evident that Aristotle's definition was not sufficiently discriminative, and therefore it was that " *the art of expressing our thoughts by fiction*" was substituted for it, not only as being more comprehensive, but as

in some measure retaining the leading idea of the former, since if imitation did not necessarily imply fiction, fiction certainly implied imitation. But if the wild and extravagant fancies of the romantic school thus occasioned the rank of an inventive rather than an imitative art being conferred upon Poetry, what she appeared to gain by discarding the unpretending associates which Aristotle had assigned to her, Painting, Sculpture, *Dancing!* and Music, she certainly lost as before remarked, by a very sensible diminution of her moral dignity. Fiction in its literal interpretation was considered synonymous with falsehood, and the contamination thus attaching to its new title appears quickly to have extended itself to almost the whole range of poetry; thus an eminent English writer remarks that even Homer is extolled by Aristotle above all things "for knowing how to lie with perfection" though it is admitted by Aristotle himself that the passages alluded to are in themselves allegorical illustrations of the justest moral truths conveying the soundest doctrine and instruction on life and manners; and it is remarkable that Longinus has praised them with such enthusiasm and beauty of language as, in the opinion of able Judges, to have vied in sublimity with the poet whose works he was criticising.

The foregoing remarks will perhaps be deemed sufficient to point out the true causes of the altered position which poetry occupies in the modern, as compared with her undoubted pre-eminence in the ancient world. So various indeed are the objects, and so vast the field of intellectual observation, that her estimation now depends in a great measure upon the peculiar bias or turn of mind of the individual who undertakes to fix it. Her true character cannot be comprehended by men of ordinary capacity, and is obnoxious to mis-conception even among those who display undoubted ability in other studies. Nay, those even who may be said to be of a poetical turn of mind, are not always unanimous on the question of her utility. Thus the man who looks chiefly to sacred and lyric compositions will describe poetry as one of the noblest and most instructive of our pursuits—another whose reading has been confined to narrative poetry will speak only of the delight which it affords—whilst the admirer of the didactic and preceptive school, considering it principally as an elegant and pleasing vehicle of instruction, will pronounce it as useful as it is agreeable. Under this view it would be an endless task to cite modern authors either in favour or against the 'divine art.' Men of great taste and celebrity in one line of intellectual enjoyment might yet have no correct perception of beauty in this; but as the real value of an opinion must always be directly as the means or capacity of judging, the dicta of such a class would tell decisively on neither side.

It may sound like a truism to observe that whilst knowledge and reflection are the greatest friends that polite learning can boast, ignorance and envy are its greatest enemies; yet we are, on the one hand, so eager to exaggerate the importance of what we ourselves are very partial to, and, on the other, so apt to speak disparagingly of what has no attractions for us; we are so easily led to despise and even to hate what we cannot appreciate ourselves but see that others admire, that it seems necessary in all questions of this description to be more than ever careful to guard against the common errors and weaknesses of human nature when called upon to weigh the evidence which each party has to offer in favour of its own side of the argument. If a man betray any decided exclusiveness in the turn of his mind, it will derogate from the soundness of his opinion on all subjects, either within or without the sphere of his peculiar bias. He may in the main be right on the subject of the art which he most affects, but the chances are that his feelings will be too strong in its favour, and that they will too readily prompt him to oppose the claims of any other. In short, were we to empanel any twelve honest men for the purpose of obtaining a fair decision on the point at issue, we should be disposed to borrow the aid of Phrenology, and to submit their heads to the rigid scrutiny of that nicely discriminating science. An equal but full developement of all the intellectual faculties—including of course the due subordination of the animal propensities—ought alone to constitute a good judge, with ability to give a sound opinion, and a freedom alike from prejudice and prepossession, to enable him to give an impartial one.

On this principle we would even object to record the evidence of the gallant Sidney “the muses’ darling and the nation’s pride”—whom Queen Elizabeth was wont to style “the jewel of her times.” His exquisitely delicate temperament however was too exclusively* poetical to admit of his being accounted an impartial witness. But there is one against whom no such objection can be made and yet whose all comprehensive mind fully accords with the standard which has just been laid down. Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy, whose wonderful ta-

* There is one passage however in his defence of poetry which is so just as well as poetical—and which bears so fully upon the question of truth being the true foundation of poetry whilst fancy and imagination only tend thereto in embellishing the superstructure, that it is impossible to resist the temptation of quoting it on the present occasion. “There is no art delivered unto mankind, that has not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. Only the poet disdainful to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow into effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature brings forth, or quite anew, he forms such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry as diverse poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely; Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver it golden.”

lents and immense variety of acquired knowledge rendered him the boast both of his country and of the age in which he lived* and "whom" to use the words of Aubrey "all that were great and good loved and honoured." The testimony of such a mind would be valuable on any subject within the range of the human intellect. "Narrative poetry," he says "otherwise called heroic poetry, seems, with regard to its matter, not the versification, raised upon a noble foundation; as having a principal regard to the dignity of human nature. For as the active world is inferior to the rational soul, so poetry gives that to mankind which history denies; and in some measure satisfies the mind with shadows, when it cannot enjoy the substance. For upon a narrow inspection, poetry strongly shews, that a greater grandeur of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety is pleasing to the mind, than can anywhere be found in nature, after the fall. As the actions and events which are the subject of true history, have not that grandeur which satisfies the mind, poetry steps in, and feigns more heroical actions. And as real history gives us not the success of things, according to the deserts of virtue and vice; poetry corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded or punished according to their merit. And as real history disgusts us with a familiar and constant similitude of things, poetry relieves us by unexpected turns and changes; and thus not only delights, but inculcates morality and nobleness of soul. Whence it may be justly esteemed of a divine nature; as it raises the mind, by accommodating the images of things to our desires; and not like history, and reason, subjecting the mind to things. And by these its charms and congruity to the mind, with the assistance also of music, which conveys it the sweeter, it makes its own way; so as to have been in high esteem in the most ignorant ages, and among the most barbarous people; whilst other kinds of learning were utterly excluded."

What can the most enthusiastic admirer of poetry desire stronger than this testimony—bearing at once the stamp of fervour and sincerity—in favour of the noble uses of the "divine art" from such a man as Francis Bacon? Yet when we are told that the modern champion of utilitarianism, Jeremy Bentham, allows it no higher rank in the scale of intellectual pursuit than that of "one of the arts of amusement" we become alarmed for the reputation of our favourite, and appear to imagine that his simple *dictum* is not only to unsettle our deeply rooted faith, but to impose a new creed upon mankind for all future ages. The great philosopher of the 17th century is directly at issue

* See Supp. Encyc. Brit. Dissertation I note F.

with the oracle of moral and political science of the 19th, but shall we hesitate to which to give the preference? They were both men of first rate abilities, and of each it may be said that he was great in an age abounding in great men. They were both reformers; Bacon found Philosophy encumbered by the verbal disputes and endless abstractions of the Aristotelian school, and left it on the firm and secure foundation of experimental induction; he styled himself 'the servant of posterity' and to posterity he left his 'name and memory.' Bentham was the ablest and most consistent advocate of the reforms of his day and had the good fortune to live long enough to see many of his important suggestions adopted. Foreign nations vied with each other and surpassed his native country in doing honour to Bacon's vast abilities after his decease—Emperors, legislators, states, and governors consulted Bentham as their living oracle. Bentham however had the light of an enlightened age to guide him,—Bacon by the splendour of his genius not only threw a new light over his own, but illumed future ages. Bacon led the way to knowledge and formed a system of philosophy which has ever since been adhered to—Bentham adopted and improved upon the notions of others, but added new ones no less important of his own. Bentham's exertions were principally confined to the means of perfecting moral and political legislation—a vast and mighty undertaking and worthy of a mind of first rate power—but Bacon in the wide capaciousness of his transcendent intellect comprehended the entire range of human speculation. Without therefore entertaining the smallest idea of depreciating the truly eminent merit of Jeremy Bentham, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing his authority to be decidedly inferior to that of Francis Bacon—and if the enthusiastic worshippers of the divine art are offended at the hasty and contemptuous expressions of the former, they ought to consider themselves as more than indemnified by the deliberate and enlightened opinion delivered by the latter.

But, it may be asked, is this *dictum* of Bentham's in reality as contemptuous as it is imagined to be—or ought it either in a literal or a philosophical sense to be so considered. If Bentham were alive we certainly should feel inclined respectfully to beg of him to define what was precisely meant by *amusement*, and some other terms of potential importance in the present controversy. He himself tells us in his treatise on government, that a want of accuracy in the terms we make use of is one of the most fruitful sources of our constant misapprehension of each other's meaning: "Men," says he "let them but once clearly understand each other, will not be long ere they agree. It is the perplexity of ambiguous and

sophistical discourse that while it distracts and eludes the apprehension, stimulates and inflames the passions"—though on another occasion he seems to apprehend a good deal of difficulty even on this head; for in attempting to define the word "responsibility" he says "At every turn he whose endeavour it is to avoid conveying any idea that shall fail in clearness, correctness or comprehensiveness, has his hand arrested by the imperfection and inflexibility of language."

Now in point of *comprehensiveness* the term "amusement" is certainly quite competent to convey the idea intended by Bentham in the classification alluded to—but in clearness and correctness it is far otherwise. To assert that the song of Moses and the children of Israel, and that of Solomon,—or that the compositions of Isaiah and the Prophets or those of Homer and Pindar are "set aside apart," no better than "a game of push-pin" is *not correct*—and to compare the "art of poetry" with the aforesaid game, does not convey to the mind of the reader any very *clear* idea of what is meant, since it is uncertain whether the invention of the game, or the mere skill of playing at it, be intended to be ranked as "of equal value with the art of poetry." "Amusement," however, as has just been observed, is a term of sufficient *comprehensiveness* no doubt. It includes not only every imaginable sort of diversion or recreation—whether innocent or mischievous—the game of push-pin, the game of chess, or, the prototype of the latter, the game of war—but it applies alike to the old and the young, the rich and poor, the happy and miserable, the wicked and the innocent, in short to all mankind. Still even in this sense we are unwilling to quarrel with it; for unless by amusement is meant other than innocent amusement—and we are not aware that Bentham says any thing on that head—we are of opinion that any art, even the "art of poetry," that is able to supply a commodity which is so extensively in demand, cannot with propriety be ranked amongst the useful as well as the agreeable arts.

It is, in fact, if not the greatest happiness, in a moral point of view, to promote the happiness of the greatest number, and therefore to provide adequate and innocent amusement for mankind everywhere, and will ever constitute an important item in human economy. "We bring into the world with us," says Sir William Temple, "a poor, needy, uncertain life, short at the longest, and unquiet at the best; all the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out the ways how to revive it with pleasures, or relieve it with diversions; how to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To some of these ends have been employed the institutions of law-givers, the reasonings of philosophers, the imaginations of poets, the pains

of labouring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. And the world is perpetually at work about nothing else, but only that our poor mortal lives should pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them."

But it has been admitted it seems, that Bentham was fond of poetry in his hours of relaxation from severer studies; yet the admirers of the 'divine art' so far from accepting of this negative testimony in its favour, view it as little short of an aggravation of his offence because the philosopher, notwithstanding this occasional intercourse, still considered it merely as a relaxation. This is one of the many instances, that might be given of the complete empire which words so often exercise over the minds of men. Here amusement and relaxation are obviously looked upon as one and the same thing, whereas in truth they are only so in a very secondary point of view. Amusement either before or after its being indulged in, does not imply any degree of mental or bodily exertion—Relaxation necessarily implies not only previous exertion or restraint, but the capacity of renewing them. What, for example, was the relaxation of such a mind as Bentham's—was, it not the unbending of the bow of Ulysses—the repose after or preparatory to an arduous conflict of memory and invention and reflection—the safety valve of the human soul, which ensured its renewed action and prevented the frail 'tenement of clay' in which it was contained from bursting—the holy sabbath, in short, of the over-wrought intellect? Hear what Cicero says on this subject, when speaking of the Poet Archia*. "You ask me why I take such deep interest in this man's welfare. It is because he affords me relaxation; my mind is relieved after the bustle of the forum, and my stunned ears have some respite from the wrangling and abuse of the courts. Do you imagine, that I could possibly argue the great variety of questions that daily occur, if I did not recreate my mind with this sort of study, or that my brain could support so much disputing, if these same pursuits were not indulged in as a relaxation?" Such are the obligations, which the greatest of Roman orators acknowledges to poetry; and if she is proud, as she has ample reason to be, at having so materially contributed to support a man of his splendid talent, shall she not also be grateful when the same obligations are acknowledged, even though without the same unhesitating ingenuousness, by the illustrious bencher of Lincoln's Inn?

* *Quæres a nobis, Graccho, cur tantopere hoc homine delectemur? quia suppeditat nobis, ubi, et animus ex hoc forensi strepitu reficiatur, et aures convicio defessæ conquiescant. An tu existimas, aut suppetere nobis posse, quod quotidie dicamus in tanta varietate rerum, nisi animos nostrus doctrinâ excolamus aut ferre animos tantare posse contentionem, nisi eos doctrinâ eadem relaxemus?*
Oratio pro Archia poeta.

If the ulterior *utility* of relaxation and amusement may be thus inferred from their wide *necessity*, the reaction of amusement on what may be termed *actual* utility, is hardly less apparent. When we reflect upon the variety of acquired knowledge possessed by a Dryden, a Pope, or a Byron, it is impossible to conjecture what they might not have been capable of executing, in other walks of genius, if their minds had not been exclusively devoted to poetry. But although absorbed in one great pursuit, we are not thence to conclude that their general knowledge was productive of nothing more than the mere pleasure arising from the perusal of their works, taken simply as poetry. On the contrary, their compositions exhibit at once a concentration, and a range of thought, which have placed the whole material world under contribution, and it is scarcely possible to peruse a line without our mind being excited to some enquiry—assisted by some illustration—or, in other words, being put upon the open track of evident utility; so that, although resorted to for amusement, they rarely fail in the end, to confer upon the reader the benefits of real, substantial and useful instruction. This is true throughout all the subdivisions of human exertion—but it is perhaps more apparent in the mechanical arts, where this secondary utility resulting from mere amusement, though entirely overlooked, as it would seem, by Bentham, is beautifully explained by Sir David Brewster, in the conclusion of his ‘Letters on Natural Magic.’ Speaking of the many curious mechanical contrivances of the last fifty years, he observes, “Ingenious and beautiful as all these pieces of mechanism are, and surprising as their effects appear, even to scientific spectators, the principal object of their inventors was, to astonish and amuse the public. We should form an erroneous judgment, however, if we supposed that this was the only result of the ingenuity which they displayed. The passion for automatic exhibitions which characterized the eighteenth century, gave rise to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher orders of artists, habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or which waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, reappeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning machines, and our steam engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton, has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tam-

bourine engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjuror who used them, contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic boys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species." All this, as we have just hinted, is no doubt more apparent in the arts of manual exertion than in any other; but it is the business of the philosopher, when tracing the subtle operation of mind upon matter, to discriminate and point out that natural interchange and re-action, by which the loftiest speculations in one department may assist the progress of thought in another—or, by which the lowliest efforts of patient industry may be sublimed and elevated into the most brilliant or useful inventions. It is this, we repeat, that Bentham has neglected to do, and he has thereby deprived his leading principle of one of its most powerful recommendations—contracting the enlarged application of which it was susceptible, and restricting it to the narrow and almost absurd standard of actual or immediate utility; instead of considering the understanding as the instrument by which every thing was to be obtained, and the improvement of the understanding, consequently, the most important object that can engage our attention.

"A cultivated understanding," *says the learned and excellent Gilbert Wakefield, "finds no indulgence so luxurious and delightful, as the feast which poetic genius furnishes for its entertainment. But utility, and not amusement only should be the grand object of all our pursuits: and I would fain persuade myself, that an intimate connexion subsists between letters and morality, between sensibility and taste, between an improved mind and a virtuous heart." Surely if Bentham had met with this sentiment—so fervently and yet so modestly expressed—he could not but have answered its appeal by confessing poetry to be useful, not only in itself, but even as an amusement. But let us ask, what is this principle of utility, and how is the fact of its presence to be decided? If universal adaptation be a test then poetry cannot fail of being ranked with the useful arts; or, for a like reason, if suffrages are to be taken as to the greatest good of the greatest number, the same result will take place, for almost every human being has some knowledge or feeling of poetry, whereas not one in ten cares for utilitarianism excepting in the very limited circle of his own physical wants, and not always then. In any other point of view utilitarianism is comparatively unknown—the powerful undervalue it—the happy and the gay overlook it—the rich despise it—the poor look upon it

* Advertisement to his edition of Gray.

as a mockery—the man of the world regards it as the dream of a philanthropist—the practical and the speculative philosopher alone deem it worthy of attention ; the first considering it undoubtedly a great desideratum, and the second with no less confidence feeling assured that it will be generally recognized at the coming of the Millenium.

But it is time to bring this long discussion to a close enough, it is trusted, has been adduced to shew cause for believing that Bentham was somewhat hasty in the decision which has given so much offence to almost every man of any pretensions to taste or literature. Against what degree of light he sinned, it would be presumptuous even to attempt a conjecture, but the most charitable is probably in this case the true interpretation, that he expressed himself as he really felt, and that his feelings were in strict accordance with his physical, or perhaps we should say, his phrenological conformation and temperament.

For Poetry, she may, like Scipio, appeal with confidence to her former glorious achievements, and to her still illustrious name—at once the chronicle of past and the herald of future renown. Let the noblest monuments of human genius, in every clime and in every age, be pointed out, and no doubt will exist as to poetry having borne her full share in producing them. These master-pieces of mind are spread throughout every department in the vast circle of human ingenuity and exertion, and the pre-eminence of any individual one depends more perhaps upon the peculiar taste and capacity of the judge than upon its own intrinsic merit. But, however this may be, poetry has ever borne a high rank among them, and in calling to mind the lofty spirits which have done honour to the race of man, the names of Bacon and Newton and Galileo, of Franklin, Adam Smith and Malthus are never mentioned without suggesting those of Milton, Shakespeare, Ariosto, Spenser, Pope and Byron.

In contemplating the glorious register of great names and great works, now alluded to, and which every attempt to arrange and classify on the present occasion would prove abortive, from the number of objects and the dazzling variety of excellence which offer themselves for selection, we may rest assured that the head that shall contrive, and the hand that shall execute, any thing that deserves to be enrolled on the same scroll, no matter in what class or department, will establish an irresistible claim to be ranked among the useful promoters of the honour and happiness of mankind. A warm admiration of the results of wit and genius prompts to emulation, and even to invention; and however we may be struck with awe and humility on

observing how much has been done by those who preceded us, we should never allow ourselves to forget that their success and their renown inspire a hope that any one who steadily pursues the same general object, the happiness of his fellow creatures, may yet obtain admission for his own particular star to that bright galaxy of genius which is destined to attract the admiring gaze of future generations. S.

SONG

To a Portuguese air.

BY THE LATE H. L. V. DEROZIO.

Her tears were streaming
 For joys departed,
 No light was cheering
 The broken hearted.
 Her weary breast
 Still sought for rest
 That could not be possess'd.

And thoughts were coming
 Of aught but gladness,
 Till worn with weeping
 She slept in sadness.
 Last watch she kept !
 Last tears she wept !
 But not last sleep she slept !

No hope is beaming
 Of change to morrow,
 While she is dreaming
 A dream of sorrow ;
 For grief extreme
 With love's the theme
 Of that delirious dream.

The blast was sweeping
 Across the ocean,
 And forth she wander'd
 To mark its motion
 Her bosom was bare,
 Unbraided her hair,
 Her look was wild despair.

She gazed in silence
 Upon the billow
 But now she's pressing
 A watery pillow !
 For soon she gave
 Unto the wave
 The life 'twas vain to save !

WARLIKE ADVENTURES OF A PEACEFUL MAN.

CHAPTER I.

I lived in a street in Berlin, not one of the most fashionable—but I had the first story of the house, in other words, the garret. One morning, as I lay in bed, between sleeping and waking, I heard the ringing of bells from steeples far and near. I suddenly recollected, that it was Sunday, the 6th October, my thirty-ninth birth-day!

A youth of nineteen looks forward with some pleasure, to his twentieth year—for, as long as he is in his teens, he is regarded as incapable of many things, for which he may be nevertheless fully capable. But it is not so when he has reached the age of thirty. The gay time of life is gone by, every thing is no longer *couleur de rose*. How terrible to think of reaching my fortieth birth-day, even without a wife to cheer me! Alas! at the age of forty, thought I, I shall perhaps have the same situation, the same prospects, as I now have, that is, none! I thought it extreme good luck to obtain the place of usher in a public school in the town. The reward of my learning, my unwearied exertions and industry, and my unexceptionable way of life for thirty years. But I had no relations, no protectors, no friends! I was still obliged to walk, and not seldom to run in breathless haste, from street to street, for private tuition, to keep up a poor joyless life. The intervals between the hours of instruction, I filled up with writing for the journals and almanacs; ungrateful toils, for the booksellers paid me sparingly with copper—yet I was liked, my talents and my learning were commended, but none assisted me. Others reap golden harvests. But some are born with a wooden ladle. Yet, if I were alone to suffer, it would be tolerable: but oh my unfortunate Lotty, in vain does she remain faithful to me—she is, through me, doomed, to droop like an Alpine rose—in solitude, neither seen nor admired by any one but me. Tears started from my eyes. In my despair I wept like a child. Why, said I, did my good father not put me to a trade!

Lotty was my affianced bride, for nine years; she was the daughter of a celebrated physician, who, at an advanced age, died of a broken heart, at the fraudulent failure of a banker, with whom he had placed his whole fortune, and continued to lay up all his savings. Her mother was now reduced to actual poverty, and too poor to keep the daughter with her. Lotty became the companion of a lady in Berlin; but no, let me out with it, she was her servant maid—and as such she supported her aged pa-

rent. It was she, that by her angelic goodness saved me from despair. By my unwearied exertions, as usher, I fell sick, and was persuaded to try a mineral bath. Judge of my despair: when at my return I found my place of usher, that gave me at least bread and lodging, given away to a more favored individual. I should have been reduced to utter beggary, but for the occasional supplies of money, I received from an unknown hand. It was long afterwards, that I knew they came from Lotty, the proceeds of all her ornaments. But now I am entering on my fortieth year. Lotty is twenty-six—she had refused two very good offers—and for whom? a poor outcast of fortune.

THE LETTER.

With such sad reflections, the breakfast time passed by unperceived, and it is well it did so. Not long before I had received my hard earned pay for six months' instructions to a little impertinent nobleman's son. I passed near a lottery office—I stood still, read the many prizes which were to be drawn; one lucky number would make my Lotty and me happy for ever! The devil tempted me—but no, why not confess the truth, even a free thinker becomes superstitious by a long series of misfortunes. The price of a lottery ticket happened to be exactly the sum I had just received, with it I bought one in the name of my Lotty, and made a secret vow to consecrate the tenth part of the prize I was to receive, to charitable purposes. But in spite of all lucky omens, I had the mortification to find my number among the blanks; this added not a little to my gloomy thoughts, I found that my whole treasury amounted to six groschen. Thus occupied, in came the post-man, with a portentously big letter—I had to pay five groschen postage; I thanked Heaven that I did not make my usual breakfast, which cost me always two groschen. for then I should have been under the necessity to refuse a letter that came on my birthday. I looked at the address, then at the seal; I did not venture to open it, and wished to guess the writer and the purpose, to command my curiosity. Should the letter bring bad news to me on my birth-day, I fancied, that the whole year would prove unfortunate. My curiosity prevailed, I suddenly broke the seal, lest my courage should afterwards fail me; I read it trembling, tears gushed from my eyes; I could see no more. A short while after, I took it up again, O Providence, O Lotty! for the first time I had occasion to shed tears of joy; I fell on my knees, I wept, I uttered incoherent prayers, I could not support so much good fortune; I felt oppressed; I could scarcely breathe, I was so much unused to good news. It was well I was alone. The letter was from a merchant in Francfort, by whom I was once employed as tutor to his son, with whose progress he was so well

pleased, that ever after he thirsted for an opportunity to show his grateful feelings towards me. He had now, he said, found his long looked for opportunity—he had prevailed on his friend Baron Ischarner to nominate me curate to the vacancy that had occurred in the parsonage, in his gift, with the annual pay of 800 gulden, with a house and a garden. Besides which, the Baron chose me as tutor to his son, with a separate pay, and finally, he begged of me to accept an enclosed note at sight of fls. 500, for my out-fitting, &c. The legal documents of my nomination, were all enclosed. On the 19th October, I was not to fail to be in Magdeburg, where Baron Ischarner wished to speak with me. My friend's letter was pregnant with descriptions of the character of the Baron. It seemed as if he could never have done with eulogising it. Thus unexpectedly were all my fondest wishes for these twenty years gratified beyond measure. In my hurry to communicate to Lotty such news, I took more time in dressing than on ordinary mornings. When at last that troublesome job was over, I ran, I flew to my best friend with the nomination in my pocket. By good luck her mistress was at church, and my Lotty was alone. She was brightened at seeing me. I sat down breathless on the nearest chair; my face was in a fire, my eyes sparkled; I could not speak; I wept, I sobbed. She stood terrified and trembling. "What calamity is yours? horrible must be the misfortune that has bent down all your fortitude in this manner." "Not so, my Lotty, my heart has been used to sufferings—you know I can bear with smiles the greatest misfortune: but joy is an unknown guest to me, I am not prepared to receive her, I am ashamed of my ravings. Yes, my Lotty, it is joy, joy that overwhelmed me." "Joy, Doctor," said the astonished girl—by the bye, at the universities I was made Magister banarum artium, but from modesty I preferred to be called Doctor of philosophy, to the fine-sounding title in my miserable circumstances. "Yes, my Lotty, joy, unspeakable joy! Do you remember the time, now long passed, when walking in the gardens of *Sans souci*, we for the first time confessed, how dear we were to each other; it is nine years since. You remember, that then we swore eternal love, everlasting faithfulness, in the sight of the starry Heavens, and before the Almighty God! Till now we were faithful to our vow, which many a time I called rash on your account. Yet the idea of being deprived of that forlorn hope or to renounce you entirely would have driven me to despair. Still I often bitterly reproached myself, that I, a wretched man, should be the cause, that so much beauty, such angelic goodness, should be suffered to pass away unenjoyed by some more fortunate being. "But now, my Lotty," I continued

lowering my voice to a whisper, "will you follow me? will you now crown all my earthly happiness? A rural house in a fine country, and a lovely garden attached to it, awaits you. Yes, my Lotty, I am nominated curate with an ample income, at Burgistein; here is my nomination."

She read the letter. She was in rapture as she continued to read, her beautiful countenance beamed with ecstasy. She then let her arms fall with the papers in her hands; silent and with blushing cheeks, she looked at me; big tears rolled down her cheeks—"Yes, my Henry, I'll follow thee!" and with these words, she fell sobbing on my neck. Oh the happy moment! She then raised her folded arms to Heaven, sank down on her knees, and buried her face on a couch. There she was in the attitude of a saint, she was in that kneeling posture for a time, then she rose and asked me with a smiling face—"Can all this be true? No, it is but a happy dream—it would be too much happiness, dear Henry, but, show me that letter again, I no longer recollect a word of it."

"Dearest Lotty, we must now waste no time, let us be married as fast as the preliminary ceremonies will permit. The best house would be to me like an empty cell, if it were not adorned with your presence." Lotty pretended to be unwilling to hear all this—yet she spoke of the window hangings, of kitchen utensils, of the wine cellar, and considered whether it would not be more economical to make every provision for the house, at Francfort. Then she talked of taking mamma with us—it would restore her to tranquillity and indescribable happiness in her old days. I had now to give notice, that I should quit my garret, and leave my pupils; she to inform her mistress of her intentions to leave her service. Angels of Heaven, you are less happy than we were in making our preparations—and in directing the banns to be duly proclaimed from the pulpit.

Things went on in their usual course, congratulations poured in from all sides, and presents too, but somewhat more sparingly. One of my friends offered me his light travelling chaise, for my journey to Magdeburg, which I did not refuse.

I provided myself with a passport—it was rather a turbulent time; wars and rumours of war, from all directions. The King was at the head of his army, at Turingen, to oppose the never vanquished Napoleon. Yet our fear was slight. No one doubted, that the French would be driven back over the Rhine, within a fortnight, and sustain a general rout. From speculation, I had prepared twenty-five war and victory songs in favor of the Prussians, all composed in my philosophical

garret. I described therein the various battles that were in future to be fought—the military evolutions, the advancing and retreating parties, with so much accuracy and precision, that nothing but the name of the field of battle was afterwards to be added. With these, I trusted to get some money from the book-sellers in Berlin. These manuscripts I took with me out of precaution, that as the case might happen, I intended to get them printed off at Magdeburg.

On the 14th October, the day of the fall of the old Prussian Monarchy, by the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, I took my leave of Lotty. Immediately after my return from thence was to be the celebration of our marriage and our final departure. With whatever ecstasy we looked forward at such happy prospects, whatever our ingenuity to paint our future life in glowing colours, we could not deceive ourselves that there are many things betwixt the cup and the lip. It was our first separation during nine years, we felt as if we were for ever to be torn asunder. As a doctor of philosophy I, to be sure, treated as folly all such omens of the mind, but as bridegroom, I believed them with a pious simplicity of heart. “My Henry! My Henry! be happy, may God protect you; we shall never, never, see each other again,” said Lotty sobbing and imprinting a parting kiss upon my cheek.

* JOURNEY TO MAGDEBURG.

With my passport, my nomination and my song of victory in my pocket I left Berlin by the Magdeburg gate. In Potsdam there was a quondam pupil of mine whom I wished to see, and so I had there my first night quarter. Towards evening I took a solitary walk in the gardens of *Sans souci*, there on the spot where Lotty then seventeen years of age swore eternal love to me; there I renewed the vow I made nine years ago. Full of such romantic ideas I returned home and under the plea of indisposition I went immediately into my room, lest any part of my meditation should be forgotten, and wrote till late at night an Iliad of my hopes and dreams. I painted in prose and verse the bliss of our future domestic life, far from the noise and tumult of the world. Our cottage and gardens will be to us, said I the most loveliest part of God's creation, and unknown and so unenvied by others we shall not envy the angels in Heaven. Full of such thoughts I went to bed and soon fell into dreams that were a variegated splendid continuance of those fairy castles. Early next morning I continued my rout, in a more joyous mood than I had been in since my days of boyhood. I was my own coachman, and had to deal with a quiet easy horse; this together with a beautiful autumnal sky prompted me to study speeches, answers to questions which might be put to me by Baron Ischarner, to make the most advantageous impression on him. I also tried to find

new melodies for my war songs, and by way of change, I spouted my introductory sermon to my new congregation ; indeed I made it so moving, I pronounced it with such a touching emphasis, that the tears came into my own eyes, and there was not a dry eye in my whole fancied numerous congregation. In Brandenburg I descended at the Golden Ass ; there was a great bustle and conversation in the hotel. They spoke of bloody battles that were said to have been fought against Napoleon by our noble king. That the heroic death of Prince Ferdinand at Saalfeld had been terribly revenged on the French, that a complete victory against the tyrant Napoleon was gained, and that such was the slaughter of the invading French that in many places the course of rivers was stopped by the immense number of dead bodies thrown into them. " But what is become of the Emperor Napoleon ? " I asked, " dead, " " what of Ney ? " " dead, " and Lannes ? " " dead, " and Davoust ? " " dead, all dead. " On this information I could not retain my songs any longer, already I put my hand in my pocket, when an old man stood behind me, shifted his pipe, bowed as if to look for something on the ground, and a deep bass voice said " would to God it were so ! but I know positively that not a word of this is true. Depend on't, some serious misfortune has happened " I left the songs in their place for the present. " Perhaps the French army is already between Lotty and me. " A cold shudder seized my whole frame. Besides this old man, with the mischievous news, all were merry, nothing but huzzas, and shouts of mirth and joy were heard. The battles which were fought, were recited with so much precision, besides so many details were given ; the fields of battle were not only named but their topographical situations were given, which could only have been done by actual eyewitnesses. I believed of course the majority of voices, and went quietly to sleep.

BAD OMEN.

In the morning I continued my journey, in the way I met several couriers, who seemed to come either from Magdeburg or the army, making haste towards Berlin ; the silent look of these hasty messengers, boded no merry tidings. Joy is usually more communicative.

In a village between Ziesar and Burg I perceived an immense crowd of people. I lead my horse towards it, but none heeded me or the vehicle, I now saw before a house horses ready saddled and bridled, also many Prussian hussars who I discovered at the windows. Stopping my chaise I asked of those round it, the news. " O Lord have mercy on us, " cried an old wife, " all is lost, Bleücher is prisoner and the king is missing ; the French are on the way and may be here in less than an hour. " I did not put much faith in this intelligence, yet to ob-

tain more correct information I drove towards the house, a large tavern. descended from my waggon and entered. Every room was swarming with people, hussars, peasants, civilians, were standing together in promiscuous crowds, some smoked their pipe, others were drinking, swearing, or talking of the last events in which they were not sparing of oaths and thumps on the tables. There was not one cheerful countenance to be seen. Some spoke of the defeat of the Prussians, others of a mortally wounded Colonel, lying in an adjacent room, who could no longer bear to sit on horseback. A well suspended vehicle was sought to convey him for which couriers were sent in all directions.

I was not very calm on hearing these satanical news ; my hair stood at an end, I scratched my head, but not to find new melodies to my songs for the victorious Prussians. I took possession of the corner of the table, ordered some beer, to have an opportunity of obtaining more exact information about the state of affairs, and that I might take my measures accordingly. I had not been seated long, when all the hussars had disappeared from the room ; presently I heard them mount their horses, I thronged myself towards the window to see them depart. I saw them fly off, and alas, alas ! my travelling chaise and horse was in the midst of them all in full trot. I began immediately to cry from the window "stop, stop, that is my waggon !" but in a few minutes all had disappeared. I pressed through the throng of peasants (not without receiving many good blows which such was my hurry, I did not mind) run out of the house, and followed the direction of the hussars, till I could go no longer, breath failed me. Not a soul could be seen as far as the road was visible. Off was my waggon, but I walked on, with more moderate haste, till the road divided into two. I took the right, so I fancied I could not be wrong, but that divided again into three other roads ; which way they went there was not the least hint. There I stood still, not unlike Hercules, on the cross-way ; but to no purpose,—not a human being was visible. So I was at last compelled to retrace my steps towards the large tavern. I had now leisure to feel the thumps I received from all sides in working myself through the crowd. Every bone was almost dislocated ; yet I thought more of vehicle and horse, which were not even mine. It was a dreadful drawback for a country parson to begin house-keeping with debts. But vanity will be punished. Why, for Heaven's sake ! could I not walk to Magdeburg. I might have set out one day earlier,—now I must still go on my feet, and that with broken bones too. With such reflections, and self-reproaches, I reached the large house back again. "Console yourself," said a fat man to me, to whom I

related my loss; "the riding-master will undoubtedly send your vehicle back to day, and has taken it for that good gentleman that was nearly dying; he is to be conveyed by the nearest road to his house. May be that vehicle and horse will not be the better by this journey, for you know these gentlemen travel rather at a round pace, and are not over-careful of articles with which they are accommodated! So saying he left me continuing my lamentations, that I had been shamefully robbed. No one minded the injury done me; every one thought of his own misfortune—namely, the nearness of the French. I went to the Mayor of the village. "Write, protest," cried I; "yourself, the village can stand witness of the gross villainy that has been practised before my eyes; I will remain here eating, drinking, and lodging at the cost of the unprincipled riding-master, and I reserve to myself any damages which the law may award for injury done. The writ was made, though at my expense. But all my storming, thundering, writing, and protesting, did not bring back my lost travelling carriage. I saw neither horse nor carriage towards the evening. I passed a restless night, interrupted by disturbed dreams of my disaster, shaped in such ways as to make it worse than reality. On the following morning I looked at the large place before the house, but it was as clear and empty as the palm of my hand; there was no vestige of my friend's vehicle. Now I will be revenged on that scoundrel the riding-master, thought I; and got myself treated in the best style the tavern could afford. I ate out of revenge more than usual. I run the whole day backwards and forwards. On the road I saw the Colonel in my chaise disappear, but it was the 17th: the 19th I was to be in Magdeburg. I could not stay here any longer. I wished to make the best of a bad bargain, so hasten'd backwards to the Major, and requested that if another vehicle could not be procured, I insisted to have at least a horse at the cost of the riding-master. But his credit in the village was very low. I was even obliged to pay my whole reckoning at the tavern in hard thalers ere my landlord suffered me to depart. By good luck I had all my cash on me, which indeed was not much. I relied a good deal on the copyright of my Martial songs when sold to a book-seller at Magdeburg; but now, *tempora mutantur!*

The Rittmeister went off too with my wardrobe. How was I to provide a new one, how indemnify my friend for the chaise and horse, and provide for my very long journey with Lotty, to my parsonage? A true trial of faith for a new Christian parson. I cut myself a walking stick and in a sad mood I proceeded on my way to Magdeburg on foot.

THE RETURN.

I had not walked long, when I met a crowd of Russian soldiers, composed of a variety of regiments, some with, others without guns; they all filed off so silently that it might be taken for a funeral procession. Even the sutlers and baggage wagon following the train observed a strange taciturnity. I had not the courage to address any one.

"Heigh ho, Doctor, what is your journey?" said a well known voice. It was a Lieutenant, with whom I became acquainted at Berlin when living under the same roof. I used to call him Charles the Great because he traced his pedigree up to that conqueror. "Towards Magdeburg, Lieutenant." "Too late Doctor, no admittance there, the French besiege it with 150,000 men. Return with us Doctor, take my advice. The enemy is at our heels. If we proceed towards Berlin all is lost. Bramscheveig is dead, Mollendorf prisoner, the King is, Lord knows where! The army of reserve under Prince Eugene of Wurtemberg was destroyed yesterday."

"But my dear Lieutenant, I am obliged to be in Magdeburg to-day!"

"A lucky journey to you then, Doctor, you are running against the bayonets of the French." Charles the Great had scarcely said so much, when two dragoons in full gallop passed by crying "the French have already passed the Elbe at Wurtemberg." The whole army of Charles the Great, hastened their march without waiting the commands, and I, as I could not well singly drive away the besiegers, became the companion of the Lieutenant and turned my back to the Baron. Adieu parsonage, paradise, and marriage!"

Old as I am, never has fortune played me such a trick before. The battle of Jena has destroyed all my hopes, which never before were so high. Again I was a Doctor, a Bachelor, and poor as a church rat. Who lost the most by the war with Napoleon, the king or myself?

But now I was again at the old place with my implacable fate, I knew how to brave it. As long as I had any thing to lose I was in fear; full of pusillanimous thought. But now, I had but the clothes on my back which as I had selected them for the journey were not of a very elegant description; now my happy humour returned and bid defiance to every kind of misfortune.

PROMOTION TO REGIMENTAL PREACHER.

"Hey ho, long live Charles the Great! I'll follow his standard," said I, smiling to the Lieutenant, "and crave his mighty protection!"

“You wont do so ill neither. I command at present half a company all courageous Prussians that don't fear the devil. Had I but a gun I should not mind coming to close quarters with two regiments of French. Had I been in the place of the Duke of Braunschweig at Jena, may I be d——d if I had not cut all the French to pieces; and peradventure I might have taken the Kaiser prisoner, Come Doctor, I nominate you here before all my people, regimental preacher.” So saying he commanded a halt and proclaimed me as such; if his speech was deficient in either eloquence or good sense, he made it up for it by a most stentorian voice. As often as we passed a village, the Lieutenant drew up his whole army consisting of fugitives of various regiments, and got them in martial order; the three drummers made a glorious noise, and thus, as proud as if the fate of Germany depended on him, he passed the assembling crowds of peasants and children. As regimental preacher, the rear was my natural station, which I improved by making the acquaintance of the sutler woman to whom the baggage waggon belonged. This right honorable lady walked stoutly by the side of her emaciated Pegasus. She was not so taciturn as the generality of her sex, but related with great minuteness the affairs of Saalfeld, Auerstadt and Jena, and criticised the positions and manœuvres of the Prussians. She could well foresee the consequences of many false attacks; as frequently as her Pegasus stopped to take breath, she drew diagrams with the handle of her whip in the sand, explanatory of the various positions and evolutions then held and made by the several parties. Her statistical knowledge was so convincing, that I knew not how to oppose it.

Elizabeth, the name of this modern Amazon resembled Queen Elizabeth of England, (at least as she is represented in our woodcuts) She pretended, as well as her sister, the beloved mistress of the Earl of Essex, to be and to remain a virgin all her life. Elizabeth had an excellent voice for a sutler; it had indeed become somewhat hoarse in her younger days; she had been an opera singer at Berlin and had a most retentive memory for songs and indeed whole opera pieces, but her lungs now got easily dry and required repeated draughts from her sweetheart, (so she called the larger of two barrels.) As I paid for every glass of her bad brandy in hard cash, (Charles the Great, for himself and all his forces gave only receipts) I soon acquired her particular favor. By her amiability and the charms of her brandy butts, she had acquired a great ascendancy over the troops, and through these over the Commander-in-Chief, so that she became an actual member of the council of our, and for every motion of the army she had a preponderating voice.

Pegasus was fully as downcast as the heroes of Saalfeld and Auerstadt could possibly be ; he followed quietly his mistress ; the brandy butts followed Pegasus ; the army, the brandy butts ; and Charles the Great, the army ; so that it might be said with a great deal of truth, that she, Queen Bets, directed the whole march, which was never longer than 3 or 4 German miles. She managed it in such a way that we never made our night quarters in a town, but always in some by village, where she had more chance of gain from the soldiers, and the queen free rations for herself and Pegasus ; and when we were well quartered, we had frequent days of rest. True, that we did not advance very fast, but then our troop had the good quality of an Avalanche—it increased rapidly, being joined by small heaps of fugitive soldiers, so that we now counted beyond 200 men, besides two dragoons and four trumpeters.

FURTHER PROMOTION.

On the fourth day of our glorious march, Charles the Great, towards the close of the day, took me aside. I perceived that for some time past, he had brooded over great plans. I looked at him in silence. At length he began in a solemn way—" Doctor, it is in times of war like these, that brave men make their fortune. For eight years I have been a mere Lieutenant ; now or never will I be a General ; I command at present 200 men, before we reach the Oder, we may be, for aught I know, two thousand, which I bring the King—but I shall only convey them to his Majesty, after I have performed with my corps some glorious deeds of valour. I shall invade Saxony."

"How now, you are not proceeding towards Berlin?"
 "No Doctor, my plans are changed, we shall leave Berlin to the left and march towards Mittenwalde! The situation as regimental parson, wont do for you either. 'What do you say to becoming a soldier? I give you a cocked hat, a blue great coat, a sword and a horse. You are herewith my Adjutant General—you understand the mathematics well and draw admirably. I have much use for you." How could I oppose myself to such promotions? I accepted of it, particularly as it procured me a horse, which I hoped, would the sooner enable me to join Lotty. I vowed fidelity to Charles the Great, and so I exchanged my curacy for the sword of Peter, without however, the smallest intention of cutting any one's ear off.

The same day, Charles the Great assembled his forces, and nominated Captains, Lieutenants, and Corporals. I presented myself as his future Adjutant, and in an heroic speech, he explained to the astounded Prussians his gigantic plans. "Fellow Soldiers,"

he exclaimed, extending widely both his arms, "it is resolved! by the deeds of arms, by heroic actions, that we will restore the glorious name of Prussians! The spirit of the great Frederick looks down upon you, and is in you; his blood circulates in your veins. Our bleeding fatherland, nay the whole of Europe has an eye upon you. Shall we suffer our country to sink into slavery? No, brave Prussians and fellow Soldiers, I read your answer in your faces; the very idea of it makes your blood recoil. Come then, what choice have we? victory and the glory of Europe, or the immense long journey into French slavery! Come then, my boys, all who will be faithful to me, take up the cause of God, the King, and their fatherland—let them call out with me, *Victory or Death!*"

This *viva voce* proclamation given by the great commander himself, inflamed the whole army. There was but one shout *Victory or Death!* On this solemn occasion, Queen Beth was also present. It was very visible how much she was hurt, what pain it gave her tender and ambitious maiden heart, that such an important step should have been taken without her being once consulted. She took repeated pinches of snuff, and fearfully shook her head with a scornful smile. Again she nodded and cast looks of defiance, particularly aimed at the Commander in Chief.

On the following morning, we were not far from Brandenburg. The army began to march with Charles the Great, with a truly imperator-like pride at the head, and I as Adjutant General at his side, mounted on a troublesome hard mouthed beast. We were not long on our march, when the road branched off into two, to the left the large road to Berlin—the right was the narrow dirty cart road towards Mittenwalde; but it was the road to honour and renown. We, viz. the Emperor and myself did not hesitate a moment to decide which road to take; we entered the road to glory, to the right—the army followed. Elizabeth, with her waggon, formed the rear of the army; but as she reached the cross way, she turned to the left, to the road to Berlin.

As soon as the arrear corps perceived, that the brandy butts filed to the left, it immediately made a retrograde motion, and followed them without saying one word, as if drawn by instinct. The example was infectious; each body of troops imitated the one that preceded, turned round and followed the all-powerful attraction of Elizabeth's sweetheart, quitting the road which was to immortalize our name, till the Emperor and myself were riding quite alone. Nor did we so soon perceive it, as he was occupied in explaining to me his great plans of warlike

operations, and I was seemingly listening to him—but in reality brooding with dolefulness over my interrupted marriage.

It would be difficult to describe, but more easy to imagine the unbridled sorrow of Charles the Great, when, by chance, he looked round and perceived, that the whole army had vanished from behind him! There the army followed the beloved brandy barrels, turning its back towards us, with Queen Beth at the head, riding across her sweetheart, as on a waggon of triumph, and singing a gay song.

The Emperor foamed with anger. We galloped as fast as our horses would go after them, and cried out "halt!" but then only when the proud Queen Beth was pleased to stop her victorious career Pegasus being seized with a fit of asthma, did our mutinous heroes obey the command.

It was now that the heroic Emperor addressed a Philippic to his soldiers; in a most thundering voice. The heroes of Xenophon or Plutarch never spoke with so mighty an energy, such a flow of words—the soldiers listened with manifest devotion and great attention, yet I could perceive that from time to time they glanced toward the magic waggon, lest it might escape them.

But in spite of the eloquence of the General, I will not venture to say what influence it might have had on the soldiery, for Queen Elizabeth had again begun her very ominous shaking of the head—had not a new scene awakened the curiosity of the whole army.

MARCH OF THE ARMY OF CHARLES THE GREAT.

A Lieutenant of Hussars rode in full gallop down the road from Berlin. Not unlike the furious Emperor Chaumigrem who beginning the history of the cruel yet courageous Pegu, with a thunder storm of abuses and maledictions, this Lieutenant without any further preliminaries, introduced himself with a volley of oaths that lasted not less than five minutes. "Whither are you going in the devil's name? know that the French have already entered Berlin. The King has run away. We are cut off, we must sneak towards the Oder, or to Silesia."

"The devil, and Donner!" cried Charles the Great: "we are Prussians Mr. Lieutenant, we sneak not, we strike through!"

This bullying imposed on the furious Chaumigrem, and he rode quite respectfully towards our general.

"If you have a wish to join my troops, which I have brought together to save our fatherland and succour the King," said our great Commander, "you shall be welcome! In this case I nominate you Commander over all my Cavalry present (viz. two Dragoons, on foot and four trumpeters, ditto) and these we may expect as additions. But now—Battalion, turn your faces!

The first that thinks of Berlin is to be considered a deserter, and I will have him hanged on the first tree. *March!*"

And forward marched the Battalion on the narrow cart road the way to immortal glory, to Mittenwalde. No one looked back towards Berlin, not for fear of the hanging trees, but of the French. Even the Queen deeply humbled, had the modesty too to descend from her seat of triumph. The whole army was in consternation inexpressible. The French in Berlin! Whence are all these fellows, do they fall down in a shower from heaven? I too gave way for the present to desponding thoughts. So then is Napoleon master of half the Prussian Monarchy, of the capital of Frederick the Great; even my Lotty is in his power! This is the reward of all my sleepless nights passed in composing the Martial songs which were to immortalise the Prussian name; but all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Yes, my Lotty was right, when the misgiving spirit made her exclaim at our farewell: "Henry we shall never see each other again!"

What a terrific overthrow in a few days. The armies of Prussia once dreaded and respected by all Europe, now a wreck. My bride in the power of the French, the most gallant people in the world, my patron the Baron in a besieged town, which has my parsonage, God knows where, and I the peace-loving parson—Adjutant General of Charles the Great! While I rode at the side of my Lieutenant General, or the furious Chaumigrem, I was lost in phantasies on the dear image of my Lotty, my philosophical garret in Berlin, a my Pulpit in the church of my parsonage. I was awaked by a fauxpas of my Rosinante which by bringing my head into too near a contact with that of my beast brought me into the real present life, with the unknown country before me, the bearded faces on either side, and the advancing army behind me. Sometimes too I was displeased with myself, that I did not fly back, to Berlin on Love's wings, instead of going along in the fashion of a warlike adventurer. Surely the Marshals of Napoleon would not have hurt a poor parson not having committed the crime to get printed as yet his famous national songs? But what reconciled me again to my fate was the thought of my purse. How was I to live in Berlin, my private scholars were given up to others, my songs made in vain. As Adjutant General I had at least free quarters and who knows how far I might go in my warlike career; was not Moreau a simple attorney, who afterwards as General, gave the counterpart of the Xenophontic retreat. Who will answer that the doctor Philosophiæ was not astound the world by retreats of his own?

By a variety of bad winds we were continually driven southward. To keep our heroic valour in trim, we animated ourselves by

sundry speeches, and talked much of striking and cutting through, yet Chaumigrem was not far out with his advice of sneaking through. We marched through by ways and crossways in all directions, and we did not mind the most dirty village paths. Our dear Waggon of Queen Elizabeth had frequent relays of 3 and 4 horses. For two days consecutively we had to make forced marches, all for the laudable object of avoiding a rencontre with the French which might have proved rather disagreeable. The good peasants gave us faithful information of the security of the surrounding places. If any French were seen we cautiously avoided them.

A GLORIOUS BATTLE.

"Indeed" said Charles the Great to the Emperor Chaumigrem, when the second evening after we left the road to Berlin we had taken up our quarters at a miserable village, and posted watches all around; "indeed I already operate on the back of the Emperor Napoleon!" assuming a self pleasing smile, as if he wished to give us to understand, that by this sally he thought much more than he cared to express.

"It may be so" said Chaumigrem! "it is only to be wished that by to-morrow he may not operate on *our* backs." I felt a cold shudder. Chaumigrem's barbarous idea gave us a great deal of matter for thought. The whole staff made a long awful pause. Nothing but the puffing of our pipes could be heard. All on a sudden we sprung up from our seats, stood stiff straight up like candles; we heard distinctly the report of a gun. We had not time to come again to our right senses, when again and again those terrific sounds were heard. Oh! it was a dreadful moment! and perhaps those diabolical murdering engines were loaded with balls. Merciful God! are we then no better than birds or wild beasts, to be shot at as a mark? Chaumigrem turned as pale as a corpse, his elegant Meerschaum dropt in fragments to the ground; but the firing continued; the sentinels were before our house and with the view not to separate the conseil de guerre, we always had our head quarters in the same room which had the additional advantage of keeping a more numerous but purely honorary guard, cried out. "The enemy! the French, the enemy." The drummers beat the alarm, the four trumpeters blew as if for a wager. I to conceal, even from myself my infernal terror, ran about the room like a stunned bull, looking in vain for the door of the room. I was as seized, God knows how, with momentary madness: "Come on, come on ye brave Prussians," "I cried out, strike through!" In my terror I forced several folding doors of presses for bottles and glasses which come down with tremendous crashing and jingling noise. I crying in a continued rising voice; "Bravo Prussians! bravo

soldiers! leave me not." The old tavern keeper woman lamented bitterly such a ruinous havoc of her property; the children cried; murder; dogs and cats flew over benches and tables, till the latter took refuge on the heated oven, where they commenced a horrid accompaniment to the general alarm.

These cries, this stunning noise served only to increase my terror. Methought the children were already pierced through by the bayonets of the unfeeling French. If Heaven would this time only have mercy on me, miserable sinner, never, never again would I presume to be Adjutant General!

My cries, my sayings which Charles the Great and the petrified Chaumigrem took in a quite different light, and attributed then to a very honorable motive for me, infused into them with a little courage. They unsheathed their swords, went out to the assembling troops before our house. How much I felt relieved in being in fresh air and in the approaching darkness. Now I might make a Moreau like retreat, should necessity be at its climax. I am not usually of a cowardly disposition, but this time I was seized with a panic, beside I am rather more easily terrified at night time than in the day. "Adjutant, our watch post in the church yard has been attacked. Repair immediately thither with twenty men, should it be necessary, let us know that we may go to your succour. Now march!" Thus did the Lieutenant order, the soldiers marched in tolerable order towards the steeple, and I, oh thrice unhappy Magister bonarum artium, with a naked sword at their head. Is then the Lieutenant possessed by Lucifer, to send me on such an expedition,—has he forgotten that I lived for the Muses in my garret? Oh had they rather let me starve entirely, (which they very nigh did) than let me live to see this day. But yet let me endeavour to conceal my anguish. I walked on till we were near an old wall. In my despair I took the wall for French troops and the bushes near it for bayonets. I sprung a side with such a leap as terror only can inspire, and cried with shuddering: "Fire, Fire!" By the flash of our fire, only we perceived that we had engaged in mortal battle with a venerable old wall.

"Pardon, Pardon!" cried at the same moment several voices, when eight men of the French light infantry crawled from under the wall, and laid down arms before the Magister bonarum artium.

The prisoners disarmed, and well counted were brought to our head quarters. It may fairly be supposed that I drew up towards Charles the Great with no mean pride. He embraced me before the whole assembled army and said, "Ad-

jutant General, your undaunted courage, your skill in military affairs, your prudence, does you honor. I'll know how to represent your gallant conduct in this engagement to his Majesty the King in the most advantageous light."

We learnt from the prisoners, that a company of French light infantry were to be quartered in this village, that they retired immediately after a little firing, as they were surprised to find Prussians, (as the enemy thought) in such numbers, (very likely on account of our numerous watches, and the noisy peal of the four trumpeters). The eight prisoners separated themselves from the rest of the company, and had advanced a little too far.

I was now so frequently complimented about my bravery, that I began to have some respect for it myself. The men that were with me, swore that they only could perceive a dead wall, whilst the Adjutant, with a truly hound-like nose, smelt the hidden enemy.

I was so well pleased, that I had my prisoners treated in the best way the place could afford; they were the first men in my life, that I took prisoners, and the first warriors of Napoleon I ever saw. The fellows were happy as Bishops, nor did they fail to do honour to whatever was set before them, (quantity seemed to be of greater importance with them than quality) and to speak within my own hearing, in the most extravagant praises of the Adjutant General; I felt, to be sure, an agreeable sensation to be thus laudatur a laudatis. They rejoiced at my protection; I felt as if I should sue for theirs; for at the question, whether there were many of their countrymen near and about this place, I heard with a cold shudder, that there was now only Marshal Devoust, with but 100,000 men, on his march from Saxony towards Berlin, which information I explained to the assembled staff.

Charles the Great scarcely heeded this intelligence; he was so elated at this, his first victory:

"Then I actually operate on the rear of Emperor Napoleon," repeated he, rubbing his hands with self-satisfaction.

But it was not so with Chaumigrem; the alarming news had an electric effect upon him; the circulation of his blood seemed to stagnate, his face turned deathlike, his eyes glassy.

SECOND ACTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

What pleased me the most in my ever memorable martial encounter, was that by it, neither friend nor enemy had spent a single drop of blood. True, that was not my merit. Generally speaking, the merit of a Commander-in-Chief in battles as well

as in minor affairs, is to say the most of it, but dubious. Things, which, from their trifling nature, are overlooked; as a lucky idea of a corporal, a bonmot of a drummer, the casual humour of a common soldier have sometimes certainly a greater influence on the success or failure of a battle, than the genius of the General. Regiments, battalions, companies, and detached parties are less a machine than is usually supposed. I should delight to read from the pen of an omniscient man, a psychological description of the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Marengo, and Jena.

At the dawn of the morning, the appeals of drummer and trumpeter brought us early together. It was very cold, but Imperator Chaumigrem was afraid that we should find it a hot day, for the peasants related that the whole country swarmed with French. On this we held a short council in front of the army. It was decided that we were to march to the forest (which was visible from the village) there to bivouack for a few days, for the ostensible purpose of protecting the village from the enemy. In reality Queen Beths, required respite for Pegasus, Chaumigrem seconded her very warmly. He wished as he afterwards whispered to me rather to come in close quarters with Napoleon himself, than with the army, hovering round, under Davoust, who had selected him (Chaumigrem) as an especial mark of his revenge. Thus we filed off on the road to glory and immortality. But we had scarcely left the village, when from several sides we perceived on the open field, French troops advancing towards us in strait lines, even from the wood that was to give us shelter. Our General's resolution to venture a battle was not to be unhinged. With stoic calmness he mustered his army in battle order. The left wing leaned against a puddle, the right against an old nut tree. He then stood before the front, and began to harangue the troops in a loud and animated voice: "Fellow soldiers, Prussians!! We are now going to fight for the sacred cause; we have no standard but look always at the white plumage of my hat; it will always wave where danger is the greatest; it will show you the path to glory."

"Should we not conquer the overwhelming force, yet we Prussians shall never be conquered. Be of good cheer, consider that the worst that may happen will be that we shall sup to night with Giethen, Schwerin, Winterfeld and the Great Frederic, instead of in a wretched village!!" Leonidas could not have spoken more energetically to the 300 Spartans at Thermopylae who sacrificed their lives for their country.

The troops however seemed modestly to prefer the temporal Bacon, beef and gour krout to the banquet in Elysium.

Alas, for my vulgar taste, a dry piece of bread-crust with my Lotty would have had more charms for me, than Ambrosia with all the heroes of former ages. But tho' slowly the French columns marched forward, nearer and nearer came the sure danger. It was a horrid spectacle; from time to time their drums could be heard as they advanced on the stubblefield. Oh! that I had never been born!

I was posted on my beast near the nut tree on the right wing; the blood froze in my veins. Poor Chaumigrem, who was with the left wing, where his four trumpeters struck up a really diabolical noise, seemed to be seized with the ague. Before the commencement of the bloody carnage Charles the Great rode in full gallop up to me and said in a solemn tone—"Adjutant General, this is the day for the display of your superior genius, but for Heaven's sake do not give way to the extravagance of your courage. Keep your presence of mind. Should I fall, then you take the command. The enemy is indeed too strong. If we should be overturned, we retreat in order back to the village and defend ourselves to the last man." And off he galloped and left me, miserable creature, to the extravagance of my courage! In the mean time Queen Elizabeth had made a bold motion with her waggon round the puddle in a narrow hollow way, where she lay covered by the adjacent higher ground. This manœuvre of the Queen as it completely stopped the road, was a hindrance very likely to the eventual cavalry evolutions of Chaumigrem. For he cursed and swore every oath contained in the German vocabulary (of which there are by no means a few,) and compelled the weeping Elizabeth, to drive her waggon towards the left wing leaning to the nut tree, and thus to file off before the whole front of the army, in the moment of our engaging in mortal strife with the enemy.

But this manœuvre so trifling in its nature decided the fatal issue of the battle, even before it began.

CONTINUATION.

For in the very moment that our valorous troops were accompanying with longing looks the treasures of the waggon that passed their front, the first cannon shot of the enemy thundered, and, O horrible! a ball of immense dimension, struck, as with a deliberate aim, right through the brandy barrel, the Queen's sweetheart. The nectar as if impatient of imprisonment flowed upon the ground whilst the horses with the now lightened waggon, frightened by the near explosion, sprung furiously athwart the field. The Queen thus instantly despoiled of all her worldly ties, stood now solitary, cursing her hard fate and wringing her hands over her head and mingling her virgin tears

with the sweet scented brandy. But with the glorious nectar potation, it would seem that the soul of the army had flown away too. The front staggered, the rear made a retrograde movement towards the village. Charles the Great cried out "forward, march!" but life was gone. He forgot in the confusion that his plumage was to show his soldiers the road to glory; now as he kept himself behind, his people thought that the road to honour lay towards the village.

The second cannon shot came thundering towards us. My horse felt astonished at the first fire, at the second it partook of the anxiety of his master. Though in a fearful commotion I yet turned my head instinctively, to see if the road to the village was still visible. But the enemy gave us little breathing time. Some two or three cavaliers sprung towards our right wing. Here like one beset I cried distractedly: "fire, fire! shoot away!" With that I pressed the hat over my eyes and thought, "now may God have mercy on you," and off I was about to start to the village. But before I could turn round my hard mouthed beast, my too obedient soldiers fired, and unaccustomed to such a near explosion, my beast was fully as much frightened as his master; it flew with me under the nut tree, raised itself on its hind legs, and brought me in close contact with leaves and branches, where I was apprehensive of poor Absalom's fate. But I was soon convinced that I was not to rest there, it flew with me at a swift gallop without consulting me as to the direction. Three French chasseurs on horseback fired at me without any ceremony. But not seeing me fall, and perceiving I held a swinging sabre in my hand and came with the quickness of lightning towards them, they in their turn rode off in different directions thinking themselves pursued.

But my Pegasus had set his head between his front legs, and continued furiously to follow them. I ejaculated prayers, I cursed, I wept. All, all was in vain. To no purpose did I spend my exhausted breath. I was borne madly along in an uninterrupted gallop. The chasseurs now entered a pathway between high hedges; my war-horse chose the same road.

My enemies who could now no longer turn about, were probably seized with horror when in spite of my will I was close on their heels. They spurred on their exhausted steeds but my infernal beast carried me through, unmindful of all intervening branches of overhanging trees and bushes; nay, he seemed on the contrary to redouble his amazing speed.

Like chaff before the wind flew my three fugitive Frenchmen before me, as if they felt that death depended on the race. They must have thought that they were pursued by the devil himself,

who was determined to get, cost what it might, at their blood ; for from time to time, they looked back with horror depicted on their countenances. Little did these gentlemen imagine how I felt all that time !

I had just reached my flying enemy, when we entered a large plain where a considerable body of French troops were posted ; some fired at me, my horse, who as yet little relished these sounds, made a side-leap, which made me lose one stirrup, and down I fell to the ground like a sack.

Now farewell my Lotty, adieu, false deceitful world ! thought I, with a deep sigh.

The soldiers now sprang up to me, for they all thought I was dead. The three fugitive Chasseurs had stopped their flight and also rode up to me. I felt as if I was not yet quite dead. I endeavoured to rise. They asked for my sword ; I gave it. The soldiers wanted to plunder me, but the Chasseurs took me under their protection swearing that I was a man of honour and courage. Though that praise was quite unmerited, it gave me not the less pleasure to have carried such a reputation to my enemies ; but I was still more gratified to perceive that my body was yet sound and entire.

Now, I was in my turn prisoner of war. They brought me to a solitary peasant house. My Chasseurs were not with me, so they demanded, as a deposit that should be returned to me as soon as brought to head quarters, my watch, my purse and even the ring I wore in Lotty's remembrance ; but to this day I never saw or even heard of them, so I may at present (after a space of twenty years,) well consider it totally lost. There was a Colonel with several officers busily employed in despatching a breakfast. The manner of my imprisonment, and my gallant behaviour was related to him. He sent for me and enquired after my rank. Should I have replied, a parson, the gentlemen would have considered me crazy ; was not my rank proclaimed by Charles the Great ? I therefore without hesitation replied : " Adjutant General." I was immediately requested to sit down and partake of their breakfast of cold roast cotelettes, eggs, coffee, wines, liqueurs, &c. The humane Colonel by way of consolation for imprisonment, said, " Such is the fortune of war, fifty years ago the Prussian had a Frederick the Great, we a Rossbach, now, we have a Napoleon the Great and you a Zena."

CONTINUATION.

The officers took to horse after having given me in charge to the watch of the camp. I had now sufficient leisure to indulge in such meditations as my present situation naturally inspired. What may be the fate of Leonidas and his valorous army ? what of the

queen with her slain sweet-heart? But what of myself? I had been already told that I should be brought to Francfort on the Oder, from thence to be transported to France with a troop of prisoners. My parole d'honneur, which I offered, with the intention to keep it, that should I get free never again to bear arms against His Majesty the Emperor of France, had not been accepted by the Colonel. My fate I was told, was to be decided at a higher tribunal.

How soon have all my brilliant prospects been changed! how obdurate my remorseless fate! Oh were I again lodged in my poetical garret with the quiet prospect of a long endless series of roofs, reading Plutarch. What a discontented being I then was! yet what was wanting to my happiness? After my daily labour from 6 in the morning till 6 in the evening in instructions and running sometimes post haste from house to house, I could enjoy the whole evening sometimes in the company of my dear Lotty in planning over a happy futurity, or even by myself in composing soldiers' songs—but stop—

Here my martial war-songs occurred to me, which I still carried in my pocket.

I instantly brought my hand to those unlucky manuscripts, turned my head round to see if I was observed, and threw them in the fire.

These verses with me, a prisoner of the enemy! Songs in which every line was scorn and insult against Napoleon and his army; much less than that might cost me my head! With as much pleasure as I gave birth to it in happier hours, did I now see them consumed by the flames. Even the circumstance, that in my first anxiety I inconsiderately seized also my nomination as parson, which was altogether thrown in the fire, did not diminish my joy.

All on a sudden some soldiers stood before me and demanded: "What is it you have burnt here in secret?" At the same time they spoke something about espionage. I was, taken thus unawares, at a loss what to reply: that did not mend my affairs. The rascals wished to pick up a quarrel with me; that I had no difficulty to perceive. They took me, as suspected, into another smaller watch-room, where I had to draw my boots off, my great coat, my hat, my pantaloons, all were subjected to a close examination. They took it away, but never since did I either see those things or the fellows again. My coat was too shabby to fall under suspicion, else we should have parted too on the occasion. The whole day they made me wander from Pontius to Pilate, to undergo inquiries about the burned papers, and as I persisted in declaring them to be

familiar correspondence, private notes; I was given in charge of two men, who in my presence loaded their guns to escort me to head quarters.

Without my great coat which might have hid the want of pantaloons, bare head and feet, in the damp cold season of November I was compelled to take a long promenade of 10 miles with the advantage of two companions with loaded muskets. Dirty and tattered, I was poorer than a beggar. I had not so much as my liberty, with the comfortable prospect of going to be hanged or shot, as the French love to make a very short process in the field, and once hung on a tree, they care little should the fellow take it ill

A HOMELY MEAL.

With the beginning of the night I perceived a long range of watch fires. It was a considerable camp. I had to proceed further to an adjacent villa; the house was surrounded by sentinels and videttes. Officers in brilliant uniforms were observed to go out and in. I was conducted to the Military Office. My report was read: "Off with him to the other prisoners." One of the officers remarked: "See how this poor man has been ill-treated!" He ordered a suit of clothes to be given to me. My feet were full of wounds, often for want of light I hurt the corns of my bare feet with hard and sharp stones. I thought I then saw all the stars in heaven. I could not rise after such contacts, but the loaded guns pointed at me by my merciless companions were a powerful argument with me, for I knew they would not spare a tattered ransacked wretch that had nothing left to propitiate their good will. I had yet to go on in the same miserable costume back to the camp, I was there given in charge of a corporal who had to guard a number of prisoners. These were lying here and there near some burning and half extinguished fires, eating their very frugal meal. I joined them. Whom did I see again? the furious Chaumigrem with a pale face and a long black beard. At his side was Charles the Great, they took some soup together out of a large earthen pot, held in the virgin lap of Queen Elizabeth. I stood still and exclaimed: Sic transit gloria mundi; "Hallo! my dear General!" He was devouring the soup with a truly canine appetite. Is this, said I, the glorious meal which you promised me we were to make in Elysium, in company of the Great Frederic? The Lieutenant glad to see me again, embraced me with tears of joy: "Welcome my hearty Adjutant, are you still alive? Well a brave man is saved then to the King. What a pity you could not moderate your damned ardour? I saw how you alone hunted the three Chasseurs. Your example indeed infused again some spirit into the drooping hearts of

my troops. We marched towards the enemy with fixed bayonets. There were dead and wounded on both sides; we fought for about half an hour, but at last we were surrounded, and compelled to lay down our muskets. But come now, my dear Adjutant, let us not waste our time in words; sit down with us and partake of our soup which, by the way, is our first and last dish.

A short time after the officer on guard with the corporal came towards us and said:

“Which of you is the Adjutant General?” Charles the Great smiled with self-satisfaction, and pointed towards me with his finger, not being conversant with the French tongue.

“Adjutant,” continued the officer addressing himself to me, “it grieves me to see that you have been ill-treated so shamefully, here are clothes for you which are sent from headquarters. I hope they may serve you. I feel a pleasure in presenting you also with some bottles of wine and cold meat. Be persuaded that the French though your enemies, know how to appreciate a gallant man.” To all this I made the most civil reply I could. Our soup had not much blunted the sharpness of our appetite, the things presented were by no means unacceptable.

The following day we prisoners were transported to Francfort on the Oder. I knew the dear town very well, and I too had the honor to be known there my many respectable people. Yet I thought I should willingly forego the honor considering that my poetical reputation might prove the most superfluous of all my worldly goods. Suppose an honest Francforter came to ask after the doctor, he might add an inquiry after my songs of victory.

As the procession reached the gate of the town, how my heart beat! I pressed down the cocked hat over my face, which was done without much difficulty as it was made for a much larger head than my own. I was ashamed to make my entry into a town, in which I was so well known, like a criminal amongst a troop of prisoners. And I was not quite free from self reproaches. I was a swindler, a deceiver in assuming military titles which did not quite lawfully belong to me. A troop of idle gapers were every where following us; but no, let me not apply such hard epithets to those good people. It might be from pity, or a curiosity to see if there were amongst us some of their friends, or relations. Though it was dusk, yet I always kept in the midst of my tattered, and ragged companions of misfortune. They on the contrary toss-

ed up their heads, looked well about them as much as if they wished to say : behold, what we are obliged to suffer for the King and our country ! I might have thought so too, but a merit which we acquire against our will, looks very like a sin. At last after we had wandered from Pontius to Pilate, from the War Office to the Commander of the place, then to the Quarter Master General, we arrived at our night quarters. We the Officers were quartered in a tavern, with an honorary guard, although we gave our word of honor that we should not attempt to provide for our own lodgings. To tell the truth I did not give my parole d' honneur with very honest intentions. For when I signed Adjutant General I thought : let the Adjutant General keep his military word of honor, but be it without obligation to the parson or doctor.

As soon as it grew dark, I asked leave to visit some friends in the town ; it was politely refused. But as no one stopped me at the door of the room, as no one asked me at the gate of the house : whither are you going ? no one took it even amiss, that I walked out of the gate of the town—possibly the sentinel at the town gate took me for a French Officer. I had no scruples to try my good luck a little farther. In plain language, I deserted, or as it is called in the noble military language, I looked out for my own board and lodging ; for even in that language words are invented to cover a multiplicity of sins ; to run away, is now merely to make a retrograde movement.

GROOM AND COACHMAN.

For the first hour I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, not without sometimes looking behind me, till want of breath obliged me to proceed at a less hasty pace. The moon shone with brightness, the landscape had a poetical appearance, yet I should then have preferred a solid prosaic supper. At last, for my pedestrian trip already began to appear endless, I heard the barking of dogs. I dragged myself onwards, saw lights, and reached a village. Before a tavern stood a chariot with two horses, in the direction of my way. The board behind had by good luck, no iron spikes against free passengers. I immediately thought of this as a repository for my weary body and to enable me to decamp with more convenience. The cabriolet was empty, therefore the proprietor must still be in the tavern. I felt in my pockets, though I knew I had not the smallest copper coin with me, and I should so much have liked to buy a piece of bread. In an officer's dress I could not have gone begging, but I might demand anything by way of requisition. So I entered the house to try my good luck. At my entrance in an empty room, I perceived a hat

with a broad brim, a peasant's frock and a whip. I thought of the old comfortable proverb, a fair exchange is no robbery. With surprising agility, I threw away my cocked hat, the long blue coat flew in a corner the coarse felt covered my head, the broadshouldered frock my lean body. Had I had a sword I should have exchanged it for the whip, but I took it, as given in the bargain, as I wanted it to defend myself with, were it only against uncivil village dogs. I could now proceed on my journey incog. secure against French researches but I was obliged to forego the supper. My stomach did not relish the change. I stood near the gate looking for a hiding place from whence I might conveniently take possession of the small seat behind the chaise, when immediately the door flew open, a French voice thundered, and I received from two ungodly fists, such a push in my back that I stumbled with all my length in the deep mud before me. All this happened with such a rapidity that I cannot as yet conceive how so many things could have happened in so small space of time.

“Allons, allons!” cried the Frenchman repeatedly, with a quick accompaniment of his fists, who took me for his driver. I had not time to consider whether I had better counterfeit death, or being either discovered as a thief or a deserter, attempt to run away before I should be either hanged or shot. The Frenchman, decided quickly, seized me by the collar, put me unceremoniously on my legs, showed me towards the front wheel and pointing to the coach box said, “Drive on, you beast!” As I did not care for any explanation, I took the seat and with a good whip drove off in a gallop, instead of my seat behind I now occupied the seat of honor in the front. I left the coachman to take up my good robe and act as Adjutant General.

MORE MURDERS.

The faster I drove the oftener my Frenchman called out: “Bon, very bon!” He appeared to be in great haste, and to make suppositions, from his unquiet motions, from the soliloquies which he sometimes muttered between his teeth, he had not a much clearer conscience than I. I concluded he was an army contractor; for, for an officer he was clad too much a la Bourgeois, for a Civilian he was too Military. Our conversation was rather confined, he knew not German, and I as coachman knew not French.

After many pantomimical expressions of hunger, the Frenchman supplied me liberally with biscuits, sausages and cognac. With every mouthful, with every draught I felt my good humour returning. I was reconciled to my new situation as coachman. Man should be in every dress the best part; 'tis bad enough when the

coat is the best part of the man. What matters it whether I be parson, or groom, Magister or Adjutant General or field preacher. By good luck, I may drive the chaise to the shores of the Weichsel, and there, get the command of a corps. Nil desperandum. In my fruitful imagination I planned some general manœuvres and gave orders for an attack of the enemy. Again I was a parson, and made the most beautiful speech from the pulpit when all of a sudden I perceived the glittering of some muskets. My master saw it at the same moment, drew his sword, and took a pistol in his hand cocking its trigger, which being done immediately behind my back gave me a cold fever.

“Go on—go on!” he called out.

“Halt!” cried some soldiers at the same time. Whom was I to obey? but some bayonets I felt near my ribs, decided me for the latter. Taking the soldiers for French, to infuse some respect in them, I called out. “My General, is a French General!” “Halt, surrender” cried several men at once.

“Foutre!” cried my pretended General, and with one leap he sprung out of the chaise knocking down two men.

On all sides there was firing, the balls whistled closer to my ears than was agreeable, my horses became even more frightened than I, they run off at a fierce gallop, my whip rip-roasted their back. I still heard the noise of sabres, of musket firing, but shortly I had gained a considerable distance—I heard nothing more; all was quiet. Thanks to the prudence and swiftness of my horses I was saved. I proceeded at a slower pace, began a chirurgical examination of my body from my head down to my foot. In my first fright I thought I was wounded, but to my extreme satisfaction not a hair was harmed. But what is become of my Frenchman? Should I not turn back, and get myself a little sabred for him? Not so fast, my coachman’s fidelity nor my personal attachment could not go so far. But what shall I do with the horses and chaise, to whom do they belong? Shall I sell, give away or keep them. With similar reflexions I reached a small village, and soon after before a tavern, my horses stopped of their own accord; I had some misgivings about passing the night there. It was too near the place of the last affair and yet day light. The whistling of balls still buzzed in my ears. Conscience told me to go on; but the groom came, unharnessed the horses, and so I ordered some food for them and a glass of beer for myself. If pressed for my reckoning I purposed to make a shift of my round felt and the peasant’s coat, the first being besides too small, the latter too large for me. This idea comforted me and I took my seat behind the oven.

DANGEROUS COMPANY.

The fat landlady of the tavern made her appearance and stood right before me, with her two arms stuck in her sides, and asked if I intended to pass the night? "No." If I wished to proceed on to the little town of * * * "Yes." Was I disposed to give passage to that place to a young Lady, who had arrived on foot and was reposing now from great fatigue? That I might get drink-money in doing so." "With all my heart," I replied. She then asked if it would not be doing better, to proceed only early next morning; as night could be no friend to an honest man, and especially in times of war; that there were numbers of French troops hovering all round and also some marauding fugitive Prussians. Scarcely a day passed without some murdering and plundering. With a cold perspiration I nodded assent. I and the Lady should be waked two hours before day break; I should arrive in good time at my destination; my master would not have to blame me for any delay. These were her arguments. Thus I determined to stay; my horses too wanted repose. Yet I proposed to depart next morning very early for I calculated psychologically that towards morning the road must be safest, because those who caused danger at night, either through fear or fatigue would retire or conceal themselves at dawn and those who wish to travel in the day time do not chose the night for it. I was the first to give the alarm in the morning. Whilst the groom harnessed the horses to the carriage I had time to examine my new acquired property with the help of the stable lantern. I found it to be pierced with musket balls; in one of the side pockets I discovered an elegant purse filled with tobacco; a small telescope and other such trifles. The chest under the seat was well shut, the key of it was probably left with the Frenchman.

The landlady made her appearance, and related to me, yawning, to a hair every item which my horses and I had consumed. I found all this very tiresome as I knew it already, and so I dispatched her with: "The lady will pay!" I then mounted the chaise and took the seat of my late master, which by the by, was much more comfortable than the seat in front which I occupied before. The lady came at last, and seated at her side, I drove off with her. I expected to have obtained an agreeable companion instead of which, she squeezed herself in the other corner and to my most modest observations, of its being very cool, or excessively dark, I only received a sleepy, yes and no, in reply. Thus I was left to my own meditations.

These meditations became more confused when my lonely companion—by the motion of the carriage was rocked

nearer and nearer to my side. From pure pity for the poor child who received such merciless shocks, I approached her by two or three inches. A short while after the head of the sleeping maiden leaned on my shoulder. From sheer pity I put my arm round her slender waist, and pressed her towards my bosom. She slept quietly; even the violent beatings of my agitated heart did not awake the slumbering maiden.

For the first time the sleeping head of a girl was leaning on my bosom—Oh forgive me, dear Lotty, if in this critical situation, I could be—not unfaithful, for I thought but of thee. It was you my dearest, that was my companion; you, whom with a tender pressure I drew closer towards me; to you was my deep sigh; and the impious kiss I pressed softly on—her hands, was meant for you. To a young woman whose rising and falling bosom keeps time with the melody of her breath, whose gentle touch infuses a strange glow in all the arteries—to such a being don't expose a bachelor—not even one who has passed his thirty ninth birth day!

MORNING TWILIGHT.

The carriage drove softly through the sand. I suffered the horses to go agreeably to their own fancy, held my sleeping beauty gently in my arms, closed my wearied eyelids that I might dream more conveniently of my Lotty, of conjugal bliss and heavenly happiness, when at last the voluntary fancies were realized by an actual slumber.

Suddenly my companion and I were awaked, the soft sand being now exchanged for a rough causeway. It was daylight, a fine glowing gold-rimmed morning cloud was before our eyes. I looked first on my brave horses, then on my companion. She rubbed her eyes with both hands; I mimed; I looked at her, she at me; again she rubbed her eyes, I was compelled to do the same, the glare had I think blinded me. Again I looked at her, but it convinced me only I was still in my dream, for my Lotty was at my side!

“Good God! is it you Doctor?” she exclaimed gazing at my Mustachios—then at the remaining part of my uniform of Adjutant General—and at my tattered and besmeared groom's coat.

“Oh my Lotty!” in heaven's name, how did you come hither to me?”

Joy overruled our powers of utterance. We asked no more questions. Our eyes became dimmed with tears of exquisite rapture—the reins dropt from my hand, I pressed her towards me, with meeting lips we exchanged soul for soul. We were joined

again after so long a separation, and, Oh how unexpectedly, and in what a wonderful way. Forgotten were past misfortunes, forgotten the unlucky vicissitudes of my life.

But the cursed rough way on which we drove, gave the most merciless shakes to our chaise, constantly separating our kissing lips—at the planning of such a road such moving scenes were probably not calculated upon.

At last I took the reins up again, the mutual interrogations again began. Though we held each other fast by the hands, lest that by some severe jolts we might again be separated. She was handsomer than I ever saw her; again the reins dropped from my hands.

I related to her my singular adventures, she listened with an attention and interest which I do not expect from my reader. The accidents of my bride were more simple. Having received her demanded release, from her mistress (who previous to the entrance of the French into Berlin left it) my Lotty was in mortal anxiety about me. A letter received from her aged mother directed her to quit Berlin and join her. Thus, like an obedient daughter, she departed, after having left behind every necessary notice for my information. With a return coach she travelled to Francfort; from thence, (as she could procure no conveyance—the French having put every waggon and horse into requisition, or perhaps because no one wished to venture in them on the present insecure roads) she had the courage to journey farther on foot. Exhausted she arrived in the village last eve, from whence I had the good fortune to become her coachman.

END WELL ALL WELL.

At an inn in the way—even lovers must break their fast, (the distance to my Lotty's mother being yet some miles) the remnant of the military hair in my face yielded to a razor. Lotty bought for me, with her money a hat and a decent great coat, so that without making a shew I could present myself at the side of a handsome and well dressed girl.

We journeyed on. It was now broad day. We began to make plans for the future. At first (and this was by mutual consent) we were without further delay to be married, for our bans had been published. In the mean time, I was to write to the Baron about the parsonage, the nomination having been consumed by fire in the French Bivouac together with my songs of victory, partly set to music. Lotty had from her savings amassed nearly 100 Thalers. That sum would keep us alive for some time. And should every man's hand be turned upon us I might establish some school; with bread and water alone; provided we remain together, we shall be happy. Whilst in bitter poverty

we laid plans for the future, she speaking in praise of the cheap soups she knew how to prepare, I of the income of a school, the sound of money was heard on the bottom of the chaise. We looked down. It was a Napoleon d'or. "Did it drop from you Lotty?" "I have no gold!" she replied. I took it up as a providential payment of the coachman's hire. Again, after a short pause, another Napoleon fell. "We must be protected by a tutelar saint, or a bounteous fairy who has overheard our discourse. I took care of this one too, and looked carefully for any brothers he might have. But, alas none were to be seen, I was very sorry for it. Soon after, blessed be the rough road! the scene was renewed.

"The chaise must certainly be haunted!" said I, in stopping the horses; and after a more careful search, another of the yellow boys glittered through a chink under the seat of the chaise. The gold source was now discovered. I forced the seat, and found in a corner a sack, a small part of which, by the constant friction, had been rubbed through. I lifted the straw, and found a litter of a dozen more similar bags laying together in a similar way. Each bag contained a thousand Napoleon d'ors, as I found afterwards. How the employé came to this treasure I could not guess; whether they belonged to him, or were the property of the French Army, I cared not, but we un-animously pronounced the sum far too great for our modest wishes; thirteen thousand Napoleon d'ors! We packed the thirteen bags carefully up again. We were resolved not to keep them, and went on as if we had found nothing.

A miserable dwelling was shewn to us as the residence of the aged mother of Lotty. She received us with open arms. The treasure was committed to her careful hands. The horses we were compelled to sell as we could not provide for their keeping. In all the papers we had advertisements inserted, for the horses, carriage, and a sum of lost money, but even after twelve months, no one came forward as a claimant. I passed the same road back again, after the land was more secure, but to no purpose; the Frenchman had probably been slain on the spot, for the money he may have had about him.

Thus end my adventures; I was now richer than I ever hoped to be, and Lotty became my wife.

I indemnified my friend of Berlin for the conveyance of which the Rittmaster had disburdened me. With my riches I should have felt ashamed to deprive a worthy man of the parsonage the income of which might give bread to the whole family. I bought a fine country seat with a large piece of ground in a situation the most romantic which could be found amongst the many sweet

spots on the banks of the noble Rhine. My Lotty, her mother, I and the little urchin that Lotty has since presented me with, are now the happy inhabitants of a terrestrial paradise.

V. R.

TO MARY, AT PARTING.

“Never
“Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.”—*Byron.*

Lovely vision I must fly thee,
For a far and fatal shore,—
Hear a wretch, who now is nigh thee,
Yet may never see thee more.

By each glowing charm, that round thee,
Flings a halo of delight!
By the burning spell that bound me,
When I met thee, maiden bright!

By thy gentle bosom heaving
Like a soft and sunny main!
By thy glances, soul-bereaving
By the heart, that knows my pain!

By the starry brow that's beaming
Through a night of raven hair!
By the voice that haunts me dreaming!
Mary, hear my parting prayer!

When afar my fate I follow
On the blazing plains of Ind,
Some will say “his faith is hollow,
Trust it as you trust the wind.”

Some, this fancy, changing ever
Leds my truant heart astray—
Can it then forget thee? never!
Mary, heed not what they say!

THE CALCUTTA PRESS.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA JOHN BULL.*

"No, Sir, I know of nothing which the Press may not fully discuss. I look upon it as one of the most useful servants of the Government."

When a Governor General of India can be brought to express himself in such or similar terms to an Editor of a Calcutta Journal, and exhibits by his practical relaxation of the odious rules by which former Governments attempted to check the freedom of discussion that in the utterance of such an opinion he is sincere, the Indian Press may be considered to have attained such a position in the social system as must render it an object of material interest to the philosopher, the statesman, and the man of the world. We are not to regard Lord William Bentinck's opinion as purely speculative, though his experience of the utility of the Press in other countries would have entitled him to have uttered the same sentiments with confidence at a much earlier period of his administration. His Lordship's frank avowal must be considered to proceed from a close observation of the result of the freedom he has suffered to obtain, and it is perfectly unnecessary therefore to go any further for evidence of the power the Press has acquired, or of the nature of the influence it happily exerts. It has become a 'great public instructor'—an efficient check on misrule and oppression—a powerful agent in the search after truth—and, to a greater extent than ever, a channel for the interchange of sentiment and intelligence amongst all men, who can read, and bid between Van Diemen's Land and the frontiers of Scind. In such circumstances, we repeat, the Indian Press must be at the present moment an object of deep interest to every thinking man; and it is under this impression that we have possessed ourselves of such material as might enable us to give a complete view of its interior economy—its circulation, its prospects, and its means.

The question is a large one, and involves a multitude of considerations, which can neither be brought within the compass of a single article, nor treated with adequate fairness, unless a more particular communication has been had with the sister presidencies and the Mofussil. We therefore propose to defer for the present all reference to what the Westminster Review terms the 'legal and fiscal trammels of the Press' on the Madras, Bombay, and Provincial journals, limiting ourselves to a rigorous bearing of the CALCUTTA PRESS alone, in all its various

* As this paper embraces a quantity of matter of fact, it has been thought advisable to authenticate it.

ings. We feel the undertaking to be a serious one in a variety of points of view, and accordingly bespeak the indulgence of contemporaries for all inaccuracies that may appear, and unpalatable opinions that may be uttered. Our object in the enquiry is utility;—and, taking truth and impartiality for our guides, we shall not, we hope, run very serious hazards of encountering general displeasure, if we do not succeed in giving general satisfaction.

The CALCUTTA PRESS consists of the following journals:—

DAILY.

The Bengal Hurkaru & Chronicle, The Calcutta Courier,
The India Gazette, The John Bull.

TER WEEKLY

The India Gazette, The Bengal Chronicle, The Indian Register.

HALF WEEKLY.

The Calcutta Courier, The Calcutta Gazette.

WEEKLY.

The Literary Gazette, The Philanthropist,
The Oriental Observer, The Enquirer,
The Bengal Herald, The Gyananneshun,
The Reformer, The Sumachar Durpun.

MONTHLY.

The Calcutta Monthly Journal, The Christian Intelligencer,
The Bengal Sporting Magazine, The Christian Observer.

ALTERNATE MONTHS.

The East Indian United Service Journal.

QUARTERLY.

The Calcutta Magazine & Review, The Bengal Army List.

ANNUALLY.

The Bengal Annual, The Almanac, The Register and Directory.

THE INDIA GAZETTE.

This paper is the eldest of all those now in existence in Calcutta. We have not been able to trace the date of its first establishment, but it is quite certain that it appeared anterior to the year 1774, for in that year, the Supreme Court being established, the *India Gazette* was made choice of as the medium of publishing all the advertisements issued under the authority of the Court, a monopoly or privilege which it retains to this moment. It is probable from this circumstance that the *India Gazette* was at that time the official organ of Government, and perhaps opposed to the flagitious publication of Mr. Hickey, so famous for its attacks on Warren Hastings. What its politics became however, after the fetters began to be placed upon the Press at large, we cannot say. It is most likely that it could-

boast of none at all, and was probably, like all the other papers then in India, a mere vehicle for the publication of advertisements, General and Government orders, shipping intelligence, accounts of local gaieties, details of the campaigns then rife throughout India, Supreme Court criminal sessions, amusing or silly correspondence, and extracts from English newspapers and new books. Its appearance during this era,—an era that some call 'glorious'—was hebdomadal, and so it continued until the month of August 1822, when its then conductor, a medical gentleman of great talent and extensive acquirements, (who to this moment often assists the local periodicals with the offspring of his versatile genius) converted the *India Gazette* into a bi-weekly paper. From this period may be dated the commencement of its popularity and its influence on the public mind. We can distinctly call this epoch to our recollection, for it was at that particular period that, in another part of India, the writer of this article made his editorial *debut*, and became at once possessed of the enviable title of "one of our contemporaries." What character the *India Gazette* maintained from that time, 1822,* up to 1829, may be gathered from the following extracts of an article which appeared in the late *Oriental Quarterly Magazine*.

"The *India Gazette* is a paper of established reputation, and has been fortunate in having been always in the hands of Editors, qualified to conduct it with respectability. Its circulation is extensive, and the general character of its original lucubrations, such as to ensure it a favorable reception among those, and they are many in this country, who are fond of what is commonly called *light reading*. In its politics it is not merely strongly *Whiggish*, but approaches, or rather did approach, for in that respect it has much improved of late, to the *radical party*. * * * * * It certainly breathes in its general tone a kindness and charity * * * Its general "gentlemanlikeism" of character has kept it aloof from editorial squabbling, * * * If this character, mingled as it is in the original with that faint praise which damns while it affects to laud, and strokes of unequivocal censure be, as we have understood, the testimonial of at the time a not very friendly rival print, it may fairly be inferred that the *India Gazette* of those days was at all events a favorite with a considerable and influential class of readers—a fact indeed which we believe its extensive circulation sufficiently demonstrated. But whatever peculiar character it enjoyed, it retained it no longer than the month of March 1829, when, under the operation of the or-

* The paper fell into the hands of the medical gentleman we speak of in 1822, but it was not until he had had some months experience in a vocation, to him new, that he began to feel his way. Previous to his election the paper was conducted by Mr. (now Sir) Herbert Compton.

der of the Court of Directors inhabiting the connection of their servants with the Press, the medical gentleman alluded to withdrew, and the management passed into the hands of its present Editor.

From this period we must date an entire change in the conduct of the journal. From the receptacle of mirth, and the indifferent spectator of local events, the *India Gazette* became the repertory of gravity, and the calm yet scrupulous and honest investigator of every question of interest, present or remote, that could possibly be offered to the consideration of a community growing in extent and intelligence. Its indefatigable conductor, dissatisfied with the infrequency of publication which necessarily limited the sphere of his honorable exertions, converted the paper in January 1830, from a bi-weekly into a ter-weekly journal, and in the following November, as the field of discussion widened, he ventured on the bold measure of issuing the journal *daily*, still publishing the ter-weekly edition for the convenience of those whose means or inclinations induced them to continue to it a preference. The complete success of this proceeding may be deduced from the fact of the circulation of the paper having encreased since November 1829 upwards of 200 numbers. According to a statement which appeared in one of the numbers of the *Hurkaru* for that month, the *India Gazette* circulated 350 copies : it now issues, including its daily and ter-weekly editions, not less than 568, in the following proportions, which we give, on unquestionable data, in order to shew what classes afford the largest share of support to a public journal :—

Civil Subscribers, ..	103	
Military ditto,	123	
Medical ditto,	40	
Mercantile ditto,	79	
Religious ditto.	5	
Miscellaneous ditto,	172	
Gratis and Exchange copies*	46	568

Out of this number, 373 copies are issued daily, and 195 ter-weekly, two-thirds of which circulate at the Presidency, and the remainder go into the interior.

Of the character of the *India Gazette*, standing as we do in the position of competitors with it for public support, it is perhaps difficult for us to speak. With every disposition to be fair

* Our readers will readily conceive that there must be attached to all journals a number of friends, servants, contributors, and others who have a claim to a free copy. This, and the custom of giving papers to the other Presidency, Mofussil, Madras, and Bombay journals in exchange for their files, swell the gratis list to an inconvenient amount. Nearly 3000 rupees per annum. are apparently spent in this way.

and candid in treating of a contemporary, whose fairness and candour constitute two of the most brilliant features in his editorial character, we may still be unconsciously seduced into detraction, or, from the very fear of displaying that infirmity, indulge in extravagance of encomium. It is human nature.

We shall not therefore usurp the public province in this particular, but content ourselves with recording as matter for history, and as evidence of the political and literary taste of the Anglo-Bengal community that the *India Gazette* is Ultra-radical in its politics,—that it enters largely upon the consideration of questions connected with the Government of the country, undeterred by any fear of the displeasure of authority, or any anxiety for the applause of the multitude,—that its literary taste is severe, its sources of intelligence numerous, and its mechanical “getting up” not inferior to the most respectable London journals.

Of the expense attending the publication of a Newspaper in this country it is not easy to give a very accurate estimate. Each printing establishment has a sufficiency of type and time unemployed to admit of its undertaking other work, and it is only by the united receipts of the different publications and ‘job work’ thus obtained, that the various concerns are enabled to enjoy a profit. At the *India Gazette* establishment, besides the daily, and ter-weekly newspapers, there are published, an *Annual* and a *Quarterly Register and Directory*; a *Monthly Journal* of local events of interest; a weekly account of the *Calcutta Market*; and a voluminous Catalogue of the sales of Messrs. Tulloh and Co. which appears four times a week, independent of other printing work for private individuals. To accomplish all these the following monthly establishment is kept up:—

Editing, reporting, &c. of the Gazette and Calcutta Market, Rs.	1,065
Office Rent,	200
Superintendent and Sircars	461
Readers, Compositors, Pressmen and Peons,	1,615

Rs. 3,341

or per annum 40,092

In addition to which the following expenses, in round numbers, are incurred.

6 daily English papers at 7d., 6 weekly at 10d. and 14 periodicals at 3s. 6d.	1,000
Paper; English, China, Serampore, taken at the average of rs. 16 per ream	10,000
Postage of Singapore, China, Madras, Sydney, Hobart Town, Mauritius, Cape, Ceylon, American, and English Papers;	

loss by postage paid in advance; sundry printing materials, &c. &c. about 2,500

Annual charge Rs. 53,592

Those who will take the trouble to make the calculation will find that this sum falls short by about ten thousand rupees per annum (after deducting 25 per cent. on gross receipts for non-payment of subscriptions or other losses) of the amount realizable by the concern; but it should at the same time be borne in mind that types and press furniture require frequent renewal, that presses after a time wear out, that the original capital must be re-imbursed, &c. all of which combine to reduce the *real* profit for a long time to a mere song. The original outlay, however, over and above the value of the dead stock being once paid, the profit must be handsome and encouraging, and we believe we are correct in saying that at this gratifying point the *India Gazette* has at length arrived.

THE BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE.

Although the claims of age have induced us to give the *India Gazette* priority of station, the *Bengal Hurkaru* is unquestionably *facile princeps* of the press, whether we regard its circulation or its influence on public opinion.

The early history of the *Hurkaru*, however, like that of its brother-radical, is enveloped in much obscurity. We cannot trace its birth to an earlier period than 1795, at which time it bore a singularly modest garb and was satisfied with a weekly appearance, unless occasion called for a little additional exertion on the part of the proprietary, when sundry supplements were put forth. It continued its "few and far between" visits until 29th April 1819, when its DAILY issue commenced. At this time it was printed on a single royal quarto sheet, which was then judged the utmost that could be got up daily at an Indian Press. Very soon, however, a second sheet was considered necessary, and means were found to publish it; and on the 1st July 1821, a third sheet was added, and the *materiel* upon which it was printed changed from Bengal medium to good Europe royal paper—the first ever used for a Bengal Newspaper. Quarto and even small Folio sheets having, however, been found, by experience, unsuited to the purposes of a *daily* paper, it re-assumed its original shape on the 1st February 1824, and has since been printed on a large Super-royal Folio sheet.

Of the character of the *Hurkaru* anterior to the year 1818, it were superfluous to speak. Up to that period, from the

date of the establishment of the Censorship by Lord Wellesley, the India papers bore a strong family resemblance to one another, the distinctive traits resting rather on type, and entertaining extracts, than on political power arising from vigorous composition. In 1818, the censorship was abolished, and soon after the *Calcutta Journal* arose, at once assuming a tone so novel, independent, and acceptable to the community at large that a corresponding character became essential to the other papers as the alternative of their continued existence. The *Hurkaru*, of course, shared in the general improvement, under the auspices of Mr. Samuel Smith, who in 1821 became the Proprietor; but as violent controversies arose between the *Calcutta Journal* and the *John Bull*, (a paper started expressly to oppose the *Journal*) and absorbed public attention, the paper under notice pursued the "even tenor of its way" without attracting a great deal of observation. On the death of the *Calcutta Journal*, however, in 1824, (arising from the transmission of Messrs. Buckingham, and Arnott,) and the disappearance of the *Scotsman in the East*, a tolerably smart paper which arose out of the ashes of the *Journal*, the *Bengal Hurkaru* took up a lofty position as the advocate of free discussion, colonization, the education of the natives, and many other popular measures, and has retained it without intermission to this moment. We have no means of ascertaining what was the extent of the circulation of the *Calcutta Journal* in its high and palmy days, but we have no hesitation in saying that its hold upon public opinion was certainly not more firm, or better acquired, than that of the *Hurkaru*, though, from the exclusiveness of its public spirit, it possibly enjoyed a larger *monopoly* of popularity. Amongst other causes of the rapid march of the *Hurkaru* into the good graces of the motley community of British India, we must instance its adoption of the cause of the Army and of the Medical Service, when the Government of Lord William Bentinck commenced the reduction of the half batta and other allowances. It is true that since the 'good fight' was 'fought,' some members of the body in whose behalf the *Hurkaru* encountered the most dangerous risks have capriciously withdrawn their countenance, but the general independence of the paper—the unquestionable integrity of its motives—and the augmentation of a taste for newspapers amongst the public at large—have preserved for the *Hurkaru* on the one hand what it has lost on the other, and its circulation therefore remains, in spite of the commercial difficulties, as large as it was a twelvemonth since. The *Hurkaru* and *Chronicle*, combined, now circulate 934 numbers, out of which 726 copies are issued daily and 208 ter weekly, in the following proportions :—

Civil,.....	136
Military,.....	308
Legal,.....	24
Clerical,.....	3
Medical,.....	51
Mercantile,.....	206
Miscellaneous,.....	154
Exchange and Gratis,.....	52
	<hr/>
	934

As we have not ventured to examine minutely the character of the *India Gazette*, so shall we abstain from a particular analysis of the journal under review. It is sufficient to observe that the *Hurkaru* is thoroughly *radical* in its principles, adopting as the basis of its operations the Benthamite maxim of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" its editorial department is wealthy in ability,—its resources of intelligence are extensive,—its correspondents on *all* public questions numerous and often talented,—and its *costume*, like that of the *India Gazette*, highly respectable.

The establishment of the *Hurkaru*, is far more extensive than that of its contemporaries, but on the other hand the labor imposed on the establishment is of corresponding magnitude. Besides the daily *Hurkaru*, this press produces the *Chronicle*, (a ter weekly edition of the *Hurkaru*), the *Bengal Herald*, and the *Literary Gazette*, weekly papers, the *Quarterly Magazine and Review*, the *Bengal Annual*, the *Army List*, an *Annual Directory*, and Sundry Price Currents, Shipping Lists, Souvenirs, Almanacs, &c. &c. the chief of which are noticed hereafter. To accomplish all this work Mr. Smith entertains not less than 166 persons including compositors, pressmen, peons, sircars, &c. at a monthly cost of 4,374 rupees. Let us endeavour to give a sketch of the entire charge of the establishment.

Editors, Compositors, Printers, Sircars &c. &c. per annum	Rs. 52,528
Contributors and Reporters.....	10,000
Paper of all descriptions.....	18,000
English papers, pamphlets and periodicals.....	3,000
London Agent and Correspondent.....	1,600
Postage on English, Cape, Sydney, China, Mauritius, Provincial and other papers.....	2,500
Office Rent.....	5,160
Extra and Miscellaneous Expenses.....	8,000
	<hr/>
	100,788

Pursuing the same calculation suggested to the reader in the case of the *India Gazette*, and making the same allow-

ances for unavoidable losses and neglect of subscribers to pay their subscriptions, the profits of the *Hurkaru* will be found to fall little short of 20 per cent on the annual outlay. The value of the advertisements of the *Hurkaru*, is about 18,000 rupees per annum, and the sale of the various miscellaneous publications extra to those particularly noticed in this paper yields about 20,000 per annum. If the annual profits are considered large it should be remembered that the demands upon them in view to the public good are extensive and unavoidable. Besides the means of renewing his type the Proprietor of a paper should always have at command such funds as may enable him to make additional exertions for the benefit of his subscribers when fresh competition or the progress of general improvement render them necessary; and it is not irrational to assume that as the Government possesses the power of annihilating the largest newspaper property by a single stroke of the pen, the proprietors ought always to be in a position to disregard the caprices of despotism when placed in competition with the public good. May we not also add that he who exhausts his best faculties, and stakes his life*—his liberty* and his hard earned gains* for the common weal has a right to look for *something* in the evening of life?

The office of the *Hurkaru* is in Hare Street, Tank-square, and is a spacious building containing a valuable library which was formerly a separate establishment open to the public, but Mr. Smith has discontinued it as a public and converted it into a Private Library. At night the *Hurkaru* Office is lighted up with gas.

THE CALCUTTA COURIER.

This newspaper, in respect to its title and the period of its issue, is a paper of yesterday. It bore until the year 1831 the appellation of the *Calcutta Government Gazette*, and enjoyed the exclusive privilege of publishing the Government orders and notifications "by authority." No direct influence over its editorial management was, we believe, employed by the Government in times past, but as the appointment of editor lay with a body of Military Officers who composed the management of the Military Orphan Asylum, care was generally taken that the office should be held by men of literary acquirements who would rather seek to amuse the public, than take an active share in stormy political discussions. By the orders of the Court of Directors prohibiting their servants from connecting themselves with the

* See all the duels, prosecutions, imprisonments, transmissions, and withdrawals of licence which have in all time followed an independent assertion of public rights.

press, the field of Editorial selection has been much narrowed, and the office of Editor is now held by a merchant; but beyond this we cannot perceive that any change of consequence has taken place. Though the *Calcutta Courier* is not the sole channel of Government orders and notifications, it is printed at the same press with the *Government Official Gazette*, and has thus the opportunity of transferring to its columns all that the *employés* desire to know, before the other newspapers can see the Gazette itself. This is one of those advantages conferred by Government charity at the expense of private enterprise and private property, which operate as so severe and unfair a check to newspaper competition. Had the *Calcutta Courier* no other merit,—were it printed on the worst paper, and conducted on the worst principles,—its *official advantages* and the military patronage under which it appears, would still make it a formidable clog to the general prosperity of THE PRESS. As it is, we have our doubts whether it is not an expensive *job*, for, according to the data in our possession, it does not appear that any direct profit to the Orphan Asylum can arise from its publication. The circulation of the *daily* edition does not amount to more than 175 copies, including gratis and exchange copies, while that of the half weekly edition is estimated by the superintendent at only 225 numbers. Allowing that two-thirds of the whole of these are actually paid for, the amount annually realised on account of the *Courier* does not exceed *sixteen thousand* rupees, or, if we add the few advertisements it possesses, about *twenty thousand* rupees. Now granting for the sake of argument that the people and the type employed in getting up this journal are also engaged in the other printing business which falls to the share of the Orphan Press, shall we be told that there is not still a large and unnecessary burden forced upon the asylum by the publication of the *Courier*? If the Orphan Press were confined to the publication of books, and the *Government official Gazette*, would it be necessary to keep up an Editor or superintendent on a salary of 800 rupees per month? Would so large an office be necessary? would so considerable a consumption of paper be essential?—could no compositors, pressmen, peons, sircars, &c. be discharged? Would type as soon wear out?—would supplies of home papers and periodicals, and loss by postage be unavoidable? It were invidious perhaps to pursue the calculation to a further extent. Enough has been said to shew that it is doubtful how far the claims of charity are answered by the existence of the *Courier*, while it is quite evident that a great public wrong is done by the Government in granting it advantages which injure fair competition.

But this discussion is somewhat foreign to our purpose. We wish to shew the amount of capital and labour employed in the Calcutta Press, and the character borne by each journal which occupies a share of public patronage. As with the *India Gazette* and the *Hurkaru*, so with the *Courier* shall we study brevity of description. The *Courier* lacks dignity:—where commerce, steam, or figures are concerned the leaders of the *Courier* are able and accurate; but in treating political or local questions of moment they are frequently charged with flippancy, dulness, or self sufficiency. The paper has few correspondents, and its supply of English periodicals and papers appears to be smaller than those of the other papers, but is still very considerable. In appearance it is quite as respectable as its contemporaries, but its daily edition is neither as large nor as copious as they are. The greater part of the copies of the *Courier* circulate amongst the military, partly on account of its connection with the Orphan Press, and partly on account of its prior publication of the Government and General Orders.

If it be difficult to form an accurate estimate of the cost of producing the other daily papers, the difficulty is enhanced in regard to the *Courier* because the Press whence it issues is largely employed upon work of another kind. The only method by which any thing approaching to correctness can be reached, is by deducting from the gross amount the cost of producing the *John Bull* daily paper, which, as it is less mixed up with the charge of printing other work than the rest of the journals, furnishes a more certain criterion of the actual expence of each. We leave this arithmetical deduction to those who are disposed to adopt it, and proceed to notice the Orphan Asylum Press establishment, as far as the statements furnished us will permit.

Editing, composing, printing, Office establishment, &c.....	3560 per mo. or, per ann.	42,000
Contingencies.....	400 per mo. or,	4,800
Papers, Periodicals, &c. allowing half the proportion of the India Gazette.		500
Paper for the Calcutta Courier and the Government Gazette.....		3,500
Postage on foreign papers and periodicals, loss by postage <i>about</i>		500
		<hr/>
		Rs. 51,300

There must be of course a considerable expence incurred in addition to this, on account of the paper used in the extra printing, but of the extent of this we can form no accurate estimate.

THE JOHN BULL.

“The CALCUTTA JOHN BULL arose amidst the storms and contentions in Society which the *Calcutta Journal* was engendering; and it came professedly as an antidote to the poison disseminated by that print.”

Such is the account given by one, who formerly conducted the *John Bull*, of the nativity of the journal in 1821. It would save us some trouble in describing its career up to 1830 if we adopted the encomiastic phraseology of the same writer, for according to his modest statement, published in a Magazine conducted by himself, the *Bull*, like another Cæsar, came, saw, and overcame. We are not, however, as we have already shewn in the columns of the Journal itself, *laudator temporis acti*: We neither approve of the politics nor of the spirit which animated our predecessors, and must therefore, while readily withholding the expression of all censure of their efforts, abstain from resorting to those materials for history which their own fond partiality has furnished in the periodical alluded to.

According then to the evidence before us, the *John Bull* first made its appearance as a daily paper in June 1821, under the imposing title of the THE JOHN BULL IN THE EAST. It proclaimed itself on its *entrée* the supporter of Church and King—the contemner of private scandal—the counterpoise of the pernicious influence of other journals. A sportsman would say it was got by Speculation, out of Intolerance, *dam* by Toryism. For the first two or three years it maintained a conspicuous place in the regard of a large party, who were opposed to the politics and principles of Mr. Buckingham, and, supported by the secret influence of the officers of government, it acquired a large circulation. We need not go into the history of Bankes, Buckingham, Burckhardt, Bryce and Banishment, for they have long ceased to interest the community for whom we write. Besides—are they not written in the pages of the *Oriental Herald*, and the old *Oriental Quarterly*, and the *Calcutta Journal*, and the old *John Bull*? It is sufficient to say that these themes were for a long time the stock in trade of the *John Bull*, and that, as they died away, the paper maintained its popularity by great attention to its *intelligence* department and an adherence to Tory and Anglo Indian conservancy politics until 1829, when the HALF-BATTA question tested its affection for the army. From that moment the *John Bull* began to decline in popularity. From 600 subscribers and upwards it rapidly went down to 400; but as if this were not a sufficiently expeditious descent the editor of 1830-31 took occasion to assail the Trade Association, which led to another defection of subscribers to the amount of nearly 100,

and, what was worse, the withdrawal of the trade advertisements. *Facilis descensus Averni*. To the years of offence succeeded the era of dulness and pitiable neglect;—correspondence relaxed, the supplies of intelligence fell off, editorial confidence waned, and the paper must have expired altogether, but for the clergy, and the remnant of the Tory party amounting in all to about 230 who continued to support the only journal which dealt largely in extracts from the *Morning Post*, *Blackwood* and the *Standard*, and affected a detestation of REFORM.

Things were in this state until the 1st May of the present year, when the *John Bull* passed into the hands of the writer of this article. From that moment an entire change took place in the character and prospects of the paper. From the enemy it was metamorphosed into the friend of all those measures of Indian polity, which have for so long a time formed a subject of violent contention amongst politicians,—as Colonization, a Free Press, Native Education and the like. From the support of Toryism, the *John Bull* shifted to the advocacy and defence of a Whig administration. The transmutation was violent, and eminently calculated, in the opinion of some, to give the final *coup* to the existence of the journal:—like the potent remedies employed by physicians in extreme case it either threatened the annihilation of the patient, or promised a radical change in the system, fruitful of future vigor. At first indeed, the practitioner anticipated a fatal issue of his experiment:—a dozen Tories at once withdrew their countenance! But it proved merely a convulsive twinge arising from the severity of the operation, and was succeeded by a rapid convalescence. New subscribers poured in—the advertising community restored their countenance—while most of those Tories, who remained, declared allegiance to the Whig editor for the sake of the Sportsman.*

It is not for us to speak of the present character of the *John Bull*. As historians of the press we may state that in regard to European politics it is Whiggish—that it endeavors to uphold the interests of Christianity—and that in respect to local politics, it is not dissimilar in spirit, however inferior in argumentative power, to the *Hurkaru* and *India Gazette*; but beyond this we are not competent to go. In respect to its resources and appearance, we must admit, that at present the *John Bull* is deficient in that variety arising from the possession of large supplies of English papers and periodicals, which characterises its contemporaries, though steps have been taken to remedy the deficiency;

* In elucidation of this passage it should be mentioned that the Editor of the *John Bull* is likewise Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, and thus enjoys a degree of favor from Tory sportsmen, which it is possible he would not possess if he merely chronicled the town doings of the Whigs. The circumstance is curious as illustrating the superior interest attaching to the affairs of the field over those of a certain assembly.

while, in mechanical arrangement, it would scarcely be termed inferior were it not that the proprietor's *present* stock of ink displays a *tenacious* regard for the digits of his readers. The character and extent of the circulation of the *John Bull* may be judged of by the following abstract :—

Civilians,.....	104	
Military,.....	81	
Medical,.....	9	
Attornies, Barristers, &c.	13	
Religious.	14	
Miscellaneous,	60	
Gratis and exchange copies,	25	
		306

The establishment of the *John Bull*, in common with that of the other papers, is employed in producing periodicals, &c. though by no means to the same extent. It is in fact confined to the publication of the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, the *Oriental Observer*, and the *E. I. United Service Journal*; to prepare which, together with the daily paper, the following expences are annually incurred :—

	per mo.	per ann.
1 Head Printer and Reporter,	Rs. 300	3600
16 Compositors for the John Bull,	435	
5 Compositors for the Oriental Observer,	70	
10 Compositors for the Sporting Magazine and U. S. Journal,.....	147	
	652	7824
Sircar Establishment,.....	160	1920
13 Pressmen,.....	83	996
11 Peons,.....	66	792
7 Distributors,	44	528
Duftry, Carpenter, Sweeper, Bhisty and Durwans,	38	456
Editorial remuneration,	500	6000
	22,116	
Daily papers and periodicals,	500	
Paper. English, China and country,.....	7500	
Office rent, 170 per month,	2040	
Postage of Madras, Ceylon, China, and other papers, loss by postage, stationery, &c.....	500	
Contingencies,.....	500	
	33,156	
Total Annual expences, Rupees..		

A comparison of this amount with the receipts, on the principle suggested in the case of the other papers, will shew that the

John Bull is at present barely able, with the assistance of the profits on the *Sporting Magazine*, to meet its expences. The prospects of the paper, however, are daily improving, and it is possible that a-year hence the concern may yield a handsome profit. When the present proprietor purchased the *John Bull*, there was not more than *one* native regiment throughout the army on the subscription list ! There are now *eight* subscribing, and the support of others is promised.

THE BENGAL CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS,—FOUR RUPEES PER MONTH.

This paper, under the same name, once boasted an independent existence. It is now a mere reprint of the best articles in the *Hurkaru*, and, as such, enjoys a circulation of 208 numbers, amongst those who either cannot afford to take the mightier journal, or want the necessary leisure for the perusal of its voluminous contents. The selections from the *Hurkaru* evince considerable judgment and discrimination, on the part of the editor, and the division of the matter into separate small sheets, one only of which is appropriated to European extracts, renders the *Chronicle* a convenient journal to those who wish to send a paper to distant friends.

THE BENGAL HERALD.

ON SUNDAY MORNINGS,—SIXTEEN RUPEES PER ANNUM.

This, as we have mentioned above, is another appendage to the *Hurkaru* press, and circulates weekly 242 numbers. It was originally, like the *Chronicle*, an independent journal, and was conducted at one time with no mean ability. It did not, however, yield an adequate return to the original proprietor, and he was glad enough to allow it to fall, for a consideration, into the absorbing vortex in Hare Street. Since then the *Herald* has been conducted *with reference* to the principles of the *Hurkaru*, but it has not assumed any thing like a distinct political character until within the last two months, when it took the "form and pressure" of the *Hurkaru*, and with the aid of a few ingenious Literary essays from the pen of D. L. R., asserted a special claim to public applause.

THE INDIAN REGISTER.

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS,—TWO RUPEES PER MONTH.

An injudicious attempt on the part of the East Indians to possess a journal exclusively their own. A similar paper was established about two years since by a Mr. Derozio—a young

East Indian, who justly gained considerable celebrity as a poet, and that journal, which was called *The East Indian*, acquired a certain degree of popularity, but it passed away with the editor's existence, leaving the field clear to the *Indian Register* which had been published a short time subsequently. The *Indian Register* is a ter-weekly paper, and we are informed by the proprietor, that it now circulates 200 numbers, Politics, as far as we can judge, it has none. It possesses in regard to local subjects a considerable number of correspondents, one-half only of whom write plain English, while the editorial lucubrations are not distinguished by any particular brilliancy or the possession of much information on questions of importance.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

ON THURSDAY MORNINGS,—TWO RUPEES PER MONTH.

The *Philanthropist* is a mild and unobtrusive publication devoted exclusively to the interests of Christianity. We pronounce no great eulogium on the Christian character of the Calcutta community when we proclaim that this hebdomadal paper can boast of but 92 subscribers! The editorial articles of the *Philanthropist* are written with temper and good feeling, and its mechanical arrangements are perhaps superior to those of any paper in Calcutta.

THE ENQUIRER.

ON SUNDAY MORNINGS,—TWO RUPEES PER MONTH.

This paper, like the foregoing, is also consecrate to the discussion of sacred subjects, but with more exclusive regard to the doctrines of the Church of England, and a taunt, if we may say so, of religious bigotry. The number of subscribers is only 100, but the editor, in the fervor of his zeal for the propagation of Christianity, circulates 100 more at his own expense.

THE REFORMER.

ON SUNDAY MORNINGS,—TWO RUPEES PER MONTH.

An arena of discussion on all questions connected with local politics, literature, religion, metaphysics, jurisprudence and political economy. This paper circulates 400 copies—100 of which are subscribed for by Europeans,—and is thought to be very instrumental in promoting a taste for English composition amongst the Natives. The editor, an intelligent native gentleman, writes very well himself, but he does not take the trou-

ble to correct the contributions of his countrymen, apparently preferring to make *The Reformer* an historical record of the progress of the Hindoos in the English language. We have said, that the *Reformer* discusses 'religious' subjects, by which we are to be understood as declaring that it *admits* such discussions, the paper itself, or its conductor, being perfectly independent of any particular religious bias.

THE GYANANNESHUN.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS,—PRICE ONE RUPEE PER MONTH.

This is the *Reformer* over again, but on a much smaller scale, and a somewhat different plan, as regards its mechanical arrangement. The *Gyananneshun* is printed in double columns, one column being in the English and the other in the Bengalee character. The object of the journal is the instruction of the Hindoos in the science of government and jurisprudence, and it adds to its crude essays on these abstruse points a few brief items of intelligence. It would perhaps be a more useful paper, if it descended to the discussion of more familiar subjects, or matters of more immediate utility to the rising generation; but all the native papers are deficient in this particular. The *Gyananneshun* circulates about 100 copies.

THE SUMACHAR DURPUN.

WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS,—ONE RUPEE EIGHT ANNAS PER MONTH.

Without exception this bi-weekly journal, published in English and Bengalee, is the most useful of all the native papers. It issues from the Mission Press at Serampore, and has about 250 subscribers, chiefly natives. The *Durpun* does not much interfere with religious matters, merely opposing itself to Hindoo bigotry and intolerance as supported in the *Chundrika*, and urging the natives to seek useful instruction and surrender idle superstition. The *Durpun* is a diligent chronicle of news interesting to the natives, and in its original articles—which treat generally of branches of revenue and judicial questions—it displays great good temper, and sound discretion, employing at all times a phraseology suited to the dullest comprehension.

The foregoing embrace all the political journals and newspapers, published in Calcutta, excepting those few, which are printed exclusively in the native character, and of which we shall treat hereafter. We now proceed to the literary publications.

THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED ON SUNDAYS,—PRICE SIXTEEN RUPEES PER ANNUM.

Between the general appearance of the *London Literary Gazette*, and this publication there is little or no difference ; but there is a wide difference between the two periodicals in other respects. The *London Literary Gazette*, conducted by Mr. Jerdan, takes for its guiding principle the safe doctrine of *Nihil admirari, nihil vituperare* ; and is, as to all its pretensions to originality of criticism, supremely stupid, and lack-a-daisical. Our *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, conducted by one who is better known to fame as D. L. R. than by any other name, is on the contrary remarkable for a refinement in criticism and a singular purity of taste. Jerdan, as in duty bound to the booksellers, notices every work, that issues from the ever teeming factories at “the west end.” ;—D. L. R. as in duty bound to the public, notices only what is worthy of notice.—Jerdan never offers his readers an original article, essay, or tale ; D. L. R. never allows the periodical under notice to appear without one either from his own pen or that of others. *Sometimes* indeed the prose articles are “poor indeed,” but the poetry is invariably in good taste. Jerdan is the man of business and of science, and supplies an infinity of details on scientific and miscellaneous subjects :—D. L. R. knows nothing either of business or of science ; he’ll “pen a stanza when he should engross,” and the *Calcutta Literary Gazette* is consequently deficient in the “details,” which we hold so desirable. The *Calcutta Literary Gazette* circulates 338 copies. Further—this deponent sayeth not.

• THE ORIENTAL OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY EVENINGS,—PRICE TWENTY-FOUR RUPEES PER ANNUM.

A compound of the *Literary Gazette* and the *Bengal Herald*, and published at the *John Bull* press. It chiefly consists of entertaining and judicious extracts from the English and local periodicals, and furnishes an extra summary of the week’s news with an occasional editorial article. It has rarely contained any original papers since the celebrated Miss Emma Roberts quitted this “land of musquitoes and buffaloes,” but to judge from the subscription list to which we have had access, this circumstance has rather improved its popularity than otherwise. The *Oriental Observer* is now conducted for the benefit of the widow of Mr. Pritchard, the late printer of the *John Bull*, and boasts of 230 subscribers.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH,—PRICE SIXTEEN RUPEES PER ANNUM.

. Need we describe a work with this title? No tiger dies, but his fall is here registered: No boar is speared, but the event is here detailed,—no jackall yields his brush, but *MAGA* screams the Tally ho! In a word, this is the most popular periodical, that ever issued from the Calcutta press. It is printed at the *John Bull* office—is conducted by the *Editor of the John Bull*, and has, at this present writing, 270 subscribers.

THE CALCUTTA MONTHLY JOURNAL.

PRICE TWO RUPEES PER MONTH.

We have already mentioned, that this is one of the offspring of the *India Gazette* press. It is a repertory of the best articles, which appear in the *India Gazette*, and details at length the most important events of each month, public meetings, particular cases in the Courts of Law, &c. The circulation of the *Monthly Journal* is not large, but it is found to pay its expences.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, — CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

The former of these magazines is conducted by a minister of the Church of England, and the latter by dissenters. Their purpose is to discuss religious questions and to chronicle ecclesiastical and missionary proceedings. They are very cheap publications (12 annas each) are much in circulation amongst serious people, and the poorer classes of Europeans and Eurasians.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

PRICE THREE RUPEES PER QUARTER.

This is a highly useful and well conducted periodical. It took its origin in a publication called *The Gleanings in Science*, and has since been enlarged so as to embrace the proceedings of the *Asiatic Society* and the various interesting papers read at the meetings of that body. It forms altogether an interesting record of the modern discoveries of Asiatic travellers, of the pursuits and enquiries of the Anglo-Indian literati of the day, and of all new investigations of a scientific nature. The work is printed for the *Asiatic Society* and circulated to its members gratuitously, but it is also sold to other individuals.

EAST INDIAN UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED ON ALTERNATE MONTHS—PRICE TWO RUPEES PER NUMBER, OR EIGHT RUPEES PER ANNUM.

As the title of this work imports, it is exclusively intended for the use of the Military Service, and conducted much upon the same plan with its English namesake. It is, as yet, only in its infancy, but one number having appeared. Its success, however, has exceeded the anticipations of the Proprietor, (the Editor of the *John Bull*) inasmuch as the first number is out of print, and a new edition apparently becoming necessary. There are now 130 Subscribers on the Proprietor's list.

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

PRICE FOUR RUPEES PER NUMBER.

Ecce!—"For further particulars enquire within."

This tri-mestral publication sells about 200 copies, and would no doubt have a great many more subscribers, if it took loftier ground, and discussed at length, and with ability, every subject connected with the government of this great country, which may have interested the public between one quarter day and another.

THE BENGAL ANNUAL.

PRICE TWELVE RUPEES.

Tale, essay, prose sketch and poetry, hot from the brains of the amateur literati of India. We will not insult the Annual by comparing its literary pretensions with those of the London Christmas presents. The former are the produce of fancy, taste and leisure,*—the latter, with rare exceptions, the offspring of want—"born in a garret;"—"chill penury represses," the imagination of the writers, and freezes the "the genial current of their souls." The plates of the London Annuals are beautiful specimens of the engraver's skill, and have created a spirit of rivalry highly to the advantage of the art of engraving generally. What the plates of the forthcoming *Bengal Annual* are to be, we know not—but *tempus omnia revelat*. It is sufficient to say they are prepared in *England*.

* It is only necessary to mention the names of H. M. Parker, J. Grant, R. Neave, Calder Campbell, R. H. Raifray, D. L. Richardson, Sir John Malcolm, and Colonel Swinney to convey some idea of the merits of the Annual.

THE CALCUTTA ANNUAL DIRECTORY AND REGISTER.
THE BENGAL DIRECTORY AND GENERAL REGISTER.

Copious publications containing the Army List, the Civil List, Marine, Commercial, and general lists, names of members and managers of societies and committees, the governments of India, &c. &c. They are highly useful works, and both enjoy a large sale. The former is prepared at the *India Gazette* and sells about 1200 copies, and the latter at the *Hurkaru* press and sells about the same number of copies.

We have now, we believe, particularised all the journals published at Calcutta in an English dress, and we have no doubt, that it will be admitted, that considering the extent of society, the cost of producing the papers, and the various difficulties opposing themselves to the success of speculators in that kind of property, the number will appear sufficiently respectable. On a summary of the whole expense of these various publications, and of the entire amount of subscribers, it will appear that no less a sum than about 2,74,000 rupees per annum is annually employed on the local press, and that no fewer than about 9,000 separate copies of its produce are subscribed for. In estimating the amount cost of publishing those journals and periodicals, which do not issue from the presses of the four daily papers, we have assumed that each journal pays its own expences, for which assumption we have the authority of the chief part of the proprietors. Thus the *Philanthropist* has 92 monthly subscribers at 2 rupees each, and the *Philanthropist* costs little less than 180 rupees per month. The *Enquirer*, sells to the extent of 200 rupees per month—and the expence of getting it up is only Rs. 200. The *Christian Observer* costs 285 rupees per month, yet has yielded in all but 150 rupees profit.* But perhaps we had better present an abstract of the cost and circulation of the whole of the periodicals issued in Calcutta thus enabling our readers at one view to appreciate the magnitude of the organ, which has at length assumed something like a proper tone and influence in India :—

* To the honor of its conductors we should mention that the profits of the *Christian Observer* are appropriated to the Christian Tract and Book Society.

GENERAL ABSTRACT.

	<i>Circulation.</i>	<i>Total Annual Establishment Circulation. and other expences.</i>
The Bengal Hurkaru,.....	726	
The Bengal Chronicle,.....	208	
The Bengal Herald,.....	242	
The Literary Gazette,.....	338	
The Quarterly Magazine & Review,	200	
The Bengal Army List.....	250	
The Bengal Annual,.....	350	
The Bengal Directory, Almanac &c.	1200	
	<hr/> 3514	Rs. 100,788 0 0
The India Gazette,..... (daily)	373	
The India Gazette,.... (ter-weekly)	195	
The Calcutta Monthly Journal,....	63	
The Calcutta Directory,.....	1200	
	<hr/> 1831	53,592 0 0
The Calcutta Courier,..... (daily)	175	
The Calcutta Courier, (half-weekly)	225	
The Government Official Gazette,..	300	
	<hr/> 700	51,300 0 0
The John Bull,.....	306	
The Oriental Observer,.....	230	
The Sporting Magazine,.....	270	
The E. I. United Service Journal,..	130	
	<hr/> 936	33,156 0 0
The Indian Register,.....	200	4,800 0 0
The Philanthropist, ..	92	2,160 0 0
The Reformer,.....	400	9,600 0 0
The Gyananueshua,.....	100	1,200 0 0
The Enquirer,..	200	4,800 0 0
The Sumachar Durpun,.....	250	4,500 0 0
The Christian Intelligencer,.....	250	2,200 0 0
The Christian Observer,.....	380	3,270 0 0
The Journal of the Asiatic Society,	200	3,000 0 0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total circulation of different publications,	9053	Rs. 274,366 0 0

It would not be difficult to pursue the enquiry into the economy of the Calcutta Press still further, shewing how many persons are employed on the different establishments,—the effects upon their health and longevity, of the labor to which they are particularly subject ; the exact amount of revenue derivable by government from the postage of papers and the mass of correspondence arising out of them, &c., but this would swell the present paper to an inconvenient length, and, after all, add but little to our acquaintance with the general statistics of the country. Perhaps we may enter upon the question hereafter, when we discuss the

restrictions effecting the great public instructor: in the mean time it will suffice to give a brief sketch of the *machinery* of a daily paper, offering in the conclusion such reflections as naturally arise out of a contemplation of the whole. We shall divide the sketch under the different heads of Reporting, Printing, Editing and contributing.

PRINTING, PRESS ESTABLISHMENT, &c.—It is difficult to convey any accurate idea of the duties of compositors, printers, &c. without resorting to the employment of technical terms which to the “*General*,” for whose edification we write, must prove “*caviare*.” In endeavouring therefore to impart some notion of the process by which an Anglo-Indian newspaper obtains its “*form and substance*” before it finds its way to the breakfast table we must crave the indulgence of those who have not been initiated in typographical mysteries for the occasional use of the phraseology of our *pandæmonium*—while those who *are* possessed of the secrets of the craft will pardon the “*tediousness of our brevity*,” as Bottom has it, for the sake of the ignorant.

Our readers must suppose then, the existence of a certain number of individuals, chiefly Portuguese and Hindoos, whose province it is to stand before a series of frames resting on inclined planes, and divided into numerous little compartments, filled with types of various dimensions, from which they *compose*, or put together, sundry words, sentences, paragraphs, and so on. Hence their appellation of *compositors*. The Editor of a paper on reaching his office, calls his head printer, generally an experienced European, and delivers to him such manuscript, or extracts from other papers and periodicals, as are to constitute the contents of his journal for the day following. The printer then distributes this matter, or *copy*, as it is technically called, to the different *compositors*, and each is expected to set up about a column, or something less, forming a sufficiency to fill what is called a *galley*—a narrow brass or copper slab, with raised wooden edge, occupying three sides, to prevent the type from falling out. While in this form impressions are taken off of the *ops* of paper sufficiently broad to admit of the introduction of corrections or notices of *errata*, and the *galley proof*, as such are termed, is then delivered to an individual, designated in India:—, to examine and correct. This duty is performed, intended, in most offices, by the Head Printer.

* To the honor of its country being examined, they are collected together late in the evening, when there appears no probability of more news, advertisements reaching the office. The compositors being at that time dismissed, the Head Printer proceeds to select such portion of the

matter thus composed (or possibly the whole) as it is important should appear in the paper of the following day, and indicates the order in which it is to be arrayed. From this, the subordinate printer proceeds to *make up*, by dividing the galleys into columns and placing them in consecutive order, four on a frame, so as to form a page of the paper. When the four pages are thus arranged—a business in which the pressmen assist—they are placed two and two on a flat stone belonging to the press which is to convey the impressions required, and being *locked up* in an iron frame, the pressmen proceed to cover them with ink by means of balls composed of sheep skins and filled with cotton or coarse wool.* A *proof* impression of the pages is then taken off, and they are again carefully read by the head Printer and the Editor, after which the printing of the whole impression commences. Two Presses are simultaneously employed in this work, and three pressmen to each. One Press strikes off pages 1 and 4, and the sheet is then transferred to the other where pages 2 and 3 are printed. One pressman at each press is engaged in laying the paper on the *frisket* or upper frame, another in drawing it under the weight and producing the *pressure*, while the third, *the devil*, stands by with his balls to supply the type with fresh layers of ink. In this way the work proceeds until the whole *town* edition of each paper is struck off and delivered to the peon in charge for the night. Early the following morning, say three or four o'clock, the *hir-carrabs* assemble, and each receiving his share of papers proceeds to deliver them to the respective subscribers. This delivery is finished in the most distant parts of Calcutta by about seven in the morning, and even at Barrackpore by 8, or $\frac{1}{2}$ past. The *dawk* edition is generally kept open until about three o'clock in the afternoon when articles of *news* which may have reached the Editor since the morning issue are inserted, and the printing commences, concluding by a quarter or half past four, so as to enable the peons to fold up and envelope the copies for *dawk* before the Post Office hour of reception (5 P. M.) has expired.

This, though not a minute, is a faithful (and we hope an intelligible) sketch of the course adopted in producing a Calcutta morning paper. The order of the preparation of the *Courier* evening paper, is much the same, substituting only morning and afternoon labour for that which is performed at the other presses in the evening and during the night. There is, as already mentioned, a great quantity of other work performed by the different printing establishments, but it is not subjected to the same exactness of routine, because its public appearance is not of such

* We believe at some of the presses, patent rollers are employed for this purpose.

rapid recurrence. So as the weekly and monthly publications are ready on the appointed day it matters little when, or how, they are prepared.

EDITING.—The assertion may perhaps savour of presumption and vanity, but every day's experience assures us that it is not the less deserving of credit—that there is scarcely an office which requires, for its perfect fulfilment, a greater union of mental powers, accomplishments, and temper, than that of an Editor of an Anglo-Indian journal. In a former number of the *Quarterly Magazine* we remarked that the mystery in which the editorial direction of the London papers was enveloped, formed one of the causes of the vast influence which the metropolitan press exercised over the public mind. If you have not a particular introduction to certain literary circles it is vain for you to attempt to discover the springs of the machinery which in London keep the popular mind on the *qui vive*. It is not one man in a thousand in Great Britain that cares to enquire who directs the helm of the *Times*, the *Herald* or the *Globe*, and, when such a *rara avis* does venture to attempt to penetrate the sacred *arcanum*, the chances are that he is misled. Call at one of the offices, and ask to see *the Editor*. A dirty publisher summons a dirtier chum and you are very gravely asked if you *particularly* wish to see *the Editor*. You answer in the affirmative. Your gritty interrogator sagely wags his head and disappears through a mysterious back door. In a quarter of an hour he re-appears, and you are then asked "*your business?*" You will tell it *only* to the Editor. "The Editor is particularly engaged at present; but if you will call at a given time on a given day you will see him." You can neither eat, drink, nor sleep—man delights you not, nor woman neither—until the arrival of the flappy day "big with the fate" of your curiosity. You are punctual of course. A little delay takes place and then your grubby friend aforesaid begs you to follow him. At his "*open sesame*" the inexplicable door receives you, and you commence the perilous ascent of a particularly dark stair case. Up, up, up, you go; and at length reach a gloomy landing place, at a door on which your guide knocks and a voice from within exclaims "come in." You enter in the most enviable state of mind conceivable, and the first thing that strikes you on reaching the attic *sanctum sanctorum* is the melancholy truth that you have either been completely duped by your friends below, or have formed a most absurd conception of the *physique* of an Editor:—the former is generally the case. The gentleman who now greets you is a very common place sort of person (probably Mr. Timkins, Collector of Court Gossip, or Mr. Fizzig, a reporter,

or Mr. Walker, the writer of the city article, or Mr. Popkins the superintending publisher,) but he nevertheless begs you to take a chair—smiles horribly—and answers you with clearness and firmness on all the points which you wished “particularly” to see *the Editor* about. You depart a disappointed and a humbugged *homo*. You *feel* that you have not seen the Editor—the *bona-fide* scalper of ministers—the director of public opinion;—your vanity and self love forbid you to suppose that you can be mistaken in imagining Timkins aforesaid the author of the last article on the Irish Coercion Bill—and you therefore keep your own counsel and say not a word to any one of the equivocal interview with which you have been indulged. The Editor thus still remains A GLORIOUS IDEA in your little family circle—A MAGNIFICENT MYSTERY—and it is right that he should do so—that the spirit of the man, or of his paper, may continue to exert its power over your mind, undiminished or qualified by the least reference to its corporeal relations.

Now, in India, the charms and advantages of this editorial “*rominis umbra*” exist not—cannot exist. Every man knows his neighbour. If A cannot compute to a rupee the amount of B.’s gains, it is tolerably certain that he knows the sources of his existence—and, if he does not, he will enquire and satisfy himself:—this is characteristic of ninety nine out of a hundred of the members of small societies. Editors, whatever may be thought to the contrary, live and move and have a being, and hence the impossibility of secrecy, even were it sought to be preserved. The identity therefore of the man with his productions, renders him more an object, individually, of public observation and scrutiny, than his fellow in England. His faults of composition—his errors of judgment—his singularities of opinion—his strictures on public men, in his editorial capacity, are all liable to be brought home to him in his domestic retirement, and the social circle. He is a *tangible* Editor in short, and the character of his journal is so inseparable from his personal bearing that it must not be said of him—a *figo* for such arguments! they are * * * * *’s!—but on the contrary, the *journal* must be respected for the sake of the *man*, and its occasional faults overlooked, because they are the known errors of humanity. Under these circumstances it is plain that to enable a man to stand his ground as an Editor before a watchful and a jealous community like that of Bengal, he must, as we said before, boast of a number of qualifications rarely centered in one individual. Let us endeavour to enumerate them.

First, it is indispensable that he should possess the faculty of writing (composing) with clearness and rapidity if not with ele-

gance and classical propriety. His reading should be extensive and varied. His thinking faculties original and vigorous—his discernment peculiarly *nice*—his decision prompt and judicious. He must be tolerably familiar with the literary and political tastes, pursuits and prejudices of his readers, while his own taste must be unquestionably correct and refined;—his memory should be faithful and clear—his temper calm, yet firm—his sense of public and personal justice lofty and discriminative,—his habits of business active and scrupulously regular—his political principles, of whatever tendency, decided and unalterable—his love of truth ardent and unalloyed. With every subject that may be discussed by others in his pages he must possess, or have the faculty of readily attaining, a familiarity,—but it is, above all, essential that while anxiously guarding against the appearance of ignorance of the matters before him, he should not incautiously be led into the expression of sentiments and opinions he may subsequently be unable to maintain or should find it necessary to recant. Finally, the Indian Editor—uniting, as he does, in his own person, those functions which are divided amongst different individuals in wealthier countries and larger communities—should be extremely methodical in his arrangements, and own the rare faculty of shifting his thoughts 20 times within the hour, without becoming confused, or losing the thread of any argument in which he may in the first instance be engaged.

If any one can doubt that these multifarious acquisitions are essential to the composition of a genuine Editor of an Indian paper, we entreat him to peruse the following diary of a journalist, which the gentlemen of the Press, and those who know them intimately, will bear us out in affirming to be tolerably correct.*

“ Rise at half past five;—open the daily journals directly they arrive. Read, learn and inwardly digest;—note for extract;—write dissent, assent, or reflections suggested by contemporary “leaders,” or by letters of contemporary’s correspondents. Ablution and *la toilette*. Dip into something heavy to keep the mind in tone;—Johnson, Burke, Junius, the Poets, or the Political economists—Breakfast, brief and spare—toast, tea and a *periodical*—off to business at 9 A. M.—a periodical or a pamphlet, the companion of your palkee. At office summon the printer, supply him with extracts from English and Asiatic papers, *made with care the previous night*,—letters, leader, &c. At ten, the “busy hum” begins—and as you prepare to write an

* The Editor of the *Bombay Gazette* lately drew an amusing, and not an unfaithful picture of the troubles of an hebdomadal Editor. They are great—but what can they compare to the toils and troubles of the diurnal journalist?

article, two or three notes successively enter bearing reference to some of your sins of omission or commission in that day's paper. You answer them—and continue your article. The Shipping Report announces a ship from Europe,—a LATE ARRIVAL—you are in a fever of excitement—other notes come in,—a frivolous visitor—the dawkh, with letters, and Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, and Mofussil papers. You can only glance over all the latter and marking what your experienced eye discerns to be sufficiently meritorious you send them to the printer. But the substance of all is retained in your head,—you finish your article,—in the composition of which you have been seven times interrupted—and proceed to answer your correspondents, and comment on the news communicated by the country dawkh.—12 at noon, the Europe papers come up—*twenty days* intelligence! and all to be gathered and condensed in time for your dawkh edition. You systematically proceed. You are engaged in a Parliamentary *précis*, wading through not less than 100 columns of the *Times*, closely printed, to produce it with effect. The sircar brings his cash account, you are required to sign bills, answer letters, receive visitors, give orders and—it is three o'clock! and your slips for the dawkh are printing. You have just ten minutes to snatch an imperfect meal. The second country dawkh comes in—a bundle of periodicals arrive—or a letter of a correspondent—or a police office report—or an angry letter from a subscriber. All, all must be noticed at once. It is now past four, and the *proofs* of your lucubrations and those of the correspondents* await your inspection at two-thirds of the dawkh being dispatched, you proceed to caunt, love of *italics*, you had previously given the; and SMALL CAPITALS of the face a copious summing of contrast is unseemly, though perhaps serious task, mentally constant readers of the journals. It can by seven in the evening, and is not of much moment, where it the *Calcutta Couriers* of opinion and of fact. In England deserving of noticaitorial selection is wide, it is not difficult for wrist, an almost every a paper to raise a corps of editors, who into your palkees same opinions on leading questions, but who and wend your wether so closely in their style of composition as to look at your ling articles of a paper the appearance of having a couple of hours, wone party. In India, on the contrary, it is preparation for the msince the government has prohibited the creeping to your couches with the press, to find two persons possessing editorial qualifications who even *think*

This is not indeed a practicable for the proprietor of a journal arrivals are only individuals, when he has secured their aid, hand hundreds of claims the trouble to study a correspondence of that alone, will remedy all this.

* The rest.

tor which we have not enumerated above. He is for example incessantly called on to attend meetings, committees, or the Law Courts,—he has many details connected with the interior economy of his establishment to attend to,—he is perpetually writing articles for the local periodicals (*ecce signum!*) or is engaged in conducting them,* he must *read*—think of the mass he *must* read! think of the time he *must* devote to reflection and arrangement! And then, has he no private affairs to settle? Has he no social ties? no correspondence to keep up with distant friends? no visits of friendship or ceremony to pay? Is he never to dine out—or go to a play—a concert—a drawing room—or a dance?

Talk of the factory system—of negro slavery—of miners—and of field laborers! There is not under the canopy of heaven a more “dreadful trade” than that of the conductor of the Indian daily press. To his toils all other toils are sweet repose and “glorious indolence”—to his anxieties, all other anxieties are mental quietude and inanity.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Infinitely laborious and responsible as we have shewn the duty of an Anglo-Indian diurnal Editor to be, its perfect fulfilment is nevertheless found insufficient to render the various papers as useful and respectable as the proprietors desire they should be. It is therefore by no means unusual for the proprietors to accept of the assistance of friends, some of whom write under anonymous signatures, in what is called the editorial column of the paper, and others, chiefly in the editorial column. The former list, which the gentlemen of the paper have adopted by the writers, and most of them intimately, will bear us out in affirming that it gives to the contributor and exonerates the Editor.

“Rise at half past five;—open the daily paper, however, that this they arrive. Read, learn and inwardly digest a part of epistolary correspondence, or reflections suggested by some commendable, is a rare “leader,” or by letters of contemporary’s, it is their obligation and *la toilette*. Dip into something of a letter to an able man only, Political economists—Breakfast, brief and spare, or receives the same *a periodical*—off to business at 9 A. M.—a paper to its lot if it came phlet, the companion of your palkee. At official leader. “A man ter, supply him with extracts from English literature—uttered by some one made with care the previous night,—let it does not carry with it ten, the “busy hum” begins—and as you “inks so and so,” or “The

* The Editor of the *Bombay Gazette* lately drew an amusing picture of an hebdomadal Editor. They are great—but what of the diurnal journalist?

trinsic merit of the article written is of course the same, under whatever garb it appears, but the *effect* is different, and men who write for the public *ought* only to consider public ends. But this is a digression, and merely offered as a hint to future contributors. Let them, we say, as in England, leave it optional with the Editors to *adopt* their lucubrations or not, as in their judgment may seem meet. We do not think the adoption or appropriation would be very frequent, but the conductor of a paper ought to have the liberty of choice.

To return.—Some of the contributors, as we have said, assist occasionally in swelling the editorial columns of the daily papers. We scarcely know if it be necessary to mention this, for the diversity of style apparent in the *Hurkaru* and *John Bull* conveys palpable evidence of the fact. The *India Gazette* manages much better than its contemporaries in this particular, for the different writers either contrive to write alike, or the Editor takes the trouble to pare and amend the articles sent him, so as to produce a harmony of style. This, however, is an arduous, and as far as the contributors' feelings are concerned, sometimes an odious duty, and one which the Editors of the *John Bull* and *Hurkaru*, from particular circumstances, cannot well perform:—hence the alternate gravity and gaiety, of the *Bull*,—hence the mixture in the same column of almost interminable sentences and sententious periods, with occasional liveliness, and exceeding brevity:—hence also the smartness, decision, ease and vigor of two-thirds of the *Hurkaru*—the quaintness, humor, refinement, love of *italics*, “quotations,” foreign phrases and SMALL CAPITALS of the remaining third. The contrast is unseemly, though perhaps only apparent to the “constant readers” of the journals. It cannot, however be avoided, and is not of much moment, where it does not concern matters of opinion and of fact. In England where the field of editorial selection is wide, it is not difficult for the proprietor of a paper to raise a corps of editors, who not only hold the same opinions on leading questions, but who resemble one another so closely in their style of composition as to give to the leading articles of a paper the appearance of having emanated from one party. In India, on the contrary, it is not an easy matter, since the government has prohibited the connection of its servants with the press, to find two persons possessing the necessary editorial qualifications who even *think* alike; far less then is it practicable for the proprietor of a journal to expect in such individuals, when he has secured their aid, that they should take the trouble to study a correspondence of style. Colonization, and that alone, will remedy all this.

REPORTING.—Public deliberations are as yet too rare and unimportant in Calcutta to furnish such constant employment to reporters as to induce them by perseverance, or enable them by practice, to attain to any great perfection as stenographers. An occasional meeting at the Town Hall or Exchange Rooms, where discussions assume the form of desultory conversations rather than that of regular debates,—the examinations at the Police Office, and Court of Requests, and the criminal trials at the Supreme Court, constitute in a general way the limits of a reporter's exertions. Of late indeed, the Insolvent Court has furnished a few additional opportunities to these auxiliaries of the PRESS, but it is hoped for the interests of commerce and the credit of the community, that that Court will not always be as fruitful of melancholy details. The civil actions in the Supreme Court are for the most part confined to natives, in whose affairs we have not yet learnt to take any very great interest; or the correct report of them requires a degree of professional knowledge which the reporters do not possess, while the inquests held by the Coroner present too little variety of detail to induce the conductor of a paper to give them frequent publicity. Moreover, the great object to be attained in England by publishing the inquiries and investigations of criminal cases preparatory to their hearing in the superior court is not equally susceptible of accomplishment in India, for it is highly improbable that the apprehension of an obscure native, or the collection of circumstantial or other evidence, would be much assisted by the police details in a Calcutta paper. These circumstances combined tend to confine the labors of the reporter within very narrow bounds, and the marvel therefore is that the science of reporting has been brought to its present state of respectability, and not that it has not reached a higher standard of excellence. The pay of a reporter to the Calcutta journals is of necessity limited to the extent of his labors. Where the calls on his ability are so uncertain it would not answer the proprietors of the journals to keep him on a large salary, for this would not only in some cases operate as a premium upon idleness, but would compel them, in all cases, to pay for much labor, of the fruits of which they did not stand in need. The custom therefore is either to give a small salary and allow of the reporter's occasionally employing himself otherwise, or to remunerate him at the rate of so much per line *in type*, and we believe we are correct in saying that this yields, in a general way, about 180 rupees per mensem. The reporter to the JOHN BULL is retained on a much larger salary, and this is done because he combines with the functions of that office those of head printer and publisher to the paper, and the periodicals issued from the same press. The Editor of the

BULL nevertheless avails himself frequently of the contributions of the other reporters on the usual terms.

Of the skill respectively shewn by the three reporters now in employ in Calcutta, it may be said, that

The *Hurkaru* reporter furnishes the most *minute* reports;

The *India Gazette* reporter exhibits the most talent in condensing and arranging his details;

And the *John Bull* reporter the most industry,* brevity and conciseness.

We hope the day is not far off when the civil cases in the Supreme and Sudder Courts will become, from the virtual colonization of the country and the permission of Europeans to hold lands, sufficiently important to give large employment to industrious reporters, and raise the interesting science of stenography to as high a pitch of excellence in India as it has for some time past attained in our native country.

We have now laid before the readers of the *Quarterly* as complete a sketch of the circulation, resources and internal economy of the Calcutta Press, as the documents in our possession our enquiries, and personal experience have enabled us to prepare, and we shall be but too happy if the detail thus furnished of the enormous expence, labor and responsibility attaching to the preparation of the different papers should awaken the public to a sense of what is due from them to the mighty engine of their advancement—the protector and asserter of their best interests, the spacious channel of general intelligence, and the vehicle of innocent and rational amusement. Other reasons might be brought forward for claiming the largest possible share of public consideration, having reference to the various “legal and fiscal” impediments with which the press has to contend; but those, as we have before observed, are of a magnitude and weight which claim for them a separate notice. Enough has been said to shew that there is a serious amount of capital employed in the public service; that personal health and liberty are risked by the conductors of the press in the discharge of their duties, and that the hazards to property, under a less wise and liberal government than the present would be tremendous. We might add, independent of these circumstances, there is a singular and disinterested sacrifice of their feelings at the shrine of public good now constantly displayed by the directors of the Calcutta Press, which alone should give them a title to popular support. There are 2205 subscribers (and perhaps 5000 readers) to the *daily* papers and their ter-weekly editions, and 1500 subscribers to the other bi-weekly, ter-weekly and weekly journals.

* As witness his more frequent reports.

To one and all of them we triumphantly appeal to bear us out in the assertion, that the Calcutta Press has ceased to be distinguished by displays of personal hostility; that it carefully eschews every thing approaching to calumny, every thing that leads to idle bickering, or is calculated to offend the good taste and correct feeling of society. It is, as the Governor General has expressed it, "one of the best servants the government has," not because it lends itself to all the views of authority, but because in essaying only to elicit the truth, as involved in questions of moment, it forbears to place itself in direct and systematic opposition to government, candidly preferring to give the rulers the opportunity of amendment unchecked by the excitement or temporary disorganization of society. Well would it be for our native country if the same lofty sentiments and unity of action governed the British press! We should not then find the best intentions of a wise and upright minister thwarted by faction, or checked by party hostility. We should not then find "the many" excited to madness, that the "few" may gain, while the majority suffer.

DAILY PAPERS AND THEIR TER-WEEKLY EDITIONS.

	Daily.	Ter-W.	Total.
Hurkaru and Chronicle,.....	726	208	934
India Gazette,.....	373	195	568
Calcutta Courier,.....	175	222	397
John Bull,.....	306	—	306
	Total. 1580	625	2205

The following Table exhibits, at one view, the proportions in which the different classes of society subscribe to the above daily papers and their ter-weekly editions.

	Civil.	Military.	Medical.	Mercantile.	Legal.	Clerical.	Miscellaneous.	Gratis and Exchange.	Total.
Hurkaru and Chronicle,.....	136	308	51	206	24	3	154	52	934
India Gazette,.....	103	123	40	79	0	5	172	46	568
Calcutta Courier,.....	69	122	15	121	0	11	4	55	397
John Bull,.....	104	81	9	0	13	14	60	25	306
Total.	412	634	115	406	37	33	390	178	2205

NOTE.—As both the Publishers and the Editor of this Magazine are placed in rather a delicate position by the above article, we deem it necessary to state, that when a review of the Calcutta Press was obligingly offered to us by the Editor of *John Bull*, it was stipulated for by that gentleman, that it should not be altered or modified in a single instance, as he was willing to authenticate its details by an avowal of the authorship. To this we readily agreed before the article was commenced. The writer having thus frankly taken the responsibility of the article upon himself relieves us from that embarrassment, which we should otherwise have felt in publishing certain flattering commendations in the notice of the *Literary Gazette* and *Bengal Annual*.—EDITOR.

" SHE HAS SENT BACK THE RING."

She has sent back the ring!—I remember the hour
 When this first pledge of fondness was given,
 She seem'd, to my view, like some night-blooming flow'r
 All fresh from its parterre in heaven.
 We were wand'ring alone—and the moon lent its ray
 While I plac'd the bright toy on her finger—
 Oh! why on such scenes of a happier day
 Will sad recollection still linger!

She has sent back the chain! She was dress'd for the dance,
 When o'er her fair neck I first bound it,
 On a less lovely form 'twould have dazzled, perchance,
Hers, needed no gems, to surround it.
 She look'd the twin sister of Beauty's bright queen
 With modesty's zone circling round her,—
 Oh God! cannot *time* from my withered heart wean
 The remembrance of what I then found her.

I stood by her side mid the revel, that night
Too happy—to feel she was near me,
 I fancied her into some angel of light
 And once—when *she only* could hear me,
 In the tremulous accents of passion I cried,
 "When fate shall have bound us together
 Thro' the world's changing scenes wilt thou cling to my side?"
 And she whisper'd me—"ever, for ever"—

To the vows of that night when I deem'd her sincere
 Too often—I sincr have reverted,
 And yet—ere the close of that fast lapsing year,
 She was faithless—and I—was deserted—
 Then talk not of woman's unchangeable love—
 By heavens! not magic can bind her,
 One moment, in fondness, she'll rival the dove
 And the next like a stoic will find her—

Yet will I not blame her—for *he* may possess
 Attractions superior to many
 Tho' little I dreamt at our parting caress
 That *she* could be tempted by any—
 Yet will I not blame her—I only regret
 She has sent me back love's early token—
 'Twill remind me of moments I strive to forget
 Of vows she has heartlessly broken.

To one and all of them we triumphantly appeal to bear us out in the assertion, that the Calcutta Press has ceased to be distinguished by displays of personal hostility; that it carefully eschews every thing approaching to calumny, every thing that leads to idle bickering, or is calculated to offend the good taste and correct feeling of society. It is, as the Governor General has expressed it, "one of the best servants the government has," not because it lends itself to all the views of authority, but because in essaying only to elicit the truth, as involved in questions of moment, it forbears to place itself in direct and systematic opposition to government, candidly preferring to give the rulers the opportunity of amendment unchecked by the excitement or temporary disorganization of society. Well would it be for our native country if the same lofty sentiments and unity of action governed the British press! We should not then find the best intentions of a wise and upright minister thwarted by faction, or checked by party hostility. We should not then find "the many" excited to madness, that the "few" may gain, while the majority suffer.

DAILY PAPERS AND THEIR TER-WEEKLY EDITIONS.

	Daily.	Ter-W.	Total.
Hurkaru and Chronicle,.....	726	208	934
India Gazette,.....	373	195	568
Calcutta Courier,*.....	175	222	397
John Bull,.....	306	—	306
	Total. 1580	625	2205

The following Table exhibits, at one view, the proportions in which the different classes of society subscribe to the above daily papers and their ter-weekly editions.

	Civil.	Military.	Medical.	Mercantile.	Legal.	Clerical.	Miscellaneous.	Grants and Exchange.	Total.
Hurkaru and Chronicle,.....	136	308	51	206	24	3	154	52	934
India Gazette,.....	103	123	40	79	0	5	172	46	568
Calcutta Courier,.....	69	122	15	121	0	11	4	55	397
John Bull,.....	104	81	9	0	13	14	60	25	306
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 'Twill remind me of moments I strive to forget
 Of vows she has heartlessly broken.

TO ARMS—TO ARMS!

She looks a long look on the motionless form
 Of her lover all lifeless and gory,
 The pulses are still—but the heart is yet warm
 That so often had panted for glory—
 She wipes off the blood—as she kneels by his side
 That still o'er his features is streaming,
 But looks she in vain for one glance of the pride
 That erst in his dark eye was beaming,
 When war-trumpets sounded
 And echoes rebounded
 To arms—to arms!

O'er the lips that are mute with the silence of death
 All gently she places her fingers,
 To feel if perchance, a last remnant of breath
 In its fast chilling mansion yet lingers—
 She unbuckles his shield, and she opens his casque—
 Undoes the steel corslet around him,
 And sighs when she thinks 'twas her happier task
 The morn in that mail to have bound him,
 When trumpets were sounding
 And war steeds were bounding
 To arms—to arms!

She shudders at sight of the ponderous brand
 That lies by his side, gleaming redly,
 As she takes off the gauntlet that cover'd a hand
 Which had dealt round its blows thick and deadly—
 On that cold clammy hand, he the signet yet wore
 Which erst she had given him in token
 Of a love that now blighted—could never bloom more
 Of a heart that—with anguish was broken,
 Since *he* was now number'd
 With warriors, who slumber'd
 In arms—in arms!

She sheds not a tear, and she breathes not a sound
 As his corse to her bosoms she presses,
 But sinks by his side on the blood-reeking ground
 And shrouds his pale head in her tresses—
 Tho' the danger of arms and the tempest above,
 Were mingling in fearful commotion,
 Unheeded they pass'd—for the maid to her love
 Clung fast with expiring devotion,
 And her hands wildly waving
 She died—madly raving
 To arms—to arms!

**ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
INTO THE MOFUSSIL COURTS.**

To the Editor of the Calcutta Quarterly Magazine and Review.

SIR,—Your last number contains rather a lengthy article on the “Introduction of the English language into the Indian Court of Judicature,” and though I have little leisure to criticize it in all its bearings, I am so fully impressed with the advantages likely to result from the discussion of the subject that I will add my mite to it, at the risk of not being able to say anything very new, or very interesting, on the question.

Your friend rides his Hobby so much like a gentleman that I have little fault to find with his mode of mawging him, though the *esprit de corps* would fain make me wish he had omitted those parts of his essay, which are calculated to injure the character of the service, without being anywise material to his argument. I allude particularly to his remarks at pp. 296, 297, in which he records some instances of the folly and violence of Judicial Officers, highly disreputable no doubt to the parties concerned, but of no more importance to the point at issue than it would be for me, as an opponent, to adduce the witticisms of Lord Norbury, or the enormities committed by Judge Jefferies. Perhaps, however, I am more thin skinned than I ought to be in this matter from having had an opportunity of knowing that one of the absurdities adverted to was the forerunner of mental derangement, which not even the all-potent introduction of the English language could have stayed. Thus far while our nags were getting ready: now let us take a canter with your friend.

He sets out with stating that “the advantages and disadvantages of employing English as the law language of India,” and “the difficulties of keeping the record in English as it is now kept in Persian” are distinct considerations. And in the next paragraph he professes not to grapple with the “difficulties” further than as they may occur in the discussion of the general question, as if it were possible, without an utter disregard of all form and consistency, to separate the two things—to have a law suit investigated, argued, and divided, in one language, while the pleadings and processes are recorded in another. His scheme for substituting our own examinations for written depositions, and for reducing the record to the modicum of the Judge’s notes, is so wild and intangible, that we must be content to follow your friend in taking this obstacle at a hand canter.

“The Persian is the language neither of the Judge nor of the parties interested in the Judge’s decision. This simple fact

“ would appear to many decisive,” (p. 281) and almost so to your worthy friend. Let us see how the adoption of either of his alternatives, the introduction of English, or the use of the vernacular dialect, will help him out of his dilemma.

I must do your friend the justice to acknowledge he has stated the difficulties of the latter so fairly that I have little left to add on that head. At the same time I am aware that he has set them up as a boy does his ninepins for the pleasure of knocking them down, and all in order to make room for his favorite plaything — the English language. I entirely concur with him that the substitution of Hindoostani, even while that language is best understood, would be attended with no advantage commensurate with the obvious objections to changing a system which has prevailed for such a length of time, and to which I firmly believe the people are not only accustomed but reconciled. Hindoostani is at present used in some districts in the taking of depositions, but it is a quaint and difficult language to write. The chances are a thousand to one that the deponent cannot read the Persian character in which his evidence or examination is taken down, nor would he be able to comprehend the improved idiom in which it had been written. It may just as well therefore be recorded in the Persian language as well as character. And after all I would ask, do not such anomalies occur in our own country, among the most thinking people in the world? Is the deposition of a Yorkshire countryman, or of any other person gifted with a peculiar brogue, taken down exactly in the words in which he expresses himself? It is sufficient that no matter is introduced in the examination but what the deponent fully understands and acknowledges to be his intent and meaning. Were it otherwise, in this country especially, the circumlocution with which a native speaks, and the difficulty often experienced, of making him comprehend the difference between hearsay and personal knowledge of a fact, would render his deposition as prolix, as it would be loose and unintelligible.

Your friend gives up Bengalee with as little hesitation as he does Hindoostani. Yet a person more inclined to contest the point with him than I am, would perhaps find little difficulty in beating up his position on that head. In fact he is in such a hurry to be off in pursuit of the mistress and idol of his soul that he cannot stay to defend it. Observing with great truth the “ mighty advantage” that would be gained, if by the use of the vernacular dialects “ everything done in Court, whether spoken or “ committed to writing, should be understood by the people,” (p. 282) the only arguments he has to oppose to the measure, are that the language is poor and barren, and that Europeans are not qualified to conduct the business of the country on such a

system. He might have added, that the proceedings when they come to be dressed out in their new garb would be so patched with technicalities and foreign terms, to eke out the poverty of the language, that the mere Bengalee reader, unassisted, would be able to comprehend as little of them as he now can of the Persian papers.

Proceed we to "the other alternative"—to the more serious affair of turning all our Courts of Justice inside out; of teaching the young and plastic ideas of Pundit and Sudder Aumeens, and Mooftees with beards half a yard long, how to shoot;—to say nothing of educating half a hundred million of illiterate people so that every man may be his own lawyer. Yet these are only a small part of the brooks and br^ook^o fences likely to cross our path; our friend is leading, and if his Hobby carries him cleverly over them I'll back him five to two against Clinker and the Major at the next Steeple Hunt.

He makes a bold stroke at starting, and jumps at once into the middle of the assertion that "the other alternative to the continued use of a language, *which neither judge nor suitor knows anything of*, has been already stated to be the introduction of English." p. 283.

Our Judges, who have been in the habit of deciding some hundred suits every year, will not feel much flattered by this gratuitous assumption of their ignorance of the language in which their proceedings have been carried on. Nor is it only gratuitous as affects the European Judges, but must be totally devoid of foundation as regards the Native Judges, who in the administration of justice decide at least nine-tenths of all the suits adjudicated throughout the country. It is, indeed, difficult to ascertain throughout your correspondent's essay whether he intends to include the Courts in which Natives preside amongst those to which he would extend the use of the English language. I assume that he does, from the broad definition of a Judge given at the outset, "It is to be understood in its most general sense: not as applying exclusively to the officer presiding in a regular court of civil law, but to all functionaries who are called upon to judge:" (p. 281) as well as from the remark in the last passage of his essay as to "the path which the new language must take from the Sudder Dewanny Adawlut down to the Sazawal's Cutcherry. (p. 300.) It is a great pity he has not been more explicit because I have no wish to play the game of bowls with which I have charged him." The exclusion of the Native Judge Court would not however, assist him much in making out his case. Appeals must lie from the order and decisions of the Native to the European Judge, and the latter would be forced to entertain an establishment con-

versant with the native languages to enable him to dispose of such cases, otherwise the record of the appeal must be translated into English—a most awkward and appalling alternative—this has always appeared to me such a formidable obstacle to the general introduction of English into our Courts, that I never could face it. It was anything but fair in your friend to avoid it altogether. The fact is he did not like to push his Hobby at it *for fear of what there might be on the other side*, so he thought it prudent to shirk the question, and sneak out of the field in the best way he could.

In proceeding with his alternative (pp. 283-4,) your friend seems to lay much stress of the circumstance that as the suitors in Court do not read Persian, they would be indifferent whether one foreign language or another be employed in the proceedings upon their case. But this argument turns in a great measure on the supposition that suitors are usually in the habit of attending our Courts in person, which in three cases out of four is not the case. But even supposing they all attended, can it be contended for a moment that for ages to come they would possess the same facility of learning what passed between the Judge and the pleaders, attornies, or aumlah, in English, as they now do of what is spoken in the Persian or Hindoostani languages? If the Judge has occasion to communicate with the suitor direct he has always the means at hand for doing so, besides that the latter can at all times obtain a copy of the order affecting him in a language with which hundreds of thousands of his countrymen are conversant.

Let us pass over the remark about the additional cost of stamps for English petitions, and the more insignificant twaddle about the class of men who are to supersede our present aumlahs, “whose religion and profession are abhorrent to peculation: and who, if they did take a bribe, call it a present, would at any rate have the grace to be ashamed of it.” (p. 284.)

Who would take whatever was given, and blush to find it gold!

In the next passage I rather think your friend is at his old game again. Whoever it was that broached the opinion that the adoption of English would increase the influence of the native officer he has bowled him down clean enough. It would be amusing, were it not discreditable to the cause which he advocates, to read with what coolness he proceeds to “re-organize from beginning to end” the aumlah or establishment of the Courts. He is very sorry “they must go: the greatest happiness principle requires it!” (p. 285) meaning no doubt the happiness of the aforesaid class of men whose religion and professions are abhorrent to peculation—or in other words all those who, from their knowledge of

English, or smattering of law, might in those hard times be induced to take office in what the statutes call, *Provincial Courts*.

If our friend was not on horseback I should like to ask him what he thinks of the following passage from the last *Edinburgh*, on the subject of the causes which led to the late dissensions in Belgium.

“The Belgians were next exposed to a vexatious imposition of the Dutch language. French is spoken exclusively by a considerable portion of the Belgians, the rest speak Flemish, but hardly ever write it; and throughout Belgium all business was carried on in French. An order is issued that no writing shall receive a stamp which is not in Dutch or Flemish—stamps being requisite to give legality to written transactions. In an instant thousands of legal *employés* in Belgium found themselves deprived of the means of subsistence, by their inability to comply with this arbitrary decree. Without a crime save that of being Belgians, and conversant only with their native tongue, they were driven into beggary, and their places occupied by the more fortunate Dutch.” P. 416. No. CXII.

Such are the sentiments of long headed men, who are not likely to be carried away by their political feelings on the mere matter of the internal administration of a foreign country. They speak volumes of what the general opinion of sensible people would be both as to the compulsory introduction of English, and the right-about-face doctrine suggested by your correspondent for getting rid of our legal employés. Substitute Indians for Belgians, English for Dutch, and the Persian language for French, and you have the vexatious imposition of our mother tongue, and the heartless and arbitrary treatment of our aumlah, which such a change would produce, forcibly set before you.

I entirely agree with your correspondent in the high estimate in which he holds the general character and services of our Serishtadars. Shrewd, intelligent, and indefatigable in office, the majority of them are gifted with intellect far above the sphere in which they move. Why should we feel ashamed to acknowledge the valuable aid which they afford? Indeed, no one would do so, if he were not afraid that those who are ignorant of the duties of his office would immediately jump from the admission to the conclusion that he was influenced by his Serishtadar in the orders and decrees which ought to emanate solely from his own understanding and judgment of the matter before him. That a Judge should consult his Serishtadar whether a case ought to be decided this way or that, is to suppose him devoid of every feeling of pride and propriety which should dis-

tinguish his situation. At the same time, to prohibit the Judge from referring to his officers on points on which his own recollection may have failed him in the course of wading through the voluminous proceedings before him, would be as unfair, as it is absurd to infer that the Serishtadar is thereby allowed to exercise any influence on the ultimate decision of the case. He dare not answer falsely, and if incorrectly would immediately be taken up by the adverse pleader, and the point settled by a reference to the record. But this detail would be endless. To the uninitiated no length of it would be satisfactory : to those who witness it every day, and all day, the line between the Judges and their subordinates seems so strongly defined that they find it difficult to comprehend how their own free agency is made to be a subject of suspicion.

The passages in this page (286) may be taken as a fair specimen of the discursive style of your correspondent, and as a happy illustration of the irretrievable chaos into which every thing connected with the business of our Courts would be thrown by adopting the root-and-branch changes which he advocates.

First, it appears, we should require English Vakeels or Mokhtars, but some difficulty would be felt in getting them. Then the demand would speedily create the supply, but the demand would not be efficient. Lastly, they must be paid for their time more highly than at present, but that the suitors could not afford. Here, what with the difficulty of getting what we must have ; the anomaly of an inefficient demand creating a speedy supply ; and the impossibility after all of paying those who must be paid to work, one would have thought our essayist had completely puzzled himself, and that he would have been a little staggered at the slough into which he had plunged his Hobby. But not a bit of it. " We should be forced to submit for a time either to inferior general ability or to technical incapacity " and even should a pleader during the first few years fail in making himself intelligible, the indulgence of the Court might be so far extended to him as to permit him to argue in Hindoostani : or suppose that the introduction of English were accompanied by a proviso that any pleader should be at liberty to address the Court in whichever language suited him best " he would see no harm in it.

Your friend admits that all this, and a great deal more, would be extremely ridiculous, but consoles himself with the reflection that " society has submitted to similar absurdities for many a year within the bounds of the Mahratta ditch." It would in fact be a great deal more monstrous than any thing that can possibly occur under the practice of the Supreme Court

while administering English Law, in the English Language, to our native subjects. In the lively picture exhibited by your correspondent we should have the pleadings drawn up in English, in which the *unintelligible* pleader would of course take an active part ; and then we should have him, by the indulgence of the Court, explaining his unintelligibility in Hindoostani for the benefit of the counsel on the other side, who may know nothing of that language ; while the luckless Judge, whose province it would be to ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm, would have to construe for both parties, as well as for the edification of his Anglicized aumlah.

While I agree with your correspondent in the advantages that would accrue to the European Judge individually were it possible to introduce the change contemplated by him in all its vigor and perfection, I firmly believe it would be an intolerable nuisance to every one else concerned, and as to its placing the Judge in " a more honorable and dignified position " (p. 287) he might well have spared the irony after the ridicule to which he would relentlessly subject him " during the first few years of the new system ! " These advantages, however, are based on the assumption that the whole proceedings before him are to be in the English language, and if it can be shewn that the assumption is utterly worthless the fabric raised upon it must tumble to the ground.

Now it will be granted, I imagine, that " during the first few *centuries* of the new system," the natives will not be capable of giving their depositions in the English tongue ; nor are they likely to draw up their deeds of contract, &c. in that language ; nor will the laws be expounded in it ; hence the oral and documentary evidence filed in a suit would have to be done into English. What then becomes of his boasted independence, and the assertion that " there will be no occasion to appeal to " others for the interpretation of disputed passages in decrees " and roobukaries " (p. 288)—his proceedings will be one continued appeal to the honesty and competency of his translator on whose integrity he will have to depend for all the material ground on which his decision must be made to rest. As to " the frequent in decorum of talking absolute nonsense," I fear something more than your friend's panacea of the use of English is necessary to guard against that. Of one thing I am certain, and we will divide the compliment between us, it is not always an antidote to *writing* nonsense.

In the foregoing remark I have not forgotten the loop-hole which your friend reserves to himself in stating that the Civilians would not be allowed to abate a single iota of their know-

ledge of the native languages, and perhaps he may turn round and say that the evidence and documents above-mentioned may still be examined by the Judge himself. He is welcome to the argument. It would only show how crude and undigested his scheme is, and what difficulty there would be to make the machinery of it work smoothly, or with any adequate advantage to the mass of people who come in contact with our Courts.

After allowing the Company's officers a very liberal average, I must admit, of qualifications requisite to enable them to decide upon an "altogether very complicated affair" when brought before them in our Civil Courts, your correspondent asks "now, are we to hope that the knowledge of Persian and Hindoostani sufficient for understanding such a case will enable a man to sum it up," and very laconically answers himself in the negative. He justly, and forcibly enough, observes that to recapitulate what has passed during the progress of the "suit in a clear and masterly manner, and to deliver opinions upon it in terms which express neither more nor less than is intended, is an exercise for the first Lawyers in Europe" (p. 289.) But the difficulty consists chiefly, I imagine, in the off hand summing up of a case, not in the studied and proposed review of it which every "complicated affair" demands. In such instances, giving as your friend does, the Company's officer credit for understanding the merits of the case before him, I do not see why he should be incompetent to deliver his award in a satisfactory and intelligible manner in the language in which the proceedings have been carried on before him, and in which he may be said almost to have been thinking during its progress.

Your correspondent is not, I suspect, acquainted with the state of our Courts, and the mode of conducting business in them, to the extent which he professes, if he supposes it practicable that the Judge should in all cases formally sum up his decision in open court. Usually, I believe, he gives, on the conclusion of his proceedings, the leading features of his opinion, and the grounds on which he has arrived at it. In important cases he postpones his judgment for further deliberation, and delivers it in a more prepared shape, and more in detail. But in either instance the parties have copies of the order so soon as it has received the Judge's signature, and then they have full leisure to sit down and pick holes in it, and to apply for review, or correction of error or omission; and I may safely aver without fear of refutation, that the facility and cheapness with which such applications are allowed is not equalled in any part of the world.

But to take pains to show that the European Judge would be more at home in addressing the parties in his own language

than in Persian or Hindoostani, is contending for a truism which no body ever thought of questioning, and is only one instance amongst many of the much-ado-about-nothing style in which this writer likes to indulge, while he studiously avoids encountering the obvious objections which arise on every side to the prosecution of the practice he would introduce. There are three parties concerned in the matter; those interested in the suit, the Judge, and the little public of his Court. If pleaders are employed, (which they are in nine cases out of ten) they will understand the Judge whether he deliver himself in Persian or Hindoostani: so will the members of the bar, as well the officers of the Court—and if he uses Hindoostani, the chances are that the parties themselves, if attending, and two-thirds of the audience, will also comprehend him. But if he speaks in English not one in fifty would now be able to catch his meaning, nor will he be able for the next ten years, during which, if the change is tried, all that is valuable in our present forms of practice will have been sacrificed to make way for a mixed and mongrel system alike unsatisfactory to the persons affected by it, as it will be disgusting to those who will have to carry it into effect.

No one more readily acknowledges the merits of the Judges of the King's Court than myself, nor holds in higher estimation the enviable talent which enables them to deliver their judgment in a calm and collected manner; neither have I any wish to deny that in the qualifications which they bring to the task they are greatly superior to the Indian Judge. The different situations, however, in which they are placed ought not to be overlooked. In the Supreme Court there are three Judges with a costly establishment, fully up to its work, in which the emolument of many of the officers individually exceeds the salaries of the Mofussil Judge and all his aumlah put together. The population within the ordinary jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is less than one-third of that subject to the Mofussil Judge. Where the former decides ten suits, the latter has to dispose of a hundred. The King's Judge sits wrapped up in an exclusiveness which well understood etiquette never allows to be infringed upon—he listens to the argument of an intelligent counsel, and pronounces his opinion without the chance of interruption. In the Mofussil, on the other hand it is found almost impracticable to stop the pleaders from interrupting each other, nor will any argument satisfy the losing party if he is present, or prevent his breaking in upon the Judge while he is stating his reasons for giving the case against him. It will of course be said that these are matters which the *reformed* plan will correct, but you cannot change the color of the Ethiopian, nor am I at all satisfied that the straitlaced deportment of our King's Judges would be

at all suited to the rough-and-ready work which the constitution and varied business of our Courts requires. After all, we want the substance of justice, and not a bit of the shadow of it, whether cast from what the *Edinburgh Review*, in the case of Dr. Parr's wig, called the *μεγα θαυμα* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world, or from the ample folds of the Functionary's robe (p. 289). It is natural enough for Englishmen who learn to lisp in their early days that

J. is a Judge with a full bottom'd wig,
And K. is a King, as fat as a pig,

to fancy that a Judge without a wig is no Judge at all, but fortunately for us the natives are less sophistical in their ideas. Provided they get justice they are quite satisfied that it should emanate from a white jacket. Nor does the condemned wretch feel less the heinousness of his guilt because the sentence passed upon him is communicated without the solemn aid of a black cap.

Your friend's A. B. C. delineations of judicial characters (p. p. 291-2) are written with a good deal of spirit, and I would on no account distrust the cock-tail complacency with which he trots his Hobby through the whole of them. His mistake consists in supposing that immediately the English language enters the door of a Cutchery, idleness and stupidity must, as matter of course, fly out at the window; that the diffidence of A. will vanish; the zeal of B. be tempered with discretion; the indolence and carelessness of C. be corrected; and the inefficiency of D. no longer allowed to disgrace the judicial profession. Yet if the said A. B. C. D. should happen to be in office at the moment when, in the tumbling of a broom-stick as the saying is, Mr. Harlequin shall transmogrify their thatched Cutchery into a magnificent Court house, their vakeels into gentlemen with silk gowns, and the Nazir into a Sheriff with laced ruffles and a bag-wig and sword, they (the Judges) will continue the same diffident, ardent, indolent, inefficient animals they were before, to suppose that their dispositions and characters, will change with the tongue in which they speak is opposed to common sense, and to the principles which govern human conduct; and so long as their habits are unchanged it can make little difference in what language they may choose to display their peculiar characteristics.

Your correspondent relies much on publicity for correcting the abuses which he deplors; more especially for securing the *suaviter in modo*, so desirable in persons holding the high and grave office of a Judge. Alas! for poor human nature, that it should ever be lost sight of! But this is a matter quite distinct

from the influence of language. The Indian Judge is already exposed to public gaze, and he who could be guilty of the gross violations of propriety noticed by this writer, must be altogether heedless of the opinions of those around him. This is, in truth, the rock on which many young men split in their early career in this country, and unfortunately the vessel long retains the savour with which it has been once imbued. I am firmly persuaded that infinite mischief has been done in that way by the spirit in which the national character of our Indian subjects has been handled by many intelligent and excellent writers, from whom we receive our first and freshest impressions of the people amongst whom we are fated to pass the greatest portion of our lives. In contemplating the pictures of their degraded state, we learn to consider ourselves a superior race of beings, a feeling that naturally engenders pride, and leads us to look down with contempt on the opinions of those above whom we conceive ourselves to be placed so immeasurably high. Yet a short acquaintance with them ought to teach us that the Natives are by no means deficient in ability, and a little reflection convince us that it is impossible the business of life could go on if the mass of the people were really as corrupt and dishonest in their dealings as the generality of writers on the subject would lead us to believe.

How would it be possible, I would ask, for the landed proprietors to make good their engagement with Government if a system of speculation were carried on against them by the gomeshtashs who collect their rent, the aumlah who manage their accounts, and the treasurer who has charge of their money?—the same question applies to merchants and bankers, and all who have large money transactions. Yet a European imagines himself surrounded by a set of harpies who are in a perpetual conspiracy to defraud and deceive him. It is lamentable to see to what an extent the same feeling pervades the generality of public functionaries. If you enquire after the character of their subordinate officers they will seldom go further than allow them to be as honest as a Native can be. If you try to elicit a more specific answer you are told that although no accusations are made against them, the people are known to be averse to make complaints, and if you could probe this to the bottom, you would find these surmises and suspicions rooted in a preconceived notion of the worthlessness and dishonesty of the native character, derived from the early impressions made upon the mind by the writings I have alluded to, handed down from one to another till they have become as strong as proofs of Holy writ. In all other parts of the world but this, it would be something in favor of the character of public officers, entrusted with a large

share of the administration of the country, that they were (considering their number) seldom accused of malpractices, and still more rarely convicted of them. A Moonsiff, or Darogah of Police, may occasionally be prosecuted for bribery and corruption, but even an accusation of the kind against a Suddur Aumeen, or the aumlah of a Judge's or Collector's Court is a very rare occurrence. Yet this argument will stand you in no stead with your opponent, who has made up his mind that Native functionaries are all more or less corrupt; what you say is very true but the people are averse to complain. Nothing is more distressing to my mind, than to see a young man in whom I am interested commence his career with this impression. It must sour his temper, embitter all the amenities of life, and, as we have before observed, fix him in the persuasion that the opinion of such a people is utterly beneath his care and consideration. I am sorry to see your correspondent, in the last page but one of his Essay, join tongue in thus vilifying the character of the people. Does he think it improved by the Supreme Court where his favorite language has been spoken and written for more than half a century? Is it not notoriously the reverse? Have not perjury and forgery thrived luxuriantly under the fostering shadow of its influence?

As to the publicity of printing, my glass does not enable me to see the day when the proceedings of a Zillah Court shall be of sufficient importance to make it worth the while of a European to report them. As I have before remarked, three-fourths of the business, that is, all appeals from the Court below must be in the native languages. I content myself on this point with quoting the simple remark of your correspondent that "when all is done, for some reason or other, nobody cares sixpence about them unless thrust into notice by the facetious letters of a Salt Officer's Ghost, or by a leading article in the *Bengal Hurkaru*" (p. 295).

With one so completely run away with by his Hobby as your friend it is next to impossible to keep pace. The introduction of the English language into our Courts is to him what Buonaparte was represented to be in the Rejected Addresses, the cause of all events, great and small, even to filling the butcher's shop with large blue-bottle flies. We have already seen how it would embolden the timid Judge, and subdue the bold one; whip up the idle, and expose the incapable; that it would enable us to rival "the dignity, learning, and comfortable self-satisfaction of the robed functionary" (p. 289); how it will put a stop to every species of indecorum—every Native would study English, as soon as that became the road to promotion.

the public periodicals would be more universally read—the whole character of the country would in a few years be changed—and as a climax, to tickle the palates of the gentlemen of the Press “one of the first things the Natives would learn would be that “the *Bergal Hurkaru*, or the *John Bull*, was a much better “Court of Appeal than either the Suddur Board of Revenue, “or the Suddur Dewanny Adawlut” (p. 290).

This is too bad. Yet there are a great many other things to be set in motion by the universal spread of the English language, and it was therefore especially incumbent upon your correspondent to have shewn the power that could be brought to bear upon that grand object. Now this he entirely shirks throughout, excepting the issuing of the fiat that all the world shall learn English, no attempt is made to explain the process by which it is to be effected. Not even the simple plan of inviting out 3,00,000 school masters; (that being about the number of villages in the Bengal territories); it being obvious that if all that enters into this gentleman’s philosophy is to be accomplished “in a few years” nothing less would be adequate to the purpose.

Could indeed the general dissemination of English be brought about, doubtless much of the good anticipated by your correspondent might be realised; but to imagine that anything like an approach to such a consummation can be arrived at in a short period by the mere instrumentality of Courts of Justice, each placed in the centre of a million of people. is to exchange your Hobby for a Pegasus and ride to the devil in a whirlwind. As you will not however, wish to accompany your friend on such an expedition more than myself, we will here dismount, and I will conclude the rambling critique into which I have been led, by offering a few observations on the extent to which, in my humble opinion, the Court may be safely used in encouraging the diffusion of the English language—an object to which I attach full as much importance as your correspondent, though I am not so sanguine as to its speedy accomplishment.

1st. When both parties desire it, the pleadings and proceedings in a suit or matter before the Court, in which a European presides, might be held in English, and the Judge, of course, give Judgment in that language.

2nd. When one party might desire it, and not the other, the former should accompany his English pleadings and papers with translations in Persian; it being indispensable that his adversary should understand what he advances, and not be put to inconvenience by his adopting a course contrary to the established practice of the Court.

In the latter case, for the same reason, the *viva voce* pleading must be in the native languages. But the party desiring it, should be entitled to a transcript of the grounds of the decree or order in the English language.

3rd Every person should be allowed to apply to the Court in English, provided he shall file a Persian, or Bengalee translation of his application; and if his opponent is not present in Court, or does not object, the applicant or his Vukeel should be permitted to address the Court in English, and should obtain a copy of the order passed in that language.

4th. In addition to these rules, the Judges might be required in all cases to record in English the grounds of their orders and decrees. I am apprehensive, however, that this would overwhelm them unless they were assisted by clever and experienced clerks whom it would be difficult to procure without increasing the expenses of Government, or of the suitors, to an extent far beyond the advantage likely to result from the change. Upon the whole I am disposed to think that it would be sufficient to feel our way by the adoption of some rules of the nature above suggested, leaving the extension of the plan to be regulated according to circumstances, and by the light which experience may afford.

These being my sentiments, Mr. Editor, and being an enemy to the destructive principles advanced by your correspondent H. I shall subscribe myself

31st August, 1833.

A JUDICIAL CONSERVATIVE.

CHILDHOOD.

“Lultima che si perde e la speranza.”

“Oh Gioventu! primavera della vita!”

Tasso.

Season of Hope! in childhood's joyous hours
 We fondly picture life one way of flowers,
 The world one sunshine; and anticipate
 A long long day of bliss, but ah! too late,
 We find the hopes we fed on but a dream,
 And wake to view them fading as the gleam
 Flashed from departing day! In manhood's prime
 When the brave heart is proudest, most elate,
 Friends will forsake, and fortune frown, and time
 Is the only comforter, and pleasure palls,
 And then the mind its early hopes recalls
 Only to feel them fleeting false and vain,
 And age's sad decrepitude and pain
 But make us sigh for boyhood's hours again.

R. V.

LINES ON THE NIGHT OF THE MASSACRE OF DELHI,
BY ORDER OF NADIR SHAH.

Oh! oh! oh!

'Tis a cry of woe,
Rending the vault of heaven—
'Tis the funeral dirge of a mighty town
And its hapless sons, whom a tyrant's frown,
Consign'd to the kite and raven.
There in the pale moonlight,
Mangled and black they lie;
One may fancy well, that so sad a sight
Would cause those beams, tho' so dazzling bright,
To draw back mournfully.
Again they raise that cry,
A ruined nation's moan!
A wail prolonged, deep as the sigh
Of the northern blast, as it rushes by
O'er the forest's pride o'erthrown.
They raise the funeral pyre
Of the brave who fell that day,
Of the lisping child of the hoary sire
Of ravish'd maids—oh! the purging fire
Will wipe their pollution away.
The pallace's cedar beams
Are burning beneath them there,
And the roaring fire half drowns the screams,
Of kites that are seen by the moon's pale beams,
Hov'ring high in air.
The fires are quenched now,
But a train of sparks ascend
To Heaven, and with them curses flow,
And pray'rs for professors overthrow—
To earth, the knee they bend,
And with quiv'ring lip, and upstretched hand,
Invoke heaven's vengeance on his head,
Who so ruthlessly destruction spread
O'er so happy and fair a land.

D. P. F.

FAREWELL,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis hard to say that fatal word—farewell!
That word, which echoed amidst sighs and tears,
And wrung from bleeding bosoms, seems to tell
Of separating hearts, long join'd—of years
Of anxious woe—of blighting misery—
Of faintly cherish'd hopes; but nurs'd to die!
The frenzied voice, the thick and deep drawn breath,
The hectic bloom that for the time doth tinge
The cheek, the bloodless lips, pale as if death

Had stopp'd the issuing breath—aye! all these wait
 In close attendance, on that word of fate!
 Farewell! but I can say that word, and still,
 Altho' I feel its pang, ('tis strange) I smile
 E'en as I say it! no tear-drops fill
 My eyes, and yet too soon, as an exile
 From hearts I love, I must go forth to try
 The cold world's mercy—with a tearless eye
 Yet think not that I'm cold, that apathy
 Has thrown her freezing veil upon my heart,
 It is as warm as any, tho' my eye
 Is bright and tearless, fare thee well! to part
 From thee is painful, yes! I feel it here
 In my sick heart, altho' I shed no tear.

SONNET TO MEMORY.

Oh memory, if that thou wert the grave
 Of things gone by, we might forget the past,
 When we were young and gay as the light wave,
 That sparkling in a lake fears not the blast
 Ere our young hearts had callous grown and cold,
 Ere our day dream had fled, and we had waked
 To find all cold and real, now we're old,
 And (like to him who after having slaked
 His thirst with cooling wine, doth still drink on,
 Until the er'st delicious drink doth seem
 Nauseous to his pallid taste, its flavour gone)
 Those scenes that once delighted us we deem
 Vapid and stale: oh, different, Memory
 'Twould be, if thou far, far from us would fly.

D. P.

SONG.

The goblet brims with ruddy wine
 Which blushing deep invites to sip,
 And mirror'd eyes seem fix'd on mine,
 Sparkling as they near my lip.
 Ah, 'tis empty—where are they,
 Those laughing eyes that met my own,
 And seem'd to warn me to delay
 And gaze upon them, where? They're gone.
 'Tis so with beauty while we gaze
 From far upon its loveliness;
 We think we could, thro' all our days,
 Still gaze, nor ever love it less—
 But as the goblet, when 'tis drain'd,
 Reflects no more the drinker's eye.
 So woman, when she's once obtained,
 Her beauty, far away doth fly.

F.

ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

Were I called upon to bestow the aptest designation (after my own way of thinking) on the character of the time in which we live, I should feel much inclined to denominate it, the **Age of Matter of Fact**. The endless search after the *soi-disant* useful and profitable, pervades not only the lighter, but even the lightest branches of our literature. Our novels must each and every one point a moral by introducing individual traits of persons actually existant, and to make their sketch of manner tell with double truth, only half veil the events of the day by a thin tissue of supplementary fiction; our tales must be written in illustration of, at least, political economy, and our romances, scorning the school of Rattcliffe and Udolphine horrors, must assume the brevet rank of a pseudo-reality, and go forth to the world in all the gorgeous fascination of the historical novel. It is the latter style of literature which has in very deed clapped a coping stone of utilitarianism on even those literary fabrications formerly known as least profitable and most wildly extravagant. To compose these works, De Comines, Holinshed, Stowe, Froissart, and a whole host of older and ruder Chroniclers are ransacked for points of history in detail; Grose, Anthony Wood and writers of this stamp, furnish forth sketches of manners long gone by, and customs obsolete, while the poets of chivalry, judiciously skimmed, afford descriptions of battle-fields and banquets, and lend on compulsion some portion of their spirit and originality to animate the mass of literary matter into action. When the Promethean novelist has worked his material into a happy amalgam he lays it over the substratum of his story, ushers it to the world as "A Tale of ——" any century before the sixteenth, and booksellers may safely print the sheets of an embryo third edition in anticipation of its perfect success. It is, however, singular that while such a literary compound is lauded to the skies, as not only "deeply interesting," but "highly instructive" as not "only displaying a deep knowledge of the workings of the human mind," but also "giving what must be a singularly accurate description of the manners of our forefathers"—it is singular—at least it appears so to me, that modern matter of fact should decry the poetry, and fiction of the olden time as frivolous and useless, when all the while to it alone has the author of the "highly instructive" novel been indebted for his means of instruction.

It is needless to observe that only what is conventionally called the lighter literature of a nation, can give posterity real insight into what were its domestic manners, and familiar habits of thinking. History as it respects chiefly political events can never do this effectually; occasional traits must of course appear, but they lead most frequently only to conjecture; even the traveller supplies not what we want in this respect, for his remarks must in most cases be of necessity superficial, unless he has sojourned in the land he describes so long as to have imbibed something of the individuality of the people. It is to the poet, and the dramatist that we must look for such information and hence how doubly valuable to us is the work of the blind bard, who tells of early manners, when the world was young! How eagerly do we search every expression of the farce-writer, (for he is no better) Aristophanes, and even forgive the Roman satirists their indecencies, in gratitude to the truth and reality of the sketch they give of manners in their time. What holds good in those more ancient days is equally true in our own. The chivalric poets of the middle ages breathe the spirit of their social life, pourtray the feelings of their heroes, and describe the manners of their times. The fastidious ones who see them interweave their tales of love, and martial prowess, with preposterous supernatural creations are wrong to despise the books thus written as destitute on that account of the means of instruction; those who do so are entirely mistaken. The whole tribe of giants and hippogriffs, dwarfs and enchanters, were years ago condemned to the nursery and servant's hall, whence the progress of improvement hath again driven them forth hopeless of patronage in these anti-fictitious days, save from those children of a larger growth, who take not tales of chivalry at second hand. But when this supernatural machinery was first brought into play, it must be remembered that there were few even among the better educated who did not believe that verily and indeed necromancy, or what was called such, was as purchasable a commodity as law in the present day and perhaps very little more dangerous to tamper with, provided he who dared the mysteries of the prince of the air were possessed of sufficient earthly superfluities to purchase future indemnity for past sin from Mother Church. The imperfect knowledge and misuse of chemistry, astronomy, &c. led as easily to the encouragement of such an opinion, as did the very slight acquaintance possessed by those of the middle ages of geography, and consequently of the manners and habits of distant nations, to the belief in such strange varieties of the human species as figure in the tales of chivalry as dwarfs and giants. So late as in Shakespear's days, the popular opinion perfectly

allowed the existence of

“ Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,”

and one of the later Byzantine historians gives a gravely detailed account of a giant eighteen yards in height one of the champions on the side of the venetians at the siege of Constantinople, about the year 1200.

The origin of much of the marvellous so plentifully interspersed in tales of chivalry may however be traced to a much earlier era. The favourite days of romance are those in which Charlemagne, that prototype of him who was next in France to bear the name of Emperor, had to struggle for the consolidation of his power against the turbulent Pagans, who then inhabited Germany and Saxony, and the hordes of Mahomedan enthusiasts who threatened destruction to his empire from the south. The chroniclers of those days, rude, bigoted, illiterate monks, exaggerated of course the size, the prowess, and ferocity of their Celtic opponents. The strange rites, and idolatrous worship of these nations, their heroism in defence of their homes and religion, and the successes which their desperate valour achieved not unfrequently against the soldiers of the cross, struck their antagonists with that feeling of undefined awe, by which even the bravest spirits must at times be overpowered. Hence the Christian knights were doubly ready to palliate their defeats, and find excuses to themselves for what in very truth was mere dread of their barbarous foe, in adopting the belief that the enemy's successes and their own fears, were alike the consequence of supernatural agency employed by those, who in right of their idolatry were of course the sworn bondmen of the infernal powers. This belief the sycophantic chroniclers were most ready to confirm, and when once established with regard to real idolaters, it was easily transferred by them to the still more terrible host of Mahomedan bigots, whose actual religious tenets the writers of those times either really understood not, or purposely affected to mistake. Thus in all the old English romances an Eastern warrior swears invariably by his Deity, Mahound Trivigaunt, or Termugaunt; while the Italians make him invoke Macone, or Macometto, an evident corruption of the name of the prophet of Mecca. In the Spanish history of Carlo Magno, an image of Mahomet is expressly made mention of “*En Medio estava la imagen de Mahomet Maziza de oro fino, tan grande Como un hombre.*” (Lib. 2. C. 30) and this is done on no less authority than that of the monkish chronicler Turpinus, Turpino, or Turpin whose account of the Mahomedan invasion of France is made the foundation of all the romantic fictions regarding events connected with it: “*Est lapis antiquus altissimus super quem elevatur imago illa de auro optimo,*

in effigiem hominis Jusa, super pedes suos." (Lib. I. C. 28.)
De Idolo Mahumeth.)*

Against these idolatrous foes, and their sorceries, the heroes of the Cross are represented as waging oftentimes ineffectual war, frustrated in their most desperate efforts when acting in concert, by some convulsion of the elements, or when alone, in quest of adventures, baffled and beguiled by the blandishments of beauty, created at the will of an enchanter, or assailed by some monstrous creature, serpent, dragon or griffin, who can only be overcome by the staunchest knight, fighting for his true faith, and the lady of his love. We are fully borne out by all historical accounts in attributing to the early Saracenic, or Arabian warriors, a much more perfect discipline (if the word may be so used to express the power possessed by large bodies, acting in concert) than was then to be met with among Christian armies, and hence the not unfrequent defeats of even the bravest European troops which could then be opposed to them. These defeats needed of course to be explained away by those who celebrated the exploits of Christian warriors, and as noticed above, the effects of enchantment were the means most readily, and easily employed by poets, who though unstudied in their art, saw plainly that the "dignus vindice nodus" sanctioned in this instance, the use of a supernatural solvent. The fables of serpents, and dragons, opposing the champions of the Cross, may I think be fairly referred to the times when crusades were undertaken against the Druidical professors of the serpent worship, whose fanes of unhewn stones, were, when the worshippers had been destroyed, or converted, almost always purified to Christian uses by the foundation of a chapel to St. Michael, as the destroyer of the dragon.† The serpent or dragon being thus orthodoxly established, as an opponent to the early knights of the Cross, the use of the Greek fire, and other chemical preparations in later years, against the eastern crusaders, supplied those ignorant, till then, of their composition, or effects, with fresh matter for marvel, and in fine when warmed a little by a poet's imagination, and engrafted on established superstitions, created, the fire-spitting hippogriff, immortalised by all chivalric poets, as their hero's direst opponent. The horrible oppressions of petty potentates throughout Europe, and the very names assumed by them, as emblems of their strength, and afterwards traditionally embodied as realities, led to a continua-

tion of such fables, and supplied the poets with additional material for a lay. When even in our days, Anson's fabulous account of the gigantic size of the Patagonians, was until a very few years ago implicitly believed, we need not wonder quite so much at the credulity of our forefathers, in admitting the existence of giants; nor need we be much surprised, that with all the material above described, as a stock for the adaptation of fiction, their poets should enhance the dangers, and deserts of the chivalrous knight, who fighting honestly in defence of the weakest, and for the glory of his religion, and his love, constituted in their eyes the *beau ideal* of all moral excellence.

It appears that short poems and songs regarding the prowess of Charlemagne, and his knights were used as incentives to military valour, and held in high estimation at a very early period. A squire named Taillefer, is stated to have advanced first to the attack at the battle of Hastings, singing *the Song of Roland*, or as an old French chronicle hath it,

“ Quand il vident Normany venir
 Mont veissiey Engleiy fremir
 TAILLEFER qui mont bien chantoit,
 Sur un cheval qui tost alloit,
 Devant euls aloit chantant
De Karlemagne et de Roullant,
Et d'Olivier de Vassaux,
 Qui mouvement a Rainschevaux.”

The more modern chivalric writers as Pulci, Boiardo, Berni, Ariosto, and others* either diversified, or continued as fancy dictated, the subjects of these old romances, eking out their list of champions with others, either the known heroes in other tales, or the creation of their own brain, aided perhaps by tradition, and the older chroniclers. The original Paladins, whose prowess against Pagans and Infidels was earliest celebrated, were doubtless the Marquisses, or Lords of the Marches appointed by Charlemagne to hold authority over a certain extent of frontier, on condition of their defending it against the invasions of enemies. Of these the celebrated Roland, employed on the frontier of Bretagne, and said to have been a nephew of Charlemagne, was one, and Rinaldo of Montalban another. The feats of these redoubted champions form a favourite subject for all the luxuriant fancy of chivalric poetry to be employed on; but in addition to them are an host of other knights, whose names and character became as well known among the well read of the chivalric ages, as are in our day the heroes of the Iliad; even after the subjection of Constantinople when Greek literature was more generally known in Europe, we find the champions of

* Tasso can hardly be considered as a purely chivalric poet, nor can our own inimitable Spenser, whose poem professes to be allegorical only, without any allusion to the history of what may be called the chivalric age.

romance still holding their place with the warriors of old Greece, and named in conjunction with them, as models by which the warlike spirits of the age might mould themselves to feats of bravery, and courteous deeds. Doubtless there is an indescribable charm in the true spirit of chivalry, which must be felt even in our unimpassioned and prosaic days. Look on it in its purity, and it must be confessed that man never yet devised any motive of action so pure and beautiful as that; read of it as set forth in the older romances, which were indeed the manuals of chivalry* and amid all the quaintness of an antiquated style, the subject will appear doubly fascinating. As a political institution chivalry was most important, and no less so as a moral one. We owe to our Gothic forefathers the entire change in the system of society, induced by making women more than the mere objects of sensuality, or of domestic convenience, which they continued to be even in the most enlightened days of Greek or Roman civilization. After the glorious institution of that refined spirit of chivalry, which exalted woman-kind to its just rank in society, "Women," says the elegant Russell "proud of their influence, became worthy of the heroism they had inspired; they were not to be approached but by the high minded, and the brave; and man in those gallant times, could only hope to be admitted to the bosom of the chaste fair, after having proved his fidelity and affection, by years of perseverance, and of peril." Such high wrought feeling was however as the constant parent of an exaggerated and caricatured enthusiasm, peculiarly susceptible as is enthusiasm of every kind, of satire. We have ample evidence of the excess to which the refinements of chivalric devotion were carried in the platonic absurdities of the earlier Troubadours.† Thus we find that long ere he, who

laughed Spain's chivalry away,"

had in aiming at the extravagances of knightly feeling thrown its very reality under a temporary cloud, several authors had the boldness to satirize in no measured terms, and at the time when they were most esteemed, the usages of chivalry: Of these Chaucer in his "Rime of Sir Thopas" is most conspicuous as sneering at the poetic style of the common chivalric ballad, while the obscure author of the "Turnament of Totttenham" (one of the wittiest satires ever penned) ridiculed about the fourteenth century the favourite habit of bestowing the hand of the fairest and most wealthy damsel, on the suitor most successful in the trial of arms. Tibbe the Reeve's (or bailiffs) daugh-

* As "Launcelot du Lac," "Morte Artur," &c. &c.

† Warton's History of Poetry.

ter is the fair prize for which the chivalry of Tottenham

“ Of Hyssylton, of Hygate, and of Hakenay,”

contend, armed with flails, and mounted on cartmares; nor is she alone appointed by the munificent Reeve as a reward to the victor; the Reeve also promises to him,

- Coppell' my brode henne, that was troyt out of Kent:
And my dunnyd kowe,
For no spens wyl I spare,
For no cattel wyl I care,
He schal have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe.”

For how Perkyn wan Tib won the brood hen, the dun cow, gray mare, and spotted sow, you must refer to Percy's “ Reliques of ancient Poetry,” wherein the whole is duly set forth. Such light artillery of ridicule had however little effect in those days when chivalry was still existant on its original foundation, but when in later ages the disorders and oppressions which first had called for its institution, had almost disappeared, when hosts of untalented romancers had obscured the true spirit of that beautiful system by the imposition of endless fantastic observances, and when those observances had become by degrees incorporated with the idea of true chivalry, disgracing its pure simplicity by affectation, and puerilities, then did the masterly satire of Cervantes tell with sweeping force upon the vitiated chivalric institutions, and confounding the useful with the absurd in one common clause teach men to deride that as a whole which partially must to the end of time be held in honour. It must have been truly absurd, as even the most chivalric enthusiast confesses, to have heard the warlike youth of the time of Cervantes, affecting still the air and bearing of errant knights, as if Europe were still a land but hardly christianised, and every country in it were still oppressed by the petty owners of a few acres, and a place of strength, who on these pretensions played the tyrant on all too weak to oppose them. The mistake of those days was that many of the professors of chivalry affected to adopt the ancient usages, of a bygone state of society, to modern times, wherein however, the chivalrous spirit might have had as much scope as ever, but rather morally than physically. These chivalrous “ *conservatives*,” paid the penalty of their folly, by endangering, as political conservatives have of later years the very system which they were so worthily attached to the regenerator as it was of society and the sure protection of the liberties of the many. Among Christian men, however, so long as a disinterested benevolence, true valour, honesty unimpeachable and that feeling towards the weaker sex, which teaches men at once to succour and admire, so long as those attributes of a civilized state of society can be said to exist, so long must

the spirit of chivalry be still extant ; it may no longer be known under that name, yet our "*gentlemanly feeling*" is in these days but one and the same, with the chivalrous motives which made our forefathers gentlemen also.

Boiardo is one of the chivalric poets whom Cervantes particularly delights in ridiculing. The helmet of Mambrino, that invulnerable head piece which protected Rinaldo, has become more celebrated in its Cervantic Travestie as a barber's bason than it would ever have been when immortalized by Boiardo himself as an actual and positive helmet ; while the removal of dapple by the puppet master gives de Passamont from under Sancho Panza while the faithful squire slept, is more renowned than the prototype of that very event which occurred to the king of Circassia, that hero's steed having been in like manner abstracted by a juggling rascal named Brunello. We might cite many other instances in which our poet has furnished the Spanish ante-chivalrist with a rich field for the exercise of his satire. Matteo Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, was however, despite of the ridicule cast on him by the master-wit, a true and gallant Knight, though an uncultured poet : he died "knightly in his harness" on the battle field, leaving his poem unfinished, and unpolished, to be completed by less practical chivalrists than himself. Niccolo degli Agostini first added to, and altered Boiardo's poem but the celebrated Berni taking the same work in hand improved and enlarged it, so as to make the *Orland Innamorato*, the beautiful poem it now is. Berni has though admirably maintained the chivalric spirit of the original writer, and is particularly happy in his graphic descriptions of battles and encounters.* The first canto, a translation of which into English, of a corresponding metre is now for the first time attempted, contains of course more of the diction of the original author than do many of the latter ones. Boiardo's own style is distinguished by a rough kind of careless simplicity, which caused Ugo Foscolo to remark that "he tells his story in the tone of a feudal Baron," and which thus bearing the impress of what he really was, renders his poetry doubly interesting. The poem opens with an account of the intentions of an Eastern potentate, Gradasso, who is planning an invasion of Charlemagne's territory, in order to obtain Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, and Durlindane the sword of Orlando. Of the first I need only say that he added, to every possible quality which could distinguish the war-steed of an errant knight, the intelligence as our poet tells us, of almost a rational being, these combined qualities ren-

* The engagement between Bradamante and the Arab Daniforte (B. 3 C. 6) has supplied Sir Walter Scott with the much admired combat between Sir Kenneth and Saladin in the *Crusaders*, Sir Walter's description being a mere prose paraphrase of Berni's.

dering him perfectly invaluable to any one, who like the knights of old esteemed their good steed as only second to their lady love. Regarding the merits of Durlindane, we must be silent, leaving the author to give an instance himself. It occurs we must observe in the midst of a tremendous engagement against the flower of the Pagans (Orlando unluckily for them) being in an especial fury :—thus (B. 2 canto 24)

Valburn, Medina's count, must sorely rue
That first he met him (ill fate ordered it)
For just i' the middle was he cut in two,
As one a pullet or a tench would split ;
Then Alibant, Zoledan, near him drew,
Than whom no Saracen had readier wit,
Nor lived of them a scoundrel more decided
Him, Roland crosswise hath in two divided.

Now Turpin, in his wish to praise to the full,
For this tremendous blow famed Durlindane,
Asserts here what to me seems wonderful,
“ As 'twill perchance to those who read my strain
As what shou'd cut, and cutting weave the wool,
So gently trenchant was its tempered grain,
It cut and closed at once the wound it dealt,
Nay, when it struck, the blow was hardly felt.”

Thus when it sliced just now that Pagan rude
Across the trunk, the thing was done so neatly,
That still one half upon the other stood,
No whit unsettled, but fixed on most fealty ;
And as it happens oft when warmed the blood
Hurts for the time unheeded are completely,
So he still fighting through the battle sped,
Unwitting of his wound, and yet quite dead.

He, where the Christian troops were thickest found
With many random strokes maintained the fight
And deeming all his limbs were whole and sound
Laid on the right fearlessly with all his might ;
At length with both hands striking, on the ground
His trunk above the girdle did alight,
Just from the waist where Durlindane had hewed it
(A sight which killed with laughter those who viewed it.)

So inimitably tempered a blade must be of course worth risking a kingdom for.

Having stated the intentions of Gradasso, the poet brings us at once to the court of Charlemagne just at the time when a solemn tournament is about to be held, and at the royal banquet preceding it, the fair Angelica daughter of the King of Cathay presents herself. The sequel will tell itself.

As to the merits of the translation in which the said sequel is to be found, I need only say that it has been made as faithful as possible being invariably given stanza for stanza, and in most instances line for line. That the original has not suffered in my hands, far be it from me to have the assurance to assert ; I have reduced the pure ore of my author, by a sort of depreciatory process of literary alchemy into the baser metal of my own

translation, and that in direct defiance of that skilful transmuter of poetry Mr. Stewart Rose, the excellent author of the received English version of Ariosto, who has declared that "Berni is untranslatable," and as proof of it has only published an abstract of the plot of his poem in prose, with some very few stanzas done into metre. This is given as an introduction to the Orlando Furioso, which is written in continuation of the story of Boiardo's poem. Many after the announcement of Stewart Rose's opinion might feel little inclined to enter on the perusal of even this, my first canto, which hath appeared damned in anticipation by the fiat of a first rate authority—many may feel no interest in the subject, many may think with plain spoken, and unimaginative old Roger Ascham that books of chivalry "treat but of manslaughter, and ——," (indelicacy). Those who take anticipatory condemnation on trust would be most likely right in this instance in so doing, but it is not for those who would do so to dip into a book of chivalry; still less can it be supposed that the absolute contemner of such (so called) frivolities can patronize their distillation into English. Perhaps I should only look for auditors among such as those for whom alone Berni says he wrote.

For you gay gallant, and fair damosel,
 Within whose gentle breast young love doth lie,
 For you these pleasant histories I tell,
 With deeds of arms adorned and courtesy;
 Ne'er let them then be read by one so fell
 Who moved by wrath or rage to joust would hie
 For you, ye brave gallants, and ladies gay,
 As erst began, so now concludes my lay.

ORLANDO INNAMORATO DI M. M. BOIARDO RIFATTO DA BERNI.

The 1st Canto, 1st Book, translated into English in ottava rima, being the first time that such translation has been attempted (Stewart Rose having only given the story of the poem in prose with a very few stanzas translated into English verse) by H. T., B. A. and of the Inner Temple, late student of Ch. Ch. dedicated to H. M. P.

Gradosso marshals his array
 In Paris joust Carl'magne;
 Angelica from far Cathay
 Doth discord there ordain.

N. B. This Spenserian distich of contents is unauthorized by any similar announcement in the original.

BOOK 1ST—CANTO 1ST.

I.

Ye gentle lovers, and enamour'd dames,
 Who seek to learn things new of pleasant cheer,
 To the fair story which my poem frames
 In kindly mood, I pray of you, give ear;
 The prowess which a lasting honour claims,
 The great, the glorious actions you shall hear,
 To which for love Count Roland did attain,
 When ruled in France, the Emperor Charlemagne.

II.

Thou, who the banks of the great king of streams
Adorn'st, and those embraced by Mincio's swell,
With wisdom, which thy virtues so beseeems,
With that fair race Italia loves so well ;
Turn t'wards me thy bright eyes, with kindly beams
Gonsaga's pride, illustrious Isabel,
Nor scorn the verse, perhaps another vowed
To dedicate to thee, had death allowed.

III.

And thou too, Lady, glorious as thou'rt fair,
Pescara's all renowned Marchioness,
Who o'er that now mere dust and spirit bare ;
But pillar erat* of martial worthiness
Thy 'nconquered husband, levin bolt of war
Dost oftimes mourn be wrap't in sable dress
Awhile the bitter fountain of thy woe,
Their ceaseless tears, let those fine eyes forego.

IV.

Perchance not foreign to these thoughts 'twould prove,
Nay, might some solace to thy grief afford,
To hear a tale of warfare, and of love,
With which I know, thy gentle heart is stored,
But fresh remembrance in thy mind might move,
Of him still night and day, by thee deplored,
Whilst reading these my verses, thou may'st see,
In them the living type of him, and thee.

V.

Let it not Sir, seem strange to hear this tale
Of Roland love struck ; Love in's nature is
Most nobly daring, and will still assail
Most stoutly those declared its enemies ;
Nor can brave heart, strong arm, or helm, or mail
Buckler, made proof by spells, and sorceries,
Force whatsoe'er so long defence maintain,
But that by love, 'twill conquered be, and ta'en

VI.

This history is known to but a few,
(Since Turpin's self the facts did ne'er proclaim)
For that perchance his chronicles he knew
That valiant spirit, might in some way shame
Which, though all other things it overthrew,
Weak, weak indeed when matched 'gainst love became
Love deep as his, to all was known full well
Deeds great as his, their own famed story tell.

VII.

Now as these written chronicles relate,
Reign'd in those lands, that earliest see the light,
Beyond far Ind, a mighty king, whose state,
Whose power, and riches were so infinite,
Whose strength and manly daring were so great
That the whole world sufficed not for his might ;
Gradauso was his name, a dragon's face,
And heart had he, and seem'd of giant race.

* The word "Colonna," the family name of the lady's husband, contains a double meaning which cannot be rendered in English. The Marchioness of Pescara here addressed, was doubtless the widow of that gallant and chivalrous Pescara, who, says Robertson "dying at thirty six, left behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest generals, and ablest politicians of that century" (1525). It was this gallant knight and generous enemy, who attended the renowned Bayard in his last moments, when wounded to death on the banks of the Sessia, and who caused his body to be embalmed.

VIII.

And as with great lords often 'tis the case,
 Who covet just the things they can't possess,
 And seek more warmly, that they would embrace
 The more new obstacles their search repress,
 Losing as well their honour in the chase,
 As wealth by ill advised foolishness ;
 So he in prowess stout, and daring brave,
 Did Durlindane and Bayard* seek to have.

IX.

Now musters he throughout his vast domain
 His men at arms, to forward this devise ;
 Knowing full well he never could obtain
 One or the other at a money price ;
 For those that own the two, are merchants twain,
 Who still too dear would sell their merchandise ;
 Hence he designs to journey into France,
 And gain the wished for treasures by his lance.

X.

One hundred, fifty thousand cavaliers,
 From out his subject multitude he chose,
 Not that he needs to second him their spears,
 For (such his vaunting boast) he dared oppose
 Singly, the king Charlemagne, and all his peers
 Who in our holy faith their trust repose,
 As much by him should single hand be won,
 As the sea girls, or looks upon the sun.

XI.

But for the time this Pagan lay we by,
 Who not unknown will let himself remain,
 And back to France, to Charlemagne let's hie,
 Who does a joust in right fair sort ordain ;
 Each King, and every Prince of Christentye,
 Each Lord of walled town, and Chattellain,
 Who to him suit and fealty do bear,
 As reason is they should, are present there.

XII.

Present in Court was every Paladin ;
 For that the feast be furnished forth most fair,
 From far and near, they all had boun'd hew in,
 A countless croud to Paris did repair,
 Of strangers, Infidel, and Saracen,
 For a court royal was proclaimed there,
 And every one a certain saiegnard had,
 Who nor known traitor was, nor renegade.

XIII.

Therefore from Spain, had many wended here
 All noble Barons, famed for great emprize
 The giant limbed Grandonio, † worthy peer,

* Some account of the Steel, and sword for which Gradasso invaded France has been already given. I merely add a note for the purpose of informing the curious the Durlindane is actually mentioned by Surpius "Rolandas in prato super Ranciae vallem habitat spasham suam acum opere pulcherrima, acumine incomparabilem, fortitudine inflexibilem nomine *Durlenda*. (C. 24, 152.) Bouchet also in "Les Annales d'Aquitaine" mentions that at the foot of Roland's tomb at Blaves was placed "son espie *Durendal*". It will be of course remembered that the habit of Maming celebrated blades was common among all warlike European nations.

† I must here remind my readers that most of the Knights introduced by Boiardo were well known both as to character and exploits to the well read in the lighter literature of the middle ages, in the heroes of older romances Grandonio, though introduced on many occasions in this poem seems to rank with the Gyas and Cloanthus of the *Aeneid*, and is rarely mentioned save (with a reference to his size, or strength) *to hie in* at an assembly. Ferrau, Ferragu, or Ferraguta is a most renowned Infidel, celebrated as a warrior, and a sloven. He never washed his face, on principle, in order to appear more terrible, and squinted as appears by the text like a dragon. He was a sort of Mahomedan Achilles being almost invulnerable, and figures conspicuously in many romances.

And Ferrau with strange distorted eyes,
King Balgant in kith to Charlemagne near,
Serpentin, Isolice, those firm allies,
With other knights, who honour well might claim,
Whom I hereafter in my tale shall name.

XIV.

Through Paris echoed every instrument
Trumpets and brattling drums, and clang of bell
Steeds there were trapped, with new strange ornament
Garb meet for those, in foreign joust who mell,
More suits with gold, and jewel work besprunt
Than would suffice the tongue of man to tell,
As each for favour of the mighty king,
With his best means set forth his furnishing.

XV.

Already near at hand approach'd the day,
On which the solemn feasting should commence,
When king Charlmagne in all a king's array,
Each Baron born, and Lord of influence,
Caused bid to his own board; such men as may,
Or it, being there, a greater grace dispense,
And to this tale, the guests in all amounted,
Twenty two thousand thirty duly counted.

XVI.

Charles with content and merriment replete,
First 'mongst the Paladins his station bore,
At the round table* on a golden seat;
Him all the Saracens were pined before,
Who use nor bench, nor board, but deem it meet
To lie like dogs on carpets on the floor;
Such fashion as in eastern climes is seen,
And that whole place was full of them I ween.

XVII.

Then on right hand and left most orderly,
And as beseen'd, the tables were laid on
The crown'd heads at the first, of Lombardy
Of Brittany, of sea girt Albion,
Names of no small renown in Christentye
Ottone,† Desiderio, Salamon,
With others near them, in such order plac'd
As told what rank each Christian monarch grac'd.

XVIII.

Dukes filled, and Marqueses the next degrees,
At the third board sat counts, and cavaliers‡
Full highly honor'd were the Maganzese,

* An old Spanish writer on chivalry (Marquey) expressly states, that Arthur of Britain first established the order of Knighthood of the Round Table. Charlemagne it seems had also his order under the same designation, as Ariosto supports Boardo in this matter and says there were two orders the old and the new (Orl. Fur. c. 4 52. 3)

† Ottone of Albion, I conceive to be intended for Offan, king of Mercia, whose friendship for Charlemagne is matter of history. Desiderio is evidently Desiderius, the last king of the Lombards, who after losing his country led an inglorious life at the court of his conqueror. The Manganzese

‡ The Manganzese are ever represented as a crafty insolent and cruel race

—la schiatta Manganzeye

Che in tutto il mondo non e la peggiore. L. 2. C. 24.

Gano, Ganellone, or Gan is mentioned by Turpidus as one of the chiefs, who with himself (for the worthy Archbishop too took the field) battled on Charlemagne's side against the " Infidels " Hec sunt nomina pugnatorum magorum, qui fuerunt cum carolo; Ego Turpinus Archiepiscopus Bhemensis, qui diebus monitis christi fidelem populam ad bellandum fortem, armatum et a peccatis absolutum reddidam et Saracenos propriis armis expugnabam, Rolandus, Oliverius, Gaisserus, Ganalonus (qui postea traditor extitit), &c. &c. (c. 11.) He was for his treachery, Turpin says elsewhere, torn by Charlemagne's order, by wild horses (c. 26) Hence the romance represents him as a magician, and the fated betrayer of Rinaldo.

And more than any Gano of Pontiers ;
 With fire fraught eyes Rinaldo glar'd on these,
 For that the traitors with unseemly jeers
 Held 'mong themselves, mooked him in haughty guise
 Not being like them surcharged with braveries.

XIX.

Yet smother'd in his breast these hot thoughts slept
 While playing now with goblet, now with glass,
 Thus talked he with himself : " accursed sept,
 Ye rascal rout, whose wits would shame an ass
 I'll see how well your saddles will be kept,
 And if to morrow in the lists we pass ;
 Then all of ye, if my opinion's sound,
 Will 'neath my arm lie sprawling on the ground."

XX.

King Balagante, who a shrewd guess gave
 At what he thought, by gazing on his face,
 Answer to this did by his trashman* crave ;
 " If in this court 'twere true that greater grace
 Were render'd to the rich, than to the brave
 " To th' end that he, a stranger in the place
 " Who Christian usages in no way knew,
 " Might give to every man his honor due."

XXI.

Rinaldo laugh'd, and in right gentle guise
 " Return you" to the messenger, he said,
 " And tell the king, Rinaldo thus replies ;
 " If in court customs he at all be read,
 " That the precedence no one here denies
 " To gluttons at the board, and dames in bed
 " But in the place were valour must be shown
 " Man's need of honor by his deeds is known."

XXII.

Lo! while they still their conference delay'd,
 In mingled tones the instruments resound,
 Lo! weighty plates of finest metal made,
 With viands exquisite most richly crown'd ;
 And beauteous cups right cunningly inlaid,
 The mighty Emperor to all sends round ;
 He each guest honoring in peculiar mode,
 Some mark of record to all present shewed.

XXIII.

Meanwhile king Charl'magne in extreme delight
 With gentle tones his fair discourse combined,
 Glad mid so many a Duke, and valiant Knight,
 Himself such pride of place, and power to find,
 He all the Pagan race esteemed as light,
 As sand of Ocean scattered by the wind,
 But sudden matter that did there befall,
 Turn'd on itself the thoughts and eyes of all :

XXIV.

X
 For from the end of that fair hall there came,
 Four giants : (each than other did appear
 Larger and fiercer) in their midst a dame,
 And in her train a single cavalier ;
 Like the bright eastern star, or brighter flame
 O' the sun, forsooth to say, she shone as clear,
 Or what create may beauty best express ;
 No eye before e'er saw such loveliness.

Interpreter, a word in common use when English was spoken in its purity. For authority vide M. Boleyn's letters to Henry the 8th.

XXV.

Clarice and Galerana, Addo too
 Whom Roland, Ermeline whom lov'd the Dame
 (Pallas in this, in that you Dian view.)
 With many from whose mention I refrain,
 Fair past man's thoughts were there, but all we knew,
 Less fair, when she in hall did entrance gain,
 Whose lustrous sun eclipsed their light as far,
 As does our sun surpass each lesser star.

XXVI.

Turns sudden t'wards the spot his eager eyes,
 Each Christian Lord and gentleman, the while,
 From their low seats the Pagans all arise;
 Maz'd with such wonder as does sense beguile,
 Each gentle converse with the damsel tries,
 Who with right gladsome presence, and a smile
 Might win a tiger's heart, or move a stone,
 Thus 'gan her speech in soft and lowly tone.

XXVII.

"The feats of prowess, high mighty Lords,
 "Of these thy Paladins, thine own great worth,
 "Which on the ears of all men now outpour'd,
 "Ay, have e'en passed the confines of the earth,
 "Hope to these foreign wayfarers afford,
 "That not in vain their way they've toiled forth,
 "Who from the world's end* hitherward are bound,
 "For love of honor, ardent as profound."

XXVIII.

And that our purpose I may all declare,
 ("The cause in briefest manner to recite,
 "For which we to your solemn festal fare)
 "Know this man, Hubert of the Lion, hight,
 "Who does this dark and sable surcoat wear,
 "Thrust forth his own fair home against the right
 "His sister I, with him together driven,
 "To whom the name Angelica is given."

XXIX.

"Two hundred journey's beyond Tanais tide,
 "Where erst our wonted home, and our report
 "Rumour, some tidings of thy name supplied
 "And of th' appointing of this knightly sport,
 "Hence through so many countries have we hied,
 "But to present ourselves in this your court
 "And, if indeed we may gain that reward,
 "A wreath of roses if a right we've heard."

XXX.

"More pleasing far withouten doubt is this,
 "That gift whate'er it be of value higher;
 "The noble heart sure amply gifted is,
 "If the mere name of honor it acquire,
 "And in this mind my brother purposes
 "Gainst all assailants who the fight desire
 "Christian or Saracen to hold his own,
 "And wait their onset at famed Merlin's tone."

* The celebrity of Charlemagne, and the extended renown of his name, are matters of history. The famous Haroon-ool Rusheed valued the friendship of the Emperor above that of all other potentates, and sent an embassy to him soon after his coronation with a present of the first striking clock ever seen in Europe, ceding to him at the same time the holy place of Jerusalem. A potentate who in those troublous times could hold under his single sway all France, the greater part of Germany, a part of Spain, the low countries, and Italy as far as Benevento might well be celebrated even in lauds known then as the "world's end." The romancers have of course carried matters a little further than history allows, and bring him admirers from Cathay. Charlemagne is at once the Agamemnon and Nestor of Boiardo's epic.

XXXI.

Now be the agreement of the fight revealed,
 " Which let all know, who in it would engage ;
 " The knight from's saddle beaten to the field,
 " Shall in defence no further battle wage,
 " But no more said, at once as prisoner yield ;
 " Who dismounts my brother, I the gage,
 " And need of conquest will myself repay,
 " While with his giants, Hubert wends away."

XXXII.

Before the monarch when her speech was done,
 Waiting his answer did she humbly kneel ;
 With fixed and wondering stare gazed every one,
 Yet nearer than them all does Roland steal,
 For that the hurt with him had deepest gone,
 Though struggling fain his trouble to conceal,
 Still on the ground his eyes averted rest,
 And for his folly no small shame confest.

XXXIII.

Of Charl'magne's downfall, of his kingdoms ill,
 Of Roland's bane, was that sad day the first,
 Love and desire do all his being fill ;
 Th' unwary soul that poison has o'er coursed ;
 Trembling he stands, and wants alike the skill ;
 To know or heal his pain ; on's brow forth burst
 Beads of cold sweat, his face now red now pale,
 Shews what strange passion does his soul assail.

XXXIV.

And since no solace can his pain efface,
 Or cool the burning heat from which he shrinks
 Save when he views that pure and beauteous face
 Like some sick wretch who 'neath his torture sinks
 Shame he at last does from his thoughts displac
 And with raised eyes love's venom'd philtre drinks,
 Not yet so wholly lost, but reason still,
 In thoughts like these, reproves his wayward will.

XXXV.

" Orlando ! Madman ! 'neath what phrenzy's sway,
 " (What and how great) dost let thyself be driven !
 " See'st not the sin* that hurries thee away
 " And makes thee nothing worth in sight of Heaven
 " Can'st not the strength, the daring now display,
 " For which by all fame once to thee was given,
 " Thou 'gainst the world would'st erst defiance hurl,
 " And what ! art now made captive by a girl ?"

XXXVI.

" But how, if she despite her sex or age,
 " Have greater strength and hardihood than I,
 " Can I resist such odds, or seek t'engage,
 " In battle 'gainst an unseen enemy ?
 " Be what he may, or love, or phrenzied rage,
 " Or what e'er else he's called a Deity ;
 " Then what avail me strength and reason too,
 " Constrained and fated in what e'er I do."

XXXVII.

'Gainst love he raised his plaint thus piteously
 While rankled in his side the venom'd dart ;
 But Namo, whose old locks all silver'd be,

* In loving an Infidel.

Owne no less passion in his aged heart ;
 What may we say ? none got them thence scot free
 Charlmagne the wise 'scaped not the self same smart ;
 Glorious her triumph o'er so many there,
 Victress in woman's robe, and flowing hair.

XXXVIII.

With doubt and marvel in their mein expressed,
 Stood each and all intent on that fair face ;
 Ferrad alone more daring than the rest,
 For that he came of Andalusian race,
 Thrice t'wards the girl his hurried course addressed
 To seize and flying bear her from the place,
 Respect and fear of shaming great Charlmagne
 Thrice from his purpose did the knight restrain.

XXXIX.

Seated as chanced by country Gano's side,
 Was Malagige,* who oftimes 'mid the rout,
 Gazed on her, deeming this sight strange, yet tried,
 How he as well his ends might bring about ;
 At last as fellow craftsmen ne'er can hide
 From a fellow's ken, he made her wholly out,
 And knew she hitherwards with foul intent,
 And versed in magic art her steps had bent.

XL.

Charlemagne enamored, 'gan with question slight,
 Her to address ; solely that he would fain
 Find cause to keep her longer in his slight ;
 He looks and speaks, and speaks and looks again ;
 She seemed to him so strangely fair a sight,
 He ne'er could gaze enough, or e'er refrain ;
 But he at length dismissed the maiden fair,
 And heard and granted all her late made prayer :

XLI.

From the paved floor, not yet had passed the dame
 When Malagige his volume took ; for first
 He sought what web of cunning was this same,
 Which all prepared some future evil nursed ;
 He read, and as he read a voice there came,
 Full on his ear, when lo ! a fiend accursed,
 With haughty speech he hears up starting ask,
 " That he be quickly told, what e'er his task."

XLII.

" Who is this maid ?" The spell learn'd lord began,
 " Whence has she, tell me, come, and for what end ?"
 The fiend replied, " your foe, who here hath wan,
 " You and your cause to injure and offend ;
 " Ga'atron of Cathay, an old old man,
 " In farthest India for her sire is kenn'd ;
 " Her here, with these attendants, and the knight,
 " Her brother sent he, who Argalia hight :"

XLIII.

" No, Hubert, as she said, to hide the truth,
 " And thus deceive you ; for her heart with drift
 " Of fraud is filled, and guile all seeming sooth,

* Malagige or properly Malagigi is a knight celebrated in the old romance for his sorceries. Malagige, or Malagigi, may fairly take rank as the Ulysses of the chivalric romances. His skill in necromancy however cannot compete with that of the Infidel, and his loss to the champions of the Cross causes much disorder and misfortune.

"She every spell, and secret charm can sift ;
 "Valiant as valiant can be is the youth,
 "To whom his sire a steed exceeding swift
 "Was given, and eke a lance of gold as well,
 "With subtle labour framed and powerful spell ;"

XLIV.

"Such is the nature of this wond'rous spear,
 "That whose lives can ne'er withstand its thrust ;
 "Strength, and dexterity, are useless here,
 "For one and other yields, as needs it must :
 "Such spells as on this earth have not their peer,
 "With such strange virtue do this lance encrust,
 "That not great Brava's count Rinaldo no,
 "Nor the vast world stand firm beneath its blow."

XLV.

"The mail he wears is of as precious cost,
 "(Right well equipped he left his sire's domain.)
 "A ring he has, which this strange power can boast,
 "Worn on the hand, all spells it renders vain :
 "Paced in the mouth, to sight the wearer's lost ;
 "Happy the man who may this ring obtain !
 "Yet trusts he none of these as equal worth,
 "That wond'rous beauty, peerless here on earth"

XLVI.

"With him, for this, his sister is allied,
 "That won by her fair face, and practised wile ;
 "Forth in her train the Paladins may ride,
 "Love struck and faint to field, in armed file,
 "Then may the knight with that good lance supplied
 "Dismount, and lead them captive many a mile,
 "To blazon with their spoils his Indian throne ;
 "Thus Gallapon's design in all I've shown."

XLVII.

He swoke and straight was Malagige involved,
 Hearing these tidings, in right sore dismay ;
 Yet without more words, he at once resolved,
 The dame Angelica to seek straightway,
 'Tbat by his art her plans may be dissolved :
 E'er this Argalia wrapt in s'umber lay,
 Beneath a fair pavilion placed alone,
 (As told elsewhere,) near Merlin's massive stone.

XLVIII.

Not too far hence his sister did recline,
 Her lint white ringlets on the verdant sward,
 Close by a fountain 'neath a lofty pine,
 Where one watched by her, of her giant guard ;
 No mortal thing she seemed when sleep her eye
 Had closed, but like an angel her regard ;
 Her brother's ring she on her finger bore,
 Whose power and virtues you have heard before.

XLIX.

Now Malagige upon his demon steed,
 Through the still air his silent journey kept,
 And made the sprite descend above that mead,

* Here we find the enchanter Malagige soaring in mid air, on his way to Angelica's encampment without having been previously informed of his compelling his devilish adviser to do duty as an etherial spy. I merely cite this as a proof of the abrupt nature of the narrative in the first Canto, which seems chiefly Boccaccio's; the few last stanzas are, I believe neither his nor Heredia's but by Agostini. The first interpolator of the poem.

Angelica there saw he as she slept,
Near her the giant armed for warlike deed,
The rest about the grassy meadow slept ;
This suit and service owed they to their lord,
While slept the Damsel, to keep watch and ward.

L.

The Necromancer smiled, then op'd his book
To play some devilish cantriss to this crew,
Whom as he read a drowsy sleep o'ertook,
Heavy their eyes, and weak their members grew,
None could the might of that false magic brook
But on the ground their outstretched bodies threw ;
That done the enchanter drew his trenchant blade,
And as with fell intent approached the maid.

LI.

Raised was the arm to strike her, when his eyes
Fell on that face, in all its beauty fell,
Which bound his muscles with such powerful ties,
That failed all strength at once ; there did he dwell
Like ice or marble, fixed in still surprise
While seemed a voice to say,—" thou wert too fell,
Too brutal dastardly, too pitiless,
To lay rude hands on so much loveliness."

LII.

And thus becoming of far other mind,
Her lover now, no more her enemy,
The sword he quits, and close by her reclined,
On her fair person gazes tremblingly ;
Then thinking on the chance that thus designed
Fortune to thrust on him so temptingly.
How of this Lady he might have his will,
He thought at once his wishes to fulfill.

LIII.

And deeming he had all her senses locked
By magic art in slumber so profound,
Though then in ruin all the world were rocked
With the vast fabric of the Heaven around,
She'd still sleep on, none e'en by that be shocked
A closer place by that sweet girl he found,
Clasping her fast ; nor of the ring had heed.
Her brother's, which she wore in case of need.

LIV.

That ring which spell and sorcery disarmed,
Each wizard art, and fell enchantment broke,
Loud screamed the damsel, waking and alarmed,
And as her shriek Argalia too awoke,
From his pavilion forth he rushed unarmed,
Seeking the quarter whence his sister spoke,
There saw he her by Malagice embraced,
On whom he darts in rage and furious haste.

LV.

And having neither sword, nor lance, nor mace,
His hand to a heavy cudgel he applies,
Of which some lay as't chanced about the place ;
" Surely thou must be some mad beast" he cries
" Thou rascal coward of a brutal race ;
" Since hither thou art come in thief like guise
" To shame fair Damsels as they repose,
" Thou must perforce be punished with dry blows."

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LVI.

" Bind brother, quickly bind, this traitor wight,
" While fast I keep him ; (thus the Lady told
" Argalia) 'gainst this wizard not thy might,
" Without the ring, which on my hand I hold,
" Could e'er prevail ;" meanwhile the Christian Knight
Griev'd not a little that he'd been so bold ;
Argalia t'wards a giant runs whose sleep
Might death be called, not slumber, 'twas so deep.

LVII.

Him here and there, with might and main he shakes,
But in the sleeper still no feeling finds,
A loosened chain from off his staff he takes,
Back in malicious joy his way he winds,
Fast to his back the Christian's arms he makes,
His feet and briefly all his body binds,
To Malagige not much his art availed,
For over his Angelica's prevailed.

LVIII.

Soon as she saw the Knight securely bound,
Within his breast her hand the Damsel pass'd :
That book to ill devoted, there she found
With signs and symbols fill'd from first to last,
Scarce half had she turn'd o'er, when all around
The lately cloudless Heavens were o'ercast
And dreadful voices in her hearing yell
" What must we do, your wishes quickly tell."

LIX.

" Thus will I," said the dame," that ye convey
" This Christian to my father Galafron,
" And, when the caitiff at his feet ye lay,
" Say he from me was sent, by me was won ;
" And 'gainst these christened gentry from to day
" There needs not much more, as I think be done ;
" This one alone I feared, and now the best
" Is captive made, I little dread the rest."

LX.

Her order given, by this infernal crew
Was Malagige through middle air convey'd
Who when him bound before the King they throw,
Deep in a cavern 'neath the sea was laid.
Angelica now t'wards her giants drew,
Dispelled the charm, and each one conscious made
Astounded there they stood and all aghast
Like men who nothing wist of what had pass'd.

LXI.

While in this place thus matters take their bent,
In Paris city other feud befalls ;
Fain would Orlando seek Argalia's tent,
For burning passion all his being thralls,
O' the crowd of lovers none to this consent,
Each self esteemed, aloud for justice calls,
Nor force nor favor thus they tell the King,
Should e'er or shame, or wrong on others bring.

LXII.

The Roland were his nephew, and known brave
There were full many in Court as brave as he,
But Roland first the chance of death will have

Nor second can endure in aught to be ;
 Charlmagne who could nought else the order gave,
 At last, that chance the issue should decree,
 The written names of whoso sought t'engage,
 Should from an urn be chosen by a Page.

LXIII.

Who that fair love born quarrel to o'erlook
 Had as it happened near them ta'en his stand ;
 Another bore the urn which first he shook,
 Then closed above with firmly pressin' hand,
 From forth the urn the Page a paper took ;
 Astolfo, said the scroll, of Engeland ;
 Ferrau a great name the second lot supplied,
 Rinaldo next, with Dudon by his side.

LXIV.

The giant limbed Grandonio followed these,
 Him Berlinghier, and him Ottona stout ;
 His name as next the good old monarch sees,
 (Chance willed him not amid the laggard rout)
 And, lest my tale by too much telling tease,
 Before Orlando's thirty names came out ;
 By such mischance might rage not mirth be stirred
 Mid such a throug to be not even third.

LXV.

The Englishman Astolfo,* we are told,
 So fair in person was, so stout of limb,
 He not alone the foremost place might hold
 At home, but east or west were none like him ;
 More was his courtesy though much his gold ;
 He ever lov'd to prank in gallant trim,
 But somewhat easily from's seat he fell,
 His sole defect, as Turpin's records tell.

LXVI.

But to our tale : in arms he took the field,
 And sure at sumptuous price those arms were sold ;
 With massy pearls encrusted was his shield,
 His mail where seen seemed all of burnished gold ;
 A ruby on his helmet ally-steeled
 Made its rich cost amount to sums untold ;
 • Much larger as they have it was this stone,
 Than largest met that ever yet was grown.

LXVII.

Over his steed a trapping did he throw
 Of silk, with leopards all broidered fair,†
 And caused him lightly curvet to and fro,
 That all upon him did in marvel stare ;
 Thus to the amorous festal did he go,
 And reached the lists tho' somewhat late it were.
 • Then took his horn and loudly gave it breath
 Defying thus Argalia to the death.

* This name I am inclined to think is a corruption from the Latinized appellation of some Saxon noble attendant on the king of Mercia some Gastolfe, or Eswolf who after casually figuring in Turpin's chronicles as Astolphus has been celebrated by the romancers as the handsomest man of his day and a bad horseman. He is constantly introduced by Boiardo and despite his indifferent seat is despatched by Ariosto on the flying steed to the moon.

† Leopards and not lions, were anciently borne on the arms of England. Napoleon's affectation of not acknowledging our lions is well known, and immortalised in his direction to the Army of Portugal for "driving the Leopard into the sea."

LXVIII.

The youth who there stood waiting for the fight,
Comes cased in harness to the listed plain ;
Him with his arms Angelica bedight
Herself, herself, in stirrup hold and run ;
He and his steed in surcoats snowy white
Alikeyclad, fair semblance to maintain,
With shield on arm, and firm in hand that spear,
Which to the ground bears every Cavalier.

LIX.

Each to the compact once again agreed,
As with a mutual courtesy they met,
And the fair dame as well upon the mead ;
Then for career some way apart they get,
Each 'gainst the other rides with equal speed,
Under his shield ensconced and firmly set ;
But the English Duke, as in the shock they well
Lifted in air his legs, and headlong fell.

LXX.

And fortune cursed, right ill at ease in mind
For this his fall, and thus wise muttering said
" Ay let him look t' himself an he not find
" 'Twere just in the nick of time I was sped
" * Perchance e'en now I rode against the wind,
" Perchance by this besides I was beated ;"
Now blames his horse, now finds his selleamiss
Now grieves o'er that mischance, and now o'er this.

LXXI.

But while he thus complains is borne away
By those four giants to their master's tent ;
To gaze well on him when disarmed he lay
Close to Astolfo's side the damsel went,
And as her eye his fair fresh face survey
By sudden pity is her nature bent ;
Honor as due to lord in arms well known,
Kindness and courtesy to him are shown.

LXXII.

Unwatched, unfettered as he list the knight
Paced round the margin of the neighbouring spring,
While the fair Lady by the moon beams light
A stolen look would thither oftentimes fling ;
The youth as darker grew th' advancing night
She laid on couch of richest furnishing ;
Before the tent strict watch while he doth sleep
Herself, her brother and the giants keep.

LXXIII.

Scarce yet peered forth the newly risen morn
When bold Ferrau is seen in arms complete
Coming afar and winding loud his horn :
The sounds right soon Argalia's hearing greet ;
He clad in weeds, which well his shape adorn
Leaping on horse pricks forth his foe to meet,
His lance in hand, his good sword by his side,
His armour all by magic art supplied.

* Equal partition of the sun and wind was a necessary observance to ensure a fair joust. It is easy to conceive the difficulty of keeping a lance-head true to its aim when the jousting having only the narrow openings in his visor through which to look, and his sight further obstructed by the glare of sunshine full before him or still worse the wind blowing violently through his helmet bags in upon his eye balls. Any one who gallops against the wind may have practical proof of the disadvantage of course so run must have been to a Knight in harness.

LXXIV.

But for the heauteous and high mettled steed,
 Hight Rubicon, on which he rode to war,
 Of more than human parlance then was need
 To speak his praises truly as they are,
 Than blackest crow, he was more black indeed,
 Three fetlocks white, and on his front a star,
 So swift and strong of foot he left behind
 The air borne birds, and passed the very wind.

LXXV.

No horse I say than him could faster go,
 Not Byard even, no nor Brigliador ;*
 Yet seemed he to Ferrau by far more slow,
 Who in his breast such fiery passion bore ;
 He only thinking to dismount his foe
 Not much of courtly guise in's greeting wore
 To him did hours like years go ling'ring by
 And "hasten, hasten," ever was his cry.

LXXVI.

So win the precious prize with staff in rest
 'Gainst his opponent swiftly he career'd,
 But as the lances clashed on either breast
 Argalia firm as is a tower appear'd ;
 Down powerless to the ground was Ferrau keat
 Nor hap, what hap may could he have nprear'd
 His person thence, which so his heart did fire
 He lost his very wits for grief and ire :

LXXVII.

Oft for light cause is man to anger prone,
 When urged by love, by youth or temper's thrall ;
 As was Ferrau whose love no bounds could own,
 Still but a youth so fierce was he withall,
 That men would blench beneath his look alone ;
 As 'twas his wont for matters slight and small
 Borne off by rage the madman's part to play,
 As oftimes erst, so did he on that day :

LXXVIII.

For being in such shameful fashion foil'd
 Added yet further to his natural heat,
 And with some reason the hot blood upboi'd
 Of each young love struck youth at such defeat,
 And so the wheel of Ferrau's anger oil'd
 That he all madden'd leapt upon his feet ;
 Rage does so blind him that with sword in hand
 He on Argalia falls, and weilds his brand.

LXXIX.

Nor bonds, nor compacts in his thoughts abide,
 Nay more, he thinks he does but what is right ;
 "Madman stand back," aloud Argalia cried,
 "I with no prisoner can engage in fight !"
 "Fight or fight not, I fight," Ferrau replied,
 And traverse-cutting with remorseless might
 'Gainst the youth's legs, so shrew'd a blow he sped,
 That being nimble stood him in some stead.

LXXX.

This when they saw, to bring their Lord relief
 The giant yeomen straightway ran in haste,
 Argesto was his name, who seemed their chief ;

* Orlando's steed.

Lampardo next with larger stature graced ;
 Urgan, the third, who, as't was his belief
 He ran right well, before the others raced ;
 The fourth, huge man, as Twilon was address'd
 Full head and shoulders taller than the rest.

LXXXI.

Lampord with all his might a javelin threw,
 Which were he not from power of weapon free,
 Had surely traversed Ferrau through and through
 Nor would have help'd him much his valianty ;
 But never man did cat or leopard view,
 As skirting whirlwind on a troubled sea,
 Or levin bold from Heaven so quickly flash,
 As did Ferrau upon the giant dash.

LXXXII.

The tall man smote he on the dexter haunch
 And cut him through as though he were of dough,
 Right to the mid leg through both reins and paunch,
 Nor is't enough to strike this mighty blow,
 But on the rest he flies like lion staunch,
 And scores their hides with's faulchion as they go ;
 Retires Arga in shaming at the sight,
 Stands on one side, and views the passing fight.

LXXXIII.

A monstrous sound in air now Ferrau made,
 And earth some twenty feet beneath him left ;
 With heavy sweep so wielded he his blade
 Down to the teeth in twain was Urgan cleft
 But whilst with him embarrassed he delay'd,
 Argesto's mace with iron handed heft
 Struck the knight's head behind so dire a blow,
 As made from forth his mouth the life blood flow.

LXXXIV.

On this still fiercer than before grew he,
 And, for the other's caring not a whit,
 From crown to girdle parted equally
 The haughty giant to the earth he hit ;
 Then was the knight in fearful jeopardy,
 Turlon with joints in strength unmeasured knit
 Takes him behind, and clasps him tightly round,
 And struggles hard to cast him to the ground.

LXXXV.

Were it mere chance, or were't the Baron's might
 I cannot tell, yet got he clear away ;
 A sharp and clear edge his faulchion wields the knight
 An iron staff the giant's huge hands sway ;
 'Twixt them afresh was recommenced the fight,
 And both at once a mighty blow assay,
 Dealt with such force that either surely thought,
 He to his toe, some grievous harm had wrought,

LXXXVI.

No death outright there happen'd from these blows
 For that Turlon with stalwart force and rude
 Strikes the Knight's head, his helm in fragments strews
 And his armed front does all of fence deunle ;
 Down Ferrau's sword at that same instant goes,
 (A sound like whistling hurricane ensued)
 Across his mailclad limbs his faulchion flew,
 And cut them, like a reed at one blow through,

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LXXXVII.

Almost at once thus fell they on the mead,
One senseless as in death, and one half dead ;
Argalia quits in daring mood his steed,
And captive make Ferrau ere word was said ;
Who all amazed scarce thinks in very deed
He sees himself by Pagan champion led
Captive yon hostile pavilions within,
And still denies that he his prisoner bin.

LXXXVIII.

" If Charles the Emperor be pleased to make
" This compact with the Dane, what is't to me ?
" Can he constrain me lest his law I break !
" Like serf or thrall must I submissive be ?
" Here came I to do battle for love's sake,
" And make your sister mine by valianty ;
" Her will I have, or else away with life
" If my known daring fail not in the strife."

LXXXIX.

Astolfo, who till this was sleeping sound,
Rose at the noise, for he but late awoke ;
The giants yells, which all the meads around
Caused shake, and tremble, first his slumbers broke ;
When the two Lords at such dire feud he found
Twixt them he thrust himself, and gently spoke,
And much to calm them strove the cavalier
But not one word of peace would Ferrau hear.

XC.

" See'st not," Argalia asked, " say, see'st not now,
" Thon Baron bold, thy armour from thee ta'en ?
" Deem'st thou perchance thy helm still shades thy brow
" Lo ! there it lies in shivers on the plain ;
" But judge thyself decide, had'st rather thou
" Should'st here be prisoner made, or else be slain ?
" For if bare headed thou wilt needs contend,
" Not many strokes 'twill take the game to end."

XCI.

" Now giv'st thou me the heart," replied Ferrau,
" Sans helm, sans mail, sans shield to stand the brunt,
" And gain the day despite what thou can'st do,
" Thou cased in harness, I with unarm'd front :"
These love fired words the savage Baron threw
Out 'gainst his foe with fury past his wont,
For love in's breast had kindled such a flame,
Room it had none, and all restraint o'er came.

XCII.

Much raged Argalia then, who saw the knight
His warlike deeds so slightly esteems,
That thus unarmed he dares him to the fight,
And the rich prize his own already deems ;
His vaunting spirit carried to its height
(So pride and anger urge him to extremes)
" If such thy itch for strife, fair Sir," said he,
" 'Twill be well scratchen, an if thou trust to me."

XCIII.

"Come get thee on thy horse, and do thy best,
 "For as thou shalt deserve so will I treat thee;
 "Hope not for mercy though, when thus sans crest
 "I see thy head, when I to earth have beat thee;
 "In truth 'tis but thine own death thou dost quest,
 "And truly do I trust it here will meet thee;"
 "Defend thee—if thou can'st thy best deeds try,
 "Since by my hands, 'tis fated thou must die."

XCIV.

Lord laughed Ferrau, and long at that proud speech
 As at slight thing it cared him not to hear;
 Swift at a bound his warhorse does he reach;
 "Mark me," quoth he, "O valiant cavalier,
 "In very birth I'll do thee no impeach,
 "If thou will give me up thy sister here;
 "If thou dost not, let this my oath be heard
 "To Pluto's shades right soon thou'll be transferred."

XCV.

Here, all o'er come by anger's hot assault,
 At speech so arrogant and words so keen
 Maddened on a destrere * does Argalia vault;
 Haughty in tone and threatening in mein,
 (Though men to ken his words, were nigh at fault)
 * He drew the blade he bore, so sharp and sheen,
 That precious lance forgetting in his haste,
 Which 'gainst the pine tree trunk himself had plac'd.

XCVI.

Each raging thus 'gainst each with sword in hand
 They made their coursers hurtle breast to breast;
 Each was a Lord, whose name in arms might band
 With gallant champions high amidst the best;
 If for Mount Albans knight might Roland stand
 No vantage might be found on either crest;
 But of the warfare if you fain would learn,
 Hear on, and to this other Canto turn.

* Here as in various other places, I have employed obsolete terms (not I trust affectedly) with the intention of giving some little of the quaintness of the older style to my translation, while the words I introduced aided me in procuring a more faithful rendering of my author's meaning. To translate Berni is not in any case easy, but to debar oneself the use of old English in translating his old Italian would be to add a needless increase to the difficulty.

THE BEAUTY OF RAJMAHAL.

The ruins of Rajmahal have been so beautifully and pathetically described by a late East Indian poet that it would, perhaps, be thought quite presumptuous in me to attempt a delineation of them even in prose. While passing up the river in January last in progress to this station, I visited the celebrated palace of Jehangeer, now in a state of dilapidation, and threatening still further decay. The edifice is situated immediately on the banks of the river, and if one may judge from the fragments which have fallen into the water, it may be concluded that the building must have trespassed too much on the stream unless it be supposed, and which may, after all be nearer the truth, that the Ganges has, since the erection of the structure in question, encroached too far on the land. Be this as it may, the injudicious selection of a scite so close to the violent current of a rapid river like the Ganges is too obvious to escape attention, and it may, probably, be to this circumstance that the stupendous fabric alluded to, though constructed of approved materials, owes its speedy dilapidation, accelerated, no doubt, by the neglect it seems to have experienced for ages past. Well has the bard sung of these sublime time-consecrated ruins :

The weed is on the sable wall,
The wild-dogs howling in the hall,
The broken column's scattered by;
And hark ! the owl's dismal cry
Is driven through the lattice high ;—

From the remains, however, of the palace still standing, which would appear to have gathered strength and stability from age, and, in a manner, to defy its further ravages, some idea may be formed of the extent and splendour which must have distinguished this noble structure on its first erection.

It is impossible to say, at this distance of time, what was the precise object of the Emperor Jehangeer in building, what may not be unaptly called, a country residence so far from the immediate seat of his government. From all the inquiries I made on the spot, I could not obtain the slightest information calculated to clear up this point. What Rajmahal may have been under the reign of the earlier emperors of Hindoostan it is equally difficult to say ; but if it was ever famed for population, trade, and importance, it has long dwindled into comparative insignificance and obscurity ; and at this day presents the aspect of an inconsiderable village remarkable only for the peculiarity of its soil and the production of its pottery.

Not long after the completion of the palace at Rajmahal, the emperor Jehangeer, surrounded by his ministers and courtiers,

was seated, at rather an unusually early hour, one morning in an apartment, which overlooked the Ganges, enjoying the fresh breeze which had sprung up, after a very sultry night, and gazing at the beautiful prospect spread before him. The emperor occasionally condescended to take a part in the conversation, which he permitted to the courtiers to engage in; when on turning to the left, his attention was attracted by a figure in the water; it was that of a young woman, who had come to the sacred stream, to perform her accustomed daily ablution, and who had just risen from a plunge beneath its waves, when it was her misfortune to be observed by the emperor, who, though himself, in no way directly concerned in the calamity, which befell her afterwards, was yet, in some measure the innocent cause of it. As the time of bathing was before sunrise, she did not expect the inmates of the palace who were in general lazily inclined, to be stirring at so early an hour, and, under this delusion, had turned towards it, to avoid the rude stare of the unmannerly crew of a native boat moored in the vicinity of the palace, little thinking that, in doing so, she was equally exposing herself to the observation of others not more considerate. Her age could not have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years, and she had a face and a form as much calculated to excite the admiration of man, as the envy of her own sex. She was called, THE BEAUTY OF RAJMAHAL, and many were the hearts, which had sighed for her, and many the suitors, who had solicited her hand; but after a great deal of jealousy, bickering, and heart burning, the prize was carried off by the wealthiest suitor. Her stature was a little under the ordinary size, and her whole appearance, exceedingly attractive; indeed enchanting. At any rate so she seemed in the eyes of the emperor, who had no sooner beheld her, than he became silent and wrapped in admiration of her beauty. The courtiers, who frequently addressed their remarks to his majesty, without receiving an answer, were at first perplexed to account for his thoughtfulness, and stared at each other with surprise and concern; but their wonder ceased, when Jehangeer, recovering from his momentary abstraction, significantly pointed at the object, which had so intensely rivetted his attention. A loud and simultaneous burst of applause instantly followed the discovery, and, reaching the ears of the lovely bather, made her start and look up, when to her shame and confusion, she became aware of her exposed situation. Quickly flinging one end of her *saree*,* which she occupied in washing, over her shoulders, she ran trembling to her house, with her long black shining hair streaming on her back; but it in vain she tried to escape from her fate, for she

* A piece of cloth commonly worn by the women in Bengal wrapped round the body.

had become the gaze of libertine eyes, and the jest of lascivious tongues, and was accordingly marked for a prey. One of the *Scots*, who had rendered himself notorious by his profligacies, secretly resolved to pursue the unfortunate girl, whoever she might be, and whatever trouble and expense it might cost him, to attain the accomplishment of his wishes in the possession of his object.

Luchmee, for such was her name, was a young married Hindoo woman of the *Kyut* caste. She had been separated from her husband for some years. He had left her with her father and travelled from country to country with merchandize, and was now at Delhi. His return, after so long an absence, was expected shortly, but it had been protracted beyond the time fixed for it by circumstances not known to his family.

Gunga Singh, for such was the name of Luchmee's husband, had sold his goods to great advantage, and, having collected his profits, had resolved upon returning to Rajmahal; but his departure was delayed by the near approach of the *Hoolee*. It would, as a matter of course have been more agreeable to his feelings and have afforded him greater satisfaction to have celebrated this festival with his family, relatives, and connections in his own native village; but fate ordained it otherwise, as it was impossible he could reach Rajmahal in time for that purpose, even with all the expedition he could make, and he, therefore, wisely determined to remain at Delhi till its termination.

Gunga Singh was but a few years older than Luchmee, and, in addition to a large property he had possessed the advantages of a pleasing person and a cultivated understanding, which rendered him a suitable match for the attractive Luchmee. But to the personal recommendation in his favor, he was little indebted for the success of his suit: nor was his good fortune to be attributed to any partiality for him on Luchmee's part, who, even if she were of age to choose for herself, would not have been permitted to consult her feelings in one of the most momentous concerns of life. In a country where the customs and prejudices of society have left these matters to the direction of parents, women are precluded from the exercise of the privilege claimed by men in regard to the formation of matrimonial engagements. It was his money, therefore, that secured to Gunga Singh the BEAUTY OF RAJMAHAL.

Gunga Singh and Luchmee, unlike the generality of husbands and wives in India, who are seldom, if ever, united to each other from reciprocity of affection, were passionately attached to each other. In a country, where connections of this nature are made by parents for their children at an age when the latter are totally

incapable of comprehending their nature and value, mutual tenderness rarely springs up between the parties contracted when they arrive at years of maturity; they are taught to regard the connection as one of common obligation due to society; and hence it is no wonder, that they view each other with no other feelings than those arising from a cold sense of duty. But it was not so with Gunga Singh and Luchmee. Although they were married at an early age, yet as they advanced in years, their hearts began to be warmed more and more by the pure fire of a holy attachment, that took possession of their bosoms. It was with considerable reluctance, therefore, that Luchmee consented to Gunga's arrangements to visit different countries for purposes of traffic.

Absence, the test of true affection, instead of weakening, tended only to strengthen Gunga's and Luchmee's regard for one another, and the further Gunga receded from that home, which contained the treasure of his heart, and for which alone he now valued life, the warmer his bosom glowed with passion for her, to whom he had vowed eternal faith and constancy. How strong, yet how sweet, is the influence which love, unalloyed with any baser feelings, exerts over the mind; how deep, how powerful and permanent the interest it excites. The young and the old, the savage and the civilized alike feel and own its potency, and can it be otherwise, since the peace, the welfare, and the happiness of human race appears in a manner, to be involved in its appreciation; and yet there is hardly another passion, except it be that of ambition, which has been so productive of evil in the world; for while it brings comfort and felicity to some, it occasions disappointment and misery to others. Love is a passion, which, in short, claims domination from one extremity of the earth to the other, and whether frozen by the frost of winter, or scorched by the warmth of summer, its efficacy is equally felt in the human heart.

Ameer Khan, from his principles and habits, was not a man, who scrupled about the employment of means for the attainment of an object, which he had once determined to accomplish, and to be deterred by obstacles, which opposed themselves to its pursuit. Possessing wealth and influence to an unbounded extent, he thought no difficulties too great, which either the one or other could not conquer, and entertaining these feelings, it is not to be wondered at that he never dreamed that, even with these omnipotent means at command, failure was possible in undertakings of a questionable character. Hitherto he had found the magic of riches irresistible, for its charms are in most cases exercised on minds weak and unstable, enervated by luxury and unpermeated by virtue. Until now, Ameer Khan had

lived intirely at Delhi, the fertile mart for debauchery, and though he had hardly passed the middle stage of life, yet, even at this balcyon period of human existence, he was become hoary in vice and infamy. The effeminacy and dissipation of an eastern court had tended much to loosen the restraints, which a good education bestowed by parental care and solicitude had originally placed on a naturally feeble understanding and vicious disposition. As the acknowledged and chosen leader of a gang of profligate youth, who had set up pleasure as the idol of their worship, and bowed to its image as to the deity of their devotions, he plunged headlong in the whirl of dissipation and vice, and unrestrained by any sense of propriety and rectitude, indulged to excess in every species of revelry, which promised the gratification of his passions. Woman was the professed object of his admiration, and wine the only cheerer of his spirits. He followed the former, as the 'shadow the substance,' and participated in the latter to excess, as the only enlivener of the faculties, and the only drowner of cares. He courted the smiles of beauty as his chief happiness, and sought to win her affections as the only compensation for the ills of life. With the reputation he had earned, the means he had at command, the power he possessed, and the artifices he was capable of employing to the injury of female virtue and innocence, he seldom, if ever, failed in the accomplishment of his object and in ruining the female on whom he had once fixed his eye. The heart, that cunning and address could not subdue, was sure to be corrupted by pelf, which he liberally distributed among those instruments of his profligacy, whose appointed office it was to taint the bosom of her, who was marked out as the victim of lust, and to tempt and decoy her to her destruction. But little difficulty could, indeed, be experienced in obtaining the gratification of his unlimited desires in a community, where youth and beauty, set themselves up for traffic. How powerful and fascinating is beauty when associated with modesty and purity ! How strong and permanent is the interest it excites in the breast of a man by the contemplation of its charms ; but strip it of these graces, and it ceases to possess its best attractions, and accordingly sinks into insipidity. The facility and success, which had hitherto attended Ameer Khan in the career of pleasure at Delhi, and the ease with which women had yielded themselves up to his gratification, had by no means prepared him for resistance and disappointment in his intentions and designs upon the simple and uncultivated mind of the BEAUTY OF RAJMAHAL.

At first recourse was had to the usual means of corrupting Luchmee by every insidious artifice, which Ameer Khan knew full well how to employ to his advantage. Emissaries practised

in their profession, and perfect adepts in their art, were engaged with a view to seduce Luchmee from her fidelity to her husband, with liberal promises, that their services would receive the reward due to them in the event of success. In order to stimulate their zeal in the undertaking in question, they were dismissed for the present with a rich guerdon, as an earnest of what they might expect hereafter : but the difficulty experienced almost in the very outset of the business nearly paralyzed their efforts, and made them give up the game in despair. Ameer Khan, who had hitherto triumphed over every female, and thought none unsusceptible of impression, was not prepared for the repulse his overtures had met with, and, instead of admiring the simple untutored village girl, whose conquest he had calculated as an easy achievement, for their modest virtues, and the indignant scorn with which she treated his advances, was quite exasperated by her rejection of his base proposals. The failure of his projects to corrupt and ruin Luchmee, maddened him with disappointment, so that he would, in all probability, have been driven to the *dernier resort* of baffled villainy, that of using actual force as the only chance, which promised the full realization of his hopes and wishes, and as the certain means of revenging himself on his victim's headstrong stubbornness, as well as of compelling submission to his vile and lawless desires ; but he was fortunately dissuaded, at least for the present, and until all other methods were tried and failed, from its adoption by the remonstrances and entreaties of his tools, who represented to him the futility and danger of employing open violence, and the utter hopelessness of success in such a case ; but which patience, combined with prudence and caution, might secure in the end. It was justly observed, that such a procedure would alarm the timid creature, who, if any reason were afforded her to entertain the least suspicion of meditated violence, would either seek shelter from it in flight, or, what was equally certain, appeal to the emperor for protection and safety ; but if he would be guided by common sense and reason, he must have patience. Time and perseverance would effect what precipitation and force would only defeat. The dread of the emperor's displeasure, rather than the miscarriage of plan after plan, tended in some degree, to moderate passion and repress violence. As to the other alternative he seemed to make light of it, for well was he assured, that flight would afford her no refuge from his pursuit, for where would she escape, that he could not follow her, or where hide herself, that he could not seek her out. Ameer Khan's agents were not wrong in saying, that had he proceeded, as he had threatened, to the open employment of force, he would have thwarted his own views, for it would have only alarmed Luchmee, who, as apprehended,

would have instantly sought shelter in flight ; but as to applying to the emperor for protection it was an alternative, which she would, perhaps, have never thought of. Even were she advised to do so, she would most likely have wanted sufficient resolution and courage to overcome the natural timidity of her sex, and appear in a public court to prefer her complaint.

As Ameer Khan was one night absorbed in deep cogitation, revolving in his dark mind a variety of schemes for conquering the reluctance of the stubborn Luchmee, and to persuade her to yield herself to his desires, he was summoned by a messenger to attend the emperor immediately. He internally cursed both the messenger and his royal master for intruding on his privacy and disturbing his quiet ; but, as the mandate was peremptory and its disregard attended with peril to his head, he hastened to wait on the emperor, whom he found closeted with two or three other Emirs. They were all disguised in various ways, and on Ameer Khan's appearance, he, too, was ordered to do the like. It now wanted but a week to the commencement of the *Hoolee*, and it was to take a nocturnal excursion into the village that Jehangheer and the Emirs, disguised as stated, sallied out from a private door of the palace, without communicating their intentions to any one else. The night, though pretty far advanced, was beautifully clear and bright, for the moon had risen, and by the broad blaze of light irradiated the face of nature, and made the prospect around smile with joy and gladness. Often did Jehangheer stop and gaze at the lovely scenery with deep admiration. Hitherto he had seen little or nothing of the pure and holy charms with which creation glows in the silence and solitude of the woods, for he had until now shut himself up almost entirely in the metropolis of his dominions, engaged in the administration of state affairs, and was, in consequence, a comparative stranger to the enchantments of rural scenery. It is true that the same sun shone on the splendid structures and extensive plains of Delhi, as on the dreary wild ; it is true that the same moon and stars shed their silver radiance on the lofty turrets, the tall minarets, and hanging gardens of Shahjehanabad, as gilded the tops of the trees and the summits of the mountains in the country ; but the charm of simplicity, and the purity and holiness of nature were wanting to render the former scene equally interesting. There is, indeed, something in nature's very wildness calculated to chain the attention and captivate the feelings beyond all the studied perfection and luxuriance of art, Jehangheer was aroused from a kind of pleasing trance by the rich melody of a sweet and tender voice that rose in full swell on the sweeping breeze,

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and filled it with harmony. It was a song commemorative of the approaching festivities sung by a single voice, but joined by others in the chorus. Attracted by the sound, Jehangheer proceeded towards the direction whence it issued, and after a short walk, found a number of females assembled in an open spot amusing themselves with song and dance.

‘By my head,’ observed the emperor, as he discovered and recognized Luchmee among the group, ‘yonder is the wench we saw the other morning bathing in the Ganges. How beautiful and lovely she looks! who would have expected to meet with so fair a creature in so solitary a place.’

The speech was addressed to Ameer Khan, whose keen eye had already distinguished and singled Luchmee out from her less attractive companions; but he had kept his discovery to himself, as for obvious reasons, he did not wish it to be thought that he was at all interested about her, and affecting to have but just noticed her, replied in the affirmative to his majesty’s observation, joining in the enthusiastic praises which Jehangheer bestowed on the rustic beauty, he added unwittingly thrown off his guard, ‘I doubt whether Delhi, with all its boast, can match such loveliness.’

‘Ameer Khan’s taste in these matters is unquestionable,’ remarked Wuzier Ali archly. ‘He is a perfect connoisseur in them. Did we not know that he possesses a Haram crowded to excess with beauties collected from all parts of the country, and famed for the lustre of their charms, I should suspect, from the warm encomiums he has bestowed on the rustic nymph yonder, that he was desirous of adding her also to the number which already graces his *Zenana*. But he had better be advised and take care how he excites their jealousy. No true *Mussulmanee* will forgive the undue preference shown to a Hindoo woman. Heaven defend me from female vengeance.’

‘Indeed,’ exclaimed the emperor with some surprise, ‘then report speaks the truth and does not belie Ameer Khan. I had heard of his extreme partiality for the fair sex even to the injury of his health and reputation; but I did not give any credit to these rumours which I suspected were fabricated by envy, and promulgated by malice: but since Wuzier has confirmed them I must believe their accuracy.’

The fact is that, though Wuzier had spoken rather to banter Ameer Khan, then to create any prejudice against him, yet he had said nothing but what was strictly correct, and even notorious. He was too well acquainted with Ameer Khan’s character, and knew more of his proceedings than he was perhaps aware of, or would like to be informed. He was, however, totally ignorant

of Ameer Khan's designs upon Luchmee, for that crafty nobleman had, as yet, carried on his plans with such secrecy and caution, that none but those, who were immediately concerned in their execution, seemed to have any knowledge of them. But had Wuzier been acquainted with them, he would scarcely have troubled his head about them as matters in which he felt no interest.

After witnessing these rural recreations, the emperor went the round of the village, and at a late hour returned to the palace through the same private passage, by which they had ventured out, dismissing the Emirs for the present with injunctions to be in attendance on the following morning. Ameer Khan too retired to his house and threw himself on his couch, but, not to repose. The sight of Luchmee had raised a fresh tumult in his soul, and again awakened the demon in his bosom. He had seen her happy, smiling, and laughing, and participating in the jocund recreations of this delightful season with a lightness of heart and spirit, that communicated a glowing flush to her beauty, rendering it more than commonly enchanting. After forming a variety of schemes in his mind, and abandoning them all as impracticable, he determined to try what bribery and corruption could effect for him with her parents.

How potent is gold. If in ordinary cases human probity is seldom found proof against its pernicious influence, how powerful must its effect be on avarice and indigence. When once the love of money is begun to be cherished, and its potency allowed to be exercised over a weak mind, how apt is it to pervert the heart and corrupt the morals; and when the heart is perverted how easily are the ties of humanity spurned and broken asunder. Even the claim of kindred is despised and contemned. For self, man will hate man, scorn each other's rights and trample upon each other's privileges; brother will contend against brother; the father strip his son of his patrimony, and the son usurp the possessions of his father; the mother barter the virtue of her daughter, and the daughter bring shame and dishonor on her parent, without regret, and without remorse. As is not uncommon in India, Luchmee's father, though far from being in narrow circumstances, yet greedily covetous of riches, was ill-capable of resisting the allurements of wealth, and, in consequence, Ameer Khan, when he summoned Sudda Sookh in the morning, found little or no difficulty in conquering his scruples and winning him over to his object. But the same facility was not experienced in conquering the reluctance of the daughter with which parental jealousy was soothed and parental solitude lulled asleep. Luchmee would listen to

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no proposition of a disgraceful nature. Solicitations and entreaties were employed in vain; promises of favor and reward were despised, scorned, and rejected; prospects of wealth and splendour alike spurned; and threats of terror and revenge equally failed in shaking her firmness and exacting submission.

Fearful of the consequences of his daughter's perverseness, which he justly dreaded would drive Ameer Khan to desperation, and the commission of some act of violence, Sudda Sookh endeavoured to feed him with false hopes and delusive promises. In order to gain time to make further attempts on Luchmee and gradually to gain her over to his object, he represented the absolute necessity of a little patience and forbearance, and with some difficulty obtained a short reprieve. In the evening, Sudda Sookh, however, returned, and informed Ameer Khan that he apprehended the failure of his project, unless something could be done to prevent it. He said that he had received, in the course of the day, intelligence from some travellers who had arrived from Delhi, that his son-in-law Gunga Singh was expected to leave that city soon after the holidays, and that, unless his detention could be secured, his return would defeat all their schemes. Ameer Khan smiled at Sudda Sookh's fears, and desired him to make himself easy on that score, as he had already taken measures to the effect recommended. In truth the cunning Emir, sharing in the old man's apprehensions, had anticipated his advice, and written to a friend at Shahjehanabad, soliciting his aid in the affair, and requesting him to adopt the necessary steps for preventing Gunga Singh's quitting Delhi, until the accomplishment of his views at Rajmahal.

'My Lord,' said Sudda Sookh, alarmed by Ameer Khan's tone and manner, 'touch not Gunga's life, I beseech you, or Luchmee will be lost to you and me for ever; for the instant she hears of Gunga's death, she will either kill herself with grief, or declare herself a Suttee, for her life is wound up in that of her husband; and not all my entreaties, supplications, and tears will be able to dissuade her from her fatal resolution of mounting the funeral pile.'

Ameer Khan assured Sudda Sookh of his having misunderstood him, and that he meditated no harm against Gunga, but he only deceived the poor old man, for his instructions were to his agent of too plain a purport to be mistaken by him. Satisfied with this solemn assurance, Sudda Sookh returned home, and made another fruitless attempt to overcome his daughter's obstinacy. As before, Luchmee remained immovable in her purpose, and persisted in rejecting the splendid offers of her admirer, as only calculated to sink her into shame and degrada-

tion. It was with feelings of agony and grief that she regarded her father's strange conduct to ruin his own offspring from a love of filthy lucre. On her sensitive mind it inflicted a deep wound; the more particularly as he had hitherto treated her with a tenderness and solicitude, which she could never forget. 'How was he now changed! Was it possible that he, whose duty it was to guard her from error, and correct her waywardness, should himself woo her to shame and ignominy. Was it possible for a parent to lead his own child to dishonor and disgrace, instead of watching over her conduct with jealousy, warning her of the danger, and snatching her from the impending destruction? How could he, whose duty and affection should alike protect her in the hour of temptation, and guide her footsteps into safety and rectitude, deliberately intice her into the very snare which he ought to teach her to shun, as fraught with evil. It was the duty of a parent to protect the honor and virtue of his child, instead of finding it his interest to speculate with them for his advantage. What could be her father's motive for acting in so singular a manner, thought Luchmee, without being able to solve the question. Was it love of wealth that had so suddenly changed and blinded him to his own shame and disgrace? Was it love of pelf that had overcome his better feelings and induced him to barter the peace and happiness of his daughter, or was it madness? It was not poverty that could be pleaded in extenuation of his conduct, for, though he was not rich, he lived in comfort and happiness and was placed above want and penury. Even if he were poor, he could not urge that plea in justification of his seeking his daughter's ruin, since Gunga Singh, if he was not over 'rich in this world's goods,' possessed a sufficiency to supply all his need and make his old age peaceful and happy. Luchmee flew to her mother, and from her maternal tenderness and regard, expected sympathy and consolation; but how was she disappointed, how was she agonized to find that mother callous to her misery and loading her with reproaches for her obstinacy and squeamishness. Her mother's harshness cut her feelings to the quick, and she would, under other circumstances, have probably burst into tears and found relief from her anguish in weeping; but the occasion demanded firmness and resolution of purpose as her only safeguard in her present difficulty. Faith, constancy, and affection she had plighted to her husband, who, though absent, was still dear to her, and had the same claim on her fidelity, which a faithful wife owes her lord whether present or absent; whom she regarded not with the caprice common to her countrywomen, but with the fervor of a heart which idolized the object of its tender consideration; which was single in its affections, and true

in its devotion to that object. Never had she more cause to regret Gunga's absence than now, as it exposed her as a mark for libertinism and profligacy to shoot at, and to risks which cunning, artifice, and violence might employ for her destruction; and she dreaded to think that accident might prolong his return to her. One resource was still open to her, and of that she determined to avail herself in the event of things coming to the worst: that resource was flight, and to it she resolved to trust for safety from persecution.

The month of *Faulgun* at length arrived and brought with it joy and felicity to every bosom. Preparations had been making for some time for the celebration of this festival observed in honor of the birth of the Hindoo deity Krishna. Mirth and jollity therefore pervaded every rank of society, and were the inmates of every house, whether of the rich or poor, the great or the small. The joyful season was hailed with delight by every one as a period of unusual rejoicing and festivity. The *Hoolee* had never before been celebrated with such pomp and magnificence at Rajmahal, as this year, in consequence of the presence of the emperor and his numerous retinue. The scene of comparative quiet and tranquillity, which had before characterized Rajmahal, was now changed into one of bustle, singing, dancing, and merriment. In the palace, the *Hoolee* was observed on a style of grandeur that surprised the simple villagers, who had been accustomed to play it on a scale suited to their meanest circumstances.

According to established custom such of the Emirs, and other people of rank, who had accompanied Jehangeer, waited at the palace on the first morning of the festival with the customary *nuzzurs*. The Court-yard was crowded with equipages, and armed attendants whose faces and clothes were stained with a red powder and liquid. They either amused themselves with a relation of the mirthful feats of the jolly god, in honor of whom this festival has been instituted and is annually celebrated, or engaged in conversation about other matters. Their hearts seemed to be enlivened with joy, as they revelled to excess in all the hilarities of the season. The durbar, as stated, was already filled with visitors, whose crimson dresses plainly indicated that they had participated in the mirth and pleasures of the season; some were standing idle and looking at others; some admiring the splendour of the noble structure, and praising the planner and builder of it up to the skies, as unrivalled in taste and skill; some talking and others listening; but all anxiously looking out for the emperor. At last the unfolding of a pair of gilded doors announced the approach of the emperor, preceded by rows of

Chobedars and *Assauburdars*, or silver stick bearers, and followed by his ministers and courtiers. Every eye was instantly turned in this direction; the hum and buz of conversation died away, and perfect silence succeeded to them. Jehangeer was dressed in white; but his garments exhibited evident marks of the *Hoollee* stuff. Having taken his seat on the *musnud*, those, who from their rank and station, were permitted to approach his majesty, presented their *nuzzurs* and retired to their respective places. These preliminaries being over, nautches and other diversions were introduced in rotation for the entertainment of the visitors. All reserve on so important an occasion being banished, handfuls of red powder were scattered on each other, with streams of crimson liquid spurted from silver syringes. Dancing was continued to a late hour with considerable spirit and animation; and, when the 'evening shades began to prevail,' the palace was illuminated with innumerable lights burning in golden lamps fed with perfumed oil. The rejoicings, which had temporarily ceased, were renewed with increased energy and liveliness, and the magnificent structure resounded with the cheerful sounds of harmony and conviviality. The village of Rajmahal, small as it was, exhibited a most animating scene for three successive days; its streets and lanes were crowded with groups of people dancing, singing, and scattering clouds of red powder and showers of liquid of the same colour at one another to express their joy and felicity. Men, women, and children, without distinction, were promiscuously engaged in the same merry occupation; so that mirth and gladness were observable in every countenance, and cheered every bosom. But if there was one being who did not participate in these festivities, that being was Luchmee; if there was one countenance, which did not exhibit the same marks of mirth and pleasure, it was that of the unfortunate Luchmee; if there was one bosom, which did not swell with the tide of joy, which filled, those of others it was that of the unhappy

BEAUTY OF RAJMAHAL. It was not so much on account of her husband's absence that she felt heavy and sick at heart, for she had for some years spent these holidays without him, assured wherever he might be of his safety and welfare, as for the persecution she had suffered for some time; she therefore, felt little inclined to participate in these festivities and would have been glad to escape from them could she have resisted the importunities of her relatives and friends to join them in the celebration of the *Hoollee* and share with them in its hilarities; but she joined them with such reluctance and lifelessness that they more than once playfully chid her for casting a damper on their amusements by her melancholy. Did they, however,

but know what passed in Luchmee's mind ; did they but know of the sadness which weighed on her heart, and feel for her misery, they would have pitied her situation, and tried to do all in their power to assuage her sorrows, by affording her that comfort and consolation, of which she stood in so much need. The *Hoolee* being at length over, the village of Rajmahal resumed its wonted serenity, and man and beast returned to their usual labours and occupations, determined to retrieve the time lost by renewed exertion and vigour.

It will be remembered that Ameer Khan had written to a friend at Delhi regarding Gunga Singh, who only waited the termination of the *Hoolee* to quit that place and return to his family at Rajmahal. Ameer Khan, like a crafty politician, did not think, it prudent, as has been observed, to communicate his real intentions respecting that unhappy young man to his father-in-law Sudda Sookh, whom he had endeavored to amuse with a different tale. His instructions to his friend were however, too plain and direct for his object to be mistaken ; but, to prevent suspicion and inquiry, enjoined the strictest caution and secrecy in the adoption of the necessary measures for effecting his purpose. In short, he was desired not to appear to have a direct hand in the business ; but to employ the agency of another in its execution. No one appeared in the opinion of Ameer Khan's friend more suited to the work than a certain courtesan of Shahjehanabad. Goolnaree, for that was her name. She was distinguished in the annals of fame, not only for the possession of extraordinary beauty of face and elegance of figure, but for those peculiar blandishments of address and manner, which are capable of fascinating the coldest heart. Who, indeed, that had once looked at Goolnaree, could behold her charms unmoved ; who, that had once, heard her speak, could help hanging with ecstatic rapture on the honied accents of her tongue ; who, that had once heard the music of her voice, when raised in song, could help melting into transports and lingering on the last note of its expiring harmonies with fond delight, or seen the graceful movements of her sylphic form in the aerial evolutions of the dance, would not be thrilled with admiration ; who, in a word, that had been once enslaved by the magic of her charms, could break the chain rivetted round the enthralled heart, except the wise and virtuous, who can despise the power of beauty, and scorn its witcheries. Goolnaree was still in the bloom of life and glowed with charms unrivalled in all Delhi. She was one of those dangerous syrens, who spread their snares not only to delude and ruin the young and inexperienced of the hardier sex, but also to ensnare those of her own for purposes of gain.

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Having received the necessary instructions from Ameer Khan's friend relative to her part of the business, and made the necessary inquiry respecting Gunga Singh's residence, with other particulars, to enable her to recognize him, she set about devising and maturing a plan for carrying the object of her employer into immediate execution, that she might claim the promised reward of her services. The bird had, however, nearly taken wing and flown away, as she understood that Gunga Singh was on the point of quitting Shahjehanabad and returning to his native village. He had engaged a comfortable boat, and had already removed all his baggage into it, expecting to set off the following morning. When Goolnaree received this information she was mad with vexation and disappointment, and almost gave up the game in despair; but a sudden thought struck her mind, and cheered her with hope, so that she even rejoiced that things had proceeded so far.

As intended, Gunga went on board in the afternoon, proposing to start with the early dawn. He would have set out that very day; but was detained in consequence of a debt due to him from a person, who had pledged his word to liquidate it in the evening. About dusk, therefore, Gunga returned with the money, and having lodged it in a secure place, brought forth his books to adjust the account, and examine some others to ascertain their correctness. In this occupation, several hours were consumed, of which he appeared to be hardly conscious. The crew of the boat had long gone to sleep, and Gunga too now prepared to retire; but he had just laid his head on the pillow, when a cry of distress startled him. For a while, he listened in silence in the hope of its ceasing, but as the wailing not only continued but increased in bitterness accompanied at intervals with deep sobs and heavy sighs, he rose from his bed and endeavoured to wake some of the crew with the view of inquiring into the cause of this unusual occurrence: they, however, one and all slept so soundly that Gunga found it impossible to rouse the lazy fellows from their death-like slumbers. He wondered at their lethargy, and well might he, since not even the crash of a thunderbolt would have disturbed their deadly rest, produced as it was by the administration of some deleterious drug. Gunga again listened, and again the same cry burst upon his ears after a momentary pause. Who could it be, and what could be the cause of the individual's distress, were questions which naturally suggested themselves to him. 'Ha!' he exclaimed! 'it is the cry of a woman and shall I be so unmanly as to allow her to perish without succour; perhaps to be robbed and murdered.' The reflection was painful in the extreme to the generous hearted young man; without further deliberation therefore he leaped from the boat,

and proceeded, with rapid strides, in the direction whence the sounds seemed to issue. He had not gone far, when he was intercepted by a projection of the bank, which with some difficulty he passed, and immediately discovered the object of his search in the person of a female seated on a large stone, weeping most bitterly. The moment she saw Gunga she buried her face in her hands and wept louder and louder, without addressing him a single word. The night was as bright and serene, as the concentrated splendour of a full moon and the stars in her train could make it. The clear water of the Jumna bubbling in gentle ripples beneath the beams of light, which fell in streams of gold on its surface; and even the banks, catching these radiations of living splendour, became transformed as it were by some process of magic, into a sheet of silver. The female in question was naked to the waist; her long black glossy hair, glistening in the lunar rays, slept peacefully on her shoulders; her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bangles, and her whole appearance was touchingly interesting. Gunga stood transfixed with admiration and astonishment, unable to account for the singular phenomena before him. Who she was and what brought her there, passed his conjecture, yet he could not be mistaken that she was in distress. He was about to speak to her when, whether it was delusion of his imagination, or the influence of fear, which deceived his perception it is not easy to say, but he thought he saw her feet turned inwards. 'Hah,' exclaimed he in a tremulous voice, and quaking with terror, as a strange suspicion burst upon his mind, 'it is a water-demon,* and I am lost for ever.' Whether the poor creature was really a water-fiend, or not, she was at least mistaken for one by Gunga. But he had an excuse for a delusion so common among his superstitious countrymen. Indeed the singular situation, in which he discovered her, the late hour of the night, at which he found her in it, the distress in which she appeared to be plunged, and above all the bewitching loveliness of her countenance, which she had raised on Gunga's approach, combining as these particulars did with the description of a water-demon, tended in no small degree to excite his suspicion of her real character, and create terror in his mind. Yet she looked so enchanting, so divinely radiant, that Gunga, in spite of the dread which

* The belief in the existence of these beings called *Sackshinness* in the lower, and *Choorack* in the Upper Provinces, is very prevalent among the superstitious Hindoos. These water-demons are represented in the form of handsome young women, having their feet turned inwards and existing in water. They are said to be frequently seen seated on the banks of rivers and tanks, scantily attired, with their hair dangling loose, and weeping bitterly to entice the unwary. When within reach, they suddenly spring upon their prey, grasp it in their arms, and plunge into the stream with it. A young woman, dying under the visitation of a demon, is stated to be converted into a water-fiend, if her husband be living, but not otherwise. These fabulous creatures, seem to bear some resemblance to the water-nymphs of Roman and Grecian mythology, with this difference, that the latter were innocent and harmless creations, while the former are described as exceedingly mischievous.

had taken possession of his faculties, could not for the world turn away from her and fly from the danger, which threatened his life, so irresistibly was he spell-bound by the charms of the syren. At no time, and under no circumstances does a young and lovely woman appear so interesting and captivating as in the silence and solitude of midnight, when all nature is sunk in profound repose and tranquility. There was a touching sweetness, a soft and alluring beauty in the water-fiend, as Gunga, under the excitement of his feelings, mistook her for, that rendered her loveliness so irresistibly enchanting as to bewilder his senses.

Observing Gunga's confusion, the stranger rose, and gazed timidly at his face. Recovering from his perplexity, he was now ravished with admiration of her charms. How beautiful she looked in her statue-like attitude ! She blushed, as she remarked Gunga's eyes fixed on her naked bosom, and hanging down her head, she tremblingly flung one end of her garment over her shoulders. That blush completed her victory, and Gunga, for that moment, forgot even Luchmee in the fairy form before him, radiant with light of her own creating, and glittering with charms that would have infused life and health into the cold ribs of death. ' Beautiful fiend,' said Gunga to himself, ' hast thou put on this lovely guise only the more easily to allure and destroy. Oh why dost thou not assume, thy own natural form, as a warning to shun the danger.' The current of his thoughts was now interrupted, as their eyes met at the same moment ; and as the lightning of the water-demon's orbs shot into his heart, over-powered by the enthusiasm of his feelings, he would have fallen at her feet and worshipped her as a divinity, rather than as the fiend his terror had represented her ; but again the same delusion made him imagine her feet were turned backwards as he glanced on them, and to add to his rising horror, the water-fiend caught his hand—how icy chill was the touch, his fears returned with increased power and his frame shook convulsively with a cold shudder. He believed the demon was about to grasp him in her arms and plunge into the river with her prey. He would have screamed and shouted for help ; but in the terror and agony of his mind, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, his lips were glued and utterance was denied him. But fortunately the illusion passed away, as instead of throwing herself into the Jumna, the supposed water-fiend moved in an opposite direction, and gently urged Gunga to follow her. The soft dulcet tone of her voice calmed his apprehensions and soothed his anguish. When they had gained the upper bank, the stranger again addressed Gunga if possible in still sweeter accents.

‘Come with me,’ said she, ‘if you are not faint-hearted,’ observing his confusion, ‘and I will introduce you where pleasure and delight wait your bidding, and where mirth and gladness will cheer your bosom.’

‘Who and what art thou,’ asked Gunga, inspired with momentary courage by the stranger’s gentleness, ‘tell me, I beseech thee, how and for what comest thou here, and why didst thou weep so bitterly?’

‘I am,’ replied the cunning syren, ‘neither more nor less than what you see me; a poor forlorn maiden diseased in heart with the malady of love. Forgive the deceit I was obliged to practise, as otherwise, I despaired of enticing the object of my admiration, the handsome Gunga Singh from his security!’

Gunga was surprised at hearing his name pronounced by one to whom he had considered himself a perfect stranger, and whom for his own part, he was sure he had never before seen; yet she seemed to be familiar with his name. He accordingly expressed his astonishment at the circumstance, for which he could not account, and concluded with informing the lovely stranger, that in his fears, on his first discovery of her, he had mistaken her for a water-demon, and begging her pardon for his injurious suspicion of her character. Fyzun, for such was the name she now chose, laughed outright at the oddity of his fancy, and playfully observed, that for the novelty of the thing she should like much to be really transformed into one of those beings, of whose heavenly beauty she had heard so much, and of whose powers of fascination such universal dread was entertained. While on their way, Fyzun endeavored to amuse Gunga with a plausible story of the circumstances, which had induced her to practise the cheat she had just played upon him, imputing it entirely, as she wished to her ardent attachment for him!

‘How can that be possible,’ observed Gunga, ‘since I may confidently say we never saw each other before now.’

‘It may be so as far as regards yourself,’ answered Fyzun, ‘but I loved you, before you even dreamed of my existence.’

‘But where did you see me,’ interrogated Gunga with a degree of incredulity, ‘and how happened it that you escaped my notice.’

‘I was seated at my window on the day,’ replied the deceitful syren, ‘when you passed the street in which I live. Your appearance interested me, and I resolved to learn something of you; but although I made the most anxious inquiry after you, it was not till yesterday, that I received any intelligence of you, and then to my sorrow I understand, that you were ex-

pected to quit Delhi immediately on your return to Rajmahal. Judge what I could do in this exigency, but that which love prompted, not merely to obtain an interview, however, gratifying, that would have been to my feelings, but what was a far more desirable object and nearest my heart, to detain you, if not for some days, at least for a few hours. Will you not, my friend, after all be prevailed on to delay your departure?' At the same time, Fyzun flung her arms round Gunga's neck, as if she would keep him a prisoner within their fold to eternity, and throwing all the sweetness into her voice, all the blandishments into her manners, and all the fire of passion into her eyes, which she knew so well to assume whenever it suited her purpose, repeated her interrogatory, 'will you not be persuaded to prolong your stay.'

Gunga felt embarrassed; but his determination was fixed, and he would not and could not abandon it. He assured Fyzun that he regretted the impossibility of a compliance with her wishes, so pressing were the circumstances which called him back to his country and family, from whom he had been separated for years. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance that he should not protract his absence, and he accordingly purposed proceeding on his journey with the earliest dawn.

'And so you may;' replied the artful sorceress, though convinced in her own mind, that, unless she were miserably deceived, he would never leave the shores of Shahjehanabad, but as a corpse, 'I pledge my life,' continued she, releasing her hold 'not to detain you beyond that time.' Let us then devote the present hour to love, and in an interchange of those vows of affection and attachment, which, to hearts true and faithful, serve as lasting memorials of constancy, when divided by distance; for who can tell, but that fortune in pity to my wretchedness may bring you again to this city, ere another sun revolves round us.'

Gunga was perplexed what reply to make. Satisfied, however, with the assurance given him that he would not be detained beyond the night, he hesitated no longer to follow her, observing at the same time that his return to Delhi was a doubtful matter, as it would depend entirely on circumstances. Should business render it absolutely imperative. She may expect to see him again; but, as he would not deceive her, he cautioned her against cherishing false hopes.

Both Gungah and his fair deceiver now walked more briskly and cheerfully; sometimes talking, sometimes silent. After passing through several short and narrow lanes, they arrived at Fyzun's residence. It was a large and splendid building, brilliantly illu-

minated, as if guests were expected. Yet there reigned a strange silence within which ill-accorded with the magnificent preparations made for the reception of its mistress and her solitary visitor. Not more than a couple of female domestics were in attendance; and it was now that Fyzun put forth her most attractive blandishments, the more powerfully to fascinate her victim's senses and enslave his faculties to ensure the success of her dark and fiendish purpose. As she had calculated, Gunga was completely caught in the snare her allurements had spread forth for his entanglement. He was intoxicated with the sweet poison of meretricious delight so potently administered to his heart, that he felt and owned the tender impression her charms made on his feelings; a confession which only afforded her an obvious triumph over his weakness, and at the success of her wiles. Again taking Gunga by the hand, as they entered the house, she carried him through its numerous apartments to enchant him still more by the splendour of their decorations and the taste and elegance of their style. But the chief attraction of the splendid edifice was her own transcendent loveliness, before whose blaze its riches and grandeur faded into insignificance. Fyzun was too practised an adept in all the insidious trickeries of her profession to leave any thing undone to secure the accomplishment of her object beyond the possibility of failure. Vain of her beauty and proud of its power, she gloried in the possession of attraction which enabled her to enslave her admirers and afterwards to exult over their infirmities. In the elation of her arrogance and pride, she fixed such a look of sinister triumph, yet so artfully blended with an air of tenderness and love that the utmost ingenuity of man would have proved incapable of fathoming the latent treachery that lurked beneath. But the chain by which the deceitful enchantress thought she had bound and held the dupe of her perfidy was of so flimsy a texture that the slightest accident could snap it asunder and liberate its prisoner. So it occurred ultimately, not because Gunga became sensible of his error, and his perception was purged of the film which had been thrown over it, or because Fyzun's heart was softened towards his youth and confidence in her affections for him by any sudden touch of pity; but owing to her own folly, or more properly speaking to the revenge of one of her female attendants whom she had that very day severely punished for some trivial fault.

Zeenut, which was the name of the domestic in question, and to whose friendly offices Gunga was indebted for his escape from the perils which environed him, having some how or another incurred her mistress's displeasure was tied up to a post and flogged with a *torah*. It was for this cruelty that Zeenut

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vowed to revenge the wrong she had suffered by defeating her designs upon Gunga Singh, as some reparation for the injury she had received, persuaded that nothing would tend more to disappoint and mortify her than the miscarriage of her scheme. This intention Zeenut carried into execution ere long.

Having shown Gunga every thing which Fyzun thought would attract his attention and excite his admiration, she led him to a small and private apartment in a remote recess of the house. Here a choice and luscious banquet was served up for their refreshment; but which Gunga declined to taste from prejudices of caste.

'I am a Hindoo,' replied he to Fyzun's pressing invitation, 'and dare not touch these forbidden viands, except at the risk of becoming an outcast from my faith.'

'What fastidiousness,' said Fyzun with an arch-smile, 'here Hindoos and Mahomedans banish all their scruples, and unreservedly partake of whatever is presented to them; for who sees or knows what passes here. The night is far advanced too and all Delhi buried in profound slumber, so fear no ill consequences.'

'Nevertheless,' replied Gunga, 'I may not partake of the collation your kindness has provided for me, for should I be overlooked by any chance, I shall certainly be disowned and cast out from family, connexions and caste.'

'Shookurhooda,' ejaculated Fyzun, placing her forefingers on her lips; 'how you surprise me. Trust me, Gunga, your apprehensions are groundless. I will pledge my existence to your safety from the consequences you dread.'

Just at this instant, a slave girl entered, and whispered something in her mistress's ear, which made her start as with sudden surprise, and affectedly looking at herself, exclaimed, 'good heavens! how shamefully unmindful I seem to be of my exposed situation. Excuse me, my friend, for a little while, that I may put on a change of apparel and appear decent.'

Zeenut availed herself of this opportunity to warn Gunga of his danger, and to caution and advise him against his persevering in his obstinacy to refuse joining her mistress in participating in the supper, as he might have cause to repent it. 'Eat and drink freely,' said she, 'and fear nothing, for every precaution has been taken to prevent discovery. Follow my advice and you are safe; reject it and you are irretrievably lost. Persist no longer in refusing to yield to my mistress's solicitation, for you have to deal with one who is not to be trifled with—she is a demon in a human shape—start not,' Zeenut continued, perceiving

Gunga's alarm, who began to suspect that Fyzun was really a water-fiend, and that this was only a stratagem employed for his certain destruction. 'I do not mean that she is in reality a demon, but only so in disposition and perfidy. Beware, young man, your life is in jeopardy.' Gunga turned pale as ashes, and instinctively sprung on his feet with the obvious intention of escaping; but Zeenut assured him that escape was impossible, otherwise than as she advised.

'And what is your advice?' asked Gunga, in a voice which plainly indicated the alarm, which Zeenut's disclosure had produced.

'You will scarcely believe me,' replied Zeenut, 'were I to tell you of the blackness of my mistress's heart, or give me credit for my sincerity, were I to point out the way by which you might circumvent her malice; and yet there is no other.'

'Only inform me of what I am to do,' rejoined Gunga, 'and you may depend upon my implicit obedience to your directions, be they what they may.'

'My conduct seems, no doubt extremely strange to you, considering my situation and connexion with my mistress,' returned Zeenut, 'and my motives for that conduct may appear still more extraordinary; but this is no time for explanation and justification. To be brief, as you value life, fain giddiness after indulging in a few cups, and not be frightened at what may transpire afterwards, even though you should behold a dagger glittering over your bosom.'

'Ha! a dagger, did you say,' interrupted Gunga. 'Has the deceitful Syren brought me here to murder me in cold blood?'

'Hush,' exclaimed Zeenut, lowering in her tone, 'she is coming. I hear the tread of her steps. Mistrust me not. As there is a heaven above us, I mean not to deceive you. Be calm and collected, and you are safe, attempt to escape and you are lost, lost beyond redemption. Be cautious, be wise, and my life on it, no harm will come to you.'

Gunga had hardly time to thank Zeenut for her friendly advice, ere Fyzun re-appeared dressed in a splendid suit, and resuming her seat, again importuned him to partake of the delicacies that invited his taste. To her extreme joy, he hesitated no longer, and required little persuasion even to taste the luscious juice of the grape. The cup having circulated pretty freely, Gunga, as admonished, pretended giddiness, and complained of a shooting pain in his head. This was the crisis, to which Fyzun had looked forward with anxiety, and affecting more than common concern for his intoxication, which, indeed,

she fully expected from the instructions she had given to mix some deleterious substance in the last cup presented to him, she told him, in a soothing voice, to lay his head on her lap, and she would chafe his temples, which would afford him speedy relief from his uneasiness. Gunga stretched himself on the carpet, and with a yawn dropped his head on Fyzun's lap, when she commenced rubbing his temples. After the lapse of a few minutes, thinking Gunga was asleep, she motioned to Zeenut to come near her, and when the latter had approached sufficiently close, bid her in an under tone to bring the exhilarating draught she had ordered to be prepared for herself. 'I need it,' she observed, 'to inspire me with resolution for the deed, for I know not what it is that unnerves me on this occasion. Would to heaven that its execution had been entrusted to others, for after all I am but a woman.' The draught was accordingly presented to her. She applied the cup to her lips and drained it to the bottom, and then tucking up her sleeves, and drawing a short *paish kubz* from her bosom, flung the scabbard away and held the gleaming weapon to the light. Her eyes now began to glow with an unnatural brilliancy, as she turned them alternately from the dagger to her victim, as if to take a fatal aim before striking the blow. The flash of the blade, glittering in the reflection of the lights, fell on Gunga's eyes, who, forgetting the caution he had been enjoined in the terror of the moment, opened his eyes, and, seeing the naked dagger gleaming over his breast, instinctively placed one hand on it, and held up the other to intercept the meditated stroke. Sure of her victim, Fyzun smiled demoniacally at the terror depicted in Gunga's bloodless countenance, and with a laugh of mockery, flourished the *paish kubz* over her head; but the next instant a sudden dizziness swam before her glazed orbs, her senses reeled, and with an hysterick shriek, she fell back with the weapon in her grasp. Zeenut, who had all this while anxiously watched the progress and effect of her plot, now ran up to Gunga Singh, and seizing him by the wrist, recommended him to fly out the scene of danger and death by instantly proceeding to his boat and setting forward to his native village.

'But what will become of you my best friend,' answered Gunga, 'when a discovery is made of your rash act. While I am far from Delhi and in perfect safety, you will be fettered and dragged to execution. Can I then forsake you, who have so generously risked your own life for mine, to perish ignominiously for a deed which claims my eternal gratitude. Why not fly and save yourself too.'

‘Do not alarm yourself on my account,’ replied Zeenut, ‘for the same sun which lights you far on your journey to Rajmahal, will also rise on me many a mile from this detestable haunt of infamy. My mistress is not dead ; but only in a prolonged swoon from which she is not likely to recover in a hurry.’

In a few words, Zeenut explained to Gunga the treachery she had practised upon her mistress for the treatment she had experienced from her the previous day. Instead of giving you the cup mixed with a deleterious drug, she had reserved it for her mistress, and this was the revenge she had devised for resenting the injury that her barbarity had inflicted on her, and frustrating her diabolical machination. ‘Hasten,’ she concluded, ‘to your family, for little are you aware of the plot, which is forming at Rajmahal for ruining Luchmee by that fiendish profligate Ameer Khan, one of Jehangeer’s emirs.’ A brief and hurried explanation disclosed to the astonished Gunga the facts of the case regarding the unfortunate Luchmee.

The name of his wife sounded sweet in Gunga’s ear, as it recalled to his memory the depth and tenderness of her affection for him, and the joy and happiness in which they had passed their lives until their now most regretted separation. When he reflected on the misery which his long absence must occasion to her tender bosom, and the severe trials to which her faith and constancy were exposed he reproached himself for his dilatoriness in returning to her. At one moment he felt inclined to question the truth of Zeenut’s story, suspicious of its having been fabricated by malice towards her mistress ; but then he was unable to account for a motive, which could have induced her to forge so malignant a piece of falsehood so injurious to the peace and happiness of one, to whom she had done a most essential service in rescuing him from the hands of a murderess. Indeed, when he reflected on the occurrences of the night, the serious risk he had encountered, and the assistance Zeenut had rendered him, he could find no excuse for his incredulity. What reason Fyzun could have had in seeking his life, was a mystery he was unable to unravel until explained to him by Zeenut. Instinctively turning to the outstretched form of his enemy, as if he wished to take a last look of that countenance, which had deceived him, what a contrast did it present to the mild charms of his own beloved Luchmee whose sweet image rose up in his imagination, as if to challenge a comparison.

‘What,’ observed Zeenut, surprised and vexed at Gunga’s infatuation, ‘do you stand lingering there for as if Goolnaree had so enchanted you by her witchcraft that you could not tear yourself from her, though she was ready to assassinate you only a minute ago.’

‘Goolnaree,’ repeated Gunga, with amazement, ‘whom mean you by that name; that of your mistress is Fyzun; so at any rate she told me.’

‘Then she deceived you, and palmed a false name on you the more easily and successfully to carry on her plot against your life, fearful that her real name might be known to you, and defeat her purpose by an injudicious disclosure of it in the possibility of your being a stranger to her person, as she declared she had never seen you or even heard of you before. My mistress is the same Goolnaree, whose fame has travelled to the remotest limits of the Mahomedan dominions, and it is extraordinary that you should be ignorant of one so notoriously public.’

‘I cannot altogether deny,’ remarked Gunga, ‘having heard of your mistress; but I had neither the curiosity nor the inclination to cultivate a closer intimacy with her. Since my sojourn at Shah-jehanabad, I have been so busily occupied with my own immediate concerns, that they have left me little or no leisure for other matters of less importance to me. Perhaps you could favor me with some account of your mistress.’

‘Let us first quit these purlieus of vice and pollution, this den of infamy and wickedness, and I will relate what I know of her.’

Gunga and Zeenut accordingly left Goolnaree’s premises, and while in the way Zeenut informed Gunga that her mistress’s profession was that of a dancer; that she belonged to the imperial *taaeffa* or band, and that she was not more famed for the charms of her person, than for the excellence of her performance. Goolnaree was a Hindoo by birth, as he may have perceived by the small starry mark of blue on her chin. She was born in lower Bengal, and stolen from her parents when only seven or eight years of age, brought to Delhi, and sold to Begum Jaun for a handsome gratuity. Begum Jaun was a woman of the same calling, in much repute in her day, and by no means destitute of personal attractions. She had Pearee, which was the Hindoo nomenclature of the girl she had purchased, immediately converted to a *Mussulmaunee*, and gave her the name of Goolnaree. An efficient tutor was instantly engaged to teach her dancing and singing, and neither expense, nor trouble was spared to accomplish her in all the seductive arts and blandishments of her profession to which she was being trained, assured that all this care and expenditure would ultimately be repaid with usury. Possessing both aptitude to learn and application to study, Goolnaree soon finished her education. Already her fame began to be blazed abroad, as a Phoenix in beauty and accomplishments. Any other person but Begum Jaun would probably have grown jealous of her pupil’s cele-

brity; but she was too prudent and discreet to harbour any such feeling, convinced that the wider the latter's renown extended itself the more profitable would it prove to her; and she did not err in her calculation, as Goolnaree's exhibitions brought immense gains to her mistress. Goolnaree was now in her fourteenth year, and glittered with such transcendant and unrivalled charms that she drew constant crowds of admirers in her train, who professed to live on her smiles, and moved round her orbit like so many satellites revolving in her sphere, wasting their healths and energies, and lavishing their fortunes on one, who permitted them to hang on her, only so long as they had breath to flatter her vanity, and means to feed the cupidity of her mistress, satisfied that the wealth the latter was accumulating would one day pass to her own possession. On Begum Jaun's death, which occurred ere Goolnaree had completed her eighteenth year, Begum Jaun, having no relations and kindred to provide for, bequeathed the whole of her property to her slave and pupil. With part, Goolnaree erected this splendid mansion, with part she furnished it on a scale of grandeur suited to its elegance and stateliness of style, and with another portion she bought a casket of superb jewels to adorn her person with, though she scarcely needs the aid of ornament to set off her beauty. Naturally she possesses an avaricious, yet not a parsimonious disposition, and of these opposite traits of character she affords ample proofs in the eagerness with which she seeks gold, and the heedlessness with which she lavishes it. The love of money has, therefore, so corrupted her mind that it has often driven her to the commission of the most frightful excesses. It is the curse of her profession, to be subservient to the caprice and pleasure of those, who support it by their countenance and encouragement; and the shameful depravity and corruption, in which females of Goolnaree's class, are compelled to live, are sufficient to taint their hearts and vitiate their morals at an early age. Between Ameer Khan and Goolnaree an intimacy has subsisted for years from congeniality of disposition and reciprocity of feeling. Ameer Khan is a nobleman of unbounded wealth and influence; but, at the same time, the most dissipated character in all Shahjehanabad. The riches he has thrown away on Goolnaree from his first acquaintance, and the power in which he holds her from a knowledge of her private crimes has made her not only abjectly submissive to his will and pleasure, but a complete tool in his hands for the promotion of his intrigues. Of her devotion to him and usefulness to his purposes, the present instance supplies sufficient proof. We must now part, concluded Zeenut, 'our way lies in different directions, and we must hasten our journey from this hateful city, lest our dilatoriness

involve us in greater risk than that we have just avoided. Farewell.'

Gunga thanked Zeenut sincerely for the kind offices she had performed for him, which he acknowledged placed him under eternal obligations to her, as it was to her generous aid that he owed his preservation. A few minutes' rapid walk brought Gunga to his boat. The crew were up expecting his return, and not a little surprised at his unaccountable absence. A fresh breeze blew from the north, the sails were unfurled, and the vessel rode swiftly through its watery track, and receded far from the shores of Delhi.

We must now turn our attention to Ameer Khan and his proceedings at Rajmahal. The forbearance which he had hitherto exhibited, and the anxiety with which he had watched the conduct of his agents, began at last to be fairly worn out, and in proportion as scheme after scheme miscarried, and hope of success seemed more and more distant, he became impatient and outrageous in the extreme. He would suffer himself to be no longer cheated with empty promises, and, therefore, discarding his emissaries, whose object in cajoling him with false hopes appeared plainly to extort more money from him, he summoned old Sudda Sookh to his presence, and, reproaching him for his treachery, gave him to understand that he would brook no further delay, and declared his intention to use force, to overcome his squeamish daughter's obstinacy, and avert the possibility of another disappointment. Dismissing Sudda Sookh with this threat, Ameer Khan peremptorily desired him to produce his daughter within a certain time, or dread his vengeance for his perversity. To convince Sudda Sookh that he was not a man to be trifled, he ordered a body of armed retainers to be in readiness about midnight for the purpose of being deputed on an errand of the utmost importance to him. Accordingly when the hour arrived, he was on the point of despatching the party to Sudda Sookh's house with strict injunctions to surround it, take his daughter into custody, and, regardless of her screams and shrieks, bring her a prisoner to him, when the men were saved the trouble of going on so disagreeable a service by Sudda Sookh's making his appearance at that moment and informing Ameer Khan of his daughter's escape. It may be easy to imagine Ameer Khan's rage and fury at this intelligence; he spurned the prostrate old man from his feet, and, menacing him with the direst vengeance for concealing his daughter; and aiding her in her flight, issued contradictory orders to the troop, who stared at him with surprise, or regarded each other with equal astonishment. At length, when the violence of passion had subsided, and sober reason and reflection resumed pos-

session of his bewildered faculties, he divided the men into different bodies, and despatched them in different directions in pursuit of the fair fugitive, whose fate seemed now to be decided, as all possibility of ultimate escape was thus entirely cut off.

Circumstances had recently transpired to excite Luchmee's alarm in the highest degree, and, justly dreading the employment of brute force, as the last resource of baffled villainy, and expecting no protection from her parents, she quitted the roof which no long sheltered her, and trusted to flight and concealment for safety from further persecution. By chance she took the road to *Peer Pointy*, and, by dawn of day, had reached the base of the small hill, on which *Puttul Pooree* is situated, when she was startled by the voices of her pursuers who had traced her route, calling out to her to stop. Urged by the strong impulse of fear, she ascended the hill trembling and fully resolved to cast herself into the excavation, as the only refuge from a shameful fate; but when she reached the mouth of the frightful cavern, its darkness and dreariness shook her courage and made her pause; but it was for a moment only, as one of her pursuers having, by dint of exertions, overtaken his victim, had almost seized her, when, inspired by a sudden and desperate resolution, she dashed his hands aside and plunged headlong into the frightful abyss, leaving the wretch struck with horror and dismay at her rashness.

It was on this very day that Gunga Singh arrived at Rajmahal, and hearing from a neighbour the circumstances that had taken place regarding Luchmee, suddenly disappeared, and was believed to have gone in search of his missing wife.

Again was Jehangeer seated early one morning in the very same apartment, whence he had a few weeks back overlooked Luchmee bathing in the Ganges; again was he engaged in conversation with the Emirs of his Court, when he perceived a small boat crossing the river immediately opposite the palace, and making directly for it. Jehangeer kept his eyes steadily fixed on the boat, watching its course, and when it came within a short distance of the palace several of the *Chobdars* and *Assahburdurs* called out to the *mullahs* to keep off, if they had no relish for a taste of the *chaubook* on their backs for their insolence, but the crew paid no heed to their warning and continued rowing on, until the *Chobedars*, incensed at their audacity, were about to leap on the boat, as it neared the *ghat*, with the intention of executing their threat, when the Emperor interposed, and ordered them to desist, surprised at the boldness of the boatmen, and anxious to see the termination of the

affair. Suddenly a young man rushed out of the cabin and bearing the dead body of a female on one of his shoulders; the next instant he sprung upon the marble steps, and, making his way straight to Jehangeer, laid his burden at the emperor's feet, and appealed to him for justice on the head of the perpetrator of this foul and unnatural murder. What was Jehangeer's grief and astonishment on beholding the corpse of the interesting young woman whom but a short time back, he had seen bathing in the river. He looked around for an explanation of the melancholy catastrophe. Ameer Khan was accused of the atrocious deed, and, unable to disprove the charge, corroborated as it was by the evidence of some of the Emirs who had lately become acquainted with the whole transaction, confessed his crime and was lead to instant execution. P.

THE FIRST INDIAMEN.

It was the sunrise of a bright autumnal day—some two centuries and a half ago, at that season of the year, just preceding the bleak chills of the approaching winter, ere yet the sunlit spangles of the morning dew were converted into the white unvarying hoar frost of the more gloomy month of November when on every part of the extensive heath or downs overlooking the royal residences of Greenwich were seen merry groups of husbandmen and others approaching from the surrounding districts of Kent and Surry. All were hastening to the river-side to witness the brave pageant which the intended visit of her Majesty to the newly arrived ships from the eastern Indies had announced to the holiday gaze and admiration of London and its vicinity. These ships had already been the wonder of all England. The report of the countless wealth of their cargoes; the intrepidity of their leader, the gallant Francis Drake: the marvellous details of their exploits, plunder and discoveries in the unknown regions of the East, hitherto a sealed book to England, had thrown a fame around these first English voyagers of the world, until every seaman of the fleet became a hero in the eyes of his admiring countrymen. In vain had the Catholic Courts of the south of Europe assumed a menacing aspect and demanded not only an avowal from the English Queen that it was the intention of her Grace to discountenance these maritime undertakings; but had gone farther in insisting on the immediate punishment of the offending navigators—in vain had other European powers backed these remonstrances. Her Majesty had simply listened to them, and if she seemed at first to

of an ancient gentleman, a maiden and two domestics, distinguished by the marked respect it received from all who overtook and passed by it. On approaching it the village damsel would stop for a moment, by the road side, dropping her quick but low courtesy, at the same time; the men too would uncover themselves, and pause respectfully to salute the venerable senior of the party. He was a clergyman of the new protesting persuasion, and his grey looks and truly saintlike appearance served to denote him a respectable and worthy teacher of the reformed precepts of his church. The disrepute, however, under which many of the protestants still laboured in the eyes of the bulk of the nation, had not altogether subsided, notwithstanding the late public changes in religion and the royal edicts and example of the leading nobles. The reformed establishment was yet experiencing the difficulty of recommending a simple and denuded form of worship to those whose superstitious feelings and earliest prejudices were all in favor of the seeming majesty and mysterious splendour of the Romish Church. It was singular therefore the universal respect shewn to this pastor on the present occasion. Decently attired in grey, with his dark buckram cossack descending to his knees he was seen supporting himself by a staff in his right hand, while on his left appeared, offering every aid, that a sylph-like form, soft and delicate even as the gentle vision of a poet's dream, could aspire to afford to the aged companion of her path, a young maiden, whose early bloom and youthfulness betrayed that not many summers had yet breathed upon her cheek.

“ Shall we be in time thinkest thou reverend Sir ?” enquired the fair being we have just introduced, while she anxiously watched each successive group passing onwards and outstripping them in their advance to the yet distant object of their journey.

“ Nay, Agnes—thou would'st fain be at Deptford long before these feeble limbs will reach it. Infirm old age and these weary movements of mine keep poor pace with young hopes and wishes.—Well, well, I will exert me more valiantly—but we have good twain hours yet before us.”

“ Dearest Sir,—hasten not”—exclaimed the younger of the two. “ I only sought to know when we might hope to gain our destination, and much for thy sake, kindest sir !”

There was a somewhat incredulous smile playing over the benevolent features of the pastor as he caught this last portion of the little Agnes' explanation. She saw it and turned away in blushes which almost rivalled the crimson housings of a gaily caparisoned palfrey that overtook them at this moment burthen-

ed with a portly and rubicund elderly gentleman. The old Cavalier reined up on seeing them and with the frank abruptness of an ancient friend at once addressed the maiden.—“Ha gentle Agnes, art thou too one of the many idlers hastening to welcome home our good pastor’s prodigal son. Why Sir Clerk” said he turning to the clergyman, “who would have thought thy wild-ne’er-do-well of a boy, merry Frank Drake should have turned out in his manhood one whom the king, nay, her most excellent majesty the queen I would say, begging her grace’s pardon, delighteth to honor.”

“Ah—Sir Tobit”—exclaimed the venerable clergyman,—“The same hand that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb has eased away in an old man’s heart the agony that had long been familiar to it. Now am I indeed blessed in my latter days—for the wanderer is again within the fold.”

“Ay—and brought back with him enough of gold and good things to buy absolution and pardon, had he broken forth ten times as truantly as his worst foe ever laid to his charge,” added Sir Tobit, who though in friendly terms with the old clergyman, was yet himself of the ancient faith, as might be gathered from his remark.

“Sorely I trembled,” continued the other at the strange tidings brought me of my boy Francis, when he last fled from my quiet roof.—“I loved not his leaguings with the followers of Raleigh.”

“He could scarcely have leagued him with braver,” observed the old knight.

“I heard too,” still continued the father, “dark whispers of his doings with the buccaneers, of their sackings of the Spaniard’s new countries in the west, and the youth’s name came sadly mingled with the fearful tale of these exploits. But heaven be praised, that he hath turned him from the evil way.

“Hast seen him since his return?” enquired the worthy cavalier, “and hath he brought no proffer of spice and silks to our pretty Agnes yet?”

“No, Sir Knight,” mournfully replied the parent. “He left me in bitter anger,” then lowering his voice, though the precaution was needless, for Agnes had loitered behind on the first introduction of this too painful subject.—“Know’st thou not I drove him from me when forgetful of my calling and the sanctity of a parent’s roof, he sought to lure away mine own loved ward and child to share with him his guilty wanderings and his voyagings. Since his return I have seen him not. It may be true he has forgotten his late ungoverned love—but, alas,—he

forgets not and forgives not the chiding voice of him who saved him from the sin and shame of seducing an innocent being into the haunts of the freebooter."

The old man sighed as he avowed the still continued estrangement of his son. He had learned with joy and gratitude to heaven, that a fleet respectably equipt and manned under the command of the gallant Francis Drake—he could scarcely believe this to be his own wild boy—had sailed from Plymouth about two years back, shortly after his last ill-fated visit to the rectory, where he had disclosed nothing of his purposed undertaking, that he passed the straits of Magellan, successfully opposing the Spaniard on the west coast, that thence he had boldly steered across the Pacific and distinguished as the first English navigator who had perilled so adventurous a voyage, he had reached the East Indies in honor and in safety. Rumour rang loud of his achievements in the East, whence he at length returned, rich as gold, successful trade, and plunder of the adverse Portuguese could make him, closing his adventure by daringly pursuing his route to England by the formidable and forbidden Cape of Good Hope. All tongues were unceasing in his praise, and though the queen as before explained received him at first rather doubtfully, from deference to Spain, yet her good sense soon appreciating the value of the enterprise, or as many would have it, her growing personal admiration of Anjou teaching her to disregard the late pretension and politics of Philip, induced her not only to sanction this national exploit, but to honor openly the gallant sailor, by accepting an entertainment on board his rich and new celebrated brigantine.

Had the fair Agnes joined in the conference of her guardian and the friendly old knight, who now resolved to join their little group and attend them to the river side to witness the pageant of the day, she might have enlightened them both, and glad indeed would her gentle bosom have been to vindicate the fair fame of her sailor youth. True, her heart told her he had acted wrong in urging her secret flight with him ere he sailed, but it whispered fondly and reminded her that he had besought her that first the rites of the Church should privately bind him for life to his Agnes. He had explained to her that he dared not avow to his parent the nature of the high enterprise, to which through the exertions and interest of some of his wild, though noble companions he had been appointed. The sterner morality of his parents would have condemned at once the contemplated object of the voyage, as little better than the wild scheme of the buccaneer. Nay, she could have told them that even since his return she had seen her own beloved sailor, for

stealing to the wall garden of the Rectory, she had observed him once or twice in the moon lit silence of the evening scene gliding before her casement, and but for her sacred promise to his parent which religiously restrained her from opening the lattice to confer with him, she doubtless might have heard from his own lip—how fervently he still loved her. She might have confessed too, to her guardian, how richly she prized this her lover's stolen visit to her vicinity—for it told her among other things she was yet remembered—that his heart was unaltered though circumstances had now exalted him into the gallant hero of her country's applause, and the object of the envy, hate or admiration of all Europe.

When the fatherly feelings of her guardian had made him resolve within these few days to witness from the bank of the Thames—this glorious homage to his son's doings by the visit of the Queen to his little fleet with secret delight Agnes expressed her willingness to accompany him. And now leave we this anxious party wending their way to the river side—while we proceed to announce the approach of her Majesty, in all the far famed splendour of her court to honor the merit of a lowly subject and to exhibit her royal favor to one whose achievement first laid open to his countrymen, the way to wealth and Empire in the East.

A fairer day or a clearer sun could not have shone forth, to display to more advantage the pageant now gliding magnificently on the crowded bosom of the Thames. Instead of proceeding quietly only from her own favorite residence at Greenwich to pay her promised visit, to give some eclat and effect to her gracious purpose, it was decided that herself and court should proceed, after some official adjourning at her palace in London and take boat at the Tower stairs. The different chartered bodies of the City of London had therefore opportunity to compete with each other in their costly efforts to gratify their queen under circumstances too—as 'twas rumoured—very dearly approved of by her Grace—namely—those in which her court could enjoy the display of wealth and splendour, to be purchased by other coffers than those of her own royal treasury. The line of the river was kept clear and unobstructed by the bailiffs of the city and its liberties—the civic barges and state boats of the trades and corporations distinguished by their different banners, arms and devices, leading the way two by two, and the marshmen in smaller pinnaces and wherries, under command of the city marshal and his deputy, (in those days personages of no little importance) forming a line on either side of the stream between the seeming street and open

ranks of which the entire stately procession, was seen majestically to advance. From a distance or from an eminence, such as that of the height of Greenwich, the river seemed but one sheet or mirror of glistening gold. The rich brocades, the waving streams, the dazzling reflection of countless arms and armour, the glittering devices—all appeared one gleaming mass of living splendour; but as the procession advanced its order and regularity became striking and apparent. Foremost of the pageant came the heralds and their persuivants, then the city corporations and authorities each with state barges containing their bands of musicians, after these glided far above the stream a high stage, supported and well secured on fine large boats. On the stage were exhibited feats of tumbling and other mummery with occasional brief mysteries, accompanied with fireworks, and discharges of mimic artillery. Then appeared the city yeomen and train-bands in rich uniforms certain of their crowded barges closing together at appointed distances into a regular seeming phalanx or dense column, each column bright with helm and halberd, sedulously preserving its own array and proper order in the procession. Then came the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress with ladies, officers and attendants in a canopied barge, the richness and glistening of which vied with the fabled splendour of India itself, and seemed designed to humble the expected display of the new argosies from the east. After these appeared the gentlemen retainers of the various courtiers, of Sussex, Lincoln, Burleigh, Southampton, Bedford, Simier, the favored envoy of Anjou, of Leicester and others each boat upholding the escutcheons and banners with the arms, badges, and devices of the different noble families they represented. Next were seen the royal yeomen in rich scarlet followed by the Chamberlain, Sir Frederick Hatton, Drake's earliest patron, and the lords in waiting, and at length little distinguished from the others in grandeur or costliness, for her Majesty afforded not such expence save in the varied adornment of her own most gracious person,—came the royal pinnace with the standard of England floating in wide and glittering folds above its canopy. Her Majesty, gorgeously habited, was distinctly visible reclined on cushions on a description of throne, within a small alcove, listening with confessed delight to the flattering homage and adulation of the envoy from the Duke of Anjou, the accomplished Simier. Beside her, though at a somewhat respectful distance, stood the handsome figure of the now gloomy and observant Leicester, to whom her Majesty turned ever and anon with some observation or casual remark, to recal on his noble features the ready courtier smile, while beneath it, though not undetected by her Majesty and in

fact deeply enjoyed by her, lurked the busy sting of mortified pride and jealousy. The seeming indifferent yet searching and watchful eye which Elizabeth occasionally glanced at this famed nobleman told well to the observant and intriguing Simier, that the poison of his secret hints in her Grace's ear was working well to the prejudice and as he hoped to the speedy ruin of his master's rival. He had whispered to the Queen of the rumoured secret marriage of Leicester to the widow of the late Essex, and whether true or false his shaft had succeeded. It strack and rankled deeply where it fell. Still such the o'er-weening and womanly confidence of Elizabeth in her own charms and power of fascination, and such her peculiar disposition and passion for sway in the hearts as well as on the persons of her subjects, she could not condescend to credit the report of his faithlessness to her. It seemed to delight her to keep him in anxious and jealous adulation about her person, enjoying the view of his very sufferings and mortification as in deserved homage to her personal sway over the handsomest noble of her realm. This too at the very moment she secretly menaced the ruin of his hopes and almost those of all his countrymen by a meditated alliance with the aspiring Anjou.

"My Lord of Leicester takes little court of ourselves, our progress, our pageant, or our loving subjects, or of aught save the rippling of the tide-way and the cadence of the oar-splash," said her Majesty to Simier in reply to some allusion of the French courtier to the present averted looks of the Earl.

"My liege" observed Leicester his quick ear catching the import of her Majesty's remark and turning respectfully round to the throne. "I did but observe how each eddying ring on the stream drove from before it its preceding brother, till that gave place to another and another."

"Ha! moralising, my grave Lord, nay then perhaps thy busy fancy, brought thee aptly to court favor, and the smiles of princes." She bent towards him, so as to induce him to incline his ear downwards, to catch himself only the import of her coming observation. "Look you—my Lord—did it not tell thee, that as each ring grew wider and still wider, until it seemed eager to include the whole tide—it was fitting time a successor ring should displace and dissipate it."

Leicester coloured deeply and bowed beneath the reproof. He was preparing a somewhat haughty reply, when at this moment the report of a neighbouring musket rang smartly across the river, and ere her Majesty could utter even her wonted ejaculation of "God's death," in astonishment at this disrespectful display of fire-arms in the immediate vicinity of the royal pia-

nace, she perceived one of the boatmen of the royal crew, struggling and gasping on the deck, and at length sunk down, evidently seriously wounded by the shot. There was a momentary paleness on her brow—'twas but for a brief instant, and soon the flash of indignation mantled over her expressive features, and told that the daughter of the eighth Harry, quailed not even beneath the murderous aim of the regicide or assassin.

A hundred voices at the same moment pealed from the shore, where the smoke of the discharged musket was still rising and curling above an agitated mass of disturbed spectators, all eager to seize and wreak vengeance on the wretched miscreant who had dared to attempt the life of their beloved Queen, in this moment of her affectionately confiding herself in the midst of her adoring subjects. The whole line of boats simultaneously paused, and soon from the bank whence the shot was fired, a boat was seen to put off with a dozen or more yeomen and burghers rudely scuffling among themselves, in their eagerness to secure some poor wretch who seemed little likely to reach alive the middle of the stream amidst all the violence and ill usage he was sustaining at the hands of his merciless tormentors.

They were taking him to the boat of the city Marshall, but her Majesty gave orders that he should be conducted forthwith to the royal presence. On his reaching the pinnacle, to the horror of all around her Majesty, it was instantly observed that the supposed traitor was a denizen of the Court and that the Earl of Leicester started on beholding a follower of his own, wearing his own rich badge and livery, as the culprit.

The man too had observed his master and piteously implored his protection, he almost shrieked out for his support. But the haughty noble shrank away from his solicitation and seemed indignant that, one, in any earthly way connected with Leicester should be brought forward at a public pageant in so humiliating, base and suspicious a situation.

“Your name, fellow,” calmly enquired her Majesty as they brought the boat sufficiently near for the interrogatory.

“Bernard Tudor,” replied the culprit and seeing that he was deserted by his patron, the seeming instructive courage of an innocent person rose to his support and he firmly but respectfully repeated, “Bernard Tudor, innocent of ill.”

“That shall we see, my master, yon wounded bargeman,” said her Majesty pointing to the sufferer who was now in the hands of her Majesty’s attendants, while a leech had been summoned to his aid, “will pronounce you incapable of ill, as well as innocent methinks.”

"It was accident, it was accident, please your Majesty," exclaimed one or two voices which the first shouting and tumult of the others had suppressed.

"Silence," said the firm calm voice of her Majesty. All was still as death in an instant. "What wouldst thou say," enquired she of one of the men who had proclaimed the innocence of the prisoner.

"Please your Gracious Majesty, I saw the man upraise his herquebuss to protect it from the rush of the crowd, and as he held it at arm's length, in both hands, it discharged; it was pure accident."

Her Majesty looked around, her eye rested for a moment on Leicester. His met her keen glance proudly and unshrinkingly, yet as if pain and sorrow mingled with his indignant rejection of the suspicion, that thus seemed desirous to search into his very soul. Again her eye met his, it must have spoken returning kindness, and more of confidence and faith than the preceding look, for his features at once lightened up into gratitude and honest delight. Elizabeth turned to the crowds around her, all still anxiously betraying their horror at the murderous attempt upon her life. "Release the man," she quietly exclaimed:—"God grant the accident rob not a fellowcreature of his life. I charge me with the care of the wounded man and his family." Then turning to Simier she more emphatically said: "He meant not evil. I would not credit aught against my subjects that a parent would not believe of his own children."

The pageant again moved on and the tide in a short time brought them close upon the India ships. Leicester, meanwhile, had unperceived approached the spot where her Majesty was again reclining. She soon saw him, and throwing her hand, as if in carelessness, beyond the cushion that sustained her, let it fall beside the now kneeling noble. He respectfully took it, and would have pressed it to his lip, but he felt the feminine tremulous effort that would prevent this too public display of his thankfulness and adoration. It rested, however, for a moment in his, and ere he released it, the exclamation of "generous, noble mistress!" had reached her ear in grateful murmurs from the lip of the impassioned Leicester.

Loud rang the salute from the royal palace at Greenwich which had caught sight of the procession and royal standard. Almost at the same moment appeared the India shipping which were decked out in all the display of nautical finery of that era, as regarded the numerous flags and pennons waving in every direction, and the gay adorning of the yards and rigging.

The guns of the vessels poured forth their noisy homage to the illustrious visitor. These ships now became objects of intense curiosity to the Members of the Court. The fleet consisted of four three-masted burthensome looking craft, and a smaller square sterned pinnace. Though the larger of the first mentioned class might, at the present day, be rated at about 400 tons, yet each carried but a few hands, the original complement of the whole fleet having been only one hundred and sixty-four souls. The fleet were closely ranged along side of each other and the Admiral's ship, the outermost, was conspicuous by its size and the high ornamental lanterns, rising prominently from the stern galleries and quarters. The tall state-cabins and the corresponding lofty gallies in the fore part of the ship with the depressed curve in the building of its centre, would appear strange enough to shipwrights or nautical connoisseurs of the present day, but the fame of Drake was already notorious among the sailors of those times, as of one curious and tasteful in the selection and equipment of his ships, and thus his fleet were deemed perfect models of naval architecture. The cumbrous bulwarks, heavy guns on the upper deck only, stalwart rigging and uncouth fashion of the yards and masts were esteemed as highly, as the light and feathery mouldings and lines even of our beautiful yachts of the nineteenth century. A sloping platform covered over with rich broad cloth and projecting from the gangway of Drake's ship enabled her Majesty conveniently to ascend from her own boat to the deck. On the gangway was an archway tastefully arranged with shawls, Indian silks and brocades in those days the rarest and most valuable of all commodities, under which her Majesty passed and was received by the gallant navigator who knelt in graceful homage as his Queen put foot upon the deck of his vessel. It is not our intention to enter into a description of the varied entertainments that were afforded to her Majesty in the state-cabin, or to detail the many curiosities and eastern novelties now displayed to the truly admiring gaze of Elizabeth. Her Majesty actually feasted on the many oriental varieties brought in rapid succession to her notice, and she thought more of those than the delicacies elegantly arranged on lackered japan trays and in strange fashioned China-ware pompously put forth for the occasion. The Queen had desired that all the survivors of the crews who had originally manned the fleet should be brought before her, and they were accordingly arranged in due order in the forepart of the Admiral's ship. Her Majesty rose to approach them. A handsome temporary throne had been erected in front of the state cabin, and her Majesty led by the Earl of Leicester had taken her seat and all were in breathless expectation

of the forthcoming announcement of her Grace's pleasure, in the expected honour and reward to be conferred on the brave leader of these adventurous heroes.

It was an interesting moment, platforms, and booths upon booths had been erected along the shore contiguous to the vessels. These were covered in every possible direction, not an angle or spar of the various scaffolding put up for the foregoing purpose where a spectator could cling, or obtain desperate footing, but was tenanted at this moment. Every spot that could give a glimpse of the spectacle was literally wedged in with crowds.

"Approach Francis Drake," exclaimed in a loud voice Sir Frederick Hatton, the chamberlain, who evidently took pleasure in thus being instrumental in rewarding one he had patronised from the first, he having early aided the navigator in the equipment of these very vessels. "Approach Francis Drake and receive her Majesty's commands."

The worthy chamberlain had to repeat his injunction, for the eye of the hero of the day had unaccountably and irresistibly fixed itself on the shew, away from the brilliant pageant of enthroned Majesty before him. He was watching anxiously one of the booths, in which were conspicuously seated among other thickly clustering groups, an old divine with a beautiful girl beside him, and an ancient cavalier, the last mentioned at this moment engaged in pointing out Drake himself to their joint notice.

"Approach Francis Drake," repeated the chamberlain. But in vain, a crash was at this moment heard on the shore, and at once bounding away with the lightness of an antelope, and utterly forgetful of all etiquette, or necessary court ceremonial, the young Admiral was clearing his course along the unmingled rigging of his line of ships and just making his way from vessel to vessel to the shore.

"God's death," half escaped the lips of her astounded Majesty, but the crash at the same moment met her royal ear, and turning in the direction, she perceived, that a portion of the scaffolding had given way, and numbers of her subjects were precipitated to the earth, and not a few of them thrown headlong into the river. All attention became immediately rivetted to this spot. The gallant Drake was seen working to it along the vessels. He plunged into the river in all his splendid attire and rich drapery as he reached its vicinity, and in a moment was seen with an object in either hand, the one the gentle Agnes we have before described, and the other his aged parent. He was instantly aided, and with his precious burthens safely conveyed to the shore where the accident was soon found to have occasioned little injury to any of the sufferers.

It will be believed, that her Gracious Majesty to whom a few brief words from her good chamberlain had soon conveyed a little light on the interesting incident just witnessed not only forgave her adventurous host, for thus rudely breaking away at the moment he was to receive the honour due to his achievements, but graciously insisted on remaining quietly seated on the deck of the vessel in gentle and very pleasing conversation with the Earl of Leicester, until the truant hero could be brought back in fitting and re-adjusted attire to pour out on his bended knee his humble apologies for his seeming disloyal and ungallant disregard to her princely favor. Shall we add too, that her Majesty whispered in the delighted ear of her kneeling subject, "Tut man, thou art a brave soul, and like a true child of the sea, a real lover, and a daring, to the last. Bring thine Agnes to our court man, and my Lord of Leicester, thy sword, 'twere well to introduce her there as a knightly dame, so rise Sir Francis Drake!" said she lightly striking the Admiral with the sword at that moment—"never was knighthood in field or fray, more fitly given by sovereign, than to this our first gallant explorer of the East, our brave fellow-countryman now kneeling and honoured before us!"

H.

ON MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

(Translated by the Late H. L. V. Derozio, from the French of M. Maupertius.)

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS, AND WHAT IS MISERY?

I call *pleasure* all perception which the mind would rather prove than not prove.

I call *pain* all perception which the mind would rather not prove than prove.

All perception in which the mind would fix itself, the absence of which it does not desire, during which it would not pass into another state, nor be at rest—all such perception is a *pleasure*. The time during which such a perception lasts is a *happy moment*.

All perception which the mind would avoid, the absence of which it desires, during which it would pass into another state, or be at rest—all such perception is a *pain*. The time during which such a perception lasts is an *unhappy moment*.

I know not whether there are any perceptions which may be denominated *indifferent* perceptions, the absence or presence

of which are perfectly alike to us. But if there be any such, it is evident that they cannot make any happy or unhappy moments.

In each happy or unhappy moment it is not enough to consider the duration: regard ought to be had to the greatness of the pleasure or the pain. To that greatness I give the name of *intensity*. This intensity may be so great, that although the duration may be very short, a happy or unhappy moment shall be equal to another of which the duration is long and the intensity little. In the same way, the duration may be so long, that, although the intensity may be very little, a happy or unhappy moment shall be equal to another of which the intensity is great and the duration little.

We ought therefore in estimating happy or unhappy moments, not only to regard the *duration* but also the *intensity* of the pleasure or pain. A double intensity and single duration may make one moment equal to another, of which the intensity is single, and the duration double. To express this generally we shall say, that in estimating happy or unhappy moments, they should be considered as *the product of the intensity of the pleasure or pain multiplied by the duration*. Such durations can be easily measured; we have instruments which measure them, independently of devices which we can adopt. It is not so with these intensities. We cannot say whether the intensity of a pleasure or a pain is exactly double or triple the intensity of another pleasure or pain.

But although we have no exact measure for these intensities, we feel that some are greater than others and we do not give up comparing them. Every man by a natural judgment * the intensity and the duration in his confused estimation of happy or unhappy moments. Sometimes he prefers a little pleasure which continues for a length of time, to a greater one which passes rapidly away; sometimes he prefers a very great but very short pleasure to a very little but very long one. This is also the case with pain. Although very great, it may be so short as to be more cheerfully borne than a smaller one of longer duration: and it may be so small, that although of long duration, it may be preferred to a very short but very intense pain. Each person makes these comparison as well as he can; and although their calculations may be different, it is not the less true that the just estimation of happy or unhappy moments, is as we have stated—the product of the intensity of the pleasure or pain multiplied by the duration.

* Blank in manuscript.—Printer.

*Good is a sum of happy moments.
Evil is a sum of unhappy moments.*

It is evident that these sums to be equal should not occupy intervals of equal times. In that where there is more of intensity there should be less of duration; in that where the duration is great, the intensity should be little. These sums are the elements of happiness and misery.

Happiness is the sum of good that remains after deducting the evil.

Misery is the sum of evil that remains after deducting the good.

Happiness and misery then depend upon the compensation of good and evil. The happiest man is not always he who has had the greatest sum of good. The evils which he has encountered in the course of his life have diminished his happiness: and their sum may have been so great as to have diminished his happiness, more than the sum of good has increased it. The happiest man is he to whom the greatest sum of good remains after having deducted the sum of evils. If the sum of good and that of evil be equal, we cannot call him to whom such a lot has been assigned either a happy or an unhappy man. His life goes for nothing. If the sum of evil exceed that of good he is unhappy in a greater or less degree as that sum exceeds the other in a greater or less degree. His life does not go for nothing. Thus, it is not until we make this last calculation, until a balance is struck between the sums of good and evil, that we can judge of happiness or misery.

Good and evil being the elements of happiness and misery, all one's care ought to be employed in obtaining a correct knowledge of them, to compare the one class with the other—and finally always to make choice of the greatest good and to avoid the greatest evil. But many difficulties beset this comparison: and each individual makes it in his own way.

One for the enjoyment of a few voluptuous moments, loses his health or destroys his fortune; another refuses the most lively pleasures to obtain a treasure which he will never enjoy. This one languishes under the protracted agonies of the stone; that, suffers the most cruel pain to be delivered from it.

And although good and evil appear to be very different *species*, we still compare those which appear the most heterogeneous, with each other. Thus it was that Scipio found more good in a generous action than in all the pleasure which he could have enjoyed with his captive.

What adds to the difficulty of the comparison of good and evil, is, the different *distances* whence they are viewed. If we

compare a remote with a present good, or a present with a remote evil, rarely shall we make a just comparison. This inequality of distance, however, causes difficulty only in practice : for the future which is apparently at our door when age and health are taken into consideration, ought to be regarded as near at least as the present.

There is yet another more difficult comparison, and one that is not less necessary—it is that of good with evil. I mean here the estimation of evil which ought reasonably to be suffered that it may be compensated by such or such good ; or the estimation of good of which we ought to deprive ourselves to avoid such or such evil. Although this comparison cannot always be correctly made, there is an infinite number of cases in which we feel it advantageous to suffer an evil to enjoy a good, or to abandon a good to avoid an evil. When good and evil are viewed at different distances the comparison becomes still more difficult.

It is in making all these comparisons that prudence consists. It is owing to their difficulty that few prudent persons are to be found ; and we may ascribe the infinite variety of human conduct to the different ways in which these calculations are made.

CHAPTER II.

IN ORDINARY LIFE, THE SUM OF EVIL EXCEEDS THAT OF GOOD.

We have defined *pleasure* to be all perception which the mind would rather prove than not prove ; all perception in which it would fix itself ; during which it would not pass into another state, nor be at rest. We have defined pain and to be all perception which the mind would rather not prove than prove ; all perception which it would avoid ; during which it would pass into another state or be at rest.

If life be examined according to these ideas, we shall be surprised, nay frightened, to find how full it is of pains, how barren of pleasures. How rare are those perceptions in the presence of which the mind delights ? What is life, but a continual wish to change its perceptions ? It is passed in desires ; and we would annihilate all the interval, which separates us from their accomplishment. Often would we have days, months and whole years suppressed ; and we never acquire any good without paying for it with our lives.

If God accomplished our desires, and suppressed for us all the time, which we would have suppressed, the old man would be surprised to see the little that he would have lived : perhaps the duration of the longest life would be reduced to a few hours.

Now, all that time, the suppression of which we would wish for, in order to pass to the accomplishment of our desires, that is to pass from some perceptions to others—all that time is composed of unhappy moments.

There are few men, I think, who do not agree, that their lives have been more full of such moments than of happy ones, when they consider nothing more in these moments, than their *duration*; but if regard were paid to their *intensity*, the sum of evil would be much more increased, and the proposition, that *in ordinary life the sum of evil exceeds the sum of good*, would become more true.

All the amusements of men prove the misery of their condition. It is only to avoid painful perceptions, that one plays at chess and another follows the chase: all seek forgetfulness of themselves in serious or frivolous occupations. Nor do these suffice; they have recourse to other resources: some by means of liquors excite a tumult in their minds, during which it loses the idea, that torments it; others by the fumes of the leaves of a plant seek a giddiness for their cares; others charm their pains by a juice, which throws them into a species of extacy. In Europe, Asia, Africa and America, all men, though ever so different, have sought, remedies for the evils of life.

Were the inquiry made, we should find very few, from whatever condition they might be taken, who would recommence life as it has been, who would repass through all the states in which it has been. Would not this be the pleasant avowal, that there is more evil than good in life?

Is this then the fate of human nature? Is it irrecoverably condemned to so severe a doom: or are there any means to change this proportion between good and evil. Is it not from the little use, or rather the bad use which man makes of his reason, that makes this proportion so fatal? Would not a happier life be the reward of his reflexions and his exertions?

CHAPTER III

REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF PLEASURES AND PAINS.

Philosophers of all times have known the importance of seeking happiness, and have made it their principal study. If they have not found the proper road which leads to it, they have travelled along paths by which it may be approached. In comparing their discoveries in other sciences with the excellent precepts, which they have left us by which we may become happy, it will surprise us to see the greater progress that has been made in this science than in every other.

I shall not enter into a detail of the opinions entertained by all those great men, regarding happiness ; nor shall I point out the particular differences, which prevailed in the sentiments of those who, in general matters, belonged to the same sect. Such a discussion could be nothing more than a long, difficult, uncertain, and positively useless kind of history.

Some, regarding the body as the sole instrument of happiness and misery, know of no pleasures, but those which depend upon impressions made by external objects upon our senses, and of no pains, but those which depend upon similar impressions.

Others again, ascribing too much to the mind admit of no pleasures or pains, but those which it finds in itself.

These opinions are extravagant, and equally remote from the truth. Impressions made by external objects on the body are sources of pleasure and pain ; and so are the operations of the mind. And although all these pleasures and pains may enter through different passages, they have this in common ; that they are perceptions of the mind, with which it is pleased or displeased, and which make happy or unhappy moments.

Let us not then be alarmed about comparing the pleasures of sense with the most intellectual pleasures ; let us not create an illusory belief that there may be some pleasures of a less noble nature than others. The noblest pleasures are those which are the greatest.

Some Philosophers go so far as to regard the body as altogether foreign to ourselves, and pretend that we could even bring ourselves not to feel the accidents to which it is subject.

Others would not deceive themselves less were they to believe, that the impressions made by external objects on the body could so occupy the mind as to render it insensible to its reflexions.

All pleasures and pains belong to the mind.

**A ROMANCE IN MINIATURE;
OR,
THE FORTUNES OF DEARNAVOGA. •**

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

The ill-fated expedition into Ireland, conducted by the unfortunate but chivalrous Essex, is an epoch in history familiar to most readers. Although the forces Elizabeth had afforded for the purpose of subduing the refractory Irish, were fully adequate to accomplish the desired end, yet the indecision and rashness of Essex frustrated the intention of the English Government, and the recall of that nobleman to the British metropolis, and his consequent disgrace left the aborigines of the soil in an even more rebellious state than before. The presence of an army banished the more inveterate Irish from the towns and cultivated villages, but in the fastnesses of the mountains, the followers of the exiled chiefs nourished in gloomy silence the wrongs of their country. The energetic conduct, however, of the succeeding deputy, the Lord Mountjoy, had brought the dissaffected into tolerable subjection—still there were remaining many of the heads of Clans, whose hatred to the Saxon dynasty was such, that they preferred the savage liberty of moor and mountain, to acknowledging the supremacy of their invaders. Amongst the most distinguished of the Irish chiefs was Dearnavoga, or, as he was more usually termed, the Master of Carrack-a-Bracke.

Inheriting all the daring courage and love of country, for which his immediate ancestors had been celebrated, to his stern character was conjoined an enthusiasm bordering almost on phrenzy. On him his clan looked as one whom a future day might see leading the armies of his country against the Saxon spoiler, and when imbued with the romantic idea of becoming the deliverer of his country, he did lead a force of far disproportioned power against the English, and was made prisoner, his adherents looked on him as a martyr to his country's cause, and his having effected his escape through the connivance of a young and beautiful noblewoman, a daughter of one of the Sassanagh Lords, was in their opinion paramount to an intervention in his favour by Divine Providence.

It was a soft moonlight, on the night on which our narrative commences, when the master of the now ruined towers of Carrack-a-Bracke approached the home of his forefathers. The sun had not long set behind the summits of the blue hills,

whilst the queen of night cast her softening influence over the otherwise harsh outlines of the rugged glen, through which he was winding his homeward path. From the few scattered bawns or huts that had escaped the desolating wrath of war, the curling smoke of the peat fires rose in blue lines against the clear sky, whilst the rushing of the black water, or the booming of some solitary waterfowl, was the only sound which struck upon the ear, as he and his attendants rode through the scattered brushwood, here and there intermingled with clumps of old oak trees or aged elms.

They soon reached the object of their journey. It was a tall solitary tower, on a naked eminence surrounded by immense masses of ruins—here and there an arch was left standing, through which the cold moonlight sky was discernible on the interior of a flight of broken steps leading to the summit of a dilapidated watch tower, amid whose clustering masses of lichen and ivy, the bat and the owl were now left the sole possessors. From a portion of the ruins that seemed to have undergone a partial repair, for the apparent purpose of out-offices, one or two female domestics could be seen passing and repassing to and from the main dwelling; but that which appeared to stir with a more than ordinary interest the Master of Carrack-a-Bracke, was the dimly defined outlines of two ladies, who were prosecuting their solitary walk on the summit of the tower.

Mounted on a tall active horse, he had commenced ascending the small acclivity that led to the dilapidated building; his dress exhibited in its soiled and tarnished state but too true an evidence of his fallen fortunes. A saffron shirt with plates folding on plates, surmounted by a narrow vest of grey cloth, and bound round his waist with a rough untanned leathern belt, attached to a hose of the same texture, russet boots without spurs, a short red mantle and a basket or steel cap, completed his costume. But in what his dress might prove deficient in costliness, was fully made up for in the exquisite workmanship of his arms, the skein with its pearl studded haft, the sword with its enamelled handle and blade of Milan steel, the high tempered battle axe that hung from his saddle bow, and the Spanish harquebuss which was slung across his shoulders. He had a frank and open manner to which his dark eyes, raven hair, and regular features well corresponded, whilst a firmness about the joints, a squareness of shoulder and a haughtiness of eye, evinced him to be one it were dangerous to greet otherwise than in a friendly style; his attendants were habited after nearly a similar fashion—tall, grim, wild looking men; with lances ten feet in height, and bull's hide bucklers slung at their backs.

The young chieftain looked up for a moment at the old tower glistening in the cold moonlight—and as he alighted at the low barbican or door way, exclaimed to one of his followers, who appeared to attend more closely to his person than the rest—“See, Morven, that some of those knaves keep a strict look out from the hill, for a hempen collar and a short shrift were my fate if I fell into the hands of those German Hackbut men at Laclash.” “Trust to my wardenship, chief,” was the reply, “though it was a sad mishap, our having fallen in with a party of them to-day, in our descent from the mountains.” “We must even face the risk to the best of our power,” replied the Master of Carrack-a-Bracke, after the barbican in answer to his summons gave him entrance to his own home; “we have stone walls to protect us to-night, even if they should attempt an assault on the tower.”

Here the conversation dropped, as followed by his attendants, Dearnavoga entered the main apartment. A battery with a small room branching off it composed the whole of the ground floor; above in two different stories were four sleeping apartments, which was all that now remained of the once extensive building. His arrival had evidently been expected, a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, the floor was freshly strewn with rushes, and the few remaining articles of plate and household gear, which had escaped the general wreck, were spread on the upper end of the long oak table. Some four or five stag hounds that had been basking on the hearth, rose on his entry, and by their gambols testified their joyful recognition; a number of hawks on their perches over head, commenced flapping their wings and ginging the bells attached to the rings that encircled their legs; whilst an old grey headed servitor, habited in a loose flowing garb of saffron linen, and bearing a torch in his hand, marshalled his chieftain into his ruined dwelling, who throwing himself into an oaken chair and removing his steel bonnet permitted a profusion of long black hair to fall over the shaggy cape of his short scarlet cloak, as he exclaimed, “How fareth the lady of Carrack-a-bracke and my gentle kinswoman good Carol?” “They come,” was the rejoinder as standing in a respectful attitude the attendant made way for their approach. With a hurried step the mother of Dearnavoga advanced to meet her outlawed son, “welcome—welcome my brave but unfortunate boy, thy messenger was steady of foot and thou hast been tarried for.” “Thanks, mother thanks! I’ve had no little risk in coming down here, for I fell in with a straggling party of spearmen whom the Saxon had left to keep watch and ward lest any of the outlaws should leave their mountain fastnesses for the Low-

lands—but how faireth my cousin?" "She is here to answer for herself Mordred, and strange to say laments that we ever left our exile in the mountains with thee, for the comparative safety of stone walls and the more peaceable Lowlands." "And is it thus, Malvina," interrupted the young chieftain as he saluted his cousin, "methinks a solitary sheiling in those wild heathy mountains were but a rough bower for so gentle a flower as thee." "Cousin Mordred," was the reply, "when we were not separate, all was happiness to me, but now we scarce ever see you and then but for a few hours in doubt and danger. Would Mordred that thou could'st be persuaded to take the oath of supremacy, for what canst thou hope from leaguings thyself with men whose desperate fortunes have left them no other alternative. The brave knight Sir Lionel Morriss sojourned here a night after the harrowing of Ossery and gave us assurance that if thou wouldst acknowledge the Saxon dynasty the sentence of outlawry would be cancelled." "Cousin," replied the master of Carrack-a-bracke in a deep and stern tone, "not if the Saxon would give me the kingdom of Leinster would I swear fealty to the invaders! look around thee?" and he pointed to the rough, naked and ill furnished hall, "is this a habitation for Dearnavoga of Carrack-a-bracke! Where be our strong castles—our waving woods—our herds of cattle—our sworn clans of faithful followers or our minstrels? what have they left us? nothing but the mountains!"

"They have passed our gate often since, we have tarried here," interrupted the lady of Carrack-a-bracke, "and save the courtesy of a cup of the strong waters of a tempestuous night, they have claimed nothing of the lone widow. The few herd of cattle thou sent us from the mountain have been hitherto spared by the Saxon drovers and the English knight of Moydoreach, did he not, Malvina, when he heard of thy sickness send thee certain condiments of such exceeding skill that in a week and a day thou wert well again?" "We have to thank the brave knight for even more kindnesses than these," was the reply, "in the depths of winter he was kind and munificent!" The temper of the young chieftain which for some time had been rising, now broke forth in all its native fierceness. "And this thou tellest to me! thus confess thine own degradation! Better that the gaunt wolf had fed on thy bones than thou have taken bread at the hand of the stranger. Have I not fasted and hungered in darkness—in cold and sorrow, yet would I not taste of Saxon cheer save their best blood was sprinkled over it!" "Son—son," interrupted the lady of Carrack-a-bracke, "thou forgettest we are but two poor defenceless women, and thou knowest that of late even thou couldst do little for us?" "Alas, thou speakest but

too true, mother," replied Dearnavoga, "the cave of the mountain, the berries that grow on the lone hill side, the water of the hill torrent are all that heaven hath left thy outlawed son!" "I know it, son—I know all! for many a wandering kern, who during the long bleak winter nights claimed the shelter of our hearth, has spoken of the straits to which thou had'st been put." "But," continued the chief wishing to change the subject, "have those German mercenaries been civil to thee? I have heard much of their leader, a villain,—I would I had him with my good sword at ten paces of level green sward?" "I have seen him and his riders pass on moonlight nights when bound on a foray, but he hath never molested our dwelling." "Mother, thou dost conceal the truth from me," hastily interrupted Dearnavoga, "one of his riders, a fellow named Bardolph, hath been here." At this the neck and bosom of the chieftain's cousin became almost crimson!—"Nay more, mother, hath he not sought speech of my kinswoman?" "He tarried here one night," replied the lady of Carrack-a-bracke, "when overtaken by a storm and perhaps when heated with liquor was a little free touching the love of his leader towards thy cousin." "But hath he never again obtruded himself on thy privacy? I know the libertine views of those swinish Saxons and lawless Germans" "Zouch, the leader of those border-riders hath had speech of me, Dearnavoga here," interrupted Malvina—"we had not power to refuse him entrance." "Methinks, gentle cousin, this tower, shorn though it be, with locked-wickets and some dozen ready hands at bending a cross bow might have kept out one doughty knight, even though his prowess had equalled the redoubtable giant, Fin-ma-Coul." "He threatened to bring down all the Hack-but men encamped at the tower of Daclash if refused entrance mildly," interrupted Malvina, "but although I refused his offers his proposals were honorable." "My gentle cousin, may I ask the nature of those honorable proposals." "Mordred Dearnavoga replied his kinswoman haughtily, "I brook no insulting enquiries in aught where my honor is concerned; be this sufficient, his offer was marriage." "And thou of course hath given it thy sage and deliberate consideration," was the rejoinder. "Mordred, Mordred, thou knowest well I could never have listened to him," replied his indignant kinswoman bursting into tears! "Forgive me, cousin, forgive me," exclaimed the Dearnavoga taking one of her hands in his, "my temper hath been much soured of late by misfortune, and even to my best friends I grow churlish; but fear not, ere long you boasting Saxons may pitch their tents elsewhere, when Fyrona the O'Connell—and Florence Macarthy hurry the Lowlands of Munster. As ill luck would have it, I had a severe skirmish this

very day with this Zouch and only escaped by my superior knowledge of the passes—to retreat to the mountains was impossible or not to be effected without extreme danger as my flight was discovered—so that if they seek me to my lair here, we must defend the walls against them.” “But how pale thou lookest, Mordred,” interrupted the lady of Carrick-a-bracke, “but privation and misfortunes will wear the strongest.” “Why,” exclaimed the master casting his eyes round the ruined hall, “this seems a paradise after a shieling in the mountain, but thou, mother, seemest to suffer not a little,” and as he spoke he gazed fondly and sadly on the features of his only surviving parent whose hair was parted over her high pale forehead—“but have the followers of our house been chary in the doling of the *kernety*? We never claimed the cosnering on black mail?” “They have been but too generous was the reply of the Lady as she remarked the eyes of her son were directed towards the table where some of the inferior servants were placing the substantial but coarse meal of the evening—“In the reverse of thy fortune thy cousin hath aided me much in the house affairs,” and as this was uttered she cast a complacent smile on the countenance of her young kinswoman—“Ah Mordred, she continued, hadst thou known how many a prayer thy cousin hath breathed for thee during thy wanderings in the mountains thou wouldst learn to look lighter on thy misfortunes.” “And is it thus?” said Mordred, taking the hand of his cousin in his. “Malvina, ’tis but a few years since I saw thee a girl—but now I behold a woman!” and for an instant his eyes glanced over the light but exquisitely modelled figure of Malvina. After a pause Dearnavoga continued, “Alack, Malvina the fallen fortunes of this house I fear will never be able to afford thee a marriage dower!”—“Marriage dower,” replied Malvina in a low and tremulous voice turning pale as marble as she gazed on the youthful and noble figure of Dearnavoga. “I am happy here nor wish to marry with the stranger.” “And now mother,” replied the master, “I have ridden far; those Saxons twice to-day have made me trust to the speed of my horse. I should like to try the merits of yonder pasty,” and as he perceived the old Major Domo attending with as much reverence as if it had been one of the feasts in the prosperity of the house, exclaimed, “Carol thou knowest after a long foray the strong waters ever agreeth with the stomach of the rough rider, so bring me a stoup of usquebaugh and a round horn beaker,” and the master of Carrack a bracke seating himself at the board commenced his evening meal.

“And now, mother,” he exclaimed after a cessation of attacks on the pasty and frequent recurrence to the beaker of usquebaugh, “I must even out with the truth, the forces of the deputy Lord

Mountjoy have hemm'd us in all the passes almost are beset, Tyrone hath retreated into Clare-Galway, and I am bound for Scotland."

"For Scotland, Mordred," exclaimed the lady of Carrack-a-bracke—"Even so, mother; thou knowest that my escape thro' the connivance of the lady Amorice, the daughter of Nottingham has given the deputy such an inveterate hatred to me that a price is set upon my head."—"But when the daughter of the Earl fell into the hands of an ambuscade of the Secale Kern, and when O'Connor Fordap would have brought shame into the house of Howard didst thou not rescue her and restore her to a bereaved father inviolate?"—"True mother, but my connived escape cancelled the debt, here I cannot stay, that very encampment at Laclash amounts to eighty well appointed riders, bold at their weapons with the foam for ever on their horses' bits." "And can that number appal thee, Mordred," interrupted his mother, "when thou hast stone walls and cross bows to bide the onset; Dermid of the Ellesbank or black Morrice could summon two hundred ere the grey morn should dapple the sides of the mountains." "It may not be, mother—I might for a day—a week hold the tower good, but hunted, proscribed, a price set on my head, why should I tarry for the gangs of the Saxon dogs rather than seek in foreign lands an honorable profession." "Heaven forbid, my son, that your heart-broken mother should swerve thee from that course which honor points out to thee as best fitted for thy present fortunes;—go, and remember thou leavest a desolate mother behind thee;—yet, yet my blessing attend thee!"—"Mother, mother why speak thus; God knows the heart is willing and the arms are strong, but who will give the labourer hire; all that my forefathers left me hath passed into the hands of the Saxon." "Have they oppressed thee more of late than of yore," here interrupted Malvina timidly? "Look thee girl," resumed Dearnavoga in an unusually harsh tone, "to-morrow, aye to-morrow! 'Tis the boast of that very German-Touch that he will tear down this lone tower, the last shelter left thee; though, hadst thou lent a kind ear to the villain's suit thou mightest have been honoured by the title of his *lady*!"

The mother was silent, and with tearful eyes the cousin of Mordred gazed on his pallid countenance as he continued to look fixedly on the glowing embers of the fire. Once or twice he started from his seat as in the moaning of the winds through the ruins he fancied he heard the distant tramp of horses, but again deeming it to be the effect alone of a dis-tempered imagination, he resumed his seat, although ever and anon casting a hurried glance around the desolate hall as

if he expected to see armed men start from the murky gloom that enveloped the extremity. His eyes rested alone on tattered tapestry shaken by the wind, pieces of rusty armour or trophies of many a former sylvan chase ; the very stag hounds had sank into rest, the hawks slumbered on their perches and save one solitary light in conjunction with the yet alive but dull looking fire the ruined family of Dearnavoga sat round their humble family hearth. "Son," exclaimed the lady of Carrack-a-bracke, "thou art not showing the spirit and magnanimity of thy forefathers, thus giving way to despondency ; once wert thou in the bondage of the Saxon, yet didst thou escape."—"Even so mother, even so, but had not the lady Amorice rescued me, my head were now whitening on London bridge, and aye," continued the chief in a kind of soliloquy "the noble Earl of Nottingham might prop the ruined fortunes of this house if he would!"—"Alas poor boy ! is it thinking of marriage thou art, when thou knowest not how long thou canst reckon thy head thine own."—"Mine has been too often jeopardied ere now for me to be under much apprehension for its safety, but who comes hither with such a rapid foot," he exclaimed starting to his feet as Morven bearing a large pine torch in his hand and a drawn sword in another, rushed into the hall, exclaiming, "the Saxons have shook bridle for a moon light foray from the top of the tower on the last rising ground to this. I saw the moon beam on the steel breast plate of the leading horseman." "Hah, 'tis as I guessed," replied Dearnavoga, "they would feign take the outlaw in his den, but like the fox amid the hounds, fighting till the last, and without a moan shall they take me. Retire mother and thou gentle cousin to your apartments, there as long as the Barbican and Towers hold good, thou art safe. See Morven to the bolts and bars of the postern and wicket, and summon, mother, from the out offices all the dependants thou hast. Quick ere the Saxon cut off their entrance. Morven, bring thou Torlath and Toscan with their matchlocks to the top of the tower where we can at once reconnoitre and command any party that approaches."

It was a bright moonlight night. The outlaw'd chief leant over the parapet that defended the summit of the tower and beheld at the bottom of the acclivity on which his dwelling was erected a strong body of Saxon horse as the bright beam of the moon glistened on breast plate, steel cap and spear. Their leader in whom he recognized Zouch by his heron plume, was now engaged apparently in giving them instructions, frequently turning and pointing towards the tower.

"The Knave is a bold soldier," remarked Morven to Dearnavoga, "and give the devils their due they and their horses are well

set up; dost mark that giant of a fellow with the ponderous axe at his saddle bow,—he is a Fleming from the low countries abroad.” “They will make but little way against stone walls, though only manned by a score of cross bows” was the rejoinder, “but do thou haste below and see that the Barbican be secure, the cattle, peat ricks and corn stacks must be trusted to providence,—but mother, what wouldst thou?” “I come, my son, to do all that woman may in an approaching trial like this. Ca-rol, place the cauldron here. I will look to our fire”—“Woman’s wit, mother, often serveth man at need,” said the Chief, “’tis well thought on, as some of my followers may have left their retreats for the lowlands with the rise of the young moon.”

In a few minutes the lady of Carrack-a-bracke had heaped up a large cauldron with burning logs from the hearth of the common hall, and throwing in quantities of salt and tallow, saw her labours crowned by a long high narrow shaft of blue flame shooting up into the sky, a conspicuous signal.

After a little the besieging party advanced half way up the hill and then halted, when their leader galloping from the front rode up underneath the tower. He was mounted on a tall strong Flemish horse, a steel skullcap with a single heron feather without mask or visor protected his head; an immense beard and moustaches in contrast with his pale harsh and prominent features gave to his general appearance a character at once overbearing and repulsive; a steel breastplate and greaves over a buff leathern doublet and hose, immense jack boots and steel ring gauntlets completed his costume; his band were similarly attired, excepting that a massive gold chain was attached to the Chief’s baldrick, from whence hung a semicircular silver winding horn.

Raising the latter to his lips he blew one single shrill blast, and raising his eyes towards the battlements exclaimed, “Ho, warder, if here one be kept, I would hold conference with the master of Carrack-a-bracke.” “He whom thou seekest is wary of the lowlands,” but hark, Morven, “when the hours are in the valley the deer his task, mountain.”—“At least good Warden, open thy wicket to the benighted,” was the next demand. “Sir Pilgrim! ich wil be thy calling,” answered Morven in a sneering tone, “on bu travellest in a numerous and goodly company, Knight Templars I guess, to the shrine of Saint Sheelah!” “Thou glib dog of a robber race,” loudly interrupted the enraged German, “there is enough of the cold moonlight for you to see from that rook’s nest of yours that we are bold border riders and from the English pale, so unlock wicket, lest we batter down the doors with the butt ends of

our lances"—"thou'lt bide along tryst till then at that rate," replied Morven, "and if it be for the favor of a refection for which the keen night air hath nathless braced thy stomachs, thou shalt swallow a full share of iron shod cross bolt ; so move thee thou pot-bellied German, or my bow shall try a bolt at thy worthless carcass !" so saying, leaning a little over the parapet, he made his words. Straining his heavy bow to its utmost extent, he wing'd a shaft so true that it carried the single heron feather out of the German's cap, at which, startled by the whistling sound, his horse plunged so violently that it was only the admirable horsemanship of the rider that saved him from a severe fall—"The devil's malison on thee" exclaimed the German as he shook his hand in impotent rage at the grinning countenance of Morven, but seeing his opponent about to prepare for another exhibition of his skill, he prudently galloped back to his party.

In the mean time the lady of Carrack-a-bracke ever and anon cast an impatient glance towards the mountains, whilst the fire cast its blue and unearthly light on the small group who occupied the summit of the tower. She was enveloped in her long red mantle and her dark hair streamed unconfined over her shoulders. At times she bent over the flames and anon cast quantities of salt on the glowing embers. At a little distance, Morven, his colossal figure enveloped in his saffron tunic, untam'd bull's hide doublet and long grey mantle, was contrasted with the slight delicate figure of the maiden Malvina. She was watching the anxious countenance of the master of Dearnavoga behind whom the affrighted female attendants had crowded, whilst the rear was brought up by the male servants of the house most of whom were armed with cross bows and battle-axes.—"Look, look," exclaimed the lady of Dearnavoga as she threw a fresh log of wood on the fire, "the flames spread far and wide. The alarm has taken from hill to hill, the firebrand is blazing : sound thy bugle horn to the rescue's gathering." Obeying the injunction Dearnavoga putting his tasseled horn to his sight. Thnd a blast that was echoed from stream, hill and hollo the sum

At the sound of the bugle, ^{city on} Dearnavoga could perceive that all the besiegers had got in motion, ^{horse} spurring up the remaining portion of the declivity came within bow shot distance—"Now matchlock men, be steady," exclaimed Dearnavoga in a loud emphatic tone to Morven and his two mountain followers. "We cannot afford to miss a shot," and he motioned all the others to lie under the shelter of the parapet that rose about breast high. "Fire, men," and when the smoke cleared away, two saddles were

and for a second or two in silence they watched the Fleming, as ceasing from his toil he wiped from his brows the heavy perspiration, and when again he raised his ponderous axe, his defenceless head was directly under the trap door. The Foster clasping the immense fragment in his brawny arms, stood astride across the opening of the trap door, and let the ponderous mass fall! there was a rushing sound, a fierce shriek, and no more! for when the Foster cast his eyes down with a shudder, the whole upper part of the Fleming exposed a shapeless mass!

A loud shout of execration and rage burst from the besiegers, in beholding the fall of the Fleming, and the sharp echo of a dozen matchlocks sung through the air. At the tower two balls entered the casement, one slightly wounded the Foster, the other killed his companion. After casting one look of commiseration on the body, and fastening down the trap doors, the Foster with a rapid step sought the summit of the tower from whence Dearnavoga was keeping up a brisk discharge of cross bolts, the numbers of which however had been thinned of late, by the defenders of the tower too freely exposing themselves over the parapet.

The besiegers foiled in their attempt to force an entry, and finding that the protection of stone walls was too great an advantage to wage war against, began to draw off, whilst their leader once more advanced alone under the tower, taking the precaution however, of raising a white handkerchief on the point of his lance, as a signal of truce—"I crave the protection of the Master of Carrack-a-bracke, from that Irish Robin Hood, whilst I come here to parley." "'Tis thine," replied the Master, for the first time speaking aloud, "what wouldst thou? or why dost thou molest my lonely tower?" "Thou knowest, Dearnavoga," replied the German, "that thou art a traitor forsworn and an outlaw—yield thyself up, make submission, and thou mayest yet be taken into favor." "Good captain, thy sophistry is quite thrown away upon me, yield I will not!" "Then must I wage war with thee to the last extremity." "Be it so, and God defend the right—there will be a good muster of Kern, Hobiller, and Gallowglass yet, to harrass the borders of the Saxon Pale, when Tyrone the O'Donnel and Florence Macarthy sweep the lowlands of Munster." "Thou wilt rue this, Mordred Dearnavoga," replied the discomfitted leader of the besiegers, as he turned his horse's head from the tower. "Let the Saxon do their worst," replied Dearnavoga, "nor boast when my foot is free on the mountain or I have stone walls to defend me." "Thou wilt have to answer for thine own temerity, Master of Carrack-a-Bracke," responded the German af-

ter a pause; "but if thou hast the vantage of stone walls, they will not long stand thee, when we bring cannon to bear on them." "This is a rocky and uneven glen, Sir German, and those heavy battering rams, of which thou speakest, will not pass very smoothly over our rough roads, not to speak of any other impediment." "Yonder rolls the blackwater," replied the German, pointing in the direction of the river, on the opposite bank; "this tower of thine, situated as it is, on an eminence, will afford a good mark; for the present we will go—nor need'st thou have rais'd thy beacon light for by the mass, we have lit a brave bonfire for you—turn round, what seest thou outlaw?"

As he spoke, Dearnavoga turned and saw that all the out-offices, peat, stack, corn and graneries, were in a blaze!

"The cry of the famishing widow shall be heard for this," hoarsely replied the outlaw, as he viewed the destruction of his property; "miscreant, that callest thyself a soldier, thou might'st have spared the widow's store for the hardships of winter—but take to thy spurs, take to thy spurs! thy truce of parley is over, remain another second, and thy carcass shall be food for the vultures." "Very well, my friend," replied the German, as he galloped off to his party, and when Dearnavoga turned round, it was to hear the lamentations of the domestics, on viewing the destruction of months of labour.

"Lady of Carrack-a-bracke, thou see'st here I cannot longer bide; at the dawn I must make for the sea coast. In this paper thou wilt find the address of my abode in the Scottish Metropolis where for a time I mean to sojourn and where ere long if fortune smile I shall be enabled to provide for thee and my gentle Cousin. This other packet is directed to Tyrone or the Onial, it relates entirely to thee and Malvina, do thou deliver it into his hands, he is now at Carlingford occupying with his forces the immense chain of the Morne mountains. The Foster, with a few of my followers who will reach this by to-morrow noon, will form thy escort and here is a pass-port signed by the Lord Deputy obtained through the interest of the Earl of Nottingham, so on presenting this thou need'st not fear any of the detached bands of the Saxon. As for myself, I am irrevocably outlawed. Retire and seek some rest; at the dawn, I will bid thee farewell!"—"Heaven prosper thee, my son, we are all houseless and homeless, but heaven's will be done," and folding the packets in her bosom she sought her chamber for the night. Not so Malvina, who motioning the chieftain to a part of the platform where they stood alone in the clear moonlight exclaimed in a low and plaintive voice. "And must thou go from us, Cousin?" Even

so, Malvina," replied the Master, "but in the Scottish metropolis I may earn fame and wealth in an honorable exile." "And shall we not share it with thee, Mordred? Oh the happiest hours of my life were those we shared with thee in thy exile in the mountains. Alas why did we ever leave it? How happily by our peat fire in our humble cot when thou wouldst return loaded from the chase, we passed our evenings together, when I did play for thee thy favorite airs on the Harp. I've heard thee say then that Malvina was dear to thee, is it so now?"

"Oh more than ever," interrupted Dearnavoga, as for a moment he pressed his lips to the pale brow of the weeping girl, "but thou hast not known like me the depths of sorrow, and heaven shield thee, my gentle Cousin, from the like."

"Mordred, on thee I have ever looked on as a brother, till now! aye," she continued after a pause, "let the avowal come with the sincerity of a simple Irish girl, even more than a brother, yet Cousin think me not for this a wild, (and she blushed as she added) an inconsiderate girl, if not deemed even worse in confessing this much to thee, but I have felt and feel that towards thee I may not ever feel for another, and now, I have one favour to ask thee," and, she added, blushing, "thou must comply with it."

"Name it, dearest Malvina," replied Dearnavoga as he pressed his lip to hers, "aught that is in my power." "'Tis but a silly question and a simple favour," resumed the blushing damsel as she disengaged herself from his arms, "this Lady Amorice that effected thy escape from the tower of Dublin, dost thou love her?" "Since thus questionest, Malvina, I do, and have done so long and fervently!" "I knew it, Cousin," replied Malvina with a melancholy smile, and her eyes glistened as she spoke, "now for the boon, 'tis for that plain gold ring that thou wearest?" "Is that all, dearest Cousin, 'tis thine," and he placed it in her small snowy hand. "Now then, Cousin Mordred, we part for ever, for ever, I would not again see thee in this world. May she who is happy in the possession of thy affections appreciate them as thy poor kinswoman might have done. This ring shall I keep in memory of one but too dear to me!" For an instant her head drooped on his shoulder, the next moment starting from her position she passed swiftly from his side and rapidly commenced winding her way down the steep turret stairs, leaving Dearnavoga not a little surprized and perplexed at her unexpected disclosure.

The wearied domestics, save those that were appointed to keep watch, were soon in a profound sleep, and Dearnavoga and the Foster alone paced the narrow limits of the battlement. The flames from the burning corn stacks and peat ricks, still swept in volumes over the out-offices, casting a lurid glare far and wide.

on all the surrounding objects, whilst the groans of the unfortunate cattle that could not escape were mingled with the sounds of the crashing beams of the out-offices as they fell on the scorched and half suffocated animals.

Folding his cloak under his head the master of Carrack-a-bracke laid himself down to enjoy a short slumber, warning the Foster who kept pacing backwards and forwards to awake him at the first glimmer of the dawn.

The Foster looked forth over the surrounding country, the besiegers were out of sight and save the fires that glowed on every eminence in answer to the summons of Carrack-a-bracke all nature seemed hushed in rest, the stars and the moon beams were reflected on the deep bosom of the black water and not a sound save his own measured tread struck on the ear of the watchful warden as he pursued his solitary walk.

The master of Carrack-a-bracke was at length awakened from his slumbers by the arm of the Foster; "up chief, the stars wax faint and the pale moon has sunk behind the grey hills, thou hast yet a weary way to pursue and the bark sails with the evening's tide." In a second Dearnavoga was on his feet "and my horse, where is he?" "Perished in last night's fire," was the rejoinder. "I grieve for the noble animal, but my foot hath trod the mountains too long to heed fatigue."

"Wilt thou not see the lady and thy kinswoman, ere thou departest?" "No, no!—good Morven, 'tis better not—give thou this purse to the lady, 'twill defray the expenses of their journey to Carlingford, and now farewell!" After folding his short scarlet mantle around him he rung the hand of his dependent long and warmly, he added, "when thy mission is completed thou wilt follow me. I shall reside at the Cannon Gate of Edinburgh. Once more, fare thee well,"—and descending the main stairs and passing gently by the doors of the sleeping apartments he gained the hall, and unbarred the main doorway. In a second, the cool breeze of the morning played on his brows; but now he instinctively drew back, arrested by the blood of the Fleming; the body however had been removed, and again the out-law of Carrack-a-bracke was wending his way from the home of his forefathers. Once he turned to look at the solitary tower in the cold grey light and he bitterly thought of the destitute state of those that were now wrapt in slumber and as he dashed a tear from his eyes the exile with swifter strides strode down the hill.

We must now pass over a lapse of three or four years during which period the master of Carrack-a-bracke had sojourned at the Scottish metropolis. The high influence even of the Earl of Not-

tingham had failed to have the sentence of out-lawry rescinded. So inveterate had Queen Elizabeth become against all concerned in the disastrous war in Ireland that even Essex was now under the surveillance of the Lord keeper of the realm. Our narrative is therefore resumed in the depth of the winter 1601.

In that part of London called Lambeth, and near to the Episcopal Palace of the same name, resided a worthy Tavern-keeper of the name of Ambrose, but to which was more generally coupled "Love-Ale" from his well known partiality to that beverage, whilst from his generosity in allowing his customers to run up long scores on credit, his house was the general rendezvous of the neighbourhood where like a king he presided over the board, retailed his oft told jests and quoted his favorite author glorious Will Shakespeare.

It was a dark and lowering evening, as the said worthy was enjoying in his own barroom, before a roaring wood fire, a cup of warm spiced ale, which, after a long and hearty draught, he laid down, exclaiming, as he stroked down his capacious paunch—"By the mass, that is sound ale, and such as Master Laneham himself might not disparage—for how says the song my masters," he exclaimed, as he turned towards his boisterous company, and bellowed out the following catch :

(*Song*).—I have no roast, but a nut brown toaste,
And a crab layde in the fyre.
A little bread shall do me stead—
Much bread I do not deysire.

No frost nor snow—no winde I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde ;
I am so wrapt, so thoroughly lapt,
In jolly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foste and hand grow colde—
But helly God send thee good ale y'noughe,
Whether it be new or olde !

(*Chorus*).—I am so wrapt—so, &c.

"Hah Master Laneham, by lack and pie, as the knight's swear, I am well contented to see thee—sit thee down man, sit thee down, and let's have all the news of the court?" He to whom this invitation was addressed, was a low thick-set Cavalier, who had just entered the apartment, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, in a silken doublet, velvet hose, purple mantle, steeple crowned hat and feather and russet boots and spurs, that ginged at every step. "By my belief in sack Master Laneham, but thou art tricked out bravely, thou must ev'n humour an old fool like me—join me in a bowl of sack, and take a seat in this snug corner by the hearth—but odds my life

you ruffle it gaily." "Indifferent, honest Ambrose," replied the Cavalier, in an affected drawling tone with which the vivacity and intelligence of his plain but good humoured countenance ill assorted, "but indifferent as to the fashion of my compliments, the cut has grown cheap on Saint Paul's Walk; those ranting actors Ben Burbage, Heneage and Augustine Phillips, nay even thy favourite Will Shakespeare from the Globe Theatre and Black Friars, flaunted the gayest ruffs and doublets at the Boarshead in East Cheap and at the Mermaid in Cornhill at supper last night after the play that have been seen at the ordinaries for a month and a day," so saying Master Laneham seated himself by his host. "But the Court news Master Laneham, the Court news! Hath the Queen and Essex come yet of sweet speech?"

"In truth not, honest Ambrose; the sun dont shine; his horiscope is unpropitious; he hath had sad bickerings with Raleigh and Robert the devil, as they call crooked Cecil." "Our good Queen Bess, Master Laneham, seems over fond of changing her favourites. I remember when the bold Earl of Leicester was higher in her favour than any man in broad England." "Aye when I served him as gentleman usher at the princely sports at Kenilworth; those were indeed brave days, but that sad business of the Earl's marriage was a slip the Queen never forgave. I remember poor Lady Amie at that infernal gloomy house Cumnor hall." "Hah! thou meanest Amie Robesart*—daughter of the old Knight in Devonshire." "The same, good Ambrose, and now for a bowl of thy best sack." "And that thou shalt," replied mine host as he called out lustily—"Ho! tapper, a special bowl of sherries sack, not" he continued "your Gallician or Canary wines, out on them! but the real Spanish. Lord save thee I was a well known for the making of a *sherris sack* or a *spiced broth* for a *bride ale* in both Ridings of Yorkshire when I kept the sign of the Three Merry Men there. Heh, dost see the jovial dogs there, swinging over my door, two of them with foaming tankards in their hands, hey! as the old Rhyme says—

"Three merry men, three merry men,
And three merry men we be!
I in the wood and thou in the ground
And Jack sleeps in the tree!"

"ha, ha, ha," exclaimed he as he handed a bowl of sack to his guest, "but I'm well contented to see you, and hast any city news?" "Why Will Shakespeare's play of the Merry Wives of Windsor is to be enacted at the Black Friars Theatre to-morrow noon, and the

* See Hume's History of England.

Queen has signified her intention of being present. 'Tis a rare conceit I'm told, of how jolly Sir John was cozened by one mistress Ford, but here have we the whole set forth in meet terms" and drawing a scroll from his pocket the cavalier read out the following advertisement. "A most pleasante and excellent conceitede comejde of Syr John Fal Staffe to be played before her most august majesteye tomorrow forenoon." "By the mass then, Master Laneham, I will don my new Turkey suit with the taffeta lining and earn my shilling's worth of sport in the gallery, but ho! what have we here," he interrupted, as muffled up in a long dark mantle with his bonnet slouched over his brows and followed by one single attendant carrying a small trunk a cavalier, apparently from Lambeth wharf, approached the door of the hostelry. His attendant was habited in a long cloth mantle open at the breast displaying a surcoat of yellow linen with immense sleeves that reached below the knees, with openings at the wrist for the arm to pass through, whilst his head exposed its own natural shock of black hair. Little more than his nose or eyes could be seen peering out of his wilderness of hair. In stature he was something about six feet three and he wielded a strong quarter staff, the appearance of which latter implement and the ferocious aspect of the new comer proved to have such an effect on the worthy host of the Three Merry Men that starting from his chair he retreated behind the person of the cavalier. He however of the dark cloak stepping boldly into the apartment exclaimed—"This I take to be the ale house known by the sign of The Three Mery Men?" "The Inn of the Three Merry Men so please you," was the rejoinder, "we sell as good ale here as the Boars head of East or the Mermaid in Cornhill, though, the gallants of the Court but seldom ruffle their doublets down here, save when they have need of monies of the city Jews that sojourn in this neighbourhood"—"Thou knowest the residence of the Lady Nottingham," continued the master of Carrack-a-bracke (for it was he) without appearing to pay any attention to the remark of the landlord "in what quarter of the town doth he take up his abode?" "Humph! a stranger I take," thought Ambrose as he replied, "his manston is in the strand, belike thou needest a guide?" "To-morrow perchance I may," responded the master, "but this dark and snowy night I'll take up my abode with thee, mine honest host!"—"Thou shalt fare bravely at the Three Merry Men Sir Cavalier," briskly interrupted Ambrose "and would not your worshipful honor have a cup of sack or a hot spiced ale or some other condiment?" "At supper, good mine host, we will have of that which thou mentionest, at eight so please you, have thou some baked chemeets, a chicken pie and a bowl of that

sack thou speakest of; and now show me to a private chamber, I would be alone." "This way then, Sir, this way," said Ambrose as he conducted his guest through the smoky bar-room where a large party were carousing to an apartment at the back, that through a half paneled glass door overlooked the whole bacchanalian scene. In passing however by the various persons that occupied the different stalls, the eye of the master fell on one who enveloped in a dark cloak like himself, and his bonnet slouched over his brows seemed at once to wish to avoid being recognised and yet to scan with his dark eyes (the only part of his face visible) the person and appearance of the outlaw'd. The master thought it more prudent to pass on, muttering to himself "surely, surely, in this retired house of entertainment so far from the Court, buried as it is mid lanes and alleys I need not fear detection. I will however be wary." His host had now led him into the private room of the inn, if it could be so termed, as the view into the apartment they had just left was prevented only by a green silk curtain running on a wire and which the occupant could withdraw at pleasure. "Trust me, trust me, fair Sir, I will do my devoirs as become a Knight of the spiggot to look to thy creature comforts. See the fine and parcel gilt chamber as Will Shakespeare has it. Ah a rare wench that Dame Quickly! Thou hast heard of jolly Sir John." "I am a stranger in these parts; but that Cavalier who sat with thee, how is he named." "Master Robert Laneham, so please you, well known about the Court though for his years a little too fond of wenching and drinking but an honest soul and well taught in his devices, and if thou art come to see the shows and rare doings of the city thou couldst not have a better guide; ply him with sack and he would wrestle with the famous bear in the Paris gardens." "And he who sat on the third bench on the left, who wore his bonnet slouched?" "A stranger, fair Sir, come in here a short hour before you; he is from foreign parts I take it. He is much after the fashion of some of those rough riding cavaliers, that cut throats for any man's money, but Master Laneham is special company, I promise thee." "If he be so fond of his cups as thou sayest, mine host, methinks he would be rather an unsteady guide for one who is totally ignorant of the city." "Fear not for him, fear not, gentle Sir, he'll be as steady after five bottles as a lady after a pint of cold ale." "And now for a couch," said the master as he cast his eyes round the comfortable little apartment to which he had been introduced, but which though looking decent with its clean sanded floor, venerable dark polished oaken tables and chairs, a cupboard on which was displayed as much

gilt crockery as would have served three houses offered nothing in the shape of a place for repose." "This press," replied the landlord folding down a truckle bed "is only a press in semblance and I promise you Raleigh himself slept on that very truckle one night that he, Lord Southampton, Will Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Burbage and Augustine Phillips the actors and play writers had a carouse here coming this way one summer's eve last year, from the Globe on the bankside, where the actors had been playing of Ben's comedy "Every man in his humour." "Thou knowest Ben Jonson then," interrupted the master? "Know him! marry aye and a right rough dog it is I promise thee, but kindly hearted with all, a proud ruffler I'm thinking, there's but one man of a surety that can fathom the depths of his temper (for he's ever like a weathercock) and that is gentle Will Shakespeare. But an thou gettest the company of Master Laneham and hie thee of an afternoon to the Mermaid, thou'lt see all the wits engaged, like bold knights in the list, in keen encounters of wit. There wilt thou see Decker, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Green and Drayton, and it is often the delight of Raleigh, Southampton, Sidney and Selden after the play to make the roof ring with jests and merriments." "The gallants carry it on, bravely, then, by your account," replied the master, "but thou sayest this master Laneham is fair company; how is it he bideth down in this quarter of the town, when he is, as you state, of some request at court?" "He dropped down by water from Westminster yesterday on some mission to Lambeth Palace," was the reply, "he is now in the train of the Earl of Nottingham." "Then speak me fair to master Laneham and tell him I sacrifice my service to him and would feign have his company to supper, and do thou fashion my devotion by carrying to him some hot wine." "Aye, marry, aye, gentle Sir, and exceeding pleasant and conceited company is he; and for court affairs, I'll promise thee if thou art liberal to him in potations thou'lt soon discover which way the wind blows; and as thou questioned me concerning the residence of the Admiral, he's one of his followers. But for that exceeding tall servitor of thine, what is the extent of thy liberality towards him in the matter of refection? Those quarter staff players (and I see he carries one) are ever good men and true at the trencher and ale flaggon. Not that I would aver that thy stalwarth follower would encroach too much on thy noble generosity—but one of Sir Christopher Blount's pages last Hollantide eats me a venison pastry, two short legged hens, and a neats tongue, and leaves me and my link boy to dog his steps in Paul's walk of a forenoon with the reckoning." "Give him to his heart's content," replied the master with a smile, "I'll stand all cost."

He is a fellow faithful enough in his way (although unfortunately an Irishman) whom I picked up in the wars in Ireland when I served under Essex; he speaks no English, so do thou look to his bed and trencher and if thou hast a beverage yclept in his country "Usquebaugh," ply him freely, 'twill be more to his palate than thy rarest wines—so now bring lights and writing materials and leave me 'till supper time." "Here be the materials for the art of penmanship," and after having brought two lights he was about to leave the apartment but added, "You be like come to see the Earl touching some petition?" "Master Ambrose, what my intentions or pursuits may be, be thou not inquisitive, so that I pay my reckoning and create no brawls." "No offence I hope, gentle Sir," replied Ambrose, "but under what cognomen am I to offer my services, to master Laneham?" "Finchley, and now good mine host leave me," and in a few seconds the master of Carrack-a-bracke was left in quiet possession of his Chamber.

"Well master Finchley," resumed Laneham when the merits of the supper had been duly discussed, "trust me I will bring thee to speech of the Earl, but to-morrow we must take a turn or so in Paul's walk to see the new tobacco office and a few of the vanities of the city." "But good Master Laneham, thou forgettest that I would remain for the present incognito." "Why master Finchley," replied Laneham as he bent a rather suspicious look on the master of Carrack-a-bracke "the gallants of Essex's train in that war thou wottest of, walk the streets as free citizens; 'tis only at the court the sun shines unpropitious towards them—none but those under sentence of outlawry have aught to fear from the warrants of the Lord keeper."

The dialogue had now assumed a turn that was becoming rather dangerous, so that to dissipate any suspicions that might have arisen in his companion's mind Dearnavoga replied, "In sooth good Master Laneham I would like to see those braveries which at my worthy father's the knight Sir Launcelet in Derbyshire, where I have so long rusticated, I have never until now had an opportunity of seeing, but my apparel is not of the best." "We'll fashion thee out at a Mercer's, the newest cut so please you, master Finchley."

Dearnavoga could not help smiling at Master Laneham's eagerness; however, thought it the more prudent plan to humour him in his mistakes, and for a while personate the character of a young English Cavalier which a former short sojourn in the northern counties of Westmoreland and Northumberland and on the border after his flight from his own country in some measure enabled him to do—but still fearful of being recognised by some of

the followers of Essex he exclaimed:—"Egad, Master Laneham thou hast given me a lesson I may chance to profit by—but in good truth I'll even make thee my confidant!" "Trust me fair Sir, trust me fair Sir," interrupted Laneham his eyes sparkling with curiosity—"some love passage, I'll be sworn, liquorish looking dog," he added inwardly as he scrutinized the pale though handsome countenance of the master who having let his jet black beard and whiskers grow to an immense extent, and his grey doublet and hose of coarse cloth devoid of lace or ornament be worn 'til it was almost thread-bare offered in his tall gaunt figure a very Don Quixote like looking lover, "Thou'rt moon struck," continued Laneham, aloud "and who's thy Juliet, as Will Shakespeare says," and here the worshipful master Laneham threw himself into a theatrical attitude and spouted,

"See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek."

"In sooth thou overshootest the mark," replied the Master as he drew his seat nearer to his companion—"but thou'rt not doing justice to thy flaggon—replenish."

"And now for this secret of thine," said Laneham after he had filled up his drinking horn—"marry if 'tis not love, it must be money that ever plagues your young gallant"—"Thou hast just hit it by the saints Master Laneham," replied the Master with a most knowing wink, "now the catchpoles of Paul's walk might find me quarters in the Fleet unless indeed I was to seek the protection of Duke Hildebrand and his associates in Alsatia"—"Faith and rare doings have I seen there," interrupted Laneham, "an thou wantest to know the tricks of the dicers or how to ease a purse proud Citizen—there be thy school"—"I but want somewhat for the present to disguise me," interrupted the Master. "Oh leave that to me," replied his companion, "I'll promise ye the catchpoles shall not read the fancy of thy disguise." "But to-morrow I would feign have speech of the Earl, thy patron, Master Laneham." "And marry so shalt thou and a special favorite am I with his fair daughter." "Thou speakest of the Lady Amorice?" hastily interrupted the Master, "Aye marry do I, the fairest dame saving her Majesty in the city, and think of this Master Finchley, think of this, a special favourite am I with her—aye special, and her tutor in music, and oft when the Noble Earl and the fair Lady Amorice are seated some time about twelve at their desert in the arbour in the garden on the banks of the Thames, do I delight them, after a special pledge I promise thee in Malsmoy, with my guitar. Oh then ~~laughter~~ ~~comes~~ ~~amiss~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~, then with mine eyes on her's I see amorously ogle her—Master Finchley I can

grace these matters with the best of them." "By my troth," replied Dearnavoga with a smile, "thou art a rare and accomplished Cavalier." "Tut man! fie on thy judgment, Master Finchley, hadst thou seen me at the masks at Whitehall last Christmas; ah there did I sport the fashion of my doublet and play the part of a Pedlar so fitly that, God's death—as the Queen (saving her hearing) rather blasphemously swears, the people were feign to believe I was the very Pedlar Will Shakespeare drew!—here—here my Master, would I say, here be a meet piece of coloured texture to form a rare Tunic for your sweetheart, an she personate the maid Marion—here be crimson girdles—look, look, fair damsels. There be as many yards of blue and pink, ribbons streaming from the fringes, as might serve for Caps for the next generation! Then for the games,—here be cards from the King of Morocco.

"But thou art proving laggard at the flaggon, good Master Laneham; suppose we drink to the health and fair fame of the Mistress Amorice." "I'll pledge thee a mile to the bottom," replied Laneham seemingly determined to verify his boast as he filled up his large drinking horn and at a draught gulped down the contents. "Marry I would I had my instrument here to trowl thee a measure, but it waxeth late, and as I must needs to my lodgings in the Palace, I'll even 'til to-morrow bid thee farewell, for see," and he pointed to the casement that opened out on a small garden at whose extremity the regal Thames was flowing in silent majesty "the snow shower has ceased and the moon from out those fleecy clouds, beams cold and clear on the trembling waves. To-morrow I will supply thee with a periwig of an auburn die and do thou shave off those dark moustaches and whiskers, and thou needst not fear the veriest catchpole of them all, as they can only know you from description—so betake thee to thy bed, and to-morrow we will see a few of the gay resorts and then to the residence of the Earl in the strand." So saying as he filled up and drained off another cup, Master Laneham with a rather unsteady foot took his departure.

The reader may remember that the attention of Dearnavoga had been rather unpleasantly directed towards one individual whose eyes he encountered fixed suspiciously on him as he passed through the public room to the chamber he now occupied. This personage after Laneham's departure, turning towards another who occupied the same bench and was drinking with him exclaimed in a low voice—

"That is the outlaw'd Dearnavoga. I discovered him by his voice and that wild Irish giant snoring so deeply stretched before the hearth is no other than that murdering Gathe-

ran who killed the Fleming at Carrack-a-bracke, that moon-light night when we thought to entrap the outlaw'd—I have three minds to slit his wind-pipe with my dagger as he sleeps.”

“Take heed Master Bardolph e're thou spillest blood here in London. In the mountain glens of Erin, a man's life was of small note, here there be sheriff's warrants, constables, and what not.”

“But for the outlaw'd Chief himself, thou knowest there's a reward for the man that can bring his head to her Majesty or the deputy in Ireland.”

“But Master Bardolph, thou hast only to acquaint Raleigh or any of the principal courtiers and there will be a warrant issued for his apprehension by the Lord Deputy Egerton, and you can claim the reward without soiling your fingers with his blood.”

“Well, let it be so, but I will make myself sure of this identity. When he sleeps I will peruse the lineaments of his face.”

“By my troth, Master Bardolph if he knew but all, he would not sleep so soundly? How long is it since we rode that moonlight foray down the glen of Carrack-a-bracke.” “Three years last Autumn—and many a hard day's fighting have we had since that, but it was at Adinah that our bold Captain Zouch conquered the O'Donnell and captured his fair prize.” “Thou meanest the young Kinswoman of the outlaw'd—but that is an occurrence of the other day.” “Aye marry aye—and then pleads he urgent business this side of the water, obtains me leave and keeping the damsel in concealment brings me her up here to London.” “The Devil he has, and married her?” No no by the rood—the girl is high spirited and strange to say the Captain tho' well known on former occasions not to be over merciful has grown so loving and chicken hearted that she's as pure and undishonored as ever she was.” “'Tis not his wont to be thus conscientious,” was the reply—“but see the Master of Carrack-a-bracke hath extinguished his light and as most of the revellers have departed our remaining will only look suspicious—do thou at once peep thro' the glass window.” “Here goes then,” replied Bardolph at first ascertaining that the landlord's back was turned. He advanced gently on tip toe and thro' the glass panes which were partly uncovered had a full view of the interior of the room as the clear moon-light glistened down on the low truckle bed occupied by the outlaw. But altho' warned by a suppressed cry from his companion, so intent was he in his scrutiny that he was alone disturbed from his occupation by finding himself suddenly seized, raised by the back of the neck and sent flying over half a dozen unoccupied benches amid horn beakers—pewter flaggons and leathern jacks.—On coming to his senses, he found the gigantic attendant of the outlaw belabouring his companion most unmercifully with his quarter staff, whilst the master himself dis-

turbed by the tumult, with his drawn sword had entered the bar room, on seeing which both Master Bardolph and his well drubbed associate took to their heels."

Again, gentle reader, we crave thy kind indulgence and wish thee to fancy thyself in the drawing room of a lady of fashion in the twilight of a winter's evening during the latter end of the reign of good Queen Bess.

Although the floors were covered with fresh green rushes yet the splendid silken and worsted tapestry on which with great skill several scenes from the Odessey were elaborately worked, the massive couches of carved oak, the handsome mirrors and the inlaid cabinets of ebony and sandal wood gave to the boudoir of the Lady Amorice an aspect that would not have disparaged the skill or taste of the present day.

The mansion of the High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, was situated in the strand and near the banks of the Thames which although densely populated now, at that period formed a portion of the suburbs and was the fashionable residence of the nobles and more influential commoners.

On a low couch resembling an ottoman, lay half reclining, the graceful form of the fascinating Lady Amorice whose dark eyes blooming complexion and raven ringlets were well set off by the rich and splendid robes in which she was attired. Unlikemost of the Court beauties instead of concealing her own natural ringlets by wearing a profusion of false locks in compliment to the vanity of her majesty, she permitted them to flow unconfined save at the back of the head where being gathered up they were fastened to the crown by a small coronet of gold. Her dress was composed of a tight fitting robe of purple velvet finished with buff satin, a pink silk stomacher and a richly worked ruff, stiffly starched, of Flanders lace surrounding the neck but so loosely as to expose the throat and a part of the bosom. Small morocco slippers braided with silver threads, a little mirror hanging from her girdle and an ivory fan completed her costume.

At her feet seated on a low stool appeared a handsome young cavalier in a doublet and cloak of tawny velvet, his well turned limbs set off to the greatest advantage in carnation coloured silken trunk hose, whilst round his neck on a massive gold chain was suspended a miniature which he was holding up to the view of the Court beauty who with one snowy hand caressing a greyhound, with the other, which contained her fan, was threatening in playful mimicry a handsome suitor. "Is not that the brow of Juno, the smile of Venus, the eye of Circe?" exclaimed the cavalier,

"Oh rare piece of painting (and here he devoutly kissed the miniature) yet how far short of the lovely original!" "Cease now!" interrupted the Lady Amorice with affected displeasure, "a very dolt art thou in thus singing the cookoo chime of compliment. The Countess of Arundel did impeach thee last night, as I played a game of ruff with Raleigh, of extravagant court flattery." "As bright eyes are my judge or thy frown my death, thou dost me cruel despite;" replied Sir Kenelem, "in sooth I did but tell her in common parlance that her charms had dazzled mine eyes." "And wherefore should they, Sir Kenelem answer me that," exclaimed the Lady Amorice as she playfully slapped him with her fan, "ah I fear me thou wilt prove a truant knight and leave me disconsolate." "Now by the stars! sooner than those lovely eyes should be dimmed by a single tear would I in the lists with unblunted spear challenge all comers for any period"—"Well then, do thou so, Sir Kenelem," replied the wayward beauty with a wicked smile, "break me thy collar bone and then shall I like one of the errant damsels of yore, play me the part of the tender leach—weep over thy pale face and soliloquize the moon!" "I had rather thought," interrupted the cavalier somewhat piqued as he stretched out with apparent self-satisfaction a handsome shaped leg, "that I were more likely to have won thy favour with whole bones than a dislocated neck." "Thou hast too much mural blood in thy cheeks, get thee pale and rakish looking, for thou must take me for the goddess Ceres that must needs have some bumpkin deity for a mate—get thee to thy accidence. Learn thee how to write sonnets to thy lady's eyebrow and court the Muses ere you court me!" and taking up the small mirror that hung by her side she commenced arranging a stray ringlet. "Well thou art of all damsels the most beautiful but the most perverse," exclaimed Sir Kenelem, "and if I had not the patience of an angel, the stars confound me, I had sought a refuge from my sorrows in the river yonder!"

"They bore him bare faced on a bier
 Hey ho nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
 And in his grave rained many a tear!"

"Alack! poor Sir Kenelem, is it not so in Hamlet we saw t'other day at Blackfriars"—"Twas a song of willow." "Willow! ha ha!—ha ha! and how says poor Ophelia?" and with a wicked smile she sang with a low and melodious voice the following:—

"— And will he not come again?
 And will he not come again?
 No, no, he is dead,
 Go to thy death bed,
 He never will come again!
 His beard was white as snow
 And frozen was his pale."

(Here the Lady Amorice pulled one of Sir Kenelem's ringlets)

He is gone—he is gone!
And we cast away moan
God a mercy on his soul."

"—ha!—ha ha!—a pretty figure wouldst thou cut truly on a bier and I singing, oh willow! willow!"—"Confound me, madam, but I believe you want to make a fool of me!" interrupted Sir Kenelem, as rising from his seat he commenced pacing indignantly the apartment backwards and forwards—"A fool Sir Kenelem?—O fie on thee! an I wed a fool, the Lord ha' mercy on me!"—"Thou art a strange girl," replied the cavalier, "and there is no use in being angry with you; in a word to please thee what would thou have me do?"—"Go hang thyself, if it so humour thy fancy. Now thou willest me to a greater martyrdom, to marry thee! Gad a mercy, what could I with you down in that old ghost haunted mansion yclept Hallanside hall in Yorkshire? Why instead of court revels, list thou to the way in which I should have to pass time; but sit thee down again like a dutiful knight whilst I paint unto thee the charming futurity of our anticipated rustication." "In sooth," replied Sir Kenelem, as he once more resumed his seat, "I should like to hear how you would divide your time as I suppose to judge by appearances my company would form the smallest iota"—"Most discourteous knight," interrupted the relentless beauty, "now on thy allegiance I command thee to be silent whilst I explain. *Imprimis*, you are *my husband*."—"I wish I was," interrupted Sir Kenelem.—"I command silence sir," resumed the Lady Amorice, as she rapped him over the knuckles with her fan—"Imprimis, for you are my husband but we are to have no children, for I hate babies"—"So do not I," interrupted Sir Kenelem. "Wilt thou not be silent, thou incorrigible?" exclaimed the wayward damsel laughing; "well I must rise betimes before day-break and having donned my apparel assist the Lady Bridget in the hall, overseeing the servitors receive their morning's meal after which if it be not hawking or a hunting morn I must see after the appurtenances of the dairy." "Stars of my destiny, you surely are not going to turn milkmaid," interrupted her auditor;—"Silence again thou, incorrigible. Well, having donned my red russet gown, my white pinafore and green coil I betake me like a good Catholic to my devotions in the Chapel, a round half hour I promise you, after which run I race in the old garden with Robin Lightfoot, the motley, for the favour of a fresh complexion; then betake me to the arbour in the orchard where like a nymph in Arcadia I con-
over some old legend such as the death of Arthur or the squire of low degree."—"In faith a rare way of passing

time; we'll suppose the reading concluded, what next?" "Why back to the hall about nine, play a hymn or ballad on my virginals or have a game at shuffle board with thy gouty father; or if it better please him, tie some May flies for the fishing days—and if it be rainy, discourse him a passage from Gervaise Markham on hunting, albeit thy gouty father be past his time for such sport."

"Then in the evening such romping at blind man's buff, forfeits and shuttle cock 'til the old hall ring again! when comes in the old harper and by the fireside sings us to sleep with some lamentable ditty, such as "*Sir Amadis of Gaul*" or a scene from the "*Tanner of Denmark*," and now most poussaint Sir Kenelem I'm quite out of breath," so saying the Lady Amorice began fanning herself, although the rich fur cloak she wore over her other habiliments and the brisk fire that bickered and blazed on the ample hearth was scarcely sufficient to guard off the intense cold which the snowy and frozen prospect of the wooded garden in front with its formal cut hedges of ivy and strait walks demonstrated."

"Thou wilt not be idle if thou follow all those moral and useful occupations" chimed in the Cavaliers. "But what is even all this to the *masks, plays, mysteries, and brawls* the archery and the hawking at Greenwich and Windsor," replied the Lady Amorice in a dejected tone! "If report speaks thee true, my gentle cozen, thou wast once near turning a wild Irish huntress. I've heard thy father speak of one Dearnavoga"

At the mention of this name the assumed gaiety of the Lady Amorice suddenly deserted her, whilst a deadly paleness overspread her beautiful features, which change was not unmarked by her companion who incited by a feeling of jealousy exclaimed "although several years have elapsed since thy romantic meeting with the Master of Carrack-a-brake thou hast not forgotten thy love passages." "Sir Kenelem, I would know by what authority you question my thoughts or actions," interrupted the Lady Amorice in a commanding tone, "I tell thee, Sir Kenelem, once for all *I will not be questioned.*" "Madam, the terms on which we have hitherto stood, did give me some right to be a little inquisitive on whom thy regards were cast. 'Twas understood a union was to take place by which the Thorncliffe and Hallowside should have been joined for ever." "They will scarce be in my person, Sir Kenelem if I am led to suppose that I am to play the part of a puppet in the negotiation and to be given or rejected at any individual's caprice!" "Now by the rood, Lady Amorice thou art capricious; have I not wooed thee after the most sincere fashion and how at the bare mention of one name thou art ready to fore swear me." "Sir Kenelem, as plain as the rainbow paints

the arch of Heaven, so is jealousy written on thy brow. To the Master of Carrack-a-bracke I am indebted for more than life and must ever cherish his memory gratefully. Thou knowest Sir Kenelem that my consent to our union was *unwillingly* rung from me, but it has been given and not to be broken unless the fashion of thy manners should require such a determination." "In sooth, madam, thou takest estate and authority on thee early, and I do misdoubt thy assumed feelings towards this Dearnavoga; a more powerful feeling than gratitude warms thy heart towards him or he had not ventured to London, outlawed as he is. He has come with the hopes, doubtless, of carrying you off as his bride to eat meal porridge and drink usquebaugh with him and his rugged kern in the mountains of Munster!" "Dearnavoga in London," interrupted the Lady Amorice, "—canst thou be in earnest?" "Aye, marry, madam," replied Sir Kenelem boiling with rage, "you can now act a genuine part on mention of his fortune, though for this hour past you could trifle with my feelings; but I can tell you madam that he has nearly run the length of his rope; you know he is outlawed." "But too well," faltered forth the affrighted Lady Amorice. "Well," he continued without any apparent notice of her agitation, "he has been discovered lurking down in Lambeth and a warrant was issued by the Lord keeper Egerton this morning for his apprehension." "Good Heavens! will no one save him?" "No, by the rood, most generous Lady Amorice! The Queen hath oft averred that once he or the outlawed chieftains Tyrone, O'Donnel or Florence Macarty fell into her hands there should be a short shrift and a tough rope on Tower hill for their meed. So 'till thou art of calmer mood, fare thee well, proud beauty, for this day," so concluding the wrathful Knight flung from the apartment despite of the Lady Amorice's entreaties.

Early on the morning of that day, on which the foregoing scene had taken place, Laneliam entering the apartment of Dearnavoga at the Hostelry of the worshipful Ambrose, exclaimed "A fair morning to thee, Master Finchley, we had better be moving betimes for it comes near the hour to visit Paul's walk—here don thou this sandy perriwig and shave thine upper lip, and the devil himself would hardly know you—so let us sally forth, draw the cap of thy cloak more over your face and slouch your bonnet on your brows. Now dost thou look of a surety like unto an unthrifty grocer's apprentice," and with this flattering comparison both passing through the bar room emerged into the streets. "So thou wert having a brawl over night I learn Master Finchley," exclaimed Laneliam after a little. "Some cursed inquisitive villains were caught looking in through the window of my sleeping apartment by my

attendant," replied the Master, "but as they were nimble with their legs than at the weapon, they escaped." "Hah! Master Ambrose himself liked not their appearance—some needy spendthrifts, Master Finchley, fellows as Will Shakespeare says stab in the dark—but here we are, here we are. Now to see the brave gallants and such rare devices."

It was close on ten A. M. in the day as the master and his loquacious companions entered the long aisle of Saint Paul's. Ensconcing themselves behind one of the pillars they could see all that was passing without being seen—the centre of the aisle was filled with gaily attired gallants in every shade of purple and silk, some laughing and talking loudly, others ogling and humming, the silk mercer's girls as they sat behind their temporary boards on which were exhibited all kinds of stuffs and brocades many with long pipes in their mouths were inhaling the Virginia weed then brought into fashion by Raleigh. Here a knot of city merchants were gathered together discussing the rise and fall of mercantile credit—there a group of noisy gallants some talking loudly and passing their jokes whilst others of a more sedate disposition were pacing backwards and forwards the long extent of the aisle.

"Dost see," exclaimed Laneham, "that tall Cavalier, that is my Lord Southampton the great Patron of the players, well noted for the pretty advantages of his compliments, and there's Raleigh that made his fortune by converting his silk cloak into a stepping carpet for the Queen at Greenwich, Sir Sackcloth they call him but faith, he exhibits a brave doublet now; but Sir Christopher Hatton—there he ruffles it with his ribbons and bow knots; mark him I say, he made his fortune by dancing—the sweetest dancer at court, and dost mark with what an air Raleigh takes snuff from his silver box to blazon the fashion of his rings; and there's "Robert the devil" as we term crooked Cecil, as if incommoded, he catches up his cloak for the purpose of exhibiting its pale blue lining of satin and gold thread. Alack alack, those vanities! and dost see yon Cavalier arm in arm with Raleigh as they are pacing up and down the hall, he would fain be thought a poet. He is Sir Kenelem Gotswold who is about to be married to the Lady Amorice." "He," exclaimed, Dearnavoga in a loud and angry tone, "Hush for the saint's sake," whispered Laneham, "wouldst thou bring all eyes on thee—see Raleigh approaches," and the Master could hear Sir Kenelem exclaim as he cast a careless glance to where they stood, "They be Tyre men come here to note the cut and color of the new suits; by the mass, Raleigh, I must get next to the Lady Amorice at the Blackfriars Theatre to-day; Shakespeare has only been

fourteen days writing the *Merry Wives of Windsor*." And so they passed on. "This is a strange scene to me," interrupted the Master. "Strange! Oh wait 'til you see the horse Morocco that walked up to the top of Saint Paul's and Holden's miraculous camel; then there's the Bull with five legs to be seen at Bartholomews and the hare that played on the tabor and a special and well favoured monkey was he that played bold Robin in the Maid Marian and did make such queer music for lack of a tin trumpet through his chapped jaws to the favor of the shewman's thong. But come—let's to a tavern—all the gallants are making for the ordinaries, as 'tis close to eleven o'clock,"—so saying catching Dearnavoga by the arm they both entered a tavern near the Cathedral and as they have taken possession of a retired box, we will leave them to their dinner of venison collops and chicken pie with a desert of citrons.

At a grated window in a tall dark looking house in Charing-cross a young female resting her cheek on the palm of one of her hands sat gazing listlessly on the crowds that passed beneath.

A green mantle was folded negligently round her slender person whilst her long raven hair fell unconfined over her shoulders. The room in which she sat was large in dimensions and scantily furnished with dark polished oak, the walls were wainscotted with the same wood, whilst the only approach to comfort consisted in a cheerful fire that blazed on the ample hearth. From the apparent stupor in which the damsel seemed wrapt she was disturbed by hearing a heavy foot ascending the stair. The door slowly opened and the person of Zouch the German stood before his captive. "Well my pretty, but most disconsolate damsel," he exclaimed as he advanced, "hast thou got more reconciled to thy bondage. I'm sure the love of a bold soldier like me were better fitting an Irish princess than seeking to wed with one of those wild mountain chieftains—odds daggers, as my bride thou wouldst flout it in pearls and diamonds." "If there be justice, and Elizabeth hath fair fame for it, thine outrage shall yet be borne to her ear," replied Malvina—"thy masters sent thee not to unhappy Erin to war on women." "Look you, fair damsel, it is not likely that I should so far jeopardy my safety as to afford you an opportunity of making a star chamber business, no by the mass! there are many ways of stopping a babbling tongue and in Caspar Zouch thou dealest with one not easily baulked of his humour nor faint hearted as to what measures he may adopt in the furtherance of his wishes. So bethink thee of the peril of further resistance to my will—thou hast had long forbearance on my part." "If thou thinkest that thy threats can over-force me

to consent to thy proffer of marriage, thou hast much mistaken my character. So detestable a villain dost thou seem in my mind that any fate were preferable to that." "Thou art a bold spoken wench," interrupted the German, "and 'tis a world's pity thou wert not as inveterate in favour of my suit as thou art against it and by my halidome thou lookest with thy sparkling eyes as desirable a lady as there is in all the brave city of London; come—come get thee rid of those love sick fancies; be wooed like a willing maid and thou shalt have thy will in every thing."

"God guide me from ever adopting such a course," replied Malvina, "would but that the good sword and brave heart of the Master of Carrack-a-bracke were here, but for five minutes to answer thee." "Perchance Dearnavoga requires more aid than thou." "He is far from thy machinations," replied the damsel. "Thou art ignorant of his fate then" interrupted Zouch with a sneer, "he'll grace no star chamber trial but dance an Irish hornpipe in fetters on Tower hill." "In fetters?" "Aye, fetters, gentle mistress, hemp from the neck to the elbows and heels left as a wild Irish scare crow to dangle on tower hill for the edification of the worthy citizens of London, after which perhaps his head may form one of the classic group on London bridge." "Thou thinkest to work on my feelings," interrupted Malvina, "this can never be his doom as long as he sojourns at the Scottish metropolis." "Marry and aye if thou must know all he is even now in the good city of London one of my followers discovered him in Lambeth, accompanied by that devil incarnate whose cross bow was so near settling my earthly accounts, and who made such an awful mummy of the Fleming."

"What? what could have induced him to take such a fatal step as coming here, here of all places in this cruel and hostile country."

"Seeking doubtless the interests of the Earl of Nottingham like all beggarly foreigners when they can fasten on a rich and powerful Saxon noble, but by the mass I take it the Queen is so enraged with Essex, who is all but in a state of rebellion that she'll hang the first rebel she can take." "He, he may yet escape," interrupted Malvina, "even though his enemies for their interests try to bring him to ruin." "Escape!" returned the German with a laugh, "not if the myrmidons of the Lord keeper Egerton and the enmity of Raleigh are of avail, his haunts are dogged." "Surely, surely the good Earl of Nottingham will serve him in this stead," interrupted Malvina, "he once did him good service, which his daughter repaid by bribing his guards and effecting

his escape, a pretty play there, was in that business, and it's said the Lady Amorice came in for more than harsh words from the Queen, albeit they are now friends." "Oh, that there were one here who would be the trusty bearer of a letter." "And where to, gentle mistress, to her majesty?" "Alas no! but the Earl might use his interest." "If thou wilt listen to my suit," interrupted the German, "I'll engage his escape; if thou wouldst save him at once—decide." "The Lady Amorice too," resumed Malvina, unconscious of his interruption, "she, she would for the love she bears him intercede with the Queen." "Marry but thou reckonest without thine host there," replied Zouch; "methinks all her Court influence would be exerted for another and dearer Cavalier." "A dearer dost thou say? dearer than the Master of Carrack-a-bracke?"

"Aye, even so, gentle dame, and as thou actest towards me so doth the Lady Amorice to him, thou'lt not find any of the Queen's ladies of honor mating herself with an outlawed Irish chieftain. No they carry their heads a thought higher, and in Sir Kenelem Cotswold as far as the outward man goes she has shown her taste"—"Then she don't requite the love of the master?" "Not the fair captive, I'll swear. 'Twas after reading some such book as Gaston de Foix, or the death of Arthur, that she played that mad prank at Dublin, she was then but a country hoyden, spent half her days at the Shovel board, rejoiced at a "barley brake" or the mishaps of a "quaintain," and down in Yorkshire in the May games allowed many a rustic Robin Hood to salute her cherry lips when she personated "the maid Marian," or played blindman's buff in the old country hall, and was fonder of her falcons and hunting palfrey than the fairest rounded compliment of the gayest Court gallant. Since those days however she has received a Court education." "And she requites him not," soliloquized Malvina, whilst a momentary flush passed over her brow, "and how I have loved!" "Faith, gentle mistress, if you speak of that passion in the past tense I pray thee put me in the present mood." "She then hath been his ruin," exclaimed Malvina, "it was for her sake he sought the Scottish metropolis with the hopes of one day being enabled to make an offer of his hand and to see her, I doubt not, came here to risk death and disgrace." "He has come at a rather unpropitious time," replied the German, "the bold Earl of Essex is all but in rebellion, and long-headed Cecil will be sure to account for his appearance as emissary from the Irish rebels; but my most obstinate damsel, say that thou wilt accept the love of a frank soldier, and by the mass, I'll ship this conqueror of ladies' hearts off for Scotland by this night's tide, for there is a bark ready at Gravesend to sail for Gree-

nock, stow away the Lady Amorice in the hold and"—"The devil you will," exclaimed a Cavalier, who had just entered the apartment but who from the dimness of the increasing twilight had not been discovered. "By the rood, Captain Zouch, thou art a brave villain, and who may this damsel be whom thou wouldest win to thy ways at the cost of one of the fairest dames in London." "Sir Kenelem!" exclaimed the German, as he started back a pace or two and placed his hand on the haft of his dagger, "the purport or object of thy visit?" "To have perhaps aided you in your wishes," was the reply, "though I little thought that my interests clashed with thine, but Master Zouch I have ever known you to be a bold, deep and bloody villain, nay frown not man, nor clap your hand on your sword hilt. I am more cunning of fence than thee—is this the Irish damsel that that villain Bardolph spoke of and would feign have palmed off on my Lord Derby for a hundred gold pieces. Hah, does that touch thee! Master Zouch, thou seest thy market has been nearly forestalled." "He that steps between me and yonder girl," replied the German, "had needs look to his weapon, she's my property!" "*Thine!* execrable villain?" "Oh, noble Sir;" exclaimed the weeping damsel, as she threw herself on her knees, and caught the rich fur hem of the Cavalier's cloak, "protect, protect, a forlorn and helpless orphan, far from her friends and in the toils of a villain." "Hey day! what have we here, a damsel in distress, who art thou girl, nay hold not on my cloak, I swear to thee wench, if he hath done thee wrong he shall make thee amends." "Alas! alas, noble Sir, the mention perchance of those to whom I am related, might rather mar than make my suit." "What Master Zouch, and is thy Irish princess going to turn out o' lady light o' love from Saint Bartholomew's; sets the wind in that quarter?" "I am the kinswoman of the noble but unfortunate Mordred Dearnavoga once master of Carrack-a-bracke," replied Malvina, drawing herself up proudly." "*Again,* that detested name! but art thou the willing companion of that man?" he continued pointing to Zouch. "As Heaven is my judge, I am the captive of his oppression, torn from the protection of my friends and left to this villany. Thou, for he has told the tale, art the affianced husband of the noble Lady Amorice. She once in requital for a benefit at the hands of Dearnavoga freed him from the toils of his enemies. Do thou noble Sir be generous and take me from yonder villain the Lady Amorice would sure give protection to one of her own sex in distress?" "This is a strange business," replied Sir Kenelem, "but be assured thou shalt have protection—as for thee, sir, this business shall be looked to, thy master, Raleigh, would scarce countenance such dishonorable conduct in any of his followers." "What

hò! without there, Launcelot—Pierce—lights, lights! I have not come unattended.” “Sir Kenelem,” exclaimed the German, as he advanced so as to interpose his person between that of Malvina and the courtier, “he that attempts to lay hands on her, shall bide buffets of cold steel for it; I’m desperate, and not to be trifled with.” “Keep thy vaunts for the first ale-house brawl thou gettest into,” coolly replied the young courtier, as he drew his glittering rapier, “marry and I know a cunning trick o’ fence or two.”

“Then betake thee to thy weapon like a true man, for by Saint Witholdn, thou’lt need thy swashing blow, and a few rare devices of feints to gather cognance of my sleights,” fiercely interrupted the German, as unsheathing his sword he advanced on his opponent. “Come my merry men all,” replied the courtier to his attendants, who had entered the room bearing pine torches; “stand back, and give the braggart room for a cool bout, English blood against beggarly German the worst day o’ the year,” and in a second the weapons of both were crossed, but the brute strength of Zouch availed him little when opposed to the skill and cool bravery of Sir Kenelem, who after about a dozen passes laid his antagonist on his back by a severe flesh wound on the right side. “Now yield you, or by my ladies eyes I’ll wreak my vengeance on thy body after such a fashion that thine own link boy would not be able to recognise thy corpse.” “Take thy advantage and work thy will” sullenly responded the German. “Not I, by the mass, get thee up for thou dost not lack courage, purvey thee a better master of fence, and I may then owe thee a similar favour.” “I take thy courtesy as ’tis offered,” replied the German, slowly and painfully rising, “but the damsel?” “Goes with me,” interrupted Sir Kenelem, as he turned towards Malvina, who was as the mountain snow stood trembling near, “fair lady do thou have no fear. I’ll convey thee safe, on the word and troth of a belted Knight to the presence of the Lady Amorice, albeit we parted after a rather unfriendly fashion but just now.” “Nay, by Heaven, she parts not thus,” exclaimed the German, as he a second time endeavoured to lay hands on his captive. “Seize him, seize him then and do thou Launcelot, hit thee below, and challenge for the night ward,” and in a second the arms of the German were pinioned by three of the attendants of the Cavalier, whilst after a little the appearance of some half dozen of the town-guard at once silenced all opposition, and as the faint but still vociferating leader of horse was borne off to the “cage” for the night, we will leave the rescued damsel under the honorable guidance of the Knight Sir Kenelem Gatswold, to be conducted to the mansion of the Lady Amorice, and revert once more to the adventures of the Master of Carrack-bracke, whom we left at a Tavern in the vicinity of Saint Paul’s.

It was after gulping down a deep pledge of Canaries that Laneham exclaimed, "Well, Master Finchley, we had better be moving towards Blackfriars, for it wears on towards one o'clock, and as this is to be a new play, they will be punctual in opening the doors; but let's have one cup more, and then for a meet place somewhat near the room of the court ladies," so saying, the master filling up his cup followed the example of his companion. A sharp walk, and our adventurer and Laneham reached the theatre of Blackfriars which was situated almost on the site of the present Apothecaries' Hall. Numbers of persons, some on foot, others on horseback, were waiting outside the doors, which had not as yet opened. The theatre was a semicircular building of wood, and thatched with rushes, a large flag as notice of a performance taking place, flapped lazily in the clear frosty air, whilst habited in blue and red garbardines, numbers of the attendants of the theatre were vociferating the name and subject of the play, whilst others for their penny fee held the horses of the play-going folk. At length by a general movement in the crowd, it appeared the doors had been opened, and a rush accordingly commenced for places.

On this day as it was a first performance of a drama of a popular writer, the entrance fees were doubled, and the groundlings or those that occupied the pit had to pay one shilling, and the rooms or what we now term boxes as much more. It was to one of the smallest of the latter, that Laneham conducted the Master of Carrack-a-bracke.

The box they occupied was little better than a booth of wood, similar to those of the present day, at Saint Bartholomew's, wooden stools sometimes covered with rough woollen cushions, lay distributed on the rushes that covered the floor, and seating himself on one that was retired in the box, Dearnavoga had a full view of the house.

The part of the theatre occupied by the audience was lit by oil-burners, in cruises placed in open iron lanterns, suspended from the roof by hoisted ropes well tarred and pitched. About the centre of the gallery or boxes, the better class of persons had taken their places, and not a few had their rooms lit up with large wax candles the glare of which flashing on their various gorgeous dresses of velvet, silk, jewels and waving plumes contrasted with the dense mass that occupied the pit, alone lit by small pendant oil-lamps had to the unpractised eye of our adventurer a most strange effect. The pit was separated from the stage by a railing of wood as the musicians occupied a gallery corresponding to that which now-a-days is termed the stage box. The floor was covered

with fresh green rushes, and but scantily supplied with stools, so that many were seen reclining on the ground. Here a group were laughing and chatting together, eating apples and cracking nuts, there a ring of greasy artificers in their soiled doublets, were smoking tobacco and shouting for spiced ale, which the link boys of the theatre were busily employed in serving, whilst in the boxes, two gallants would be seen playing cards greeting their reverses of fortune with sundry pretty cannon oaths, then a gay Lothario, whispering soft sayings into the ear of some peerless damsel, who would ever and anon lay down "the last newe beuke," to reward his gallantry with a smile, whilst the book-seller's boys would deafen all ears with the titles of the books they had to sell. The eyes of Dearnavoga, however, in vain sought amid the many and beautiful court beauties, the form of her he loved. But as the royal party had not as yet arrived, he still trusted that she might be one that would follow in her train, and once more the master's eyes reverted to the stage.

The band which consisted principally of hautboys, fifes, horns, gitterns, trumpets and sacbuts, had now commenced with three flourishes answering to the purpose of our prompter's bell, at the conclusion of which the silk curtain which ran on a long iron rod was withdrawn to the side scenes, and left the space for the performers exposed to the view of the audience.

The stage was lit by two large lustres and had an upper and lower floor, the latter about the same height from the pit as it now exists, the former nearly nine feet higher, with steps leading up to the summit and was used for such scenes as required the performers themselves to look on the acting of others. The scenery coarsely executed on canvass nailed on sliding wooden frames, gave a miserable representation of the house of master Page at Windsor, and what now would appear out of all reason many of the gallants of the day had chairs on the stage, and at times assisted in the movement of the scenery. Ben Jonson, Decker, Green and other privileged persons of the drama, were amongst this number, and from among whom the author of the play, the immortal Shakespeare advanced, and bowing to the audience, proceeded to express his regret, that her majesty had not as yet arrived, and requesting their permission to allow the company of Harlequins and Clowns to present them with some pageant until her arrival, which request being immediately complied with, after another obeisance, Shakespeare withdrew.

"Master Finchley keep thou well back, Raleigh has just entered along with Sidney at Southampton, and by the mass, my patron the Admiral, and accompanied by the Lady Amrice, and her intended ———."

The reader will here please to remark that this scene in the theatre of the Blackfriars took place on the *morning* of the day on which the angry dialogue that has been related to have passed between the Lady Amorice and her lover occurred. This explanation is necessary to preserve the unities of his true story as to time and place,—but to resume.

The eyes of Dearnavoga were fixed intently on the lovely and majestic countenance of her he had loved so long, but now that passion was increased in ten fold vigour when instead of the artless and playful girl he beheld her surrounded by rank and splendour in all the blaze of beauty. And he thought to himself how he could even have the courage to offer her a participation in his desperate fortunes, and yet the image of his pale deserted Cousin and the lonely Tower in the glen stole across his recollection and he sighed as he remarked to his companion “she is a lovely creature, Master Laneham, how happy were he that possessed her love.” “Faith an truth ’tis said Sir Kenelem has but little of her love,” was the reply, “there’s another, if report says true, asmile from whom were dearer to her than all the broad lands and court compliments of that madcap popinjay.” The heart of Dearnavoga beat thickly and heavily although assuming an unconcerned air, he resumed. “And the name of this favoured Cavalier?” “Why they say, young Julian Stainmore, the son of one of the Border Knights, a brave and accomplished youth, but as he lacks all but what his good sword can win and the beef and ale of his father’s poor Border keep this gilded popinjay has lured her to be his mate.” “And willingly sayest thou,” enquired Dearnavoga as the blood rushed to his brow and his lips were comprest. “No ’tis said her father forced her to favour his suit, and so they are to be married and Master Julian Stainmore may e’en prick his steed a foray over the Scottish border and set some fiery Douglas, or mad Scott to end his trouble; but come, come, the sports begin, and by the mass, a maid Marian! See you yon burly fellow bearing the party coloured pole?”

This was placed in a socket cut out of a large block of wood and was profusely decorated with garlands, whilst a band of rustic music concealed behind the stage struck up a lively air and then a harlequin in a pied garment and cap, with bells attached to his elbows, knees and toes, came gingling his cap on the stage, singing as he advanced,

“Hark, hark, I hear the dancing,
And a nimble Morris prancing,
The bag-pipe and the morris bells,
Come let us all go thither,
And dance like friends together !”

"Hah sayest thou so ! Then here am I for you," exclaimed bold Robin Hood, as in a suit of Lincoln green, a plumed bonnet and his long bow in his hand, he entered followed by Friar Tuck in his curtal garment and tonsure, wielding his quarter staff. Then came the "Maid Marian" dressed in a fancy coronet of gilt metal, interwoven with flowers, a coloured tunic, a kirtle or petticoat of green, smiling so sweetly on all the audience. Then little John and Tom the fool and a bagpipe and tabor.

After which there came in six or eight morris dancers with their faces blackened, drest in doublets and hose of gilt leather and silver paper, with purses to their girdles and bells attached to their garters and the back falling hoods of their green cloth caps. This group danced, hopped and kicked about in all directions not scrupling to use hand or foot on all who came in their way. Then on a horse with red covering and trappings, galloped in Saint George, armed cap-a-pie in pasteboard armour, followed by a basket dragon covered with blue silk and silver paper scales, and was immediately attacked by the champion, whilst to the music of Pipe and Tabor the whole, maid Marian joining hands, danced in a ring round the Maypole. Then did the dragon spit forth such volumes of smoke and fire and such deeds were done by the invincible Saint George, and sundry knocks did each motley bestow on the back of the puissant champion and the blackamoor morris dancers pulled the dragon by the tail.

Then followed "a bride-ale," a group of girls in scarlet cloth gowns, white hoods and gay purses and gingling keys hanging from their sashes of grass green silk embroidered with silver; after which came the bride before whom the "*spiced bowl*" was borne, a large sprig of rosemary decorated with bride lace being set in the centre. Then after the ceremony of the marriage came the race for "*the bowl of spiced broth*" amongst the young men, which reward was given to him who after kissing the bride and pulling her right garter off, a rather indelicate ceremony, was the first to carry the tidings to the bride's father, and the attempts to trip up the successful runner in his race afforded the more laughable portion of the ceremony. At this moment a loud flourish of trumpets aroused even the Master of Carrack-a-bracke from the gloomy reverie into which he had been cast and his eyes became dazzled from the brilliant glare of about twenty waxen torches which in the hands of about as many gentlemen ushers proceeded the entrance of Queen Elizabeth.

Shortly after, accompanied by her most favoured courtiers and ladies of honor the Queen entered the box that had been fitted up

with carpets and cushioned chairs for her reception, and the stern eye of the outlaw was even for a moment quelled by the majestic look and demeanour of England's glorious Queen. Near her sat Cecil and a little behind her chair stood the Earl of Essex, whilst Raleigh on her entrance immediately left the box occupied by the Earl of Nottingham and joined the train of the Queen.

"Sir Hugh persuade me not, I will make a star chamber matter of it, were he twenty Sir John Falstaffs. He shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire," exclaimed he that personated Justice Shallow entering on the stage, accompanied by Slender and Sir Hugh Evans, and the play proceeded.

We will now request our fair readers to fancy themselves in the box occupied by the Queen who was engaged in conversing in a low tone of voice with the gallant and well known Sir Walter Raleigh. "Methinks," exclaimed the Queen, looking with a smile around, "our trustworthy servant William Shakespeare hath not prov'd laggart at the composition of this play; how many days thinkest thou hast been taken up in the furtherance, Sir Walter?" "But fourteen, please your gracious Majesty, so my Lord Southampton who looketh more after the players than any of the nobles avouches." "He hath been diligent, though the plays of Jonson and Green are more after my liking, what sayest thou Essex?" "I can but follow in the opinion and taste of a princess as renowned for her knowledge and acute observation as her beauty, replied the haughty Earl." "Thou art in more compliant humour this afternoon my Lord than thou didst comport thyself yesterday, but take thy stand nearer me. Those whom we would honor we would have in our presence," and in accordance the Earl advancing stood close by the temporary throne of his royal mistress. "Is not that our brave Earl of Nottingham," continued the Queen still addressing him. "Yes, please your Majesty, your bright eyes have not deceived you, his lordship is countenancing the courtship of his fair daughter and the young Knight Sir Kenelem Catswold." "The Lady Amrice?" said Elizabeth, a slight shade darkening her brow—"the same, please your Majesty, that so romantically liberated the arch traitor, the companion in arms of Tyrone in Ireland." "By God's death, well do we remember that," exclaimed the Queen darting an angry glance towards where the Lady Amrice sat—"but we have received good account of the overthrow of our rebellious subjects in Ireland under my Lord Mountjoy," and here Elizabeth cast a triumphant look on her half disgraced favourite whose conduct in Ireland had almost alienated her romantic affection towards him. "Please your Majesty," replied the Earl with difficulty assuming a respectful demeanour,

“ if my efforts in that country have been unsuccessful ’twas not from want of zeal in your service.”—“ My lord, thou hadst better say little on that point; if thou wert not favoured by a kind and indulgent mistress thy head would have answered for thy conduct there !” “ Hush !” whispered the Earl of Southampton, “ art thou mad, Essex, thus chasing her lion-like spirit.” “ But what sayest thou Raleigh,” continued the Queen, “ Sir Sack-cloak, thou once could’st fashion a gay thought; marry we must call for Sir John Harrington.” “ Your Majesty is scarce doing thy poor Poet Shakespeare justice,” interrupted the Earl of Southampton, the well known patron of the immortal bard, “ thou knowest thy word becomes the fate of his play.” “ We thank thee, my lord, for the merited reproof, but where is this Shakespeare ?” “ On the left-side of the stage in conversation with Ben Jonson,” replied Raleigh, who more attentive to the dialogue of the drama laughed heartily at the mishaps of the fat Sir John Falstaff. “ Hah, Cecil do thou bring this protege Poet of my Lord Southamp-tons to our palace to-morrow ?” so saying Elizabeth leaning back in her chair devoted her attention towards the stage—once when in the play the Knight disguised as the old woman of Brentford receives the beating from the hands of the jealous Ford the Queen laughed long and loudly, the courtiers chorussed and the occupants of the pit following the model midst shrieks and whoops rent the air with “ a long and happy reign for Queen Elizabeth !” whilst the Bard himself advancing to the front of the stage bowed low and reverently.

At the conclusion of the comedy the actors all came forward and kneeling down recited a prayer for the welfare of the royal family, after which the curtain was drawn across with a loud flourish of trumpets.

The eyes of Dearnavoga and his companion had been principally directed towards the Queen’s party although the plaudits of the audience ever and anon called their attention to the stage. The hopes of Dearnavoga were now utterly blighted; she for whom he had risked life and all, loved and was beloved by another, and he now for the first time experienced that sickening of the heart that ever attends the check of a first love. The little he had heard during his sojourn in the city was far from holding out any prospect of a remission of the sentence of outlawry, and bitterly the devoted chieftain regretted the step he had taken in leaving the Scottish metropolis.

“ Those Merry Wives of Windsor are playing him off at a rare gate,” exclaimed Laneham, “ but the devil’s in thee, Master Fineley, thou lookest for all the world as if thou wert going to pay a footpad’s penalty on Tower hill. Put thy rusticity away.” “ I can-

not say I much like what I have lately seen of the town," replied the master bitterly, "but dost thou not mark Sir Walter Raleigh with one of the gentleman ushers, now with ——." "Aye with the Lord keeper Egerton," interrupted Laneham, "but what of that. I am well known at court and as they did point to our box my presence may be required." "I know not, but I am in danger," involuntarily exclaimed Dearnavoga, for at the back of the Queen's box he recognised the features of one of those that had been engaged in the scuffle at the hostelry of Ambrose Love Ale the preceding night and in earnest conversation with Raleigh. —"By the mass, something is going wrong," interrupted Laneham as the voice of the Queen became distinguishable, "aye by the rood! and, my Lord Essex seems not a little moved, see, see my Lord Nottingham joins the party, body O me! something is amiss!" and thus we leave the Master of Carrack-a-bracke to resume our scene in the Queen's box.

"There tarrieth one outside who would feign have immediate speech with thee on matter of weight," whispered one of the gentlemen pensioners to Raleigh, "he states the purport of his mission to be for the good of the state." "Knowest thou the man?" enquired Raleigh. "I have seen the fellow in the service of one Zouch who holds a post at present in the household horse." "It must needs be the varlet Bardolph. I will with him anon," and advancing to where the lord keeper Egerton stood, Raleigh drew him a little aside and said in a low tone—"Thou knowest the Irish outlaw, Dearnavoga, whose escape through the machinations of our bold Admiral's daughter occasioned such a fracas with her Majesty?" "In good sooth, Sir Walter, when the Irish rebels were confined in Dublin ——." "Even so, this fellow is now in an obscure Tavern down at Lambeth. You know, my lord keeper, that Essex hath been justly suspected of treason, nay her Majesty hath had cognizance of his temporizing with the Lord Mountjoy the Vice Governor of Ireland, so that if the citizens who are ripe for rebellion rise in his favour, the army will cross over from the sister country and side with him." "But what hath this to do with Dearnavoga?" interrupted the lord keeper. "Thou art fuller of comprehension than I thought. See'st thou not he hath come as a spy, and if Essex make the rising in the city this rebel who is skilled in arms will aid him—nay—hark in thine ear, the meetings at Drury House of late bode little good to the state—there's my Lords Southampton, Bedford, Sandys, Mouteagle and Sir Christopher Hatton, I've heard of their cabals from Sir Ferdinando Gorges; but touching the matter of this Dearnavoga being an outlaw should this Bardolph communicate where he is now to be found wilt thou at once act on the powers vested in thee and order his arrest?" "Assuredly

Sir Walter." "Then bide thou here, and I will act and hear of what intelligence he is bearer," so saying Sir Walter passed hastily through the attendants of the Queen. "How now Bardolph?—hast thou traced the fox to his den, tarrieth he still at Lambeth?" "He keepeth better company to day, than those who usually frequent low Taverns," replied Bardolph, "in a word Sir Walter, obeying your injunctions I dogged his steps and he is even now witnessing the performance in this very theatre of Blackfriars. In furtherance of your wishes, and to be candid, my own interests in the matter of the reward, I bribed one of the drawers who had overheard this Dearnavoga under the assumed name of Finchley settle with one Laneham his companion that this morning their walk should be to Saint Paul's, and he did note how this Dearnavoga yesterday wore raven hair and to-day passed out in a bay perriwig. I saw them at Saint Paul's, dogged them to a tavern and from thence here!" "Thou shalt not go unrewarded," interrupted Raleigh, "but do thou follow me to the entrance of the Queen's box and see if thou canst point him out?" and passing Bardolph through the guards and attendants he brought him into the position already described. "That is he in yonder side box," whispered Bardolph, "you may remark he wears a plain grey doublet and cloak." "'Tis as thou sayest," replied Raleigh as again drawing the lord keeper aside he intimated the presence of the outlaw.

"What ho! guards out there," exclaimed the lord keeper in a voice that startled all, for the Queen herself turning angrily round exclaimed. "How now, my Lord Egerton, what means this summoning of the guard in our presence?" "Forgive me gracious sovereign if my zeal for your service should have momentarily made me forget the respect due to your rank and majesty—but the Irish traitor, Dearnavoga, is even now within but a very few yards of your sacred person!"

"Arrest him then in our name! He once escaped the penalty of the law, but we will be more vigilant in future. By God's death, my Lord of Essex this must have been of thy doing. I have mistrusted thee of late." "Your Majesty with more propriety might have carried your suspicions to a fairer object, one arm were of little avail in any adventure hostile to your Majesty." "We shall look to actions warily," resumed Elizabeth, "what now my lord of Nottingham hast thou encouraged this traitor Dearnavoga to sulking our presence?" she concluded as the Earl joined the group of courtiers. "Please your Majesty I am in ignorance of the cause of your displeasure. Of that outlaw I have known nothing save on the one occasion when the indiscretion of my daughter evoked your royal displeasure, but gratitude for the

greatest benefit that could be conferred on helpless woman was the sole cause of the Lady Amorice's fault." "I do believe thee, Nottingham," replied Elizabeth in a softened tone, "thou wert ever faithful nor abused like others the lenity of thy sovereign." "Please your Majesty," here interrupted Essex, "I cannot but understand your insinuation, I must aver that I am treated unfairly, nay my lords," he continued as he remarked the triumphant looks of Cecil, Nottingham, and others. "think not that Robert Devereux can be browbeaten or turned into jest by the proudest Barou in England!" and he significantly touched the hilt of his rapier.

"Good! my lord of Essex!" interrupted Elizabeth with a bitter smile as she exclaimed, "thou dost prudently to utter thy braveries and cannon oaths in the hearing of ladies ears. 'Tis said thou wert not over valiant at the siege of Cadiz, so thy associates and fame bespoke thee," and the Queen smiled on Nottingham and Raleigh, who could ill disguise their triumph at the taunt thus publicly given to their proud rival. "Thou wouldst claim the renewal of thy monopoly on sweet wine, I have heard from our Secretary Cecil," continued the Queen, "God's death, as if the nation has not suffered enough already by thy ruinous war in Ireland; no my lord of Essex thou hast drawn already too deeply on the public exchequer!"

"My lords," said Essex "if any here doubt that Robert Devereux fears to cross blade with the boldest or the best there is plenty of space behind Montague House!" "My lord of Essex, I command your silence," interrupted Elizabeth, her violent temper getting the better of her judgment, "are we to be used thus in our presence? Thou wouldst do well, my lord Egerton, to advise him as to his bearing to his Queen, but before he should ever hold place of trust or emolument under our Government again, I would take the veriest ploughman from the coulter!"

This was a bitter speech and ill judged considering the fiery and intractable spirit she had to deal with, as the sequel proved; for the haughty Earl who had confronted her during this dialogue suddenly turned his back upon her! Then it was that the insulted Elizabeth starting from her temporary throne gave him a sound box on the ear! an historical fact well known. There immediately arose exclamations of surprize and indeed from many loud titters; as for Essex turning round with a fierce look he exclaimed, "By Heaven, thy sex alone protects thee—aye Queen Elizabeth, frown not on me, thy brow hath lost its terrors; thou knowest *thou* hast forgotten thy dignity and by the Saints I swear that if Harry the eighth himself stood here alive once more anointed King and had thus insulted me I'd have slain him on the spot!"

and shoving aside those who were nearest the door he flung himself from her presence, followed by several of the disaffected nobles.

“This, this is for indulging an intractable spirit,” exclaimed Elizabeth, “my lord keeper summon the Earl of Essex to our council to-morrow, we will see if we are to be thus insulted by a subject! but,” she exclaimed rising, “who have we here,” as Dearnavoga in the custody of a guard appeared. “The outlaw Dearnavoga,” replied Raleigh, “what is thy Majesty’s pleasure?” “To the tower with him; being a chieftain in his own country we will give him an aristocratic prison; but thither with him; good, my lords, make room.” “Your Majesty is wrong in allowing him so near your sacred person,” interrupted Cecil. “Fie man, dost thou think that England’s Queen knoweth fear! Though our valiant Earl of Essex but just now would have drawn sword on us! Thou art the traitor and outlaw, Dearnavoga,” continued the Queen, as the Master of Carrack-a-bracke was conducted to her presence. “So termed by the Saxon,” was the reply. “Hah thou wouldst bandy words with us—answer me this, was it to practise against our life thou ventured into England?”

“The Irish war not on woman,” gloomily replied Dearnavoga, “mine errand rests with myself. I am in thy power and know what I have to expect.”

“Are there any here who can speak for thee,” enquired Elizabeth as she bent her eyes round the circle of courtiers. “I have seen some in the wars,” replied Dearnavoga, “Sir Walter Raleigh and ——.” “What stops the man?” enquired Elizabeth as Dearnavoga came to a pause. “Hah! thou hast seen the Earl of Nottingham and his daughter,” and the Queen for an instant glanced her eyes over in the direction where the Lady Amorice had been sitting, but the box was now unoccupied and almost all the audience had departed. “We know that passage but shall take heed that thou dost not again meet a fair guardian Angel to unlock thy prison doors. You doubtless know my lord Essex?” “Yes,” replied Dearnavoga, “and have often beaten him in the field, but why put these idle questions?” “Marry thou sayest true, Sir Irish chief,” resumed Elizabeth, her brow reddening “and who mayest thou be,” as her eyes fell on the figure of Laneham. “In the honorable employment of the noble Earl of Nottingham, so please your Majesty.” “Of Nottingham! how now my lord? one of thy followers consorting with an outlaw?” “Please your Majesty, I see him with this Dearnavoga for the first time.” “’Tis true, most dread sovereign,” interrupted Laneham, “I knew him only as a son of Sir Laufcelot Finchley, a Knight of Derbyshire.” “How now, what sayest thou to this?”

enquired the Queen as she turned her eyes on the outlaw. " 'Tis true—I deceived him, he knew me not." " Then my lord keeper, we deliver over this audacious outlaw to thy safe keeping in the tower ; he shall have a short shrift."

" Pardon a subject, but one of thy Majesty's most attached," interrupted Nottingham, " but be not precipitate with this unfortunate young man." " Hold, hold my lord of Nottingham, we brook no interference in this matter ; look to thine own actions least thou some day may have to plead for thyself, but for you," turning to Laneham, " I surely have seen thy face of old ?" " Yes most gracious Queen I was in the employ of the most noble the Earl of Leicester when you honoured his castle of Kennelworth with your august presence."

The Queen sighed deeply as she recalled to mind the memory of that splendid pageant but conquering the feeling she exclaimed aloud—" my lords we will to the palace ; to-morrow the council will sit, when Robert Devereux our lord of Essex shall then and there make answer to such charges as shall be preferred against him. As for you, Master Laneham, see that you become more circumspect in your choice of companions." So saying proceeded by a number of her gentlemen pensioners and attended by a large party of her court, the Queen departed for her palace.

Once more our lady-Loretto-like Muse claims the indulgence of the fair reader, and we resume the thread of our narrative about the first week in the month of March 1603. The unfortunate rebellion of Essex had terminated in his execution along with several of his adherents on the twenty-fifth of February 1601, but Lord Southampton and others in consequence of its having been alleged on their trials that they had been seduced into the conspiracy by the specious arts of Essex had had the sentence of death commuted to imprisonment for life.

Dearnavoga was still a prisoner in the tower when on a fine evening in spring our quondam acquaintance Laneham landing at Lambeth wharf bent his steps to the hostelry of the three merry men. He had now lost that elasticity of step and cheerfulness of countenance which characterized him in a prior part of the foregoing narrative. His dress evinced a similar decay and was nearly worn thread bare, and it was with slow steps he approached the residence of Ambrose Love Ale. Some one from within was singing loudly a catch from Shakespeare's Henry the IVth and Laneham could distinguish the following verses :

Be merry, be merry my wife's as all
For women are shrews both short and tall,
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all !
And welcome merry shrove-tide !

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the saman mine,
And a merry heart lives long a !

"Aye there be it," echoed a voice from within—"hang care—
care killed a cat, so like honest Iago sing I—

"And let me the cannakin clink clink,
And let me the cannakin clink—
A soldier's a man
A life's but a span
Why then let a soldier drink."

"Thou seemest all of good cheer here," exclaimed Laneham as he entered the bar-room.

"Hey, my masters, who have we here," exclaimed he who had been singing, "by Saint Christopher, honest Cut-throat thou art in a dilemma in leaving the protection of the Duke and Kingdom of Alsatia. How many purses have you cut on Blackheath?" "Tut," exclaimed another who was evidently inebriated, "seest thou not he is a Tyre man out of employ. Hey thou Diggorry or what else thou wert christened, didst cozen the taffeta lining from thy master's second best gogram suit? fie on thee, if thou hadst stolen his golden spurs and stopt their ginging in the Cathedral thou hadst come off better, even though the chorister's boys were deprived of their silver six-pence as thy footing for the ginging of such Knightly braveries before bright eyes, though perchance for the favour of publishing your advantages you had dined on hog's pudding or a slice of Welch cheese."

"Most facateous Sirs ! I crave your forbearance; there was a time I could fashion my discourse with the boldest of you, but 'tis gone; however mark you, I am a gentleman and a soldier." "Thou art a brave braggart for so slovenly a Knight," interrupted the other. "Take heed Sir Wag," replied Laneham, "I wear a sword; therefore he that would farther gibe on my feelings had needs be wary." "Ho, ho! thou art a weak looking bird to crows so bold," replied he who had been bantering him. "To judge of the fashion of our apparel, dare you spend your winter's evening by Duke Humphrey's monument without having to steal out by lamp light and so cozen a whole covey of catchpoles?" "Tempt not my forbearance," interrupted Laneham, as he half unsheathed his rapier, "thou growest insolent." "Marry then, out with thy weapon, out with thy spit, I bite my thumb at thee, an I dont spit thee, the foul fiend's malison on my trick of fence," and Laneham immediately found himself engaged with his insolent opponent.

"How now, how now," exclaimed mine host as he entered the bar-room from the apartment formerly occupied by Dearnavoga, "down swords! or by the mass I'll spoil your fencing with this

butcher's knife, fie on thee, Master Bardolph!" "Fore gad he has pinked me," replied he who had been addressed! "clean through the sword arm;" and he dropt his weapon. "Thou knowest that thou drew first on me and I warned you," interrupted Laneham, "true, true, but good Ambrose call thou some of thy varlèts or chamber damsels to bandage me this arm; I ever failed me at my weapon since I got that slashing cut in the shoulder from Zouch my old commander, who, blest be his memory, was hung upon Tyburn tree!" "Is it? marry do mine eyes deceive, no by cock and pie as the Knights swear, thou'rt Master Laneham, but thou showest so poor in thy compliments I scarce remembered thee! where hast tarried this month back?" "We will talk of all anon; good Ambrose, see to this man's wounds and I will into thy inner chamber and o'er a pottle of sack speak to thee of many things." "Aye marry aye, and a skilful leach it is, ho! Margery ho! bring bandages and a salve—quick old wench, marry the limners be the same that bound young Harry Wildair's arm when he ran Ben Plyoar the Wapping waterman through the body. Master Bardolph, Master Bardolph! I often told you your swash bucklering would not thrive, marry no, 'tis an unthrifty trade thou knowest thou paid dearly for that passage with my Lord Derby when thou wouldst have outwitted thy Master Zouch in the matter of the fair Irish damsel." "Zouch has had his reward for all such favours and they were numerous," replied Bardolph, "dost recollect that fine morning they brought him to the gallows, the Saints forefend, if his face was not as pale as a lady's smock; gently, gently good mine host! oh, wah! pull not the bandage so tight, "*sacre*," as the Frenchmen say, 'tis a sharp cut Master Laneham, you have given me wherewithal to *remember*; dost recollect, ay marry wouldst thou, for you could never abide him, when for the murder and robbery at Blackheath, Zouch was carried on a hurdle to Tyburn tree; the hangman, blessings on his humanity! fixed the rope so tight that when his boy drew away the joint stool from the Captain's feet, he writhed and kicked and played such antics in the air, I thought it was a monkey at Bartholemew's.

"Keep these matters to thyself," interrupted Ambrose, "thou hast done one base act already and that was in the character of an informer.*" "Hold! hold, Master Ambrose, in that business I but perform my duty to her Majesty, look that thou dost not again harbour those that are inimicable to the state! So drawer bring me a cup of warm wine," and with as much "*sang froid*" as he had commenced the fray, Bardolph seated himself amidst his companions and recommenced drinking as Ambrose conducted Laneham to the inner apartment.

“And how speeds the fortunes of the Master of Carrack-a-bracke?” enquired the former as soon as they were seated.

“He is ordered for execution the day after to-morrow!”
 “Laneham, Laneham! thou canst not mean this? he was ever a brave youth and often have I gone to see him in his melancholy; and that sweet suffering girl! Gad a mercy, Master Laneham, but this news will kill her; if ever women loved she loves.” “’Tis but too true Ambrose, I left him but just now and the order for his execution had been read to him. The Queen who ever since the death of Essex hath pined and moped away, has been much moved by sundry unfortunate occurrences in Ireland, and in a fit of wrath signed the order for his doom. ’Tis said at Court this late business of the Lady Amorice has greatly exasperated her Majesty.” “Of what speakest thou?” interrupted Ambrose; “Why the Earl her father as thou knowest had mewed her up at his manor of Thorncliffe in consequence of her rejection of Sir Kenelem, the young borderer; Sir Julian Stainmore like a Knight of old effected her escape, married her and they are now living in Roxburghshire.”

“Indeed! and Sir Kenelem?” “Was killed in a duel this morning by my Lord Lornworth.” “Marry, an this is strange news—but the cousin of Dearnavoga?” “Still abides with the Countess of Nottingham who is now in a dying state; after her demise what will become of her? My fortunes are ruined and I must take to the roads if something does not turn up in my favour.” “Why didst thou leave the service of the Admiral then?” “Why, good mine host, I cannot well say; he ever looked suspicious on me after the scene at Blackfriars and in a moment of passion I left him, since which I have existed by my gains at the dicing tables. But get me a bowl of something warm; in truth Ambrose, poverty hath pinched me sadly of late.” “Here’s for thee, Master Laneham,” handing a pottle of sack over to him, “but how is it the kinswoman of the outlaw hath so long met kindness at the hands of those inimicable to the fortunes of Dearnavoga.” “She hath become a second daughter to the Countess; indeed Master Ambrose, she would win the love of any one, and if the world deserts her, I will toil with these arms ere she want bread.” “She shall have that chamber, aye this very one that the Master of Carrack-a-bracke slept in,” interrupted Ambrose, “marry aye, and as much sack to boot as she likes as long as she lives and my old dame Margery will be as fond of her I promise you, as if she were her own child!” “To-morrow the Countess goes down to the palace at Greenwich, ’tis thought to intercede for Dearnavoga, but something deeper and heavier lies at her heart—she neither eats nor sleeps, and my Lord

the Earl after a violent altercation left the city for Thorncliffe Abbey; but Ambrose, canst lend me a few gold pieces? I would accompany them, but my garments would ill assort with the brave costumes of the attendants of the Countess." "In welcome Master Laneham," replied Ambrose as he gave him five French crowns, "and when dost thou intend starting? Thou hadst better drop down with the tide and await them. I will give thee a cartel to a fellow Inn-keeper who will look to thy creature comforts."

"I cannot accept thy offer, honest Ambrose, as I am the bearer of a letter from Dearnavoga to his poor kinswoman. So 'til we meet, farewell mine host; thou shalt hear early of how the mediation of the Countess succeeds," and Laneham passed into the bar-room whilst forgetful of his wound. Bardolph was singing from the comedy of "As you like it" the catch.

"Under the green wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat
Come hither—come hither—come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather!"

"Hey Master Laneham, art for the road? nay, by the mass, thou must crack a pottle with me ere that." "Bardolph, if thou wouldst know, I have just come from the unfortunate Dearnavoga who is to die the day after to-morrow, his death is owing to you." "Marry and a happy riddance, Master Laneham, the devil's in the dice, if honest men are to be tasked for their loyalty; how says the song:

"He that has a little tiny wit
With heigh ho—the wind and the rain
Must make content with his fortune's fit,
For the rain it raineth every day!"

or will have, "Come o'er the bourne, Bessy, to me." Laneham now left him to proceed to the residence of the Countess of Nottingham.

It was a calm clear morning when the Countess of Nottingham accompanied by the damsel Malvina embarked near Whitehall for the palace of Greenwich. The barge which conveyed them to their destination was hung with costly linings whilst reclining on a kind of couch lay extended the still noble but emaciated form of the Lady Howard of Effingham, and near her in a pensive attitude the kinswoman of Dearnavoga. Swiftly the barge glided down by the Tower and Blackwall and ere long they reached the magnificent palace of Elizabeth.

It was after a pause that the Lady of Nottingham fetching a deep sigh exclaimed—"Alas, Malvina, I dread this meeting with the Queen; when she learns the fatal secret, what will not her feelings be! Alas that I ever yielded to the cruel suggestions of my husband; and thy suit, dearest girl, I fear me will prove unattainable"

"Yet will I not despair," replied Malvina as she rested her thin pale cheek on one of her hands, "the Queen loveth justice and is wont to be merciful and may perhaps listen to the suit of the orphan." "Dearest Malvina, thou wilt soon know the extent of my crime, and why thus in a dying state I have left my home to seek an audience of her Majesty. Alas, I could not die without confessing all,—and, to have betrayed one so noble!" "Would that this secret which seems to weigh so heavily on thy breast were at once divulged, though Lady, I can ill imagine how one that hath been so kind to me could be guilty of aught that might give birth to such heavy remorse as hath weighed upon thy peace?" "'Tis a black and foul crime, dearest girl, but we are weak, and but too ready to be swayed by the opinions of those we love against the dictates of our own reason. Alas! Malvina, I fear that this fatal disclosure will be but a bar against the intreaties of your suit. Oh, you cannot know the depth of fond woman's love, faithful, alas, at times but too faithful to their vows. Had I loved less I were not as I am now." "The love of woman," interrupted Malvina, "I know but too well, but calm thee noble Lady, see we draw near the wharf. Alas, and doth that noble dwelling contain her, a woman whose one word gives or takes life from him who is dearer to me than mine own life." "The very grief arising from this my crime, dearest Malvina may work on the strange but generous disposition of Elizabeth, be not checked by the difficulties of thy fortunes, urge thy suit with that sweet persuasion thou canst so well assume. When her stormy passions rise to their flood, the calm will follow, then cast the anchor of thine hope and trust for that clemency for him, which for myself I dare not hope!" So saying, the Countess lay down again upon the cushions of her couch, as the prow of the boat touched the landing stairs. "Lean, noble Lady on my arm," exclaimed Laneham as he sprung from the stern of the boat where he had been seated, attired in a respectable but plain costume, "and hither, thou darlings, haste with the litter;" and with difficulty he managed to lead the tottering steps of the Countess to the velvet lined litter prepared for her reception; a similar one had been procured for Malvina, and in a few minutes both our travellers were on their way to the stately portico of the Queen's palace at Greenwich.

On the steps they were received by the chamberlain and about one dozen of the gentlemen pensioners, and preceded by one of the household servants, habited in scarlet and bearing a white wand were conducted to an antechamber. Here they were allowed to remain for some time, during which the Queen's dinner was borne in. First came in a gentleman* bearing a rod and along with him another who had a table cloth which after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration he spread upon a table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod the other with a salt cellar, a plate and bread, and when they had kneeled as the others had done and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady along with a married one, the former was dressed in white silk, who when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner approached the table and rubbed the plates with bread and salt with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little time the yeoman of the guards entered, bare headed, clothed in scarlet with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn twenty-four dishes served on plate, most however, gilt. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order, whilst the lady taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat of the particular dish they had brought for fear of poison; two kettle drums and twelve trumpets sounding all the time.

These ceremonies were observed by the Countess and Malvina, for the door of the Queen's refreshment room was open. In an inner apartment concealed by a curtain of silken tapestry her Majesty was engaged in playing on her virginals.

"My heart sinks within me," faintly exclaimed the dying Countess. "Oh Malvina if thou tremblest for the fate of one dear to you, think, think of what I have to encounter when the lion spirit of Elizabeth shall be aroused, when she finds that the love of her heart hath been lost through my base and unworthy treachery; yet alas, it was my Lord's doing." "Yet, 'tis better, dearest Lady, to ease thy burthened conscience of this secret guilt."

At this moment a page entering the apartment motioned them to follow him and the Countess leaning on the arm of Malvina passed through the room where the banquet was spread, and a young Lady of Honor after saluting the Lady of Nottingham drew aside a rich curtain that concealed the interior of the apartment occupied by the Queen, and our adventurers found themselves in the presence of

* See Heutzner's Travels.

the Queen of England. Attired in a white silk robe bordered with large pearls and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads, stood Elizabeth, who on their entrance exclaimed, "How now my Lady of Nottingham, to what lucky chance are we indebted for this visit? Methinks we have seen thee but little of late—thou dost look ill; but who is thy companion?" she added in a sharp voice.

"A suppliant to your Majesty," replied our heroine falling on her knees whilst her head sunk on her bosom, "alas, gracious Madam, I am the kinswoman of the unfortunate Dearnavoga who is condemned to die to-morrow!"

"'Twas ill judged of thee, my lady of Nottingham, in bringing thy protegee hither on such an errand. We have heard of this damsel, yet withal the law must have its course. Nay cling not to my garments—the noblest and bravest—alas the gifted," continued the Queen sinking her voice to a whisper, "have paid the penalty of their lives for less hardened treason than this Chieftain's." "Great Queen—alas if thou hadst lov'd like me—even an unrequited love—thou couldst divine my feelings!" "Perhaps damsel, we have not always been cold blooded—but this attachment of thine is ill placed—forget it, there are many (and she cast a keen glance on the countenance of Malvina) who looking on thy fair face would wed thee—rise—rise damsel—for divers and weighty reasons this unfortunate rebel must die! And you my Lady of Nottingham, what may thy suit be?" "Take this packet, gracious and dread sovereign," replied the Countess as on her knees and with averted face she handed the cartel to Elizabeth—"but do not—do not curse me!" "Hah! what do I see the hand writing of Essex? and tearing the packet open a ring dropped to the ground—"Speak Countess, speak on thine allegiance!" "'Twas sent thee, gracious Queen, by the unfortunate Essex the day before he died. He averred your Majesty had promised him a free pardon for any fault, when 'twas delivered to you." "And you," interrupted Elizabeth turning deadly pale, "you? *detained it*—and deceived all!"

For a moment Elizabeth stood like a marble statue, and then the muscles of her face became frightfully convulsed "Great God," she at length exclaimed—"have I been reserved for this? I! I! *May God forgive you for this, but I never never can!* That the heart of woman could have devised and put in execution such a hellish plot—Essex, my noble murdered Essex—well—well art thou avenged for my seeming cruelty! Oh *fatal ring!* Alas!" continued Elizabeth sinking on a chair and bursting into tears, "life hath no longer charms for me. Long hath

this poor bruised heart nourished in silence its griefs, but its pangs were partly alleviated by the thought that he had died stubborn in his treason and scorned to ask life from her to whom, now be it spoken, he was dearer than life itself—but they are all—all gone—the gallant Dudley! The noble Essex—and I am alone—alas I could upbraid Leicester with his marriage with his lost love of Connor—but what was that duplicity to thine? Oh woman! woman! thou hast done that which shall shame thee and thy memory for ever!” and the Queen here hid her face, amid the rich velvet cushions of her sofa.

Malvina who stood at some little distance amid all her agony and disappointment could not but feel for Elizabeth, and felt her esteem nearly obliterated, for the Countess, on learning her horrible duplicity, but resentment soon gave way to the most lively alarm as she beheld the Lady of Nottingham sink back on the floor. Bounding forward in an instant she had her in her arms;—the Countess had burst a blood vessel and after a few faint struggles expired!

Aroused even from the stupor of her grief at the wild cry which burst from Malvina, the Queen started from her couch. In an instant she saw all—the Lady of Nottingham lay bathed in blood whilst over her hung our heroine. Touching a silver bell Elizabeth summoned aid and whilst the body of the unfortunate Countess was conveyed to her barge the Queen exclaimed, handing a paper which she had written, to Malvina. “Here damsel, is the pardon of Dearnavoga! enough of hearts have been broken—but on thy allegiance we command thee never to divulge what has passed. To-morrow, for I am too ill at ease to-day, we will advise with Cecil our Secretary touching a part restitution of the lands of Carrack-a-bracke. This Dearnavoga must needs have a flinty heart if he do not wed thee—and now farewell damsel,” and motioning her to retire Malvina was conducted from the apartment.

Fair reader, thy sagacity may divine the rest of this our wandering tale—thy historical knowledge hath doubtless informed thee how Elizabeth, after refusing all sustenance for fourteen days, expired of a broken heart at Greenwich. Dearnavoga became the husband of Malvina; Laneham obtained a situation from King James, and Ambrose Love Ale, the Foster and gentle Master Laneham got gloriously drunk on the occasion at the sign of “The Three Merry Men.”

C. M.

TO —.

Is thy lot happy maiden ? . . Oft do I
 Conjure the ghosts of past bliss from their graves,
 And muse on thy sweet spirit,—tho' the waves
 Of many a weary ocean, sleeplessly,
 Wail forth their desert moans 'twixt thee and me !
 Yet love should *not* so haunt me !—*Ours* hath been,
 But morning dew-drop dried by summer's shcen,
 Or silken primrose “ faded timelessly.”
 A gentle girl is near me—and the meed
 Is her's of brightest beauty ! Her young heart
 Is mine and *only* mine, yet thought will speed
 Blindly to all thou wast to me, and art !
 Ah, why must love live on—tho' years be past
 Since the green hours, that saw us look our last ?

JULIUS.

A SKETCH IN THE HIMMALAYAS.

Moonlight upon the mountains ! and the wind
 Sweeps, as a lyre, the frosted forest pines,
 Whose melody is wildness ; cold bright stars
 Shine forth their quiet happiness ; and fleeces
 From the clear'd snow-peaks drifted, pass like spirits,
 Aye, 'twixt their voiceful silence and this earth.

And 'neath the night's deep beauty earth is mute,
 Save where the gaunt and famish'd mountain dog
 Yells forth his demon wailings from afar,
 Or the wolf echoes them from out the dells,
 Or the low wind responds, (as one aroused
 Unwillingly from slumber) to the avalanche
 Rolling around for ever !

O'er the lake
 Still ply, seen rarely, birds their preyless toil,
 Where float the shadows of the setting moon
 Over the waters, weak yet beautiful ;
 And wood, and wave, and crested crag together
 Rest, like tir'd children, 'neath her mother-eye.

Far in the dimness of the eternal forests
 The cheery pine-fire blazes, and the trunk
 Of many a sombre fir yet sabler shows
 Back'd by the ruddy radiance, as it glimmers
 'Twixt them as 'twixt some furnace bars ;

More near

Figures, *dim seen*, are speeding to and fro
 The vast, fierce fires around ; and every act
 And every motion of those simple kinds
 Wears most unearthly semblance—as tho' demons
 Held vigil there o'er some unholy rites.

And now, as 'twere to crown th' illusion, clouds
 Ebon and palpable and vast are seen
 Drowning and gulping in each faëry mist
 Like tides, that rush and spare not, over all ;
 O'er *all* this blessed scene their blotting curse
 Spreads—speeding—spoiling,—where *this eve* the scene
 Slept in the sunshine like a basking fawn !

The far flash menaces, and mustering winds
 Speed, as to larum sounds, from out the valleys ;
 And Tempest with his “giant strength” is fierce
 “To use it as a giant :”—

Yet the pines,

The gaunt, tall pines their mighty arms are lifting
 To battle with the storm-fiend—but in vain !
 He triumphs in his fury and his might,
 And their bleach'd sires around their trunks, like bones
 Crumbling, tell past defeat. But two be there
 Towering yet doom'd to fall ;—of many a one
 They surest doom'd, for feeblest ; they to being,
 And strength shot side by side long years ago,
 And weather'd on together many a war
 With him, their tyrant unsubdu'd at last ;
 And many a sweet and starry summer's night
 Hath view'd them lift their quiet heads to heaven,
 And commune at that holy hush of time
 In their dim beauty with the silent skies :
 And many a breezy dawn upon the hills
 Hath brake, and many a blushing eve gone down,
 Gilding the lofty snow-peaks, while those pines
 Waving in beauty marked them :—one same wind
 Hath bow'd them with one breath,—and they have answer'd
 Each to the other's whisper, since when erst
 Shot the first branches upon either's stem.
 Now years have pass'd since then ; *one* lightning glance
 Hath blasted *both*, and *yet* the old barkless patriarchs
 Tower on together ; and (their frail old heads
 Propp'd either by the other) still they stand,
 Tried friends and true, to perish in *one* fall.

But lo ! the eagle,
 Swift scudding from his eyrie in the clefts !
 He meets and mounts the tempest, as a courser

Fleet, fiery, but well back'd ! or as a spirit
 Might meet his spirit foe and war on high,
 Nor vanquishing, nor vanquished. O ! the joy,
 The deep, *deep* joy of that glad gallant bird,
 Hieing away, away above the clouds
 With black sails spread, bold pirate of the skies,
 And cleaving thro' the very breast of heaven !
 O ! God, but *one* wild hour of such wild joy
 And earth could nothing offer !—Now by starts,
 Still darts the moon athwart him, as some cloud
 Floats from her gentle visage ; proud and fierce
 Still speeds he onward thro' the worlds of gloom
 To where some large star glimmers ere it fade,
 Or thunders hurtle from the cloud he rides,
 Or the fiend quivers forth his lightning glance,
 Livid and pale as passion, o'er the surface
 Of the lake's sea-like surges.....
 He has past,
 And Joy be now his comrade in the storm.

The rain

Still hangs o'er leaf and blade, and yet the tempest
 Hath pass'd, like some dread dream, that shakes the slumber
 Of beauteous maid, who calm'd by prayer again,
 Sleeps with the tear-drop lingering on her cheek ;—
 Yea, all is loveliness as erst ! Once more
 I wander where the soft and tranquil light
 Of stars late hidden, gleams from 'twixt the tops,
 Of tall time-hallow'd pine trees, and do mark
 How their heads wave among those blessed lights
 Looking in love to heaven. O ! what thoughts
 What gushing, hallow'd thoughts upon my heart
 Descend, as moon o'er ocean, when I mind
 How darkness and misrule, (the tyrant king
 And worse than tyrant priest)—have smote like curses
 This fair and fertile land. Yet not for ever,
 O ! not for ever, gracious Lord, remember
 Thine anger on the nation ; false albeit,
 Feeble, and false,—and crime sear'd ; slavish, therefore
 The fashioners of tyrants,—and as tyrannous
 As ever crouching dastard when begirt
 With potency o'er others ;—*not for ever*
 Yea *not* for ever, O, my God, be girt
 Thy curse around the nation ; but vouchsafe
At length to kindle in the heart a spirit
 To shake off, and for aye, this time-worn burthen
 Of tyranny and priestcraft ! O, imbue
 Ev'n as the guileless babe's each pulseless heart •
 With a new being and fresh principle,

And guiding with a watchful *father's* hand
Lead them to happiness and *thee*.

Bow down

O, Lord! bow down thine ear,—bow down and hear
The prayer of sinner for his fellow sinner
And unto man, e'en *here*, vouchsafe a soul
Not all unfitted for thy blessed image!

And for *thee*, my country
A proud day and a glad day will it be
For thee—when these shall stand erect like men,
The sable and the feeble, whom we strive
To lift, ev'n now, from homage at our feet,
Yet strive well nigh in vain!

A proud, glad day,
When from thy sons they catch all lettered lore,
All intellectual life, all gentlest hopes,
All trust, tho' tardy, where the Christian trusts
All love of freedom as the free man loves,
All honorable thoughts; till each *still* judging
His fellow by himself, yet not still finding
Thus cause to write him villain, man on man
Shall rest,—and the broad nation on itself;
And the low, deep, yet strong, and dauntless cry
Of a regenerate people shall be "Freedom!"
And they shall win it as their guerdon meet,
And they shall wear it with a thoughtful joy.
.....Shall that *not* be
A moment of sweet triumph, O! my country,
To *thee*, thou "bulwark* of the cause of men"?
And will not the Almighty God vouchsafe
Yet greater favor to thy sons, because
They shall have worshipp'd Liberty too deeply
Not to extend her worship as they might?

Yea, years on years,
Ages on ages, in their voiceless lapse,
Shall leave them *still* the favor'd and the free—
And he who made them, shall preserve them glorious,
Because they glory in no nation's fall.

Dinapore.

G. P. S.

* Wordsworth.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE MADAGASCAR TONGUE.

THE FABLE OF THE ALLIGATOR AND THE HEDGEHOG.

It is said that the Alligator and Hedgehog started from their homes, and met each other on a kill.

Hedgehog.—And the hedgehog said to the alligator: How are you my elder?*

Alligator.—I am very well my younger; and pray how art thou?

Hedg.—And where have you been that you are so heavily laden with beef, have you been buying or bartering? (For the alligator had been disturbing people's cattle.)

Alli.—How should'st thou think that I have been buying or bartering, for I have only been here and there seeking for a little prey. Where hast thou been that thou art grunting here about nothing at all? (For that is the manner of hedgehogs to grunt for nothing at all.)

Hedg.—I have been seeking for a little prey also, that I may get some food hereabouts; for thy younger is small and cannot go far, but turn round about here.

Alli.—What is thy prey?

Hedg.—What can thy younger, who is so small, get more than a few small beetles (*tsindretta*), or a few young grasshoppers called *trinbotry* or *addrisa*, &c., for where can I get such a thing as you have had.

Alli.—Come, my chap, let us be friends.

Hedg.—Come then, my elder, and shall I not be glad to be a friend of your's. (Here the hedgehog fears the alligator that he coaxes him.)

Alli.—And the alligator said to the hedgehog: Shall I first come into thy house, or wilt thou first come into my house?

Hedg.—As you please, my elder; I shall do whatever^o you tell me, saith the hedgehog.

Alli.—Let us go then, said the alligator, and let my house be first visited, for I am the elder.

Hedg.—Let us go, my elder, said the hedgehog. Then they both started off, and went on, till they reached the water side.

* It is customary among this people, when an inferior meets with a superior, to address him as his elder brother or sister, and the superior returns the compliment by addressing him as his younger (*zandry*) brother or sister.

Alli.—And the alligator said to the hedgehog: Here in the water is the house of thine elder; and how art thou to be conducted? canst thou bear diving long in the water?

Hedg.—Go, saith the hedgehog, for I shall follow you whithersoever you go. Then they both plunged into the water together.

Hedg.—And the hedgehog said: O, I am wet, my elder.

Alli.—Never mind, persevere my younger.

Hedg.—I am wet, my elder, &c.

Alli.—Never mind, persevere my younger, &c. And after a long time, they both reached the alligator's house. (Here the alligator had a dry place, a sort of cave in the earth, which was higher than the water.)

Alli.—And stay thou here, said the alligator to the hedgehog; for you are now in your own house, and I am going to seek for a little food for us.

Hedg.—Go, my elder, never mind, for I am now here as in my own house.

The alligator started off and went on, &c., and he reached the water side:—What can you expect; it is an alligator; I suppose you have not heard that his name is an alligator, have you? And when he saw people's cattle grazing on the water side, he darted at a large bullock at once, and took him away. Alas! alas! said the herdsmen, for the alligator has taken away a bullock. Well then, if he has taken it, it will never return: I suppose you have not heard the saying, *there is no deliverance* if once in the hands of the alligator. It is gone; and he went to his house where the hedgehog was, and a large bullock cut in pieces; and he said to the hedgehog, what do you, my chap, think of my hunting. I was not long, for I took it (meaning his plunder) in the presence of the owner.

Hedg.—That is clever, my elder, being able to take it in the presence of its owner, without bartering or buying, and bringing such a quantity of fat beef; an alligator indeed is your name.

Alli.—Eat freely, my chap, for thine elder could not find a good repast for thee.

Hedg.—May my elder live long, do not make any vain apologies, what can be expected more, for you have brought the best of repasts. O, such an entertainment as this I shall not be able to return. Then the alligator urged the hedgehog to eat.

Alli.—Are you satisfied ?

Hedg.—Not yet.

Alli.—Are you satisfied ? &c.

Hedg.—Not yet, &c.

Alli.—Are you satisfied ?

Hedg.—I am now satisfied ; for a small belly does not work. (For the hedgehog is small, and can consume but little ; the flesh of a whole bullock was there, and he could not eat much).

And the hedgehog said, after he had eaten—Come my elder, to the house of thy younger ; but what can I get, who am so little, except a few small things that I can pick up here and there on the earth. I have no house worth entering, therefore it is only passing the compliment to invite friends.

Then they both went on together ; and when any person saw them, he exclaimed, what a wonder ! here the alligator and hedgehog are travelling together ! They would reply—what is that to you ? At length they came near the hedgehog's hole, at the foot of a rock—and said he to the alligator, here is my house my elder, but it is not large enough for you to enter ; be not offended with me, perhaps we had better remain out of doors ?

Alli.—As to that please thyself ; but what a small house to invite friends into.

Hedg.—How can I help it, my elder : for your younger is but little ; I suppose you have not heard the proverb saying, the coat must be cut according to the cloth, (or according to the appearance or the size, the arrangement must be made.) God help me. Woe unto me, my elder, where will you conceal yourself, lest you should be seen by the people here, and be stoned by them for nothing, while I go and seek for a little food ; for it is not at all agreeable to hear people say, here is an alligator on dry land !

Alli.—That is very true, my younger, come, you had better cover me with grass here at the foot of the rock, till you return.

Hedg.—Well then, my elder, let it be done, and I shall not be long, for you are poorly off here.

The hedgehog then went, and collected a small quantity of young locusts, which are called adrisa, trimbotry, aketa, timdohalakana, sarisarinadrissa, trimpefe, &c., then he returned to the alligator, and said—This is the prey, my elder, that I have found ; but what can I get besides these small things ; for,

your younger could not run to catch any larger, and I was in haste, as your place is uncomfortable.

Alli.—Then the alligator was angry. Will this satisfy me; take care lest I should snap thee up with them: so he snapped up the prey (these small things, but could not find any thing to chew, as he swallowed the whole up at once.) O, I have good place here, said he!

Hedg.—And the hedgehog said, as you please, though you may snap me up also, for you can do as you please, as you are the great one. And shall I satisfy you?

The hedgehog again went to seek for more prey to the ground of the rice plants, and found a few young shrimps, young beetles, young sprats, and young frogs. He now returned to the alligator again, and placed his prey of small things before the alligator. Eat my elder, for this is the best repast that thy younger could obtain.

Alli.—Hey! is this your best repast. Who can be satisfied with this? Take care, lest I should snap thee up also: he then fell on the prey and swallowed it up at once.

Hedg.—As you please my elder, though you may swallow me up also. You will not believe me, though I tell you the difficulty I met with in the ground of the rice plants; for I had a wet bottom there. As you please, my elder.

Alli.—Then the heart of the alligator became a little softer, on account of this; but after a while the alligator said—Come here, thou chap, and I will measure you by my mouth.

Hedg.—Do then my elder, and what is to be done, for whatever you say I will submit to.

After measuring, the alligator snapped the hedgehog up at once. As soon as the hedgehog was in the mouth of the alligator, it stuck in his throat, so that he could not swallow it. O dear I die, I die, my younger, cried the alligator. Then the alligator threw the hedgehog up again on the ground uninjured.

Hedg.—And what do you think now my elder? though small, I could not be swallowed on account of our covenant or agreement.

Alli.—I only feigned the fool and pretended to swallow thee up, said the alligator. Then he snapped the hedgehog again, and he stretched himself, and as soon as he was in his throat, the hedgehog went cross way. I die, I die, my younger! I die, I die, my younger! said the alligator.

Hedg.—Ah! wilt thou eat me again or not? said the hedgehog: (now the hedgehog speaks disrespectfully to the alligator.)

Alli.—Yes! and let the agreement that we have made be my death, (if that be the case.)

Hedg.—The hedgehog stretched himself again, and the alligator let him out again.

The moment he freed the hedgehog: such a little thing as thou art, cannot I swallow thee up, said the alligator? I only feigned the fool and pretended to swallow thee: then he snapped him up again without chewing.

Hedg.—The hedgehog stretched himself, but as soon as he was in the belly of the alligator, he began to swell and try all positions cross ways and crouching.

Alli.—I die! I die! my younger, and he leaped on the ground.

Hedg.—The hedgehog would not listen to that. O, said he, I cannot see what will kill thee, but I see what kills me. He then tore the entrails of the alligator to pieces, so that he was his death. Having forced himself out of the belly of the alligator, he then went and concealed himself in the grass, watching the carcass of the alligator which he had killed.

P.—Persons passing by, going to the market, saw the carcass of the alligator. Dear me! here is an alligator dead on dry ground. Let us go and fetch his teeth.

Hedg.—The hedgehog grunted when he heard that. Mine own, which I myself, though small, have killed, and will you take it away?

P.—Dear me! cried the people, here is an hedgehog speaking. He guards it, saying, my own, which I myself, though small, have killed, and will you take it away? What canst thou kill? can such a little creature as thou art, kill an alligator?

Hedg.—Why? was it not I that killed him? said the hedgehog.

The people went away, and others passing time after time, spoke to the hedgehog to the same effect, and the hedgehog answered them as usual; but at last, some who passed by, bought the alligator's teeth of the hedgehog, to put in the ornaments called tamango. Then the hedgehog was satisfied.

Thus ends the fable.

ORDEAL OF THE TANGENA.

(A Madagascar Law.)

Under the enlightened administration of the late King Radama, this custom had so far ceased, that it became necessary for her present Majesty, to revive it by a public and explicit proclamation. Accordingly, previous to the recent cleansing of the land, (as it is called), a public kabary was given to the following purport :—

Says the Sovereign to her friends the people—“ I will revive again the Tangena, for I will not suffer evil persons to dwell in my land ; but the custom of my ancestors, *that* will I do, and I will cleanse my land. Nevertheless, when thou apprehendest a person, do not act from malice, in thy apprehending of them, and do not act with partiality, but apprehend whomsoever thou really detestest.”

After this, numbers were seen ready to lay informations, charging various persons with actions, proving them to be guilty of sorcery ; and the business was proceeded in, as is usual in cases of so general and public a nature. The people generally from one town or district, assemble together in one place, for the purpose of laying and hearing informations. They provided themselves with an orphan lamb, and two persons afflicted with confirmed leprosy, for the purpose (as will be seen) of pronouncing a solemn curse on any who may wrongfully accuse some of their enemies, though knowing them to be innocent, or partially connive at others, their friends, tho' knowing them to be guilty. The people were then collected into a circle, and outside of the miskilled the motherless lamb, and a cord tied to it for the purpose of dragging it round the multitude : the two lepers also stand by the lamb ; and some principal man directing the attention of all to these objects of wretchedness, says—

“ Let us apprehend the suspected persons : but he that *maliciously* accuses ; he that acts from revenge, because perhaps the accused has a dispute with him ; because he has been condemned in a law suit with the accused ; because you are intimate with each other's wives ; because you dispute the boundaries of your rice ground, or the water of the rice ground ; and for such reasons thou informest against him ; it is a curse—mayest thou never have an heir to succeed thee ; may even thy village become abhorred and shunned ; become thou like these lepers ; and may the fate of this little wretched lamb befall thee.”

Whosoever acts maliciously in this business, or connives at the

guilty; seeing plainly but concealing; whether the guilty person be thy father or thy mother, or thy brother or thy sister, or one beloved by thee; and thou hast discovered that he is possessed of the power of sorcery, and thou hidest thy knowledge; then may it be unto thee as unto this wretched lamb; be thou cursed for ever, and mayest thou never have an heir to succeed thee."

The carcass of the lamb is then dragged round the people, by the lepers, who continually repeat in passing—"if you act with partiality, may you become like us," &c. The accusers then stepped forward one by one; each carrying pieces of rock, one of which he deposits for every distinct accusation, saying—"I detected mine, (i. e. the one I accuse) committing such and such an act," laying down one stone for each crime specified. Sometimes several persons accuse one, and then their pieces of rock are put together. The principal acts usually specified as constituting valid accusations, are principally the following:—1st, associating with the owls and wild cats; it being asserted that the sorcerers go to the haunts of these wild creatures, (which are held in the utmost abhorrence by all other persons,) and obtain the power of bewitching other people, &c. 2d. Treading upon the tombs, and the dung, entrails, &c., which are left beside the tombs, after sacrifice. 3d. Going in the dark ditches of the villages; every village being surrounded by a deep trench or moat. 4. House burglary at midnight, when performed in a peculiar way, not so much for the sake of stealing, as from an invincible hatred to human life and happiness. 5th. Taking away life, by secretly depositing poison in the water pitcher, or by giving food to a sick person, so that he died, and charged his friends, saying—"if I am to be blessed when dead, give the tangena to that person, for the food that he gave made me sick. Many other charges are deemed valid, even the mere carrying of the garment in a peculiar manner, at night, or throwing a piece of stone at a house after dark, &c. &c.

In this deposition of the stones, no names are mentioned, but each one leaves his stones as a sign and enumeration of the charges laid against the accused, who is usually one of the persons present, and probably little conscious of his approaching danger. A brief pause then takes place, and the question is formally put to all present—"Do you receive these accusations or not?" The people then reject any accusations, in which only a single piece of rock is deposited against a person, saying, it is a malicious charge; but if more than one piece is found, whether deposited by one person or several, the charge is received, and they say—"We do receive the accusation, ne-

vertheless, lest it arises from malice; lest no guilty should be caught; lest from suspicion only you accuse them; lest the accused should not be convicted;* lest revenge instigates you to accuse them; lest it be not the word of the dead; lest that is a falsehood, swear to us."

The accusers then say—

"If this is our fabrication; if what we do is a false accusation, and not really true, then let us be cursed; may we never have an heir to succeed us; our lot being like that of this little wretched lamb," &c.

After it is thus agreed to subject the accused to trial, persons are appointed to act as constables for apprehending and attending to the accused: these men are called voanjo, and are not the administrators of the tangena, but their business is to apprehend the accused, and attend upon him until the conclusion of the trial. After this, all the people are enjoined to keep their fires smothered up during the night, in order that a light may be obtained by the voanjo, at whatever house they may knock. The multitude is then dismissed. The names of the accused not having been announced, lest they should take an opportunity of running away in the intermediate night. At midnight, however, or before light in the morning, the accusers make known to the constables, (voanjo), the real names of the persons, pointed out by their respective pieces of rock. The constables then go, each one to the house appointed to his care; and on reaching the house, he takes a piece of thatch from the south end, and holding up his arm, he jerks the piece of thatch over his head, at the same time expressing his solemn renunciation of being in any measure a participator in the deed of accusing the person, saying as in prayer—"Let no blame attach to me, let no vengeance be visited on my posterity, on account of this deed." He then knocks at the door three times, each time calling out, "rise thou * * *, (declaring the accused's name); thou only must light the fire, kindle therefore the fire." The accused gets up, kindles the fire, and opens the door to the constable, who enters and declares to the accused, that he is charged with the crime of bewitching the sovereign or the people, &c. He also enquires respecting his property, what he possesses, and especially what he has bequeathed to any child, (that portion being left untouched by the rapacious accuser and his party, should the accused die), and he exhorts him to tell truly, and not lie, for judgment has entered into his house.

* I. L. should recover and so prove the accusation to have been groundless.

The accused's relations then assemble, including wives, children, and any attached to him; in order to witness the trial, and keep a watch round the house and premises. These friends he often meets in the country, going some distance from home for that purpose, and he endeavours to encourage them by many assurances of his innocence, saying, "take courage my friends, do not fear, I am not a sorcerer," &c. From this meeting he is carried home on a man's back, with his head covered in a peculiar manner, so that all know him to be accused of sorcery.

A nipisikidy (diviner, a very important man from this time) is sent for by the accused's friends, and henceforth every thing in their power is determined by divination.

He works his divination to fix upon a lucky house for the trial; and again to decide what relations or friends may enter to witness the drinking; and whether the house shall be entered through the door or window, or whether they shall take away one side, or end, or even the roof of the house, for an entrance; what pitcher to use for fetching water; who are to fetch it; the place whence, and the manner in which it is to be fetched; what spoon to use, and innumerable other trifles; claiming for all, the merit of saving every one's life who is saved. It frequently happens that the house of the accused is not deemed a lucky one, and so then the whole party repair to a house appointed by the diviner, usually out of town. Here they assemble in the following order: within the house is the accused, with those friends, who, having a good divination, are allowed to enter, also the constables and the administrator, whenever he may arrive. No dogs, fowls, or other creatures, are allowed to enter the house, and poles are stuck up at the extremities of the premises, as a veto, to give the people to understand, that they are not to enter, and within the premises numerous friends surround the house. Two fowls are now procured, to try upon them the virtues of the tangena.

Another fowl also is procured, usually the first that is seen outside of the house, that being deemed most lucky; from which, after killing, three pieces of skin are taken, each about an inch square; and rolled up like three peas. A fourth fowl is then purchased for making broth to drink with the rice; and also fuel and rice for flour to thicken slightly the warm water drunk after the tangena: and persons as appointed by divination are employed in these various occupations. Then firstly, a large meal of rice is cooked, and the broth is made of the fowl, and the accused is required to eat as much as he can cram down, for the purpose, they say, of forming a bed for the three pieces of skin and the tangena; and in this broth the

three pieces of skin are afterwards very slightly boiled. In the mean time, some persons go to fetch water in great abundance, taking care to fetch it from a running stream, and lay it up in a direction opposite to the course of the stream; whilst others are employed in making rice water to help the sickness. Presently, in comes the administrator with a spear over his shoulders, and on that is suspended, a small bag of the tangena fruit, being a kind of nut larger than the almond. The following is now the disposition of the people within the house or first room of it. To the west sits the prisoner, with a large hole dug in the ground at his feet to receive his sickness covered with a net in order that the pieces of skin should he throw them up may be caught and readily discovered. By his side is the administer of the tangena, one or two of his nearest relations or most intimate friends with the constable and his attendants; and in other parts of the room various persons admitted by the diviner, who takes his station at the outside of the house. The administer on entering addresses all present thus: "In regard to all of us here present, if there is any one who practices deceptions or by any means averts or changes the virtue of the tangena, let such an one be accursed, never having an heir to succeed him, experiencing the fate of the little wretched lamb, experiencing every curse, even whosoever performs any thing to interfere with this trial." The two fowls for trying the virtue of the tangena are now produced with some bitter water, being the expressed juice of the Banana tree: the administer then opening one of the nuts, divides the kernel into two parts and rubs one half upon the outside of the shell until the kernel is formed into a liquid like soap lather. This he mixes in a small horn spoon with the juice of the Banana tree, for the dose; and in mixing he keeps continually gabbling over the cabalistic words, "Somady mariko, somady mariko." When this is finished he administers or pretends to administer it to one chicken, holding the animal in his left hand and pouring the mixture with his right, at the same time saying.

"Hear, hear, hear, O Manamango (a name understood to mean the presiding power, as God of the tangena ordeal) if thou art a judge able to give final verdict, (i. e. by killing;) if thou art not uncertain (i. e. likly to leave the guilty a living,) if thou art the judicatory power of the sovereign and the people; if thou art indeed just judgment, kill this fowl."

Whereupon he throws the fowl from his hand, quite dead, having dexterously contrived partly to choak and partly to strangle it. Another fowl is then taken, and he says briefly, "Hear O Manamango, if thou art the conclusive power of judgment

let this fowl survive." And hereupon he throws the fowl from his hand, which runs away brisk and lively; he having managed to handle it very gently, and pour the poison by the side of its mouth so as for none to enter. He now pronounces this tale a "just means of judgment," and proceeds to the trial of the prisoner by the same means. He administers the tangena in the same manner giving one half of a kernel, and about one or two tea-spoonful of the water from the Banana tree, and then placing his hand on the prisoner's head he pronounces the following curse :

"Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear, hear, yea listen thou attentively, O Manamango, for thou art the sovereign's judicial power, thou art the people's means of judgment: the sovereign cannot decide, thou canst adjudge, the people cannot judge thou canst decide; it is thou who must finally decide; a sovereign there was indeed yonder, judges there were indeed yonder; wise people there were indeed yonder; these cannot judge, cannot decide, but *thou* art the judge who canst decide; *thou* art the judge who canst decide; *thou* art the judge who canst determine; thou art the means of terminating; thou art the omniscient of things invisible; thou art the observer of the lean and the fat, it is thou who knowest the good and the evil; it is thou who knowest what is in the hearts of people; knowing what is unknown to man; thou knowest the sorceries; thou knowest who are not guilty of sorcery; there is nothing which thou knowest not, there is nothing which thou seest not, O Manamango. And now hear, hear, yea, listen attentively O Manamango; if this person has bewitched the sovereign, if he has bewitched man, if he has bewitched woman, has bewitched people's wives, has bewitched people's children, has bewitched people's riches, has bewitched people's slaves; has cast down the life of people; if he has had the origin of the matter, if he has had the root of it, if he has had its branches, if he has had its stalk; which he has fetched from people and taken to it destroy life: then, kill him quickly, kill him instantly, kill him promptly; divide his heart, tear in pieces his entrails, gnaw his throat, cause him to burst, * kill speedily, declare the sorcery he has performed; make him speak foolishly his whole deeds; let not the investigation be long, let not the searching out be delayed; search out quickly, search out promptly, for thou art God: weary not the sovereign and the people, but kill speedily, if he has this sorcery.

And hear, hear, hear, yea listen attentively, thou Manamango; and if he has *not* that sorcery, if he has *not* bewitched that

* It may be observed that all these expressions refer to what are occasionally effects of the poison.

sovereign, has *not* bewitched man, has *not* bewitched woman, has *not* bewitched men's wives, has *not* bewitched men's children, has *not* betwitched riches, does *not* possess the source of the matter, does *not* possess its root, does *not* possess the stalk, does *not* possess the branches; if he has *not* cast down people's lives, has not fetched it from people, does not possess this sorcery; then, cause him to live quickly, revive him promptly, revive him instantly; save his life, strengthen his heart, let the tangena become his body, let it become his flesh, let it become harmless as cold water; weary not the sovereign and the people with delay; but revive him *quickly*, rising and descending like agitated waters, to agitate his stomach, and let him revive quickly, O Manamango.

And hear, hear, hear, yea listen thou attentively, O Manamango: God art thou, so delay not judgment, judge quickly, judge promptly, act not so as to weary the people; but if he does possess this sorcery, kill him *quickly*, O Manamango, lest he should have hope of some means of release, lest the bed of food on his stomach should give him hope, lest a sight* should give him hope, for thou art God; and thou, O Manamango, permittest no release, permittest no release by the bed of food beneath, permittest no sight; therefore, if he possesses such sorcery, kill him quickly, O Manamango.

Nevertheless, O Manamango, if he has killed people when many were present only, or struck people with his fist only, struck people with the palm of his hand only, struck people in any way, hurt people with kicking only, kicked people in any way, knocked people down only, hurt people only, gone to war and killed people with the spear only, or with the gun, or with wood, or with stone only, pushed people only, shed people's blood only, fought with people only, killed people's live-stock only, killed people's bullocks only, killed sheep only, killed fowls only, killed geese only, killed ducks only, killed people's other beasts only, killed any living creature only; impute not guilt on these accounts, O Manamango, I relinquish such guilt, I require not retribution for such; but the sorcerers and them only, do thou adjudge, O Manamango.

And hear, hear, hear, yea listen thou attentively, O Manamango: if he has taken people's property, taken people's money only, taken people's rice only, hidden his companion's property only, if he has lied only, cheated only, deceived by lying pretences only, used false weights only, removed the water of rice ground only; acted with selfish avarice only, esteemed one

* They believe that the mere sight of some strong charms, is sufficient to save the lives of the guilty.

child as superior to the rest only, swindled people of their riches only; blame attaches indeed to such actions, but impute not thou guilt on such accounts, O Manamango. If he has slept with a forbidden woman (i. e. by the customs and laws in regard to rank) only, if he has gone down into the cattle folds, or gone down into the sheep folds, working abominations; clothed indecently only, talked obscenely only, used lewd jokes only, conducted himself in any way only, incurred blame with the sovereign only, or blame with the people, or blame with relations, or blame with his father or mother, or blame with the ancestors, or blame with his sister, or blame with his children, or blame from the north, or blame from the west, or blame from the south, or blame from the east: all such persons are indeed blameable; but impute not thou sin to these, O Manamango.

If he has acted partially; there being two springs, of one he has drunk, of the other he has not drunk, (as in the case of two wives) two public roads, one was his chosen way, one was not his way—blame attaches indeed to these; there are two spoons, with one he has eaten, with one he has not eaten; there were two children, to one he gave clothing, to one he did not give; to one he has bequeathed, to one he has not bequeathed, one he loved, one he loved not—blame attaches indeed to such acts; but impute not thou the guilt of them, O Manamango.

If he has caused disputes among people only, if he has created quarrels among relatives only, caused people to sin only, taken people's wives only, cursed people only, abused people only, reviled with oaths only—blame attaches indeed to these; but I exempt all such, O Manamango—but the sorcerers and they only, are sought for, O Manamango. And great truly is the blame of people, many indeed are the errors yet unspoken, there are the unreckoned faults, there are the unknown sins; but require not thou for them, O Manamango.

And hear, hear, hear, yea listen attentively, O Manamango—thou art God, so delay not thou judgment, adjudge quickly, adjudge promptly—thou art God, so hasten the decision, lest he be delivered by man's power, lest some persons with charms spoil the virtue of the tangena—for thou art God, and admittest not the power of man; permittest not a means of averting; wherefore, if he does possess the power of sorcery, destroy *quickly*, weary not the sovereign and people; and if he does not possess this sorcery, let him survive quickly, O Manamango."

Immediately after the pronouncing of this curse, the accused's friends give him warm water, slightly thickened with rice flour, to drink; supplying him constantly until he vomits, and be-

tween the intervals of vomiting. While this is going on, his nearest friends and relatives in the room, and all those outside of the house, are heard denouncing a similar curse on him, repeating continually in a half-singing tone, "if thou art a sorcerer, die, die quickly; if thou dost not possess it (i. e. the sorcery) live, revive quickly;" and the diviner at the same time constantly working his divination, to discover what things are to be abstained from in the business, as unpropitious, and repeatedly ordering the relatives and friends to abstain from certain things, perform certain actions, and pray that the prisoner may not be killed by the vengeance attachable to certain crimes, which he specifies as having been committed by the prisoner.

If he now vomit freely, and the three pieces of skin are thrown up, and discovered on the net, he is suffered to vomit until he ceases, and declared to be "living." The joyful news is given verbally to the friends surrounding the house, and communicated to distant persons by a flag, and sometimes by the firing of guns. When apparently recovered, he is suffered to eat three spoonfuls of rice. The administer then declares to all the friends.

"He is perfectly clean, the sovereign is clean, the judge is clean, the constables are clean, the people are clean; yet take good heed, for your relatives ought to give heed to him."

The people then salute him saying, "ours is the salutation given by God to the upright;" and he replies, "I receive your salutation," which is equivalent to a protestation of innocence, since should he afterwards die, this salutation is formally retracted. Should he happen to vomit during this time, his case is declared doubtful, and a day is appointed after about a week, for trying him again; otherwise he is carried to a house in the country, where he remains eight days, during which period he is strictly watched, to see that he takes no medicine to obviate the effects of the tangena—and he takes care, as far as possible, not to evince the least sign of indisposition, but pretends to be as-if nothing had taken place, and the poison had been (as they say it is to the innocent) sweet in his stomach. Should he, however, die in these eight days, he is regarded as a sorcerer, and as such disgraced in his burial. After this, about the 9th day from the trial, all his relations and friends assemble to accompany him to town, and he is now declared to be "not a sorcerer," and "clean."

After this concluding scene, there assemble a vast tribe of relations, friends, servants, and spectators, who place him in a couch or open palanquin, carried on the shoulders of four men, the spectators in the mean time, dressed in the most gaudy man-

ner, dancing and jumping about with the wildest joy, resembling both in dress and grimacing, the merry andrews and mountebanks of England; and when a good many of the high rank have drunk at the same time, the scene is to European eyes truly ludicrous.

A procession is then formed, advancing slowly up to town, and the attendants continually singing, "O the good is come, and not falsely." His recovery being no longer doubtful, as it was in the first salutation. On reaching home, a great feast is made, by killing bullocks, &c., according to the circumstances of the accused, and the meat is sent round as presents to friends, and called, "henaudoza," the "meat of peril."

In cases of recovery, such as this, the accused give to the administrator one dollar and five-eighths, besides paying his own diviner and all other incidental expences; and the people give to the accused three dollars, to enable him to defray the expence of this false accusation.

The cases of death are exceedingly various. Sometimes the prisoner confesses his guilt, and is instantly beaten to death with a pole used for pounding rice. Sometimes he drinks so much that the water actually runs out at his mouth, and oozes forth from his stomach and sides, and so he dies from absolute choking and suffocation, or he says when nearly choaked, without being able to eject the pieces of skin, "that is enough," and refuses to drink any more, when he is instantly put to death, quietly resigning himself to his fate. Sometimes he shews manifest signs of extreme torture in his stomach, which swells to a prodigious size, whilst his legs and whole body become distended, his eyes red and inflamed, his head distracted with pain, and his inside as if it were torn to pieces, and so he dies.

At other times none of these cases take place; the drinker having vomited freely, is in a fair way of recovery, shewing few or no signs of guilt: but one or two of the pieces of skin remain in his stomach, having probably passed down as digested food. He then requests that another day may be appointed for submitting him to the trial a second time, and if all present consent, it is so arranged; but it frequently happens that some of his nearest relations exclaim, "no! it is just, kill him, kill him;" and no one dares to oppose this, lest he should be accused as accessory; so in such cases a strong rope is most frequently obtained and tied round the victim's neck, for persons to pull at each end of the rope—they then pull it tighter and tighter, until the wretched victim falls down, apparently dead; upon this, all run rapidly away from the house, to a short distance, having a great dread of encountering the departing spi-

rit—so, after staying until the spirit is supposed to have departed, they return, and usually throwing a mat over the body, they drag it along the ground with greater ignominy and abhorrence than they would a dead dog; bruising the corpse in a disgusting and shocking manner, in passing over stones, pieces of rock, &c., and thus they reach a place of burial, where a hole is dug, and the head is laid to the south instead of to the west, as the final expression of ignominy.

But in some cases, where the accused exhibits unequivocal signs, (as they suppose) of guilt, and yet does not die, they drag out the living victim to bury him alive; they dig a grave lying north and south, throw the supposed sorcerer, yet living, into it, then they throw heavy stones upon him, until he is supposed to be dead, when his grave is filled up with soil. I actually saw a man dragged out living, to be treated thus; but being assured, that my presence would be of no avail to save him, I kept away from so revolting a spectacle. Amongst the poor the corpse is very often not buried at all, but left to be devoured by the wild dogs and cats; and among the rich it is sometimes *burned* as a testimony of the surviving relatives' abhorrence of their kindred's sorcery. An instance of this kind occurred in the person of the late principal officer's sister, who was burned to ashes on a hill close opposite to Tananarivo, on the west side, in the presence of hundreds of persons, both in and out of the town. I have heard of another instance occurring lately; but this former I *witnessed*, beholding from my own house the funeral pile raised, (not in honor but reproach of the dead) and the flames ascending.

During the interim, between the death and burial, the administer delivers an exhortation to the surviving relatives,—friends, children, &c., saying—

“If *you* were of one mind with him, of one counsel with him, accompanied him in fetching the strong charms, &c., then be *ye* cursed, never may you have an heir to succeed you, and may you become like him; and if you conceal his property, may you be cursed, never having an heir to succeed you; disputing with the sovereign, be ye worsted; disputing with the people, be ye worsted; may your lot be as that of the wretched lamb: whatever property belongs to any of you, let it be taken out of the house, let it not enter again.”

Other person's property is accordingly taken out, and then, the water pitcher is broken to pieces, the spoon from which he drank is destroyed; his pillow and other things are burned; but his upper garment goes to the administer. The remaining

property is then sprinkled by an idol, to sanctify it from the pollution of his guilt, and then divided as confiscated property.

This is the complete history when the accused person is not very poor; in the cases of the poorest, some parts of the ceremony are passed slightly over—and in other cases different conductors of the business may make slight variations in the curses denounced.

Tananarivo, Madagascar, Dec. 4, 1830. EDW. BAKER.

AN ELEGY,

CONCERNING THE DEAD.

Literally Translated from the Madagascar Tongue.

Vain man! observ'st thou not the dead?
 From them the morning's warmth is fled,
 Their mid-day labour now is o'er;
 Tho' near, they meet fond friends no more.
 A gate of entrance to the tomb we see,
 But a departure thence will never be.
 The living waves his signal high—
 But where's his dearest friend's reply?
 Ah! where are those thus doomed to die?

Vain man! observ'st thou not the dead?
 Sweet words forsake their spacious bed—
 None round their friends the blankets fold,
 Nor north or south their visits gay behold.
 Them will re-echoing vales no longer cheer—
 For them, the hills no lofty signal rear.
 Their shrouded heads unmoving lie,
 Unknown the friends that o'er them sigh—
 Ah! where are those thus doomed to die?

Vain man! observ'st thou not the dead?
 No more their homeward path they tread—
 The slave that's lost, can ne'er be saved,
 Unless th' appointed price be paid,
 Let me prefer true goodness to attain,
 Or fool, or wise, I'm doomed by transient fame.
 My thanks and blessings now I freely give—
 Thus from Basafilahy you praise receive.

LINES ON REVISITING ———,

PREVIOUSLY TO REMOVING TO A DISTANT HOME.

O ye scenes of my youth, so responsively gay
 Ere the bloom of my bosom had vanish'd away!
 Its shadows are on ye, and dim is the view
 Of the sorrowful gazer who bids you adieu.

Thou time-hallow'd spot! thou hast echoed my song,
 When the down-pinion'd moments flew swiftly along;
 And fragrant and fresh was thy green bending shade,
 When blithe as the spring-bird these vallies I stray'd;

Still blooming and smiling the landscape remains,
 And still yonder oak its friend ivy retains;
 But those whom I loved are all sever'd from me!
 And Nature! thy beauties ungladden'd I see.

O, why dost thou chaunt forth thy joy-breathing lay?
 Be hush'd, sprightly songster! Ah flit thee away!
 Thou remind'st me how once I with rapture could hear,
 Now rapture is strange to the care-haunted ear!

But what are those sounds that draw tears from mine eye,
 And thrill through my bosom I cannot tell why?
 The pipe of the shepherd who wends o'er the hill—
 It touches a heart-chord—fond mem'ry be still!

Lone minstrel! what visions spring up with thy strain,
 Bringing back the departed in beauty again!
 A loved one was here when I heard thee before—
 She is gone—she is gone—she will hear thee no more!

She praised thy rude skill, and her sweet sunny smile,
 Her spring-tinted fancy, her heart without guile,
 The charm to all nature her presence could give—
 They are thronging around me—thy touch bids them live!

See the sun sets in splendour, but ling'ringly strews
 On the sky, on the river, his richest of hues!
 So the rose and the violet, kind in decay,
 Leave the fragrance when beauty has wither'd away.

And mem'ry, thou perfume of happiness flown!
 The sun-dusted cloud when the day-star is gone!
 Thou still hast a charm the 'lorn bosom that cheers,
 A charm that we court, though we bathe it tears.

G. G. R.

The Review.

CALCUTTA QUARTERLY REVIEW.

INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

Observations on our Indian Administration. By Lieutenant Colonel James Caulfield, C. B. of the Bengal Army. Smith and Elder. London 1832.

It appears from a note on the fly leaf that the manuscript of this brochure was sent home in 1829, though it was not printed till 1832. This circumstance accounts for the author's not having availed himself of the valuable evidence before the Select Committees, which has since been published. Our great objection to this work is, that while professing in so limited a space as 118 pages of letter press, to discuss every branch of our Indian administration "political, judicial, territorial, commercial, and military," a great portion of the work is occupied with general observations—mere truisms indeed, the peculiar applicability of which to British India is not very obvious, and with many vague and indefinite remarks on questions of vital import, which are calculated to produce the impression, that the author himself had not made up his mind upon them. There is also, although in general the style is good, an occasional leaning to the hyperbolic, a degree of inflation which borders on the ludicrous: "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step." A few brief passages will illustrate the defects we have mentioned.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND TRUISMS.

"In the contemplation of a question of such deep importance, involving the happiness of many millions of people, and the best interests of our country; every selfish and interested feeling ought, as far as our nature will admit, to be laid aside, and our minds brought to a subject pregnant with good and evil, free from prejudice, and with the least possible bias."

"The period is rapidly drawing near, when the Charter, under which the present system exists, will expire, and the awful question, how our distant realms are to be

governed for the future, will force itself upon the deliberation of Parliament, and the nation."

"The vast and profound problem of government is susceptible of so many, and varied solutions, as to puzzle the most vigorous, comprehensive, and discriminating capacity; therefore the less complicated it is, the better. A simple piece of machinery, must obviously require fewer repairs, be exposed to fewer accidents, and when out of order, be more easily restored to its functions, and at less hazard, and expense, than a more intricately constructed instrument."

Of the hyperbolic and inflated style one example may suffice:—

"The glory of England, and the continuance of our dominion in Europe, Asia, and Africa, would appear to rest upon the result of the decision; and every nation of the earth will await with intense anxiety, and deep interest, the opinion which parliament, when called on, shall pronounce upon this vitally important question; and no doubt the united wisdom of the nation will ponder seriously, before it hazards an opinion upon a subject on which the liberty of England, and the existence of her colonies depend."

The fact unfortunately is, that so far from every nation of the earth awaiting with intense anxiety the opinion or rather we should say, the decision of Parliament on the India question, at least five-tenths even of the people of *Great Britain*, are, we are firmly persuaded, perfectly indifferent as to what that decision may be. In an extract given above also, Colonel Saulfield talks of the "awful question how our Indian dominions are to be governed." Now though it is a question of great importance, it is admitted on all hands, that we are bound to promote the happiness of our native subjects and that great modifications in our policy towards them, are essential to any approximation towards that end—the question then has surely nothing of the "awful" in its nature.

We shall now endeavour to convey to our readers either in our own language or in the gallant Colonel's, some of the views developed in the Chapter devoted to the political investigation. One point which he deems essential to the security of our dominion in the East, is, that the independence of Persia should be guaranteed. The author also considers, that we should simplify our forms of government as much as practicable.

We pass on however, to his views on colonization, the renewal of the Charter, the propagation of Christianity, and the liberty of the press:—

"To render a foreign possession secure, we must obtain some hold in the soil, which in a country in a great measure occupied, can only be accomplished by cautious and slow degrees. The governed and governors, to render the one happy, and the other stable, must have a community of feeling upon all important subjects; they must assimilate in religion, usages, manners, language, and education; every thing tending to accelerate such a consummation should be encouraged, and every thing disposed to retard it should be removed with prudence, or guarded against with undeviating solicitude. Hence it is clear, that colonization, under limited restrictions should be admitted, and unless this necessary step be taken, our footing in India must continue infirm, and exposed to every commotion which may agitate the public mind. The security of our possessions, the prosperity, peace, and good order of society, alike demand that we should take a liberal and extensive view of our situation. It is time to cast off the trammels which have bound us, and extricate our minds from the bugbears which have hitherto prevented our making the slightest advance towards securing ourselves in that distant land. After occupying India for the best part of a century, we may look round in vain for a class, upon which the several important duties in the various departments of the executive government could devolve, without ruin being the consequence. We are informed by an able and philosophic historian, Mill, that, the most experienced of the Company's judicial servants are unanimous in the opinion that, the zaminedars and merchants, are alike unfit for any confidential employ-

ment in the executive branch of the government, nay, that their employment would prove mischievous, consequently it would not be advisable that they should be invested with any judicial authority, because such an investiture would entail innumerable evils upon the people. There are none to feel sentiments of regard and respect for the government, and yet be bound to the people by a common interest, and sympathies growing out of a daily, intimate, and social intercourse; the state of society is fictitious, and disjointed. There exist none, who, in the hour of danger, would exert themselves to aid the executive authority; such a class is unknown, and without it permanent stability is not to be attained. Government, in its present isolated situation, can neither ascertain the wishes nor opinions of the people, nor explain fully, matters of which it is necessary they should have a thorough knowledge. In the face of such opinions, held and proclaimed by our ablest servants; in the face of prolonged experience, and in defiance of common sense, are we to continue bound in the chains of selfish avarice, and besotted prejudice? We cannot now plead ignorance, and the necessity of experience; the first has ceased to exist, the latter stands copiously recorded in the every-day transactions of our rule.

"This class in our Indian society, would appear to be our chief want; it also appears that through its influence alone, we can entertain any rational hope of perpetuating our dominion. By taking root in the soil, and thoroughly incorporating ourselves with the inhabitants, we shall succeed in becoming a part of the population, and creating a communion and identity essential to our existence; without which our dominion cannot be considered as established upon a permanent foundation. The history of India, from the period when we were first called upon to take an active part in its affairs, has, down to the present moment, satisfactorily and incontestibly proved that we cannot avoid doing so, in every question that arises between the states with which we are connected. The opinion entertained by some of the leading men in Europe, "that by a steady and conciliating conduct, the lasting tranquillity of our eastern possessions might be secured," is a mere chimera, tending to precipitate our downfall, unless it be supported by a population, actuated by a community of feeling, a similarity of manners, reciprocal advantage, and a conviction, that the prosperity of the one, rests exclusively upon the safety of the other. A religious impostor of either sect is at present able to agitate and inflame the public mind, from one end of India to the other. This is not an assertion unsupported by facts. Let those who observe and reflect on passing events attest the verity, or prove the fallacy, of the supposed danger attending religious imposition, combined with any political feeling inimical to our interest in a country, where superstition, and a passive, and blind obedience to their spiritual guides reigns triumphant over a population of millions, a population from whence the supporters and servants of the state are drawn. Our army, our civil establishment, and menial attendants, are exposed to be acted on by a spark, capable of producing an explosion pregnant with danger: against which situated as we are, it is utterly impossible to provide the slightest guard. The effect of such a shock would be obliteration of our very name; of which not a trace would be left. Let but the present system be revised, and in time our army, and the principal servants of the state, might be furnished by a population connected by ties of consanguinity, by religion, by social intercourse, and feelings of reciprocal safety. At present we are exposed to the daily danger of utter annihilation, caused by internal rebellion, or external invasion, either of which might bring on the other. In each case we have nothing to retreat upon, or rally round; and assuredly, if once compelled to retrograde, no trace would be left behind us but the remembrance of our aggrandizement. The argument of unjustly and forcibly displacing the present occupiers, to make room for our colonists, will, we are aware, be brought against any proposition in favour of colonization. The utility of such a puny opposition is obvious; there is not the slightest shade of similarity between our situation, and that of the Spaniards, and Portuguese, in South America. There we find the invasion of a newly discovered country, impelled by avarice; there we find an army of strangers, roaming over a country, the inhabitants of which had, by a feeble resistance, exasperated that rage which drove them on with impetuosity in quest of wealth, as well as revenge. Horde in succession to horde, reached that ill-fated land, in which as the golden attraction decreased, their stay necessarily became prolonged, that they might search for that which they were aware existed. In consequence, places of abode and cultivation for their support became indispensable. The expatriation of the natives became inevitable, and their houses, women and properties were seized. Thus the native population disappeared before rapine, murder, and oppression, while its place was occupied by the descendants of their extermination. How essentially different would be the progress of colonization in India. Under a just, moderate, vigilant, and well regulated government, the interests of each class would be protected by the most rigid impartiality. The European settler, or his descendants, must come into the market like any other purchaser of land, and here our progress could not be marked, as in South America, by ex-

extirpation, and spoliation : here neither the lamentation of the widow, nor the cry of the orphan would be heard ; our introduction would be attended with benefit to the people, by bringing ability, vigor, and capital into every branch of industrious labor, as it is evident, the higher classes only could colonize ; agriculture would keep pace with commerce, and every species of mechanical art, emulation, moral improvement, and security would be the happy results of our amalgamation with the people of that favored but ill-fated land, whose population, so far from suffering evil at the hand of a well regulated and prudently restricted colonization, would have reason to bless the coming of a people who would lead the way to all the blessings of civilization, and to return thanks to the common Father of mankind for conquests which, however ruinous in their immediate effects, were ultimately productive of such a glorious consummation. We must further recollect, that notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, India is not near populated ; its finest districts, and those climates most congenial to an European constitution, are but thinly inhabited, and artisans are no where to be found out of Calcutta, and even there, very few. It by no means follows that an European capitalist, who might purchase an estate, would, as at matter of course, extirpate his native tenantry, had he the power, for the purpose of introducing an European peasantry, at an enormous expense under, the conviction that in so doing he was effectuating his irretrievable ruin. We are warned of the probable rise of the natives, should they witness the accumulation of British, or Indo-British inhabitants, lest they should ultimately subvert their religion. This is a mere scarecrow to frighten the "citizens."

"The palpable contradiction which we see in the Mahomedan colonization is a quite satisfactory demonstration of the futility of such arguments, and the absurdity of the fears to which they may have given birth. The nation, however, when the matter with which this interesting question abounds comes to be discussed, will bestow upon it that impartial and patient consideration which its importance demands."

This is rather a long extract, but it does not embrace all that is said on the subject in the pamphlet we are noticing. The author proceeds to urge some further arguments in favour of the measure of colonization, among others that it would increase the stability of our rule by creating a class attached to us by the ties of consanguinity and a common faith, which does not now exist. The gallant Colonel also advocates the necessity as well as the justice of equalizing the rights and privileges of the natives and the colonists. He combats the position that our empire in the East is an empire of opinion and insists on the contrary, that it is an empire of force—that "our tenure may be traced to a more certain source—the army."

After some observations in support of this view and of the fragile nature of such a tenure when the force which keeps them in subjection is drawn from a people themselves, the author proceeds :—

"It is, therefore, the bounden duty of the legislature to examine strictly the system under which our Indian territories are held ; and if limited colonization, progressive in its effects, hold out to its apprehension a tendency to render our rule more stable, it is incumbent on it to aid it by rescinding such parts of our present code as militate against it, and to further its progress by such new ordinances as may facilitate its commencement and completion. On the other hand, should conviction, founded on a demonstration of its baneful effects continue to impress the mind, after a deliberate and dispassionate enquiry into all its probable consequences, the legislature is equally bound, by the most imperative and sacred duty, to oppose every attempt to carry a measure which they may consider fraught with evil to so large a part of the human species. In adopting one of these obvious duties, the prejudices, passions and self-interest of individuals should be discarded ; for so long as these continue influential, every sentiment of the mind and every sympathy of the heart remains perverted, and it becomes impossible to survey important measures through that disinterested medium which can alone afford a correct view and a true delineation of the right course to the natural end of all legitimate government."

Here again, "shadows, clouds and darkness seem to rest upon the Colonel's prospect of the future." What is meant by limited

colonization, we do not understand, but all that is required for India is, as has been stated a thousand times over and as the author seems himself to be of opinion, to remove the restrictions, which now discourage or impede the settlement of Europeans in India, to equalize the laws affecting the natives and the settlers, and leave the rest to the course of time; and to this conclusion we know a large majority of those best qualified to form a correct judgment have^{come}.* The author seems to consider that the transfer of the political power to the national government would be a dangerous experiment; but we do not discover that any more forcible argument is adduced in support of this view than the somewhat worn out one, of the danger to our "happy and matchless constitution" (the Colonel's words) which it is *subjunctively* alledged that it "might or could or would" produce. Lord Grenville's proposed remedy for this danger is considered insufficient, but supposing it were so, we would still say that the Reform Bill, will in its effects fall far short indeed of public expectation and of what the people demand and will have, if it should not reduce this risk of parliamentary influence to utter insignificance. As for that portion of it which was derived from rotten boroughs, it is already consigned to the tomb of the capulets, and, we are inclined to think, that the anomaly of an *imperium in imperio* which only complicates the machine of government and retards its movements while it saddles the people of India with a threefold charge, will not be much longer a subject of ridicule or complaint. It is too absurd as well as too costly to be continued.

With reference to the propagation of Christianity the Colonel deprecates "indiscreet zeal or blind enthusiasm" and considers that government "could not be held excusable for allowing under the supposed sanction of its influence" doctrines to be preached "for the comprehension of which the minds of the natives are not yet prepared." We are not advocates of indiscreet zeal in conversion, but we think that true wisdom lies in leaving the efforts of the propagators of Christianity free. If they insult the feelings of the natives they will soon lose auditors, and have their labour for their pains. We confess we do not understand what the Colonel means by proposing to leave "the great work to the holy and pious labours of such instruments *as may be ordained by heaven* (the Italics are ours) to perfect the object of his blessed incarnation." We entirely concur in the opinion that we ought to foster the knowledge and forward the instruction of our Indian subjects and leave to the wisdom of heaven the fulfilment of the word of God, but how is government to distinguish "the instruments *ordained by heaven*" to propagate this word?

If we rightly understand the Colonel he is adverse to the freedom of the Indian Press, though this is rather matter of inference than convey-

* We have now before us a document on settlement in India drawn up for the Board of Control in which we think this question is completely set at rest, for a vast preponderance of testimony is in favour of that settlement; and among other authorities in its favour, that of the present enlightened Governor General of India might have been added to those cited in the document to which we refer and which we are glad to see reviewed and quoted in the *Bengal Hurkaru*.

ed by any positive statement. He seems to deem it an argument against the press that it will not as he assumes, bring in its train "all the blessings of a free, enlightened and liberal government." The objection if admitted would be a bar to every improvement in government which human wisdom ever proposed or human folly ever rejected. It is beyond all question however, that if any one instrument of human advancement be more likely than any other or perhaps than all others combined "to bring in its train all the blessings of good government," it is *the press*; and that there never was and never will be any approximation to good government and liberal institutions without it. "The warmest advocates of a free Press must admit" says the gallant Colonel "that a free press is rather a part of the superstructure than the corner stone of a great and good government, and, although quite essential to its preservation it is not alone the fulcrum by which it can be raised into existence." We cannot compliment the author on the felicity of his metaphors, "corner stones and fulcrums"! but we understand him at least, and entirely dissent from him. We believe that a free press is not merely the corner stone but a part, an essential part too, of the superstructure of good government as we understand that term in these days. In our own country it has been eminently so. What sort of free government had we in the days of the Charles's and James's, the Jeffries and the Star Chambers? and what emancipated us from their tyranny, but the elastic spirit of freedom embodied in a press without which neither good government nor any approximation to it, can be obtained or appreciated—without which power and ignorance are left to struggle for domination, or without which Might triumphs securely over Right, till the limit of human endurance be passed, and a sanguinary revolution substitutes the anarchy and misrule of the many, for the regulated tyranny of the few. It has been justly described as the organ of public instruction and the safety valve of public opinion, by which the high pressure of that mighty moral power is brought to bear without danger upon men and systems, and to subject them to its resistless might till the triumph of popular right is attained without the strife and bloodshed that attend the revolutions effected by sudden impulse and physical force:—but it should never be forgotten that to be sufficient for either purpose—**THE PRESS MUST BE FREE**; and that the government that will not bear its freedom, is not worthy to endure.

We feel that in having devoted so much space to a pamphlet which sheds little if any new light on the subjects of which it treats, we may be thought to have been amusing our readers and ourselves by breaking *butter-flies* on a wheel, but the rank and consequent experience in India of the author might lead many to the inference, that a work from his pen *must* contain valuable information or useful suggestions, and therefore we have bestowed on it a more extended examination than we should have considered necessary with reference to its merits alone.

SKETCHES OF INDIA, &c.

Pen and Pencil Sketches, being the Journal of a Tour in India. By Captain Mundy, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols: octavo. John Murray, London, 1832.

Excursions in India; including a walk over the Himalaya Mountains, to the source of the Jumna and the Ganges. By Captain Thomas Skinner, of the 31st Regiment. 2 vols. octavo. Henry Colburn, London, 1832.

In taking up the two publications at the head of this notice, it was our intention to enter somewhat at length, into their merits, but though we have found them abundantly entertaining, and they are written in a very pleasant vein, we have altered our mind on the perusal of them, and do not conceive that they are of a character to demand an elaborate criticism. Another consideration which has occurred to prevent our devoting a great deal of time or trouble or space to them, is the fact of their having already been some time before the public, and so often reviewed in the London journals, from which the notices have been copied into the Indian papers. As, however, it is a part of our duty to keep our readers especially acquainted with the publications of the English press, bearing a reference to this country, we cannot pass these works over in total silence, though for the reasons already stated, we do not think it necessary to give so long and so complete a review of them, as they might have received under other circumstances.

Captains Skinner and Mundy have produced two books that so closely resemble each other in style and matter, that it is a pity they were published so nearly at the same period; for, after we have read one of them, the other seems almost like a repetition. The authors are, as the reader knows, both military men of the same rank; they go over nearly the same ground, and write in a very similar style and spirit; they have each of them published their travels in two volumes octavo, and they have made their first appearance before the public, almost simultaneously. Besides these coincidences, there is altogether such a similarity and equality of merit in the two works, that we should find it difficult to say, which is the most talented or agreeable. Perhaps we should be inclined, after some hesitation, to give Captain Skinner's book the preference, because it seems somewhat less open to an objection, which might be brought, however, in some degree, against both of them; we mean a too anxious and obvious attempt at wit and animation, for which we are sometimes compelled to accept mere flippancy, conceit, and pertness. Captain Mundy too, is a little more of the epicure, and gives up a larger portion of his pages to culinary details and the fortune of his stomach, than is always pleasant to his readers. He notes with the most careful precision, the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, that he has enjoyed or missed in the course of his travels, as if the world took a deep interest in such domestic

matters. One of his London critics takes it for granted, that tolerable food must be scarce in India, as the Captain seems to set so high a value upon it, and to account the circumstance of "a capital dinner," a piece of good luck, worthy of particular record. But, if Captain Mundy thus offends against good taste, in being over-enthusiastic and communicative about his diet, Captain Skinner has his faults of another kind, which perhaps with some readers, though certainly not with ourselves, may be still more offensive. He is too fond of introducing poetical quotations and original verses of his own, in the midst of his prose descriptions. There would be less to object to in this ostentatious sentimentalism, if the poetry were always to the purpose, but it is sometimes awkwardly brought forward, as if merely intended as an evidence of the author's reading or inspiration. Some of his own poetry is bad enough, and yet it is not in all instances equally deficient in grace or spirit, as we shall presently convince our readers. Captain Mundy, again, disgusts us with an affectation of being at once smart and humble. Our readers will understand, what we mean, by the following extract from his preface :—

"A British Sage has pronounced, 'that every man, who will take the trouble of describing in simple language, the scenes of which he has been a spectator, can afford an instructive and amusing narrative.' No such public spirited motive, however, influenced the pen or pencil of the writer of the following pages." (No *public spirited motive* is spoken of in the quotation from the British Sage, (Dr. Johnson, we suppose,) and does Captain Mundy really mean to say, that he did not wish to be instructive or amusing? If his journal was not originally prepared for the press, it was, at all events, according to his own statement, intended for his friends.) "On the contrary, the manuscript journal and portfolio, from which these slight and unpretending sketches of a tour have been well nigh *verbatim* and *literatim* extracted, were most selfishly and unambitiously scribbled for his own amusement, and (undutiful confession!) as a sort of promised sop held out to allay epistolary expectations at home: and it was not until a year after his return to England," (Wonderful forbearance!) "that, prompted by the encouragement of perhaps partial friends, and finally rendered desperate by what may almost be said to have amounted to a paternal mandate, he found himself—correcting his proofs!"

We wonder, that Pope's memorable sneer at the ancient practice of appearing in public, at *the request of friends*, has not deterred modern authors from offering so hacknied an excuse for the sin of publication. Captain Mundy's explanation is obviously disingenuous—for it is impossible to read his journal, without perceiving, that he intended it for a larger circle than that of his own correspondents, and he was, no doubt, very easily persuaded by his "partial friends," to venture upon its publication. We do not pity his pretended "desperation," at "what may almost be said to have amounted to a paternal mandate." Captain Skinner's preface has an air of greater frankness, and is in far better taste. We must give a short extract from it:—

"As the following pages scarcely deserve the important appellation of travels, I am anxious to prevent their being considered as such, by a candid avowal of my intention in writing them. If certain readers should take up the volumes, with the hope of finding a grave history of cities and their people, a regular diary of journeys through such a province, or visits to such a palace, or such a tomb, they will be sadly disappointed. If the name of the Himalaya mountains should attract others to turn over the leaves, in pursuit of scientific knowledge, and to seek for experiments on the atmosphere, dissertations on the natural productions of this vast range, or calculations on the heights of the various peaks, they will look in vain for such information.

“ Although, therefore, I may dissuade many from becoming my readers, by a declaration of what they will *not* find, I am apprehensive, that it will not be so easy a matter to invite attention by an announcement of what the book *does* contain. I shall, however, make the attempt.

“ On first arriving in India, I was struck with the air of romance, in which every thing seemed to be decked:—the sparkling river, with its picturesque and various vessels, from the rude boat with its roof of thatch, to the golden barge of state; the graceful palms, and the matted villages that they shadowed; the stillness of the pagodas; the men and animals, whose appearances were so new to me; and the aromatic odour shed around by the herbs and plants: indeed, the mere trifles, for a time, was magnified into a most wonderful occurrence; and every scene, through which I had to pass, was invested with as much consequence as it would have become Don Quixote to have attached to it. I fancied, therefore, that any personal adventures, even to the “sayings and doings” of those about me, would possess sufficient interest to excuse me for making them public.

“ But when familiarity had bred some degree of contempt, and the “nothings” that my imaginations had so “monstered,” found their proper level, I resolved to think no more about them.

“ When, however, I had been sometime absent from the scenes that had made so much impression upon me at first, I found that they occurred to me “ever and anon,” in all their vivid reality. I could not resist, therefore, selecting from my manuscripts, such portions as I considered worthy of publication.”

Captain Skinner’s work is illustrated with lithographic drawings, that are not particularly attractive, and, are by no means, equal to the sketches by Capt. Mundy, which are extremely spirited and characteristic. Besides being superior in merit, the latter are more numerous than the former, and it is probable, that on this account alone, Capt. Mundy’s book may have a more extensive sale. Perhaps too, Capt. Mundy’s work is, upon the whole, the most amusing, and, more adapted to the popular taste, though, as we have already said, there is such an equality and similarity in the two works, that it is really very difficult to decide upon their respective claims. As a specimen of Captain Skinner’s manner, we shall quote the following passage:—

“ On a moonlight night, (it is difficult to conceive the beauty of a full moon in this country,) the groups dispersed among the trees, chatting and smoking, with the picturesque appearance of the tents, and the women drawing water from the tank, which shines like a lake of silver, afford a delightful picture. The coolness of the night air, after the parching day that has just gone—for the hot winds have already begun—make us all anxious to continue the enjoyment of it to the latest moment; and when at length it is time to seek for rest, a veil is not drawn over the scene, for, merely changing the arrangement of the figures, all seems as full of interest as ever. The simple couch of the Eastern is soon prepared; rolling himself up in his shawl, he stretches his limbs on the spot where he was sitting in company a few moments before, and instantly falls asleep.

It would be an easy matter to surprise a camp so situated; and when no soldiers are of the party, it is necessary to have several chuokedars, or watchmen, from the adjoining village. They come to their posts at night-fall, and sitting on their branches, shout out at intervals until daylight, an “All’s well,” that conveys little notion of melody and permits little indulgence in sleep. The propriety of setting a thief to catch a thief is often acknowledged in these distributions of sentinels, for many of them are most expert robbers, and when not bound by their honour to protect your property, would in all probability be engaged in transferring it to themselves. So irregularly and thickly are the sleepers scattered about the ground, that it is with some difficulty you can walk through the camp in the night without stumbling over them. In such a careless encampment it must have been that Medoro and his friend, in “Orlando Furioso,” slaughtered the sleeping Christians, when in pursuit of their master’s body. However deficient in chivalrous appearance it may be, by day, I always fancy some resemblance at night to the arrangement of the heroes and heroines of Tasso and Ariosto.

“ When sunk in heavy sleep,
Our careless bands the watch no longer keep.”

"There is an air of fiction in every oriental scene, that it is some years before an European can quite shake off. I have not yet been able to do it. I cannot see

"The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
and not remember how,

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past."

"The mere appearance of a string of camels conveys an idea of great heat; and they not only seem to pursue their own way with pain, but communicate a similar feeling to all around them. The choking noise they make when being loaded, or when urged to rise with their burdens on their backs, is beyond all endurance when the number is great. Their sleepy appearance when in motion, with the drowsy driver nodding on their humps, is enough to try the temper of the most patient traveller. Those who are doomed to ride them, without having been well trained to the exercise, I pity from my heart; this can never happen to an European in the East Indies, but I have a lively remembrance of a day's journey in the desert on a tired dromedary, when travelling from the shores of the Red Sea to the Nile. We started, three in number, with a guide from the wells of Hajie Soleiman to those of Hunaamat, at day light in the morning. About ten o'clock my camel began to show symptoms of fatigue, or obstinacy, I do not know which; and having nearly dislocated my bone with the unsteadiness of its action, refused to continue any longer in company with my companions, who, jogging on, very soon left me out of sight.

"I was for some hours perfectly alone, and felt, for the first time, how truly I was in the midst of a desert. The road, a defile among barren mountains, was very narrow and winding. Instead of the boundless sands that we imagine in a desert, it appeared to be the dried bed of a river, that had once flowed between banks of dismal rocks, that were shining like jet in the sun, and reflecting its rays immediately upon us. Down the faces of the rocks there were frequently the marks of water-courses, which strengthened the belief that we were travelling where once some river might have held its course. My camel had a bell round its neck; accustomed to loiter, perhaps it was necessary to use this precaution, for it was the only one of the party with such an appendage; its mournful sound, and the occasional echo of the lash of my whip, when I endeavoured to urge it to a trot, were all that broke the awful silence of the scene. It was so tired, that I could no longer sit upon its back, and having learnt the Arab mode of making it kneel down, I dismounted, and attempted to lead it along. With unwilling steps and slow, it followed me for about an hour, when we reached a tree, the only one I had yet seen; it was as green as could be in such a situation, and looked nearly as forlorn and uncomfortable as myself. Here was a cross road, and I knew not which to take: my camel settled the point, by refusing to take either; all the methods I could devise were unavailing: I had nothing left but to sit under the sycamore tree, and say like Hassan:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz walls I bent my way."

"I discovered a more ingenious plan, however, and unbuckling the bell from the camel's throat, rung it with all my might, bellowing at the same time as if I had been mad. I had not long been engaged in this sensible pursuit, when a cloud of dust seemed to rise in the most distant point of view, and immediately a number of Bedouins, mounted on the fleetest dromedaries, surrounded me; they were armed with matchlocks, pistols, swords and spears, and amounted to twenty. "The bell is answered, indeed," sighed I, "what is to be done now?" I was in hopes they had witnessed my exertions in ringing, for believing fools and madmen to be under the special protection of Providence, they might have bowed down and worshipped me; but, alas, they were too far off!"

The following is the Captain's opinion of the Himalaya mountains:—

"I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalized, and of which all the tourists in the world are enamoured; but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. The youth who just emerged from college, gazes for the first time on Mount Blanc, may appreciate my feelings when I enjoy the glories of Himalaya. Although I have seen the Alps, and although I have witnessed the sunrise from the summit of Mount Etna—certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe—my awe and astonishment, so far from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the ties of another world, as it were, and remain in these mountains for ever!

We cannot resist the pleasure of transferring to our pages, the following description of a spectacle truly sublime—a fire on the mountains:—

“Immediately opposite to where our tents were pitched, the grass had been set on fire, and smoked the whole day long. There was no wind to carry away the vapour, which, hanging about the vale, added very much to its heat; it felt exactly like the atmosphere in a hot climate, when an oppressive stillness indicates the approach of a storm.

“I did not, at first, perceive the cause of this mountain sirocco, but almost apprehended an earthquake. At night, however, it displayed itself in the most splendid manner; the flames that the “garish day” had eclipsed, blazed forth with the brightest beauty and in the most fantastic manner. Had a Tivoli been established on the face of the opposite mountain, its festoons of light could not have been more tastefully arranged. It was a long and high ridge, covered to its summit with pine trees, and here and there jagged with clefts of stone, the bottoms of which were furzed with bushes; a stream flowed at its base, and its sides curved gradually from the top to the water below. The flame first stole gently up the sides, and met on the summit; another line of fire ran from its base, in circles and semicircles, in every direction communicating with the sides in several places, till all seemed arranged for some great festival with the utmost precision.

“These irregular lines of light did not long continue, for it suddenly burst forth into one universal blaze, with an effect as startling, but far more brilliant, than St. Peter’s dome, when the clock strikes eight, upon the celebration of that Saint’s day. Now the fire crept along the ground, and then rushed to the top of towering pines, which in a few moments, nodding and cracking, fell to the earth with a noise that might have passed for the beginning of an eruption of Vesuvius. Large fragments of rock that lost their support by the falling of the trees, rolled to the bottom with a din that told what the height of a volcano is. For a moment, a line of fire was lost in one of the clefts, and, fed with the wood within it, came rushing forth with tremendous fury, a giant refreshed; while a continual and steady light illuminated the top, from the numerous gummy firs that capped it. No rain had fallen for a long time, and the communication was as rapid as possible; sparks flew to the opposite side, and the mountains round, which were soon ignited.

“In a few hours I seemed the centre of a world in flames, and felt some slight apprehension of being roasted. I was like the scorpion within his circle of fire, and seemed to have no chance of escaping the ordeal, but by proving myself a Cato; for the crackling sound drew nearer and greater. It seemed like the burning of a desolate city, and I had only to people it in my imagination with shrieking inhabitants, to make it as striking a picture of a fire as any on record, for the general outline was sketched with a bold and powerful hand.”

We have already observed, that Captain Skinner is something of a poet. Here is a favourable specimen of his talent. It purports to be a translation of a Hindoo song:—

‘THE WHITE MEN.

‘Lo! the white men have been to the mountains of snow,
And have seen the great Gunga flow over the plain;
Let us labour no more, for the rice-crop will grow:
The white men must always bring wealth in their train.

‘See, the white men are smiling, the maids they adore
Are far, far away, in the realms of the west.
Do they smile upon us? We will labour no more;
When the white men are happy, their servants are blest.

‘See, the tents are all spread—they have kindled the fires,
And the travellers will rest in the valley to-day.
We will labour no more, all the white man desires
We will hasten to offer, and court him to stay.’

But we have met with a still better specimen of Captain Skinner’s verses, in a London periodical, and, as they are lively and pleasant, we shall lay them before our readers. They will diversify our extracts. These numerous stanzas are superior to his sentimental poetry:—

" USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

" Away with all doubt and misgiving,
 Now lovers must woo by the book—
 There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
 No men can be caught by a look.
 Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
 No longer their witchery fling ;
 That lover indeed must be simple
 Who yields to so silly a thing.

" No more need we fly the bright glances,
 Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore ;
 To skulls let us limit our fancies,
 And love by the bumps we explore !
 Oh, now we can tell in a minute
 What fate will be ours when we wed ;
 The heart has no passion within it
 That is not engraved on the head.

" The first time I studied the science
 With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
 'Twas not till the eve of alliance
 I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
Causality finely expanding,
 The largest I happened to see ;
 Such argument's far too commanding,
 Thought I, to be practised on me.

" Then Nancy came next, and each feature
 As mild as an angel's appears ;
 I ventured, the sweet little creature,
 To take a peep over her ears :
Destructiveness, terrible omen,
 Most vilely developed did lie !
 (Though perhaps, it is common in women,
 And hearts may be all they destroy.)

" The *organ of speech* was in Fanny ;
 I shuddered, 'twas terribly strong !
 Then fled, for I'd rather that any
 Than that to my wife should belong.
 I next turned my fancy to Mary—
 She swore she loved nothing but me ;
 How the look and the index could vary !
 For naught but *self-love* did I see.

" *Locality*, slyly betraying
 In Helen a passion to roam,
 Spoke such predilection for straying,—
 Thought I—she'll be never at home.
 Oh ! some were so low in the forehead,
 I never could settle my mind ; *
 While others had all that was horrid
 In terrible swellings behind !

" At length 'twas my lot to discover
 The finest of skulls, I believe,
 To please or to puzzle a lover,
 That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
 'Twould take a whole age to decipher
 The bumps upon Emily's head ;
 So I said, I will settle for life here,
 And study them after we're wed."

We had marked many more extracts, but we must content ourselves with those already given, and turn to Capt. Mundy's volumes. We

should give his account of the Fair at Hurdwar, if our readers had not been already familiarized to the subject, by an excellent article in the Bengal Annual. His description of a day in Calcutta, is very lively and pleasant; but, as it has already been quoted in the Calcutta papers, we must pass that by also. Capt. Mundy is an enthusiastic sportsman, and the following account of his first day's tiger shooting is highly interesting:—

“The 1st of March will always be a “*dies notanda*” in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Dooab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chace among the favourite haunts of wild beasts,—the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

“Some of the most experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, while we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongwalas*, or villagers, in waiting, who had some khubber (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up, and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows headed by a stout young man, with a good sword by his side, and “bearded like fifteen pards,” who announced himself as a jeemadar. As usual in like cases, all the natives began to speak at once in Veluti-like tone, and with vehement gesticulations. The young jeemadar, however, soon silenced them with a “chirp, teerie!” &c., and then gave us to understand, that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds.

“At 4, P. M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport,) Lord Combermere, and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp, pointed out as the lurking place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

“Sancho, the jemadar-hurkarah of the quarter-master general's department, insisted upon leading the cavalcade, mounted on his pony. This strange old character, who obtained his *nom de guerre* from the strong similitude he bears to his illustrious prototype, both in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, and the quaint shrewdness of his remarks—served under Lord Lake in the Mahratta war, and has ever since distinguished himself as the most active and intelligent of the intelligence department. Almost the last act of Lord Combermere, before he left India, was to obtain for the faithful Sancho a snug Barataria, in the shape of a little jaghire, a possession which had long been the object of his ambition.

“This noted individual now spurred on before our party, mounted on his piebald palfry, (or *belfry*, as his namesake would have called it,) with his right arm bared, and his scimitar flourishing in the air.

“The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes—every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking.

“We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahant informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere “between the wind and our nobility.” The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

“We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for tally ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M— confirmed the sporting *Eureka*. The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's (which was a known staunch one), turned tail and went off at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain till he quite sunk below the horizon; and for all proof to the contrary, he may be going to this very moment.

"The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant, but being wounded in the loins by Capt. M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrank back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways, to turn to action, and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels, upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more, were expended upon him, before he dropped down dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "whoop! whoop!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger,—a three quarters grown male—the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

"Having loaded and reformed line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after, a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd! and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle, followed by us at full speed.

"At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him were discovered the well picked remains of a buffalo.

"One of the sportsmen had, in the mean time, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds, called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning; when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail. Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough; his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his back-biting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie; who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

"We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger; who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead."

One of the most striking passages in Capt. Mundy's book, is his account of the Begum Sumroo:—

"Nov. 25th, Head-Quarters arrived at Meerut, which I have already named as the most considerable British station in the northern provinces; and the Commander-in-Chief had scarcely reached the camp, ere he received invitations to dine with her Highness the Begum Sumroo, and to a ball given by the General of division, Sir J. Nicolls. I have already made mention of the Begum, on the occasion of our visit to her at her Jaghere at Sirdhanna; but, I believe, I have not yet described her; and, as her Highness is, beyond dispute, one of the most extraordinary characters in India, I cannot let her pass without a sketch.

"Her Meerut residence is at a short distance from cantonments. As we entered her gates, His Excellency was received with presented arms, by a heterogeneous body guard drawn up along the approach, and on the steps of the portico, by the old lady herself. In person, she is very short, and rather en-bon-point; her complexion is unusually fair, her features large and prominent, and their expression astute. Her costume consisted of a short full petticoat, displaying a good deal of her keemcab trowser, from under which peeped a very gay pair of embroidered slippers. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is still justly proud. She wore on her head a plain snug turban of Cashmere, over which a shawl was thrown, enveloping her cheeks, throat, and shoulders; and from the midst of its folds, her little grey eyes peered forth with a lynx-like acuteness. During the repast, which was served in the European style, the old lady smoked a very splendid hookah, a similar one being offered to His Excellency. The

party consisted of about sixty persons, and the Begum, who considers herself now on an equality with the Lords of the creation, was the only lady at table. Indeed, if the absence of all the softer qualities, and the possession of the most fiery courage, stubbornness of purpose, and almost unexampled cruelty, can give her a claim to be numbered among the harder sex, her right to civility will scarcely be disputed. The history of her life, if properly known, would (according to Col. Skinner and others, who have had opportunities of hearing and witnessing her exploits) form a series of scenes, such as, perhaps, no other female could have gone through. The above mentioned Officer has often, during his service with the Mahrattas, seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading troops to the attack, in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind. The Begum has been twice married, and both her husbands were Europeans. Her appellation of 'Sumroo' is a corruption of the French word *Sombre*, the nom de guerre of her first lord, Renand, who bought her when a young and handsome dancing girl; married and converted her to the Roman Catholic religion. Her second husband, Le Vassu, was an independent, roving adventurer, a sort of land pirate; became powerful in his own right, if right it can be called, and possessed a considerable army, it is of this man, that the following anecdote is related, which is, 'wondrous strange, if it be true;' it was the closing scene of his life, and the first in which our heroine played any very distinguished part. I have said, that her husband had become possessed of wealth, power, and a numerous army; of these, his ambitious wife coveted the undivided possession, and she thus accomplished her purpose.

"A mutinous disposition, on the subject of pay, having manifested itself long among Le Vassu's body guard, the Begum, then about 25, exaggerated the danger to her husband, and got intelligence conveyed to him, that the rebels had formed a plan to seize and confine him, and to dishonour his wife. They, consequently, arranged to escape together, from the fury of the soldiery; and at night, started secretly from their palace, in palankeens, with only a few devoted guards and attendants. The whole of the following scene was projected by the ambitious and bloody-minded Begum. Towards morning, the attendants, in great alarm, announced, that they were pursued; and our heroine, in well feigned despair, vowed that, if their escort was overcome, and the palankeens stopped, she would stab herself to the heart. The devoted husband, as she expected, swore he would not survive her. Soon after, the pretended rebels came up, and after a short skirmish, drove back the attendants, and forced the bearers to put down the palankeens. At this instant, Le Vassu heard a scream, and his wife's female slave rushed up to him, bearing a shawl drenched in blood, and exclaiming, that her mistress had stabbed herself to death. The husband, true to his vow, instantly seized a pistol, and blew out his own brains. No sooner did the wily lady hear the welcome report, than she started from her palankeen, and for the first time exposing herself to the gaze of men, claimed homage from the soldiery. This her beauty, and promises of speedy payment of arrears, soon obtained for her; and she assumed, in due form, the reins of government.

"Well knowing, however, that so inconsiderable a state as hers, could not exist long, in those troublesome times, without some formidable ally, she prudently threw herself under the protection of the Company, who confirmed her in the possession, with the condition, that it should revert to the English government after her death. The old lady seems disposed to make the most of her life-lease. Her revenue is, I believe, one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and she has amassed considerable treasures. I never heard, how her other husband was disposed of; but, we will, in charity, suppose, that he died a natural death. His tomb is at Agra.

"During her long life, many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependants have transpired; one of which is thus narrated:—The Begum, having discovered a slave girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried

gate," is taken.

"The Begum Sumroo, at the epoch of the last siege of Bhatpore, followed our army, and pitched her tents in the neighbourhood of the Head-Quarters' camp. The martial old Amazon was most eager to share our glory, (and prize money), and harassed the Commander-in-Chief with daily importunity, that she might be permitted to support the British army with her handful of vagabond retainers, a reinforcement which was politely declined.

"Her Highness afterwards protested a great friendship for his Lordship; sent him her portrait, and insisted upon a return of the compliment. The picture, a work of a Native artist, who resides at Meerut, and has made respectable progress in the art, was an exceeding good likeness; and my fingers always itched to transform her hookah-snake into a broom, with which adjunct the old dame, would have made no bad representative of mother Shipton.

"At the dinner, the Begum seemed in excellent humour, and bandied jokes and compliments with His Excellency, through the medium of an interpreter; but, towards the conclusion of the repast, she seemed quite worn out; a faint, sickly smile, alone indicating, that she understood what was said to her.

"The feast being ended, an European officer in her service, walked round the table, and invested each of the guests with a long massive necklace of tinsel.

With the following account of Simla, we shall close our notice of Capt. Mundy's book:—

"On reaching Simla we pitched our tents for the night, and hurried to change our entire suit of white linen for a costume more suited to the temperature of 61d, which to us appeared almost inclement; indeed, it was a dreadful night. I was completely drenched in my bed by the rain, which fell in torrents; and the wind was so violent, and the situation of our tents so exposed that I lay awake in momentary expectation of being blown away bodily into the valley five hundred feet beneath. A goat and a sheep the remains of our live stock made a most piteous bleating all night, and were found dead the next morning—a bad compliment to the climate of Simla. My friend and myself had just been absent a month from head-quarters ere we joined them at Simla. We found Lord Combermere with his surgeon, and an aide-de-camp, established in Captain Kennedy's (the Sabbatho political Agent) summer residence; and the rest of the staff were either accommodated in the already existing houses, or busily employed in building—residing in the meantime in tents. The frequent clash of axe and hammer give evidence of the diligence with which they are labouring to provide roofs for themselves before the rains set in—nor have they much time to spare. Many hundreds of mountain labourers and coolies are employed cutting timber, raising stone and erecting the several buildings; the materials for which are close at hand in the excellent firs of the forest, and the fine flaky stone which abounds here.

"The houses are irregularly scattered over the confined ridge, every level or gently-inclining space being taken advantage of for building; and three or four dwellings are erected on a range of hills running at right angles from the Simla range towards the north. Communication between the several residences and the bazar is secured by well formed roads, which, though narrow, are tolerably safe for sober passengers. However during our sojourn there, more than one week was past in jeopardy by dark nights and hospitable neighbours.

"A bazar in Simla is a never failing appendage to an assemblage of three or four European families, whether in town or camp—it is an excrescence originating from, and existing upon, the wants of the society; an epitome, indeed, of trade and commerce on a larger scale. The bazar of Simla is therefore proportionate to the necessities of its patrons, and forms a neat little village snugly situated under the shoulder of a lofty, conical mountain called Jáko, which protects it from the north east wind. There are grain shops, butchers, drapers, tailors, &c. &c. to meet the exigencies of the place, and a guard-house for the Gourkah escort; and a long pentant erected on a bamboo, marks the residence of the Kutwál, or police-officer. The houses of the English residents are neatly and scientifically built of unmortared stone, intersected horizontally, at intervals of two feet, by pine-beams dove-tailed at the angles. Many have flat roofs covered with a red clay, which requires many days' labour to heat it into a solid cake impervious to rain, and not liable to be cracked by the sun. Others have sloping or gable roofs, formed of fir-planks or of flakes of clay-slate, of which there are plentiful quarries in the vicinity. Out houses, stables, and huts, are commonly erected of the compound material, styled 'wattle and dab,' and thatched with the bark and even with the dried leaves of the pine; which tree in general utility, only falls short of the Casah tree of Bengal in some few instances.

tivated small spots of ground for cabbages and potatoes, and other vegetable esculents—the last named valuable root thriving remarkably well in those climates. Captain Kennedy is liberally disseminating it through the district and the poor natives who live almost entirely on the precarious fruits of a not very productive soil, are not a little grateful for this useful addition to their provisions, others of the residents of Simla have begun to

embellish their abodes, and mingle the dulce with the utile, by rescuing some of the numerous and beautiful wild flowers of those hills from their deleterious shade, and fostering them in the more sunny aspects round their habitations. Flower seeds also procured from the plains have sprung up and flourished.

“ Among the indigenous forest flowers, may be enumerated the violet, primrose, the hedge rose, single and double, white and pink; the orchis, a great variety of convolvuli, and geraniums of many hues and forms. Ginger grows spontaneously and in great quantities on the sides of the hills. The beautiful and sweet-scented white roses assume, in some instances, the form of a creeper: I have seen entirely enveloping a lofty pine, and for want of further support feathering down in their flowering clusters from the summit of the tree. The stems of many of the oaks and rhododendrons are profusely clothed with ivy of several beautiful kinds, which are strangers to the plains.

“ Fruit is to be had in great abundance, but of little variety;—the peach and apricot are cultivated by the natives, and brought for sale—(at prices that would astonish Mrs. Grange)—to the residents of Simla: they are carried in baskets, strapped on the shoulders, precisely in shape and fashion like those used by the Vaudoi' peasants. Walnuts are abundant: in the deep glens the pear and apple are found, but they are hard and tasteless; and strawberries are cultivated with great success, as indeed they are in the more northern provinces of the plain.

“ On the whole, from this summary, the Hills must, in the article of fruit yield to the plains an inferiority which however is no doubt partly attributable hitherto to the little interest that has been taken into its cultivation. The delicious mango, the plantain, and orange, are imported to the English at Simla, with the usual monthly stores of wine, poultry, &c. Grapes, of a superior quality to any obtained in Hindostan, are occasionally brought from the mountain provinces beyond the Sutledge; but they seldom reach Simla in very fresh order.

“ Mutton, of a very inferior species to that of the plains, is the ‘*toujours perdrix*’ of Simla gastronomy; the sacred character of the Cow rendering beef unattainable, except in the imported shape of salt-junk. Captain Kennedy, however, in order to supply variety to his well stocked, and often well guested table, has established at Subbâtoo a *very pretty piggery*.

“ However unromantic it may be to place scenery in juxtaposition with the means and appliances of good living, I must now attempt to give some idea of the prospect enjoyed by Simla. I have already mentioned that the eastern extremity of what may be properly called the Simla ridge is abruptly terminated by the conical mountain of Jâko, which is thickly wooded from base to summit, and is elevated four hundred feet above the houses of the bazar. The western termination of the ridge is also designated by a mountain, of less considerable elevation than Jâko, whose summit is destitute of trees, and crowned by a now nearly effaced ruin.

“ The dark, deep precipitous valley immediately below Simla on the south, is as well as the neighbouring hills thickly covered with pine-forests. Farther south, the mountains about Subbâtoo—which town may be distinguished in the half distance of the picture—assume a less rugged outline, and are more bare of wood; and still more distant in the same direction the mountainous district comes to a sudden and abrupt conclusion, the view terminating in the horizon formed by the ocean-like plains of Hindostan, along, whose broad, level bosom, on a clear day, may be distinguished the silver meandrings of the Sutledge.

“ The attributes of the northern prospect from Simla are still more grand; the valleys are more extensive, the mountains of more expanded proportions than those of the houses view, assuming more the appearance of ranges, and rising gradually, one above the other, until the panorama is majestically terminated by the snowy crescent of the great Himalaya Belt, fading on either hand into indistinct distance. In fine weather, these stupendous icy peaks cut the dark blue sky with such sharp distinctness that a distance of sixty or seventy miles is, to the eye of the gazer diminished to one-tenth part.

“ During a residence of nearly two years in Switzerland, the first object that my eyes opened upon every morning was the snow-clad summit of Mont Blanc; and I thought *that* a glorious sight. But the Glaciers that now form—next to the omnipotent being who created them—my first objects of attentive contemplation, present a battalion of icy pinnacles, amongst which Mont Blanc with his pitiful fifteen thousand feet, would scarcely be admitted in the rear rank! But, *belle Suisse!* let me hasten to do you justice on another point: though Himala may boast of loftier mountains, and throw her Ganges and Jumna into the scale against your off-spring, Rhine and Rhone, where are her lakes of Lemman and Constance? She has none. In my tours

through these hills, I never saw a body of water collected on one spot that covered an acre of land. This lamentable deficiency (which I suppose scientific travellers are ready to account for) of that most requisite ingredient of scenery, and necessary of life, water, creates a hiatus in the Himalayan scenery, which is not to be supplied. The eye, fatigued with the rugged profile—and sombre tint of the mountains, and the brown horror of the pine forests, yearns for the refreshment and repose which it would enjoy in the contemplation of such a lake as that of Thoun, reflecting in its mirrored surface, dotted with sails, the blue sky above, and in its soft medium, giving a flattering double of the impending scenery. The elevation of Simla above the sea is seven thousand eight hundred feet; and during the month of May, I find the thermometer was never higher than 73d. or lower than 55d. in my *garret*. This apartment occupied by me during our stay in the Hills, was pervious both to heat and cold being in fact, of that elevated character which in England is usually devoted to cheeses, or apples and onions, and forming the interval between the ceiling of the dining room and the wooden pent roof of the house which descending in a slope quite to the floor, only admitted of my standing upright in the centre. Though this canopy of planks was lined with white washed canvass, it by no means excluded the rains (the *burra hursat*!) so peremptorily as I not being an amphibious animal could have wished; and, during some of the grand storms, the hailstones rattled with such stunning effect upon the drum like roof, that the echo sung in my ears for a week after. This my exalted dormitory was rendered accessible by a wooden ladder, but in spite of its sundry disagreements, I thanked my stars—in whose near neighbourhood I was, for my luck in getting any shelter, without the trouble of building, in the present crowded state of Simla. I enjoyed myself with a splendid view from my windows (I beg pardon, window), and the luxury of privacy, except at night, when the rats sustained an eternal carnival, keeping me in much the same state as Whittington during his first week in London, I soon grew tired of bumping my head against the roof in pursuit of these four footed Pindarees and at length became callous to their nocturnal orgies, and kept a cat.

“The temperature of Simla seems peculiarly adapted to the European constitution.

—The scorching ray
There pierceth not, impregnate with disease.”

We have reason to be thankful that we are here far elevated above the atmospheric atrata that have hitherto been subjected to the cholera a disease now raging in Calcutta. This destructive pestilence, two years ago, ascended as high as Subhadoo, strewn Lord Amherst's line of march with dead bodies. It is hard to say where its incursions may be arrested. The salubrity of this little abode of Hygeia is well attested by the presence of no less than sixteen ladies who gladly embrace the inconveniences attendant upon narrow accommodations and want of equipages (for no carriage has ever been at Simla), for the advantages accruing from the climate to themselves and their children. The cheeks of the latter quickly exchange their wealy muslin-like hue the livery of Bengal for a good healthy ruddy bronze.

“Our native servants at first took fright at the cold; and some of them even refused to enter the Hills; but others were persuaded, by the promised advantages of additional warm raiment, to accompany us; and though they sometimes looked sufficiently miserable, yet they did not suffer in their health by the unwonted change of Climate.

“Our mode of life during the six months of our residence at Simla was somewhat monotonous; enlivened, however, occasionally by little excursions, in the form of *pic-nics*, and diversified, now and then, by the novelties that are always to be found by an enquiring sojourner in a strange country. Of sporting we had very little; for though there are several beautiful species of pheasants in the hills, black partridges, in ravines, and quails in the little patches of cultivation, game is on the whole so scarce as not to repay the great fatigue with which it must be attained. Eagles are very numerous, building their eyries in the rocky and inaccessible peaks; and during the day, sailing with steady wing along the vallies in search of prey. They are the Condor of the Himalayas, though by all accounts inferior in size to him of the Audes. The first week of my stay at Simla I was very active in pursuit of these tigers of the air, and succeeded in shooting a very fine one, measuring from tip to tip of wing, eight feet five inches. The back and wings are of a deep brown, whilst the breast and the thighs were covered with a thick soft, yellowish down.

“There are bears, hyenas, leopards, and jackals in the woods, and several kinds of deer. The brucker, or burking deer, so called from his voice which resembling the short single bark of a dog, makes himself heard every night in the neighbourhood of the houses. It is a curious animal with two long sharp tusks protruding from the upper jaw. The royal Tiger is seldom seen so far northward as Simla; but on one occasion, Col. Finck's

shikkaree (a well known character at head quarters), being in search of game in a valley ten miles distant, came suddenly upon one of these jungle marauders, and making good his retreat reported the circumstances to his master. The shikkaree was sent back to the spot with an unfortunate donkey, which animal is a most approved *bonne bouche*—to be picked near the place, whilst the man kept watch in a tree until the tiger should kill his victim; when he was to report the fact, and we were to make a party to meet the monster at his dinner. The life of the poor devoted donkey was, however saved, and our consciences the burden of his murder. The shikkaree returned from his *vidette* post, the morning with a very long face, bringing information that one of the mountain hunters had killed the tiger in pulling down a bullock. The fellow shot him in the head with his matchlock and then attacking him sword in hand cut him through the spine. We never heard of another tiger in the hills. Whilst head quarters remained at Simla which was about seven months the leisure hours of many of the officers were employed in building their houses, and afterwards in enlarging and beautifying them. Lord Combermere amused himself, and benefited the public, by superintending the formation of a fine, broad, level road round the Mount Jako, about three miles in length. It was worked entirely by hill men, and exceedingly skilfully done; and will, when finished, be a great acquisition to the loungers of Simla. Across a deep ravine, a quarter of a mile from the town his Lordship erected a neat langah, or mountain bridge, of pines; and under it a capacious stone tank was constructed, to obviate the great scarcity of water. During the progress of this miniature Simplon, which occupied the hours before breakfast and those after sunset the attendant A. D. C. amused himself by watching the formation of the mines for blasting the rocks, cutting down the proscribed pines, making grotesque rustic arbours at intervals on the road, or whistling after the huge blocks of stone, which, moved by levers off the road, toppled, and bounded, through the wooded declivity into the valley below, reminding one of Homer's expressive line, describing the retrograde descent of the stone of Sisyphus. When the longest half of the road was completed, the workmen were presented with two sheep, on which they were to feast, after having offered them as propitiatory sacrifices to their deity.

"In these religious rites, it appears that it is necessary—in order to manifest the deity's acceptance of the offering—that the victim on being presented before the altar, should exhibit some signs of external agitation—this to me appeared a hopeless case as the animals in question held down their heads and looked as sheepish as might be expected. My simplicity, however, quickly received a lesson from these unsophisticated mountaineers, which led me to conclude that they are not so much blinded by their superstition as to allow it to interfere with the gratifications of the appetites.

As the victim did not manifest the smallest degree of confusion, when confronted with the little mis-shapen idol, whose countenance—the work of some mountain Canova—might have been an excuse for terror in a bolder animal, the officiating pontiff obtained by artificial means, what he might have despaired of through natural agency. Approaching the animal with all the solemnity due to the occasion, he took a mouthful of spring water, and squirted it, with the force of a fire engine, into its ear! The victim could not do less than shake its head: the movement was hailed in triumph by the congregation: at one blow of the high priest's Kookery,* the head fell to the ground, the bloodsprinkled the altar, and almost before the body of the sheep had ceased to palpitate, it was roasting before a huge pine fire.

Another equally peculiar trait of the custom of the Himalayan peasants I witnessed a few days afterwards, namely putting the infant to sleep by the action of water. The successful issue of this experiment I had quietly made up my mind not to believe in, until convinced by actual ocular proof. The method was as follows. The child whose age might be a year or two—was laid by its mother, who was employed in bruising grain, on a charpoy placed on a sloping green bank along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell, at the height of about half a foot, on to the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution. It may be it fortifies the pericranium, and addles the brains of its advocates, for the generality of the mountaineers are decided numskulls. That frightful disease, the goitre, is nearly as common here as it is in Switzerland; and *coetins* are by no means rare, though they do not shock the eyes of the traveller at every turn as is the case in the villagers of the Valais. This is accounted for by the well known and undisguised practice of the natives of destroying their deformed children as soon as they are born. In most mountainous countries I think it may be remarked, that those whose minds are from infancy deranged are equally distorted in person.

* The Kookery is a long heavy, crooked knife peculiar to the Gourkhas. It performs the several duties of the warrior's sword, the woodman's axe, and the butcher's knife.

The periodical rains, called the chotabursat (little rains,) set in on the 10th of June, with a violent storm, and the thermometer immediately sunk from 80d. to 58d. The approach of the tempest was one of the most glorious sights I ever witnessed. The morning was bright and hot, the sky presenting one unbroken canopy of blue; when suddenly a black bank of clouds invaded and quickly enveloped the snowy peaks in the north, and then rapidly approached us up the deep gorges* of the mountain; accompanied by a deafening noise of thunder and most vivid flashes of lightning, which seemed to issue even from the clouds *below* us. This agitated mass of dark vapours resembled a vast *storming party*, as it rapidly, and in succession, took possession of, and overran the different hills before us, and then came rushing onwards to the spot where we stood.

On the storm ceasing, Simla was left an insulated clear spot in a wide ocean of clouds; huge, heavy masses of them lying, torpid, in the vallies around and below us, and appearing as though they were fatigued by the impetus that had brought them from the snowy range to Simla, about seventy miles in the space of an hour.

From the 15th to the 30th of June, we enjoyed the usual fair interregnum between the little and great bursât; the mean state of the thermometer at 2 P. M. being 73d.

After this interval the rainy season set on in real earnest. It seemed as though St. Swithin had come to the Hills for his health! for we had scarcely one day without a shower from this date until the middle of August. However in justice to the climate, it is fair to state, that there were very few days on which we were entirely confined to the house.

Vegetating as we were, so quietly and for so many months, in the mountains, far from the bustling pleasures of the haunting town, it is natural that we should be on the eager look-out for novelties of any kind. We were, therefore, one day—more especially the naturalists of the party—put on the qui vive of expectation by the arrival of one of the northern mountaineers who reported that he had caught an unicorn and that it was only 3 marches off. Of course all were anxious to see the rare and hitherto fabulous animal; and some went so far as to declare their intention of purchasing it at whatever price, and sending it, with a fine male lion to the King of England, as an appropriate present. Two days after, the unicorn's arrival was reported: and eagerly hastening, pencil and paper in hand, to the spot, where a crowd was assembled, I discovered—a fine fat sheep—no more! He was, indeed, a tolerable unicorn, for his horns were curiously grown together into one, an almost imperceptible line marking the division. It grew curving backwards over the animal's head, and would have entered the spine had the point not been sawed off. The so-called unicorn would, no doubt, have made very respectable mutton though he would have proved but a tame supporter of the arms of England.

September 15th. Having six weeks more to enjoy the Hills, Lord Combermere resolved to devote a month to a tour in the more unfrequented parts of the country, and to visit one of the grand passes in the snowy Belt. Two parties being formed, it was agreed that Col. Dawkins, Baron Osten (16th Lancers,) and myself, should start on the 24th, for the pass of Shathaul; and Lord Combermere, Captain Kennedy, and three others, will soon after migrate towards the Borenda pass.

During the remainder of our stay at Simla, my journal records little else but an uninteresting routine of rambles among the valleys, occasional trips to Subbâtoo, and a few *punic* expeditions to a mountain 12 miles north of Simla.

On one occasion, however, the quiet inhabitants were drawn out of their houses by the appearances of a numerous and picturesque group of cavaliers, wending up the mountain-road towards the town. They proved to be an embassy from Runjeet Sing of Lahore to the Commander-in-Chief; bringing presents of a dozen very neatly worked hand-punkahs, or *faus*, made of ivory and sandal-wood with filagree gold handles. The rest of the Maharajah's offering was more weighty than valuable, consisting of no less than thirty-five maunds of almonds, &c. dried fruits.

On another occasion, the English of Simla were put into a general ferment by an occurrence which as we were supposed only to hold our supremacy in India by 'the force of opinion'—is, fortunately, almost without a parallel in our annals. Two Mussulman sepoys belonging to a corps of irregular horse in the service of the Company conceiving themselves (as it afterwards proved without cause) to have been insulted by an English officer of Artillery who was living at Simla in bad health, determined on vengeance; and dogging him to an unfrequented part of the road assaulted him in the most brutal manner, striking him several times on the head and face with the heels of their shoes; (the greatest indignity that a native can inflict or suffer,) and otherwise seriously maltreating him. It is impossible to say what extremities they might not have proceeded to in their rage had they not been interrupted by a lady, who hearing of the affair from one of her ser-

vants,—(the man passing the scene of action without an attempt at interference), hastily and heroically repaired to the spot with her attendants, and rescued the officer when he was exhausted with the ill-treatment he had received. Though the young Englishman was of rather small stature and in bad health the sepoy on their appearance before the court martial, presented a pretty severe illustration of the power of a pair of English fists, even against odds of two to one. A closed eye of one of the prisoners, and a dislodged tooth of the other, confessed the efficiency of the young bombardier's battery. One of the sepoy was a tall lathy fellow the other a most ferocious looking ruffian, short but square shouldered and muscular.

The Bhisty, who reported the conflict to his mistress, was an important witness; he was a man of uncommon muscular strength—as most of his arduous trade are,—and looked as if he could have killed and eat both the defendants without difficulty. When asked by the judge-advocate, why he did not assist the saheb? he said, with the characteristic apathy of a Hindoo, 'I am a poor man; I was carrying my mussack* ; it never entered into my head.' The sentence of the court was eight hundred lashes, and dismissal from the service, which was duly inflicted, the long rascal yelled under the 'cat'; the short ruffian bore his punishment bravely.

MUSSULMAUNS OF INDIA.

Observations on the Mussulmans of India; descriptive of their manners, customs, habits and religious opinions, made during a residence in their immediate Society. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. 2 vols. octavo. Parbury and Allen. London, 1832.

Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali has given us the most complete and authentic account of the habits, feelings, manners and religious creed of the Mussulmans of Hindostan, that we have yet seen. She is, we believe, an Englishwoman, and the wife of a Syaad or Mussulmaun nobleman. She states, that she has passed twelve years of her life amongst the people whom she has endeavoured to describe. Her work, has been sometime before the public, and is now pretty extensively known. However, we dare say, that an extract, will not be unacceptable to our readers. Her account of the origin and celebration of Mohurram is so complete and graphic, that, if it were not too long, we should eagerly quote it in this place; for, though our readers might easily make themselves thoroughly acquainted with this curious religious observance, it is questionable, whether the majority of them have really done so. It is astonishing, how little Europeans in India interest themselves about the customs of the Natives. We shall quote a portion of the chapter on the Mussulmaun ladies entire, as the fair author is a good authority on such a subject:—

The strict seclusion which forms so conspicuous a feature in the female society of the Mussulmans in India, renders the temporary migration of ladies from their domicile an event of great interest to each individual of the zeenahnah whether the mistress or her many dependents be considered.

The superior classes seldom quit their habitation but on the most important occasions; they, therefore, make it a matter of necessity to move out in such style as is most likely to proclaim their exalted station in life.

* Sheepskin water-bag.

A lady here would be the most unhappy creature existing, unless surrounded by a multitude of attendants suitable to her rank in life. They have often expressed surprise and astonishment at my want of taste in keeping only two women servants in my employ, and having neither a companion nor a slave in my whole establishment; they cannot imagine any thing so stupid as my preference to a quiet study, rather than the constant bustle of a well filled *zeenahnah*.

Many of the Mussulmaun ladies entertain women companions, whose chief business is to tell stories and fables to their employer, while she is composing herself to sleep; many of their tales partake of the romantic cast which characterizes the well-remembered "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," one story begetting another to the end of the collection. When the lady is fairly asleep the story is stayed, and the companion resumes her employment when the next nap is sought by her mistress.

Amongst the higher classes the males also indulge in the same practice of being talked to sleep by their men slaves; and it is a certain introduction with either sex to the favour of their employer, when one of these dependants has acquired the happy art of "telling the *khazmie*" (fable), with an agreeable voice and manner. The more they embellish a tale by flights of their versatile imaginations, so much greater the merit of the rehearser in the opinion of the listeners.

The inmates of *zeenahnahs* occasionally indulge in games of chance: their dice are called *chowsah* (four sides), or *chuhsah* (six sides); these dice are about four inches long and half an inch thick on every side, numbered much in the same way as the European dice. They are thrown by the hand, not from boxes, and fall lengthways.

They have many different games which I never learned, disliking such modes of trifling away valuable time; I am not, therefore, prepared to describe them accurately. One of their games has a resemblance to draughts, and is played on a chequered cloth carpet, with red and white ivory cones. They have also circular cards, six suits to a pack, very neatly painted, with which they play many (to me) indescribable games; but oftener, to their credit be it said, for amusement than for gam. The gentlemen, however, are not always equally disinterested; they frequently play for large sums of money. I do not, however, find the habit so general with the Natives as it is with Europeans. The religious community deem all games of chance unholy, and therefore incompatible with their mode of living. I am not aware that gaming is prohibited by their law in a direct way, but all practices tending to covetousness are strictly forbidden; and, surely, those who can touch the money called "winnings," at any game, must be more or less exposed to the accusation of desiring other men's goods.

Shampooing has been so often described as to leave little by way of novelty for me to remark on the subject; it is a general indulgence with all classes, in India whatever may be their age or circumstances. The comfort derived from the pressure of the hands on the limbs, by a clever shampooer, is alone to be estimated by those who have experienced the benefits derived from this luxurious habit, in a climate where such indulgences are needed to assist in creating a free circulation of the blood, which is very seldom induced by exercise as in more Northern latitudes. Persons of rank are shampooed by their slaves during the hours of sleep, whether it be by day or by night; and if through any accidental circumstance the pressure is discontinued, even for a few seconds only, the sleep is immediately broken: such is the power of habit.

The *punkah* (fan) is in constant use by day and night, during eight months of the year. In the houses of the Natives, the slaves have ample employment in administering to the several indulgences which their ladies require at their hands; for with them fixed *punkahs* have not been introduced into the *zeenahnah*: the only *punkah* in their apartments is moved by the hand, immediately over or in front of the person for whose use it is designed. In the gentlemen's apartments, however, and in the houses of all Europeans, *punkahs* are suspended from the ceiling, to which a rope is fastened and passed through an aperture in the wall into the verandah, where a man is seated who keeps it constantly waving, by pulling the rope, so that the largest rooms, and even churches, are filled with wind, to the great comfort of all present.

The female slaves, although constantly required about the lady's person, are nevertheless tenderly treated, and have every proper indulgence afforded them. They discharge in rotation the required duties of their stations, and appear as much the objects of the lady's care as any other people in her establishment. Slavery with them is without severity; and in the existing state of Mussulmaun society, they declare the women slaves to be necessary appendages to their rank and respectability. The liberal proprietors of slaves give them suitable matches in marriage when they have arrived at a proper age, and even foster their children with the greatest care; often granting them a salary, and

sometimes their freedom, if required to make them happy. Indeed, generally speaking the slaves in a Mussulmaun's house must be vicious and unworthy, who are not considered members of the family.

The Mussulmauns quote their favourite poets with much the same freedom that the more enlightened nations are wont to use with their famed authors. The moral precepts of Saadie are often introduced with good effect, both in writing and speaking, as beacons to the inexperienced.

Haafiz has benefited the Mussulmaun world by bright effusions of genius, which speak to successive generations the wonders of his extraordinary mind. He was a poet of great merit; his style is esteemed superior to the writers of any other age; and, notwithstanding the world is rich with the beauties of his almost inspired mind, yet, strange as it may appear, he never compiled a single volume. Even in the age in which he lived his merit as a poet was in great estimation; but he never thought of either benefit or amusement to the world or to himself beyond the present time. He wrote the thoughts of his inspired moments on pieces of broken pitchers or pans, with charcoal; some of his admirers were sure to follow his footsteps narrowly, and to their vigilance in securing those scraps strewed about, wherever Haafiz had made his sojourn, may to this day be ascribed the benefit derived by the public from his superior writings. Saadie, however, is the standard favourite of all good Mussulmauns; his "Goolistaun" (Garden of Roses), is placed in the hands of every youth when consigned to the dominion of a master, as being the most worthy book in the Persian language for his study, whether the beauty of his diction, or the morality of his subjects be considered.

The Persian and Arabic authors, I have remarked, substitute Y for J in Scripture names: for instance, Jacob and Joseph are pronounced Yaacoob and Yeusuf. They also differ from us in some names commencing with A, as in Abba, which they pronounce Ubba (Father): for Amen, they say Aameen, (the meaning strictly coinciding with ours); for Aaron, Aaroon; for Moses, Moosa. I am told by those who are intimate with both languages, that there is a great similarity between the Hebrew and Arabic. The passage in our scripture "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," was interpreted to me by an Arabic scholar, as it is rendered in that well-remembered verse in the English translation.

Nothing can be more amiable and praiseworthy, than the tone in which these volumes are written. It is impossible not to feel a sympathy and friendship for the writer, on account of her genuine piety and kind heartedness. She is not a woman of great talent, but her intentions are invariably right. We cannot help smiling occasionally, at her *philosophical* reflections, and her style is sometimes ludicrously inaccurate; but these objections are compensated for by simplicity and good feeling, and the fidelity and minuteness of her descriptions.

Our authoress invariably speaks in the highest terms of the courtesy, benevolence and high-spiritedness of the Mussulmauns. She, however, acknowledges, that her chief intimacy with that people, was confined to the very best classes. She was always received by them without prejudice, and allowed the free usage of her European habits and religious principles, without a single attempt to bias or control her. By respecting, on her part, their little prejudices, as regards their modes of eating and drinking, she secured their esteem and confidence. She regrets, that with all her influence, she could never succeed in rendering herself the instrument of religious conversion; but she succeeded in convincing her Native acquaintances, that the professors of Christianity are guiltless of the sin of idolatry. It appears, that they heard of this fact with considerable surprise!

THE TUDAS.

A Description of a Singular Aboriginal Race inhabiting the Summit of the Neilgherry Hills, or the Blue Mountains of Coimbatore in the Southern Peninsular of India. By Captain Henry Harkness of the Madras Army. 1 vol. Octavo. Smith and Elder, London, 1832.

Captain Harkness has given us a highly interesting, though unpretending volume. During a course of several years, he has devoted much time and attention to the acquisition of a knowledge of the different customs, manners, systems of religion, and languages of the numerous tribes of Hindus. He has been particularly interested in the Tudas, a curious race of people, inhabiting the Neilgherry hills, to a description of whom, he has assigned a prominent place in his work. It is to the study of these people, that the author states himself to be indebted, for the power of discriminating with certainty, between the various classes of which the Native population is composed. We think, he is a little too enthusiastic and sanguine upon this point—for, we do not understand, how a knowledge of a small and solitary tribe can be turned to such account, in deciding upon the peculiarities of the numerous and distinct castes, into which the Hindoo inhabitants of India are divided. The work, however, is full of very curious and interesting information, though its details are more local than might have been expected from the author's preface. The author's style is correct and vigorous, and picturesque, and there is a great deal of good sense and excellent judgment in most of his observations upon the manners of the peculiar people, whom he has studied with so much perseverance. His description of mountain scenery, while devoid of that tone of exaggeration, in which unpractised writers think it necessary to indulge, is full of fervid eloquence, and evinces a fine feeling for the beauties of nature. That part of the Neilgherry Hills, called Ootacamund, and which has now become the principal European settlement, is depicted by our author in a particularly glowing and graphic style. It is a beautiful and extensive range, occupying nearly the centre of the crest, and partaking of almost every description of site, of an alternate succession of hill and dale, with very little of what is called Table Land. On entering Ootacamund, from the north-west, the opposite mountains are, in the highest degree, beautiful and picturesque, and form a majestic amphitheatre. At their base, says the author, and on the lesser hills and knolls, in their vicinity, a number of pretty white buildings give relief to the rich verdure; above these, and in the clefts, which partially separate mountain from mountain, shoot up lofty and umbrageous trees, appearing at a distance, to form little impervious forests; and beyond these, in succession, rise the several tops, covered to the very summit, with the richest pasture. Nor is the scene less beautiful, on a nearer approach; but is described as bespangled with a variety of the most lovely wild flowers, of every diversity of colour; the trees, amongst which appear the crimson rodo-

dendron, and the white camelia, varying in shade and richness of foliage; and some covered with moss, assuming all the hoary appearance of winter; while the banks of the rills and streamlets, that meander at the base of the hills, are fringed with the dog-rose and jessamine. The strawberry and numerous wild fruits are seen flourishing in every direction, in spontaneous luxuriance. The appearance of the Tudas, the original inhabitants of this paradise, is said to be singularly prepossessing. They are generally above the common height, athletic and well made, with open and expressive countenances. Their dress consists of a short under garment, folded round the waist and fastened by a girdle, and of a mantle, which covers every part of the body, except the head, legs, and occasionally the right arm; these are left bare, the folds of the mantle terminating with the left shoulder, over which the bordered end is allowed to hang loosely. The women are said to have the same cast of features, as the men, but softened into a feminine expression. Though modest in their manners, they are free from that foolish timidity, which distinguishes the women of the contiguous low countries, and will readily enter into conversation with a stranger. Their life, being quite pastoral, these people do not congregate in towns or villages, but every family lives separately, and their places of residence are called morrts, or homes. It seems to be very difficult, to discover the nature of their religion, about which they keep a mysterious silence; but, it appears pretty clear, that they believe in the existence of a Supreme God. Capt. Harkness once obtained admission, into one of their temples, but he saw nothing in it, from which he could form any decided opinion, upon the nature of their religious worship. He says, that they have certainly no notion of the Hindoo triad—and observes, that the absence of idols, and their disbelief in the transmigration, plainly shows, that whatever their religion may be, it is not a branch of the Brahminical faith. They salute the sun, on its rising, and have a vague idea of a future state. Their language is said to have no affinity with any other Asiatic language. The other tribes, who inhabit the Neilgherry, are utterly unacquainted with it, and none of the Native servants of Europeans, have ever acquired sufficient knowledge of it, to enable them to understand the expression of the simplest occurrence. They have no written character, and the language being merely oral, it is, of course, more difficult to acquire. The author enters upon the history of the other tribes, who dwell on these hills; but, as it is chiefly with the view of indirectly illustrating by comparison, the character of the Tudas, and to show, what customs are peculiar to each, we shall not follow him any further, but give a few extracts from that portion of his book, which is devoted exclusively to that extraordinary people. The following account of a visit to the cemetery and place of funeral sacrifice, of one of the families of the Tudas, is highly interesting:—

It was a pretty green spot, partially enclosed with a low stone wall, situated on the confines of a thick and extensive wood, which sheltered it on one side, while on the others it was secluded from general view by contiguous and lofty ranges of hills.

It may have been owing to the peculiar train of ideas, to which a visit to such a place will sometimes give rise, and our imperfect knowledge of the rites that were here per-

formed, that a more than common gloom hung over us, heightened no doubt by the silence, almost breathless that prevailed in this sequestered vale.

At one extremity of the green was a single hut and near to it a strongly walled area sufficiently spacious to contain a large herd. At the opposite extremity were seven posts in a line one with another, with space between them of about ten or eleven feet, and all around were strewn the bones and horns of buffaloes; the bones were principally those of the head, having the horns still adhering to them.

From the green our guide conducted us by an almost impervious path, to a recess in the adjoining wood, the place appropriated for raising the funeral pile. At a short distance lay a decayed bier, and from among the ashes and charcoal which formed a little heap in the centre we picked up several human-bones which had passed through the fire.

It was noon day but the number, and the ample foliage of the trees, almost entirely excluded the light, so that we had but an imperfect view of objects, and while we were still contemplating the black and deadened appearance of those nearest to us, a chorus of voices, solemn and mournful, and then a rush, as of a multitude forcing their way through the wood engrossed our whole attention.

Nothing that could explain this noise presented itself to our view, and on turning to our guide for information, we found to our surprise that he had left us. He had run back to the green on the first sound of the voices, and as we returned thither came to meet us protesting that he had not been aware of what was about to take place; that the cemetery was that of a family who resided in another part of the hills: and that he had understood but yesterday that the funeral was to be postponed till the next day. We had no reason to regret this misunderstanding. A large concourse of Tudas, both male and female had assembled. They were still in procession moving towards the centre of the green, and on a bier formed of green herbs,* and the boughs of trees, lay the deceased, dressed in a new garment and mantle, and having on the ornaments he had worn in life. Immediately following came the mourners, male and female chanting the lament, and after these a throng of people, carrying bundles of wood,† small racks of grain, newly made butter in cups formed of leaves, or pots of milk, in different states of preparation, and such few utensils as are required by so simple a people in the cookery of a meal, even for a large multitude.

At one corner of the green we observed, issuing from the adjoining wood, and goaded on by ten or twelve athletic Tudas, a herd of buffaloes the intended victims of sacrifice which were driven to the altar,‡ and there for the present confined.

The bier was now placed on a rising ground in the centre of the green, when the friends and relations taking up a little earth sprinkled it on the body with much ceremony, and seating themselves around it continued their lamentations. The rest of the assembly dispersed some to rear the pile, others to prepare the subsequent repast, while the remainder collecting in groups, entered into converse, seemingly unconnected with the passing scene.

At a short distance crowning the summit of the mountain which overlooked this vale of sorrow, sat some 12, or 19 Cohatars, with attenuated forms, unseemly garbs, and hair nose flowing in the wind, looking like harpies waiting the moment whereon to gorge themselves with their destined party, rather than any thing allied to humanity.

Three or four other Tudas arrived about this time, on going up to corpse they sprinkled a little earth on it, bent forward and making the salutation before described, threw themselves on it.

The sacrifice commenced, but as almost the same ceremony will be described when we come to speak of the obsequies, it may suffice at present to observe that the animals were forced into a circle around the body, and there slain; and as each of the victims fell, the deceased was addressed by the party sacrificing, who mentioning the name of the animal, said they had sent hers to accompany them.

After the sacrifice, a middle aged man the brother of the deceased, cut off two or three locks of hair from about the temples; when the body was conveyed to the recess in the wood, taken from off the bier and placed on the pile, the feet to the east, the face downwards and without any of the dress or ornaments being removed. The relations and friends now threw over it handfuls of parched grain of various description and of coarse

* For several days the body is covered with herbs which tend to preserve it from decomposition.

† A heap called Rigara, of which only the funeral pile may be constructed.

‡ The area or Byre before mentioned.

§ These were all milch buffaloes which is generally the case.

sugar; other logs of wood being then heaped over the whole the pile was ignited, in the first instance by the person who had cut off the locks of hair, and then by the other attendants, who afterwards surrounding the pile continued their exertions to accomplish the speedy consumption of the body.

This did not occupy much time. The wood quickly blazed up, and sent forth a column of smoke that from the thickness of the foliage and density of the atmosphere, could not find any easy vent but spread itself in a cloud immediately above us, and quite shut out all light except that which proceeded from the pile; it was a gloomy spectacle.

The almost naked forms of the funeral assistants, for they had previously thrown off their mantles—their anxiety, and their energy, in encouraging the flame—their now striking and savage countenances—the sickening odour from the pile—the yells and cries of the Cohatars dragging away the offerings* of the sacrifice—and the distant moan of the females—gave to the whole an appearance quite unearthly.

During the continuance of this ceremony, and that which took place on the green, the relations of the deceased kept their heads covered, by drawing their mantles over them; a variation of costume, with them expressive of sorrow and mourning. Some water was now thrown on the pile, and the relations carefully examining the ashes, selected from them two or three pieces of the scull bone, and such of the gold and silver ornaments, as they could find, and tying them up with the locks of the hair, in the remnant of an old mantle, the whole of the party returned to the green.

The women are represented as a lively, laughter-loving race—and yet, in the sudden transition and free expression of their sentiments, they often show a great strength of feeling. The following anecdote illustrates this point in their character:—

One of them, Nuskyjobe, whose name had attracted my attention, came into my room one day and seating herself on the edge of the carpet, was looking at her son a fine boy of six or seven years of age who to the amusement of himself and several lookers on, was imitating the antics and grimace of the dancing girls of the low country. On turning towards them, I was amused to observe the expression of Nuskyjobe's countenance in which admiration and contempt were by turns portrayed; admiration at the liveliness and humour of her son, pity and contempt for that which he mimicked. I put several questions to her respecting her husband all of which she evaded, by laughing at the foolery of the boy, and endeavouring to draw my attention to it. The little creature however, hearing me repeat the same question cried out in the middle of his gambols "my father is dead!" Never have I seen such a quick transition from mirth to grief. The widow in a flood of tears the overflowing of that feeling which for a long time she had endeavoured to suppress, the boy motionless, his eyes fixed on her, apparently conscious of having done wrong and afraid to move. At length the mother caught him in her arms and with a passionate exclamation told us to look at her hair that not two months since it reached to her waist, now, it barely touched her shoulders. I was not aware that it was the custom to cut off the hair on such occasions, and had not observed from the close way she wore her wrapper that her hair in any way differed from that of the other women of the tribe. I had unwittingly given pain where I had no intention and she herself presented her with a comb and small looking glass. The trifles, or perhaps the acknowledgments they conveyed, restored good humour, and I afterwards witnessed many instances of the happy power of reflection, for the men were fully as much amused with looking at themselves as the women, and, from the curiosity they expressed, it was evident that till very lately the brook or streamlet had been the only mirror with which they were acquainted.

One more extract, and we must conclude.—

Evidently of a peaceful character having no weapon of defence, no fastening to their dwellings rather than the hole door previously mentioned, for, situated as their morasses are, they cannot be said to have sought it either from the forest or morass; no protection against the wild beasts of the field not even the nightly guardian or common watch dog, living rather in families than in societies, without any of those bonds of union which man in general is induced to form from sense of common danger, or to guard against the oppression of his neighbours, and as previously mentioned migrating from one part of the hills to another, the Tudas pass their days in a manner quite peculiar to themselves

* The Cohatars allow from a quarter to half a rug for each buffalo.

and apparently in all the silence, quiet, rural simplicity, characteristic, of a patriarchal government and a pastoral life.

We must not however picture to ourselves as one of Utopean felicity, or suppose them altogether strangers to the passions and vices incident to human nature. They are indolent, slothful, except when acting from some peculiarly exciting cause, on which occasions they shew much energy, and undergo great fatigue; totally unacquainted, till of late, with any of the luxuries of life, not even knowing the use of salt, and having no wants except what nature in almost her simplest state requires; these passions certainly do not shew themselves in their demeanour towards strangers, nor in their conduct towards their neighbours; for by the former they have always been much admired, and by the latter they are highly respected and esteemed.

I never saw a people civilized or uncivilized, who seemed to have a more religious respect for the rights of *meum et tuum*. This feeling is taught to their children from the tenderest age. The curiosity of the men, as well as of the women, was strongly excited by the numberless things they saw about our persons and in our dwellings, all being new and wonderful to them, and they have frequently been in my rooms, during the absence of myself and servants, without my ever missing the smallest article. Like the natives of the low country, they call falsehood one of the worst of vices, and they have a temple dedicated to Truth; but I fear that both the temple and its object are but too often forgotten.

Report also speaks of their following some barbarous customs particularly that of infanticide.

Few in number, those arrived at the age of puberty not exceeding 6 hundred, and apparently emanant of some tribe driven by religious persecution to seek safety in these mountains, they may have been taught by experience that it is wiser for them to live in fellowship, or quiescent submission, than to provoke hatred or hostility.

They however, assert a claim to the soil and declare that it was only by their sufferance that the other tribes came to reside on it; that they receive from them a payment in kind, not, however, for so many kaunies or acres, but for such or such a spot, measuring it with the eye; an indefinite sort of demarkation, which where land is so plentiful, and the inhabitants so few, is not attended with any inconveniences.

Of the tribes here alluded to, one whom they call the Marves,* a race of Hindus, who but a few generations ago emigrated hither, to escape the oppression and tyranny of their masters, and who are ten times more numerous than the Tudas themselves, speak of the latter, and treat them with a respect and observance denoting that they either consider them superior in natural qualities, or that this deference is due to them by prescriptive right.

Some of the latter have also a dread of them, believing, that they possess preternatural powers. The Marves, however are a timid race, deeply imbued with superstition the Tudas a hardy and fearless one, superior in stature, distinct in religion, language, customs and mode of living; with a carriage and demeanour be-speaking a boldness and freedom unknown to the others, their apparent consciousness of superiority alone, would readily command a corresponding acknowledgment of it from the former.

* More generally known by the name of Burghers, Buddacers, or Baddagers.

TRAVELS OF RABBI DAVID D'BETH HILLEL.

Travels of the Rabbi David D'Beth Hillel from Jerusalem, through Arabia, Koordistan, Part of Persia and India to Madras.—Madras ; Printed for the author, 1832.

"Printed for the author!"—Lucky is it for the worthy Rabbi that he presents his travels to the *Indian* community ; for had he ventured to appear before a *British* public with a proclamation of his failure to induce any London publisher to honor them with his countenance, the "Travels" would have fallen still born from the press. Here, on the contrary, an announcement like that we have quoted conveys indubitable proof that the work is, at any rate, a profitable concern, for publishers rarely, if ever, purchase copy rights, and authors as seldom venture before the reading community until they have secured the suffrages, or what is better still, the subscriptions, of as many individuals as may serve to pay all expenses. The Rabbi has some 250 supporters, and may therefore safely announce that the work is printed for him—"the author !"

Travellers are of various kinds and characters. There is your gastronomic traveller who is only happy when discussing the *entr' mets and petit plats* of France, and only eloquent when gloating on the reminiscence of pure Falerman or sparkling Donskoi—your bibliopolical traveller, like our friend Frognall Dibdin, who sees no charm in aught that smacks not of antiquity, but reverences age in every thing but woman ;—an illuminated missal of the monkish periods throws him into ecstasies and when he discovers the fragments of a tomb, he is worthy of a strait jacket. Then there is your beau traveller, who, as Shakespeare has it, lops and wears strange suits, disables all the benefits of his country, and is out of love with his nativity. We have too, the military traveller who eyes each town with reference to its means of defence ;—the romantic traveller who "meets with strange adventures"—the blind traveller, who unlike Holman (whose darkness is but physical) travels from Dan to Bersheeba and tells that "all is barren"—Lastly, there is the industrious traveller, who goes every where, sees every thing, and notes the most trivial particulars, from the height of a Cathedral spire to the materials of a dinner.

Our "Braw Jew" we shall be inclined to number with the latter class. Taking it for granted that nobody has gone before him, or that the field of his adventures is *terra incognita* to the "general," the Rabbi deals in the idlest *minutia*, faithfully describing not merely the manners of a people and the general features of a country, but likewise the distance from village to village, the cost at each place, (about 200 in the whole) of the hire of a camel, a horse or an ass, and the

number, to a nicety, of the inhabitants of the smallest hamlet. The Rabbi likewise displays a singularly Israelitish anxiety upon the subject of the "monish" of each location, carefully recording the value of all coins, weights and measures, and particularly relating his bargains and various hair splitting disputes with boatmen and caravan-drivers founded on the avarice of one party and the cupidity of the other.

The work is wretchedly put together, both as regards the style of composition and the typographical arrangement. The Rabbi, in his declared anxiety to be plain and simple, for the most part employs a phraseology that would be disgraceful in the most untaught karanee. His affectation of learning, as displayed in his attempted vocabulary of English, Arabic, Hebrew, Persian and Hindostanee words is supremely ridiculous; but his arguments to prove that the Hebrew language was spoken before the confusion of tongues, would be invaluable, if it were possible to understand them.

We have just room for one extract taken at random from this singular publication. It sufficiently illustrates what we have said regarding the Rabbi's attention to trifles, and offers a fair sample of the style of our friend's English, and attention to grammatical proprieties. The italics are ours.

From hence I returned to Seroor or Gornedy which is 16 coss or thirty-two miles. I paid for each Pony or Talfon a Rupee and a quarter, there it began to rain on account of which I could not have travelled more with carts. In the midst of this road is a small village enclosed with a miserable wall, belonging to some of the Rajahs, they are very bad people. I lodged there one night and it was rainy, they would not give me a place to lodge. After many applications, I hired a small place from a Banian merely to sit down at the door of his shop. In the morning the peons would not let me go out till I was compelled to pay two Rupees saying, that it is customary there to take for things, indeed I was very much astonished at this custom from Bombay until there nobody quarrelled with me. I had then a certificate from Bombay in English and Mahratta, but there they would not accept it also in the gate they have Ramosees who also took from me some money by force. Seroor or Gornedy is a village, built on a plain on the bank of the river Gornedy, and it is impossible to pass it without a boat in the rainy season. This village is well stocked with grain, fruit, vegetables, fresh, sometimes fish. There is also to be purchased fresh grapes, but every thing is much dearer than at Poonah, because they use to sell them at a dearer price in the time of Bajcerow as there was a great force of British soldiers and officers. The chunats is wholesome, and the water is good. There are some very fine houses surrounded with gardens wherein the officers stay. There are very few officers, and they are not even worth being remembered, so that one captain on my coming to visit him asked me if I have brought some old linen to sell, as your east are accustomed to do in London. I replied it is not a disgrace it is better than being a servant or asking alms. The coins, weights, measures, customs, and languages are like them at Poonah. Also in this village the Europeans are not much honored because the police master keeps a native woman and has children by her, therefore in all causes he finds rules to justify the natives. Bombay, Poonah, Amadabad and Seroor, the gentlemen are a little proud, because they are too much acquainted with the Ambs, Moguls, and the native Mahometans, which pride is bred with them by nature. In all these roads in every lodge, so soon as a man lies down, the Ramosees come to him saying, Salam saib am Ramosee, (meaning peace master.) I am a Ramosee. I asked what were their desire, they answered, Hither booth tsor hey, sab copch deigha pet osh vastay, hither we am, meaning here are many thieves, if master will give something for the belly, we will sleep here. I used to satisfy them, that they shall sleep with me, if not, they would very likely be the identical thieves.

From Seroor to Sattara which is thirty-nine coss or seventy eight miles. I paid for each bullock three Rupees, the road is as follows, from Seroor to the river Beemah is nine coss or eighteen miles, on a straight road with many villages on it, beyond this river

is a small village called Pargam, I was obliged to cross this river in a small boat called Tookry.* I crossed this about a month and half before on my way from Poonah with a cart, I was astonished while I stayed there about two hours, that the water increased about 2 cubits so that we were compelled to run away to a little mountain, and there was no rain—this was in July, 1831. To cross the river they charged me two Rupees having only four bullocks load, and there was a Banian merchant having thirteen bullocks load, who paid only three quarters of a Rupee. I asked them if this boat belongs to the Honorable Company, they said, "no." I asked again who is the owner of it? One man black as a charcoal said to me "my belly is the owner of it," after that I enquired for the chief of the village, they would not tell me, but he was there present, then I told them that if they would not allow me to cross the river according to the price which the Banian merchant paid, I would report this to the collector of Poonah, they did not even listen to me but they let me stay there for about two hours, and I could not help myself. I gave them a Rupee and a quarter to take me across the river.

From thence I proceeded to Malabar, which is forty miles, on a good road, having many villages and forests of trees called in Malabar panamaram and malabarish palmira, the produce of these trees is like that of the cocoanut, see page 118. Malabar is a very large town situated on the coast of Coromandel, it has a fort situated on the sea shore, surrounded with two strong walls, between the walls and the sea there are trenches filled with water from the sea, over which are draw-bridges, it is entered by four gates. It has very fine houses and streets. In the centre of it is the office of the Honorable the Governor in Council, near which is the church of St. Mary. I have been told that this was built more than two hundred years ago. In the midst of the fort is a little square in which is erected the image of Lord Corn Wallis, and underneath this image are the images of the children of Tippoo Sultan and some of his servants, all these are made of white marble. There are many public offices here, but few persons reside in the Fort itself, except officers and soldiers. Once or twice I passed through the streets near the wall, where the soldiers reside and found so bad a scent, that I was compelled to stop my nose. North-east of the fort about a quarter of a mile off is the Black Town, two sides of which are surrounded with a low wall, the third side is bounded by the sea, the side which is towards the fort has no wall: Its entrance is by four gates. Most of the bye-streets are bad, but the public streets are good. Most of the houses are built after the Indian customs and joined to each other, but on the beach and in some other streets which are nigh to it there are good houses. All the streets have a very bad scent, and when the sea breeze arises the scent is so strong, that a man must shut his nose in passing them. The beach however is an exception, most of the trade is carried on there, even European shops and the great merchantile offices are there. There are also four English Churches, two belonging to the Catholics, and one Armenian Church, besides Mahomedan Mosques and Hindoo pagodas. About half a mile to N. E. of black town is a pleasant village called Royapooram, where is a very fine Roman Catholic Church, and many capital Bungalows with fine gardens. It is constantly open to the sea breeze. More than half a mile to the west of the fort is a very large compound, wherein the Government house stands, it is a good modern structure of two stories high, but at the east end is a third story, about the road feet from this is the Banqueting room the ascent to which is by thirty steps. It is a good modern structure and within it are many pillars. It is a large room with many figures in wood of native peeps, peons, and other people, and some pictures of Europeans. Over the pillars which are in the view is a gallery the way to go up to which is by steps but it is dark: this is the eating place, it is not so good as I had expected, but the view from it towards the sea is very fine. To the west of this compound is Triplicane where the Nabob of the Carnatic resides. I was not allowed to go into his place but I examined it from without and have nothing particular to observe about it. The outside consists of two stories of a miserable appearance around it are many houses in a very ruinous state. From Triplicane to St. Thomas is about two miles. There are about three Roman Catholic churches one of which is denominated the Cathedral church of St. Thomas. It is said to have been built between two or three hundred years ago: it is a good structure. I was there one day and found them at prayers exactly the time that they were burning incense before the priest who was standing nigh the images of Christ and Mary: They knew not that I was a Jew. This Church is full of images of different people. I waited there till the prayers were over, and afterwards enquired of their great priest, where the barying place of St. Thomas was? He opened to me a room which is in a corner without the church and ordered to open the board that was a covering of the place where he is said to be buried, I accordingly looked within and it was very deep. I

* The Tookry is constructed from bamboos, made like a basket, the sides covered with leather, it is very light.

told him there was no appearance of a body being buried there? He answered me that the people by taking out and from this place sunk the body within. This room is similarly full of images. After that the Padre asked me who I was? I told him a Jew! At this he and his people were sorely displeased for having shewn to me all these things. My conversation with him was in Portuguese. From thence the same day I went to the mount which is about six miles distant. There are here three churches one of which is built on the top of a little mountain which is also called by the name of St. Thomas's Church: the way to it is by steps cut in the mountain. It is a modern structure. I came in but found no place even to stand there, owing to the crowd of people for it was then the time of prayers; I remained at the door and looked within, I did not see any images there except the pictures of Christ and all his Apostles, one of them was over against the door where I stood appeared to me exactly as a Jew of Judea with a beard and a fine shawl around his neck as it is customary to wear amongst the honorable people in Judea. After that I went into the room where the Padre was, but he made me a sign that I should go out, seeing which I went out, and enquired the reason of this of the Portuguese people, they answered me that there were some people who were somewhat angry with him. After a little while the Padre called me and asked an excuse for which he made me to go out, and said to me that the people were then confessing. After that he asked me from whence I came. I replied that I was an European. Then he asked me again of what religion I was? I told him that it is of no use to enquire about it. He again asked me if I knew Hebrew? I answered him some of it. Then he asked me again if I knew Latin? I replied a very little. Then he asked me what was my wish. I told him that I am informed that here are some ancient writings the history of St. Thomas, and asked him if I could be favored with a sight of these. He said I will let you see them but you must wait a while, then the European Soldiers were collecting themselves for the mass. I waited for about half an hour and found the room crowded with European Soldiers, some of whom began to mock at me speaking vulgar words, for they did not know that I understood English: dreading that it should raise some quarrel I went away.

Nearly a mile distant to the north of the fort is the Scotch Church, nearly the whole road to which is an empty place. From thence or about two miles towards the north are many streets and good houses, surrounded with spacious compounds and gardens where gentlemen and high castes reside, and with abundance of native houses. In Vepery are three churches; one is the English church, a very fine structure; one belongs to the Missionaries of the London Society; and the other to the Portuguese. From Vepery to St. George's Church is about three miles, which is a good road containing very fine bungalows surrounded with large gardens, where the great gentlemen reside. St. George's Church is situated in the Mount road, it is a modern and beautiful structure, having within many high pillars, covered with fine chunnam, which appears like white marble. From Vepery to the College is about two miles lying S. W. This is a fine modern structure, with a delightful compound; I saw there different kinds of images of men, which were brought from Rangoon, amongst which two were very curious; one called Dragon, made of wood, painted black, in the sides of which are placed small pieces of looking glass. It is as large as a middling sized dog. Each foot has four toes. On the head are two projectures somewhat similar to horns. In his forehead between the horns are made of wood similar to three locks, a large one in the middle, and two smaller ones, one on each side; I have not in my life seen such a figure. The other is the image of an elephant, not a cross of iron on the rope of the neck. The climate of Madras is not so hot as that of Bombay, but in May, June, and July, when there is no sea breeze, it is terribly hot. The water in general is not good, but there are some wells which contain excellent water. The native language is chiefly Tamil, and some Hindoostanee; but the Europeans, half castes, and some of the natives speak English.

THE ORIENT PEARL FOR 1833.

Just as we were about to close this number of our Review, we were favored with a copy of the *Orient Pearl*, and rather than delay our notice of it until our next appearance, when it would be too late to be useful, we proceed at once to say a hurried word or two upon its character after an equally hurried perusal. It appears to us to be a great improvement on its first number, and to be extremely creditable to the literary zeal and talent of that class of the community to which most of its contributors belong. But though the East Indians have good reason to congratulate themselves on the ability and local information displayed in many of the papers contained in this work and the spirit of literary enterprize which its very publication implies, it is not without certain defects, which, we trust, we shall not give offence by describing as characteristic of the writers. We allude to that tendency to exaggeration of style and sentiment and that want of perspicuity and concentration which are but too often discovered in the productions of East Indian pens. These are faults, indeed, not precisely national, for they are common to young and unpractised writers in all countries. If we turn back to the pages of some of our old English Magazines, published at a time when to write well and easily was not an ordinary accomplishment, we shall meet with words big and sonorous in exact proportion to the littleness or triteness of the ideas intended to be conveyed, and a choice of subjects so difficult and ambitious as to be in ludicrous contrast to the ignorance and imbecility of the writers. When truth and nature are not strongly felt by an author himself, he cannot well give credit to his readers for a purer taste, and not daring to trust to those qualities alone, he overloads his style and obscures his thoughts with cumbrous and inappropriate ornaments. In the same way, questions that have distracted intellects at once mighty, subtle and profound, often appear superficial to those who cannot see beyond the surface. The difference between the modesty of true genius and the arrogance of the vulgar mind, is thus easily accounted for. The great encouragement which has been given of late years to literature in England, with the consequent multiplication of correct models, has diffused a far better taste than formerly prevailed. Indeed, the zeal for simplicity, which has succeeded the rage for ornament, has led a few of our living authors, especially our poets, into an opposite error scarcely less obnoxious to sound criticism. Wordsworth, for example, in his abhorrence of the artificial, is sometimes absolutely vulgar or ridiculous. In getting as far as possible, from those who offend him by their perfumes and fastidiousness, he falls into the mire. It is not because he has really an innate love for vulgarity and childishness, but because he would go to any extreme rather than sanction the errors of what is called the French School, and in his eagerness to silence his opponents and illustrate a different kind of excellence, he shoots beyond his mark. That this truly great poet is not always a slave to

a favorite theory, might be proved by a reference to innumerable passages in his writings, which it is disgraceful in those who call themselves critics, to include in the general censure unjustly occasioned by those few particular mistakes into which he has been led by a kind of poetical sectarianism. There is a classical purity, a severe grace, and a Miltonic grandeur in many of his productions, that would be in vain attempted by any other poet of these times. His *Laodamia*, his *Odes* and *Sonnets*, and some of the best parts of his *Excursion*, amply justify this commendation.

But we are somewhat digressing from the main subject of this notice—the *Orient Pearl* and its contributors. It is our object to show, that the literary taste of our own countrymen at home has been not less exposed to the effect of peculiar circumstances than that of the East Indians, who have no reason to feel aggrieved, if we point out to them their present faults, when we acknowledge that Englishmen have been guilty of the same. Literature in India is at present in its infancy; but we do not hesitate to say, that there are better written articles in the little book before us, than would have been often met with in an English Magazine, half a century ago. Some of the stories display admirable invention and great skill in the management of the incidents. The poetry also is generally extremely good, as far as thought and sentiment are concerned, though it is seldom without some defects of style and inaccuracies of metre. That we may not seem to censure without a cause, and that we may show precisely what we object to, more particularly in the prose articles, we shall just quote a few objectionable passages from the very first story in the book:—

He was a man in the prime of life, of fair stature, and prepossessing mien rendered still more interesting by the delicate *tinge of langour* with which, a few years' residence in the tropic clime, softens down, and as it were, intellectualizes, the outlines of European *physiognomies*.

He was leaning with folded arms against an aged *ushwul'hu tree**, that overshadowed the river's brink, unconscious of the gaze of the idle crowd, who were now reluctantly separating homewards, as *the orb of day* was fast sinking from the sight, behind the dark line of palms, which bounded the western horizon. In the East, the hallowed hour of twilight, the breathing time, as it were, between day and night, is almost unknown; *the self-doomed exile of the green isle of the West sighs in vain for the incense breath, whose rich remembrance steals over his agonized soul like a dream of the damned [! !]* He sees the lurid sun, enveloped in an atmosphere of molten copper, glare upon the receding world, like the unsleeping eye of the evil one, only to resign his jealous charge to the night, which treads close on his footsteps, and at once throws her oblivious veil, like Charity, over the nakedness and suffering of this terrestrial planet.

Like the spark^c slumbering in the veins of the agate, till the collision of the fortuitous steel summons it into existence, man knows not his own energies, is unalive to his own uses, till *the lightning flash of opportunity fires the train of his destiny, and he explodes into a curse or a blessing, a demon or a demigod [! !]*

This alludes to the practice of placing *moribund* Hindoos in the water of the Ganges—an act which in their opinion ensures a passport to heaven.

He seemed as if struck with a sudden agony;—he gasped for breath, as the crimson tide of life recoiled in *affright*, back on those sources whence it derives its ceaseless

* *Ficus religiosa*.

flow ;—a momentary stupor seized his faculties, and he felt in *all its acuteness that iron pang, which thrills the frame, when the heart-strings snap in sunder* under an unexpected and overwhelming dispensation.

The above are specimens of bombast and inflation. How prodigiously would the article have been improved by the suppression of such ambitious attempts at fine writing! A common fault in writers whose judgment is immature, is a vague *verbosity*, leading to confused and almost interminable sentences. Here are two examples:—

The majority of them were plain, matter-of-fact men, who had few ideas beyond their individual world ; their happy *intellectual mediocrity, and inexcitable mentality*, exempted them from the keener sensibilities of human nature ; they were accustomed to look upon life as one vast enjoyment, wherein so long as they were unassailed by suffering, and like the beasts of the field, had a sufficiency to eat, and to drink, and wherewithal to be clothed, together with a liberal portion of superfluous good things, they were content to live as their fore-fathers had done, without the possibility of the idea ever occurring to them, that there exist, or rather vegetate, even in the uncongenial soil of everyday life, minds, which though outwardly conforming to the world, look upon such things as loathings ; whose aspirations are bent upon time to come, who feel within themselves the workings of a spirit indignant at its long tarrying in its prison house of clay, and like the watcher of the night, ardently awaiting the faintest streak of day, sighs for the moment, that shall untrammel their energies, and give to their raptured view the first glorious gleam of an immortal morning.

Hitherto, he had been spared the bitter wakening of that delirious dream, which hallucinates our every faculty, and invests a being, lovely indeed, but still allied to earth, with attributes claimable but by angels, as if, in mockery, nature had infused a Promethean spirit into her brightest work, and placed it before the stupified vision of creation's lord, to call upon him to forego his prouder attributes, and to surrender his judgment to an ensnaring fascination, only to exhibit his feelings wound up to intensity, his thoughts absorbed, his peace sacrificed, and his whole nature changed by that mysterious influence which, for good or for evil, stamps its burning impress on every thing human, and with the most fatal of all instruction, unfolds, as it were, the harsh knowledge of life's realities, with its sin and its suffering, its good intents but worse acts, promoting an endless struggle of spirits for the mastery, till the horrified novice too late endeavours to stem the torrent on which he finds himself hurried down, in common with millions of similarly deluded fellow-creatures, the last knell ringing in his ears, being that of his egregious credulities.

We forget who it was, who advised a young writer to read over his manuscript very carefully before he sent it to press, and whenever he came to a passage that he thought particularly fine to strike it out, and supply its place with something of less pretension. We wish some of our East Indian friends would adopt the same plan, and they would soon find the very great advantage of it. We are not quite certain that the writer of the article from which we have quoted, belongs to the class of East Indians, but we take it almost for granted that he does so, and at all events he writes so like one, that he gives us a fair specimen of their style. If it were objected to us, that we had made any mistake on this point, we could easily justify ourselves with similar quotations from other articles. We cannot, however, too strongly state, nor too frequently repeat, that we do not accuse the East Indians of any natural or national defects in their literary works, but of faults which are almost inseparable from the productions of unpractised writers in all countries. There are so many proofs of genuine talent in the volume before us, that had we no other indication of their capacity for still better things, we should hold the East Indians, as a body, in very high estimation, and feel quite certain of their

rapid advance in literature. Could we but weed the *Orient Pearl* of certain defects of style, it would form a very delightful work, and even in spite of them, we have perused it with the greatest pleasure. We are sure, that it would be read by our countrymen at home, with intense interest, for it is extremely Oriental, and perhaps gives more vivid pictures and livelier notices of the domestic life, the habits, prejudices, and superstitions of the people of India, than are to be found in works of far greater gravity and pretension.

We cordially congratulate the Editors on their success, and beg them to believe, that though the Editor of this Review conducts the *Bengal Annual*, he does not feel himself the less at liberty to praise or censure the *Orient Pearl*.

SKETCHES OF HINDU YOUTHS.

BY W. M. WOOLLASTON, ESQ.

[From the *Orient Pearl*.]

The following sketches are made from materials collected together at various intervals during my engagements at the Hindu College, where good opportunities have been afforded for watching the development of the native character, under circumstances both novel and interesting.

Many attempts have been made at describing the character of the Hindus, but the portraits have chiefly been drawn from adults, and then not from a certain class, but from the mass, with all their diversities of light and shade. The subject I have undertaken represents the Hindu in an entirely new light, that is the Hindu as he has been affected by the influence of an English education.

The familiar intercourse which I have, for a long time, enjoyed with these boys, or rather young men, has afforded me abundant opportunities of learning the state of their feelings, their tempers, and habits. It must be recollected, that the majority of them entered College when they were very young, and have been pursuing a course of English education during a course of six or seven years. Such a process, it would be thought, would make them thoroughly English in their sentiments; but a strong check has been always opposed to such a result, from their spending their time from five in the evening till ten next morning at their own homes. A genuine boarding school for natives does not exist, so that it is impossible to say, what a Hindu might become under exclusively European tuition. Notwithstanding, however, the check I have adverted to, it will be seen in the sequel, what very important benefits have been conferred by instruction in European science and literature—what very different beings the boys are who have been thus taught, from those who have learnt nothing beyond scratching a few letters on plaintain leaves, and the mechanical computation of *gundas*. But a few years ago, what a dreary wilderness presented itself to our view! not a school of any value was in existence, not even a handful of precious seed was scattered over one solitary spot of this vast country; but now with what rapture do we behold the 'desert begin to blossom as the rose, and the solitary place to be made glad,' through the rapid progress which has been effected in the enlargement of the native mind, and reformation of the native character. Who could have indulged the smallest hope, that in the short space of sixteen years, such important changes would have been brought about?

The supposed obstinacy of the Hin'u, in regard to the preservation of every ancient custom, and the rejection of all foreign innovation, discouraged every attempt at making an impression upon him; but the persevering efforts of a few individuals, aided by the powerful battery of the Hindu College, succeeded at length in making a practicable breach; and though the enemy for a time continued to resist, the citadel was taken, and the garrison surrendered at discretion; and who shall now arrest the march of the victor? Mind, like the spheres, once impelled, continues to move for ever in its course; and will not only move itself, but simultaneously impel all other minds that come within the range of its influence. Hence, in the course of a few months, not less than twelve or fourteen newspapers were established, some eight or ten debating societies, and as many Hindu supported native schools; to these facts may be added the renunciation, by some of the young collegians, of the Hindu religion, and the establishment of two papers, one in English, the other in Bengallee, for the express purpose of exposing and ridiculing the absurd superstitious and gross ignorance

of the Hindus. Nor must we omit the institution of a course of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, which though furiously opposed by the united strength of the Hindu community at its commencement, has since been quietly pursuing the even tenor of its way, while the patient and unremitting efforts of the lecturer have been crowned, by the blessing of God, with two distinguished *seals*.

It would be unnecessary to tell of all that the young men of the Hindu College have attained. Numerous accounts have at various times been published in the periodical journals, examination have been held in public places, and the young men themselves have been so dispersed, that most persons have had opportunities of informing themselves of the extent of those attainments. I shall content myself with relating a few incidents, which will serve to illustrate their *domestic, or, retired, habits* and *sentiments*. I have reason to think a description of this kind will prove interesting, from the ignorance which generally prevails respecting the *private manners* of the Hindus—an ignorance arising from an unfortunate dislike to their society.

I shall now introduce the reader to our young friends at the first debating club that was ever formed among Hindu youths, and which *sanctioned* the establishment of so many subsequent ones. At this club, it was permitted to those who did not feel inclined to *speak* to the question, to *write upon* it, and it was thus that I first heard an able essay by H—G—e, in condemnation of the Hindu mode of marriages. I never heard the boys express their thoughts, in common conversation, so freely and boldly as they now did in speeches and essays; had they done so, indeed, they might have been roughly used by their friends at home, but the novel merit of an impassioned speech seemed to have disarmed all the rage of bigotry, (for there were some bigots among the members,) and to have excited applause, while it kindled emulation.

H—G—e was the flower of the school, and one of the most respectable, as well as one of the most intelligent, amongst all his school-fellows. His complexion was rather fair, and his features regular and pleasing. In dress, he was inclined to the *haut ton*, and in addition to an elegant gold watch and seals, which he used to display at his waist, he wore a splendid gold chain round his neck. I have seen him sometimes in black pantaloons and Wellington boots, a handsome turban on his head, and Woodstock gloves, on his hands.

Being accustomed to good society he was particularly soft and engaging in his manners, while his disposition was as gentle as it was generous. Soon after the present Governor General had arrived in India, and had resolved to proceed to the Upper Provinces, H— was recommended by the visitor to accompany his Lordship on his tour as a Persian interpreter, or secretary. His friends, however, dissuaded him from accepting the distinguished honour; but he afterwards deeply regretted it. He is now a sadder ameen in a zillah very near Calcutta.

Equal to him in point of acquirements was K—e M—r, who, having entered the College very young, articulated the English as well as any Englishmen. This effect I have invariably observed in all those who have commenced the study very early, and under English masters. K— was no orator, but what he did say was couched in very chaste and elegant language. His essays were superior to any I have ever seen written by a native. They were not only free from those numerous grammatical errors which are observable in some of the best productions of his school-fellows, but his sentences were full and harmonious, his words well selected, and his meaning clearly expressed. All his metaphors were English, and scarcely an idea that he had, but he owed it to his knowledge of English authors.

Like H—, he was remarkably mild and inoffensive; he had beautiful eyes, and his whole countenance beamed with intelligence and good nature. I never saw him out of temper, nor heard a reproach from his lips: he seemed to be incapable of either. This might have been owing, in some measure, to his constitutional temperament, for he is deeply consumptive, and his health latterly has been in a very precarious state. I have often conversed with him on the subject of Christianity: he, as well as many others, had read portions of the Testament, and he one day put a slip of paper into my hand, in which he distinctly declared his conviction of the truth of the Scriptures. He could not, however, like some others, be prevailed upon to avow his sentiments openly; very few, indeed, could muster sufficient courage, for the rage and persecution of their friends, when they know of their having become *liberals*, is tremendous. It might be said of them, as was said of *Simeon* and *Levi*, 'Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations; cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel.' This has deterred hundreds from declaring their sentiments, and K— was too feeble to think of contending against so much opposition: besides, he had a poor father and mother, as well as a large family to support; and they were so fond of him and he of them, that he seldom mixed with the *radicals*, or ventured to express his opinions publicly. He was employed at a school, at 50 rupees per mensem, and subsequently was recommended by the

visitor to a rajah in the mofussil as his private tutor, from whom he received 100 rupees per mensem.

K—n B—e, now a public character, was highly distinguished at school for diligence and talent. He was the most frank and unreserved of all in the expression of his opinions, and possessed a high spirit of independence, as his subsequent acts fully testify. He was decidedly the best orator of the club, and could speak an hour together without tautology. He was very energetic on the subject of the Hindu marriages, and denounced the custom as cruel, impolitic, and absurd.*

I shall say no more of K—n, as the public are sufficiently acquainted with him through his own writings. He is now a *Christian*, and an enlightened one too: he was not allured by the arts of persuasion, but urged irresistibly by the force of conviction; and there is a steadiness and solidity about him which augurs well of his growth in Christian experience and Christian perseverance.

R—k, k—a m—k was also one of the most distinguished of the ultra liberals, as they were called up by the half-liberals, a party who had renounced the superstition and idolatry of Hinduism, and embraced, or affected to embrace, the Vedant system.

R—k suffered much persecution from his friends, so much so, that he was for some time in fear for his life. R— was no ways behind any of his school-fellows in talent or industry, I rather think he was superior in vigour of intellect to K—n B—e, but he is not nearly so ingenuous. His powers of reasoning are excellent, but he is too soon satisfied with his own reflections, and will not choose to go out of his way to hear the arguments of others. Had he a more humble opinion of his own powers, and would argue less with himself, and more with men whose field of observation is a hundred-fold larger, reasonable hopes might have been entertained of his becoming a convert to the only system of truth ever known.

D—a a—o m—e was another member of the ultra party, quite as enthusiastic as the last two mentioned. He had lately come into possession of considerable property, and his wealth contributed to keep up the spirits of his friends, some of whom were occasionally put to great shifts. But he was doomed afterwards to suffer the most bitter and relentless persecution from his own family. In the midst of his endeavours, in promulgating his opinions, he was induced to accompany his father on a visit to Benares, the holy city. During his journey, he fell sick, and became deranged; after some time, he returned to Calcutta, where he was visited by his friends, and amongst others by a European, who described to me some of the symptoms of his deranged state. Sometimes, he said, he would cry out in a loud voice, 'O they are coming to tie my hands—no, no, I won't be bound—I won't take it,—O my head, my head!' From these and divers other expressions, it was inferred, that he had been cruelly used, and *intentionally* reduced to his present melancholy state. A legal investigation was seriously talked of, but as sufficient proofs were not forthcoming, prudence suggested the propriety of not agitating the matter further.

A—a c—l was quite a grave personage, but his attainments were more solid, and he was altogether more manly and steady than any of his school-fellows. He seldom joined in their amusements, and was never known to participate in the schemes of any cabal or party. He is a great reader, and has acquired a large stock of information. In history he bore away the palm from his compeers, and was honoured with distinguished applause

* It seems, that the Mussulmans labour under similar disadvantages with the Hindus, in respect both 'to choosing a mate, and proper time to marry.' I knew a young man, who had a wife, whom he loved most dearly. He used to represent her as beautiful as the *evening star*—at once the *life* and the *light* of his humble cottage. She died, and he, poor fellow, was almost distracted; but time that cures all complaints, cured him of his, and his old mother and friends began to think of obtaining him a new wife. Hoping, perhaps, he should have the good fortune to be possessed of another Venus, matters were soon arranged, a bride selected (though not by him), the rings exchanged, and funds advanced for the expenses of the wedding, when just before taking leave of his master, the love-sick youth was secretly informed by some of his acquaintance, that the object from whom he had hoped a new course of felicity—the star who, he fondly imagined, would kindle afresh all his love and bliss, was both *ugly* and *blind*!!!

The Hindus know nothing of making love, nor have they any books of love, tales, or songs. They have books descriptive of *lust* in abundance, and amongst no people, perhaps, more shameless obscenity is to be found. They are made to marry just what their parents obtain for them, and in such low estimation are women held that their loss by death excites no grief nor concern whatever. And even, if a *calamity* should happen, where there is real love between the parties, if a widower were to express, or show in his manner, that he was at all affected, his friends would laugh at him. It was but the other day, that one of my scholars, about 20 years of age, had been bereft, in one week, of his wife and daughter; he had been informed of the circumstance by a dak letter only that morning, despite of which, he came to read as usual, and told me of the fact with a smile on his countenance. I looked at him with amazement, and asked him the reason of his unconcern: the whole class exclaimed, What! grieve for a woman, pshaw! he soon get married again. And yet if a man die, so ardent must the wife's affection be for him, such an utter distaste and unconcern for every other object must she feel, as to part with her own life, when he has been deprived of his!

by Sir E—— R——. He is now at home living at ease, but not such ease as soft couches and bolsters confer; this is peculiar to fat uneducated baboos, but A—— has discovered other luxuries—the luxuries of reading and thinking, of conversing with the mighty men who have exalted the pleasures of the soul infinitely beyond those of the vile body.

B—— M——d was very different from all the foregoing, he was not above 14 years of age, but as sprightly a little fellow as you could wish to see. He had indeed more spirit than some would think necessary. Full of tricks and mischief, but at the same time good-tempered and very frank. He seemed to have a great taste for English manners, and learnt to sing English songs. *Buy a Broom*, and the *Huntsman's Rest*, he sang very prettily. One day, to gratify his whim, I sent for a tailor, and had him measured for a suit of white clothes, and he used to come and visit me in them; but I confess I did not admire the dress half so much as his own native dress, than in which, in my opinion, none can be more graceful or so well adapted for them. B—— was rather a pretty boy, save and except that he had a small mole at the end of his nose. Had it been elsewhere, it might have added to, rather than have detracted from, his beauty.

When the Hindu Theatre was opened, he was one of the *corps dramatique*, and of course took the part of some *Sultana*. One night, as I was returning from a debating club, which was held at his house, he with one or two others accompanied me a part of the way. It was a fine clear night, and the wandering moon, 'like one that had been led astray,' was shedding her pale lustre over a *mooder's* shop, where a pile of sweetmeats tempted the mischief-loving B—— to a spree. The *mooder*, as out of pure insult to the queen of night, had an oil light flickering over his table of sweets. B—— quite indignant at such an outrage, ran up to the light, and blew it out, then away he scampered; the *mooder*, however, went after him in full pursuit, and B—— was overtaken;—a crowd collected, and signal vengeance appeared to be suspended over B——'s head. I had gone on a considerable way, but hearing a noise, and finding that B—— was in trouble, I ran to his assistance, and having cleared my way through a dense crowd, carried off the poor victim in triumph, amidst the mutterings of the *mooder* and all his sweet friends.

I was for some time president of the debating club held at B——'s house; the room wherein we met was a long slip, such as is always to be found in native houses, as the open area in the centre occupies the most of the space allotted for the building.

There was a table for the president and secretary at one end, and at the other, a small anti-room, where B——'s friends usually meet to confabulate in private.

On one occasion, I was invited, after a long debate, to walk into the small room; but before I describe what I beheld there, I shall trouble the reader with some account of the debate. The question was, 'Whether slavery or death was preferable?' After two essays on the subject had been read, Bahoo R—— D——th, rose, and in addition to many pertinent observations, said, that in some cases, slavery was not unattended with benefit: he noticed the case of the Britons under the despotism of the Romans; though reduced to slavery, the Britons, said he, had learnt many useful arts and sciences, which laid the foundation of their subsequent greatness. R——k M——k did not prefer death to slavery, unless it were of the most galling kind. The present Hindus, he said, were slaves, but still in a more enviable condition than they were under the Mussulmans. He thought, notwithstanding, that they were cruelly treated, and hoped they would one day be able to throw off the yoke.

R——d observed, that there was no such thing as perfect liberty, but in every state men were obliged to part with that darling possession for obvious reasons. He defended the necessity of submission, according to the doctrine of Pope—'Some are and must be greater than the rest.'

Kist——e thought many slaves were happy, or that at all events, habit reconciled them to their lot; at the same time he did not recommend any one, if he could help it, to choose that condition. The Helots of Sparta were most unjustly degraded, and he should have been most happy had they succeeded in overcoming their vile tyrants.

The question having been discussed *quantum suff.* the meeting adjourned. And now for the little room; well, what should I see but a small round table spread out as full as it could hold of every kind of fruit and sweetmeats, besides a motley and incongruous mixture of bread, cheese, beer, and brandy. Of this *rich fare* I was now entreated to partake, and not a soul to join me; however, as the pleasure is as great, to please, as of being pleased, I commenced operations, but proceeded so slowly, that the *host of hosts* urged me to devour at least half the contents of the table. I contented myself, however, with a few oranges, and a grain or two of each kind of sweetmeat, ending with a bumper toast to my munificent entertainer.

One day I was visited, while at dinner, by three of the young collegians: they took chairs by the table, but declined *doing* as I was doing, that is to say, masticating, not having as yet reached that height of liberalism which they subsequently attained.

After dinner, they played at whist, which is a common amusement with them—some are very expert at chess, and many play at backgammon.

At tea time, they were still reluctant to take any thing, but were evidently hungry, not having taken refreshment since the morning. After tea, I went out, and bid them adieu; but the rogues came back, and slyly got as much tea as they could drink, and went home laden with mangoes and unbraminified biscuits.

This scrupulosity to eat with us is wearing off, for latterly I have frequently had some of the young men to breakfast with me, as well as to dinner.

On one occasion, three of them dined with me together, and beefsteaks was the choicest dish on the table; wine they pledged in *humpers*, beer they did not like, but soda water, champagne, and *mountain dew*, were much esteemed.

I shall now conclude these few details by one or two general observations.

In regard to *capacity*, I think the Hindus fully equal to Europeans. They have excellent memories, and are very quick at learning; more so, perhaps, than boys in England; but they seldom attain to that *girth* and *vigour* which the colder climate induces.

A few study hard, but not steadily; they seem to have no purpose or aim in what they do. I have been grieved to see the number of *first* volumes only of sets of books read: some read travels, others history; sometimes metaphysics is all the rage, at others science. Then they go on skimming over the surfaces of many books, extracting the honey from none. Very few have much enthusiasm or ambition; I know not of one really original genius, who, bursting the fetters of national prejudice and domestic restraint, has dared to soar, like the bird of the mountain, to heights inaccessible to the grovelling mass. I do not say, that if they had a proper field and adequate motives, they would not put spurs to their Pegasus: I believe they would, and considering the benumbing influence of their national taste, the besotted ignorance of the mass of the people, and the restraints which *these* impose upon them, it is surprising that they have done so much as they have.

The want of animal courage among them is remarkable. I never saw two boys have a regular *box*: they sometimes abuse each other, and pull each other's hair, but a single drop of *claret* would absolutely horrify them. Generally speaking, they live in much harmony together; and if they occasionally quarrel, the breach is soon repaired, and all is well again: they seldom make a *dead set* at one, and pursue him with relentless malice; but jokes are constantly going round, and they seem more pleased at others laughing with them, than in laughing at others. Lying is a vice highly characteristic of the Hindus. I don't think it possible any people can be more addicted to it than they are; and then the cool indifference, and disgusting shamelessness, with which they lie, makes the offence doubly aggravating. I am happy, however, to have it in my power to record my conviction, that those boys who have risen to the highest *forms* are almost free from it. Bad language is almost as common as lying,—both are the offspring of mean, degenerate minds, and a sure indication of a low state of society. Little boys, between seven and eight, are in the constant habit of exchanging the vilest abuse in their earliest infancy; they are taught verses couched in the most obscene and ribald expressions; and it is a well known fact, that the odes, which they sing to their gods, are made up of all the impurities, that the most tortured ingenuity can invent. Scarcely a word can be uttered which does not suggest some lascivious thought; even the sacred household words, Father, Mother, Brother, or Sister, excite, in the meanest children, the most unchaste reflections. O how much remains to be done! what difficulties yet remain to be undergone, before the Hindus will approximate to the excellence which will make them estimable in the sight of virtuous men!

The disadvantage under which they chiefly labour is the want of good society. If English men would encourage them in this respect; if they would invite them to their parties or ask them to an evening's conversation, that they might see the good order and sobriety, the elegance and refinement, of English manners, it would, as it has done, effect more towards their true civilization, than anything besides. I have witnessed some of the educated lads assume a degree of boldness, whilst they were in European society, which is disgusting; and I would take this opportunity of advising those who would make themselves agreeable, to observe how others behave, and to do likewise. I have, on the other hand, heard young men, well educated and really engaging in conversation, lament the pride of Europeans in shutting them out so entirely from their society. There is much I admit, that is repulsive in the native manners generally; but how is it possible that they can adapt their style to your taste, unless they are first permitted to observe your mode of behaviour? As it is they, who court your society, it will be *their* study to please, and though they may evince much awkwardness at first, they would soon overcome that, and I have no doubt, after a little practice, become perfect courtiers.

THE SHAH NAMEH.

The SHAH NAMEH of the Persian Poet FIRDOUSEE, translated and abridged in Prose and Verse, with notes and illustrations, by JAMES ATKINSON, Esq. of the Honorable Company's Bengal Medical Service, London. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland, MDCCCXXXII.

“ No translation in verse can convey to the mere English Reader any just impression of the whole poem of the SHAH NAMEH. The idiom in which it is written, and the allusions and metaphors with which it abounds, are too foreign to our language and taste to admit of success in such an undertaking; but a prose translation of this great work is a desideratum, and select passages might bear a poetical form. He, however, who attempts such a task will not be successful unless possessed of a genius that raises him above the mechanical efforts of a versifier. If ever such a translator devote himself to the beauties of this poem he will find much to gratify himself and others.” Such was the opinion delivered by Sir John Malcolm in his *Sketches of Persia*, respecting an English version of the SHAH NAMEH or Book of Kings of FIRDOUSEE, and such was the desideratum, that remains no longer to be furnished to the admirers of oriental literature, the work which it is the object of this article to review having been accomplished on the precise principles indicated in the preceding quotation. Mr. ATKINSON, however, has not been influenced in the choice of his mode of composition by the suggestion of Sir John Malcolm, having, it appears, conceived the design of his present production many years previously. And although it might be conjectured, from a passage of CHAMPION'S preface to his version of part of the SHAH NAMEH, that to this writer Mr. Atkinson may have been indebted for a hint to follow the arrangement, which he has observed; still such a supposition is inadmissible, since he has stated, that he had never been able to procure a copy of the SHAH NAMEH, as the author styled the portion he selected for publication, in 1785. In that year the late Joseph Champion of the Bengal Civil Service published a quarto volume in heroic measure comprising extracts from the SHAH NAMEH beginning with the reign of KYOOMOORS, who as King of Persia (about 890 years before Christ) had founded the PESHDIAN dynasty and concluding with the reign of MENOCHUHUR in whose reign, (about the year 720 before Christ, according to the first and one of the best Persian Historians, TIBREE,) the monarchy of the Peshdadians ceased to exist. Champion intended, in a continuous performance, to have published selections from the SHAH NAMEH included within the second division of Ferdousee's heroic poem: * The heroic poem which includes the achievements of ROOSTEM, SOON-

RAB, and ISFUNDIYAR will be the continuation of my next publication, I purpose selecting the most animating allusions, the most splendid actions, and the most beautiful passages, from Firdousee without losing the concatenation of events." It happened that Champion lived not to finish and execute his projected task, but in 1814, Mr. Atkinson, the translator of the work under review, published at length a paraphrase of the account of SOOHRAB, and in 1828 he printed a second edition of his poem on a revised and enlarged scale. To the version of the SHAH NAMUH now before us we observe, that he has appended a third, though, we regret to say, not a much improved edition. With his first edition he printed the original text, taken from a manuscript corrected under the superintendence of the learned Lumsden, professor of the Arabic and Persian languages in the College of Fort William, and lent by that gentleman with the laudable view of promoting the diffusion of oriental literature. It was carefully collated from twenty-seven manuscript copies, by a body of natives of acknowledged acquirements, whom he had selected for the purpose of preparing a complete edition of the SHAH NAMUH, which it was calculated would be comprised in eight folio volumes. The first volume appeared in 1811, but the publication of the second, containing the story of Soohrab, was suspended. In 1829 a translation in verse with notes and illustrations was prepared of the episode of Soohrab by Mr. W. T. Robertson of the Bengal Civil Service, and was accompanied by the original Persian, with some alterations and additions to the text given by Atkinson. And at a subsequent period, of the same year, Captain Turner Macan published the whole of the SHAH NAMUH in the original Persian text, but he has informed us—(in his prefatory remarks, after noticing, that from the venerable Lumsden's labours to collate the entire work the patronage of the British Government had been withdrawn, owing to the expense attendant on the undertaking)—that from the commencement of the poem to the conclusion of the tale of Soohrab he had *generally* followed the edition printed under the superintendence of Lumsden. He had not however scrupled to reject a few couplets, which he considered spurious, to change the order of verses where the passage was obscure, and when the best copies authorized a different arrangement of such passages. He adds, the longest is in the tale of Soohrab. Mr. E. S. Waring of the Bengal Civil Service had previously, in 1807, published a rapid and, to the many, an interesting stetch of the Shah Namuh, and printed parts of the original Persian, although in his citations he is generally satisfied with giving portions of Champion's rhymes. Mr. Atkinson has now favored us with a version of the Shah Namuh or Book of Kings, both in verse and prose, and we shall permit him to speak for himself in the explanation of his views and motives.

"The work here presented to the public," he says, "presents for the first time in the English language an abridgment of the heroic poem of the great poet of Persia. It is now about five and twenty years since I first contemplated an abstract of the SHAH NAMUH, in prose and verse, and it was in the course of reading for that purpose, that the episode containing the story of Soohrab, which I published with

the original text at Calcutta in 1814, struck me as peculiarly meriting, from its highly chivalrous spirit and pathetic denouement, a more full translation than could be given to the whole poem—in delivering this abridgment to the public I have been anxious to make it as comprehensive and interesting to the general reader, as the extent of the labour I had prescribed to myself and my own ability would allow. But it necessarily contains merely the substance of the SHAH NAMUH, though in many parts in considerable detail: and I have therefore deemed it important, with the view of showing more fully Firdousee's powers as a poet, to add a revised edition of my translation of Sohrab. Thus whilst the abridgment exhibits the scope and character of the poem, this favourite episode will at once display the force and spirit with which Firdousee's outlines are traced and his colouring supplied." Another epitome, indeed, of the Shah Namuh in English prose has appeared in the pages of one of the volumes of the Ancient Universal History, and in the Persian language there have been written several abridgments of the Shah Namuh, of which the principal in verse and prose is the *Moontukhib* or epitome composed by SHUMSHEER KHAN, in 1063, under the patronage of DARA SHEIKOH, heir apparent of SHAH JIHAN, the Mogul Emperor of Delhi. To Shumshere Khan's compendium, we apprehend, Atkinson has not infrequently referred, but we must now proceed to our analysis and criticisms, by merely premising that the translator has entered on his labours with much of the tact and some of the peculiarity of Ellis, who has so ably contracted many of the ancient national romances in rhyme, and by adding that he has with elegance and fidelity prefixed Firdousee's beautiful invocation, commencing with these lines:—

INVOCATION.

"Thee I invoke, the Lord of life and light!
 Beyond imagination pure and bright,
 To thee sufficing praise no tongue can give,
 We are thy creatures and in thee we live!
 Thou art the summit, depth, the all in all,
 Creator, guardian, of this earthly ball;
 Whatever is thou art, protector, king,
 From thee all goodness, truth and mercy spring.
 O pardon the misdeeds of him who now
 Bends in thy presence with a suppliant brow,
 Teach him to tread the path thy prophet trod,
 To wash his hands from sin, to know his God,
 And gently lead him to that home of rest,
 Where, filled with holiest rapture, dwell the blest!"

"The Shah Namuh," Atkinson proceeds to say in his preface, "is indeed a history in rhyme. It comprises the annals and achievements of the ancient kings of Persia from Kyoomoors down to the invasion and conquest of that empire by the Saracens 636, an estimated period of more than 3600 years."

We have already intimated that TIBREE or rather giving him his proper name in full MOOHUMMUD-BIN JURAIR-OOL-TIBREE was the first Persian historian. He wrote his book about 250 years subsequently to the subjugation of his native land by the Arabs; and Firdousee, nearly

one hundred years after the completion of Tibree's work or about 350 years posterior to the Arabian conquest of Persia, composed his **SHAH NAMUH** or Book of Kings, a poem professedly compiled as a history of the sovereigns-paramount of the Persian Empire. Firdousee, or more properly to give his name at length, **Ubdool Qasimi Munsoor Firdousee** is known to have prepared his **SHAH NAMUH**, like Virgil, partly from written Annals and partly from Traditions orally recited in

his presence by a **د هقآن** *duhqan*, a word which denotes both a bard and minstrel in the same person, like the *vatis* of Horace and other classical writers. Some of our oriental literati have, however, supposed, and amongst others we may mention Erskine, that Firdousee, like Homer, to whom he has often been compared, did not write from regular chronicles; that none existed; and that the few scattered facts and popular legends, which had floated down the stream of time, in his native country, had been turned into the semblance of a history by the fancy of the poet, otherwise he would not have omitted all notice whatever of the Median dynasty. But it should always be borne in remembrance, that the Medes were originally denominated **Arii**, as we learn from Herodotus, and that this appellation of **Arii** they afterwards changed for that of **Medi**. Still it is very extraordinary, that although the first name, that is to say **Iran**, continues at this very time to designate the dominions of Persia throughout all her limits, the name of **Medi** is seldom to be found in the annals of any native Persian historian. Many writers, imitating Firdousee, pretend to derive the name of **Iran**

ايران from **Eeruj**, the son of **Fureedoon**—but **Iran**, the name of the country was derived from the name of the aborigines, who were styled **Arii**, from the word **Aria**, which in Sanscrit means respectable or reputable, whilst **Anaria** signifies disreputable or unworthy of respect. Accordingly **Shahpoor**, the **Sapores** of the Grecian authors, styled himself

**ΒασιλευσΒασιλεων Αριανων
Και Αναριανων**

King of the Kings of the Persians, or the civilised believers and of the **Scythians** or the uncivilised disbelievers, including all nations generally beyond the Persian boundaries, but more particularly the **Tartars** or **Scythians**, the **οι Πολλοι** of the earth. The words which are taken from the inscription on the tomb of **Sapores** ought literally to be rendered by "**King of Kings of Believers and Disbelievers**," the terms **Arii** and **Anarii** being equivalent to the **Greeks** and **Barbarians** of the Classics; to the **Jews** and **Gentiles** of the Scriptures; and to the

عرب و عجم of Oriental Literature throughout the East.

May it not therefore be probable that some accounts pertaining to the transactions of the **Medes** have been collaterally merged in the accounts of Persian events owing to the change of nominations? However **Firdousee**, says **Erskine**, makes no mention whatever of the **Median**

Dynasty, and in consequence "this silence," he adds, "regarding the most important events, joined to the transfer of the seat of government, seems to afford the strongest grounds for believing that Firdousee wrote from no regular histories." But notwithstanding this position by Erskine, we may observe, that Firdousee himself did acknowledge, early in the eleventh century, the information which he had derived from old Puhloowee records. And it may further be noted that the poet himself, whilst he cautions his readers against incredulity and apprises them, that whatever he recounts is taken from records that had been collected, he at the same time acknowledges, that he is indebted for some of his narrative to a *د هتقان* a bard and minstrel, as we stated above. Indeed it is well authenticated, that at Ghizneen, Sooltan Muhmood put into the hands of Firdousee some Puhloowee publications or writings, like the *تواربخ و سرور نامه پهلووي* the chronicles and books of ancient songs belonging to Puhloo, a track of land, which included several considerable cities in Iraq. It is equally certain, that the Emperor furnished Firdousee with a manuscript of the *Bastan Namuh* or *Siyur-ool-Mulook* and it is moreover clearly substantiated that Firdousee had possessed, at an anterior period, at Shahab his natal village in the district of Toos and province of Khorasan, a volume entitled the *تواربخ ملوک عجم* or Annals of the Potentates Royal of Persia. At all events it is now established that Tibree and Firdousee are the two first of Persian historians. Each of them commenced their lucubrations by enumerating the state affairs which occurred during the reign of Kyoomoors, who was, according to their testimonies, the first monarch of the first or Peshdadian race of Persian kings. For the history of Persia has been divided into three periods: the first beginning with the Peshdadian or dark and fabulous age, the second with the Kyanian or the heroic and poetic era, and the third with the Sasanian or historical age. Between Tibree and Firdousee, in their accounts of the Peshdadian dynasty, there subsisted innumerable instances of conformity, the chief difference worthy of notice having been the omission by Tibree of the name of Noudur in his catalogue of the sovereigns-paramount of that royal family, under a supposition that MEENOOCHUHUR, the father of Noudur, was succeeded by ZEV. And indeed Tibree has not only expunged from the regal list the name of Noudur, the Kuaxeres of the Classics, according to Herodotus, but he has furthermore omitted to include among the number Gershasp or Kishtasp, Zev's son, who was the classical Kuaxeres, according to Xenophon.

But before proceeding further, it will be proper to subjoin, in this place, a list of the ancient kings, who reigned in Persia from the foundation until the annihilation of the dynasty of the Peshdadians, or former Benefactors, or Law givers, the *Euergetæ*.

THE SHAH NAMES

کیو موورت	1 Kyoomoors,	B. C. 890
هو شنگ	2 Hooshung,	B. C. 865.
طهمورث	3 Tuhmourus,	B. C. 835.
جمشید	4 Jumsheed,	B. C. 800.
ضحاک	5 Zookhak,	B. C. 780.
فریدون	6 Fureedoon,	B. C. 750.
مینوچهر	7 Meenoochuhur,	B. C. 720.
نودر	8 Noudur,	B. C. 695.
افراسیاب	2 Afrasiab,	B. C. 667.
زبو	10 Zev,	B. C. 639.
گرشاسپ	11 Gurshasp,	B. C. 633.

Kyoomoors, says the Boohani Qatui, was the first person of the sons of Adam, on whom be peace, who was a king : he would range mountains and wear skins. He was likewise called Gyoomoort, that is to say, the born, although it has been asserted, that his name in Sanscrit, Cayamrit, signifies body of clay which seems also to be meant by his Persian title of Gilshah or king of clay ; but he was surnamed Gilshah because in his days there was nothing except earth and water to be used. Some affirm that Gyoomoort was Adam, on whom be peace, and that since he was created of dust he was thus called whilst others aver that he was so styled because he was the first person, who exercised sovereignty on the face of the earth. Mirkhoond informs us, quite positively that " Cayumrath was the son of Shem, son of Noah, may the blessing of God rest on both," but Firdousee, who professes to follow Puhloowee records in which the names of the Patriarchs do not occur, furnishes no pedigree : he merely says he was the first king, who ruled on earth. Parsee as well as Moohummudan authorities have coincided in declaring that Kyoomoors was the first of the Peshdadians, the dynasty with which Tibree, Firdousee, Meerkhoond and other Moosulmanee chroniclers commence their histories of Persia : but in reckoning him the first king, Firdousee and the rest have certainly mistaken the genuine traditions of the Parsees : For these, at the same time that they, from respect to his memory, consider Kyoomoors as the first of men, do not regard him as the first of the kings of Persia. It is related in the Dabistan, that a powerful monarchy had been established for ages in Iran before the accession of Kyoomoors, that it was called the Mahabadian dynasty, and that many princes, (of whom seven or eight only are mentioned in the Dabistan and among them Malibul or Malibeh) had raised their empire to the zenith of human glory. This powerful monarchy had been divided into four dynasties

the Abadian, Jyanian, Shyanian, and the Yasanian, Yasan, called the son of Shy Muhal, having founded the fourth. Yasan, like another Anius, was both prince and prophet, and after the descendants of Yasan had reigned nine millions nine hundred years, the last king of the Yasan family was Yasan Ajam,—and, Yasan Ajam was the father of Kyoomoors, called also Gyoomoort and surnamed Gilshah. The founder of each of the Mahabadian dynasties had a sacred book in the Desatir, as an apostle and evangelist to reform mankind, but on the death of Yasan Ajam, his son Kyoomoors was not to be found—he had retired into a wilderness to worship God and devote himself to prayer and austerities. And in consequence anarchy and misrule pervaded the world—his race had returned to a savage state—the use even of clothing was abandoned—all the blessings of social life frittered away and vanished—towns, temples and palaces were overthrown—murder and rapine stalked abroad—and man, formed in the image of his maker, retired into the forests, roved over the mountains, rambled among rocks, hid under caves, crept into caverns, dwelt in tents, ranged the deserts and the dales in common with the wild beasts of the field.

It came to pass, that when Kyoomoors, after having been long secluded in the wilderness for the purposes of private devotion, had been drawn from his retreat by divine command, he collected the scattered remnants of his own tribe and family, united them into one grand political association, and framed and administered laws. Hence he was distinguished by the appellation of the father of mankind. With the life of this personage, we repeat, Firdousee has commenced his Shah Namuh, and accordingly his translator, Atkinson, has thus begun :—“ According to the traditions of former ages recorded in the Bastan Namuh, the first person who established a code of laws and exercised the functions of a monarch in Persia was Kyoomoors. It is said he dwelt among the mountains, and that his garments were made of the skins of beasts.” Firdousee, we have observed, has not traced the origin of Kyoomoors to his birth, but as this especial point is a subject of considerable interest and importance, we must not hastily push forward to less obtrusive topics, leaving this point of consequence behind us without some particular notice and consideration.

Among the ancient Parsees it is maintained as an article of belief, that Ormuzd or God is the author of good, and that Ahirmun or Satan is the author or principle of evil,—that as Ormuzd is all light, purity, and excellence, and inhabits the primal light,—so is Ahirmun all darkness, impurity, and wickedness, and inhabits the primal opacity. Thus Ormuzd and Ahirmun, having existed from the beginning, appear to be coetaneous. The first production of Ormuzd was HONOUR or THE WORD by means of which he created all material things, the heavens, the earth, the ocean and all that they contain. He created also the Firohers, which are guardian angels and the unembodied souls of all intelligential beings, and Ahirmun or the evil spirit, dazzled by the refulgence of light or glory of these superior creatures, fled away to hell where he formed an opposite class of beings, the Devs and Darujes, of

male and female demons, the ministers of every ill, calamity and dismay. In a word Ahirmun, in oriental mythology, was the demon of discord, who ruled on a mountain where his subordinate spirits were supposed to assemble, that they might receive orders from their chief, and fly to the uttermost corners of the world, scattering horrors and misfortune wherever they shaped their course. According to the

تاريخ ابو جعفر or Annals of Aboo Jaufir these malignant creatures ruled over the world 7000 years, prior to the birth of man,

د امباک being the king of these ante-adamites. Towards the end of this period, or according to the Parsees themselves, towards the end of only six thousand years after the creation, Ormuzd proposed, that the Feroher, or unembodied prototype of man, which was still in the firmament, should descend upon earth to combat the infernal devils, and contribute to the eradication of sin and confusion, promising that he should finally restore the souls of men to their celestial abodes. Ahirmun and his devilish fiends attacked this Feroher, which had assumed the figure of a bull, wounded and killed the animal—but “from the right foreleg of this celestial bull, at the moment it expired, fell Kyoomoors, “the parent and king of the human race,” who was fashioned to live for ever and ever, but Ahirmun endeavoured to compass his destruction. With a view to restore and confirm order throughout the land Kyoomoors prepared the code of laws alluded to before, but owing to the race of beings living on the face of the earth having been in their habits and their tempers like monsters or beasts of prey Kyoomoors and his son were compelled to resort to incessant war. For ninety days and ninety nights did they contend with the Devs and Darujes, who were ultimately precipitated into the lower regions, but not until Khoozruwan, the son of Ahirmun, had slain Siamek, the son of Kyoomoors, in single duel. And Ahirmun having afterwards penetrated through the terrestrial globe, from the infernal realms, renewed his warfare with mankind, and ultimately by the injury which he inflicted caused the dissolution of Kyoomoors. About the year 865 B. C. expired king Kyoomoors after having from his gift of prophesy left one of the seven volumes in the Desatir ascribed to as many personages of his family. Of these, six belonged to the six first princes royal of the Peshdadian line of monarchs and the sixth to Siamek, Kyoomoors’ son and Hooshung’s father, who is described as having been translated to heaven during the life time of his sire, so that he never reigned. Next in succession to Kyoomoors, his grandson, Hooshung mounted the throne of Persia about the year 865 before the birth of Christ. “It is recorded,” says Firdousee, “that Hooshung was the first who brought out fire from stone and from that circumstance he founded the religion of the fire-worshippers, calling the flame, which was produced, the light of the divinity :

“ This is the light from heaven, sent down from God ;
“ If ye be wise adore and worship it.”

It is also related, that in the evening of the day on which the lumi-

nous flash appeared to him from the stone, he lighted an immense fire and having made a royal entertainment, he called it the Festival of Siddeh." We learn from the Dabistan, that the primeval and popular religion under Hooshung was purely Sabian, a word which has been derived by grammarians from Saba, a host, and particularly the host of heaven or the celestial bodies, in the adoration of which the Sabian ritual is believed to have consisted. The Dabistan in fact begins with a wonderfully curious chapter on the religion of Hooshung, and that religion, according to Sir Isaac Newton and Sir William Jones, was the oldest (and as it may be justly called the noblest) of all religions, inculcating a firm belief, that one supreme God made the world by his power and continually governed it by his providence; a pious fear, love, and adoration of him; a due reverence for parents and aged persons, a fraternal affection for the whole human species and a compassionate tenderness for the brute creation. With respect to this system the Dabistan alleges, that from the time of Mahabad down to Yasan Ajam, the father of Kyoomoors, there is nothing in the writings of the ignicolists repugnant to reason, and when an allegory occurs they explain it. There are also figurative expressions in the accounts of the Gilshahiyan sovereigns, of which they give expositions. For instance they declare that what is recorded of Siamek, the son of Hooshung, having been slain by the devs or demons has the following meaning: in the conflict, which he had with his passions, during his ignorance of the deity and want of knowledge of human nature, his elementary form was destroyed; and that in the language of this sect whenever the word dev is used it signifies, one who is a slave to his passions; and in some places they affirm that to kill and tame the devs means a victory over the corporal nature and expulsion of bad inclinations. It is universally admitted, that the accession of Kyoomoors to the throne of Persia in the eighth or ninth century before Christ seems to have been accompanied by a considerable revolution both in the government and in the religion of the country, which was previously occupied by devs, magicians supposed to have been brahmins, for whom deva is one of the most common appellations at this day. Sir William Jones imagined that Kyoomoors was most probably of a different race from the Mahabadians (although Kyoomoors was the son of Yasan Ajam the last of the Mahabadians,) who preceded him and began perhaps the new system of national faith, which Hooshung, whose name it bears, completed. But the reformation was partial: for while they rejected the complex polytheism of their predecessors they retained the laws of Mahabad, with a superstitious veneration for the sun, planets, and fire, thus resembling the Hindoo sects called *Savras* and *Sagnices*, the second of which are very numerous at Benares where many *agnihotras* are continually blazing. That the Devs were Brahmins appears by no means problematical, and we are much disposed to maintain that the religion of the Brahmins prevailed in Persia prior to the accession of Kyoomoors whose son, Hooshung, introduced a new national creed, teaching the worship of one God, without images. When compared with the superstitions of all other hea-

thens this faith might be styled philosophical, and the venerable Jones urges that with the religion of the old Persians their philosophy was intimately connected. But with respect to the *agnihotras* continually blazing at Benares and the never extinguished fire burning in the pyreums of the Parsees in ancient and modern times, it is observable that these ignicolists, in cherishing on their altars an imperishable flame, seem only to have obeyed the injunctions of an inspired legislator instructing the chosen people, the children of Israel:—the precept of Moses having been in Scripture thus: “*The fire upon the altar shall be blazing on it: it shall not be put out. The fire shall be ever burning upon the altar; it shall never go out.*” (Levit. ch. VI. v. 12-13.) We may therefore be justified in a firm belief that the first Persian altars blazed in honor of the true God alone, the original fire worshippers having been a people of the faithful, and haters of idolatry.

The period of Hoosbung's reign is said to have lasted forty years—although among the Persians, as among the Hebrews, forty was often used as a term of indefinite duration, like thousands among modern nations. He was succeeded by his son Tuhmourus who was entitled Devbund, the Binder of Demons or the Tamer of Giants, from his having civilised many barbarians, the leader of whom, Ghev, he slew in battle. “The other demons having been taken prisoners,” says Firdousee, “he ordered them to be destroyed but they petitioned for mercy, promising, if their lives were spared, they would teach him a wonderful art. Tuhmourus assented and they immediately brought their books and pens and ink and instructed him to read and write.

“They taught him letters and his eager mind
With learning was illumed.”

From the era of this Persian potentate, therefore, is to be dated the existence of Scripture, according to our historian. He built the cities of Babel or Babylon and Hamawur or Nineveh and assigned them and others with large territories annexed to the most illustrious of his ministers who are known to us by the name of Assyrian and Babylonian monarchs, though, most probably, they paid homage to the sovereign lords of Iran. Suidas calls Hoosbung Perseus and Tuhmourus he calls Merrhus. After Tuhmourus had reigned thirty years he died, and he was succeeded by his son, or as some state his nephew, Jumsheed or as he was also called Jum and Ajumsheed, the splendid Ajum of Ajum

or the Persian Empire. “Jumsheed,” says Firdousee, “was eminently distinguished for learning and wisdom” and in magnificence and glory he far exceeded his predecessors. He built Persepolis and a bridge over the Tigris and introduced the use of the solar year, ordering the first day of the year, called Nouroz or new year's day, when the sun enters the Ram, to be solemnised by a grand festival. “After the lapse of seven hundred years, however,” says Firdousee, “inordinate ambition inflamed the heart of Jumsheed!” but in reviewing the accounts of this dark and fabulous period, we may observe that in the reign of Jumsheed the reign of a dynasty, the fourth of the Peshda-

dian dynasties, is included by Persian chroniclers. That they are aware of the absurdity of supposing one king reigned seven hundred or a thousand years is evident, as they generally conclude such a reign with this or a similar observation: "The ancient Persians say that Jumsheed reigned seven hundred years, but **الله اعلم** God only knows;"

and we are authorized by Buhram, a priest of the fire temple at Shah-poor, to reduce the duration of Jumsheed's reign from 700 to 116 years. Jumsheed was driven from his throne by Zoolhak, or as he was also called Buirasp, a native of Arabia, the son of Mirtas Tazee, King of the Arabs. Who Zoolhak was is not agreed among Moosulmanee historians. Erskine says in his remarks on the chronology of Persian history:—"That he (Zoolhak) was not a native of Persia and that he also possessed a capital, not situated in Persia, named Gung dezhhukht, seem to be the only circumstances relative to his identification which have been preserved. The opinion, therefore, respecting the situation of his capital are various: some place it at Jerusalem, and others at Babel, the city of Nimrod. Moohummudan writers are not acquainted with Nineveh and they therefore consider the city of Nimrod to have been Babylon; but as they have scarcely any knowledge of geography it is not improbable that the capital of Zoolhak was Nineveh and not Babylon." If Erskine be right that Zoolhak possessed a capital not in Persia, named "Gung dezhhukht" (which in justice to that ingenious scholar it is only fair to regard as an error

of the press for Gung bihisht **گنگ بیهشت**) then we should maintain that he came from Scythia, Gung bihisht having been of yore the metropolis of Tooran—but the learned writer is more correct in stating it not to be improbable that the capital of Zoolhak was Nineveh, although he is mistaken in asserting that the Moohummudan writers are not acquainted with Nineveh. Every oriental reader of any research well knows that under the form of a blood-thirsty tyrant, Zoolhak or the Dragon, the Assyrian domination is typified in Persian traditions, and that Firdousee distinctly writes of Humawuran or Assyria and of its capital Humawur or Nineveh. Furthermore, according to the Persians, the reign of Zoolhak or the progenitor of the *gens draconia*, as Moses of Chronene styles his descendants, lasted 1000 years. His residence was not in Persia, but AT NUVEHET, itself an immense city on the banks of the Tigris—in short AT NINEVEH.

We have now arrived at one of the most eventful eras recorded in Persian story which agrees in substance with the history of other nations for the same period. From Herodotus we learn that Sardanapalus was the last king of Assyria and that Arbaces or Arbactus, governor of Media, disdaining to obey a sovereign-paramount so dissipated, formed a conspiracy to effect his dethronement. For this purpose he led a great army of Median youth towards Niveneh on the banks of the Tigris [Herodotus says, improperly, on the Euphrates] and defeated Sardanapalus. Thus the empire of Asia was transferred

from the Assyrians to the Medes. By a similar insurrection Fureedoon was placed upon the throne, on the discomfiture of Zookak or the Assyrian usurper who made Persia to groan for a long time under his cruel and tyrannical government. At length Gawuh, a blacksmith, irritated by the fate of two of his sons who had been doomed to death by order of Zookak, succeeded in producing a revolt, in the course of which he induces the populace to elect as king, a prince of the house of Tuhmourus, named Fureedoon, the Arbaces of Herodotus and the Pharnaces of Valerius Paterculus. Immediately after Fureedoon assembles a host of troops, appoints Gawuh to be his general in chief, and marches against Zookak, whom he defeats, pursues to his palace, and there kills: on his deliverer Gawuh he conferred in appanage the province of Iraq or Parthia, as a principality for life. Soon afterwards Fureedoon divided the empire between his three sons Soolm, Toor and Eeruj: but the elder brothers having mercilessly slain the younger. Eeruj, his son Meenoochuhur created a rebellion and repulsed both Soolm (supposed to be the Salmenes mentioned in scripture) and his confederate Toor. During the rule of Meenoochuhur, his prime minister and commander in chief was the son of Sam Nureeman named Zal or Zalzur, who in this reign became the father of the celebrated hero, Roostum. Noudur, the son of Meenoochuhur, succeeded to the diadem, though not to the glory of his father, but during his administration, owing to the prevalence of factions, Afrasiyah, King of Tooran, a lineal descendant of Toor, the son of Fureedoon, invaded Iran and put Noudur to death with his own hand. The Persian writers satisfactorily account for the anarchy occasioned by this Scythian invasion which, during the space of twelve years, spread terror and confusion throughout the empire of Iran. The Scythians were compelled by Zal to evacuate the country, but in B. C. 667 they re-entered Persia, and although Zev in B. C. 639 and his son Gurshasp or Kishtasp in B. C. 633 continued to bear the name of Kings of Persia, they were still nevertheless merely nominal sovereign-lords and far more helpless than their subjects, until in their persons the line of Peshdadian monarchs ceased to exist, Gurshasp having been the last prince of the Peshdadians. During the reigns of these potentates-paramount in Persia, Homer is said to have written his poems, and Carthage, Rome, and the Pyramids of Egypt are said to have been built, but from the time of Gurshasp until the elevation of Ky Qoobad (the Dejoces of the Greeks) who founded the dynasty of Kyanians or Kyanides, only misrule and alarm prevailed within the Persian realm owing to Afrasiyah who having subdued all Media considered himself master of the empire, notwithstanding the opposition enforced by Zal, according to Sir William Jones, the bravest hero of the age.

The second dynasty of Persia is that of the Cyanian or the Kyanides, Princes who had prefixed to the name the title of Ky which signifies Great King, being equivalent to the *Μεγαλος Βασιλευς* of Greece and the Maharaja of Hindoostan. It commences with Ky Qoobad, Ky Kaoos, Ky Khoosroo, &c. whom the Greeks called Cyaxares, Da-

rius the Mede, and Cyrus, and after a succession of five intermediate princes, the Cyanian dynasty ended in Dara or Darius, the word Dara, like Ky, meaning a sovereign, and hence Daricks, or pieces of money, correspond in sense exactly with our own sovereigns. It terminated with the Macedonian conquest and death of Darius in 330 before Christ, and embraced the whole of the period during which the history of Persia is preserved by the historians of Greece. The sum total of the reigns of the XX. kings who ruled in Persia during the Peshdadian and Kyanian dynasties, according to the received opinions, amounts to 3161 years and carries the duration of the Persian monarchy 1100 years beyond the deluge, according to common computation. Tibree is, we believe, the only Moslem writer who assigned a particular date for the deluge. Subsequent historians, although they suppose Kyoomoort to be the same as Adam, attempt not to interrupt the series of kings by interposing an universal deluge, and Tibree himself can only unite the four first kings with Fureedoon by supposing that a son of Jumsheed was one of the persons who were saved in the ark with Noah.

This tenet therefore of the ancient Persians must be considered a sufficient reason for placing the foundation of the Persian monarchy at a period considerably later than the Flood. We have now, by attending to the Dabistan and other Persian writings, traced the history of Persia to the remotest periods upon record; and having brought down the history to the time of sovereigns whose names are familiar to us from childhood, through the medium of the classics, we shall leave off our historical analysis of the Shah Namuh and proceed to consider its merits as a literary work.

The Shah Namuh has been pronounced by one illustrious orientalist to be a glorious monument of Eastern genius and learning, and by another distinguished scholar, a similar commendation has been bestowed upon it. In these opinions we entirely concur, and since we fully and freely coincide in the following laudatory sentiments delivered by a very zealous and judicious admirer of Firdousee, we adopt them and republish them with pleasure as our own expressions: "Amongst the extravagancies of Firdousee which injure his character as an historian, the antedeluvian ages of his kings and heroes has often been noticed by former writers: but whatever little historical credit may be due to the Shah Namuh, it is not the less valuable as a record of the religion, laws, manners, and customs of the ancient Persians, of which it is doubtless a faithful picture. Of its poetic merits if we would form a just estimation we should attend to the following words of a distinguished poet of the last century:

You then whose judgment the right course would steer
 Know well each ancient's proper character,
 His fable, subject, scope in every page;
 Religion, country, genius of the age
 Without all those at once before your eyes
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.

We must therefore divest our minds of all recollections and associa-

tions derived from the laws of criticism, founded on the classical models of composition of Greece and Rome, and generally applicable to all works since written in Europe. Eastern writers should not be judged by laws they never knew, at least further than may be founded on those general principles of human nature equally applicable to mankind in all countries. But if just and noble sentiments, expressed with great fervor of imagination, in language highly poetical and in numbers exquisitely harmonious;—if to elevate the mind, touch the heart and chain the attention; to bring before us the scene which is described; to mingle us with the combatants in battle and with the sages in council;—if these be characteristics of true poetry, then will the Shah Namuh, with all its faults, and though it should violate every established rule of criticism, rank high among the productions of genius destined to reach the latest posterity. To select a few passages and translate them for the English reader—[having some intention of publishing an abstract of the work in English I more willingly abstain from quoting passages here]—would give no better idea of the work than that man who produced a brick as a specimen of his house. To do more would swell this preface to a volume and the work is, I fear, already too large and expensive; but I cannot fail calling the attention of the oriental scholar generally to the descriptions of battle; the moral reflections on the vicissitudes of life, the instability of worldly greatness and honours; and the exhortations to virtue and piety with which this poem abounds; and which has not been surpassed by any writer, ancient or modern. The review of the Persian army by Ky Khoosroo; the expedition of Toos against Afrasiyab and the death of Furood, Ky Khoosroo's brother; the speeches of Beezun and Hooman, their combat and the death of the latter; the tale of Siaoosh, father of Ky Khoosroo and above all the story of Buhram Choubeen are parts of his work which shew so much fertility of imagination and felicity of execution that the reader cannot rise from the perusal of them without the conviction that the author, in any age or country, must have been considered a man of lofty genius. There is perhaps no part of the SHAH NAMUH which would bear an English dress so well as the story of Buhram Choubeen. It is full of action and incident and if happily translated and dramatized could not fail to be generally interesting and popular." The reader will, however be surprised and perhaps displeas'd to know that although TURNER MACAN considered the story of Buhram Choubeen to be perhaps the part of the Shah Namuh best adapted to bear an English dress, Atkinson has omitted the tale entirely and has contented himself by concluding his labours with the life of Sikundur or Alexander the Great, to the exclusion of the whole history of the Sassanian family, which comprises the close of Firdousee's heroic poem. For in the opinion of Atkinson it appears, "The remainder of the SHAH NAMUH contains nothing striking either in a poetical or historical point of view, and indeed presents little more than an enumeration of the kings, who reigned in Persia from the time of Sikundur to that of Yesdjurd, embracing among others the names of Ardesheer, Shahpoor, Buhram Gor, Nooshirvan and Khoos-

"roo Purweez." But if we find fault with Atkinson for omitting all notice of the story of Buhram Choubeen, we cannot hold, Turner Macan absolutely inexcusable for his withholding, among his recommended selections, any mention of the tale of SOOHRAB which Sir William Jones said "forms one of the most affecting and poetical incidents in "Shah Namuh:" which Sir John Malcolm called "the extraordinary and effecting tale of the combat between Roostum and his unknown son, Soohrab:"—which Sir William Ouseley pronounced to be a tale, "relating an amorous adventure of a very singular and romantic nature" as well as being "an affecting episode," and adds that "the story of Roostum's wonderful adventures, of his wonderful exploits in war, of his romantic loves with the beautiful Princess Tuhimeenuh, and of his son Soohrab's lamentable fate yields as much delight to the Asiatics of this day, as to those who, twelve hundred years ago, preferred it to the fables invented and related by Moohummud himself." And Edward Scott Waring assures us in his travels to Sheeraz, when alluding to Firdousee, that the Persian, "enact the different descriptions of the poet with great spirit, particularly the account of the battle between Roostum, the hero of the poem, and Soohrab." And yet notwithstanding such testimonials in behalf of "this favourite episode," as Atkinson justly and proudly has styled it. TURNER MACAN has forgotten to attract one iota of attention or of sympathy to the melancholy fate of the noble warrior youth Soohrab. Atkinson indeed has considered the episode of sufficient import and interest to demand from himself a third and revised edition; but we are concerned to notice that in this edition he persists in a serious misrepresentation of his original, which he reprehended, on the part of Shumsher Khan in the Mooutukhib or compendium, when he composed his own first edition, but which strange to add he imitated himself in the second as, in the third, he has now reiterated without any sort of palliation.

Roostum, زابل or Satrap of Zabool, having been entertained at the palace of the King of Sumungan had an intrigue with Tuhimeenuh his daughter in the same manner that Ægeus, prince of Athens, having been entertained by Pitteus, king of Træzene, had an intrigue with Æthra his daughter. The former princess gave birth to Soohrab, the latter to Theseus, and if the reader will compare the histories of these two youths as related by Firdousee and Plutarch respectively, he will be astonished at finding, as we were on discovering, so many assimilating coincidences. As is usual even at the present day in Persia, Roostum, on hearing by a messenger of the birth of a son, returned, by the envoy, a letter to Tuhimeenuh with three bags of gold and three rubies, for Soohrab—so Tuhimeenuh had named the boy although Atkinson most unaccountably here again errs in stating in his abstract that "the king of Sumungan named him Soohrab," whereas in the east it was, and is even until this time, usual for the mothers to give names to the children as is often related in scripture also. When a son is delivered in Persia, a person intimates to the father, that "you have a male child born," and the pe-

rent must straight make a present for the good news, a circumstance, which may tend to illustrate the passage in Jeremiah xxv. 15 : Cursed be the man, who brought the tidings to my father, saying, *a man child is born unto thee, making him very glad.* When Sohrab grew up, he marched in command of an army of Zariaspars, Scythians, and Chinese from his native city, Sumungan, and invaded the Persian territory. The king of Persia deputed to Roostum, his own son-in-law Gev, with a despatch announcing the in-road into their empire by the northern nations, and describing their leader, who was compared in figure, form and vigour of mind and body to their ancestors Sam and Nureeman. In the first edition of his Sohrab, Atkinson thus renders the original text of Firdousee, showing the surprise of Roostum on receipt of the express from Gev :

' Struck with amazement, " who! and now on earth
 " A warrior-knight of Saum's exelling worth!
 " From Scythia too! There once affection smiled
 " And there Tuhminatrain's my darling child
 " But tender youth forbids him yet to share
 " The horrid toils of sanguinary war;
 " Yet when mature, in manhood's joyous prime,
 " His deeds will live through all succeeding time.'

And Atkinson in an annotation on this passage makes this memorable comment; It ought to be ' remarked that in the abridged Shah Namuh by Shumsheer Khan, there is that important deviation from the original in this part of the story. In that work, Tumeena in acknowledging the receipt of the jewels, which Roostum had sent to her, fearful of being deprived of her child, denies the birth of a son. This sets his heart entirely at rest, as daughters are never looked upon with much regard in the East, and have been frequently destroyed amongst several tribes and nations, as the rajapoots, hindoos and the ancient Arabians. Perhaps this alteration without authority, was made with the idea of giving greater probability to the texture of the story. But here Roostum recalls to his mind, and dwells upon, the promising qualities of his son in a very natural train of reflexion and tenderness. This suspicion are evidently excited, but his own reasoning shews to him the impossibility of the invader of Iran being his own son.

فرستاد مش زرو گوهر بسی بر ما درا و بدست کسی
 چنین پاسخ آورد کان ارجمند بسی بر نپاید کم گود د بلند
 هنوز ان نیاز دل و جان من نه مرد مضایقست و اشک و شکن

' I sent to his mother for him gold and jewels ; she informed me of his rapid growth and improvement. But the beloved of my soul is not yet equal to the fatigues of battle.' *Atkin. Sohrab. 1st. Ed.* In these terms and in this manner did Atkinson think proper to advert on the ' alteration without authority,' made by Shumsheer Khan—but although we admit the truth of the adage nil admirandum, yet it was scarcely to be supposed, much less to be believed, that in his second edition of the same lay, Atkinson himself should attune his

lyre to the following strain when re-echoing the notes of the Persian bard and minstrel :

من از دخت شاه سمان بکي پسر دارم وهست او کودكي

Literally translated the lines we cite, mean : " I, by a daughter of the king of Sumungan, one son possess, but he is a boy, a lad, an adult," yet most strangely have the words been paraphrased thus by Atkinson :

' He cannot be my son, unknown to me ;
' Reason forbids the thought, it cannot be !
' At Sumungan where once affection smiled
' To me Tahmena bore her only child
' That was a daughter !"—*Atkin. Soohrab, 2d Ed.*

Determined, however, in justice to Firdousee, to correct this very important misrepresentation, we must give the author the privilege of exhibiting at this part of the episode as depicted on this, his new and revised version of Firdousee :

*
Struck with amazement, Roostum—" Now on earth
" A warrior knight of Sam's excelling worth ?
" Whence comes this hero of the prosperous star ?
" I know no Toork renowned, like him, in war ;
" He bears the post of Roostum, too, 'tis said,
" Like Sam, like Nureeman a warrior bred !
" He cannot be my son unknown to me ;
" Reason forbids the thought—it cannot be !
" At Sumungan, where once affection smiled,
" To Tuhmeenuh bore her only child
" That was a daughter ?"—*Atkin. Soorab, 3d Ed.*

It will be seen that in this, the third edition, he has repeated the five last lines of the passage precisely as quoted from the second edition of his *Soohrab*, notwithstanding the objection urged by himself as a scholiast on publishing his first edition of the poem in regard to the " alteration, without authority," by Shumsheer Khan. But having detected an error so extremely important in the present *revised* version of *Soohrab*, in verse, we must turn to Atkinson's abridgment of the entire *Shah Namah* in verse and prose, and see how he has there disposed of the paragraph descriptive of the effects produced by Gev's packet and verbal intelligence respecting the Scythian invader of Iran. " When the letter was received," says the translator, " Rustum enquired anxiously about the particular form and character of Sohrab, whom Gev described as being like Sam and Nariman. This made him ponder and he thought it might be his own son, but he recollected Tamineh had written from Samengan, that her child was a daughter !" The mark of admiration is not ours, and the Oriental Scholar who may feel disposed to differ from us may turn to the page containing an account of Tuhmeenuh having " written from Sumungan that her child was a daughter," but not one word on the subject is any where to be found in Atkinson's interpretation of the *SHAH NAMAH*—need we add that not one syllable even on such a topic is to be found

in any part of THE BOOK OF KINGS by Firdousee! We must, therefore, explain.

In our introductory remarks we observed, that "in the Persian language there have been written several abridgments of the Shah Namah, of which the principal, in verse and prose, is the *Moontukhib* or Epitome composed by Shumsheer Khan, in 1063, under the patronage of Dara Sheikoh, heir apparent of Shah Jihan, the Mogul Emperor of Dehli. To Shumsheer Khan's compendium, we apprehend, Atkinson has not unfrequently referred." Dara Sheikoh, the eldest son of Shah Jihan, was first universally suspected and afterwards publicly accused of a design, either to explode or at least very materially to alter the Moohummudan system of faith. Indeed the nature of the speculations in which he indulged may be easily collected from the preface written by Dara Sheikoh and prefixed to the translation of the Upanishat by M. Anquetil du Perron—they at least prove that tenets the most repugnant to those in the Qooran found in him a complacent disciple and they supply an instructive specimen of the studies fashionable at the learned court of Dara Sheikoh. If the prince could be so clearly suspected of a design to alter the religion of Moohummud it is not wonderful that we should be suspicious of a design on the part of Shumsheer Khan, the protege of Dara Sheikoh, to alter the history of Firdousee, and accordingly we come forward and without fear of contradiction we place upon record our suspicion as well as our accusation at the same time: and our umpire shall be—no other than Atkinson himself: for he has already pronounced a sentence of conviction against Shumsheer Khan by proclaiming the epitomist to be guilty of committing an "alteration, without authority," in representing Tuhimeenuh to have deceived Roostum by informing him of the birth, not of a son, the noble Soohrab, but of a daughter! "In Persia" says Morier (*Travels of Persia* p. 103) "there are no rejoicings at the birth of a daughter" but as stated in scripture, on the birth of a son, it is told to the father, "saying, a man child is born into thee, making him very glad." Consequently, in accordance with the usage of his nation Roostum rejoiced on the delivery of his son, wrote a letter of congratulation to his consort, the mother, and forwarded three bags of gold and certain Jewellery specified for their infant boy. We may appear, perhaps, by attaching too much importance to the misrepresentation of simple Khan in making Firdousee, through his perverting medium, correct, so widely from the part of the episode which the Persian duty than so much pains to polish and perfect during his literary labours for thirty years. The fact is, however, that Shumsheer Khan by means of his production, composed when prosecuting the studies fashionable at the learned court of his patron Dara Sheikoh, has even misled the father of our Anglo-Persian literature, Sir William Jones, who, from an abstract at the end of Lord Teignmouth's life of him, had intended the episode of Soohrab for the subject of a tragedy. It does not appear, however, whether this abstract be the composition of Sir William himself or of his noble biographer: for though there

stated as being a story, in the original, it is in fact taken from Shumsheer Khan's prose and verse epitome of the SHAH NAMAH and differs from Firdousee in *that most essential point of making Tuhimeenuh to impose upon Roostam by informing him, that she had been delivered not of a son, but of a daughter.* Why the author of the *منتخب شاهنامه* Moontukhibi Shah Namuh chose to differ from his original is another point—if his patron Dara Sheikoh designed to alter the Moohummudan religion by countenancing tenets the most repugnant to the precepts of the Qooran, surely it would be *'too bad'* in his protegee to attempt to foist upon the republic of eastern letters an *alteration, without authority*, with a view to misrepresent the text of Firdousee. We are proud, however, to acknowledge ourselves to be conservatives in the cabinet of oriental literature, and since Atkinson has adopted for his exquisitely chaste and exceedingly eloquent vignette on his title page, the motto of EX ORIENTALI LUX, we are sure that he will, on reflection, applaud our endeavour to dispel any the least shade of darkness in which Shumsheer Khan or any other lord of the sword or pen or pencil would essay to envelope the hoary and revered Firdousee's fame or frame. Indeed Shumsheer Khan has not only misled Sir William Jones, but he has also misled other eminent oriental scholars as Sir John Malcolm, Lord Teignmouth, Edward Scott Waring, &c. &c. and we are extremely concerned, therefore, to be under the necessity of reprobating Atkinson for propagating, instead of discouraging, the delusion which has been already so long prevalent on this most essential point.

To proceed. We have dwelt so long on the subject of Roostam; Tuhimeenuh, and Soohrab, whose history yields as much delight to the Asiatics of this day as to those who, twelve hundred years ago, preferred it to the fables invented and related by Moohummud himself, that we shall give Atkinson's translation of Firdousee's description of Roodabuh, the mother of Roostam, and of Tuhimeenuh the mother of Soohrab, as they were the bard's principal beauties. These will form fair specimens of his style and execution in the poetical department of his present work, and to these extracts shall be subjoined the following passages from the versions produced by Champion

To end this, the two only writers who have published in India, we add, besides the present translator, any portion of Firdousee in English. We shall afterwards proceed to place in juxtaposition a few literary coincidences between Firdousee and various writers of note in the occidental hemisphere.

We must premise, however, that although in the Shah Namah the characters may not be so various as in the works either of Homer or of Virgil, still they are always of a consistency and in good keeping, and Firdousee is probably the only Persian author, who is wholly exempt from the charge of being a copyist of others in his characters or of becoming a mannerist himself—he has as many distinct warriors

for example, as Homer and Virgil put together possess, yet his Zal and Roostum, his Soohrab and Isfundiya have their appropriate characteristics and epithets and are distinguished from the generals of all other poets as well as from one another. Roostum is represented as a prodigy of valour, strength, and sagacity: Toos as a calculating and prudent military commander; Goodurz as a venerably old and experienced leader, another Nestor among the Persians as Peera is described to have been among the Scythians, in peace and in war. Five of the first kings of Persia of the family of Kyanides are said to have been wise and virtuous—(although Sir William Jones considered that *three* of them were so represented)—we mean Ky Qoobad and Kykhoosroo— but surely Firdousee did not intend to include among the sages and wise men of the east, king Ky Kaoos whom he so often declared to be *تهی مغز* brainless, foolish, and insane: Yet Sir William Jones may have been misled by Æschylus who speaking of Ky Kaoos in his Tragedy of the Persians has informed us that he was wise:

Φρενασ γαρ αυτε θυμον οιακοστροφεν.

For sagacity directed his mind.

And on the other hand Firdousee describes Afrasiyab as well as Zoohak as hardened, and atrociously cruel, criminal usurper and tyrant. There are likewise equally distinct differences between the female characters represented, for no critic would think of confounding Tuhimeenuh with Roodabuh, or with a Goordafreed, or with Soodabuh. Goordafreed was distinguished for her bravery and her affection for Hujeer, like another Camilla. Soodabuh was noted for her dissolute manners, and her impure passion for Siyavoosh, who, like another Joseph, was accused by this prototype of Potiphar's wife of unholy desires and undue liberties. Tuhimeenuh is remarkable for her modesty, her maternal love for her son, and her resignation. With respect to the abrupt manner in which she discloses her admiration of Roostum, the secret amorous sensation which she cherished, and the prayers she uttered for his appearance at the king, her father's, court, all this may be, in some measure, accounted for by the seclusion of women in the eastern countries from the conversation of men. Indeed the acknowledgment of her tenderly erotic partiality was delivered in terms so simple and modest, her conduct was so guarded and her demeanour so correct, that Roostum was less affected by the splendour of her beauty than filled with respect for her candour, her innocence, and her virtue. The character of this princess is admirably drawn and Firdousee has preserved the propriety of keeping to the end of his gorgeous description of her personal charms and mental accomplishments. He comes down to the canvas in the one case, in the other he enters into the whole soul of man, when delineating that fair, but unhappy, Lady-queen. With regard to Roodabuh she is also exquisitely, but separately, distinguished for beauty, grace, and peculiarity of character:—Tuhimeenuh drawing aside her veil at her first visit, scarcely sufficient to show to Roostum the prominent features of her face, Roodabuh at her first interview with

Zal exposing her countenance, neck, and bosom for the minute display and detail of her charms. At the same time we ought to remark that the meeting of Zal and Roodabuh may, in some degree, be compared to the delicacy and tenderness of the exquisite scene between Romeo and Juliet, but without further remarks, we must hasten to present to our readers the picture of Roodabuh, who, in the original, has been drawn with admirable skill by the immortal bard.

ROODABUH, TRANSLATED BY ATKINSON.

“ Her name Roodabuh : skreened from public view,
Her countenance is brilliant as the sun ;
From head to foot her lovely form is fair
As polished ivory. Like the spring, her cheek
Presents a radiant bloom ; in stature tall,
And o'er her silvery brightness, richly flows
Dark musky ringlets clustering to her feet.
She blushes like the rich pomegranate flower ;
Her eyes are soft and sweet as the narcissus,
Her lashes from the raven's jetty plume
Have stolen their blackness, and her brows are bent
Like archer's bow. Ask ye to see the moon ?
Look at her face : seek ye for musky fragrance ?
She is all sweetness. Her long fingers seem
Pencils of silver, and so beautiful
Her presence, that she breathes of heaven and love.”

ROODABUH, TRANSLATED BY CHAMPION.

“ This Mihrab has a daughter, brighter far
And far more radiant than the orient star,
Tall as the sabbin tree, divinely fair,
Spotless as ivory her beauties are.
Her jetty locks in graceful ringlets play,
Charm every sense and steal the soul away ;
Her jetty locks her blooming beauties shade,
Pierce through the heart, to instant love betrayed ;
Even and white her well-formed teeth appear,
Not the white rose more delicately clear :
Her oval breast no fancy e'er could paint,
Weak were all language, all description faint :
Nor the Narcissus, which the florists prize,
Equals the beaming lustre of her eyes :
The lashes of the eye in graceful fall,
Still add new radiance as they shade the ball,
Black are the eyelids curved with wondrous skill,
Seize the whole soul, and every passion fill ;
'Tis all elysium ! how by fortune blest
Will be that chief that captivates her breast.”

To enable the English reader to contrast the merits of either translator, we give the first few and the last lines in prose as rendered from the original text : “ In his (Mihrab's) female or skreened apartments, there is (a princess) his daughter, who is more radiant in her charms than the sun ; from the crown of her head to the waist she is smooth and fair as ivory, her cheek heavenly and her form is stately as the sabbin tree :—if ye covet the moon, her face displays the silver orb of that serene planet, or if ye desire perfume she is wholly a compound of the sweetest fragrance :—in short she is from head to foot a perfect paradise and replete with grace, majesty, and loveliness !”

Heaven in her centres and in her abound
Peace, joy and bliss such as in heaven are found

Or as Milton hath it:—

Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love!

TUHIMEENUH, TRANSLATED BY ROBERTSON.

“Lo! as he slumbered on his bed of state
Roosrum, the champion, dreamt, with wine elate,
That TUHIMEENUH came, in beauty's pride,
And stood with graceful person at his side.
He dreamt that she, the sceptred sovereign's child,
Fair as the sun and like him undefiled,
Came with a slave as beautiful as night,
Whose hands sustained an amber-scented light,
Whose feet her steps, with mein superior, led
Close to the pillow of his sopha-stead.
He dreamt that from her screen advanced, with grace,
A female like the moon, that seemed in face,
In brightness like the sun; who breathed perfume
Replete with fragrance and with sweetest bloom;
Who boasted of a figure full of state,
Tall as a cypress and in stature straight;
Who had two eyebrows curving like one bow;
Who had two curls as snares for friend and foe,
For, bought in realms of paradise, these locks
Were like two twigs of amber perfumed box;
Of black chain armoury, thou wouldst have said,
Knot bound on knot, and braid entwined in braid.
Who had two cheeks and temples like two roses,
Commingling with a bed of lily-poses—
Who had two rows of necklace thou mightst fancy
A casket full of occult necromancy;
For, in the double strings, the holes were wrought
As punctured by the diamond cut of thought—
Who had ten fingers, each a silvery pen,
An hundred fragrant lines traced o'er the ten!
Who from her lips dropped honey, from her tongue
Shed sugary sweets, and round her mouth had strung
Rows of transcendent pearls in rubies set
Formed in proportion and in order met!
Who wore the tip and circle of each ear
Refulgent as the sun, as bright and clear,
And had appended from them many a gem
In clusters sparkling 'neath her diadem!
But midst this blaze of beauty and of stones
Nocturnal jewel-stars forsook their zones,
Excepting Venus who alone that night
Stayed as a friend administering her light
To her whose soul was intellect, whose frame
Embodied spirit chaste as seraph's claim,
And whose untainted nature from her worth
Thou wouldst have deemed too pure to hold of earth.”

TUHIMEENUH, TRANSLATED BY ATKINSON.

“When forth Tahmineh came, a damsel held
An amber taper, which the gloom dispelled,
And near his pillow stood; in beauty bright!
The monarch's daughter struck his wandering sight.
Clear as the moon, in glowing charms arrayed,
Her winning eyes the light of heaven displayed,
Her cypress form entranced the gazer's view,
Her waning curls the heart, resistless, drew,
Her eyebrows like the archer's bended bow;
Her ringlets, snags; her cheek, the rose's glow,
Mixed with the lily,—from her nat. tips hung
Rings rich and glittering, star-like; and her tongue

And lips, all sugared sweetness—pearls the while
 Sparkled within a mouth formed to beguile.
 Her presence dimmed the stars, and breathing round
 Fragrance and joy, she scarcely touched the ground
 So light her step, so graceful every part
 Perfect, and suited to her spotless heart.”

We did intend to have given two quotations, in prose, from Ross and Waring with corresponding citations from Atkinson's prose department : but as Turner Macan appositely concluded, to select a few passages would give no better idea of the SHAH NAMEH of Firdousee, than the production of a brick as a specimen of a house, and we shall therefore prefer giving a few passages involving literary coincidences which are remarkable.

Pope perceived the oriental character of the Homeric poems, and he attempted, by the introduction of Hebraisms, to transpose it into our own language. His failures and successes it is not necessary to enumerate—it is sufficient that he was conscious of his own inability, and accordingly he expressed his regret at not having visited the east before he began the Iliad and Odyssey. If he had sojourned in Asia, he would have spared the world many an unprofitable essay on many of the epithets and allusions employed by Homer. For instance, many a dull page has been written upon the epithet applied by Homer to the eyes of Juno *βωπις ποτνια Ηρη*, ox-eyed Juno, but this epi-

thet included no greater difficulties, that the *آهو چشم*, the eyes of the fawn or gazelle of Hafiz, and indeed in describing Goordafreed Firdousee says, like Homer :

دو چشمش گوزن و د و آبرو کمان

“ Her eyes were like the mountain-bull's to view
 “ And her two eyebrows like one curving yew.”

The eyes of the mountain-bull are particularly full, large, and dark as well as moist, and the Persians believe that the water of this bull's eye is an antidote against every kind of poison. And with respect to the two eyebrows forming only one arch of a bow, this is precisely Anacreon's own image of a beauty :

Το μεσοφρυον δε μη μοι
 Διακοπτε &c. •

“ Let the sable eye-brows bend
 “ And in one bow-like arch extend,” &c.

But to prevent tediousness and ennui, we shall put a few striking analogies between Firdousee and Homer as well as other bards in columns of juxtaposition.

FIRDOUSEE.

1 Calls wine,

غم کسا رند و کسا رند و باد

- 2 Has گل رخ rosy-cheeked.
- 3 Says of Sohrab :
به تند در دو بدی پی باد پای
"He ran in race with coursers fleet as gales,"—
- 4 Says,
همی با سمان بر کشیدند غوغا
The demons' shoutings to the skies ascend.—
- 5 Says of Jumsheed : هم شهر باری و هم موبدی
Both prince and pontiff,—
- 6 Says of death : رفتن از میان
- 7 Says of Kyoomoors :
دودام هر جا نور کش بدید
ز گیتی نبردیک او آرمید
- 8 Rukhsh, the horse of Roostum could speak !
- 9 Roostum was compared to a mountain.
- 10 Frequently says :
چو بیدار شد موبدانرا بخواند
وزین در سخن چند گوید را ند
He called the pontiff-chiefs, when he awoke,
And, thus, on various themes, impressive spoke.
- 11 Sam Nuriman was doubtful whether Zal was his son or the child of some spirit.
- 12 Persia presents us with Zal and the Seemoorgh.
- 13 Sam Nuriman killed a Hydra that devastated his country.
- 14 Compare Roostum with,
- 15 Compare Sohrab with,
- 16 Compare Goordafreed with,
- 17 Compare Sohrab and Goordafreed with,
- 18 Has his دوازده رخ twelve towers or twelve champions of Persia and of Sakhia who fought under the command of Goodurz and of Peeran for the purpose of determining by right of battle their respective national boundaries.
- 19 Has his "festival of Siddeh," or festival of fire instituted by Hoshung.
- 20 Has oracular trees درخت سخن گوی which were called
درخت فاضل or excellent trees.

21 Tuhimeenuh is thus described as in anticipation of her son's return :

" With eyes fixed on the road I said in thought,
Of Roostum and Soohrab news will be brought—
This was a fancy, and I added, Now
Thou wander'st round the world with anxious brow,
Now seek'st thy father, now thy sire hast found,
And now to me return'st with joyous bound.
Alas for me! how little did I know
That news would come my visions to o'erthrow."

HOMER, &c.

- 1 *Νηπενθεσ*, grief-removing wine.
- 2 *Ροδοδακτυλοσ*, rosy-fingered.
- 3 Says of Achilles: *ποδασ ωκυσ*, and of Ganymede's father's horses *Αελλοποδην*.
- 4 *Κλεοσ ουρανον ικει* which contrasts with Virgil's *clamora... ad sidera tollunt*.
- 5 Virgil says of Anius, *Rex idem hominum, Phæbique sacerdos*.
- 6 Cicero has *media mors* and Terence *e medio excedere* as well as *de medio tolli* on the same subject.
- 7 Ovid says, *Obsequium tigresque domat Numidasque leones, Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit*.
- 8 Xanthus, the steed of Achilles, could also speak! (2 Iliad 227).
- 9 Like Hector (13 Iliad 200, which may be compared with Virgil 12 Ænid 701.)
- 10 Everlastingly has *ποιον επος φυγεν ερκοσ οδοντων*.
- 11 Amphictyon was doubtful whether Hercules was his offspring or Jupiter's.
- 12 Greece presents us with Achilles and Chiron.
- 13 So did Hercules, although with respect to the Lernæan dragon it is said Lernus was a king and Hydra a fortress.
- 14 Hercules.
- 15 Theseus.
- 16 Virgil's Camilla.
- 17 Tancred and Clorinda.
- 18 Turpin's twelve peers, the twelve knights of the Round Table, and the twelve Palledins of Charlemagne have been supposed to have been compared to the rencontre stated by Firdousee: but to ourselves it is apparent that all of these duodecimal combinations have derived their origin from another source. For in describing the mortal skirmish between twelve of Abner's men and twelve of Joab's men it is said: *Then they arose and went over by number twelve of Benjamin which pertaineth to Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul and twelve of the sons of David. And they caught every one his fellow by the head and thrust his sword into his fellow's side, &c. And there was a very great battle that day. 2 Sam, ii. v. 15, 17.*
- 19 The Chaldeans had their feast of fire, and the Indians have their festival of fire at this day in honor of Darma or Darmita Raja, wife was named Drobede or the goddess of fire.

20. They resemble the oracular trees of Dodona, which warned Alexander of his death at Babylon.

21. Cowper says in terms very similar:—

“ Her fancy followed him through foaming waves,
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a rover suffers; fancy too
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death
And never smiled again.”

To conclude. Under the head of CHALDAIK PHILOSOPHY, Stanley has explained the Sabian doctrines and the Zoroastrian institutions of the Persians, and many other eminent writers have considered and regarded the Chaldeans, Babylonians, or Assyrians, and the Persian Parsees as nearly or altogether agreeing in the Sabian worship of the heavenly bodies. The Chaldeans and Syrians thought light and fire the origin of all things, and when we reflect, that the first of men, the father of mankind, the primal sovereign of the human race, according to Firdousee, was Kyoomoors, it is surprising, that in his name we should discover the identical name of *Κωμυροσ* or Jupiter. “ Chaldæi quidam dicebant ignem etiam in Ur, at Syris (Aramæi non nisi Nuro et quem admodum in Ure Chaldæorum ignis atque lucis “ præcipuus cultus fuit, ita in Ure Mesopotamiæ solis, in quo ut Chaldæi et Syri judicantur lucis et ignis rerumque omnium origo et divinitatis quasi apex (Bayer Osrh. p. 5); hence Zeus was styled by the Greeks, Cham-ur or “ *Κωμυροσ*.” Vallancey. We were indeed not only surprised at our being able to identify the *كبو مرث* of Firdousee in the *Κωμυροσ* of the Greeks, but were astonished in tracing an affinity in the name and signification between the name of Kyoomoors, the father, and that of his only son, Siamek, who was translated to heaven during the life time of the sire, owing to his death having been occasioned by Khozruwan, Time or Saturn. For the *سپا مک* of Firdousee is the precise *שם* Samech of the Chaldeans and means Zeus or Jupiter, exactly like *Κωμυροσ*.

“ On remarquera,” says M. l'Abbe Caperan, “ que *שם*, SAM, dans *שם*, SAMECH, donne déjà hiéroglyphiquement le grand soutien des Créatures. C'est l'idée de l'Eternel toute entière. SAM est, proprement parler, le Primitif, qui a vu naître *שם*, ou *שם*, nom de Dieu chez les Samaritains; le Chinois SUM, signifiant l'Eternel, et le Modérateur de l'Univers; SAM, nom de Dieu chez les Américains. Et SUM, Soleil, emblème de la Divinité chez les Egyptiens célèbres par leur magnifique temple du Soleil qu'ils avoient à la ville d'Égypte, située entre Alexandria et Coptos, et ainsi appelée des

qui tend à confirmer ce que j'avance ici c'est que, les Hiéroglyphes de *שם* et de *שם*, sont identiques. Toute la différence qui s'y remarque c'est que *שם*, *שם*, signifie le soutien des créatures; tandis que *שם*, *שם*, en désigne proprement le chef par excellence qui les a produits pour les servir à son ord.

deux mots Grecs Ἥλιος et πόλις , qui signifient, *ville du Soleil*. Observons encore que **SUM** ou **SIM**, nom de Dieu chez les Egyptiens, se sera aussi lu, **AM**. Cette lecture s'offre naturellement d'après l'ancien Alphabet que nous avons ici, où l'on remarque que la même figure fait pour **SI** et pour **A**. (Voyez la Table.) De **AM** est ensuite venu **AMMON**, surnom de Jupiter. De là ce fameux Temple de Jupiter-Ammon, élevé au milieu des déserts de la Lybie. On sait d'ailleurs que le mot *Jupiter*, ablatif Latin, *Jove* tire sa source de l'Hébreu יָהוָה , **JEVE**, ou **IEOS**, d'où le Grec, Ἰάω . La lettre **I**, considérée comme consonne et prononcée **DJE**, se sera vue changée en Egyptien et en Grec en $\Delta\zeta$, ou simplement **Z**, de là **Zeus**, nom de Jupiter chez ces deux nations qui est le même que le grand **JEHOVAH** des Hébreux, et qui présente dans son hiéroglyphe absolument les mêmes idées que nous avons remarquées dans **SAMECH** ci-dessus; c'est-à-dire: *l'Etre par essence qui fait tout les Etres*.

It would form an interesting subject of enquiry and discourse to compare the cosmogony of the Dabistan with that of the Chaldeans, and to discover in the names of the first of Persian kings traces of the patriarchs mentioned in holy writ. The whole of the cosmogony of which we have above given an outline will not fail to remind the reader of the fable of Paradise Lost.

In taking leave of Atkinson we must say that we are happy to learn that his version of the Shah Namuh has been deservedly rewarded with one of the gold medals, which his Britannic Majesty has been graciously pleased annually to grant for the best translations, which may be presented to the Translation Committee of the Royal Asiatic Society in England.

NOTES.

Khozroovan or *Zurvan* was considered by the ancient ignicollists to be the production of Ormuzd. But many of the doctors or priests of the fire-worshippers, following the exposition of authors later than the date of the Avesta, maintained that every thing has originated from Zurvan or Time, and that Ormuzd was the first active and creative being, produced by the original principle. Zurvan, however, is seldom mentioned in the sacred volumes of the Parsees—and it is generally believed, that, like the god of the Epicureans, he remained inactive, instead of being at any period esteemed the grand original principle of all existence.

Furohur, from the want of a more expressive term, may be called a Spirit; but it is not easy to describe, by one word, this imaginary creature—for, at first, the Furohurs existed singly, and were then united to the beings which they represent, forming, as it would seem, part of their very souls. There are, it is supposed, Furohurs of persons not yet born; some are male and some female; all are immortal and powerful, but beneficent, and they protect their votaries, being prompt in carrying up the petitions of those who invoke them to the throne of Ormuzd. Still it is remarkable, that although it was in the shape of a bull, that the Furohur, from the foreleg of which the first of mankind fell, was said to have made his appearance, still no beast of the field, or fish, or fowl of the air, was thought to have a Furohur: nevertheless they are assigned to water and to trees.—*Furohrs de l'esprit des arbres*—Zendav. II. p. 284. The Hebrew רוּחַ (Job xxxii. 23—Tobit xii. 12—Matt. xviii. 10) suggests, as said, some idea of the Furohur.

Homover—Ormuzd and Ahirman, as we have already stated, appear to have been coetaneous. The first production of Ormuzd was the *Homover* or *Ohover*, the word, by means of which he created all things. The *Ohover* or Word is a text of the Zendavesta held in great veneration, and the Parsees were not more scrupulous about enunciating $\text{אָהוּמַ$, the Brahmuns ओम् and the Peruvians, Om .

On this subject, than the Parsees are scrupulous about enunciating the term *Homover*. Respecting the sacred bull of the Parsees, we refer our readers to the Travels of Sir William Ouseley.

MOHUMMADAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Ashshurh-ool Moognee, Commentatio absoluta. A commentary on the Moojuz-ool Kanoon, known by the name of (ممد بد ي) the Sudeede, compiled by the celebrated Physician Maulana Sudeed Kazroonee, on the Theory and Practice of Physic and the Materia Medica. Edited by Hukeem Mouhvee Abdool Mujeed, Mouhvee Ghulam Mukhdoom, and Mouhvee Abdoollah. Published under the authority of the Committee of Public Instruction, Calcutta: Printed at the Education Press, Circular Road, 1832.

This is one of those useful but unobtrusive publications which occasionally issue from the press of the Committee of Public Instruction, and which, though of the highest utility to those immediately connected with such studies are but little noticed by the rest of the public. The present work is an abstract, in a moderate compass, of the whole system of Mohammadan Medical Science. The history of its compilation is as follows:—

The well known Aboo Alee Seena, which heathenish name we abstract into the more classical appellation of Avicenna, appears to have translated all the works of Galen that were within his reach, and published them to his countrymen under the title of the Qanoon; this work being found much too bulky for common readers, a worthy, surnamed Ibn Nutees, undertook an abridgement of it, which he executed under the title of Moojuz-ool Qanoon, or Abstract of the Qanoon; this was published by the Committee of Instruction in 1828. Unfortunately however as Avicenna err'd in being too bulky, so Ibn Nutees err'd, on the other hand, in being so concise as to render his work very difficult to be understood. This will not appear surprising, when it is mentioned, that one of the methods of abbreviation used by Ibn Nutees, is to leave out all the account of the symptoms of diseases, and to retain only their names and proximate causes, that is, from what disordered humour they proceed. To remedy this, the author of the present work undertook a commentary on the Moojuz, explanatory of its obscurities and supplying its deficiencies, and this commentary forms the present work under the title of the Sudeede.

We are aware that it is the fashion of the present day to decrie all inquiries into Native science, not only as useless but prejudicial. We do not propose to throw down the gauntlet in its defence, all we would observe is, that this doctrine if pushed to its utmost extent would go the length of annihilating all past learning whatever, and leave us nothing to study but the doctrines of the present day, which will continue to be thought right till the next age discovers them to be wrong.

Such attempts, however, are plainly contradictory to human nature: independent of all considerations of profit or advantage, the tendency of the mind to look back to what is past, is just as natural, and forms a part of our constitution as integral as the desire, to look forward to

what is to come, and the one is no more to be annihilated than the other.

If we really wish to reclaim the Natives from their errors, we cannot do so without first knowing what those errors are, and this can only be done by studying the books in which they are contained.

The Sudeedee is divided into four parts. The first is a system of Physiology, the second of Materia Medica, the third of Local, and the fourth of General Diseases.

This it will be seen, is a very scientific division, and little improvement could be made on it even in the present day. The only misfortune is, that the contents of the chapters are by no means so satisfactory as their titles. The first part, on Physiology, is entirely taken up with an explanation of the Galenical system of the humours and temperaments. In illustration of those, the comment or Sudeedee, has introduced a number of allusions to the Aristotelian doctrines of Natural Philosophy, and not a few to those of Astrology. This part occupies 181 pages.

The second or Pharmaceutical part is divided into two sections. First on simples, or the articles of the Materia Medica, second on the art of compounding. The simples are almost entirely Vegetable or Galenicals, and the catalogue of them is very large; unfortunately however it is little to be depended on; it is impossible to indentify, much less to procure, the greatest part of the plants there enumerated, and among those that are known, the most fanciful virtues are ascribed to what are wholly inert, and have long been rejected from our Pharmacopœias. The second section, the art of compounding, sets out by directions for equating the properties of the simples according to their degrees of heat, cold, dryness, and moisture. It then enumerates with little apparent order, the various recipes of Greek and Arabian physicians then known. This part occupies 179 pages.

The third part comprizes Local Diseases, or rather diseases which exist only in one part, understanding by this many which we consider constitutional, for example Head-ache, Lethargy, Melancholy, &c. are reckoned diseases of the brain. The whole list contains about 200 articles and occupies 374 pages.

The fourth part is on Constitutional Diseases, or more properly diseases which may occur in many parts: this is divided in six chapters, on fevers, on critical days, on tumours and eruptions, on fractures dislocations and other accidents, on the preservation of personal beauty, on poisons and antidotes—this part occupies 102 pages.

As specimens of the style we shall here give the translation of a few extracts:—

(Extract from Part II. Section I. p. 259.)

"The properties of amber. The author of the Jamia, propitiis: sit illi Deus, says the translators of the words of Dioscorides and Galen say, that amber is gum of Roman walnuts, but it is not so as they imagine, because both (those authors) say in speaking of walnuts that their gum is not in the third degree, when it is rubbed in the hand it exhales a pleasant odour which is not the case with amber, then he adds, the person who described

it to me mentioned, that it is a fluid dropping from the leaves of (a kind of) palm like honey, then it concretes and sometimes there is found in its interior flies and straws and stones, and one of its properties is that it attracts straws, and hence is called *Kuhruba* (straw attractor), and it is a little hot, dry in the second degree and it is said to be cold. It restrains hemorrhage, and strengthens the heart, and relieves palpitation, and fluxes, and tenesmus. Its dose is half a miskal rubbed down with cold water. It is said that when g upon a pregnant female it preserves the embryo, and if it be hung on a jaundiced it is of great use, and if it be pounded and applied to a burnt part it is of great

(Extract from Part II. Section II. p. 347.)

"The Deenar draught. This is a very useful draught; it is almost temperate (in its properties) it relieves obstruction and tumours in the mesentery, liver and bowels and loosens nature and relieves jaundice and heat of the liver and stomach with the milk of myrobalan seeds, particularly if there be added to it sugared oxymel; and with the *jajubs* draught it is of use in measles, small pox and typhoid and bilious fevers. (The composition is this) Take of seeds of endives bruised twenty miskals, and of the peel of the seeds of endives thirty drams, and sometimes there is added leaves of red roses deprived of their calices fifteen drams, and of good rhubarb four miskals, let the rhubarb be pounded and put in a bag and boiled with the (other) medicines on a gentle fire, and clean it and pour it upon two ritals of white sugar and that is chrystallized or sugar candy or leaf sugar, and it will constitute a draught; and sometimes another miskal of the rhubarb is bruised and sprinkled on it during its preparation and it is stirred till it be equally mixed; and it is very powerful in its effects; the dose of this draught is from ten drams to ten miskals and fifteen drams. This is the Deenares draught commonly used in Egypt and Syria and Tibreez, and this account of it is extracted from the Pharmacopœia called the *Mukhtar* by *Ibn Hubal* "Propitius sil illi Deus."

(Extract from Part I. page 35.)

The excellent Physician *Gosheear* says in his book (called) the *Mujmal* (Compendium), when treating of the formation of the embryo and its state before birth, that the beginning of the formation of the embryo is called the existence of fluid in the uterus, and he compares it to dough when it is conglutinated to the oven, and this is called the first change of the fluid, from its original state, he also compares it to a seed when it is thrown into the ground, and between these two periods there is a period of unknown length, except that it is generally twenty four hours, which is one revolution of the heavens, and the peculiar qualities of each individual as far as respects his vital powers and natural temperaments, (are formed) according to his constitution and the (planet) ascendant of that time, and they are all agreed upon (this point), that one of the seven planets governs each of the months of pregnancy, and indicates the nature of the embryo during that month. The first month is governed by Saturn, in which the fluid undergoes but little change, and Hippocrates calls it *nutfah* (c) and if Saturn is in the ascendant at the beginning of the sign (c) and powerful in his influence, the native will be intelligent, a deep thinker, considerate of affairs and their consequences, faithful in friendship and love; the second month is governed by Jupiter, and there is seen in the *nutfah* an evident redness, so as to resemble conglutated blood, it increases a little in size and warm vapours are excited in it, and Hippocrates now calls it *muzzah* (e) and if Jupiter be in the ascendant at the beginning, or be powerful in this month the native is polite, accomplished and learned. The third month is governed by Mars, and in this the noble organs, that is the heart and the brain and the liver grow, and are distinguishable, and there appears light

This appears to be a folk of the old doctrines of signatures; The colour of amber being supposed to be a signature that it would relieve Jaundice. It is still believed in Scotland to relieve jaundice when rubbed round their necks. Mr. Bramley, in the 6th volume of the Medical Society of Edinburgh, has published, says, "Pliny observes, *en passant*, in Italy, that the women were in the habit of amber, as amulets against the influence of the disease, (Bronchitis)." — p. 102. The words of Pliny, which show the antiquity of the opinion of the efficacy of Bronchitis from impure water, are these—" *hedique in insularum agratibus fontibus, multum visum esse defenditur, maxime deoris gratia, sed et in insularum agratibus tuncilla equitum, restore, et in insularum agratibus, vicia equorum iuxta illos* — *vicinas carnes*." He also tells us that " *insularum agratibus, vicia equorum iuxta illos* — *vicinas carnes*." — Pliny, *lib. 9. cap. 3.*

(c) It is so called either from its colour resembling the gold or because its price is a denar for a denar weight.

(e) *Muzzah* is a name.

(f) The first ten degrees of the Zodiac, the second ten is the middle, and the third ten the

traces of all the organs, and Hippocrates calls it *juneen* (a) and if Mars be in the ascendant at the beginning or be powerful in this month, then the native is brave, strong, enterprising: the fourth month is governed by the Sun, and there appear in it traces of all the organs, and the spirit strengthens, hardens, circulates and moves, and Hippocrates calls it in this state and afterwards *sabiyya*, and if the Sun be in the ascendant in the beginning or be strong in this month, the native is brave, rash, strong, enterprising, and in the situation of royalty he is versed in (the art of) government and royal affairs. The fifth month is governed by Venus, in which the traces of the different organ become distinct, and the form is perceptible and the hairs grow, and if Venus be in the ascendant at the beginning of the sign, or be powerful in this month, then the native will be intelligent, handsome, cleanly dressy, of a pleasing appearance. The sixth month is governed by Mercury, and the tongue (of the embryo) is then opened and its formation is completed, and if Mercury be in the ascendant at the beginning or is powerful in this month, then the native is polite, eloquent. The seventh month is governed by the Moon, and the embryo is consolidated and strengthened, and if the Moon be in the ascendant at the beginning or be powerful in this month, the native is learned in agriculture and in measurement and in earths and waters and their disposition, and if the embryo be born in this month, the judgement upon it is that it will survive, (b) because its formation is completed, and the impression and powers of the planets are fulfilled. The eighth month is governed by Saturn again, and the embryo becomes concreted and gravitates in the uterus, and is incapable of quick light motion, and if the embryo is born in this month it will not live (c d) from what we have said (before). The ninth month is governed by Jupiter again, and the embryo acquires strength and completion and natural power for exit. This is what that accomplished (Philosopher) has favoured us with, and indeed we have added to (Goshears) Commentary as we intend our work to contain every thing necessary."

(Extract from Part IV. Page 797.

TEXT. ON SMALL-POX AND MEASLES.

Comment.

" Know that small Pox consists of small pustles, which appear on the body, that ordaining nature may expel from the human body redundancies catameniorum disseminated throughout the body, and hence it is said that this disease must necessarily happen to every one, bating, that these redundancies remain in the body All (some power) is produced (capable of) agitating them, and then the expulsive power is stimulated to their expulsion; some persons have the small pox twice, and this is when nature is not able to expel the matter the first time, but a part of it remains and when the cale-facient causes again occur, the matter is agitated a second time. Measles are red particles like millet seed, when they commence they appear as if they were flea bites, then they form into the likeness of seeds, and they do not suppurate, but become eschars. Their cause is the acrimony of the blood and its tendency to biliousness. The elder (Avicenna) says " know that measles are quasi bilious small pox, in most circumstances, there is no difference between the two, except that measles are bilious, very small in size, and as if they did not rise above the skin and had no notable elevation, particularly on their first appearance. Small pox at their first appearance have a prominence and elevation, and (measles) are smaller than small pox, and attack the eyes less frequently than they. The symptoms of their appearance resemble those of the appearance of small pox, except that in measles there is more vomiting and the anxiety and inflammation are more severe, and the pain in the back is less than the similar (pain) in small pox, on account of the sanguineous pleten, which extends along the vessel situated on the back. For the production of small pox (arises) from the large quantity of corrupted blood, and the measles (arise from) the excessive malignancy of a small quantity of corrupted blood. Measles generally come out all at once, and small pox piece by piece, their favorable symptoms are like the favorable symptoms of small pox, that is (those which are) quick in appearance exit and concoction are favorable, and those which are hard, green and purple are unfavorable, and those which are slow in concoction, and which induce frequent faintings and anxiety are fatal, and those which come on suddenly are malignant and produce procope and hence (our author says

(a) *Εμβρυον* جنين

(b) *Παιδιον* جنين These are the Hippocratic word

(c-d) These opinions prevail among Nurses and Midwives even now, whether the matter is just or not, is uncertain.

HUMILIARY MEDICAL SURGEON

Text of the Morbus.

The worst of the two diseases (small pox and measles) are the black, then the green, then the red, then the yellow, then the white.

Comment or Sydeses.

That is, what are small, white and very near each other.

Text.

The best of the two are those white, large in size, small in number, which come out easily, without anxiety or violent fever.

Comment.

And this is because those (circumstances) indicate that the matter is not very malignant, even though they be quick in concoction.

Text.

Then those which (though they be) numerous, yet preserve their clearness.

Comment.

That is the before mentioned fairness of appearance, and now as to (those which are),

Text.

Mutually mingled and approximating, when they assume a considerable elevation, and are round or multilobed they are bad, and similarly those which are double and large when they run one into the cavity of another.

Comment.

Because this indicates viscosity of the matter and its abundance.

Text.

The eruption of small pox or measles coming out after fever is better than the contrary.

Comment.

And this because both small pox and measles when they follow the fever, its cause is apparent, and that is ebullition of the humours by reason of the fever, and when the fever takes place latterly it is a sign of danger, and that the matter is very bad; although this be of rare occurrence, because in most cases the fever precedes the eruption of small pox and measles.

Text.

And the best of the two (eruptions) are those in which the respiration and the voice are uninterrupted.

Comment.

Because this indicates the safety of the Thoracic Viscera.

Text.

And when a patient with small pox or measles is observed to pant, there is either an intumescence of the membranes (of the chest) or a failing of strength, and when the thirst and anxiety are observed to increase, and the surface is cold, and the eruptions become green or black, death is at hand. Small pox and measles generally occur in spring, and in hot moist places, and in children oftener than in youths, and they are rare in old persons; and measles differ from small pox in that they are bilious, and small in size, and do not rise above the skin, and have no elevation.

Comment.

The symptoms of the appearance of small pox (are as follows); previous to the appearance of small pox there is pain in the back, itching of the nose, starting in sleep, vehement pricking in the limbs, general heaviness and redness of the face and eyes, and flow of tears, cough, stretching and yawning with difficulty of breathing, and heaviness and pain in the head, dryness of the throat, anxiety, pain in the throat and of the legs when lying on the back, with all this constant fever.

The treatment is to let no time in taking away blood, and bleeding in the vessel of the nose, or spontaneous epistaxis, and is beneficial to all the superior limbs generally. The proper drinks are the sweet infusion with sugar, or the jujube and lotus drink, the green or orange is excellent, and so is the palm potion and the emulsion

gubralain and even camphor. The proper food is peeled lentiles and crumbed* grounds, they may also take of jujubes and dates and will greatly benefit. If the pustules fade in their eruption, and their going in be apprehended, cause (the patient) to drink infusion of aniseed with sugar, and infusion of parsley.

Comment.

And if there be (mixed) with it, infusion of figs, it is stronger. The elder (Avicenna) says, it is necessary in small pox to hasten to take away a sufficient quantity of blood when the (necessary) conditions obtain, and thus if there be measles with plethora and this continue to the fourth day, then when the pustules of small pox appear, it is not proper to persevere in bleeding, however if there be evident plethora and ebullition of the matter, then so much blood is to be taken away as will alleviate this, and if it be performed in the vessels of the nose, it produces the same benefit as epis taxis and also (cools) the heat of the superior parts (produced) by the malignant (nature) of small pox which is milder in youths; and when bleeding is necessary and it is not performed perfectly, there is danger of injury to the extremities, and so there is danger of the same thing in him who continues in a state of collapse, and it is necessary that the patient in both cases should be nourished in the very beginning with that which contains nourishment, with prevention (of the humours) falling on the internal parts, and cooling without binding nature and with power to inspissate the blood; as (food) of grapes with tamarinds, and of acid dates, and of lentiles, and thin soup, and that which is gently laxative, and thus it is necessary that nature should be loose at first, and the best laxative is tamarind, and if it do not answer there may be added to it, Calabrian manna with gentleness and care, and thorn manna or infusion of plums, and it is sometimes useful at the first appearance of the attack of small pox to take the weight of three drams of conserve of frankincense with a camphor lozenge. The date drink is also very useful in this case sometimes, and when the disease increases and exceeds the second day, that is goes on to the fourth, and the eruption begins to appear, cooling (the patient) is a source of great danger, as it confines the excrementitious matter within, and carries it to the noble organs and sometimes prevents it from exit and eruption and appearance, and causes anxiety and restlessness, and sometimes syncope; hence (it is necessary) to assist the excrementitious matter in such a case as this, by such things as throw it out and open obstructions, as aniseed and parsley with sugar, and the extract or decoction of their roots or seeds, and sometimes by causing (the patient) to smell a piece of saffron; and the juice of figs is useful, for figs are very powerful in expulsion to the surface, and this is one of the means of deliverance from its malignity; and one thing extremely useful at this time is (this); take washed lac five drams by weight, peel'd lentiles seven drams, gum tragacanth three drams by weight, let them be boiled in half a pound of water till there remain a quarter of a pound, and give of it as much as is required; and one thing which assists the appearance of this eruption very much is (this); take yellow figs seven drams, peel'd lentiles three drams, lac three drams, of gum tragacanth and seeds of aniseed each two drams, boil them in a pound of water till there remain about a third, strain it and give it to drink, and this will drive away the heat from around the heart, and prevent palpitation, but it is essential that no oil should be administered at this time at all, and it is necessary that the (patient) should be covered with cloths and removed from cold air, particularly in winter, for cold closes the pores and repels the humours, (a) and the drinking of much cold water with snow, and the entrance of fear (into the patient) is very bad. And as to the medicines which inspissate the blood and cool it, and prevent it from ebullition produced in it in the beginning of the disease, they are for example, syrup of rhubarb and unripe grapes, and the juice of cold fruits and the drink of frankincense by itself, and the drink of dates, and dates themselves and the pith of the palm.

It is extremely remarkable, that the above account contains no allusion to the infectious properties of small pox. This is the more surprising, as the first part of the Sudeedee contains a list of infectious diseases, among which small pox is expressly mentioned. With this we shall conclude our extracts:

(Extract from part I. page 51.)

Of diseases, some are infectious, as measles, and scabies, and small pox, and mumps, and pestilential fever, and putrid ulcers, (hospital gangrene) particularly in crowded places in a low neighbourhood, and so ophthalmia, particularly to the persons who look at the patient attentively—and so of tooth ache, produced by the imagination of acids.

(a) This, it will be seen, is the fatal hot regimen which so many physicians

and so of phthisis, and spotted leprosy—and some diseases are hereditary from one generation to another, as spotted leprosy and natural baldness, or calvities, and as gout, and phthisis and leprosy. This is what the elder (Avicenna) has laid down in his Qanoon, and in this view of the matter, leprosy and phthisis and spotted leprosy, are both contagious and hereditary; but this is not the case, according to the arrangement made by the poet, who says—The initials of hereditary diseases are thus reckoned, B. N. T. A. J. M. D., and the letters J. B. R. K. H. J. W. J., are those which act on the body by contagion. Thus the poet reckons, that the B. of hereditary diseases is burz, (spotted leprosy)—and the N. is nikris, (gout)—and the S. is sill, (phthisis)—and the A. is echelecmesia, (a corruption of epilepsy),—that is the falling sickness—and the J. is juzam, (leprosy)—and the M. is malechoolia, (melancholy)—and the D. is dikk, (tabes)—and the J. of hereditary diseases is jurb, (scabies)—and the B. is bukhar, (tetter oris)—and the R. is ramud, (ophthalmia)—and the K. is kuroob afnees, (hospital gangrene)—and the H. is husbah, (measles)—and the J. is joodree, (small pox)—and the W. is wubah, (plague)—and the J. is juzam, (leprosy)—and in this (view of the matter) phthisis and spotted leprosy are not contagious. However, it may be said, that phthisis, is a species of putrid ulcer, and then both classifications will be justified.

This is probably the first hint of the infectious nature of the disease; at least there appears no mention of it in Avicenna, that we can find.

On the whole though such publications as the present are obviously not adapted to the general reader, yet they are extremely useful to those who have occasion to explore the mines of the East, and we trust the Committee of Instruction will long go on in their judicious labours.*

TRANSACTIONS OF THE MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY

Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, Volume the Sixth. Calcutta, Thacker and Co., 1833.

In noticing this interesting publication, we shall not pay it the very doubtful compliment of treating it altogether with that unqualified commendation, with which the previous volumes have been generally received by the Calcutta Press. It is a work of so much real excellence and utility that it will not suffer by just and discriminative criticism. We do not mean this observation as a prelude to intemperate censure, for we intend to be candid and impartial, but not offensive. We should be the last to throw any obstacles in the way of medical men, who are able and willing to benefit their profession and the world, by communicating the results of their skill, labour and experience; and the work before us offers a most fit and convenient receptacle for those papers on particular subjects, which it would be useless to enlarge into separate and distinct volumes. A hostile spirit of criticism might disgust or alarm many able and modest writers, who would otherwise be eager to contribute to the general progress of Medical Science. We sincerely trust therefore, nothing which may escape us in the following notice will be regarded as a discouragement to any of the supporters of the work or be attributed to unfriendly motives.

The first communication, which we purpose noticing is by Dr. Mouat, of H. M. 13th Dragoons. "On the climate of Bangalore and the prevalence of Hepatitis at that station."

* We had almost forgotten to mention that the work here reviewed is in Arabic, and we therefore are answerable for the accuracy of the extracts with respect to the English dress in which they are clothed by us. The work is for sale at the Government Depository, Futal Dunga.

We consider this paper entitled to particular mention from the circumstance of its embracing two very important considerations, first, the causes which are supposed to favour the occurrence of one of the most destructive of human maladies in a station of acknowledged salubrity, and secondly, some remarks on the comparative standard of health and disease, between the Cavalry and Infantry troops quartered at Bangalore, as influenced by their respective military duties.

The paper opens with a series of meteorological observations taken during the year 1830, and next follows a brief sketch of the Topography of that portion of the Mysore province in which Bangalore is included, from all of which we gather ample evidence of the general coolness of climate, evenness of temperature and other circumstances connected with locality, which tend to establish the claims which this station has long maintained for general healthiness. Bearing, however, these desirable properties in mind as well as the circumstance of the elevation of Bangalore of 3000 feet above the level of the sea, how surprising yet appalling is the fact, that this favoured region, this, the once Montpellier of Madras, should have acquired a notoriety for the prevalence of hepatic disease which it would seem manifests itself with as much virulence and intensity as characterizes its occurrence in the torrid regions of the plains beneath.

In the author's "observations for April," we find the following: "During the past month the weather, though oppressive at times, has yet, on the whole, been agreeable to the feelings; the nights pleasant, the extreme ranges of the Thermometer from 73° to 87°, but varying in general from 75° and 76° to 80° and 84° with cloudy weather, frequent showers and some heavy falls of rain accompanied by thunder and lightning."

Notwithstanding, however, this moderate temperature, we observe on glancing over the table of acute diseases amongst the 13th Dragoons for that month, no fewer than nine cases of acute hepatitis admitted, besides a fearful list of other affections of a highly inflammatory cast, such as acute dysentery, splenitis, rheumatism and fevers.

In respect to the intrinsic cause or causes, which may be supposed to favour the greater prevalence of hepatic disease in the Madras than in the Bengal presidencies, all that has been advanced with the view of tracing them to their real source, seems to have added, but little to our stock of information, nor are we aware that these inquiries have ever led to a single practical deduction. We are therefore constrained to admit the obscurity in which this consideration is involved. Our author, seemingly, aware of this, does not press the inquiry, but his intention seems rather to be directed to a refutation of the doctrine so long cherished by medical writers in India, that the disease is ascribable to endemial sources, and in respect to the prevalence of hepatitis at Bangalore, we confess he has made out a case.

Though in our opinion, there would appear to be no necessity for any such refutation, since the notions advocated by Dr. J. Johnson

and Mr. Annesley, which our author quotes, are derived from their observations of the disease in the Carnatic, and not in the Mysore province. If, for instance Mr. Annesley considered the prevalence of hepatitis at Bangalore ascribable to endemic causes, how could we reconcile ourselves to that passage in his work where he tells us, that this station is one of the most *temperate* and *healthy* in the Indian peninsula. Again, if there was any thing to induce the suspicion, that the climate or soil of Bangalore was likely to engender a predisposition for this fearful malady, what claims, we would ask, could it have, to be considered a sanitary resort for invalids? One fact which we quote from the paper before us, is sufficient to prove, that locality takes but little part in exciting the disorder at Bangalore. "The total exemption of children from hepatic disease, the immunity the natives experience, and the very few cases amongst the soldiers wives."

The key to the exciting causes of the disease in Bangalore, the author tells us, is to be found in intemperance and exposure to the sun, and in this he is borne out by the opinion of his predecessor Mr. Job, who says, "although the climate of Bangalore is considered more genial to the European constitution than other stations in India, Hepatitis is more prevalent, owing probably to individuals presuming on its mildness, and not acting with sufficient caution in exposing themselves to the sun."

If we reflect for an instant on these powerfully exciting causes, and bear in mind how incompatible the vices of drunkenness and debauchery are, with the active and harrassing duties required of the men in their military capacity, and when we announce to our readers, that these duties are carried to an absurd excess in the cavalry corps at Bangalore, it cannot be a matter of much surprize, that their pernicious effects should be seen and felt, with peculiar intensity. But let us trace how far these observations, can be borne out by positive proofs. It appears that the King's corps stationed at Bangalore at the time the author's observations were made, consisted of the 13th Dragoons, and the 1st or Royal Regiment of Foot, Many weeks had not elapsed, after Dr. Mouat's arrival at the station, before he observed, the great disparity in the number of sick in the two corps, the comparison of health being very unfavourable to the Dragoons.

It was also remarked by the medical officer in charge of the Royals, that the cases were less violent and urgent in that corps, and consequently required milder treatment, than that which it was found necessary to employ amongst the Dragoons. As these two corps are stationed at the same place, occupy the same barracks, and clothed and fed alike, and, as we are told that, in point of sobriety, regularity, and good conduct, the Dragoons, are fully on a par with the Royals, how happens it, we naturally inquire, that there should be so great a disproportion amongst the sick of the two? We think the following quotation is sufficient to reveal the mystery :—

"Much need not be said regarding the general parades and duties. It has already been stated, that the exercises of the Dragoon naturally lead to that high state of excitement

bordering on disease. Therefore, it must be evident, that going a distance to church at the hottest season of the year, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A. M. and returning at 1 P. M., together with the numerous barrack, congee-house, canteen, gram and hospital sentries, who are exposed to a vertical sun, cannot but prove injurious. Besides the regular morning and evening stables, there are line parades, field days, marching order, picquets, adjutant and riding-master's drills, foot parades, sword exercise, &c. even at this season of the year, together with between fifty and sixty non-commissioned officers and privates daily on guard; and they frequently mount, at 11 o'clock in the day, when the heat is great, and when both the old and new guards are thus exposed to the sun's influence."

In addition to these, the author hints at the want of suitable covering at night. The men sleeping on boarded beds, with merely a mat under them, and a light cotton setringlee over their persons—a very inadequate protection against the cold chills at night—and lastly the almost constant use of the warmest clothing of our northern climate of England for the soldier in this debilitating and relaxing country:—

"I merely allude to them as constant predisposing and occasional exciting causes of disease, and so far important to the medical inquirer, and therefore a legitimate subject of representation, being convinced that the motive must be viewed with indulgence, that has for its object the health of the soldier."

We conclude this enquiry with adding our full concurrence in all the author has advanced, and cheerfully echo his remark that it is a mistaken notion to suppose that an ascetic discipline in a cantonment can add to the efficiency of active duties in the field. In further confirmation of what our author had advanced, we give the following from the comparative scale of admissions of acute cases in the Royals and the 13th Dragoons, from 1st May to 20th of June. The strength of the 13th Dragoon is 606—and the number of admissions 105. Of these there are no less than 20 cases of acute hepatitis and 31 of acute dysentery. The strength of the Royals is 860—and the admissions 44—which includes but 7 cases of hepatitis and 18 of dysentery.

The paper contains but little practical information, and gives but a cursory insight into the author's treatment of diseases. This deficiency, however, is accounted for, by his informing us that his sojourn is too recent, and his experience too limited at the Madras presidency to enable him, for the present, to enter into any details on this head.

The importance of Topography as connected with Medical science is now so generally acknowledged, that we cannot permit ourselves to pass over the valuable paper by Mr. Leslie on the Medical Topography of Gowhattee without giving our readers a brief review of its contents.

In doing this, however, we shall limit our analysis to a notice of the principal points, as the subject matter is not calculated for partial quotation, without injustice to the author.

The communication opens with a topographical survey of Gowhattee the capital of lower Assam, in which is included its geographical position, rivers, marshes, and neighbouring hills. The nature of the soil, and its vegetable and mineral productions.

Then follows a description of the climate during the various seasons, with a Thermometrical Index of the mean temperature for one year.

Next we have a census of the population and an estimate of the number of houses, with the mode in which the public buildings, and rude abodes of the natives are constructed. Some account, then follows of the morals, food, employment, habits and general health of the inhabitants. The character of the Assamese is also considered and their various tribes enumerated. The nature and extent of crime is alluded to, and the rest of the paper is devoted to a detailed description of the prevailing diseases of the station; concluding with a compendium of 47 cases of bowel complaints, treated in the Jail Hospital, with an abstract of the appearances on dissection.

We have given this sketch in the order in which the several topics appear, for the purpose of illustrating the systematic arrangement, the author has adopted, and when we add that they are treated with perspicuity and brevity, we need say no more to insure for the paper an attentive perusal by those who take an interest in the subject.

It is only a few weeks since we read in the *Lancet* an account of the very remarkable and equal success, which had attended the labours of M. Clot in Egypt, who visited that country in 1825, with the avowed intention of establishing a school of Practical Anatomy. It is foreign to our design to discuss what *a priori* might be deemed the impracticability; nay almost impossibility of such a scheme, but we are satisfied our readers will learn with peculiar gratification, that before M. Clot quitted Cairo for his native land, he delivered a lecture on Practical Anatomy, before a numerous audience, which was honoured by the presence of the Pacha himself, and that twelve Egyptian youths had been selected to accompany the learned professor to Paris, with the view of acquiring a proficiency in Anatomico-Chirurgical Science.

If this signal victory of reason over the rooted prejudices of ages, redounds so much to the honour of the gifted individual by whose unaided exertions so much has been effected in a remote and uncivilized land, what ought not the force of such example to produce, in kind and degree, among a numerous and highly educated body of men, such as the medical service of this country can boast.

This remark has suggested itself to us from a passage in Mr. Leslie's paper, which offers a splendid proof that the "march of intellect" is commencing its course on these shores, and as it has a close bearing with the interesting fact we have just announced, we shall offer no apology for quoting it at length.

"The bodies of those who die are generally examined as a matter of course, and cases are kept in *Persian* by one of the native doctors, and abstracts of these are entered in the hospital books in English."

"Shaik Hussen Ally, the native doctor, to whom I at present allude, has throughout shown himself most indefatigable and attentive; he had charge of the separate hospital at Kanamodh, and examined and drew up the records of the appearances on dissection of many of the cases noted in the Appendix, during my unavoidable absence. As an instance of his zeal for the acquisition of professional knowledge, I beg to mention, that he has lately commenced writing an account of the muscles, stating the origin and insertion of each muscle as found on dissection by himself. This idea was entirely *montaneous*, for I should never have proposed such a labour to him."

Dr. Symittan's paper on the varieties of East Indian Opium is a very important one, and is replete with valuable information.

We have, in this, the details of a series of analytical experiments accompanied by tables exhibiting the relative productiveness of several descriptions of opium in spirituous and watery extracts, and the varieties in their component parts. In the course of these experiments there is a very interesting account of the cultivation of Malwa Opium, and its manufacture, and some excellent observations, which are intended to show that if the medicinal properties of this drug depend on the quantity of Morphine or narcotic principle contained, or, if the quantity of pure extract is a better test of its strength, than the percentage of Morphine, that in either instance, some of the opium manufactured in this country is entitled to a higher repute in England, than has hitherto been bestowed on it—and that it even surpasses in these two essential qualities, the far-famed drug of Turkey :

“ According to Table, No. 1, thirteen trials with Bengal Opium (Behar and Benares) give an average of rather more than 2 per cent. of morphine, and 11 trials with Malwa of several seasons give an average of something more than 3 per cent., making the Malwa one-third richer in morphine than the Bengal Opium : while the greatest result obtained in any of the experiments is, from Bengal $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and from Malwa 5 per cent. of morphine. According to Table, No. 2, the result of seven trials with Bengal Opium is an average of 2 per cent., and of the same number of trials with Malwa of 4 per cent. of morphine, thus making the Malwa twice as rich as the Bengal in morphine. The greatest result in any of the experiments, by this Table, being from Bengal $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and from Malwa 6 per cent. of morphine. The best of these results, however, although approaching closely, is still surpassed by that of Turkey Opium, exhibited in Table, No. 1. The result of five trials here, with Turkey Opium, gave an average of no less than 5 per cent. of morphine ; while the greatest result obtained is $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—and this may be considered as pretty near the maximum, for not more than 7 per cent. has at any time been extracted in Europe from the best Turkey Opium ; a percentage indeed somewhat above the average results obtained by many skilful Chemists. What then must be the value, in judging by this narcotic alkali, of that Opium termed “ Bareilly,” in Table, No. 1, and obtained from garden culture, which gives no less than $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of morphine as the result of one experiment, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the average of two experiments.”

“ For these reasons I am inclined to think, that the pure extract afforded, may be a better criterion, than the morphine, of the strength of Opium. All our experiments tend fully to confirm the opinion, that the medical virtues and distinguishing properties of the drug reside chiefly in its watery extract, and that in general, according to the productiveness of any given specimen in this, so will be its productiveness in morphine.—On a reference to the Tables, it will be seen, that Malwa Opium stands high for productiveness of extract, both spirituous and watery ; and in all the various instances in Table, No. 1, the productiveness of each variety of Opium in morphine is in some proportion to that of its extract, with the single exception of Turkey*. Thus, with Bengal Opium, the average of eight trials, in the two Tables, gives of spirituous extract 58 per cent. and of watery $44\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The average of seven trials of Malwa, in both tables, gives of spirituous extract $69\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and of watery 61 per cent. while the average of two trials with Turkey gives 57 per cent., being at the rate of 13 per cent. of watery extract in favor of Turkey over Bengal Opium, and of 4 per cent. watery extract in favor of Malwa over Turkey Opium. Hence, I am inclined to conclude, that, while in estimation as a medicine, Malwa must be allowed to be more powerful than Bengal Opium, it ought also to be rated higher even than Turkey.”

* The Chinese, who always prepare that Opium for smoking by forming a watery extract, are well acquainted with the productiveness of each variety of Opium, and rate them as follows :

Patna Opium,	46 to 56	ditto—average	48	per cent.
Benares ditto,	46 to 50	ditto—ditto	48	ditto.
Malwa ditto,	70 to 75	ditto—ditto	$72\frac{1}{2}$	ditto.
Turkey ditto,	53 to 57	ditto—ditto	55	ditto.

† These include the result in the columns headed “ per centage of solubility in water.”

We think the author fully entitled to our thanks for having given us these proofs, that Malwa Opium is as good for medicinal purposes as the Turkey, and that the former surpasses in purity, that manufactured at Behar and Benares, because the fact is so far useful, that in the event of any failure or interruption to the supply from Turkey, India is capable of furnishing an abundance of the drug, nothing inferior in quality. When, however we regard the subject in a mercantile sense, and look to opium as a staple article of commerce, and reflect on the vast revenue which its sale yields to our government, we are forced to admit, that its claims to our attention in a medical sense, is but a matter of almost secondary importance.

Let us bear in mind the fact, that the class of beings for whom the consumption of this drug is principally destined, care little about its constituent parts so long as its flavour is agreeable to the palate, and works its narcotic effect on the system to the required extent. This being the case, the grand desideratum is to manufacture the drug after such fashion, as will bring the highest price, and the secret of this we have yet to discover, for it would not seem at present to depend on the quantity of true narcotic principle it contains, which is proved by the fact that the Benares and Behar Opium is held in higher estimation by the Chinese, and is consequently more sought after than the Malwa, though the two former are avowedly inferior to the latter in what we should consider the essential qualities of the drug.

There is a short account of a new instrument for performing the operation of couching by Mr. Raleigh. It is a modification of the oriental method, and proposes to be an improvement on the rude brass instrument used by the natives for depressing the lens. It is constructed as follows. The blade is about an inch in length—its extreme third gradually dilated into a long oval shape—the solid centre of which portion is cut out and forms an oval ring—the extremity has a slightly curved shape, and may be said to resemble a shallow spoon—shaped blade. It is of a size to admit its passing through the coats of the eye in an equally small space as the couching needle.

The advantage which this instrument possesses over the needles of Hey and Scarpa is, that it gives the operator a more certain command over the movements of the lens in the act of depressing; it also admits of an easier and surer separation of the capsule from its attachments, and insures the lens with its capsule being carried down in the vitreous humour, without fear of rupturing the latter, an accident which frequently happens in the European operation, and is usually attended by considerable inconvenience. The instrument is of course not applicable to all cataracts, as for instance in the capsular variety where its employment would be worse than useless.

Mr. L. Geddes' paper on "Malignant Ulcer and Hospital Gangrene" proposes to be a sketch of the nature and treatment of some severe forms of this disease which occurred amongst the troops at Bona of Walat's Island in 1827. The want of space obliges us to

limit our notice of this paper, to some of the author's observations on the treatment of the disease : —

“ From the foregoing report, it will appear, that no established mode of practice was generally successful : in some of the most confirmed cases, even the slightest and most bland application was painful ; after a certain period, nature seems to have lost all her wonted energy : her powers were paralysed, and the subject sank a ghastly martyr to a loathsome disease ; no stimulus, either internal or external, could serve to rouse the decaying strength of the system, and many a poor sufferer rejoiced at the prospect of death, as the only sure means of being relieved from present misery. In many of the latter cases, which though severe, appeared less rapid in their progress ; after every expedient suggested by existing circumstances, or warranted by experience, had been tried unsuccessfully—a healing process took place, if cleanliness alone were strictly adhered to, and some mild topical application used twice or thrice every day ; the sores in several instances gradually divested themselves of their malignant character, assumed a kinder action ; and the patient after a protracted convalescence recovered. The question of amputation is one of primary and vital importance, and indeed it would be a happy circumstance if we could rely upon it as a safe alternative, when other and milder measures fail us ; but I fear that in most cases this “ *ultimum remedium* ” is delayed too long, and that under the humane, but mistaken expectation of saving a limb, much more injury is done than would *cæteris paribus* have followed the earlier adoption of such a sacrifice. The sore runs so rapidly, through its respective stages, progressively deteriorating and mortification so very hurriedly supervenes, that doubts and hesitation are liable to hazard life.”

“ Waiting for the “ line of demarkation ” is only sealing our patient's death-warrant and decision in a case, as it indubitably is of life or death, must be prompt and final.”

“ If a sore have resisted for 3 or 4 days all the usual means of cure, if the subjacent tissues are becoming deeply affected, if hemorrhages supervene, if the constitution be participating to a high degree, with the local affection ; our only hope of safety is in the knife, and in many instances we will be gratified by the patient's speedy recovery. To obviate the danger of the stump becoming contaminated with the prevailing affection, we must be careful, if possible, to remove our patient to a purer atmosphere, to inculcate the absolute necessity of cleanliness, and to use every precaution that no communication take place between the convalescent and affected ”

“ Having spoken so freely respecting the propriety of early amputation in this disease, I with regret acknowledge, that had I at first acted on the principles here laid down, several of my patients would in all human probability have lived.”

Taking the hospital gangrene as described by the author to be synonymous with mortification, we propose before quitting our notice of this interesting paper, to offer a few brief remarks on the treatment he advocates.

“ Waiting for the line of demarkation,” says our author, “ is only sealing our patient's death-warrant.” We again quote the above, because the sentence, short as it is, involves a consideration of the highest importance, inasmuch as it tends to subvert a generally received doctrine, and proves the fallacy of a practice, which has been forcibly urged by the most distinguished men of modern time.

We are fully aware that the practice of amputating in spreading mortification has met with some partisans of late years, though it must be admitted that the great majority of surgeons still reject it. The few however, who have advised it as Larrey, Hennen, Lawrence and Hutchinson, have, be it remembered, restricted the practice to that species of gangrene, termed traumatic, which follows gun-shot wounds, or other severe external injuries as compound fractures, compound dislocations, &c. and the reason for an early use of the knife in such cases, is obvious ; for experience has proved, that the rapidity

of the affection is so remarkable, that, when once the morbid action is established, it is capable of reaching the trunk in a few hours. Here then if the case be left to take its own course, death is inevitable. The general rule, however we take to be, in common mortification, is to wait till the line of separation is distinctly marked, before we have recourse to or think of amputation, and the reason for this is that the state of the constitution exercises a marked influence over the disease, and may have had much to do with its occurrence; therefore until the mortification is arrested we have no security that the constitutional disposition for its development is removed, and the stump becomes liable, as experience too fully proves, to take on the disease.

We have been led to make these remarks, that we may the better compare them with those of our author, and see how far they apply to the disease he has described. After a careful perusal of the paper we find that the hospital gangrene described resembles in regard to its supposed causes, and constitutional symptoms, its appearance and its course, the common mortification of soft parts, with however, the single exception that some exciting cause presented itself in all the cases, to produce the ulcerative or phagedenic process though in some it was so trivial as only to be traced to a common itch pustule or cutaneous boil. We look, therefore, upon the practice of amputation in ~~this species~~ of mortification as new, and more particularly so as regards India, since it is, we believe, the concurrent opinion of most practitioners, that there is some unfavourable condition of the constitution produced by residence in tropical climates, which renders human beings less able to bear, and less fitted to undergo, surgical operations.

It may be averred, then, that a very important practical point is established. Before, however, we reconcile ourselves, altogether, to this conclusion, it is necessary to look to the results of the cases, in which amputation was resorted to. On this head, we are constrained to express our disappointment. We look in vain for the wished for information, and are unable from the author's cursory observations to make a single positive deduction. Not one case is recorded, though we are told that amputation was had recourse to in upwards of thirty-five instances—all we learn of the result is, that exactly one half of the patients survived, and we are left to conjecture what the other half died of!

We quote the following, as it concerns all Indian invalids in search of health:—

"I fear Pulo Penang must yield to some more genial clime, the character it has long been usual to give it of being an Indian Paradise: at all events, the deaths of many an excellent servant of Government, both Civil and Military, from diseases incidental to the island, and the long list of casualties in our Coast Regiments, will fully attest the doctrine of its occasional unhealthiness. From an eighteen months' experience of the salubrious climate of Malacca, I should unhesitatingly give it the preference over Penang, and would recommend the invalid, from Bengal or Madras, especially if suffering from hepatic or phthisical affections, not to remain long at the former, but to select as a permanent place of abode either Malacca or Singapore.

There are two papers on the subject of vaccination. The first by Dr. Macpherson contains a series of experiments for the purpose of regenerating the vaccine virus from its original source. The second is by Mr. Mercer, and is devoted principally to the details of three very interesting cases of the varioloid disease, and some observations which tend to confirm the fact, that vaccination is not a *positive* antidote to Small Pox. Both these papers will, we doubt not, be read with much interest by the profession.

Of Mr. W. Geddes's paper on abscess of the liver, we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. We have read it attentively more than once, and shall return to it with undiminished pleasure. Strange as it may seem, it is, we believe, the first paper the society has published, which treats exclusively of liver affections; whether this may be looked on as reflecting on the zeal of its members, we will not pretend to determine, but certain it is that the paper before us amply supplies the deficiency.

A more ably written and comprehensive view of the pathology and diagnostic signs of the various forms of the disease, we could not have wished for—the author's therapeutic conclusions, however, are singularly brief, but we trust this augurs favourably, inasmuch that he is reserving the completion of his subject, for a second communication. A paper of this kind does not admit of much analysis, nor does it offer to us much matter for criticism, since we can find no errors to correct or false notions to combat, nor can we point out any particular part as more excellent, or more worthy of attention than the rest.

The following will serve as a specimen of the spirit, and sound sense, in which the whole has been written :—

“ It will be perceived, I think, that in all, or nearly all these cases, there was evidence of some disorder of the liver having existed for some time previous to the appearance of any acute inflammation in this organ; and that in some instances, a collection of purulent matter was discovered there on dissection, when the symptoms of inflammation had either not been observed, or were not noticed until within a very short period of the dissolution of the patient. There appears to me, therefore, ground for supposing, that the liver, like the lungs, is subject to an insidious degree of inflammation, whereby pus becomes gradually formed within its structure; and that as the collection of matter increases, the disease becomes developed under different aspects, as in the above cases, varying in each individual from constitutional peculiarity, the site of the abscess, or other circumstances, and differing in its symptoms and appearances from pulmonary phthisis by reason of the difference of structure, and the viscera contiguous to each organ; climate also, as inducing idiopathic affections similar to those resulting from an abscess in the liver, may also have some effect in producing some peculiar symptoms of this disease. There appears also reason to think, that this insidious disease is of a scrofulous nature. Those who have fallen victims to it, as has been above mentioned, have, for the most part, had a scrofulous appearance; the first indications of the disorder have been most generally manifested in the wet or cold season, while they appear to have been benefited by the hot weather; and I have reason to think, that there is a greater tendency to this affection when the soldier is labouring under the weakening effect of depressing passions, and change of life, incidental to arrival in this country late in life; and more liable to affect Europeans soon after landing at a further period of their sojourn in India.

“ Inflammation of the liver has long been distinguished into the acute and chronic hepatitis; and there is reason for a distinction in the inflammatory diseases of this organ, although, not from being, I am inclined to think, more or less attended with inflammatory symptoms, as has been generally understood by these terms of chronic and acute, but, in

as much as one is an acute inflammation, occurring most probably in the peritoneal covering of the liver, and having a tendency to terminate in resolution or adhesion, while the other is only an occasional aggravation of a disease which has existed for some time, most probably in the parenchyma of this viscus and which may continue its progress after the more inflammatory symptoms have been subdued. The latter, in short, is the disease under which inflammation of the liver most usually proves fatal, and is that which, under its different aspects, appears to have affected the greater number of the cases above described."

Observations recorded with such accuracy and precision, as those in the paper before us, are so rare and important, that we cannot take leave of our author without expressing how much we are indebted to him for having collected them, though we cannot but lament, that the number of collectors is so small.

There is a full and interesting account of Bronchocele in Nepal by M. J. Bramley, divided into three parts. First, The localities and characters of the disease. Second, Its causes. Third, Its treatment.

The author, who had the advantage of seeing this disease in Switzerland, sets out by showing that it prevails throughout the greater part of central Asia, from the left bank of the Ganges to the confines of the China and Russian empires, but in Nepal it is particularly prevalent. It attacks all ages, and even animals, such as buffalos, goats, dogs, et cætera. The general average of those affected by this disease throughout the whole population, Mr. Bramley reckons at about 11 per cent, but in some particular villages among the mountains much more, rising as high as 15 and 40, and in one small hamlet on the crest of a high mountain 48 were affected out of 53. The general appearance of Bronchocele is well known, it seldom disturbs the constitution, but in some cases where it has attained a great size, vertigo, loss of voice, head-ache and embarrassed respiration have been the result. It reaches a larger size in women than in men. The author divides it into three varieties: the cellular, consisting of a congeries of cysts containing a viscid fluid: the pulsating, distinguishable by its regular surface and a strong pulsatory motion corresponding with that of the heart: the glandular, similar in appearance to the last, but without pulsation.

In the second part, the author enters into an inquiry as to the causes of this disease, and here we are totally in the dark. It is now allowed that it is not attributable to the drinking of snow water, nor of water impregnated by particular salts. The author refutes the notion of its being produced by innutritious diet by showing that in the plains of Tibet animal food is largely eaten; vegetables between the Ganges and the Mountains, and in the intermediate region a diet of a mixed kind, so that no where is the food insufficient or bad, yet in all these places Bronchocele prevails. A similar investigation shows, that it is not referable to atmospherical causes since it exists in every variety of climate. Still the author seems to lean to the opinion, that the atmosphere exercises considerable influence upon it and observes, that the more the neck is exposed the more frequent is the disease, a remark which receives this confirmation, that of Europeans residing in Tirhoot and attacked by this disease, far the greater number are children and ladies whose necks

are uncovered. The neck-handkerchief proves a defence to grown up males.

In the third part, the author opens the treatment of the diseases by recommending in the first place, the neck to be constantly covered with a bandage or neckcloth to produce as much pressure as the patient can easily bear. To this is to be added, simple friction with any unctuous substance; the author relates some cases cured, and others relieved by these means only. But these failing, recourse is to be had to Iodine ointment, the author stating that after a trial of three months he was constrained to relinquish the internal use of that medicine. The formula he ultimately used was four scruples of Iodine to an ounce of simple ointment, rubbed on the tumour half an hour every morning and simple friction at night ad libitum; many cases are related of the efficacy of this treatment. On the other hand the use of the tincture of Iodine internally, in cases where it does not agree with the constitution, in a few days produces diarrhoea, difficult respiration, cold sweats, &c. to such an extent as to place the patient's life in jeopardy.

It appears also to have a tendency to diminish the size of the healthy glands as well as the diseased, of which a curious case is given; and also by some singular caprice, sometimes not to shew its power during the time of its employment, but to lie dormant in the body till sometime afterwards, in so much, that we are told when patients have lost all confidence in it and given over its use, after the lapse of two or three weeks the tumours have begun to decrease, and the disease has been sometimes removed altogether without the necessity of repeating the remedies.

Of 116 cases treated by Mr. Bramley, 57 were cured, 43 discontinued their attendance when the tumours were diminished, 6 obtained partial relief and 5 were wholly unsuccessful. The natives of Nepal do not profess to cure this disease otherwise than by extirpation.

Dr. A. Pearson's paper is an important one, inasmuch as it purposes to explain how far the climate, &c. of Canton is calculated as a sanitary retreat for invalids from this country.

The principal points are resolved into answers, which Dr. Pearson gives in reply to some queries suggested by Mr. Twining the Secretary to the Society and as a portion of these, may be interesting to the general reader we quote as follows:—

“*Query 1st.*—What class of invalids, i. e. what conditions of impaired health, derive benefit by residence in China?

“The climate during the cold season is most favourable in that asthenic state which is induced by previous ill health; much and sedentary occupation under an insalubrious climate or season, or by dissipation and various forms of excess under the same circumstances; provided such habits are refrained from, and that any of the disordered states supposed are still functional only. Broken health, arising from the ill defined forms of fever, or from paludal or other miasmatic causes, have appeared more clearly to benefit by the climate than most others; but then there has been a concomitant use of Cinchona in some or several forms, free enough to remove the symptoms, and sufficiently long continued to obliterate the tendency to and habit of recurrence of them. Chronic Fluxes have frequently benefited or been removed while here, at least those not kept up by visceral or other organic disease. Dyspepsia may be enumerated with the complaints to

which the climate is friendly. The dyspeptic hypochondriasis before adverted to, improves only while the novelty of change lasts, which here is peculiarly short-lived.

"Chronic Rheumatism has derived advantage from a change hither, as has that state of Asthenia, perhaps Anæmia, induced by severe mercurial courses. A peculiarity in several patients, who have been in the latter predicament, though I know not if from that cause, is, an almost paralytic inefficiency of the lower extremities, with a sense of girding in the flexors, which has continued after the general health was restored; but this symptom ultimately gave way also.

"We formerly had invalids resorting hither in very deplorable states of health, under various and very advanced forms of constitutional syphilis; with whom that mineral had not in a kindly manner done its duty: these cases occurred while the efficacy of nitric acid in such maladies, the pseudo-syphilitic hypotheses, and more recently non-mercurial treatment, were in their turns, dominant over a portion of medical opinion. Such cases now seldomer come on here; but while prevalent, their result encouraged the belief of our climate being favorable for the conduct of long-protracted mercurial courses.

"Query 2d.—How long a residence in China is usually requisite to produce a beneficial change in such patients?

"That in most cases ought to be limited by the northerly monsoon; the most salubrious and agreeable months of which are November, December, and January.

"Query 3d.—What are the conditions of constitution which do not improve by the invalids' residence in China?

"It has already been shown, that pulmonary affections of very description come under that head; and with evidence approaching to certainty that this climate produces an injurious influence on those labouring under, or predisposed to such, I believe the remark may be extended to any form of organic disease in which hectic is established. There is a form of chronic aphthæ with cachexy and purging, of which bad cases have come from India, first from the Island of Luconia, and we have had indigenons examples also, which might be deemed exceptions to what has been said respecting Chronic Flux, but in which the purging is merely symptomatic;—where there is hectic frequency of pulse, the issue of the disease is generally unfavorable."

At the end of the paper is a meteorological table, containing observations for six years. This is constructed on a very excellent plan, and we strongly recommend the improvement to all those who have it in their power to keep a register of the weather in different parts of India.

We have attentively perused the rest of the paper, but do not purpose extending our notice of its contents, as owing to a peculiar indistinctness in the style, the author's ideas in many parts are rendered almost unintelligible.

We by no means, subscribe to his method of treating some diseases, though we do not, of course, presume to question its applicability, to the diseases of Canton. In speaking of fevers we have the following:—

"The complications adverted to require discrimination at the commencement, and to be met by effectual, but not excessive or exhausting depletion; while the Cinchona may be fully relied on in the treatment, not only in that of regular types, but of those anomalous and diversified forms of disease generated by malaria. The resource of Sulphate of Quinine has much extended the utility and power of application of this valuable remedy, especially so in the less regular forms, and imperfect remissions and intermissions of earlier stages of the malady than the bark used to be deemed admissible in. Still the exhibition of the powder, decoction, and tincture, and with children the extract are (in so far as I have been able to arrive at a conclusive opinion on the subject) equally to be relied upon to effect a cure, and more so towards securing the permanency of it."

We fully acknowledge the febrifuge powers of the decoction, tincture, powder, and extract of bark, but in the year 1833, we are not prepared to find these medicines recommended in preference to the sulphate of quinine. Admitting, however, their superiority, we have still to learn

how they are calculated to *secure the permanency* of a cure after fevers, over the latter more *generally* favoured remedy.

In the treatment of dysentery we are told :—

“ The Dysentery in its acute stage proves occasionally but not very frequently a fatal disease, and much oftener has a favorable result, even where the symptoms at its onset are severe and threatening. Such a result, I believe, to be greatly promoted when opiates are entirely refrained from, and the treatment conducted by purgatives, ipecacuanha, and mercurialising the system by means of the triturated oxides of quicksilver, interposing calomel merely as a purgative, and when indicated as such.”

In this we find no mention whatever of general or local blood-letting; means of cure, which we, in India, are prone to consider all others subordinate to in the treatment of acute dysentery.

There are several other papers in the volume, which we would willingly notice did our space admit of it, and amongst them we would mention two cases of epilepsy treated by ligature of the carotid arteries by Mr. Preston.—Dr. Morehead's observations on *Dracunculus*.—Mr. Twining, on the effect of Iodine—Dr. Casanovas' two cases of Lithontrity—numerous cases of Lithotomy by Messrs. Brett, Burnard, Bell, Darby, and MacGregor, and a case of Tetanus cured by division of the Posterior Tibial nerve by Dr. Murray.

With these notices we are compelled to close our observations, and the abstract, which we have endeavoured to give with strict impartiality will, we trust, enable our readers to form an adequate opinion of the character of this volume of Transactions of the Medical Society. They will perhaps be inclined to agree with us, that a little more regard for brevity and conciseness in the general style of the papers would enhance their value, and that much may yet be accomplished by zeal and perseverance, towards securing for the institution that high reputation, which it has hitherto enjoyed.

POEMS.

Poems, Original, Lyrical and Satirical, containing Indian Reminiscences of the late Sir Toby Rendrag, M. N. S. Published by W. Boyls. London. 1829.

We have two good reasons for not noticing this work at any length. In the first place it is not a new publication, and secondly, it is a book of very little intrinsic merit or importance. Its Indian character, however, (especially as it is now a good deal hawked about the streets of Calcutta and has never been reviewed in an Indian Journal) induces us to give it this passing notice. Who the real author may be, we have no means of learning, but we believe that most of the poems in the book were contributed to the *India Gazette* many years ago. Some of them are smart and clever and the local allusions in which they abound no doubt rendered them very acceptable to the readers of a Calcutta paper. The leading and longest production is entitled “ Calcutta,” and is a satirical account of the sayings and doings of this City of Palaces. The versification is free and spirited, but the humour is too often forced. The greatest objection we have to the satire is the very illiberal and offensive manner in which the natives are treated. In

their case we cannot be too careful to avoid any thing like ridicule and insult; the use of severe satire and bitter sneers, considering our relative positions is at once ungenerous and impolitic. One of the most remarkable passages in the poem (written in 1824) is a prophecy of the fall of the Agency houses, which we shall quote as a specimen of the author's manner.

LXXIII.

For different objects different bosoms burn—
Gain, health, wealth, honours, happiness, variety—
Good and bad taste, are met at every turn:
Much show—small comfort—congealate society.
'Mids all this city's grand and costly pageants,
The people who thrive best, I think, are—*Agents!*"

LXXIV.

Some to the top of agency ascend
In such great hurry as to cause a dizziness—
Unmindful of the merits of a friend,
"So teaz'd," so "worried," by a "*press of business.*"
Sundays yield leisure—gardens some explore.
Or visit the wild beasts at Barrackpore.

LXXV.

Yet pure sound agency is in it's wane,
Banks are the source of all fictitious credit ;
"Too much of sun-shine often en in rain"—
An useful truth— and fearlessly I'll spread it.
Some by their notes in luxury may revel ;*
but money like the sea will find it's level.

LXXVI.

If habit's nature—why should we expect
From men of business more than shrewd plain dealing ;
Yet some there are who common rules neglect,
Fair—open—candid—high in liberal feeling.
Find me the agent generous—'tis but rarely †—
In half a century, you may meet a FAIRLIE ‡

LXXVII.

Refin'd ideas do not always follow
In trade's dull track—nor is it meet they should ;
Else one poor man might beat another hollow,
And take for evil what is now call'd good.
Trade has at all time various claims upon her,
And men in bus'ness different views of honour.

LXXVIII.

Long may our merchants thrive on sumptuous diet,
May Banks grow fever for the public weal ;
Constituents be pleas'd—and slumber quiet,
Sircars grow honest nor dread *Burman's* steel :
Hard cash not paper, readily be found
Near the "*Lall Diggee,*" and its street around.

With this extract we dismiss the book.

* *Notes.* At this writing (1824) there are no less than four Banks in Calcutta, which inundate the country and town with their notes—the sight of hard cash is rare, and, for any amount, almost become a curiosity.

† We cannot help denying the justice of this sneer. The Calcutta agents have been but too generous.—*Reviewer.*

‡ *Fairlie.* William Fairlie have taken the liberty to mention this gentleman's name (who is now no more) as an example of all that is honourable, just, and liberal, and the Prince of Indian Agents. Many is the money fortune he was instrumental in making. There is an anecdote related, that in the year 1799, when money was extremely scarce in Calcutta, and the Marquis Wellesley could not at the moment speedily raise it, for the charges of the war against Tippoo Sultan, that William Fairlie, by his single name, raised in one day more than half a million sterling from the native Shroffs, or money brokers, in Calcutta, and sent it to the noble Marquis. Such was the esteem and confidence among the natives which the name of Fairlie inspired.

§ *Burman steel* some of the *negro* natives of Calcutta did not at all relish the Burman war, especially at the outset ; but the *fictitious credit* of Bank paper alluded to, is far more dangerous than all the Burmans can do.

POEMS BY H. L. V. DEROZIO.

Poems by H. L. V. Derozio—Calcutta 1827. The Fakeer of Jungheera and other Poems by the same author—Calcutta, 1828.

There are so few Indian publications of much interest or importance that we shall offer no apology for giving a brief retrospective notice of the poems of the late Mr. Derozio. His works claim attention not only on account of their own intrinsic merits, or the rarity of local publications, but because they are the first poetical productions of an East Indian pen that have attracted any thing like general attention. Some few of the author's countrymen may have filled the poet's corner of a newspaper, or have even collected their effusions into a printed volume, but Mr. Derozio was the only East Indian writer whose name has become familiar to the public ear.

We would gladly on this occasion commence our notice of the poems with a regular memoir of the author, but the materials for such a task are surprizingly scanty, considering the public nature of Mr. Derozio's later avocations and the short period that has elapsed since his decease. His career, however, was lamentably brief. So short a life in so limited and monotonous a scene as Bengal and in so small a community can offer few striking or stirring details for the biographer. The main incidents are included in the appearance of his several publications which gave an interest to his name that has no correspondent attraction in the circumstances of his domestic life. Nevertheless the few memoranda which we have been able to procure, shall be laid before our readers, though we hope that a somewhat fuller account of this remarkable young man will one day be furnished to the public.

Henry Louis Vivian Derozio was born in Calcutta on the 18th of April 1809. He was sent to school at the age of six, and even at that early period exhibited very decided indications of superior talent. The school, which when he first entered it was conducted by a Mr. Scott, was soon after in the hands of Mr. David Drummond, the ingenious and acute author of "Objections to Phrenology." We differ materially from Mr. Drummond on certain metaphysical questions, but we are not the less inclined to admit his merits. He is a man of no ordinary mind, and his writings unquestionably display great quickness and subtilty of thought. He appears to have early appreciated the character of his pupil and to have taken much pride and interest in his advancement. Mr. Derozio remained at the same school until the age of fourteen, when he entered the Calcutta Agency House of Messrs. J. Scott and Company where his father held a respectable and responsible situation. Two years afterwards he was sent to assist his uncle Mr. Johnson, an Indigo Planter at Bhaugulpore. It was here that he first became a professed disciple of the Muses. He had indeed almost "lisp'd in numbers," but it was not, we believe, until his

sixteenth year that he had sufficient confidence in his own powers to venture on any elaborate composition or to dare the public eye. His first attempts in print appeared in the *India Gazette* about this time, under the signature of JUVENIS, and it was owing to the generous encouragement of Dr. J. Grant, who then edited that paper, that the young poet began to feel his way and to devote himself with increased ardour and animation to his favorite pursuit. It is not surprising that his first patron was struck with the very great promise of future excellence which so youthful a Muse exhibited. His contributions were received with kindness and respect and such a compliment from an Editor distinguished for his taste and talent could not fail of inciting him to renewed exertions. A young poet, however, is so naturally sanguine that there is perhaps more danger of his running into an over-estimate of his capacity and thereby checking the real progress of his mind, than of his sinking into a state of idle and melancholy depression. For this reason too much praise is often far more injurious than too much censure. The latter puts the poet on his mettle, but the former makes him too easily satisfied with himself and his productions. It was scarcely possible for the then Editor of the *India Gazette* to refrain from speaking highly of what so well ~~deserved~~ his praise, but we suspect that Mr. Derozio would have been a better poet had he been guided in the commencement of his career by severer critics. His two first and only volumes were hurried into print in the years 1827 and 1828, and though really wonderful productions for a boy, they were not followed up by that gradual development of higher powers which they gave us such strong reason to anticipate. His latest pieces are little superior to the contents of his two volumes. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Derozio was in poetry what Master Betty was on the Stage, a mere miracle of precocity. If his earlier works had been published at a later age, their intrinsic excellence would yet have entitled them to respectful notice, and they would still have been regarded with surprize as the productions of an East Indian whose experience was confined to the plains of Bengal and to the society of his own class. We would merely express an opinion that his mind too soon became comparatively stationary, and that he did not wholly fulfil the promise of his youth. This was not from any inherent incapacity of improvement, but it arose we apprehend, from his having tasted too early of the sweets of fame. It was so rare an occurrence to find a young East Indian distinguishing himself in the field of English Literature, that his British admirers expressed themselves with a generous warmth in his favor, while he was no doubt the idol of his countrymen who are not in the habit of measuring either their praises or their censures with much precision. The wild and extravagant laudations from East Indian friends which followed the announcement of his death, were probably fully equalled by the tributes that were addressed to him by the same persons in his life-time. It was Mr. Derozio's misfortune to have associated chiefly with his inferiors. Had he visited England and found himself surrounded by hundreds of men of far greater eminence, he would have

learned how few there are who may venture to congratulate themselves on their own genius and attainments. It is the want of knowledge that makes us vain. The profoundest spirits are generally the humblest. Newton compared himself to a child gathering pebbles on the sea shore. The farther we advance the longer appears our road, for the more we see before us.

“ Hills peep o'er Hills and Alps on Alps arise.”

The perusal of superior books has not the same humbling effect as the meeting with superior men. A book is a kind of abstraction, but a personal contact with our betters occasions that strong sense of inferiority which is so painful to little minds and so useful to noble ones. The anxiety which some people evince to escape from such uncongenial company, and their bitter humiliation and restless discontent until restored to their own little circle of admirers, is an illustration of this remark. A library is not so great a check to our self approbation, though adorned even with a Milton and a Shakspeare! In minds indeed, duly chastened and subdued by extensive study, a work of genius will always excite a humble admiration, but we are now alluding to its effects on youthful writers and readers who possess but a superficial knowledge of literature and life. Those who are apt to talk flippantly and even to think lightly of books, are brought to their own level in the presence of living genius.

Young Derozio left Bhaugulpore and came to reside in Calcutta in his seventeenth year. He now began to prepare his poems for the press, and soon published his first volume which was received with great and deserved applause by the Calcutta Press. In the following year appeared his “Fakcer of Jungheera.” About this period, through the assistance of his friend Dr. Grant, he obtained a situation as a teacher in the Hindoo College which he retained with great credit until the last year of his life, when the Native Managers insisted on his retirement on account of certain unfavorable rumours respecting his religious and moral opinions. As we have now in our possession the letters that passed on that occasion between Mr. Derozio and Dr. Wilson, we shall lay them before the reader, as it will more clearly explain the cause of this unfortunate circumstance, than any remarks which we could offer ourselves.

✱ To H. H. WILSON, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—The accompanying is my resignation; but you will observe that I have taken the liberty of departing from your suggestion of making it appear a merit on my part. If I had grounds to believe that my continued connection with the College would be really and permanently prejudicial to that institution, the spirit to leave it, without any suggestion but that of my own mind, would not be wanting. I do not conceive, however, that a temporary shock needs such a sacrifice; and I cannot, therefore, conceal from myself the fact that my resignation is compulsory. Under these circumstances, I trust you will see the propriety of my declining to make that appear a merit which is really a necessity. Nevertheless, I thank you heartily for having recommended me to do so, because I perceive it to have been the dictate of a generous heart anxious to soothe what it could not heal. But I dare not ascribe to myself a merit which I do not possess; and if my dismissal be considered a deserved disgrace by the wise and good, I must endure it.

As the intemperate spirit displayed against me by the Native Managers of the College is not likely to subside so completely as to admit of my return to that institution as speedily as you expect; and as the chances of life may shape my future destiny so as to bring me but rarely in contact with you; I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without recording my grateful acknowledgments to you for all the kindness you have shown me, since I have had the honor and pleasure of being known to you. In particular, I must thank you for the delicacy with which you conveyed to me, on Saturday last, the resolution of the Managing Committee, and for the sympathy which I perceived my case had excited in you. Such circumstances, when genuine and unaffected, make deeper impressions on my feelings, than those greater acts of favor, the motives for which we cannot always trace.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir, with sentiments of respect and regard,

Your's sincerely,

Calcutta, 25th April, 1831

H. L. V. DEROZIO.

TO THE MANAGING COMMITTEE OF THE HINDOO COLLEGE.

GENTLEMEN,—Having been informed that the result of your deliberation in close Committee, on Saturday last, was a resolution to dispense with my further services at the College, I am induced to place my resignation in your hands, in order to save myself the mortification of receiving formal notice of my dismissal.

It would, however, be unjust to my reputation, which I value, were I to abstain from recording, in this communication, certain facts which, I presume, do not appear upon the face of your proceedings. Firstly, no charge was brought against me; secondly, if any accusation was brought forward, I was not informed of it; thirdly, I was not called up to face my accusers, if any such appeared; fourthly, no witnesses were examined on either side; fifthly, my conduct and character underwent scrutiny, and no opportunity was afforded me of defending either; sixthly, while a majority of the Committee did not, as I have learned, consider me an unfit person to be connected with the College, it was resolved notwithstanding that I should be removed from it. So that unbiased, unexamined, and unheard, you resolved to dismiss me without even the mockery of a trial. These are facts: I offer not a word of comment.

I must also avail myself of this opportunity of recording my thanks to Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hare, and Baboo Sreekissen Singh, for the part which I am informed they respectively took in your proceedings on Saturday last.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

Calcutta, 25th April, 1831.

H. L. V. DEROZIO.

TO H. L. V. DEROZIO, Esq.

DEAR DEROZIO,—I believe you are right, although I could have wished you had been less severe upon the Native Managers, whose decision was founded merely upon the expediency of yielding to popular clamour, the justice of which it was not incumbent upon them to investigate. There was no trial intended—there was no condemnation. An impression had gone abroad to your disadvantage, the effects of which were injurious to the College, and which would not have been dispelled by any proof you could have produced that it was unfounded. I suppose there will still be much discussion on the subject—private only I trust, but that there will be; and I should like to have the power of speaking confidently on three charges brought against you. Of course it rests entirely with you to answer my questions. Do you believe in a God? Do you think respect and obedience to parents no part of moral duty? Do you think the intermarriages of brothers and sisters innocent and allowable? Have you ever maintained these doctrines by argument in the hearing of your scholars? Now I have no right to interrogate you on these or any other of your sentiments, but these are the rumoured charges against you, and I should be very happy if I could say boldly, they were false, or could produce your written and unqualified denial for the satisfaction of those whose good opinion is worth having.

Your's sincerely,

April 25.

H. H. WILSON.

To H. H. WILSON, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR.—Your letter which I received last evening, should have been answered earlier, but for the interference of other matters which required my attention. I beg your acceptances of this apology for the delay, and thank you for the interest which your most excellent communication proves that you continue to take in me. I am sorry, however, that the question you have put to me will impose upon you the disagreeable necessity of reading this long justification of my conduct and opinions. But I must congratulate myself that this opportunity is afforded me of addressing so influential and distinguished an individual as yourself, upon matters which, if true, might seriously affect my character. My friends need not however be under any apprehension for me; for myself, the consciousness of right is my safeguard and my consolation.

I.—I have never denied the existence of a God, in hearing of any human being. If it be wrong to speak at all upon such a subject, I am guilty; for I am neither afraid nor ashamed to confess having stated the doubts of philosophers upon this head, because I have also stated the solution of those doubts. Is it forbidden any where to argue upon such a question? If so, it must be equally wrong to adduce an argument upon either side. Or is it consistent with an enlightened notion of truth to wed ourselves to only one view of so important a subject, resolving to close our ears and eyes against all impressions that oppose themselves to it? How is any opinion to be strengthened, but by completely comprehending the objections that are offered to it and exposing their futility? And what have I done more than this? Entrusted as I was for some time with the education of youth, peculiarly circumstanced, was it for me to have made them pert and ignorant dogmatists, by permitting them to know what could be said upon only one side of grave questions? Setting aside the narrowness of mind which such a course might have evinced, it would have been injurious to the mental energies and acquirements of the young men themselves. And (whatever may be said to the contrary,) I can vindicate my procedure by quoting no less orthodox an authority than Lord Bacon. "If a man," says this philosopher (and no one ever had a better right to pronounce an opinion upon such matters than he) "will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts." This, I need scarcely observe is always the case with contented ignorance, when it is roused too late to thought. One doubt suggests another, and universal scepticism is the consequence. I therefore thought it my duty to acquaint several of the College students with the substance of Hume's celebrated dialogue between Cleanthes and Philo, in which the most subtle and refined arguments against Theism are adduced. But I have also furnished them with Dr. Reid's and Dugald Stewart's more acute replies to Hume—replies, which, to this day, continue unrefuted. This is the head and front of my offending. If the religious opinions of the students have become unhinged in consequence of the course I have pursued, the fault is not mine. To produce conviction in their minds was not within my power; and if I am to be condemned for the Atheism of some, let me receive credit for the Theism of others. Believe me, my dear sir, I am too thoroughly imbued with a deep sense of human ignorance, and of the perpetual vicissitudes of opinion, to speak with confidence even of the most unimportant matters. Doubt and uncertainty besiege us too closely to admit the boldness of dogmatism to enter an enquiring mind; and far be it from me to say that "this is," and "that is not," when, after the most extensive acquaintance with the researches of science, and after the most daring flights of genius, we must confess with sorrow and disappointment, that humility becomes, the highest wisdom, for the highest wisdom assures man of his ignorance.

Your next question is—"do you think respect and obedience to parents no part of moral duty?" For the first time in my life did I learn from your letter that I am charged with having inculcated so hideous, so unnatural, so abominable a principle. The authors of such infamous fabrications are too degraded even for my contempt. Had my father been alive, he would have repelled the slander, by telling my calumniators that a son who had endeavoured to discharge every filial duty as I have done could never have entertained such a sentiment. But my mother can testify how utterly inconsistent it is with my conduct—and upon her testimony I might rest my vindication. However, I will not stop short there. So far from having even maintained or taught such opinion, I have always insisted upon respect and obedience to parent. I have indeed condemned that feigned respect which some children evince, being hypocritical and injurious to the moral character. But I have always endeavored to cherish the genuine feelings of the heart, and to direct them into proper channels. Instances, however, in which I have insisted upon respect and obedience to parents are not wanting. I shall quote two important ones for your satisfaction; and as the parties are always at hand, you may at any time substantiate what I say. About two or three months ago. Dukhinaundun Mookerjya (who has made so great a noise lately) informed me that his father's treatment of him had become utterly insupportable, and that his only chance of escaping it was by leaving his

father's house. Although I was aware of the truth of what he had said, I dissuaded him from taking such a course, telling him, that much should be endured from a parent, and that the world would not justify his conduct, if he left his home without being actually turned out of it. He took my advice, though, I regret to say, only for a short time. A few weeks ago he left his father's house, and, to my great surprise, engaged another in my neighbourhood. After he had completed his arrangements with his landlord, he informed me, for the first time, of what he had done. And when I asked him why he had not consulted me before he took such a step—"because," replied he, "I knew you would have prevented it."

The other instance relates to Moheshchunder Singh. Having recently behaved rudely to his father, and offended some of his other relatives, he called upon me at my house, with his uncle, Umachoron Bose, and his cousin, Nundolal Singh. I reproached him severely for his contumacious behaviour, and told him that until he sought forgiveness from his father I would not speak to him.—I might mention other cases, but these may suffice.

"Do you think marriages of brothers and sisters innocent and allowable?" This is your third question. "No," is my distinct reply; and I never taught such an absurdity. But I am at a loss to find out how such misrepresentations, as those to which I have been exposed, have become current. No person who has ever heard me speak upon such subjects could have circulated these untruths—at least I can hardly bring myself to think that one of the College students with whom I have been connected could be either such a fool as to mistake every thing I ever said, or such a knave as wilfully misstate my opinions. I am rather disposed to believe that weak people who are determined upon being alarmed, and finding nothing to be frightened at, have imputed these follies to me. That I should be called a sceptic and an infidel is not surprising, as these names are always given to persons who dare to think for themselves in religion; but I assure you that the imputations which you say are alleged against me, I have learned for the first time from your letter, never having even dreamed that sentiments so opposed to my own could have been ascribed to me. I must trust therefore to your generosity to give the most unqualified contradiction to these ridiculous stories. I am not a greater monster than most people; though I certainly should not know myself were I to credit all that is said of me. I am aware that for some weeks some busy bodies have been manufacturing the most absurd and groundless stories about me, and even about my family. Some fools went so far as to say that my sister while others said, my daughter (though I have not one) was to have been married to a Hindoo young man!!! I traced the report to a person named Bindabun Ghosal, a poor Brahman, who lives by going from house to house, to entertain the inmates with the news of the day, which he invariably invents. However, it is a satisfaction to reflect, that scandal, though often noisy, is not everlasting.

Now that I have replied to your questions, allow me to ask you, my dear sir, whether the expediency of yielding to popular clamour can be offered in justification of the measures adopted by the Native Managers of the College towards me? Their proceedings certainly do not record any condemnation of me; but does it not look very like condemnation of a man's conduct and character to dismiss him from office when popular clamour is against him? Vague reports and unfounded rumours went abroad concerning me: the Native Managers have confirmed them by acting towards me as they have done. Excuse my saying it, but I believe there was a determination on their part to get rid of me, not to satisfy popular clamour but their own bigotry. Had my religion and morals been investigated by them, they could have had no grounds to proceed against me; they therefore thought it most expedient to make no enquiry out with anger and precipitation to remove me from the institution. The slovenly manner in which they have done so is a sufficient indication of the spirit by which they were moved; for in their rage, they have forgotten what was due even to common decency. Every person who has heard of the way in which they have acted, is indignant; but to complain of their injustice, would be paying them a greater compliment than they deserve.

In concluding this address, allow me to apologize for its inordinate length, and to repeat my thanks for all that you have done for me in the unpleasant affair by which it has been occasioned.

I remain, my dear Sir, your's sincerely,

26th April, 1831.

H. L. V. DEROZIO.

It is quite certain that Mr. Derozio was indefatigable in his duties at the College, and was very much beloved by the majority of the Students. That he took a deep interest in their progress is shown in the following Sonnet which he published in the Bengal Annual, for 1831.

TO THE STUDENTS AT THE HINDOO COLLEGE.

Expanding like the petals of young flowers
I watch the gentle opening of your minds,
And the sweet loosening of the spell that binds
Your intellectual energies and powers,
That stretch (like young birds in soft summer hours)
Their wings to try their strength. O! how the winds
Of circumstance, and freshening April showers
Of early knowledge, and unnumbered kinds
Of new perceptions shed their influence;
And how you worship truth's omnipotence!
What joyance rains upon me, when I see
Fame, in the mirror of futurity,
Weaving the chaplets you have yet to gain—
And then I feel I have not lived in vain.

There is another little poem amongst his manuscripts which forms an additional proof of the interest which he felt in the intellectual advancement of the Hindoos. We believe the following Sonnet is now published for the first time.

SONNET.

Who originated and carried into effect the proposal for procuring a portrait of David Hare, Esq.

Your hand is on the helm—guide on, young men,
The bark that's freighted with your country's doom,
Your glories are but budding; they shall bloom
Like fabled amaranths Elysian, when
The shore is won even now within your ken,
And when your torch shall dissipate the gloom
That long has made your country but a tomb
Or worse than tomb, the priest's, the tyrant's den.
Guide on, young men; your course is well begun;
Hearts that are tuned to holiest harmony
With all that e'en in thought is good, must be
Best formed for deeds like those which shall be done
By you hereafter 'till your guerdon's won
And that which now is hope becomes reality.

March 8, 1830.

Mr. Derozio for some time edited a paper entitled the *Calcutta Gazette*; he then became assistant Editor of the *India Gazette* which he left soon after, we know not from what cause, but in a letter discovered amongst his papers, from the principal Editor, there appears to have been no dissatisfaction on either side. The letter alluded to is a very generous and complimentary one and touches upon pecuniary matters with great delicacy and good feeling. His articles however, in the *India Gazette* were not popular, for many readers were offended by their flippancy and pretension. This was unhappily too much the character of his prose-writings, which though always clever, smart and lively, had an air of coxcombry and conceit that injured the effect of much truth and originality of observation. On leaving the *India Gazette* he set up a paper of his own, exclusively devoted to the interest of his own class and which he continued to edit

with great zeal and ability till arrested in his labours by his last illness. He died of cholera morbus, after lingering the unusual period of four or five days, on the 23d of December, 1831, in the 22d year of his age.

Mr. Derozio's character in private life was such as endeared him greatly to his associates. There was an air of frankness and cordiality in his manners, and his conversation was always lively, and sometimes brilliant. He was particular, and even foppish, in his dress, which, connected with a diminutive stature, disappointed those new acquaintances who had formed an idea of his person from the productions of his mind. The acuteness and vivacity of his remarks, however, soon restored him to the stranger's good opinion. Those who knew him most, appear to have liked him best. He was an excellent son, a most affectionate brother, and a warm friend.

We have now to speak more particularly of his poetry. From knowing the youth and genius of the author, it has always seemed to us rather in the light of a promise than of a performance. If his progress had not been somewhat checked by a certain self-satisfaction from too early and unmeasured praise, he would have bestowed more time and pains upon his later works, which, though always full of talent, are often crude and unfinished. His first volume, as the production of an East-Indian boy of 17, was an extraordinary work, and indicated a wonderful precocity of genius. If he had lived longer, and had steadily advanced in growth of intellect with his years, he might have won to himself a more lasting and more widely extended reputation. Even as it is, he will not be soon forgotten, as the first East Indian who has evinced a decided poetic genius. Shortly before his death he spoke with comparative indifference of both his volumes, and seemed to feel that they did not fairly represent the extent of his inward power. Every writer, indeed, is greater than his works, for there will always remain, in the last recesses of the mind, a thousand thoughts and feelings that defy expression; but Mr. Derozio very justly estimated his natural capacity when he felt that by greater labour and study he might have embodied in appropriate verse far higher sentiments and nobler imagery than are to be found in any thing he had yet produced. It is on these accounts that the shortness of his poetical career is so much to be lamented. He was just beginning to discover the defects of his early poems; and on being urged not to "unbeseem the promise of his spring," he intimated his intention to satisfy, if possible, the general expectation of his friends, and not to rest his fame on his juvenile attempts. We would not, however, be thought to depreciate all his actual performances by this reference to his capacity for higher efforts. Many of his shorter poems have very great intrinsic merit; and even his longest work, *The Fakcer of Jungheera*, though very imperfect and objectionable as a whole, contains numerous passages of singular interest and beauty. The story of the *Fakcer of Jungheera*, considered without reference to its poetical illustrations, is unworthy of criticism or analysis. It is at once extravagant and common place. A pretended fakcer turns out to be the chief of a band of dacoits, and runs off with a widow when she is

about to sacrifice herself on the funeral pile of her husband. This is the main fact or ground-work with which a variety of wild adventures and outrageous passions are connected. The author has, however, in some respects redeemed the poverty of the narrative by a wealth of imagery and much spirit and harmony of versification. His chief defect is the manner in which he has jumbled together the styles of Moore and Byron, whose works seem to have made a great deal too much impression on his mind. They are dangerous models. An imitator of these poets must inevitably run into cold and glittering conceits, and false and turgid descriptions of human passion. Even equal genius could hardly preserve him from their peculiar faults, for when the mind is too much absorbed in admiration of any particular writer, his faults become so hallowed by a close association with his beauties, and both are at length so unconsciously confounded and intermingled by his admirer, that the distinction is no longer cognizable. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Derozio's poetical reading was for some period so extremely limited. Had he studied Shakspeare and Milton as closely as he studied Moore and Byron, his style would have been something very different from what it was. Latterly his acquaintance with the best poets, both of ancient and modern times, was very extensive, and he began to be less reverential towards the idols of his earlier days. In an essay on Poetry, which he read before a Literary Association in Calcutta a few years ago, he spoke of Wordsworth with very little respect, but before his death he entirely altered his opinion of that most profound and philosophical of living poets. Miss Landon was another of his early favorites, whose style he lived to characterize with even too much severity, for though she too frequently indulges in false thoughts and sentimental exaggerations, there are indications of real feeling and undoubted genius in most of her productions. Mr. Derozio's imitations, however, rarely approached the sin of plagiarism, and seem rather to have been suggested by a lively sense of excellence in others, than a want of confidence in himself. Even in his similitudes there are dissimilitudes. The images come directly from his own brain, and the feelings from his own heart. He did not sit down to write with a pattern page laid open before him, but poured out his own genuine spirit with a poet's fervor. If the genius of other men enthralled his heart and colored many of his own dreams, the fact is more creditable to his poetical sympathies, than decisive against his claims as an original writer. The same intense love of beauty which leads a poet to represent the charms of external nature, will sometimes beguile him into an imitation of what is admirable in the writings of others. This is especially the case with young poets, who are almost always imitators. Byron in his *Child Harold* is known to have caught many flashes of inspiration from the descriptive passages of the "*Excursion*," notwithstanding his affected contempt for the Lake Poet. Yet no one would draw any conclusion from this fact, at all disrespectful to Byron's genius. What he took from others he made his own by the intensity and vigour with which he re-cast it in the mould of his own mind. All

poets borrow more or less from their contemporaries, which accounts indeed for that general resemblance which is to be traced in the poetry of particular ages.

We shall now proceed to lay a few specimens of Mr. Derozio's genius before our readers, and we hope that they will appear to call rather for higher than less commendation than we have bestowed upon his general character as a poet. His first volume opens with the following sonnet. It is not, however, one of his best. The leading idea seems borrowed partly from some beautiful stanzas by Scott, commencing

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hath hung
On the witch elm that shades St. Fillan's spring;

and partly from one of Moore's Melodies, beginning

Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee.

The fifth line of the sonnet is almost a repetition of a line in Moore's Lyric—

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.

SONNET.

THE HARP OF INDIA.

Why hang'st thou lonely on yon withered bough?
Unstrung, for ever, must thou there remain?
Thy music once was sweet—who hears it now?
Why doth the breeze sigh over thee in vain?—
Silence hath bound thee with her fatal chain;
Neglected, mute, and desolate art thou,
Like ruined monument on desert plain!—
O! many a hand more worthy far than mine
Once thy harmonious chords to sweetness gave,
And many a wreath for them did Fame entwine
Of flowers still blooming on the minstrel's grave:
Those hands are cold—but if thy notes divine
May be by mortal wakened once again,
Harp of my country, let me strike the strain!
March, 1827.

And yet, though not perfectly original, this is a very pleasing evidence of the talent of a boy of 18. But, as we have already hinted, there are better things than this as we get farther into the volume. Our next extract is an avowed imitation of Byron, but it is highly spirited and musical:—

HEAVEN.

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON'S

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,^a &c.

(Written in a Lady's Album.)

Know ye the land where the fountain is springing,
Whose waters give life, and whose flow never ends;
Where cherub and seraph in concert, are singing
The hymn that in odour and incense ascends?
Know ye the land where the sun cannot shine,
Where his light would be darken'd by glory divine;
Where the fields are all fair, and the flowers' young bloom
Never fades, while with sweetness each breath they perfume;
Where sighs are ne'er heard, and where tears are ne'er shed
From hearts that might elsewhere have broken, and bled;

Where grief is unfelt, where its name is unknown,
 Where the music of gladness is heard in each tone ;
 Where melody vibrates from harps of pure gold,
 Far brighter than mortal's weak eye can behold ;
 Where the harpers are robed in a mantle of light,
 More dazzling than diamonds, than silver more white ;
 Where rays from a rainbow of emerald beam,
 Where truth is no name, and where bliss is no dream ?—
 'Tis the seat of our God ! 'tis the land of the blest—
 The kingdom of glory—the region of rest—
 The boon that to man shall hereafter be given—
 'Tis Love's hallowed empire—'tis Heaven ! 'tis Heaven !
March, 1826.

Mr. Derozio from his earliest childhood evinced a love of liberty and independence, and his volume is full of interesting exemplifications of this generous feeling. The following was written in his 15th year ! It is no wonder that an East Indian boy who could feel and write in this way was looked upon with wonder and admiration :—

THE GREEKS AT MARATHON*.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

He who dies his land to save,
 Rests within a glorious grave.
 Forward, forward ! Grecians, on !
 'Tis the plain of Marathon !
 By the vict'ry of our sires,
 By our bosoms' native fires,
 By th' Athenian's † deathless name,
 Here we vow to die for fame !

Spirits of the martial band
 Who once armed to save this land,
 Who their valor here displayed,
 Heaven will quit, our cause to aid.
 Here, our sires a battle fought,
 Here, with blood their rights they bought,
 Here, our sires a battle won,
 On this plain of Marathon !

Grecians ! brothers ! dauntless be,—
 Think upon Thermopylae,
 Think upon Plataea's day,
 Think of ages past away.
 Think on those more dear than life,
 Parents, children, sister, wife ;
 Think of victory, think of fame,
 Freedom, fortune, nation, name !

Sparta's heroes never turned,
 E'en submission's name they spurned ;
 Bold they answered, death to slaves,
 " Let them come, and take our arms ! "

* These lines were written after the announcement of an action that had taken place at Marathon between the Turks and the Greeks, in which the latter were victorious.

† Themistocles.

‡ The well known reply of Leonidas to Xerxes.

This is Freedom's hallowed earth,
Hallowed by a deed of worth ;
Let another such be done
On this field of Marathon.

Yes ! from hence the Persian fled,
Here lay many a tyrant dead.
'Tis a gallant field of glory,
'Tis a battle famed in story ;—
Here the Moslem we shall meet,
Prostrate lay him at our feet ;
Seek we freedom ?—Grecians, on !
Freedom's field is Marathon !
May, 1825.

The next extract will show how early he began to think not only as a man but as a philosopher !—

YORICK'S SCULL.

Clown.—This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the King's jester.

Hamlet.—(*taking the scull*) This ?

Clown.—E'en that.

Hamlet.—Alas ! poor Yorick !

* * * * *

"Now get you to
my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch
thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh
at that.

Shakspeare.

It is a most humiliating thought,
That man, who deems himself the lord of all,
(Alas ! why doth he thus himself miscall ?)
Must one day turn to nought, or worse than nought ;
Despite of all his glory, he must fall
Like a fall leaf in autumn ; and his power
Weighs lighter than his breath in his last hour ;
And then earth's lord is fragile as a flower.—
This is a lesson for thee, Pride !—thy book
Should be the charnel ; into it once look,
And when thou'st read it, feed upon the thought,
The most humiliating thought, that thine
And thou, shalt be unto this favour one day brought—
Behold ! this is the "human face divine !"
April, 1827.

What freedom and spirit is there in the following sonnets, considering the youth and inexperience of the writer !

NIGHT.

For loneliness and thought this is the hour :—
Now that thou smil'st so beautiful and bright,
Oh how I feel thy soul-subduing power,
And gaze upon thy loveliness, sweet Night !
There sails the moon, like a small silver bark
Floating upon the ocean vast and dark :
Lovers should only look upon her light,
And only by her light should lovers meet ;
They catch an inspiration from the sight,
And all their words flow musically sweet,
Like the soft fall of waters far away ;
Their hearts run o'er with gladness, till they seem
As if they were not beings of the day,
But beautiful creations of a dream !

II.

Night, Night, O Night ! thou hast a gentle face,
 Like a fond mother's smiling o'er her child !
 I gaze on thee till my soul swells apace
 With thoughts and aspirations high, and wild.
 'Tis ever so ; and there be some who find
 That when the eye is fixed on boundless space,
 Spurning the earth, vast grows the giant mind.
 And seeks in some bright orb a dwelling-place.
 And it may be, that in my breast the fires
 Of hope, and fancy both are burning bright ;
 And all my aspirations, and desires
 May pass away, e'en with thy shadows, Night !
 But could my spirit fly from earth afar.
 'Twould dwell with one I love in yonder lovely star.

III.

Oh ! how fond memory in the calm of night
 Brings to the mind young love, though love hath past,
 With all th' endearing things which gave delight,
 And which we once believed could always last !
 Oft at this hour, in happier days I deem,
 When, Time ! thy foot fell softly upon flowers,
 And lighted by Diana's purest beam,
 Have youthful hearts enjoyed the passing hours ;
 And as the lover named the loved-one's name,
 Pale grew her cheek, while glowed the fire within,
 Like pure asbestos whitened by the flame ;—
 Then did the madness of his heart begin ;
 And then he gazed upon her forehead fair,
 Then looked into her eyes, to see if love was there.

IV.

Swift as the dark eye's glance, or fa'con's flight,
 Thought comes on thought, awakened by the night—
 And there are some which point towards the past,
 And fondly linger o'er life's twilight sky,
 Hailing the sacred star of memory ;
 And thou, though lonely, thou, my poor heart hast
 Much to muse over of past happiness,
 And though 'tis gone for ever, not the less
 Is it's remembrance dear—but lo ! a cloud
 Hath wrapt the mood, like beauty in a shroud !
 Hush ! there is silence—but methinks mine ear
 A distant, sweet, seraphic hymn doth hear—
 The stars alone are watching from above,
 Hush ! 'tis the night wind's voice—ah ! soft as her's I love,

V.

This to the soul of feeling sadness brings,
 And painful thoughts of those who once were dear,
 But who, now far from bleak misfortune's sphere
 Fly on from world to world with golden wings ;
 This wakes in many an eye a hopeless tear ;
 'Tis vain'y shed, for still the fond heart clings
 (Though sorrow all it's best enjoyments sear)
 Unto the memory of vanished things !
 The moon is gone ; and thus go those we love ;
 The night winds wait, and thus for them we mourn ;
 The stars look down ; thus spirits from above
 Hallow the mourner's tears upon the urn.
 Some thoughts are all of joy, and some of woe ;
 Mine end in tears—they're welcome—let them flow.

VI

Ye tears that flow, ye sighs that break the heart,
 Ah! wherefore do ye not relieve the wound,
 The deadly wound which Grief's envenomed dart
 Gives to the breast whose blood must stream unbound?
 Ah! no, it must not be!—tears wildly start,
 And sighs are heaved, and blood sinks in the ground;
 But these bring no relief:—we look around,
 But vainly look for those who formed a part
 Of us, as we of them, and whom we wore
 Like gems in bezels, in the heart's deep core.
 Where are they now?—gone to that "narrow cell"
 Whose gloom no lamp hath broken, nor shall break,
 Whose secrets never spirit came to tell:—
 O! that their day might dawn, for then they would awake.
 May, 1827.

The promise of future excellence which is discoverable in such poetry as this from a mere boy is almost startling, and the author in his future efforts had a hard task indeed to fulfil in satisfying the expectations of his admirers. That he failed is not surprising, considering the circumstances to which we have already alluded. However, he at all events did not retrograde, and there are many delightful productions in his second volume, to which we shall now resort. The following is from the opening of his *Faust of Jungheera*:—

How like young spirits on the wing
 The viewless winds are wandering!
 Now o'er the flower-bells fair they creep
 Waking sweet odours out of sleep;
 Now stealing softly through the grass
 That rustles as the breezes pass,
 Just breathing such a gentle sigh
 As Love would live for ever by!
 The sun-lit stream in dimples breaks,
 As when a child from slumber wakes,
 Sweet smiling on its mother—there,
 Like heavenly hope o'er mortal care!
 The sun is like a golden urn
 Where floods of light for ever burn,
 And fall like blessings fast on earth,
 Bringing its beauties brightly forth.
 From field to field the butterfly
 Flits—a bright creature of the sky;
 As if an angel plucked a flower
 From fairest heaven's immortal bower,
 The loveliest, and the sweetest there
 Blooming like bliss in life's parterre;
 And after having pinions given
 As earnest of eternal powers,
 To shew that beauty buds in heaven
 Had sent it to this world of our's.
 And wildly roving there the bee
 On quivering wing of melody
 From shrub to shrub enamoured hies,
 Then, like a faithless lover, flies,
 Giddy and wild even as he sips
 Their honey from the flowers' lips.
 O! there beneath the chequered shade
 By the wide-spreading Banyan made,
 How sweetly wove might be the theme
 Of gifted bard's delicious dream!
 His temples fanned by fresh'ning air,
 His brain by fancies circled fair,

His heart on pleasure's bosom laid,
His thoughts in robes of song arrayed—
How blest such beauteous spot would be
Unto the soul of minstrelsy!

There is spirit and energy in the description of the heroine at the funeral pile of her husband :—

Nuleeni's eye is not upon the dead,
To one afar her parting thoughts have fled ;
And she remembers now the blissful hours
That flew on odorous wings in those bright bowers
Where erst she met him !—Love's Elysian beam
Glides, like a golden thread, through life's dark dream ;
Still turns the eye unto that glittering thing,
Nor dares to wander from its magic ring.—
O ! if existence but in tempests pass'd,
And o'er the soul were gloom perpetual cast ;
Though round the heart destructive lightning played
And low that fragile thing in ruin laid :
Still, life would still be sweet, if but on high
Love's rainbow gleamed along the blackening sky
Though for one moment—then its dyes might fleet—
That one bright moment would make being sweet !—
She speechless stands, but her full heart is fraught
With feelings maddening, and surcharged with thought ;
The close observer skilfully might trace
Her passions' workings in her varying face ;
Like troubled waters in her breast they glow,
Dammed up, confined, but struggling for a flow ;
And could they flow the multitude would see
Grief for the dead was wanting :—could she be
While by her husband's lifeless form, unmoved
If ever she that lifeless form had loved ?—
Of woman judge not thus ; her heart expires
Even like the phoenix in its own made fires ;
Her hopes, affection, happiness she brings
To her soul's deity, as offerings.

Our next extract is in the author's best style :—

POETIC HAUNTS.

Doth not the gifted bard with nature dwell,
And finds he not companionship in hill,
And wood, and scented vale, and crystal stream,
Reflecting the soft melancholy moon ?
These weave their charms into a mystic chain
And fling it on the heart.

Where the billow's bosom swells,
Where the ocean casts its shells,
Where the wave its white spray flings ;
Where the sea-mew flaps its wings ;
Where the grey rock in the storm
Rears its proud gigantic form,
Laughing as the lightnings flash,
Heedless of the billowy dash,
Heedless though the clouds may pour,
Heedless though the thunders roar ;
Where the wind-god rideth by
Swiftly through the blackening sky,
Where the spirit of the sea
Wakes its matchless melody,
While the Naiads gather round
Gladdened by the magic sound ;—
Far from human hut, or home
Let the gifted Poet roam.

Or, upon some star-paved lake
 When the south breeze is awake,
 Let him launch his little bark, —
 Love's and Fancy's favored ark !
 When the mellow moonlight falls
 On the distant castle walls ;
 When the white sail is unfurled,
 And the graceful wave is curled ;
 When the winds in concert sing
 To the planets listening,
 And the Lady-moon rejoices,
 Hearing their melodious voices,
 Will she bids her softest beam
 Bear an errand to the stream,
 Which upon its lucid breast
 Wears an island, all at rest,
 Like a gem it flasheth there
 Begiled by the waters fair ;
 Such a spot as fairies love
 When abroad they nightly rove ;
 Where the red deer roams unharmed,
 And the wild dove is unalarmed,
 And the minstrel nightingale
 Tells, in plaintive strain his tale,
 Which the young rose blushing hears
 Like a maid who loves but fears ;—
 Such a sweet, enchanting spot
 Where our griefs might be forgot,
 Where, in youth, one fain would dwell
 With the lady he loved well—
 —Hither let the Poet be
 Dreaming dreams of ecstasy.

Or, on some bright summer even
 With his eye upraised to heaven,
 Ere the ruby sun hath set,
 Ere the waning day hath met
 On the western mountain's height
 Clad in widow's weeds, the night ;
 Let him muse on all around,
 On each soothing sight and sound !
 Let him mark the sun-gilt cliff,
 And the fisher's infant skiff ;
 Let him watch the wild waves' play,
 How they glide, like bliss away ;
 How they meet, and how they sever—
 Lovers parted, and for ever !
 And when every wind's asleep,
 And the spirit of the deep
 Maketh music on the main,
 When her soft melodious strain
 Charmeth Ocean's heaving breast,
 How the sun's last rays expire,
 How the weary waves retire
 In each other's arms to rest !
 Then upon the golden sky
 Let him cast his gifted eye—
 Such a dazzling, glorious sight,
 Such a scene, so pure, so bright !
 As if angels in the night
 With their plumage apt to heat,
 Flung the radiance of their wings
 (As the priest sweet incense flings
 On the western gate of heaven—
 What a brilliant boon to even !
 Hither let the minstrel be

Weaving wreaths of Poesy,
Lays of melody, and fraught
With th' immortal fire of thought,
Such as steal upon the soul,
Like sweet spells beyond control,
Clinging, whatsoever may be,
Ever to the memory,
Like the first wild dream of Love!

We have now quoted enough to give the reader a fair idea of the author's powers. He has not much pathos or imagination, but a great deal of spirit and fancy. His versification is varied and musical, and his diction is generally appropriate and poetical. He is too fond of cold and shining conceits, which are sometimes not only extravagant but incomprehensible. They would have pleased the Metaphysical Poets, whom Dr. Johnson has so acutely characterized in his life of Cowley. In one of Mr. Derozio's poems, in his second volume, (entitled *The Deserted Girl*, and written chiefly in the style of Miss Landon,) we have the following passage, which is certainly outrageous nonsense:—

There was a youth of expectations high,
Heir of a mighty line, with wealth so vast,
You might have deemed some favouring Genius laid
Earth's treasures at his feet. *Her* only dower
Was that which nature gave her on her face ;
But when on her he smiled, her answering eye
Spoke her soul's wish with all love's eloquence—
'Twas passion's language, known unto the heart
In its first thrill of feeling, but once lost
Forgotten ever after. Then the girl
Bound her affections for a sacrifice,
And having brought them to a fatal altar,
She offered them to him—her deity!—
The Memphisian for his god a reptile takes,
And I will worship thee he says, but finds
When dying from its fang, the demon kills.

Oh ! what a GOLDEN IMAGE WAS HER SOUL
Upon a PEDESTAL OF GLASS—'twas fixed
On one who was unworthy her : he fled ;
Her spirit fell—AND ALL THAT I COULD SEE
WERE BRAUTROUS FRAGMENTS, which had once been parts
Of something most divine !

He has several such passages as this, but it is useless to dwell upon them. It is not our object to give a very minute critical notice of his poems on this occasion, but rather to direct attention to their general character. There is no question that the second volume develops rather more powers than the first, and as much perhaps as might fairly be expected, considering that it followed so soon after. But the greatest disappointment of his admirers was occasioned by his various pieces published just before his death in different periodicals. These did not surpass the general contents of his two early volumes. Had he lived longer, however, and pursued a different course of study, and thought not of immediate applause but what was due to his own fame, we think he must certainly have shown that the man was superior to the boy. We hope, however, that this brief notice may serve to recall the merits of his works, which deserve preservation on their own account, without any reference whatever to the author or to his age, but which nevertheless derive a great addition interest when connected with those considerations.

THE EAST INDIA SKETCH BOOK.

The East India Sketch-Book: comprising an account of the present state of Society in Calcutta, Bombay, &c.; 2 vols. Richard Bentley, London, 1832.

This is a book which scarcely deserves a criticism, though it would be very unjust to pass it over in total silence. It is a work of the day, and of some local interest—but makes no pretensions of a permanent or lofty nature. One of the London journals has discovered, or thinks it has discovered, that the book is written by a lady, and not by a gentleman, as we are required to believe. Some particular *lapis penna* was pointed out, as a justification of this suspicion; but we forget the precise nature of it, and have not recognized it again on passing somewhat quickly through the volumes. It is very possible, that the author, who professes himself to be a married man, employed his wife to copy his manuscript, or even to assist him in a portion of the composition, and the lady may have accidentally dropped her veil. After all, the question of authorship is a comparatively trifling one. Let the book be written by whom it may, it is a very vivacious and entertaining production. It contains nothing indicative of high intellect or systematic observation: but, as the writer merely aims at amusement and seems only anxious to keep his readers pleasantly awake with lively narratives and slight but graphic descriptions, it would be both unreasonable and ungrateful to censure him for the absence of qualities to which he makes no pretension. We only wish, a greater number of our countrymen in India would turn their talents and leisure to as good account. The book is made up in rather an artificial and unconnected manner of short stories, essays, letters and poems. We shall give a couple of extracts, and then close the volume.*

LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

press-t
by son
commands them to think. You know this is not
trovarty between us, but now that I have again planted my foot beneath the shadow
of comparative liberty,—hugging its blessings to my bosom,—I challenge you to show
me one single bad consequence resulting from a press in Calcutta as unfiltered as
any reasonable man could desire. On the contrary, are not its benefits exhibited in the
improved tone of society,—the *growing* cultivation of indigenous talent,—the absence
of many evils which have been brought by this medium, to the notice of those within
whose power lay redress,—and with whom to *perosus* has been to remove? Trust me,
old Indian as I am, and knowing as I do the delicacy and fragility of those links by
which society is here, in an especial manner, holden together, none less than I would ad-

* In the introductory chapter, there is a curious typographical error, showing the importance of a comma.—“Go study Horace, Hayman Wilson’s Sanskrit Drama, and the Mahabharat, and a hundred volumes on Hindu Mythology.” The comma after Horace should be omitted.

vocate the degrading of the public press into vehicle by which mean and malignant minds might under anonymous shelter, inflict those wounds for which their swords are *all too rusty*. Not thus! Sacred for ever be the sanctuary of private life!—uninvaded the territory of each man's hearth-stone! But the actions of public servants are public property, and no man holds office exempt from this condition. The press, therefore, the organ of the public, has the right of stamping them with the brand of shame, or crowning them with the laurel coronal, as it meetest for their deservings. Woe to the ruler who dreads the truth from the tongue of an honest man, and seeks his security in the insane impolicy of a gag! Your press is a bolt on your society, which spread a shade of darkness over the whole surface. Its servility is despicable; the original matter of its effusions execrable; its extracts directed by the most partial illiberality. On the contrary, here, at present, the press is worthy British editors, and does not disgrace the mother tongue. Therefore we ask nothing beyond actual enjoyment by the security of its permanence. We are thankful for the boon, but we demand the *right*. We deny that we ought to be put in the condition of receiving by act of grace, a property fraudulently withholden from us. True, that we have no cause to complain under the administration of our present high-feeling and liberal-minded Governor-General; but *all* Governors-General number not these qualities amongst their especial prerogatives. We have had woeful experience that they are subject to all the infirmities that 'flesh is heir to,' and, above all, we dread the short-lived but severe despotism of an interregnum. We feel the pain of old but not forgotten wounds,—at changes of weather and similar unpleasant occasions. Time, the great "EDAX," will, I trust set his scythe to this as to many other *mown-down* prejudices, too long bound upon a timid, shrinking world. As to you, you appear to have forgotten the great political and moral truth, that subjects are at least, as much in fault as rulers, when the one oppresses, and the other groans, indeed, but whilst he groans, obeys!

"My dear K——, I wish you would show yourself amongst us, that you might see with your eyes, and confess with your lips, that there *are* choice spirits even in this Indian world,—not by twos and threes, but by dozens and scores. There is ———, but no!—come and see them bodily;—come, and thenceforwards deny that human intellect does indeed perish here;—that the tone of our society is so grossly sensual as to drive from its sphere all that is intellectual,—all that is allied to the nobler part of man. Tremble not that you shall be conducted to a festal board, for the furnishing forth of which whole herds and flocks have been slaughtered. 'We order these things better now.' There is less of *official* in the tone of our friendly meetings, and we do not put each other to death if a transgression of the laws of precedence should chance to occur. We do not measure our appreciation of men by the date of appointments and commissions, or the number of units that describe our annual receipts. *Nous avons change tout cela*. We respect talent, and we listen to it with attention, even if it should wear but the insignia of subalternship. We do not think a bit the more highly of a man's virtues or genius because he writes 'honourable' to his name, or holds a province at his beck. We are beginning to receive it as an article of faith, that the moral inosyncrasy of the individual is worth more of our observance than the accidents of his externals. We have done with drinking,—and gaming is pronouncing its final imprecations in blushing whispers. We read,—we think,—and we publish. Conversation, at least, fairly *contests* the ground with the bubbling, marmuring lullaby, of the somaiferous hookah. Our women have got beyond the accident of female intellect,—the fashion of a new turban, and the piquancy of the last *Leadenhall-street* novel, or *liaison*. Scandal there is,—if not so much or so loud as of yore,—still enough to make an honest man bless himself that he is not—*woman*! We live so much with open doors,—and it requires so little exertion for our neighbour to peep into the arcana of our establishment,—that at idle hours, for such will occur even to the 'sensible and reflecting part of the world,' we are apt to look, and to communicate the result of our observations. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true. But, as the schoolmaster hath really put on his seven-league boots, and looked in on us, we trust that beneath his gentle castigations, this evil also will, in the course of two or three thousand centuries, be put to death. Meanwhile, let us comfort ourselves with what there is of bright in the present

"A Calcutta Re-union!—Did not you read the account of it in the journals with sparkling eyes, and mouth watering? Did not you picture to yourself, beauty discharging the tawdry ornaments which, for the most part, disfigure her in all public exhibitions,—arrayed *simplex munditiis*,—and disdainful not to contribute, perchance, and bright as lovely,—*her quota* to the more refined pleasures of the

evening? Did not your heart yearn to him, the author of that pleasant charade, which was acted to the life, by yonder two or three non-professing amateurs? And did not your fancy linger on the dying notes of that thrilling syren, who so charmed our listening ear, that even applause was hushed in hope of more,—in reluctance to believe that those honey-dropping tones had ceased to fall upon our sense? And did you not desire to catch the sparkling *bon-mot*, as it added that Attic salt to the light repast, which just *sustains* not *satiates*? Such an assembly, my friend, is choice enough for the most fastidious abhorrence of grossness and vulgarity. It is meet for the choicest epicure of society, and as it does not invite the presence, cares little for the censure of those, who merit the cognomen of its *gluttons*.

“Have you seen our New Annual?—No. Then, as I am anxious to contribute largely to your delight, I shall send you a copy by Bangy. Do not you, men of Madras, droop with shame, not only that there is no spirit of emulation in you, but none of *encouragement*? that as you are not the Virgils, you are unwilling to become the Mæcenas of literature; and that, from want of sufficient patronage, this little star of the Indian Press is likely to be seen no more above the horizon? Oh, most worthy and most *asinine* public of ———! But I have done.

“I meant to have been *descriptive* on many and various subjects connected with this lordly capital, but I have, at the same time, exhausted my paper and my patience. Yours, I guess, is pretty considerably worn out also; therefore, until I am again ‘i the vein,’ believe me, &c. &c. &c.”

PINDARRIE ANECDOTE.

At the time, when the flying bands of the Pindarries hovered over the Indian Empire, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared,—when none could be secure that their next ravages could not scatter ruin around him,—it is surprising that many districts yet preserved a sense of security; or rather perhaps that apathy to all evil that is not immediate, which so strongly characterizes the Hindoo people, led them to prefer the enjoyment of their usual habits and habitations, to the trouble of taking those precautionary measures by which, in many cases, some lives at least might have been saved.

The little fort of Shalpoore stands in the midst of a wide plain, over which the eyes ranges until a chain of distant hills limits the horizon. Over the surface occasional tops of a stately palmira trees, or of the broad-spreading cocoa-nut are sprinkled;—the bed of a small rivulet also winds across its extent, the channel of which is dry except in the rainy season. At other times it forms a ravine, which is used as a pathway more frequently than the bandy† road, because it saves some ground, and every native prefers the shorter path, even if its ruggedness cost him threefold the time necessary to accomplish his journey by the longer.

The natives dwell in a small pettah situated some hundred yards from the fort. In the opposite direction are the lines of the sipahis, a battalion of whom is always stationed here. The houses of the officers generally stand on the glacis;—the two or three exceptions consist of the commandant’s house and some public buildings within the walls.

At the period to which this little anecdote refers, rumours were abroad that a Pindarrie band was hanging about the neighbourhood; consequently guards were doubled, and some of the more fearful or more prudent of the inhabitants removed themselves and their families from the pettah to the protection of the fort. Still there were many who held aloof, and indeed so long an interval elapsed unmarked by any occurrence of the ordinary routine, that the former reports began to be considered even by the European officers as “idle tales.”

It was one evening towards the full moon; the night had set in stormily, and the wind blew in those terrific gusts which generally attend the commencement of the monsoon. The day had been one of comparative excitement, for a wayfarer from a neighbouring village had arrived in piteous plight, and told his story of robbery by two or three Pindarries, from whom he had escaped with life, only because they were occupied with contending about the division of the booty. The man sought refuge in the fort, for he asserted

* The author appears to have written this after seeing one of our announcements concerning the preparation of the third volume of the *Annual*. We are now getting on with the fifth, which is to be embellished with Engravings from London.—Ed.

† A two-wheeled cart.

that the Pindarries were at hand ; but his example had not many followers, and his assertions were considered as the exaggerations of fear. The adjutant, indeed, directed a guard to be picketed on the flank of the pettah, and recommended them to keep a sharp look-out. When this guard had taken their post, the rest of the garrison not on duty turned in, and slept fearlessly.

Slight as this measure of precaution was, its result added much to the adjutant's reputation for vigilance, sagacity, and all those qualifications that proved his competency to the post he held. A little before midnight, a messenger from this advanced guard came to his quarters, and rousing him, instantly reported that a large band of Pandarries were surely approaching, for though they could not yet be discerned, "the havildar had put his ear to the ground, and had distinguished the far-off tramp of many horses."

It happened that this havildar was a Hindoo, whose acute sense of hearing had served the army on previous occasions, and indeed had paved the way for his promotion. The adjutant knew, therefore, that his authority on this matter was unquestionable, and he directed that the inhabitants of the pettah should be immediately directed to shelter themselves in the fort, whilst he went direct to the commandant to report the existing state of things, and receive instructions accordingly.

The storm had ceased, and the full-orbed moon shone out brightly and clearly over every object. The white clouds undulating through the heavens, reflected her brilliant light, and the adjutant was acute enough to know that the Pandarries, if indeed they were approaching, were deprived of that sheltering obscurity in the expectation of which probably their plans had been matured. As he went along, he roused the officers from their slumber; and nearly the whole of the dignitaries of the regiment were in seemly array, at his side, when he reached the dwelling of the colonel.

The whole party, with the commandant at their head, ascended the ramparts, and from the highest summit looked out to see if there were any appearance of the approaching danger. As if the whole credit of this night's events were to fall to the share of the adjutant, he was the first to discern a multitude of tiny figures, not larger than the puppets of the fantoccini at the distant point from which they were discernible. Guarded by his observation, the whole party were not slow in corroborating the fact by the evidence of their own senses; and a council of war being convened on the instant, it was carried unanimously that the whole military force, as well as the inhabitants, should enter the fort, lock the gates, man the walls, and "do great things at an advantage."

The drum beat "to arms," and the sipahis, already roused, speedily obeyed the call. They came in rapidly by tens and twenties, and proceeded to their various posts. The peaceable part of the inhabitants were quickly hastening to the fort, and the sentries at the gate were ready to close its heavy leaves when the last lingerer should have passed. And there was little time for tardiness, or for reluctant looking back to the homes that were quitted; for the figures that had appeared at first so small, were now visible in their proper dimensions, and every man on the walls could see, that the party was well-mounted, well-armed, and numerous.

Already the colonel had directed his adjutant to give the necessary signal for the closing of the gate, when the attention of the latter was arrested by the sight of a female figure, carrying an infant in her arms, hastening forward with all the rapidity her burden permitted. The signal therefore was delayed, for there was much interest in the scene, painful but exciting. The Pindarries were evidently gaining ground, and the girl's steps were tottering, as if she fainted beneath the exertion; and the heart of every spectator beat with fear for the result.

But there was one on whose brow large drops of agony were standing, for he knew that those two who were in such extreme jeopardy, were they around whom every affection of his soul would have thrown the mantle of his protection. "It is Himmiah and her child!" said a voice near the adjutant; and he saw the sipahi who had uttered the words, dart from his post. There was no time to recall him, even if there had been the inclination;—but the adjutant suspected the truth, and the next moment the appearance of the man rushing from the gate, and bounding forward into the plain, confirmed that suspicion.

The adjutant's whole soul now became interested in the matter. He saw plainly enough that the individual was Appiah, who for his good conduct was already marked for promotion, on the very first vacancy after the supernumeraries should be absorbed. The man flew along with a speed that almost dazzled the eye; and he reached the ob-

acts of his anxiety just in time to catch his child from the arms of the fainting mother. With one hand he clasped it to his bosom, and with the other arm encircling his wife's waist, he retreated with all the speed such a burden would permit.

The Pindarries neared the fort. In vain the commandant ordered the adjutant to give the signal, and declared that the lives of two must be sacrificed to preserve the lives of many. The adjutant, if hard of nerve, was not hard of heart; and if he did not *refuse* obedience, he delayed it. Meanwhile Appiah toiled on and onwards, and he heard the heaviest trampling of the horses' hoofs, and he thought he felt their breath upon his neck. Gathering up his strength for the last desperate effort, for already the gate seemed turning on its hinges ready to shut out him and all he loved from hope and life,—panting,—breathless,—his starting veins swelling almost to bursting,—every object dancing before his eye,—he bounded once—twice—as a courser just commencing a race,—and the third time he had passed the gate!

An instant more and it had rolled heavily on its creaking hinges, and the unwieldy machinery of its fastenings was adjusted—and the baffled spoilers who had been drawn nearer to the fort than prudence warranted, in their eager hope of outstripping the so hardly rescued, fell thickly beneath the shots from the ramparts. They were too exposed to the heavy fire to venture on the commission of those devastations which formed the principal feature of their predatory warfare; and very soon they were seen scattered in all directions, and flying across the plain, until finally they disappeared.

Meanwhile Appiah had relinquished his precious burden to the care of the many hands stretched out to aid him. The child, all unconscious of its danger or escape, moaned in the midst of the strange faces and stranger noises around it. Ummiah, the young mother, looked on the boy,—then on Appiah, who had fallen prostrate in a state of utter exhaustion. They brought water, and she, flinging herself by his side, put it to his lips, but, parted as they were, they received it not. She bathed his brow, and she looked into his open eyes, but they were fixed, and gave no sign of recognition. She felt his heart—its pulse had ceased;—his limbs fell powerless from her touch. Motionless he lay there, and some said it was a deep swoon. And they brought the aid of the skilful, and Ummiah looked in his face as he attempted to draw her husband's blood, and she saw that it was hopeless!

The widow's wail,—the frantic cry of her agony,—proclaimed to the bystanders, that Appiah had purchased the safety of his wife and his son *with his life*.

THE CHINESE REPOSITORY.

At a time when a mighty change is likely to take place in our relations with China, when the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly will set the tide of our commercial enterprize on the shores of the celestial empire, it may be satisfactory to our readers, as it is pleasing to ourselves, to know that a periodical work has been established at Canton, styled, "*The Chinese Repository*," the principal object of which is to enquire into the Natural History—the Commerce—the social relations and the religious character of China and its inhabitants. This work is issued in monthly numbers. It commenced on the 1st May 1832, and has already presented to the public a number of articles replete with entertainment and instruction.

Before, however, we notice this work, we wish to offer a few general observations on the state of China, to shew why we place a greater value on *The Chinese Repository*, than we should be disposed to allow to a work of a similar nature in any other part of the globe.

To Europeans of the present day China may truly be called a sealed book. If we seek for information regarding it, the best and most accurate we possess, is in the accounts given by the Jesuits, which al-

though written some two or three centuries ago are still wonderfully applicable to its present condition, and may be considered to contain as much information of the nation in the present day, as would be found in a history of any European State *written* fifty years ago. This circumstance is easily accounted for, if we consider the policy which has guided the councils of the Chinese Government for centuries, and which has taught them to inculcate passive obedience and a hatred of change.

The Chinese Government acting with the spirit of a great monopolist, considers its strength to consist in exclusion, and its continuance to depend on an unprogressing order of things, and exerts its utmost energy to accomplish these objects; this spirit of the government has hitherto been kept in action, by ignorance and a wonderful conceit of Chinese superiority in all that relates to civilised life, over the Fangui. China presents the beau ideal of an absolute despotism such as Metternich or Pozzo di Borgo sigh for, and such as they would willingly introduce did not the progressing knowledge of those they rule over, raise obstacles to their wishes. When these ministers hear the voice of the people demanding concessions from their Government and are forced to listen, how inferior must they think the policy of European nations to that of China, and how inferior must they think themselves to To-tsin, first minister of the Chinese cabinet, a Mantchon of the bordered yellow standard. Tootung of the white standard? It is not the despotism of the Chinese Government or the means it adopts to perpetuate its authority that we wonder at: all Governments have inherently the same principle, which shews itself and is acted on as circumstances and the spirit of the governed permit: It is the blind submission which three hundred millions of men have hitherto paid to the behest of their Emperor, as to a divinity, which surprizes us, and leads us even to doubt whether extraordinary talent must not lend its aid in thus inducing so vast a host of people differing in their language, religion and customs to bow with submissive reverence to the orders of their Government however cruel and oppressive they may be.

The principle of *old custom* is the link which has hitherto held together the chain of Chinese society. The son follows the footsteps of his father, and in all things does as he did before him. With such a principle pervading all ranks of society and acting on the entire nation from the highest to the lowest and from generation to generation, it is not wonderful that accounts of this singular people, although written by Jesuits so long ago, should still retain a vivid likeness of the customs and manners of the Chinese of the present day. Where arts and sciences are at a stand, where the habits and customs of ordinary life are religiously followed by each succeeding generation: an account of the manner and occupations of the inhabitant of China three hundred years ago must be nearly suitable to the present day.

The exclusive policy of China which seems to have increased as the Government became more convinced of its own weakness, has rendered the modern works on China mere sketches arising out of the different embassies, which are rather useful in confirming the old account

than in extending our knowledge of this extraordinary people*. The Russians indeed ought to have the means of affording intimate knowledge of the interior economy of China, but busied with European politics their Government does not seem to have as yet thought the records of its College at Peking worthy of publication.

As far as our knowledge extends, such has been the moral and political position of China for centuries—but if we were asked, will the system remain unchanged? our answer would be decidedly, No. Liberty is a plant congenial to all countries, and can never be entirely eradicated from the soil. The hand of despotism may check its growth for a time, still the seeds remain to produce good fruit at the proper season. The Triad society in China is as much feared by its Government as the Freemasons are in Europe. Its principles are supposed to be based in a hatred of the Tartar dynasty, and its object to rid China of Tartar, tyranny. When a nation has, like the Chinese so long submitted to the most cruel despotism without a murmur, the slightest opposition to its Government is worthy of our attention. It cannot be judged of by a comparison with our own country, where the fiercest political struggles are but questions of degrees, where the parties struggle not to fix a new principle, but to contract or expand an old one. If then these secret combinations and frequent rebellions in China are to be viewed (as we contend they ought to be) as the first dawnings of a more enlightened state among the people, the change in the internal state of the Empire will be sudden. A nation rising to assert its rights is not to be withstood by its own Government however strong it may be. But when a nation like the Chinese rises to relieve itself from a foreign yoke or to force its foreign Government to deal justly, and to admit it to an equal participation, in the rights of its Tartar subjects, the contest must soon be terminated.

Arguing on these premises, we consider it a question of deep importance to the philosopher, statesman and merchant, how far a nation in the present position of the Chinese may be influenced by a freer intercourse with foreigners, and how far such influence may tend to alter and ameliorate the national character of this singular people. The time seems to be at hand, when with the Company's monopoly, the abomination of the Cohong must be removed: the English merchant will seek his market at whichever part it suits him best to trade with, and Amoy Fou chou Fou, Ningpo-Sheanghoe, &c. will be as well known as Canton. The experiment has already been tried too successfully to leave the question a doubtful one; so different indeed is the reception of Europeans in the other provinces of China, that we are satisfied the viceroy of Canton has always acted towards Europeans in his province with a certainty of the support of the East India Company; we believe that the difficulties of a free trade with China are purely ideal. The Company and their advocates have endeavoured to shew that they alone can conduct the Tea trade for England, that their influence is necessary to

* We have never had an opportunity of perusing Morrison's "View of China" which, we believe, is an elaborate work principally however formed from authentic materials.

keep a check on the arrogant and suspicious Government of China : assertions in such a case are worthy of no consideration, unless supported by facts. We liken the trade of England with China, as now surrounded with monopoly and prejudice to the man within the Wizard circle, startling forms of spectral demons oppose their ideal hideousness to his release, but the moment the magic bonds are broken and the circle passed, he finds himself free to pursue his course unassailed by the chimeras of monopoly and unopposed by the Demons of the Tea-pot.

Such in a few words is our opinion of China, formed we confess from scanty materials, and only offered to the reader as a reason for our placing a high value on the work before us, which will gradually supply us with information on all essential points connected with the Chinese, and as it proceeds, lead us on to correct knowledge of the laws, customs and manners of that nation.

We now turn to the work itself and will give the Editor's own words in explanation of the object he has in view, in the introduction to the first number he says—

The Empire of which, as residents, we form constituent atoms, stands at this moment, in the 'midst of the Earth,' a stupendous *anomaly*; and beyond all controversy, presents the widest, and the most interesting field of research under heaven. By what right of inheritance, by what favourite law of "justice and propriety," a very large portion of the earth's surface is made impassable, it is not easy to understand; we can only record it, (and we do it with peculiar emotions) that such is the fact. A vast domain, stretching from East to West more than three thousand miles, and from North to South two thousand and upwards, constitutes the "*Middle Kingdom*;" and, with the exception of the Russian Establishment at Peking, consisting of only ten persons, and a very narrow place at Canton and Macao, 'foreigners can by no means be permitted to enter and reside in it.'

Time was when they might, and did traverse the country in every direction: many valuable records, of men and things, were then made. But all who read, at this day, those early writings, will find much which it is hard to believe. Rocks do not often change their forms, nor rivers cease to flow; but the one may be rolled from their beds, and the other turned from their courses, without the violence of the earthquake or the tempest. The decree of Darius, established and signed according to the law "which altereth not," was soon-obsolete. The decrees of others, and in modern times, have shared the same regard, and with equal justice. The changes of the last few years, are, doubtless, the precursors of others, more extensive and salutary in their consequences. For tens of centuries, *Old Custom* has held a despotic and cruel sway over a noble race of men, restraining and destroying their best energies. Still, even here, and during the period strangers have been shut out of the country, very considerable changes have taken place.

Our author then proceeds to state his intention of reviewing foreign works on China, to ascertain the changes that have taken place in the country itself, and to endeavour to correct the discrepancies and contradictions which stand recorded in these works. To effect this he proposes to ascertain as distinctly as possible the competence and credibility of the most approved native authorities.

These, at the present time, can be obtained in great numbers, and on every subject, whether physical, moral, political, commercial, literary, or religious. On these several topics, and others also, historical and statistical works will be required, to exhibit alike the past and the present. Sufficient weight has not, generally, we think, been given to native authorities. While we would allow them their proper influence, we shall try to avoid the opposite extreme. We have no very strong expectations of finding much that will rival the arts and sciences, and various institutions of the Western nations. We do

not expect to find, among all the almost numberless tomes of the Celestial Empire, data of such value and authority, as shall enable the wise men of the age, 'to correct the chronology, or improve the morality of Holy Writ.'

We agree entirely in the justice of this remark. No research should be omitted which may add to our information, and we are happy to find that the Editor possesses a knowledge of the Chinese language which will enable him to bring the Literature of the country to bear on the subjects he proposes to discuss.

The next object is Natural History in which he says—

On *natural history*, inquiries may, with great propriety and advantage, be directed, to the climate, its temperature, changes, winds, rains, healthfulness; to the soil, its mineral, vegetable, and animal productions, its fertility and state of cultivation; and also to the productions of the rivers, lakes, and seas.

Then comes commerce.

As to *commerce*, it will be specially interesting to notice its progress from the past to modern times; observing, particularly, the advantages and disadvantages of its present state.

The next object to be enquired into is the "Social Relations" of the people, which in fact embraces the entire morality of the nation.

Inquiries in regard to the *social* relations, will require a careful investigation of the constitution of society; and, in connection with an examination of the *moral* character of the people, will demand a close and long continued observation of their conduct towards one another; as rulers and subjects; husbands and wives; parents and children; and so forth. Much assistance may be gained in all these inquiries, by a developement of their *literary* character. Their books and their systems of education will be worthy of examination, as they have a constant and powerful influence on all the grand relations, and vital interests of the community.

The religious character of the Chinese is made a special object, although we believe it is by themselves classed under the head of "Social Relations."

We feel and shall take a very lively interest in the *religious* character of the people. As a spiritual being, destined to immortality, with "powers of intellect, to comprehend the great, to penetrate the profound, and to effect the gigantic," man presents to man the most interesting subject of inquiry amidst all the wonders of His mysterious hand, whose power and wisdom are infinite.

The purpose of this work is then declared—

We enter on our work unbiassed; and influenced rather by considerations of duty than of reward. Every man has his *purposes*, the accomplishment of which is the highest object of his heart's desire. To spend and be spent in publishing "glad tidings" to those who had never heard the "joyful sound," and to bear the lamp of life to those who were perishing for lack of vision, a greater than the wisest of the sons of men, took an earthly tabernacle; and now, having ascended up on high, he commands man to go and teach his fellow,—to publish the gospel to every creature. Every one, too, has his *opinions*; but, in regards to many topics of interesting inquiry, those opinions may be unsettled, and should remain so, till they can be established and corroborated by sufficient evidence. One may call no man Rabbi, while yet he scorns not to learn wisdom from the little child, or even the little ant.

We are desirous of receiving assistance in every way convenient; and, while we shall not shrink from, nor disregard, the criticisms of friends or strangers, we desire heartily, and will be grateful for, any light that may be thrown on our path. That "it is more blessed to give, than to receive," is a truth, which we hold to be of general, as well as of particular application, and in no case better exemplified, than in the communication of knowledge; we shall not, therefore, so far as we can act on this principle, be less willing to communicate, than to receive whatever may serve to develop the real character of the "Celestial Empire," and to benefit those who have been made of 'one blood, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'

This is a modest and sensible address to the public; the object aimed at is the spread of the Gospel in China—in other words, the Editor is we presume a Missionary, but not a man who will allow his zeal to overcome his wisdom, or who expects by a miracle to convert a Heathen nation to Christianity: his object is a pious one, and he hopes to attain it, by endeavoring to improve the moral condition of a degraded people, and by increasing their knowledge and refining their minds, prepare them to receive the doctrines of a pure religion.

The first article reviewed is an account of the Mohammedans in China in the 9th century, entitled

Ancient account of India and China, by two Mohammedan travellers, who went to those parts in the 9th century, translated from the Arabic by the late learned EUSEBIUS RENAUDOT. With notes, illustrations, and inquiries by the same hand. London, printed for Sam. Harding, at Bible and Anchor on the pavement in St. Martin's Lane. MDCCLXXXIII.

We pass over this article merely noticing that these travellers visited China in the 237 and 264 years of the Hegra or Anno Domini 850 and 877; they were natives of Bagdad, at that time the most splendid city in the East, where merchants carried on an extensive trade with China. The reviewer ends the articles with the following extracts and points out the similarity of the Chinese of the 9th and 19th centuries:—

They are for the most part handsome, of comely stature, fair, and by no means addicted to excess of wine; their hair is blacker than the hair of any other nation in the world; and the Chinese women curl their's. The Chinese are more handsome than the Indians, and come nearer to the *Arabs*, not only in countenance, but in their dress, in their way of riding, in their manners, and in their processional ceremonies. They wear long garments, and girdles in form of belts.

The Chinese are dressed in silk, both in summer and winter; and this kind of dress is common to the prince, the soldier, and to every other person, though of the lowest degree. In the winter they wear drawers, of a particular make, which fall down to their feet. Of these they put on two, three, four, five, or more, if they can, one over another; and are very careful to be covered quite down to their feet, because of the damps, which are great, and much dreaded by them. In summer they only wear a single garment of silk, or some such dress, but have no turbans.

Their common food is rice, which they often eat with a broth like what the *Arabs* make of meat, or fish, which they pour upon their rice. Their kings eat wheaten bread, and all sorts of animals, not excepting swine, and some others. Their drink is a kind of wine made of rice; they have no other kind in the country, nor is there any brought to them; they know not what it is, nor do they drink of it. They have vinegar also, and a kind of comfit like what the *Arabs* call *natef*, and some others.

There are schools in every town for teaching the poor and their children to write and read, and the masters are paid at the public charge. The Chinese have no sciences, and their religion and most of their laws are derived from the Indians; nay, they are of opinion, that the Indians taught them the worship of idols, and consider them as a very religious nation. Both the one and the other believe the *metempsychosis*; but they differ in many points touching the precepts of their religion.

The Chinese have some skill in medicine; but it almost wholly consists in the art of applying hot irons, or cauterics. They have also some smattering of astronomy; but therein the Indians surpass them.

When the Chinese are about to marry, both parties come to an agreement, then presents are made, and at last the marriage is celebrated with the sound of many sorts of instruments and drums. "They observe the degree of consanguinity," adds the second traveller, "after this manner." They are divided among themselves, into families and tribes, like the *Arabs*, and some other nations; and they know each other by the difference of their descents. No one marries in his own tribe.

The Chinese and Indians are not satisfied with one wife ; but both the one and the other marry as many as they please.

The Chinese are fond of gaming and all manner of diversions. They worship idols, pray to them, and fall down before them ; and they have books which explain the articles of their religion.

Every reader of these copious extracts, will see at once, a striking resemblance between the Chinese of the 9th and 19th centuries. Differences exist, some of which we have noticed and others may come under review hereafter. Such permanence of national character, such inflexibility of manners and customs, are rarely found, and never exist without their peculiar causes ; to observe which, in this case, and trace them to their results, opens a wide field for the philosopher, and the political economist. Who will enter it ?

The next article is—

Journal of a residence in Siam, and of a voyage along the Coast of China to Mantchou Tartary, by the Rev. CHARLES GUTZLAFF.

As Mr. Gutzlaff will probably be a distinguished character before long we give the Editor's own account of him.

We are happy in being able to bring before our readers a journal of so novel and interesting a character as that which we commence below. To an individual, who sees millions of his species wrapt in the gloom of ignorance and idolatrous superstitions, and devotes himself to the noble service of working out their deliverance, the considerations of civilized and christian society, and of home, will not, in the least degree, lose their value ; on the contrary, as they are viewed in contrast, their value is enhanced, while yet they are willingly foregone, and are counted but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Mr. G. is from the neighbourhood of Stettin ; about six years ago, he relinquish'd the most inviting considerations, even royal patronage, to commence the humble labours of a missionary in the East. He is now on a voyage north, expecting to visit Formosa, Loochou, Japan, Corea, and some of the ports along the coast of China ; of this second voyage, it will be in our power, we hope and expect, to give some account at an early period. The population of Bangkok, at which place the present journal commences, was four years ago, 401,300 souls, of whom 360,000 were Chinese.

We may add that Mr. Gutzlaff returned from the voyage here alluded to in September last, and has since made another in the *Sylph*, so that he is losing no opportunity of visiting the ports of China and becoming acquainted with the people.

Our own slight knowledge of China has always led us to consider it as the field where Missionary labours are likely to yield the richest harvest. The Chinese have no cast or scruples like the Hindoos, which oppose almost insuperable objections to their seeking knowledge, or canvassing the doctrines of their own faith, besides, with all their degradation of character the Chinese are an intelligent people, who, when freed from the terror of their mandarins, willingly discuss questions relating to their Religion, the Policy of their Government and the like, and have no scruples in acknowledging their inferiority when convinced of the fact ; we speak particularly of those who visit foreign countries, and who have had an opportunity of contrasting the policy of other nations with that of their own ; for instance, they soon form a correct estimate of the advantage of English law and the justice with which it is administered at Penang, Malacca and Singapore, and overcoming the national vanity which we have noticed, acknowledge freely their admiration of English justice and their astonishment that the poor man has equal protection with the rich. It is, therefore the policy of the Chinese Government to keep their subjects separated from foreigners, and impress them with an idea of the superiority of their own

nation; this can only be continued by ignorance, a free intercourse dispels their prejudices, they have the sense to discover their own inferiority and to desire a connection by which they perceive they must be greatly benefitted. With these remarks, which will be borne out by Mr. Gutzlaff we now commence with that gentleman's Journal.

May 1831. During a residence of almost three years in Siam, I had the high gratification of seeing the prejudices of the natives vanish; and perceived with delight, that a large field amongst the different people who inhabit Siam, was opening. As long as the junks from China stayed, most of the time was taken up by administering to the spiritual and bodily wants of large numbers of Chinese. We experienced this year the peculiar blessings of our divine Saviour. The demand for books, the inquiries after the truth, the friendship shown, were most favourable tokens of divine approbation upon our feeble endeavours. The work of translation proceeded rapidly; we were enabled to illustrate the rudiments of languages hitherto unknown to Europeans; and to embody the substance of our philological researches in small volumes, which will remain in manuscript, presuming that they may be of some advantage to other missionaries. Some individuals, either prompted by curiosity, or drawn by an interest for their own eternal welfare, applied for instruction, and one of them made an open profession of Christianity.

When we first arrived, our appearance spread a general panic. It was well known by the predictions of the Bali books, that a certain religion of the west would vanish Buddhism; and, as the votaries of a western religion had conquered Burmah, people presumed, that their religious principles would prove equally victorious in Siam. By and by, fears subsided; but were, on a sudden, again roused, when there were brought to Bangkok, Burman tracts, written by Mr. Judson, in which it was stated that the Gospel would very soon triumph over all false religions. Constant inquiries were made about the *certain* time, when this should take place; the passages of Holy Writ, which we quoted in confirmation of the grand triumph of Christ's Kingdom, were duly weighed, and only few objections started. At this time, the Siamese looked with great anxiety upon the part which the English would take, in the war between Quedah and themselves. When the king first heard of their neutrality, he exclaimed: 'I behold finally, that there is some truth in Christianity, which formerly I considered very doubtful.' This favourable opinion influenced the people to become friendly with us. The consequence was, that we gained access to persons of all ranks, and of both sexes. Under such circumstances, it would have been folly to leave the country, if Providence had not ordered otherwise, in disabling me by sickness, from farther labour there. A pain in my left side, accompanied by headache, great weakness, and want of appetite threw me upon my couch. Though I endeavoured to rally my robust constitution, I could readily perceive, that I was verging, daily, with quick strides, towards the grave; and a burial place was actually engaged.

Mr. Gutzlaff then comments on the unsteady character of the Siamese which he attributes to the debasing effects of their religion which is Buddhism; he then proceeds to draw the character of the princes and chief men with whom he associated.

Favored by an over-ruling Providence, I had equal access to the palace, and to the cottages; and was frequently, against my inclination, called to the former. Chow-fa-nooi, the younger brother of the late king and the rightful heir of the crown, is a youth of about 23, possessing some abilities, which are however swallowed up in childishness. He speaks the English; can write a little; can imitate works of European artisans; and is a decided friend of European sciences, and of Christianity. He courts the friendship of every European; holds free conversation with him, and is anxious to learn whatever he can. He is beloved by the whole nation, which is wearied out by heavy taxes; but his elder brother, Chow-fa-yay, who is just now a priest, is still more beloved. If they ascend the throne, the changes in all the institutions of the country will be great, but perhaps too sudden.—The son of the Phra Klang, or minister of foreign affairs, is of superior intelligence, but has a spirit for intrigue, which renders him formidable at court, and dangerous to foreigners. He looks with contempt upon his whole nation, but cringes before every individual, by means of whom he may gain any influence.—Chow nin, the step-brother of the King, is a young man, of good talents, which are however spoiled by his habit of smoking opium. Kroma-sun-ton, late brother of the king, and chief justice of the kingdom, was the person by whom I could communicate my sentiments to the king. Officially invited, I spent hours with

him in conversation, principally upon Christianity, and often upon the character of the British nation. Though himself a most dissolute person, he requested me to educate his son, (a stupid boy,) and seemed the best medium for communicating Christian truth to the highest personages of the kingdom. At his request, I wrote a work upon Christianity, but he lived not to read it; for he was burnt in his palace in the beginning of 1831.—Kroma-khun, brother-in-law to the former king, a stern old man, called in my medical help, and I took occasion to converse with him on religious subjects. He greatly approved of Christian principles, but did not apply to the fountain of all virtue, Jesus Christ. In consequence of an ulcer in his left side, he again called in my aid; yet his proud son despised the assistance of a barbarian; neither would the royal physicians accept of my advice; and the man soon died. Even a disaster of this description, served to recommend me to his Majesty, the present King, who is naturally fond of Europeans; and he entreated me not to leave the Kingdom on any account; but rather to become an officer, in the capacity of a physician.—Paya-meh-tap, the commander in chief of the Siamese army in the war against the Laos or Chans, returning from his victorious exploits, was honored with royal favor, and loaded with the spoils of an oppressed nation, near the brink of destruction. A severe disease prompted him to call me near his person. He promised gold, which he never intended to pay, as a reward for my services. And when restored, he condescended so far as to make me sit down by his side, and converse with him upon various important subjects.—Payarak, a man hated by all the Siamese nobility, on account of his mean, intriguing spirit and sent as a spy to the frontiers of Cochin-China, urged me to explain to him the nature of the gospel; and as he found my discourse reasonable, he gave me a present of dried fish for the trouble I had taken.—The mother of prince Kroma-zorin, one of the wives of the late king, contrasted Evangelical truth with Budhistical nonsense, when she made me meet one of her most favorite priests, of whom she is a decided patron. Though she had built a temple for the accommodation of the priests of Budha, that mass might be constantly performed in behalf of her son, who lately died, she thought it necessary to hear, with all her retinue, the new doctrine, of which so much had been said at court of late.—The sister of Paya-meh-tap invited me, on purpose to hear me explain the doctrine of the gospel, which she, according to her own expression, believed to be the same with the wondrous stories of the Virgin Mary.

I will mention also a few individuals in the humbler spheres of life, but who profited more by our instructions than any of the nobles. Two priests,—one of them the favorite chaplain of his Majesty, the other a young man of good parts, but without experience,—were anxious to be fully instructed in the doctrines of the gospel. They came during the night, and persevered in their application, even with neglect of the study of Bali, the sacred language, and of their usual services in Budhism. The elder, a most intelligent man about 20 years of age, continued for months, to repair with the Bible to a forest, boldly incurring the displeasure of the King. He also urged his younger brother to leave his native country, in order to acquire a full knowledge of Christianity and European sciences, so as afterwards to become the instructor of his benighted fellow-citizens; a Cambodian priest was willing to embark for the same purpose; and, finally, a company of friends invited me to preach to them, that they might know what was the religion of the Pharangs, or Europeans.

Mr. Gutzlaff states Siam to be one of the most fertile countries in Asia, and that under a good Government it might be superior to Bengal. We fancy the whole Malay peninsula is equally fertile, and that the Rajah of Ligore's dominions, which now include Quedah, if well governed, would be the garden of the East. He then states that Europeans have been treated with great contempt, and insolence by the Siamese, and gives the following good reason for it:—

The general idea, hitherto entertained by the majority of the nation as to the European character, was derived from a small number of Christians, so styled, who born in the country, and partly descended from Portuguese, crouch before their nobles as dogs, and are employed in all menial services and occasionally suffered to enlist as soldiers or surgeons. All reproaches heaped upon them, are eventually realized; and their character as faithful children of the Romish church, has been fairly exhibited by drunkenness and cock fighting. No industry, no genius, no honesty is found amongst them, with the exception of one individual, who indeed has a right to claim the latter virtue as his own. From this misconception has emanated all the disgraceful treatment of Europeans up to the time of the war between Burmah and the Company. When the first British envoy arrived, he was treated with contempt, because the extent of English power was not

known. When the English had taken Rangoon, it was not believed by the King, until he had sent a trust-worthy person to ascertain the fact. Still doubts agitated the royal breast as to the issue of the war with the invincible Burmans. Reluctantly did the Siamese hear of the victories of their British allies, though they were protected thereby from the ravages of the Burmans, who surely would have turned the edge of their swords against them, if the British had not conquered these, their inveterate enemies. Notwithstanding, the Siamese government could gladly hail the emissaries of Burmah who privately arrived with despatches, the sole object of which was to prevail upon the King of Siam not to assist the English, in case of a breach, upon the plea of common religion and usages. But the national childish vanity of the Siamese in thinking themselves superior to all nations, except the Chinese and Burmans, has vanished; and the more the English are feared, the better is the treatment which is experienced during their residence in this country. The more the ascendancy of their genius is acknowledged, the more their friendship as individuals is courted, their customs imitated and their language studied. His Majesty has decked a few straggling wretches in the uniform of Sepoys, and considers them as brave and well disciplined as their patterns. Chow-fa-nooi, gesiron of imitating foreigners, has built a ship, on a small scale, and intends doing the same on a larger one, as soon as his funds will admit. English, as well as Americans are disencumbered in their intercourse, and enjoy at present privileges of which even the favored Chinese cannot boast.

Our author then proceeds to describe the different classes of Chinese who inhabit Siam.

The natives of China come in great numbers from Chaou-chow-foo, the most eastern part of Canton Province. They are mostly agriculturists: while another Canton tribe, called the Kih or Ka, consists chiefly of artisans. Emigrants from Tang an (or Tung-an) district, in Fukkeen province, are few, mostly sailors or merchants. Those from Hainan are chiefly pedlars and fishermen, and form perhaps the poorest, yet the most cheerful class. Language, as well as customs, derived from the Chaou chow Chinese, are prevalent throughout the country. They delight to live in wretchedness and filth and are very anxious to conform to the vile habits of the Siamese. In some cases when they enter into matrimonial alliances with these latter they even throw away their jackets and trowsers, and become Siamese in their very dress. As the lax, indifferent religious principles of the Chinese, do not differ essentially from those of the Siamese, the former are very prone to conform entirely to the religious rites of the latter. And if they have children, these frequently cut their tails, and become for a certain time Siamese priests. Within two or three generations, all the distinguishing marks of the Chinese character dwindle entirely away; and a nation which adheres so obstinately to its national customs becomes wholly changed to Siamese. These people usually neglect their own literature, and apply themselves to the Siamese. To them nothing is so welcome as the bring presented, by the king, with an honorary title; and this generally takes place when they have acquired great riches, or have betrayed some of their own countrymen. From that moment they become slaves of the King, the more so if they are made his officers. No service is then so menial, so expensive, so difficult, but they are forced to perform it. And in case of disobedience, they are severely punished, and perhaps, put into chains for their whole lives. Nothing therefore, exceeds the fear of the Chinese,—they pay the highest respect to their oppressors, and cringe when addressed by them. Notwithstanding the heavy taxes laid upon their industry, they labour patiently from morning to night, to feed their insolent and indolent tyrants, who think it below their dignity to gain their daily bread by their own exertions. With the exception of the Hwuy Hwuy, or Triad society implicit obedience is paid to their most exorbitant demands, by every Chinese settler.

The Triad Society appears to exist in Siam and to have the same object as their brethren in China. It is the members of this body who are most anxious to see the English governing China as they do India, and who would rise in a body against their own Government if any hope existed of their receiving succour and protection from England.

Some years back, this society formed a conspiracy, seized upon some native craft at Bamplasoi, a place near the mouth of the Meinam, and began to revenge themselves upon their tyrants; but falling short of provisions, they were forced to put to sea. Followed by a small Siamese squadron they were compelled to flee; till contrary winds, and utter want of the necessaries of life, obliged them to surrender. The ringleader escaped to Cochinchina, but most of his followers were either massacred, or sent to prison for life.

From that time all hope of recovering the nation from abject bondage disappeared; though there are a great many individuals, who trust that the English (according to their own expression.) will extend their benevolent government as far as Siam. Every arrival of a ship enlivens their expectation, — every departure damps their joy.

Mr. Gutzlaff then proceeds to describe the several nations inhabiting Siam.

Great numbers of the agriculturists in Siam are Peguans, or Mons (as they call themselves). This nation was formerly governed by a king of its own, who waged war against the Burmans and Siamese, and proved successful. But having, eventually, been overwhelmed, alternately, by Burman and Siamese armies, the Peguans are now the slaves of both. They are a strong race of people, very industrious in their habits, open in their conversation, and cheerful in their intercourse. The new palace which the king of Siam has built, was principally erected by their labour, in token of the homage paid by them to the 'lord of the white elephant.' Their religion is the same with that of the Siamese. In their dress, the males conform to their masters; but the females let their hair grow, and dress differently from the Siamese women. Few nations are so well prepared for the reception of the gospel as this, but, alas! few nations have less drawn the attention of European philanthropists.

Mr. Gutzlaff then mentions that the Siamese are in the habit of stealing Burmese and making them slaves. There are numbers of Malays who are either slaves or tenants of large tracts of land which they cultivate with great care. There are also Moors the chief of whom enjoys high honor at the Court of Siam, being.

The medium of speech, whereby persons of inferior rank convey their ideas to the royal ear. As it is considered below the dignity of so high a potentate as his Siamese Majesty, to speak the same language as his subjects have adopted, the above-mentioned Moor-man's office consists in moulding the simplest expressions into nonsensical bombast in order that the speech addressed to so mighty a ruler may be equal to the eulogiums bestowed upon Budha. Yet by being made the medium of speech, this Moor has it in his power to represent matters according to his own interest, and he never fails to make ample use of this prerogative. Hence no individual is so much hated or feared by the nobles, and scarcely any one wields so imperious a sway over the royal resolutions. Being averse to an extensive trade with Europeans, he avails himself of every opportunity to shackle it, and to promote intercourse with his own countrymen, whom he nevertheless squeezes whenever it is in his power.

Our author then proceeds to describe the Laos or Chans, a nation scarcely known to Europeans.

I learnt their language, which is very similar to Siamese, though the written character, used in their common as well as sacred books, differs from that of the Siamese. This nation, which occupies a great part of the eastern peninsula, from the northern frontiers of Siam, along Camboja and Cochinchina on the one side, and Burmah on the other, up to the borders of China and Tonquin, is divided by the Laos into Lau pung-kau (white Laos) and Lan pung-dam (black or dark Laos), owing partly to the colour of their skin. These people inhabit mostly mountainous regions; cultivate the ground, or hunt; and live under the government of many petty princes, who are dependant on Siam, Burmah, Cochinchina and China. Though their country abounds in many precious articles, and among them, a considerable quantity of gold, yet the people are poor, and live even more wretchedly than the Siamese, with the exception of those who are under the jurisdiction of the Chinese. Though they have a national literature, they are not very anxious to study it; nor does it afford them a fountain of knowledge.

The Laos are dirty in their habits, sportful in their temper, careless in their actions, and lovers of music and dancing in their diversions. Their organ, made of reeds, in a peculiar manner, is among the sweetest instruments to be met with in Asia. Under the hand of an European master, it would become one of the most perfect instruments in existence.

The southern districts carry on a very brisk trade with Siam, whither the natives come in long, narrow boats, covered with grass; importing the productions of their own country, such as ivory, gold, tiger skins, aromatics, &c.; and exporting European and Indian manufactures, and some articles of Siamese industry.

Mr. Gutzlaff relates that in 1827 a war arose between the Laos and Siamese, which ended in the overthrow of the former and the death of their King Chow-vin-chan : he then proceeds with an account of a tribe of that nation.

Although the Laos, generally, are in a low state of civilization, yet there are some tribes amongst their most inaccessible mountains, inferior even to the rest of the nation. One of the most peaceful of these are the Kahs. The Laos, imitating the Siamese, are in the habit of stealing individuals of this tribe, and bringing them to Bangkok for sale. Hence I have been able to converse with some of the Kahs, who stated to me, that their countrymen live peaceably and without wants, on their mountains, cultivating just so much rice as is sufficient for their own use ; and that they are without religion or laws in a state of society, not far superior to that of herding elephants. Nevertheless, they seem capable of great improvement, and, under the hand of a patient minister of Christ may be as much benefited by the divine Gospel, as have been the lately so savage inhabitants of Tahiti or Hawaii.

The next people mentioned by Mr. Gutzlaff are the natives of Camboja.

The language of the Cambojans differs materially from the Siamese, and is more harsh, but at the same time also more copious. Their literature is very extensive, and their books are written in a character called *Khom*, which is used by the Siamese only in writing their sacred Bali books. Most of their books,—and, with the exception of the national laws and history, perhaps all,—are in poetry. They treat generally on very trivial subjects, abound in repetitions, and are often extremely childish. I have seen a geographical work, written some centuries ago, which is more correct than Chinese works of the same kind.

Camboja was very long ruled by its own princes ; but lately, disunion induced two brothers to take up arms against each other. Cochin-China and Siam both profited by this discord, and divided the country between themselves, while one of the princes fled to Cochin-China, and three to Siam. I was acquainted with two of the latter, the third having died. They entertain the hope that their country will yet be restored to them, since they did nothing to forfeit it. The younger of the two is a man of genius, and ready to improve his mind, but too childish to take advantage of any opportunity which may offer to him. The Cambojans are a cringing, coarse people, narrow minded, insolent, and officious, as circumstances require. They are however, open to conviction, and capable of improvement. The males are many of them well-formed, but the females are very vulgar in their appearance. They are on equality with their neighbours, in regard to filth and wretchedness, and are by no means inferior to them in laziness.

Camboja is watered by the Meinam kom, a large river, which takes its rise in Thibet. Like the southern part of Siam, the land is low and fertile, and even well-inhabited. The principal emporium is Luknooi (so called by the natives), the Saigon of Europeans. This place has many Chinese settlers within its precincts, and carries on, under the jurisdiction of the Cochinchinese, a very brisk trade, (principally in betelnut and silk), both with Singapore and the northern ports of China. The capital of Camboja is surrounded by a wall, erected in high antiquity. The country itself is highly cultivated, though not to the extent that it might be ; for, as the people are satisfied with a little rice and dry fish they are not anxious to improve their condition by industry.

Hitherto Camboja has been the cause of much hostility between Siam and Cochin-China, each nation being anxious to extend its own jurisdiction over the whole country. Even so late as 1830, a Cochinchinese squadron, collected at Luknooi, was about to put out to sea in order to defend the Cambojan coast against an expected descent of the Siamese ; while at the same time, the Cambojans are anxious to regain their liberty, and to expel the Cochinchinese, their oppressors.

The next country alluded to is Cochin-china, or Annam.

Cochinchina or Annam, united by the last revolution with Tonquin, has always viewed Siam with the greatest distrust. Formerly, the country was divided by civil contests ; but when a French bishop had organized the kingdom, and amplified its resources under the reign of Coung Shung, Annam could defy the prowess of Siam. Even when the French influence had ceased, and the country had relapsed into its former weakness, the Cochinchinese continued to keep a jealous eye on Siam. The Siamese, conscious of their own inferiority, burnt on one occasion, large quantity of timber collected for ships of

war, which were to have been built in a Cochinchinese harbour, they have also been successful in kidnapping some of the subjects of Annam, and the captives have mostly settled at Bangkok, and are very able traders. If the character of the Cochinchinese was not deteriorated by the government, the people would hold a superior rank in the scale of nations. They are lively, intelligent, inquisitive, and docile, though not cleanly and rather indolent. This indolence, however, results from the tyranny of government, which compels the people to work most of the time for its benefit. The Cochinchinese pay great regard to persons acquainted with Chinese literature. Their written language differs materially from their oral; the latter is like the Cambodian, while the former is similar to the dialect spoken on the islands of Hainan.

Mr. Gutzlaff states that Christianity was introduced into Siam by the Portuguese in 1622, it has now languished and the converts or their descendants disgrace the name of Christians; he, however, hopes better results from the Protestant Missionaries.

The labors of the protestant mission have hitherto only been preparatory, and are in their infancy state. However the attention of all the different races of people who inhabit Siam, has been universally roused and they predict the approach of the happy time, when even Siam shall stretch forth its hands to the Saviour of the world.

The natural productions and trade of Siam is then described.

A country so rich in productions as Siam offers a large field for mercantile enterprise. Sugar, sapan wood, beche de mer, bird's nests, sharks fins, lamhoage, indigo, cotton, ivory and other articles attract the notice of a great number of Chinese traders, whose junks every year, in February, March and the beginning of April arrive from Hainan, Canton, Soakah, (or Soo ag-ken, in Chaou chow Foo,) Amoy, Ningpo, Seur hae, (or Shang-hae heek, in Keangnan) and other places. Their principal imports consist of various articles for the consumption of the Chinese and a considerable amount of bullion. They select their export cargo according to the different places of destination and leave Siam in the last of May, in June, and July. These vessels are about 80 in number. Those which go up to the Yellow sea, take mostly, sugar, sapan wood, and betelnut. They are called Pak tow sun, (or Pih tow chuen, white headed vessels) are usually built in Siam and are of about 200 or 300 tons, and are manned by Chaou chow men, from the eastern district of Canton province. The major part of these junks are owned, either by Chinese settlers at Bangkok or by Siamese nobles. The former put on board as supercargo, some relative of their own generally a young man who has married one of their daughters; the latter take surety of the relatives of the person whom they appoint supercargo. If any thing happens to the junk, the individuals who secured her are held responsible, and are often, very unjustly thrown, into prison. Though the trade to the Indian archipelago is not so important, yet about 30 or 40 vessels are annually dispatched thither from Siam.

Mr. Gutzlaff then describes the Chinese junks, the men on board, their occupations, &c. &c.

The several individuals of the crew form one whole, whose principal object in going to sea is trade, the working of the junk being only a secondary object. Every one is a shareholder, having the liberty of putting a certain quantity of goods on board, with which he trades, wherever the vessel may touch, caring very little about how soon she may arrive at the port of destination.

The common sailors receive from the captain nothing but dry rice, and have to provide for themselves their other fare, which is usually very slender. These sailors are not, usually, men who have been trained up to their occupation, but wretches, who were obliged to flee from their homes, and they frequently engage for a voyage, before they have ever been on board a junk. All of them, however stout, are cowards, and if any thing of importance is to be done, they will hawl out their commands to each other till all is utter confusion. There is no subordination, no cleanliness, no mutual regard or interest.

The navigation of junks is performed without the aid of charts, or any other helps, except the compass, it is mere coasting, and the whole art of the pilot consists in directing the course according to the promontories in sight. In time of danger, the men immediately lose all courage; and their indecision frequently proves the destruction of their vessel. Although they consider our mode of sailing as somewhat better than their own, still they can not but allow the palm of superiority to the ancient craft of the 'co-

festial empire? When any alteration for improvement is proposed they will readily answer, if we adopt this measure we shall justly fall under the suspicion of barbarism.

Mr. Gutzlaff comments on the idolatry, the rights of which are performed with the greatest punctuality on board the junks, and ends his description with the following parallel between the devotion of the idolatrous Chinese and Christian sailor under similar circumstances:—

Such are the idolatrous principles of the Chinese, that they never spread a sail without having conciliated the favour of the demons, nor return from a voyage without showing their gratitude to their tutelary deity. Christians are the servants of the living God : who has created the heavens and the earth : at whose command the winds and the waves rise or are still ; in whose mercy is salvation, and in whose wrath is destruction ; how much more, then, should they endeavour to conciliate the favour of the Almighty, and to be grateful to the author of all good? If idolaters feel dependant on superior beings, if they look up to them for protection and success : if they are punctual in paying their vows ; what should be the conduct of nations, who acknowledge Christ to be their Saviour? Reverence before the name of the Most High ; reliance on his gracious protection ; submission to his just dispensations : and devout prayers, humble thanks-giving, glorious praise to the Lord of the earth and of the sea, ought to be habitual on board our vessels ; and if this is not the case, the heathen will rise up against us in the judgment, for having paid more attention to their dumb idols, than we have to the worship of the living and true God.

The Chinese art of Navigation is thus described—

The whole coast of China is very well known to the Chinese themselves. As their whole navigation is only coasting, they discover, at a great distance, promontories and islands, and are seldom wrong in their conjectures. They have a Directory, which, being the result of centuries of experience, is pretty correct, in pointing out the shoals, the entrances of harbours, rocks, &c. As they keep no dead reckoning, nor take observations, they judge of the distance they have made by the promontories they have passed. They reckon by divisions, ten of which are about equal to a degree. Their compass differs materially from that of Europeans. It has several concentric circles ; one is divided into four, and another into eight parts, somewhat similar to our divisions of the compass ; a third is divided into twenty four parts, in conformity to the horary division of twenty-four hours, which are distinguished by the same number of characters or signs : according to these divisions, and with these signs, the courses are marked in their directory and the vessel steered.

Mr. Gutzlaff gives a short opinion of China as a field for Missionary labours.

China has, for centuries, presented to the Romans a great sphere for action. Latterly the individuals belonging to the mission, have not been so eminent for talents as their predecessors, and their influence has greatly decreased. Although the tenets of their religion are proscribed, some individuals belonging to their mission, have always found their way into China ; at the present time, they enter principally by the way of Kankoen. It would have been well, at the time they exercised a great influence over the mind of Kanghe, if, by representing European character in its true light, and showing the advantages to be derived from an open intercourse with western nations,—they had endeavoured, to destroy the wall of separation, which has hitherto debarred the Chinese from marching on in the line of national improvement. Their policy did not admit of this ; the only things they were desirous of, was to secure the trade to the faithful children of the mother church, and the possession of Macao to the Portuguese. In the latter, they succeeded ; in the former, all their exertions have been baffled by the superior enterprising spirit of protestant nations ; and their own system of narrow policy has tended, not only to exclude themselves from what they once occupied, but to excite the antipathy of the Chinese government against every stranger.

Protestant missionaries, it is to be hoped, will adopt a more liberal policy : while they preach the glorious gospel of Christ, they will have to show that the spread of divine truth opens the door for every useful art and science ; that unshackled commercial relations will be of mutual benefit ; and that foreigners and Chinese, as inhabitants of the same globe, and children of the same Creator, have an equal claim to an amicable intercourse, and a free reciprocal communication. Great obstacles are in the way, and have hitherto prevented the attainment of these objects ; but, nevertheless, some preparatory steps have been taken ; such as the completion of a Chinese and English dictionary, by

one of the most distinguished members of the protestant mission ; the translation of the Bible ; the publication of tracts, on a great variety of subjects ; the establishment of the Anglo Chinese college, and numerous schools ; and other different proceedings, all for the same purpose.

This account of the folly of the Catholic Missionaries is fully borne out by history. They endeavoured to establish the Pope's supremacy in temporal as well as spiritual matters, quarrelled among themselves, and at last became so obnoxious to the suspicious Government of China, that they were at different times banished and their Churches pulled down. The Bishop of Peking was banished in 1827 and the remaining Bishop of Nanking we believe has lately also been ordered out of China. Yet by the returns made of Christians in 1810 vast numbers still profess Christianity although probably it is scarcely deserving the name. The Reverend J. B. Marchine returns of the number in China and its dependencies or rather perhaps in the countries where the influence of the Catholic mission extends at 5,85,000 souls.

Mr. Gutzlaff having become acquainted with many of the Chinese trading to Siam determines at last to obtain a passage on a junk and enter China—after considerable delay he agreed with Captain Sin-shun the owner of the junk Shun-le to embark in his vessel for Teen-tsin. He then describes his six fellow passengers and the Captain, and how he was admitted a passenger in the Junk.

Long before leaving Siam, I became a naturalized subject of the celestial empire, by adoption into the clan or family of Kwo, from the Tung-an district in Fuhkeen. I took, also, the name Shih Jao—wore, occasionally, the Chinese dress,—and was recognized (by those among whom I lived), as a member of the great nation. Now, I had to conform entirely to the customs of the Chinese, and even to dispense with the use of European books.

Mr. Gutzlaff seems to make a distinction when speaking of the Chinese at different times arising evidently out of his religious enthusiasm ; the following characters altho' taken from different parts of the Journal are those of the sailors of the junk Shun-le.

Mr. Gutzlaff embarks dangerously ill and describes his reception—

The people treated me with great kindness ; regretted the loss of my wife, whom most of them had seen and knew ; and endeavoured, to alleviate my sufferings, in a way which was very irksome. The poor fellows, notwithstanding their scanty fare of salt vegetables and dried rice, and rags hardly sufficient to cover their nakedness, were healthy and cheerful, and some of them even strong. They highly congratulated me, that at length I had left the regions of barbarians, to enter the celestial empire. Though most of them were of mean birth, the major part could read, and took pleasure in perusing such books as they possessed. In the libraries of some of them, I was delighted to find our tracts. It has always afforded me the greatest pleasure, to observe the extensive circulation of Christian books ; this gives me the confident hope, that God, in his great mercy, will make the written word, the means of bringing multitudes of those who read it, to the knowledge and enjoyment of eternal life.

When the crew go on shore to visit their families at Soohah he thus reflects on the same men—

When most of the sailors had left the junk, I was led to reflect on their miserable condition. Almost entirely destitute of clothes and money, they return home, and in a few days hurry away, again to encounter new dangers, and new perils. But, however wretched their present condition may be, their prospects for eternity are far more deplorable. Reprobates in this life, they tremble to enter into eternity, of which they have very confused ideas. They defy God, who rules over the seas ; they curse their parents who gave them life ; they are enemies to each other, and seem entirely regardless of the future ;

they glory in their shame; and do not startle when convicted of being the servants of Satan.

The Chinese are particularly tolerant in religious matters, as Mr. Gutzlaff has proved, when opportunities offered. Moving along the Siamese territory they passed Kokram an island with a temple of Bhudha on its summit, where the Chinese in passing offer sacrifice on this occasion: Mr. G. says—

Concerning this practice, so repugnant to common sense, I made some satirical remarks, which met with the approbation of the sailors, who, however, were not very anxious to part with the offerings.

After passing Cape Siant and touching at Cantibun, a place of considerable trade, our author proceeds—

When my strength was somewhat regained, I took observations regularly, and was requested, by the captain and others, to explain the method of finding the latitude and longitude. When I had fully explained the theory, the captain observed that I brought the sun upon a level with the horizon of the sea, and remarked, "You can do this, you can also tell the depth of the water." But as I was unable to give him the soundings, he told me plainly, that observations were entirely useless, and truly barbarian. So I lost his confidence; which, however, was soon recovered, when I told him that in a few hours we should see Palo Way. On this island, 100 years ago, a British fort was erected; but it was afterwards abandoned, on account of the treachery of some Bugess troops, who murdered the English garrison.

With the utmost difficulty we arrived at the mouth of the Kang kan river, in Camboja, where there is a city, which carries on considerable trade with Singapore principally, in rice and mats. The Cochinchinese, pursuing a very narrow policy, shut the door against improvement, and hinder, as far as they can, the trade of the Chinese. They think it their highest policy to keep the Cambojans in utter poverty, that they may remain their slaves for ever.

On July 4th, we reached Palo Condore, called by the Chinese Kwan-lun. This island is inhabited by Cochinchinese fishermen. The low coast of Camboja presents nothing to attract attention; but the country seems well adapted for the cultivation of rice. When we passed this place, the Cochinchinese squadron, fearful of a descent of the Siamese on Luknooi, were ready to repel any attack.

The coast of Taiompa is picturesque, the country itself closely overgrown with jungle, and thinly inhabited by the aborigines, and by Cochinchinese and Malays. I could gain very little information of this region; even the Chinese do not often trade thither; but it appears, that the natives are in the habit of sending their articles, to some of the neighbouring harbours, visited by the Chinese.

Here we saw large quantities of fish in every direction, and good supplies of them were readily caught. By chance, some very large ones were taken: and a person who had always much influence in the deliberations of the company advised, that such should be offered to the mother of heaven, Ma tao-po. The propriety of this measure I disputed strongly, and prevailed on the sailors not to enhance their guilt by consecrating the creatures of God to idols.

From Palo Condore the wind was in our favour, and in five days we passed the coast of Cochinchina. The islands, and promontories of this coast have a very romantic appearance; particularly Padaran, Varela, and San ho. Many rivers and rivulets disembogue themselves along the coast; and the sea abounds with fish, which seem to be a principal article of food with the natives. Hundreds of boats are seen cruising in every direction. The Cochinchinese are a very poor people, and their condition has been made more so by the late revolution. Hence they are very economical in their diet, and sparing in their apparel. The King is well aware of his own poverty and that of his subjects, but is averse to opening a trade with Europeans, which might remedy this evil. The natives themselves are open and frank, and anxious to conciliate the favour of strangers.

On the 10th of July, we saw Teen-fung, a high and rugged rock. The joy of the sailors was extreme, this being the first object of their native country which they espied. Teen-fung is about three or four leagues from Hainan. This island is wholly surrounded by mountains, while the interior has many level districts, where rice and sugar are cultivated. There are aborigines, not unlike the inhabitants of Manilla, who live in the forests and

mountains: but the principal inhabitants are the descendants of people, who some centuries back, came from Fuhkeen; and who, though they have changed in their external appearance, still bear traces of their origin, preserved in their language. They are a most friendly people, always cheerful, always kind. In their habits they are industrious, clean and very persevering. To a naturally inquisitive mind, they join love of truth, which however, they are slow in accepting. The Roman catholic missionaries very early perceived the amiableness of this people, and were successful in their endeavours to convert them; and to this day, many of the people profess to be christians, and seem anxious to prove themselves such.

During my residence in Siam, I had an extensive intercourse with this people. They took a particular delight in perusing Christian books, and conversing on the precepts of

God and Redeemer, that he will accomplish, in his own time, the good work which has been commenced, I would invite some of my brethren to make this island the sphere of their exertions, and to bring the joyful tidings of the gospel to a people anxious to receive its precious contents.

As soon as the first promontory of the Chinese continent was in sight, the captain was prompt and liberal in making sacrifices, and the sailors were not backward in feasting upon them. Great numbers of boats appeared in all directions, and made the scene very lively. We were becalmed in sight of the Lema islands, and suffered much from the intense heat. While there was not wind enough to ruffle the dazzling surface of the sea, we were driven on the current to the place of our destination, Soakah,* in Chaou chow-fu, the most eastern department of Canton province, bordering on Fuhkeen. This district is extensive, and closely peopled. The inhabitants occupy every portion of it: and must amount, at a moderate calculation, to three or four millions. Its principal ports are, Ting-hae (the chief emporium), Ampoh, Hae-so, Kit so and Jeau-ping. The people are, in general, mean, uncleanly, avaricious, but affable and fond of strangers. Necessity urges them to leave their native soil, and more than 5000 of them go, every year, to the various settlements of the Indian archipelago, to Cochinchina, and to Hainan, or gain their livelihood as sailors. Being neighbours to the inhabitants of Fuhkeen, the dialects of the two people are very similar, but in their manners there is a great difference. This dissimilarity in their customs, joined to the similarity of their pursuits, has given rise to considerable rivalry, which, frequently, results in open hostility. But the Fuhkeen men have gained the ascendancy, and use all their influence to destroy the trade of their competitors.

As the Junk had no permit to enter the river of Soakah, they anchored in the Harbour of Namoh, a small island of the coast, on lat. 36. 28 N. long. 116. 39 E. which is the entrepot between the people of the Fuhkeen and Canton provinces, and consequently a place of considerable trade, the Harbour is spacious and deep, but the entrance is difficult and dangerous: of Ting-hae he says—

The entrance of the Soakah river is very shallow; but numerous small craft, principally from Ting-hae, are seen here. The duties, as well as the permit to enter the river, are very high; but the people know how to elude the mandarins; as the mandarins do, the Emperor. Ting-hae is a large place, tolerably well built, and inhabited, principally, by merchants, fishermen, and sailors. The productions of the surrounding country are not sufficient to maintain the inhabitants, who contrive various ways and means, to gain a livelihood. There is no want of capital or merchants, but a great lack of honesty and upright dealing.

Mr. Gutzlaff describes with horror the dissolute conduct of the sailors, who, after expending all their money in riot and debauchery, formed a con-

* On page 56, in our last number; Soo-ae-kea has been given as the Mandarin pronunciation of this name. This, it appears, is incorrect; but the Chinese characters, and, consequently, the Mandarin pronunciation, of this and several other names in the following pages, we are unable to ascertain; Mr. G. having only inserted, in the MS. he left with us, the names of the places, according to their Fuhkeen pronunciation. Ting-hae is Ching-hae-heen, and Jeau-ping is Jeau ping-heen. Hae-so and Kit-so, we believe to be Hae-yang-heen and Kee-yang-heen. Soakah is a small port near the mouth of the Jaouping river.

spiracy to murder him, supposing his trunk contained silver and gold; however, an old man who had fortunately seen the trunks open a few days before, assured them that they contained nothing valuable, and they all agreed to desist from the execution of their plot. Mr. Gutzlaff does not appear to have been the least moved by this attempt on his life; he seems to have proceeded in the junk, and trusted with perfect confidence to these very men, convinced apparently that when sense and reason returned, they would see the turpitude of their conduct and repent. A man who can so act, must have a favourable opinion of the *moral* principle which rules the actions of the Chinese; and the confidence thus shewn must eventually be repaid with respect and attention. Mr. Gutzlaff continues—

In the midst of such abominations, the feeble voice of exhortation was not entirely disregarded. Some individuals willingly followed my advice. A young man, who had repeatedly heard the gospel, and anxiously inquired about his eternal destinies, was reclaimed; and, covered with shame and penetrated with a sense of guilt, he acknowledged the insufficiency of all moral precepts, if no heavenly principle influenced the heart.

My visitors were very numerous; they generally thought me to be a pilot or mate, and behaved very politely. In the long conversations I held with them, they seemed attentive, and not entirely ignorant of the doctrines of christianity; and they frequently noticed as a proof of its power, the mere circumstance, that one of its votaries stood unmoved, while the stream of vice carried away every thing around him. To these visitors I distributed the word of life; expressing my earnest wish, that it might prove the means of their salvation. There was one old man, who stated, that he had two sons, literary graduates, whom, as he himself was hastening to the grave, he wished to see reading the exhortations to the world (so they call our christian books). I enjoyed myself in the company of some other individuals, to whom it was intimated, that we should endeavour to establish a mission at this place, since so many millions of their countrymen were without any means of knowing the way of salvation.

The return of the Captain brought the men back to order, and Mr. Gutzlaff ends the scene by bearing testimony of no mean kind to the natural moral rectitude of the Chinese.

I had now full scope to speak to those around me of the folly and misery of such conduct; and I was successful in applying the discourse to themselves. *The Chinese generally will bear with just reproof, and even heap eulogiums on those who administer it.*

Mr. Gutzlaff here saw many natives famishing for want of food; this we fear is common along all the coast of China: he then proceeds—

On July 20th, we passed Amoy, the principal emporium of Fuhkeen province, and the residence of numerous merchants, who are the owners of more than 800 large junks, and who carry on an extensive commerce, not only to all the ports of China, but to many also in the Indian archipelago. Notwithstanding the heavy duties levied on exports and imports, these merchants maintain their trade, and baffle the efforts of the mandarins. *They would hail, with joy an opportunity of opening a trade, with Europeans, and would, doubtless, improve upon that of Canton.*

This desire of a direct trade with Europeans is universal in China. They then reach Formosa, which island is described—

On the following day, favourable winds continued till we reached the channel of Formosa (or Tae wan). This island has flourished greatly since it has been in the possession of the Chinese, who go thither, generally, from Tung-an in Fuhkeen, as colonists, and who gain a livelihood by trade, and the cultivation of rice, sugar, and camphor. Formosa has several deep and spacious harbours, but all the entrances are extremely shallow. The trade is carried on in small junks belonging to Amoy; they go to all the western ports of the island, and either return loaded with rice, or go up to the north of

China with sugar. The rapidity with which this island has been colonised, and the advantages it affords for the colonists to throw off their allegiance, have induced the Chinese government to adopt restrictive measures; and no person can now emigrate without a permit. The colonists are wealthy, and unruly; and hence there are numerous revolts, which are repressed with great difficulty, because the leaders, withdrawing to the mountains, stand out against the government to the very uttermost. In no part of China are executions so frequent as they are here; and in no place do they produce a less salutary influence. The literati are very successful; and people in Fuhkeen sometimes send their sons to Formosa to obtain literary degrees.

Northerly winds, with a high sea, are very frequent in the channel of Formosa. When we had reached Ting-hae, in the department of Fuh-chow-foo, the wind, becoming more and more adverse, compelled us to change our course; and fearing that stormy weather would overtake us, we came to anchor near the island of Ma-oh (or Ma-nou), on which the goddess Ma-tsoo-po is said to have lived. Here we were detained some time. The houses on the coast, are well built: the people seemed poor, but honest; and are principally employed in fishing, and rearing gourds. Their country is very rocky.

A few miles in the interior are the tea hills, where thousands of people find employment. The city of Fuh-chow-foo, the residence of the governor of Fuhkeen and Chekeang, is large and well built: small vessels can enter the river; the harbour of Ting-hae is deep, and very spacious. We saw there numerous junks laden with salt, also some fishing craft.

When they were preparing to leave the Harbour of Ting-hae, a heavy gale came on, which increased to a Typhon; some of the crew, when the gale was over, went on shore to render thanks for their deliverance to their goddess Ma-tsoo-po—of this Mr. Gutzlaff says—

While I was thus engaged, some of our fellow-passengers went on shore; unconscious of the object of their visit, I was rather puzzled when I saw them returning in their state dress; but soon suspected, (what was true), that they had been to the temple of Ma-tsoo-po, to render homage to their protectress. At such an act of defiance, after such a signal deliverance, I was highly indignant, and rebuked them sharply. One of them held his peace; the other acknowledged his guilt, and promised, in future, to be more thankful to the Supreme Ruler of all things. He remarked, that it was only a pilgrimage to the birth place of the goddess, and that he had only thrice prostrated himself before her image. I told him, that on account of such conduct he had great reason to fear the wrath of God would overtake him; when he heard that, he kept a solemn silence.

Mr. Gutzlaff leaves Namoh and proceeds to the Chu-san islands, formerly much frequented by Europeans.

The city of Chu san (or Chow-shan), situated in lat. 30 deg. 26 min. N., has fallen into decay, since it has ceased to be visited by European vessels; its harbour, however, is the rendezvous of a few native junks. Ning po, which is situated a short distance westward of Chusan, is the principal emporium of Che-keang province. Native vessels, belonging to this place, are generally of about 200 tons burden, and have four oblong sails which are made of cloth. These vessels, which are similar to those of Keangnan province, trade mostly to the north of China; copper cash, reduced to about one half the value of the currency, is their principal article of export.

Our author then reaches Sheanghae.

About the 27th of August, we reached the mouth of the river Yang-tze-keang, on the banks of which stands the city of Sheanghae (Seang-hae-her), the emporium of Nanking, and of the whole of Keangnan province; and, as far as the native trade is concerned, perhaps the principal commercial city in the empire. It is laid out with great taste; the temples are very numerous; the houses, neat and comfortable; and the inhabitants polite though rather servile in their manners. Here, as at Ning-po, the trade is chiefly carried on by Fuhkeen men. More than a thousand small vessels go up to the north, several times annually, exporting silk and other Keangnan manufactures, and importing peas and medicinal drugs. Some few junks, owned by Fuhkeen men, go to the Indian archipelago, and return with very rich cargoes.

Although the account of these cities, Ningho and Sheanghae, are so short, they are two of the largest in the Empire and of the greatest

Commercial importance; in fact, from Amoy to Sheanghai, the entire trade including Tea may be carried on between the English and Chinese.

At Seto, an island in the bay of Sang-kow, where the Junk, anchored, waiting a favourable wind, Mr. Gutzlaff was received with great civility by the inhabitants of the surrounding country: he thus describes them—

They seemed very poor, and had few means of subsistence; but they appeared industrious, and laboured hard to gain a livelihood. I visited them in their cottages, and was treated with much kindness, — even invited to a dinner, where the principal men of the place were present. As their attention was much attracted towards me, being a stranger I took occasion to explain the reason of my visiting their country, and amply gratified their curiosity. They paid me visits in return; some of them called me *Se-vang-tze*, 'child of the western ocean;' and others a foreign-born Chinese; but the major part of them seemed to care little about the place of my nativity.

Apples, grapes and some other fruits we found here in abundance; and such refreshments were very acceptable after having lived for a long time on dry rice and salt vegetables. Fish also were plentiful and cheap. The common food of the inhabitants is the Barbadoes millet, called *kaou-leang*; they grind it in a mill, which is worked by asses, and eat it like rice. There were several kinds of the *leang* grain, which differed considerably in taste as well as in size.

The vessels of the last English Embassy touched, it seems, at Le-to, and their stay there was still fresh in the recollection of the natives. They frequently referred to those majestic ships, which might have spread destruction in every direction; and to this day they are overawed and tremble, even at the mention of the *Kea-pan** ships, as European vessels are denominated. I was closely questioned on this subject, but as I was not well informed respecting the expedition, I could give them no satisfactory answers; I was able, however, by describing the character of Europeans, in some degree, to quiet their minds. — "If," said I, "they had come to injure you, they would have done so immediately, but as they came and went away peaceably, they ought to be considered as the friends of the Chinese." My reasoning however, was of little avail; — "They were not traders," they replied; "if they had been, we should have hailed them as friends; but they came with guns and as men never do anything without design, they must have had some object, and that object must have been conquest. Those mandarins who did not inform the Emperor of their arrival were severely punished; and how could this have been done, if he had not perceived an ultra design?"

Europe is supposed, by a great majority of the Chinese, to be a small country, inhabited by a few merchants, who speak different languages, and who maintain themselves principally by their commerce with China. With a view to correct their ideas, I gave them some account of the different nations who inhabit Europe, but all to no purpose; the popular belief, that it is merely a small island, containing only a few thousands of inhabitants, was too strong to be removed.

They were anxious, however, to know from whence all the dollars came, which are brought to China; and when I told them more of the western world, they expressed a wish to go thither, because they thought gold and silver must be as abundant there, as granite is in China; but when I told them that going thither they could see no land for many days, they became unwilling to engage for such a voyage; — "For where," they earnestly enquired, "shall we take shelter and come to anchor, when storms overtake us? And whither shall we find refuge when once we are wrecked?"

The wind becoming favourable after some days, our author proceeds northward and anchors in the deep and spacious harbour of Shan-so.

The town from which this harbour takes its name, is pleasantly situated and its environs are well cultivated. The people were polite and industrious; they manufacture a sort of cloth, which consists partly of cotton, and partly of silk; it is very strong

* We are unable to ascertain the meaning of this term *Kea-pan*. It may perhaps be derived from *Captain*, or some other foreign word.

and finds a ready sale in every part of China. They are wealthy, and trade to a considerable extent with the junks which touch here on their way to Teen-tsin. Many junks were in the harbour at the same time with ours, and trade was very brisk. On shore refreshments of every description were cheap. The people seemed fond of horsemanship; and while we were there, ladies had horse-races, in which they greatly excelled. The fame of the English men-of-war had spread consternation and awe among the people here; and I endeavoured, so far as it was in my power, to correct the erroneous opinions which they had entertained.

In the neighbourhood of Shan-so is Kan chow, one of the principal ports of Shantung. The trading vessels anchor near the shore, and their supercargoes, go to the town by a small river. There is here a market for Indian and European merchandise, almost all kinds of which bear a tolerable price. The duties are quite low, and the mandarins have very little control over the trade. It may be stated that, in general, the Shantung people are far more honest than the inhabitants of the southern provinces, though the latter treat them with disrespect, as greatly their inferiors.

After passing the fortress of Ting-ching, they anchored at the mouth of the Pei-ho, (the white river) where a northerly gale drove back the water, and the junk was nearly wrecked.

As the wind blew from the north, the agreeable temperature of the air was soon changed to a piercing cold. Though we were full 30 miles distant from the shore, the water was so much blown back by the force of the wind, that a man could easily wade over the sand bar; and our sailors went out in different directions to catch crabs, which were very numerous. But in a few days afterwards, a favourable south wind blew, when the water increased and rose to the point from which it had fallen. In a little time large numbers of boats were seen coming from the mouth of the river, to offer assistance in towing the junk in from the sea.

The entrance of the Pei ho presents nothing but scenes of wretchedness; and the whole adjacent country seemed to be as dreary as a desert. While the southern winds blow, the coast is often overflowed to considerable extent; and the country more inland affords very little to attract attention, being diversified only by stacks of salt, and by numerous tumuli which mark the abodes of the dead. The forts are nearly square, and are surrounded by single walls; they evince very little advance in the art of fortification. The people told me that when the vessels of the last English embassy were anchored off the Pei-ho, a detachment of soldiers—infantry and cavalry—was sent hither to ward off any attack that might be made. The impression made on the minds of the people by the appearance of those ships is still very perceptible. I frequently heard unrestrained remarks concerning barbarian fierceness and thirst after conquest, mixed with enlogiums on the equitable government of the English at Singapore. The people wondered how a few barbarians, without the transforming influence of the celestial empire, could arrive at a state of civilization, very little inferior to that of 'the middle kingdom.' They rejoiced that the water at the bar of the Pei ho was too shallow to afford a passage for men-of-war (which, however if not the case; when the south wind prevails, there is water enough for ships of the largest class); and, that its course was too rapid to allow the English vessels to ascend the river. While these things were mentioned with exultation, it is remarked by one who was present, that the barbarians had 'fire ships,' which could proceed up the river without the aid of trackers; this remark greatly astonished them, and excited their fears; which however, were quieted when I assured them, that those barbarians, as they called them, though valiant, would never make an attack unless provoked, and that if the celestial empire never provoked them there would not be the least cause to fear.

At the village of Takoo, on the banks of the Pei-ho, which our author describes as a poor place, he gives a dinner to the crew and passengers of the junk, at which the following theological dispute took place, which shews that the Chinese are acquainted with our European ideas of hospitality, as we doubt much whether the Chinese disputant was convinced, although so easily silenced by his host's good cheer:—

Before we left this place, I gave a public dinner to all on board, both passengers and sailors. This induced one of their company to intimate to me, that in order to conciliate the favour of *Mi-tsoo-po*, some offerings should be made to her. I replied, "Never, since I came on board have I seen her even taste of the offerings made to her; it is strange, that

she should be so in want, as to need any offerings from me."—"But," answered the man, "the sailors will take care that nothing of what she refuses is lost."—"It is better," said I, "to give directly to the sailors whatever is intended for them; and let Ma-tsoo-po, if she is really a goddess, feed on ambrosia, and not upon the base spirits and food which you usually place before her; if she has any being, let her provide for herself; if she is merely an image, better throw her idol with its satellites into the sea than have them here to incumber the junk."—"These are barbarian notions," rejoined my antagonist, "which are so deeply rooted in your fierce breast, as to lead you to trample on the laws of the celestial empire."—"Barbarian reasoning is conclusive reasoning."—I again replied; "if you are afraid to throw the idol into the waves, I will do it, and abide the consequences. You have heard the truth, that there is only one God, even as there is only one sun in the firmament. Without his mercy, inevitable punishment will overtake you, for having defied his authority, and given yourself up to the service of dumb idols: reform or you are lost!" The man was silenced and confounded and only replied,—“Let the sailors feast and Ma-tsoo-po hunger.”

Mr. Gutzlaff describes the stock of salt along the river, noticed by all travellers—it has been accumulating for the last 150 years.

This salt is formed in vats near the sea shore; from thence it is transported to the neighbourhood of Ta-koo, where it is compactly piled upon h'locks of mud, and covered with bamboo matting; in this situation it remains for some time, when it is finally put into bags and carried to Teen-tsim, and kept for a great number of years, before it can be sold. More than 800 boats are constantly employed in transporting this article,—and thousands of persons gain a livelihood by it, some of whom become very rich: the principal salt merchants, it is said are the richest persons in the empire.

Our author proceeds up the river, which he describes

Along the banks of the Pei ho are many villages and hamlets, and are all built of the same material and in the same style as at Ta-koo. Large fields of Barbadoes millet, pulse, and turnips were seen in the neighbourhood; these were carefully cultivated and watered by women,—who seem to enjoy more liberty here than in the southern provinces. Even the very poorest of them were well dressed; but their feet were much cramped, which gave them a hobbling gait and compelled them to use sticks when they walked. The young and rising population seemed to be very great. The ass—here a rather small and meagre animal—is the principal beast employed in the cultivation of the soil. The implements of husbandry are very simple, and even rude. Though this country has been inhabited for a great many centuries, the roads for their miserable carriages are few, and in some places even a foot path for a lonely traveller can scarcely be found.

My attention was frequently attracted by the inscription *Tsew-teen*, "wine tavern," which was written over the doors of many houses. Upon inquiry I found that the use of spirituous liquors, especially that distilled from *suh-leang* grain was very general, and intemperance with its usual consequences very prevalent. It is rather surprising that no wine is extracted from the excellent grapes, which grow abundantly on the banks of the Pei ho, and constitute the choicest fruit of the country. Other fruits, such as apples and pears, are found here, though in kind they are not so numerous, and in quality are by no means so good as those of Europe.

Mr. Gutzlaff approached Teentsin which is the Port of Peking on the 22d September.

The scene, as we approached Teentsin, became very lively. Great numbers of boats and junks, almost blocking up the passage, and crowds of people on shore, bespoke a plentiful trade. After experiencing much difficulty from the vessels which thronged us on every side, we, at length, came to anchor in the suburbs of the city, in a line with several junks lately arrived from Soakah, and were saluted by the merry peals of the gong. I had been accustomed to consider myself quite a stranger among these people, and was therefore surprised to see the eyes of many of them immediately fixed on me. My skill as a physician was soon put in requisition. The next day, while passing the junk on my way to the shore, I was hailed by a number of voices, as the *seen-pang*—"teacher," or "doctor;" and, on looking around me, I saw many smiling faces, and numerous hands stretched out to invite me to sit down. These people proved to be some of my old friends, who a long time before, had received medicines and books,—for which they still seemed very grateful. They lauded my noble conduct in leaving off barbarian customs, and in escaping from the land of barbarians, to come under the shield of the "son of heaven." They approved of my design in not only benefiting some straggling

rascals (according to th^r own expression) in the out-ports of China, but in coming also a great distance, to assist the faithful subjects of the celestial empire. They knew even that *seen-sang naang*, "the lady teacher" (my late wife), had died; and condoled with me on account of my irreparable loss.

Mr. Gutzlaff here practised as a physician and gained much repute,— he was invited to leave the junk and take up his residence with Kam-sea, a Fuhkeen merchant of considerable property.

Kam sea's house is situated in the middle of the city, and is well furnished: he received me cordially, and offered me a commodious room. The crowd of people at his house was great, and many questions were asked by them concerning me; but as the Fuhkeen men acknowledged me to be their fellowcitizen, these questions were easily set at rest. A Mandarin of high rank, who heard of my arrival, said, "This man, though a stranger, is a true Chinese; and, as several persons seem anxious to prevent his going up to the capital; I will give him a passport, for it would be wrong, that, after having come all the way from Siam, he should not see the "dragon's face."

The curiosity to see me was, during several days, very great; and the captain's anxiety much increased, when he saw that I attracted the attention of so many individuals. There were some, who even muttered that I had come to make a map of the country, in order to become the leader in a premeditated assault on the empire. Yet all these objections were soon silenced, when I opened my medicine chest, and with a liberal hand supplied every applicant. God, in his mercy, bestowed a blessing on these exertions, and gave me favour in the eyes of the people. Several persons of rank and influence paid me frequent visits, and held long conversations with me. They were polite and even servile in their manners. Their inquiries, most of them trivial, were principally directed to Siam; and their remarks concerning Europe were exceedingly childish. The concourse of people became so great, at length, that I was obliged to hide myself.

At Teen-tsin the cargo of the junk was disposed of—

As soon as the goods were removed to the ware houses, the resident merchants made their purchases, and paid immediately for their goods in sycee silver. These transactions were managed in the most quiet and honest manner, and to the benefit of both parties. On the sugar and tin very little profit was gained, but more than 100 per cent was made on the sapan wood and pepper, the principal articles of our cargo. European calicoes yielded a profit of only 50 per cent; other commodities, imported by Canton men, sold very high. On account of the severe prohibitions, there was a stagnation in the opium trade. One individual, a Canton merchant, had been seized by government; and large quantities of the drug, imported from Canton, could find no purchasers.

Of the trade generally Mr. Gutzlaff says—

The trade of Teentsin is quite extensive. More than 500 junks arrive annually from the southern ports of China, and from CochinChina, and Siam. The river is so thronged with junks, and the mercantile transactions give such life and motion to the scene, as strongly to remind one of Liverpool. As the land in this vicinity yields few productions, and the Capital swallows up immense stores, the importations, required to supply the wants of the people, must be very great. Though the market was well furnished, the different articles commanded a good price. In no other port of China is trade so lucrative as in this; but no where else are so many dangers to be encountered. A great many junks were wrecked this year; and this is the case every season; and hence the profits realized on the whole amount of shipping, are comparatively small. Teentsin would open a fine field for foreign enterprise; there is a great demand for European woollens, but the high prices which they bear, prevent the inhabitants from making extensive purchases. I was quite surprised to see so much sycee silver in circulation. The quantity of it was so great that there seemed to be no difficulty in collecting thousands of taels, at the shortest notice. A regular trade with silver is carried on by a great many individuals. The value of the tael, here varies from 1300 to 1400 cash. Some of the firms issue bills, which are as current as bank-notes in England. Teentsin, possessing so many advantages for commerce, may very safely be recommended to the attention of European merchants.

Of the political feelings of the inhabitants of Teeu-tsin our author says—

By inquiries, I found, that the people cared very little about their imperial government. They were only anxious to gain a livelihood and accumulate riches. They seemed to

know the Emperor only by name, and were quite unacquainted with his character. Even the military operations in western Tartary were almost unknown to them. Nothing had spread such consternation amongst them as the late death of the heir of the crown, which was occasioned by opium smoking. The Emperor felt this loss very keenly. The belief that there will be a change in the present dynasty is very general. But in case of such an event, the people of Teentsin would hear of it with almost as much indifference, as they would the news of a change in the French government. The local officers were generally much dreaded, but also much imposed upon. They are less tyrannical here, in the neighbourhood of the Emperor, judging from what the people told me, than they are in the distant provinces. When they appear abroad it is with much pageantry, but with little real dignity. Indeed I saw nothing remarkable in their deportment.

Mr. Gutzlaff describes the inhabitants of this district as resembling Europeans in appearance,—they are not void of courage tho' grovelling and narrow minded—the consequence, no doubt, of the arbitrary Government they live under.

They are neat in their dress; the furs which they wear are costly; their food is simple; and they are polite in their manners. The females are fair, and tidy in their appearance,—enjoy perfect liberty, and walk abroad as they please.

Like the rest of their countrymen—

The natives here seemed to be no bigots in religion. Their priests were poorly fed, and their temples in bad repair. The priests wear all kinds of clothing; and, except by their shaved heads, can scarcely be distinguished from the common people. Frequently, I have seen them come on board the junk to beg a little rice, and recite their prayers, with a view to obtain money. But, notwithstanding the degradation of the priests, and the utter contempt in which their principles and precepts are held, every house has its *lares*, its sacrifices, and offerings; and devotions (if such they may be called) are performed, with more strictness even than by the inhabitants of the southern provinces.

Mr. Gutzlaff could not discover that any Roman Catholics existed in this part of the country. There were Mohomedans. Of the capability of the people of this district to receive improvement he gives the following favourable opinion:—

I am inclined to believe, from all that I have seen of this people, that they are susceptible of great improvement, and that reform might more reasonably be expected among them, because of the extreme simplicity of their manners. Teentsin, as has been already observed, presents an inviting field to the enterprising merchant; but to the christian philanthropist, whose attention may be directed to these regions, it not only affords an inviting field, but presents claims—*claims* which ought not to be disregarded.

Mr. Gutzlaff left Teentsin on the 17th October. He speaks in high terms of the kindness he experienced during the time he sojourned at this place. They experienced strong southerly winds and soon reached the Harbour of Kin-chow in the district of Fung-teen-foo about 15 leagues distant from Moukden the celebrated capital of Mautchouria. Of his reception by the Mautchou Tartars he thus speaks—

It was a long time after we arrived at Kin chow, before we could go on shore, on account of the high sea. It became generally known among the inhabitants, ere I had left the junk, that I was a physician, and anxious to do good; and I was, therefore, very politely invited to take up my residence in one of the principal mercantile houses. It was midnight when we arrived on shore, and found a rich entertainment and good lodgings provided. The next morning crowds thronged to see me; and patients were more numerous than I had any where else found them, and this because they have among themselves no doctors of any note. I went immediately to work, and gained their confidence in a very high degree.

Of Kinchow Mr. Gutzlaff says—

Kin-chow itself has very little to attract the attention of visitors; it is not a large or handsome place. The houses are built of granite (which abounds here) and are without

any accommodations, except a peculiar kind of sleeping places, which are formed of brick and so constructed, that they can be heated, by fires kindled beneath them.

There are here many horses, and carriages; but the carriages are very clumsy. The camel is likewise common here, and may be purchased very cheap.—The Chinese inhabitants of whom many are emigrants from Shantung, speak a purer dialect than those at Trentain. They are reserved in their intercourse, and in the habit of doing menial service; while the Fuhkeen men carry on the trade and man the native fishing craft. After having supplied the manifold wants of my patients, in this place, I distributed to them the word of life, and gained their esteem and affection.

This was the limit of Mr. Gutzlaff's voyage. When the purpose of the voyage was completed they got under way on the 17th November on their return and after considerable delay they proceeded southward with strong Northerly winds.

On the 10th of Dec., after having suffered severely from various hardships, and having had our souls torn in pieces, by the violent gales, we, at length, saw a promontory in the province of Canton,—much to the joy of us all. At Soah-boe (or Shan-wei), a place three days sail from Canton, our captain went on shore, in order to obtain a permit to enter.

We proceeded slowly in the mean time, and I engaged one of my friends to go with me to Macao, where, I was told, many barbarians lived. All the sailors, my companions in many dangers, took an affectionate leave of me; and in a few hours after I arrived at Macao, on the evening of the 13th Dec. and was kindly received by Dr. and Mrs. Morrison.

We have followed Mr. Gutzlaff through five numbers of the Chinese Repository to the exclusion of many other articles well worthy of notice. His undertaking is so novel and the country he has visited and the people he describes so very little known that we make no apology for devoting so much space to his journal.

No man can rise from an unprejudiced perusal of this narrative without being convinced, that a disposition exists among the Chinese people, to engage in intercourse with foreigners. Intimidated by the threats and fears of their arbitrary Government, they may be shy to the first advances of foreigners appearing on their coasts in armed vessels, but even this is more from the fact that ships are watched by the authorities along the coast, who discover and punish any Chinese who openly communicate with them, without their sanction. This however would not offer any serious obstacle to trade, as we have known instances when after the Madarins have ordered the audacious barbarians to quit the coast under threat of immediate destruction, they have quietly ended by offering to become brokers for the sale of the cargo, and on all occasions a small present, closes the eyes of the imperial officers and leaves the parties unrestrained liberty of intercourse and traffic. We do not despair of seeing ere long a very great trade between Calcutta and the ports of China. Rice is a cargo always procurable here and saleable there, and if taken in barter for tea would in a short time establish a branch of commerce, new and distinct, which would relieve our country ships, and give to Bengal a share of the benefit of the China trade. But we have already exceeded our limits and must for the present take leave of China. We may hereafter revert to this interesting subject, and now end with a statement of the possessions of the emperor and those countries which are tributary to China and where Chinese influence is permanent.

"A General Geographical Map, with degrees of latitude and longitude of the of the Ta-ising Dynasty—may it last for ever." By LE MING-CHE TSI

The present possessions of China, or of the Mantchou Chinese dynasty, far exceed the extent of the Empire under any previous reign. From the outer Hing-an-ling, or Manourian Mountains, on the north of Mantchou, to the southern point of the island of Hainan, the greatest breadth is about forty degrees. And the utmost length, from the wintry island of Saghalien, on the N. E., to the most western bend of the Belur chain, in Turk-estan, is about seventy-seven degrees. These possessions, occupying so large a portion of Asia, and in extent inferior only to the vast dominions of Russia, may be classed under three principal divisions, viz ;

I. China Proper, or the Empire as it existed under the Ming dynasty, which ruled in China from 1368 until the Mantchou conquest, in 1644.

II. Mantchou, or, as it has been latinized, Mantchouria, the native country of the reigning dynasty ; and

III. The Colonial possessions of China, in Mongolia, Songaria, and East Turkestan, to which may be added Thibet, and the several tribes bordering on Szechuen and Kansuh.

China is situated between 18 and 41 degrees N. lat., and between about 98 and 123 degrees lon. E. from Greenwich. Its estimated extent is about 1,298,000 square miles, while the estimate for the whole Empire is 3,010,400, or some thing more than the total extent of Europe. The northern boundary of China is the Great Wall, by which it is separated, on that side from the desert lands of the Mongol tribes, and from the scarcely less dreary country of the Mantchous ; on the east, the gulf of Pechelea, (called in Chinese Puh-hae), the Eastern ocean, and the Formosa channel wash the rocky coast, and receive the waters of several large rivers ; on the south, the China sea is thickly studded with barren islands, the resort of desperate pirates ; and on the west, several barbarous frontier tribes stand between the ancient Empires of China and Thibet ; while the south-western provinces are continuous with the foreign kingdoms of Touquin, Cochinchina, Burmah, and the half conquered Laos.

Divisions. The whole country is divided into eighteen provinces, which are usually arranged by the Chinese in the following order ; Hihle, Shantung, Shanse, and Honan, on the north ; Keangsoo, Ganhwuy, Keangse, Chekeang, and Fuhkeen, on the east ; Hoopih, and Hoonan, in the middle ; Shense, Kansuh, and Szechuen on the west ; and Kwangtung, Kwangse, Yunnan, and Kweichow, on the south. Of the above provinces Keangsoo and Ganhwuy were formerly united under the name of Keangnan ; Hoopih and Hoonan were together denominated Hookwang ; and Kansuh formed part of the province Shense. Under the present dynasty, these have been separated. Other provinces have been greatly increased in extent :—Kansuh has been made to stretch far out beyond the limits of China proper,—across the desert of Cobi, to the confines of Songaria, on the N. W., and to the borders of Thibet, on the west ; Szechuen, already the largest province of the Empire, has extended its government over the tribes commonly called Sifan, and Tuian, lying between that province and Thibet ; and Fuhkeen has long included within its boundaries part of the fertile island of Formosa. These and other changes, in the divisions of the country, accompanied by the active, emigrating spirit of the people, which in a few years renders these newly attached colonies wholly Chinese, must soon require a change of the European designation and limits of "China proper."

MANTCHOURIA OR MANTCHOU has generally been classed by geographers, with the other countries of central Asia, under the general name of Tartary,—a name which is used to include a great variety of countries, speaking very different languages ; and which is almost as erroneously, as it is extensively, applied. The Mantchous, who now govern the whole Chinese Empire, are in fact of Fougouse, origin ; and have scarcely existed for more than three centuries, as a distinct and independent nation. Their country is mountainous, barren, little cultivated, and very thinly peopled. It was formerly divided among a number of petty chieftains, who seldom remained for any long period at peace with each other. Hence the people, habituated to the exercises of the field, and always leading a wandering and predatory life, became a much more hardy and vigorous race than their neighbours, the Chinese ; who were enervated by the consequences of long-continued peace, and oppressed by the tyrannical representatives of their molient and unprincipled monarchs. It was at such a period, when the empire was torn by dissensions between Imperial princes, and by revolts among the people,—that an enterprising Mantchou chieftain, encouraged by success over the chieftains of his own country,—began to attack China, in revenge for acts of aggression committed on his predecessors. After about thirty years warfare, the Mantchous obtained dominion over the whole of China, and

great part of Mongolia. They made Peking the seat of a new dynasty, which they established under the name of Ta-tsing.

The Mantchou territory is divided into three provinces.—1. Shing-king or Monkden (the ancient Leaou tung),—2. Kirin,—and 3. Hih-lung-keang or Tsitsihar. The first of these borders on China, Mongolia, and the gulf of Pechelee or of Leaoutung; the second, on Corea and the sea of Japan; and the third on Siberia and Mongolia. The Mantchou boundaries are, on the north, the Daourian mountains, which separate Mantchou from Siberia; on the east, the channel of Tartary; on the south east, the sea of Japan; on the south, Corea, the gulf of Pechelee, and the Great Wall; and on the west, Mongolia. The line of demarcation between Mantchou and Mongolia commences from the Great Wall of China,—whence a wooden palisade, running north-east, for two or three degrees, marks the limits of Leaoutung. The boundary then takes a north west direction, along the Songari, and other rivers, to the inner Hingan-ling or Daourian mountains. Thence it is continued, in the same direction, to the outer Daourians on the south of Siberia. Thus the average extent of Mantchouria, from north to south, is about 12 degrees; and from east to west, about 16 degrees.

Mantchou, as well as Mongolia, is under a government more strictly military than any other portion of the Chinese Empire. All males about sixteen years of age are liable to be called on for military service, and, in general, as soon as they have attained that age, they are immediately enrolled under the standards to which they, by birth, belong. Among the Mantchous, these standards are eight in number, distinguished by differently coloured flags. The Mongol standards are more numerous, and are designated by the names of the tribes to which they appertain. The governors and magistrates of Mantchou are all military men, excepting in the province of Shingking or Leaoutung, where several districts have been formed, under the government of civil authorities, on the same plan as in China. Of these Monkden is the chief; it is called, in Chinese, Fung-teen Foo. As the metropolis of Mantchouria, this city is regarded by the natives with peculiar reverence; and is denominated by the present reigning dynasty 'the affluent capital.'

Dependencies—Subject to the province of Kirin are several barbarous tribes, called *Keyakur*, *Feyak*, &c., who acknowledge their submission to the Mantchou, by the annual payment of tribute, in skins and furs; but who have no officers of government placed over them.

Under the government of Tsitsihar are included the *Solons*, and several Mongol tribes of wandering herdsmen and shepherds.—The island of Segalien is reckoned, also, as a dependency of Mantchou; though, as far as we can learn, no kind of tribute is paid by it.

THE COLONIAL POSSESSIONS of China are Mongolia, Soungaria, Eastern Turkestan or Little Bukharia, and Tibet. Corea and the Lewchew islands, although their sovereigns do not reign but by the Imperial permission of China, can be regarded only as tributary nations.

Mongolia is for the most part subject to a military and feudal government. It is partitioned among a number of native princes, who are kept in close dependence upon the Mantchou dynasty, to which they voluntarily submitted, by frequent alliances with the princesses of the Imperial family. At the same time, the followers of these princesses being Mantchous, they are subjected to a system of strict and constant espionage; and their submission is further purchased by giving their tribute bearers presents of ten times the value of the tribute they are required to pay.—Soungaria, the ancient country of the *Soungar** *Kalmucks* or *Elnths*, is also under military rule, the former inhabitants having been entirely driven out, and the province re-peopled by Mantchou, Chinese and Mongol troops and convicts. It includes all the cantons on the north of the Celestial mountains, except *Barkoul* and *Oronmtchi*, which are attached to the Chinese province *Kansuh*.—Eastern Turkestan is regulated by native Mohammedan nobles and officers, under the direction of military residents, who are subordinate to the *Tseangkenn* or General of Ele. It includes seven Mohammedan cantons, and is comprised with Soungaria in the Government of Ele.—Tibet is governed by the *Dalai lama*, the *Baujin lama* (or *Bantchen Erdeni*), and other ecclesiastics, under the direction of two residents, selected from among the secondary officers of the Imperial cabinet, called *Nuy-ko-Heo-ssu*. The administration of all these territories is directed by the *Le-fan-yuen* or Tribunal for the Colonies, at Peking, which is always superintended by one of the chief ministers of the Cabinet.

The principal divisions of Mongolia are four.—1. Inner or southern Mongolia, situated to the south-east of the great desert of Cobi—on the north of China and west of Mantchou.

* In Chinese *Chun-ko-erh*;—see Morrison's *View of China*, pp. 5 & 74.

ria.—2. Outer Mongolia or the Kalkas, on the north of Cobi and the south of the Altai mountains,—extending from the Khingan chain, on the frontiers of Mantchouria, to the foot of the Celestial mountains.—3. The country about Tsinghae or Kokonor, between Kansuk, Szechuen, and Tibet.—And 4. The dependencies of Ouliasoutai, situated on the north of the westward Kalkas and of the Chamar* branch of the Altai mountains, and watered by the river Irtysh.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ELE includes Soungaria and Eastern Turkestan, which are separated from each other by the chain of Teen-ahan. Its boundary on the north is the Altai chain, which divides Soungaria from the territory of the Hassacks or Kirghis of Independent Tartary :—the Chamar mountains and the river Irtysh on the north-east, separate it from Mongolia :—on the east, and imaginary line divides between the Ele government and those parts of Soungaria and Turkestan which have been attached to China :—the Kwanlon mountains and desert of Cobi, on the south, separate Turkestan from Tibet—and on the west, the Belour mountains divide it from the independent tribes of Bukharia. On the side of the Hassacks or Kirghis, Ele is entirely open.

The city of Ele, or Hway-yuen-ching, was formerly the capital of the Soungars, when their state was powerful, and possessed dominion over Turkestan. It still retains its rank, being the seat of the Tseangkeun or general, who has the chief authority of the whole government of Ele. Secondary, but not wholly subordinate, to him, are military residents of considerable rank, in each canton and principal city; and these delegate their authority,—in Soungaria, to inferior military officers, and in Turkestan, to native officers called *Begs*.

The *Soungarian* or northern portion of the government is of small extent, including only three cantons, viz. Ele (or Ili) in the west, Tarbagatai in the north, and Kour-kharousou between Ele and Oronmtchi.

These cantons are occupied chiefly by resident soldiery, that is by soldiers who are settled down on the soil, with their families, the sons being required to inherit their fathers' profession together with their lands. These are descendants of Mantchous, Chinese Solons, Chahars, Bluths, and others, removed from their respective countries at the period when Soungaria was depopulated by Keenlung. There are likewise other troops, stationed in the country for limited periods; also, convicts transported from all the provinces of China and Mantchouria; tribes of Hassacks, Tourgouths, &c.; and Chinese colonists.

Eastern Turkestan, or Little Bukharia, the territory of "the eight Mohammedan cities," was subdued by the Emperor Keenlung, in 1758, shortly after his final conquest of Soungaria. He named it Sin-keang, the country of the new frontier. It was formerly possessed by the Ouigours, an ancient Turkish race; other tribes of Turkish origin occupied the country after them, and still exist in the cantons of Hami and Tourfan. The eight cities of Turkestan are now indeed occupied by *Sarti* or Bukharians, of Persian origin; but these are not the original inhabitants of the country; and therefore Turkestan seems a more appropriate name for the whole region, than Little Bukharia, by which name it is generally known in Europe.

That part of Turkestan which belongs to the government of Ele contains seven cantons: the city of the Yingkeshar, depending on Cashgar, being added to the number of chief cities of the cantons, completes the sum of "eight Mohammedan cities," subdued by the Emperor Keenlung. These are, Harashar, Koutchay, Aksou, Oushi, Cashgar, Yingkeshar, Yerkiang or Yarkand, and Khoten. Hami and Tourfan (with Pitsban), on the west of these, submitted at a much earlier period, and were united to Barkoul or Chia-se-foo; being suffered, however, to retain the native feudal form of government. Until the last insurrection in 1830-31, Cashgar was the chief of these cities, but Yerkiang has now taken its place, being considered a better situation for the general superintendence of the other cities, and less exposed to the incursions of foreign tribes. Turkestan, like Soungaria, includes several tribes of Tourgouths, Bluths, &c.: these are for the most part Mongols, who in time of war emigrated to Russia, but on the restoration of peace returned and submitted to China.

THIBET is perhaps the least known of all the countries of central Asia.

In its full extent, Thibet comprises nearly twenty-five degrees of longitude, and above eight of latitude.

The present divisions of Thibet are two, Tseen tsang and How-tsang or anterior and ulterior Thibet, otherwise called Oui, or Wei, and Tsang. Wei, or anterior Thibet, is

* We do not find in Chinese maps any name resembling this, but it is inserted in some European maps.

that part bordering on China, the capital of which is Lassa (more correctly written H'assa), the residence of the Dalai-lama. This province contains eight cantons.

These two provinces are under the direction of two *Ta-chin* or great ministers, sent from the Imperial cabinet called *Nuyko*, at Peking; and of two Thibetian high priests, called *Da-lai-lama* and *Bantchin-erdeni*. The ministerial residents govern both provinces *conjunctly*, consulting *only* with the Dalailama for the affairs of anterior Thibet, and *only* with the Bantchin-erdeni for those of ulterior Thibet. All appointments to offices of the government, and to titles of nobility, must obtain the knowledge and consent of the Chinese officers. But in minor matters the residents do not interfere, leaving such affairs to the secular deputies of the high priests, called *Tepa* or *D'haba*; for the sacred character of the two lama dignitaries forbids their handling secular concerns themselves. The government of the thirty nine feudal townships, or *Tooszes*, in anterior Thibet, and of the *Tanuk* or *Dam Mongols*, inhabiting the whole southern frontier, is entirely in the hands of the residents unconnected with either of the high priests, the residents have their court, with the Dalai-lama, at H'assa which is but a short distance from Chashi-lounbon, the capital of the Bantchin-erdeni.

Thibet had relations with the Chinese Empire, at a very early period of its history but it was not until the succession of the Tang dynasty, about the seventh or eighth century that any close connection existed between the two countries. The introduction of Buddhism into China under that dynasty, brought Thibet into considerable notice; and from that period, each successive *Gialbo*,* or king of the country, began to aspire to be connected, by marriage, with the Imperial line of China. Under many changes and reverses, (which are foreign to our present subject), Thibet continued to maintain some degree of independence nor ever entirely lost the title of *Gialbo*, until nearly a century after she had submitted wholly to China in the reign of Kanghe. And it was not till the reign of Keenlung when the last who bore that title had revolted, that it was finally abolished. When this event took place the tributary dominion of the country was given to the Dalai-lama who had before possessed a large share of authority. But his government not corresponding with the Emperor's wishes, and the country having again revolted the present form was established towards the close of Keenlung's reign about the period when the English embassy under Lord Macartney was in China.†

M. Timkowski is right as to the dismissal of Lord Macartney, but ignorant of the case, which arose from the following circumstance—the Tartar general who brought the news of the victory declared that the rebels had received aid from the English in India and produced an old sepoy jacket in proof of his assertion. The rebels had procured a number of these, and dressed their troops in them for the purpose of alarming the Chinese troops and making them suppose they had a detachment of the Company's army supporting them, and it was in consequence of this that the emperor suddenly dismissed Lord Macartney thinking that the English were deceiving him by professions of friendship at the moment they were affording aid to the rebel Thibetians. It is to be recollected that the Chinese Government look with the greatest dread on any friendly intercourse between India and Thibet, fearing that if opportunity offered, the Dalai-lama might relinquish his dependency on China and seek an independant sovereignty under the guarantee of the British. When we consider that the Dalai-lama is looked on by all the Tartars as the incarnation of the divinity, and that through his influence the power of England might be paramount over all the Nomade tribes even to the gates of Peking, we cannot wonder that the emperor of China should take alarm at the least indication of intercourse, not to mention a supposed positive alliance offensive and defensive between India and Thibet.

* This word is written in Chinese *Tsan-ppo*,—Morrison's dictionary, Nos. 10468 and 8689.

† M. Timkowski, an envoy from the Russian court to Peking, in 1820-21, states it as his opinion, derived from what he heard while at that capital, that the victorious conclusion of the revolt in Thibet, taking place while this embassy was at the Imperial court, was injurious to Lord Macartney's success; for that the Embassy was dismissed, somewhat abruptly, very soon after the news of victory had reached Peking.

INDIAN ARTILLERY.

Reveries on Artillery by Lieut. Col. Frederick of the Bombay Army.

The want of system in the Indian Artillery, has, we observe, been prominently noticed by some of the Evidences before the House of Commons, and it might reasonably be enforced therefrom, that there must be a want of diligence, and scientific application among its Officers, to have engendered such a state of confusion. But the real fact should be understood that the Artillery Officers in India have had little influence at any of the Presidencies in their own department, in which there is no responsible head, or director, with whom the Government are avowedly bound to consult in any matter connected with its efficiency.

At each Presidency there has been indeed a Commandant of Artillery who may communicate with the Commander in Chief through the Adjutant General, but he may appeal through this channel in vain on any matter of a professional nature, of which, in general, neither the Commander in Chief's, nor the Adjutant General's line of service, give them sufficient experience to comprehend the particulars without explanations and detail, which they have not leisure to study unless by abstracting their attention from more important general duties. He may also represent other matters to Government through the Military Board, of which however all the members but himself are equally inexperienced in the details of the department, and are only competent to give their judgment and decision on his explanations. Thus ensue lengthy minutes, bordering on treatises, to expound the first principles of Artillery, where attention should alone be directed to their application. A system too irksome for most men to persevere in, sufficiently to satisfy the cavils and objections so frequently raised by a body of unprofessional Officers, who have all of them in addition other duties to attend to, which precludes the possibility of devoting their application to intricate subjects. It thus happens that except in some cases of imminent importance the interests of the department are too apt to be sacrificed to the inconvenience of the system.

It cannot be very surprizing that professional men, should be deterred from advancing suggestions which, under existing arrangements, must finally be determined upon by unprofessional Judges. The wonder is rather that so much has been done to overcome the difficulties in the way. In proportion however as the profession have been restrained from coming forward, the necessity for advice has been the more felt; and the door has been opened to the suggestions and schemes of every person who found himself in the way of obtaining access to the ear of authority—however fanciful or however injurious those suggestions might be, provided they were supported by some plausible argument.

The progress of real improvement under this system has been so slow, that we must admit there has been a wide field for the operations of

secret advisers, and it is unfortunately in our experience, that the advantages gained under some circumstances peculiarly favourable to the development of professional zeal and industry, have been lost not long after by the operations of this insidious advice under circumstances of a different nature. Thus not only has improvement in the Artillery service been checked, but professional zeal and industry have been so completely smothered that it has required, and must require, more than ordinary encouragement again to revive it.

On the Bengal side of India, we witness a very strong instance of this in the suppression of the Horse Draft for our Field Artillery in 1828, even before the system which the department had laboured, for nearly 10 years to get recognized had been brought into full operation, and this in defiance of the strong opinion of the Artillery Officers supported by a succession of Commanders in Chief. We of course cannot so far obtain knowledge of the Council Chamber proceedings as to be certain of the reasons given for this, but knowing as we do by whom it *was not* advised, we may try to infer by whom it *was*.

We have, since the destruction of our new system of Horse Draft Foot batteries had Colonel Salmon's opinions on Artillery matters proclaimed to us by the publication of the Evidences taken before the House of Commons, opinions which we trust have been now counteracted by other evidence, of men better acquainted with the real state of the case, but which no doubt from Colonel Salmon's situation, and probably, have contributed not a little to prevent those measures being adopted which would ensure efficiency in this arm. We have now further and more especially to notice another instance of volunteer opinions and advice, which in our judgment may if unnoticed have considerable influence in an important point in virtue of the manner in which it has been made known—tho' not by any means from the merits of the jejune opinions themselves to which we allude and which are contained in a curious pamphlet, which has only recently come into our hands.

It is a work composed by a certain Colonel Frederick of the Bombay Infantry, Commissary General of that Army, purporting to offer to Sir John Malcolm his advice on various points connected with the system of Military finance at the three Presidencies. Colonel Frederick was deputed from Bombay by Sir John Malcolm when he was Governor there, as a member of the celebrated Finance Committee which was assembled in Calcutta, and the Colonel in his work professes to give the result of his enquiries, and the information obtained on this occasion.

Sir John Malcolm adds the support of his name in no measured terms of praise to all Colonel Frederick's suggestions excepting on a very few points, of which few however that which we are particularly concerned in as relating to the Artillery Service is not one. Thus the Major General of Infantry adds the weight of his experience and au-

thority to the advice and opinions advanced by the Lieutenant Colonel; and in order that all this may not be lost, it purports to be printed in England for the use of their friends (no doubt among them many influentials of Leaden Hall Street) but it is not openly published. The copy we have perused happens to have found its way out among the supplies to a public library.

This pamphlet therefore is ushered into the world under circumstances which may be presumed to give it importance, for we can hardly believe that Sir J. Malcolm could not have selected men from Bombay of sufficient qualification, or that Colonel Frederick possessing such qualification when so selected, should have been either negligent or careless. Nevertheless we must say that there are many points in which we more than suspect the accuracy of the gallant Colonel's facts, and as many in which we doubt the solidity of his judgment.

We do not propose to enter into an analysis of the whole pamphlet which is rather extensive. Our limits would hardly permit this even were we able, but we doubt our own ability fully to discuss so many points as the Colonel handles with perfect confidence, and shall leave all but one on which we think a professional experience of some extent and a service of not a few years, entitles us at any rate to contrast our sentiments with his. Our grounds of our dissent from his decree will be sufficient to enable any one interested in the subject to comprehend it.

At p. 58, he says.

"The heavy Guns and light field pieces at Madras and Bombay are in charge of the Officers of Artillery at the several stations, and the Ordnance Stores under the charge of the Commissary of ordnance—While in Bengal separate and expensive establishments under the denomination of Field Batteries are retained, which except to relieve the Artillery Officers of their proper duties it is difficult to understand the superior use of."

It seems extremely difficult to comprehend how the worthy Colonel could have made such a mistake as to think that the maintenance of Field Batteries "relieve the Artillery Officers from any part of their proper duties." He seems to think that the Artillery Officers at Madras and Bombay are properly employed where they have charge of their Guns only, but not of their Stores; and he might have learnt by asking the first Artillery Officer he met in Bengal, or by consulting the G. O. G. G. 1st Sept. 1818, and 26th Feb. 1820, that the Artillery Officer of this establishment had not only his Guns but his Stores also, to take care of with every Field Battery; that he had besides all the repairs of his Ordnance to superintend, and the care of his draft cattle to provide for. Without stopping to enquire whether these are his "proper duties" we may maintain at any rate that as compared with the Colonel's statement of the Madras and Bombay system, the Bengal Artillery Officer is at least not relieved by this arrangement from any duty at all, particularly if it is borne in mind that even when at the same station with a Commissary of Ordnance the same charge continues to him, to be vested in the Officer of Artillery.

In Bengal indeed this Officer has nothing to say to either the Guns or Stores of the heavy trains for sieges while in cantonments; but on service, or at practice, wherever, in short, *they are in use* with the Artillery, the Officer of the arm has charge not only of the Guns but the Stores likewise. Some Officer of the Ordnance Commissariat *where such can be spared* is indeed sent with him on service to keep his accounts of the Stores, but very frequently none is available, and the Artillery Officer must then become his own accountant and make his returns himself.

The discovery therefore which Colonel Frederick thinks he has made of the only use of the "expensive establishment under the denomination of light Field Batteries" at Bengal if intelligible at all having thus we conceive been shewn to be erroneous, the Colonel himself, as well as those who may be disposed to place faith in his account, may be set down as something at fault in finding it out. The explanation is easy; perhaps it is necessary, for as we disclaim all idea of relieving ourselves from our proper—or indeed from any duty—by this arrangement, and as the Colonel avows that no *other* use can be suggested by him, the credulous world at large might be inclined to conceive that the Bengal Artillery are a strange set of mortals to have laboured hard for years to obtain an establishment imposing on them in reality trouble and responsibility without an object.

What is worse, they must believe, that our evil example is very injurious, seeing that our Madras brethren, have already begun to follow in our footsteps; and our Bombay brethren, even though so close to the fountain head of such good advice as Colonel Frederick can no doubt offer them, are also beginning to be infested by the same *mania*, and are absolutely striving to obtain for themselves similar useless and troublesome establishments.

It is in fact hardly possible for us to treat this matter with becoming gravity. We can hardly persuade ourselves that Colonel Frederick and Sir J. Malcolm can require at this day to have the real and superior use of Field Batteries of position expounded to them. We cannot sit down and from our own pen pretend to enlighten them, lest we might suppose ourselves guilty of supererogation, and we therefore trust the personages in question will accept of the following free translation of one of Bonaparte's best Artillery Generals, General Count L'Espenasse's exposition of this subject. This is to be found in his Treatise published so far back as the year 1800, the result of experience during the memorable and never-excelled Italian Campaigns when L'Espenasse commanded the Artillery in Chief. The work was stamped with Napoleon's approbation, himself a first rate authority as an Artillerist—and as its maxims and opinions have remained undisputed by any military man in the intermediate 20 years, we can appeal to it with the greater confidence and perhaps ask Colonel Frederick to attend to it, without fear of being guilty of too much presumption ourselves.

He says then:—

"It is altogether to mistake the object of Field Artillery to extend it, or rather, to divide the fire of this arm along the whole point of an Army drawn up in line of battle; this is to disjoint it,—to dilute it,—and very often to render it useless. Field pieces thus spread over a long front and at considerable intervals between them, become, if we may use the expression, only larger Musquets than those of the Infantry. This is altogether to give up the greatest effect of Artillery, which is never so respectable as when acting in masses or what is the same in *Batteries of positions*."

"It is unnecessary for the defence of Troops that they should retain, battalion guns. Artillery must defend an Army in front of the Army itself, and I, may say, it makes the Army unattackable; for, an Army in battle array may be considered as a front of fortification of which *the Batteries of position* are the Bastions, and the Troops the curtain. It is under cover of these Batteries or imaginary Bastions that Troops at perfect liberty, (as they ought always to be) manœuvre with freedom, and suddenly pounce upon an enemy, who discovers too late, that the guns which he has so carefully kept in his line impede the movements necessary to prevent an attack that at once crushes him."

"If you wish to clog the Troops in manœuvre encumber the line with guns, then it cannot move without being very soon broken; because the surface of all ground being exceedingly uneven, it is impossible for the Artillery to advance at the same rate all along the line. Troops therefore determined to keep with their cannon must slacken their pace, and what an advantage an enemy who is disencumbered from his Artillery which he has placed in position, must have over a line stopped in some places, by its guns being unable to surmount some difficulty—broken in others by the irregular march of its different parts, and in disorder throughout by the continued succession of efforts of these parts, encumbered as they are, to regain their places in line!—A line of Infantry altogether freed from Artillery and supported by *good Batteries of position* must preserve infinitely better its line of battle."

"I am aware that the defenders of battalion guns advance, that having them in their line, does not prevent their having Batteries of position also, but then the Troops as I have said above cannot move. This so frequently happened in the Italian campaigns that we captured the Austrians by thousands who were too much encumbered by their Artillery to manœuvre."

"For these reasons Infantry should not be encumbered with guns, nor guns by Infantry; for although, these two arms must really support each other, they ought always to be so independant, that the one may not cramp the other, and that each may be able to take up ground to afford reciprocal support."

We may conclude these extracts in this eminent Artillery General's own words thus :---

"Take away"—"Take away, I repeat, *all* battalion guns, or guns in line, from our brave Infantry; for they can only make us less certain of victory. Troops quite free to act—confidence on the Bayonet, and *well posted Batteries of position acting independantly*, can alone form an Army for manœuvre such as tacticians would wish to command. Never have guns in the midst of your line of battle, but place them in position to thunder in large bodies. This will give confidence and intrepidity to the Troops, for, soldiers are inspired, and become enterprizing, when supported by *imposing Batteries either on the flanks or in some commanding position*, and not by a greater number of smaller guns scattered along the whole line."

The "superior use of an establishment under the denomination of Field Batteries" being thus explained, it will not be difficult to perceive the necessity for their being conducted in some state of discipline so as to be accustomed to move together with some degree of order, and to form with some sort of military regularity. To do this we should think the necessity for a well organized body of men to drive guns would be nearly self evident, yet we find at p. 57, the Colonel says :—

"Ordnance drivers are certainly in time of peace a most unnecessary expense, and to retain a large establishment on the pay and *immunities* (?) of fighting men as an annual permanent outlay is carrying the notion of efficiency to an extravagant length. Few things are better understood than the common art of driving a pair of bullocks in In-

"dia ; or *where there is* (?) greater abundance of that class of persons whom the usual "pay of Government always commands ; and the necessity of maintaining an organized "body of this description cannot be defended on the plea of discipline ; for they neither "can nor do drive a bit better than the common cart drivers."

Colonel Frederick we presume would hardly conceive that common justice was done to him if in the command of a regiment of sepoy raised from the ordinary burkundazes of whom there are plenty at "command for ordinary pay of government" he were called on to join in field movements without previous drill ? and it is hardly more reasonable to expect that the Artillery Officers should be able to do so with a battery "driven by ordinary cart drivers" who do not know their right hand from their left. But moreover as these batteries should *first* take up ground in forming on a field of battle, becoming the points d'appui for either flank of the army, and covering its formation if necessary by their fire ; so in every subsequent change of position, but especially in a retreat, these Batteries should be the last to move while they can cover the movements of the line. Thus the Batteries become liable to the greatest exposure on such occasions ; and as the Artillery in action naturally and ordinarily fires at Artillery, one object of these Batteries is, to divert the fire from the Troops, by which these Batteries are constantly exposed to the heaviest of the cannonade. Under such circumstances a driver's situation is by no means the most agreeable, we can assure the gallant officer, and it requires very considerable nerve to stand idle along-side of the bullocks, or horses, without immediate employment, and with no arms for defence. We must confess at any rate that an "ordinary cart driver in Bengal, whatever may be the case with the superior race of peasants at Bombay would hardly be found efficient under such circumstances. We remember indeed, in our younger days, when one of the instructions to the Artillery man who was styled "guard of the Tumbri" was to have his piece loaded to shoot the bullock drivers who ran away. Where men are liable to the same exposure, as, and must, to be efficient, obtain the same knowledge of movements which are given to common soldiers, we must maintain their just claim to the "pay and immunities of fighting men even including prize money, invaliding, and rewards for good conduct."

Nor are *Field Battery* drivers alone exposed in this manner. Colonel Frederick may be aware of the necessity during a siege of sending guns and ammunition to the trenches and of doing the latter in waggons which enter the very trenches themselves wherever practicable, or at all events go quite within range of the enemies shot like other men in a siege. We have always found the "ordinary cart drivers" as furnished by the Commissariat unwilling to expose themselves in this manner, and we have seen instances when the whole of them went off on the first shot from the enemy, leaving the trenches choked up with the waggons, and from which they were speedily removed solely by the assistance of this overpaid and useless establishment of *Field Battery*, the regular drivers, who were called up when the bold peasantry "their country's pride" ran away. Let Colonel Frederick seriously reflect on what might have been the consequences had, such

men not been available! He may also, perhaps from this example and without any great stretch of fancy, easily conceive the state to which a *Field Battery* would be reduced if it had been fortunate enough to gain its position without being fired at, when deserted afterwards by its drivers on the first shot from an enemy.

Such is the outline of the reasons which disincline the Artillery officers in Bengal to depend upon "ordinary cart drivers" on any occasion when others are to be had, and which induced the establishment of a fine Driver Corps in 1809 of which they can never sufficiently regret the subsequent abolition. The experience of the wars of 1803, 1804, and 1805, under Lord Lake had fully proved the inefficiency of Colonel Frederick's favorite common drivers furnished by contractors or Commissaries as they are apparently still furnished at Bombay; and the superiority of regularly organized drivers was soon evident; with their introduction, we ceased to hear of guns standing still on a marching morning, or when ready to start for the trenches, without drivers to move them. We heard no more indeed of any want of that assistance which is so necessary from the Artillery driver both in action and during a siege. Not only so: but as drivers during a siege have in general comparatively little time occupied by their attention to the Bullocks when actually at picket, they were found to afford means of giving most excellent aid to the Engineer Park Pioneers, in making and transporting their Battery and trench materials; and an invaluable aid to the whole Army, in carrying shot and ammunition into the advanced trenches and Batteries, this is a duty of a nature which none but regular fighting men, who were entitled to the pension and immunities of a Soldier in case of wounds, &c. could reasonably be expected to perform. Our Sepoys are therefore largely employed in this way where drivers are not available, and in this point of view the properly paid and disciplined drivers really placed so many fighting men at our command. On many other occasions of working parties in the Artillery or Ordnance Department, the regular driver has rendered himself exceedingly useful through his attachment to the service, a feeling naturally depending not a little on his assurance of good pay and pension, and his confidence and spirit, excited by his personal knowledge of the Officers and men under whom and with whom he is acting by the creation in fact of an *esprit-de-corps*, which it is not possible to obtain from the "common cart drivers," by any amount of temporary pay, much less on the "common pay, allowed by Government," on this side of India at least.

As an instance in point we may adduce the assistance afforded by the Driver Corps in the Nepal War. In the N. W. division especially, these men formed a most efficient assistance in the prodigious and long continued labours of dragging our 18 pounders over the mountains. Too much cannot be said in favour of the devotion with which the working parties of Sepoys applied themselves to this duty, but it may be remarked at the same time that they received a certain daily allowance for the extra labour, which allowance Sir D. Ochterlony re-

fused to the drivers considering it only their own line of service. In defiance of this distinction, however, they were admitted, even by the Sepoys themselves, to surpass them in energy and were always called for in cases of peculiar difficulty. The reward *they* claimed was what they considered the honor of the last pull of the guns to place them in Battery and to witness the first shot fired against the walls. So high, indeed, did they carry this laudable feeling, that on an occasion when the Batteries had no more ammunition left at sunset than equal to a few hours consumption, they voluntarily came forward, to go about 15 or 16 miles over most steep and execrable footpaths, and returned next morning each carrying a load of from 40 to 50lbs. in his back; thus enabling the Artillery to keep up their fire, which could not have been done by the assistance of any other body of men at our disposal.

Thus we perceive the immense advantage derived to the service by the maintenance of this body of Ordnance drivers which we think establishes that the outlay on this account is not "carrying the notion of efficiency to an extravagant length"; but besides this we can assure Colonel Frederick that his notion that "they neither can nor do drive a bit better than common cart drivers" is absolutely and utterly erroneous to say the least.

Had Colonel Frederick made even the smallest enquiries in Bengal, he would have learnt from the universal suffrage of the Officers of the Artillery the contrary of his assertion; but we much fear, that the Colonel instead of extending his enquiries to a circuit of 8 miles so as to include Dum-Dum, satisfied himself with an inspection of the Commissariat cattle at the Cooly Bazar. Here indeed he might find little to envy, but he should have also remembered, that here too he saw nearly the same system as the Bombay one. Instead of a part of the corps of drivers he would only see there a party of Commissariat driving coolies.

However "well understood the common art of driving a pair of bullocks in India" may be, by Colonel Frederick and some others, they must know exceedingly little about the matter to suppose that in this or in almost any thing else which is to be greatly extended as from driving one, to driving 11 or 12 pair of bullocks in a string, practice or discipline will *not* be necessary, to meet such change of circumstances. Under the old system, which the Colonel advocates, we know that in Bengal, no exertion could ever bring our battering trains to travel at a rate exceeding $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour over the finest of the common country roads, while with disciplined drivers this has been accomplished in and was thence generally computed at 3 miles per hour. Every Officer who understands the superior effect of large bodies acting in unison, and not by single pairs, will comprehend the reason of this; and will besides comprehend feelingly the advantage of such improvement on the saving of time in a 15 miles march, according as he is practically acquainted with the value of an hour's extra exposure to the sun in the month of May or June. That this was the effect of drill and discipline, of in fact applying system to combined movement and exertion, was evident from the effect being produced with the very same

cattle which were before used, and this was again exemplified at Rangoon, where the Bengal Artillery Lascars by applying their system of driving to the Madras Bullocks, caused them to drag Battery Guns easily over ground where the ordinary "cart drivers" could not move them.

But it is not in moving over ordinary roads only that this superiority is found. Colonel Frederick may have seen at least, if he has not personally assisted in getting Guns and their appendages across nullahs and ravines, in ascending and descending Hills, &c. &c.

If he has, he must know how incompetent the ordinary Commissariat driver is in the management of long teams of yoked bullocks in such situations.

To say nothing of the great assistance available from the drivers themselves, by using those of the halted Guns of a long line, to help such as are in difficulty, ordinary cart drivers are here of no use; it requires some discipline, some acquaintance with command, some of that *esprit de-corps* we have before remarked to be generated among *immunity* drivers, and which Colonel Frederick seems to reckon for nothing, to make their assistance in such situations valuable.

But further we apprehend, Colonel Frederick need not have come to Bengal at all to have ascertained the value in which ordinary cart drivers are held by Artillery Officers of practical experience. We do not find on the Bombay side of India that the present system of supplying the Artillery draft cattle and drivers is more highly prized than the similar clumsy system was, and is, in Bengal—and although we must in considering the opinions of the Bombay Officers make some allowance for the inferiority of the cattle, which seem indeed to be execrable, we cannot but believe that an improved system procuring and keeping up draft bullocks and even of driving such as they have would produce considerably improved effects.

These also, as it has been shewn to have done with both the Bengal and Madras cattle—on this subject we have seen a letter from an officer of the Bombay Artillery to the commandant of that corps there, in which he describes, as highly prejudicial to efficiency

"The constant change taking place among drivers, who are men obtained by the contractor at the lowest possible charge and having little idea of military movements."

Another Officer says,

"I have frequently wondered how the Artillery managed, with the miserable equipments furnished to them, to surmount the difficulties they have to encounter."

This naturally brings us to consider what Colonel Frederick further advances at page 58.

"In all past warfare in India, bullocks have answered every common purpose for Foot Artillery and will continue to do so no doubt in future."

Ignorant as we profess ourselves to be of the Colonel's personal experience in "past warfare in India," we cannot say how far he speaks here from his own knowledge, and we must greatly doubt the accuracy of his conclusion, however he may have arrived at it. In Bengal we are tolerably certain that with Field Guns "Bullocks have never answered

every common purpose." It is in fact quite notorious that our Field Bullock-drawn pieces have seldom been brought into action but where the enemy obligingly awaited their arrival or where our own line was attacked; and that on all such occasions when the line had to move, the Field Guns were usually left behind. We have fortunately been accustomed to advance upon the enemy, though this might not be of material importance perhaps in Colonel Frederick's estimation; but had we often retreated, probably he might not have been so well satisfied, and if he reflects on the chance of a retreat being *some times* required, even in the best regulated Armies, he might perhaps hesitate to admit that we are sufficiently well prepared for the future. But, we must also hope, that the day is arriving when the real use of Field Artillery will be better understood than it seems to be by Colonel Frederick. We have already explained from scientific unquestionable authority what that use truly is and we repeat it, Field Artillery must be the first and last in action, it must manœuvre as the Troops do, and cover their movements without embarrassing them; - and although Major General Sir J. Malcolm seems to give the weight of his high authority, for the accuracy of Colonel Frederick's views, we are nevertheless constrained to harbour some doubts in our own minds whether he would risk his deserved military reputation by deliberately subscribing to this particular dogma of his friend and protégé about "Bullocks having answered every common purpose for the Artillery," either in the wars with Hyder and Tipoo at Assye or at the battle of Mahidpoor, where if we believe Colonel Blacker, Sir John's own column would not have been insensible of the use of "a friendly Battery." By comparing the number of draft cattle, allowed to the several pieces of Ordnance we should be led to believe that the Bombay Bullocks are inferior to either the Bengal or Madras ones, we should therefore have been not only surprized but confounded at this opinion of Colonel Frederick's, but that we again are inclined to think the Colonel's disinclination to rigorous examination and enquiry, even at his own door, explains the enigma.

In the same letters to which we have before alluded, we find the following account from Bombay Artillery Officers of their cattle:—

"The bullocks are generally small and *not selected particularly for the service*: and when they are kept up nominally for the service, they are furnished by contractors to the Commissariat Department, who are obliged to keep them in constant employment in the transport of stores, &c. &c. from station to station, so that when they are required (even) for parades they are generally jaded."

The Bengal Artillery Officer will here discover much resemblance to the Transport Train Bullocks introduced in 1819, instead of the efficient arrangement established in 1809 to which we have before borne our testimony; and he will recognize perhaps, some similarity on the effects. As our Transport Train Cattle at Bhurtpore could seldom perform a march of 12 miles in less than 5 or 6 hours although quite fresh, and even were once or twice obliged to be relieved to accomplish such a march, so the Bombay Officer remarks:—

“Every person who has marched with oxen must have experienced the frequent and vexatious delays, which take place by their lying down and sinking from fatigue, particularly when the march exceeds 10 or 12 miles, and it is invariably found when the line is progressing on the march, that it is frequently halted and checked from the slow pace of the bullock independant of the delays which are frequent.”

Again :—

“Instead of the Foot Artillerymen reaching their ground in proper time where the guns are drawn by bullocks they are exposed throughout the day to a burning sun which naturally impairs their constitutions,” and, “once on a route to join Sir W. G. Keir’s army in 1817-18 I marched with 6 pounders at 4 o’clock in the morning to go a distance of 13½ miles and only reached my ground at ½ past 11 at night ! !”

We shall complete the picture by quoting from the highest military authority, the Commander in Chief at Bombay, himself observes to Government :—

“The officers whose letters are annexed (and from which the foregoing extracts are taken) have perhaps in some degree taken their opinion of oxen as Ordnance draft cattle from the *ill conditional cattle supplied by the Commissariat and otherwise obtained on emergency.*”

We think we have thus sufficiently shewn, that Colonel Frederick has not at all understood the subject on which he ventured to offer his opinions, unless indeed to those who shall consider his individual dictum of more weight than the united voice of all the Artillery officers in India. We have already said that it is in our judgment owing to the hasty and inconsiderate reception of such opinions thus privately advanced without opportunity afforded of contradicting them that the Indian Artillery arm remains neglected and inefficient compared with the other branches of the service, and it has been our object to expose not so much the individual sentiments of Colonel Frederick as the system which encourages every random speculator who can support his schemes with a little plausibility and a recommendation of mere penny-wise economy, to come forward with crude ideas, that confuse and distract the authorities who have ultimately to judge of them. Let, we say, the Government submit all such proposals and opinions to the scrutiny of the proper heads of the Artillery Department itself,—of persons possessing scientific and practical knowledge—such men may better enable supreme authority to decide, after the wheat which shall have been sifted from the chaff.

In conclusion we may while on this subject observe that as in Bengal the question of Field Battery draft was first taken into consideration and longest experienced in, we are thence probably the best able to appreciate that question. Our bullocks are decidedly of a better breed than the majority of the bullocks at the other Presidencies, our experience of their efficiency may be not unfairly taken as the best, which can be obtained. Nothing can ever turn large carcassed and short legged animals like the ox, into *really good* draft cattle for light Field Artillery for manœuvring with Infantry according to modern tactics; but we believe we do no more than express a just, as it is the general if not universal opinion, that good bullocks *with well trained drivers* are not to be surpassed in draft for *heavy* ordnance and store carriages by any animals procurable in India. That strong horses equal them is undeniable: but they would not surpass them in any sufficient degree, to warrant the great extra expense, even if such horses could be procured.

But we repeat with Field Batteries the nature of the bullocks renders him unsuited to their draft. After the change of 1809, with cattle carefully picked for our field pieces, and solely employed in their exercise and service, with drivers excellently drilled, and regularly organized, a degree of discipline and celerity of movement was, we admit, obtained *for parade* which astonished every one. But it was on parade only, that this was conspicuous. No sooner were they taken into broken ground and ploughed fields than our Batteries were subjected to all the disorder and inconvenience which must even attend a stubborn animal that is not to be goaded or beaten, into exertion, nor even to be moved at all when jaded and fatigued.

In 1817-18, Lord Hastings had most ample means of satisfying himself of this. He had then several Field Batteries in his camp, all in their most perfect state, and which he himself admitted gave him a very high opinion of the bullock; and we may perhaps add, not a bad one of those who could have brought such an unwieldy animal into such a degree of efficiency. But still the defects were too apparent when manœuvring even fresh at morning exercise with the brigades, and it was evident, that however well they looked and performed, when thus carefully brought out, and shewn off they were ill adapted to overcome the difficulties presented on the ordinary exercising places to be found in the vicinity of the usual encamping grounds with either certainty or regularity. The inference was plain that they would fail in the day of need and exertion where their services become of most importance.

The Marquis of Hastings did not receive *his* information and advice on such subjects from indirect channels, and unprofessional men. His ear was open at all times to the advice and opinions of those who were most familiar with professional details, as they were also most conceived in results. His truly *military* and comprehensive mind, readily embraced the suggestion of adopting the use of cheap undersized horses instead of bullocks for the *Field Artillery*. Yet no sudden change was made; careful experiment was instituted; but no sooner was it begun than the improvement was manifest. The system was gradually extended by himself, was approved by inspecting Generals who witnessed it, was duly appreciated by his Lordship's successors, and the superiority eventually manifested to the satisfaction of every body on the only occasions when Batteries so equipped were called into service. All this finally afforded in 1827, satisfactory conviction of the superiority to the home authorities who then sanctioned its general introduction.

It has been subverted again by other advice, and in other circumstances, but we trust only *for a time*. We still look to its revival as the only means of making an useful and an efficient *Field Artillery*, and if the Autocrat of the North shall ever really pay us a visit on the Indus, we fervently hope he may first take a leaf out of Sir John Malcolm's and Colonel Frederick's book of "*Reveries*" on Indian Artillery!

STEAM NAVIGATION.

Evidence of Mr. Love Peacock—of Captain James Henry Johnstone—before a Select Committee of the House of Commons—1832.

Captain Wilson on Steam Communication between Bombay and Suez, with an Account of the Hugh Lindsay's voyages. Bombay—1833.

Article XI. in the Quarterly Review, No. XCVII. on Steam Navigation with India.

Mr. Waghorn's Address to the British Public in India, Ceylon, the Straits and China. Bombay—1833.

All India from Nepal to Colombo, from Bombay to the islands of the eastern archipelago, is discussing the subject of a steam communication between this country and Great Britain. The excitement has extended even to China—the whole press of Asia and most probably that of Egypt are agitating in its favor; Mahommud Ali advocates it, the Indian native rulers subscribe to it, and probably ere now the Burman King and the celestial Emperor! The English Government, the English Parliament and the English Press are occupied with investigating it—and what a reproach therefore, it would be to the *Calcutta Quarterly* to prove an isolated exception to the general enthusiasm in a cause in the success of which all its readers have so deep an interest. Far be it from us to incur that reproach; we have been hitherto silent on the subject, not because we felt not the force of those appeals which our brethren of the press have made with so much effect, but because we desired to have further information before us and to be enabled with reference to the various projects likely to be submitted and which have since been proposed to the public, to take a general review of the most important of these and express a decided opinion as to the probability of our speedily attaining the grand *desideratum*. The time is now arrived, in which we find ourselves in a condition to accomplish this object—to take a survey of the past voluminous discussions, seizing only on its leading features, and presenting them to our readers, in one connected view.

The first reflection that would naturally occur to every mind capable of appreciating the importance of accelerating the communication between a vast empire like India and the paramount state at a distance from it by the ordinary route, of 14,000 miles, would be that it was an extraordinary circumstance that the deputed rulers of that important dependency—the sovereign Company, should not long ago have availed themselves or endeavoured to avail themselves, of the wonderful agency of steam navigation to effect so great an object. The fact however, is, that strange as this may seem to those who have not studied the Honorable Company's policy, it is undoubtedly true that they appear never to have turned their attention to it at all, until some time after it was proposed to the community of India by a private individual, Captain Johnstone, and some agitation had been excited about it in this

country; and that long afterwards when they did *ostensibly* make the attempt to establish the communication, they set about it in a manner which, to say the least of it, almost justified the suspicion that they had no desire that it should succeed, since without adverting at present to other circumstances, it does not appear that they ever *took any measures to insure the continuance of the communication between Alexandria and England* without which, of course, *the expenditure on a vessel running from Bombay to Suez, was incurred to no purpose!* Those however, who have more deeply considered the subject, will not be surprised to learn how little encouragement has been given by the Company to the promotion of the object, even when individual enterprize had indicated the way to its attainment, and when the resources of the state (in a country where until lately all appeals to public spirit beyond the pale of the British community were out of the question,) were alone wanting to its completion. We shall in the course of this article furnish further evidence of the indifference not to say hostility of the home government to this great national undertaking, of more importance to the security of the British dominion in the east and to the happiness of their subject millions dependent on its duration, than any single measure which perhaps ever engaged the attention of their rulers, but at present we recur to the first proposal to establish the steam communication and proceed to give a rapid sketch of what has since been done towards the attainment of that great object.

In 1823 when in England and America the coast and river navigation by steam had attained to such extraordinary perfection, when it had already been established before a Parliamentary Committee that steamers were capable of withstanding any weather and had kept the sea and made their voyages in the British channel when the finest sailing vessels put back, still nothing had been done towards making them available for the purpose of shortening the period of intercourse between Great Britain and her Indian territories till Captain Johnstone arrived here and submitted his propositions for establishing the communication by the Red Sea. With the details of that plan most of our readers are familiar, and we need not therefore, enter into any explanation of it. A Meeting was held—subscriptions were raised, the Government contributing 20,000 rupees; and several of the agency houses 5,000 rupees each; so that in this manner a fund of about 80,000 rupees was collected—a trifling amount indeed towards so costly an undertaking; but no doubt much more would have been raised but for the *bonus* scheme which we shall presently mention and which seemed to render it unnecessary. It may be for this reason perhaps, that Bombay on that occasion responded not to our appeal. Madras made a faint effort, and nothing was done to agitate the Mofussil or the native community. Captain Johnstone's plan was not adopted, but the sum of a lakh of rupees was voted as a *bonus* to encourage a competition in England to effect the object—which never produced any competition at all. Captain Johnstone went home and brought out the *Enterprize*, the first Steamer that ever rounded the Cape of Good Hope, but the vessel

was never adapted for the purpose and made a very long passage, after which her commander abandoned for the time the idea of the proposed communication. For thus taking the lead however, in the undertaking and establishing by experiment the practicability of steaming round the Cape, he was rewarded with 40,000 Rs. out of the fund. Our hopes were afterwards excited by the schemes of a highly enthusiastic but not very judicious speculator, the unfortunate Mr. Taylor whose projects, as Mr. Prinsep* observes, were always on a grand scale. This gentleman after receding from a share in the *Enterprize*, conceived the idea of establishing the communication *via* the Red Sea, by means of sailing vessels and Steamers alternately assisting each other, the former of course, carrying the supply of fuel for the latter. The ship *Juliana*, and the Steamer *Emulous*, built for the purpose, actually left England in 1828 to try this singular experiment, being bound to Calcutta, whence if it had succeeded they were to have been employed keeping up the communication with Suez; and other vessels were built to perform the voyage on the other side of the Isthmus. The *Emulous* met with some disasters at the outset, and so much expence was incurred, that before the experiment could be fully tried the whole scheme broke down for want of funds. It must be obvious however, to any one who has well considered the subject, that this plan of alternate towing and being towed, and supplying coals in the open sea could never succeed:—the speed of a large vessel towed, could seldom exceed five miles an hour, unless a Steamer of enormous power were employed, and with a contrary wind and sea, it would be reduced to nothing. If a very large Steamer were employed, then *cui bono* the sailing vessel, since by providing *depôts* she could make the voyage alone! In every point of view therefore, as respects the communication by the Red Sea especially, this scheme was eminently absurd and impracticable.

In the year 1827, Mr. Waghorn whose name is now so familiar to the Indian public, having sailed with Captain Johnstone and turned his attention to Steam Navigation, obtained leave to proceed to England with a view of promoting the communication by its means *via* the Cape. In May 1828, Mr. Waghorn returned from England where he had acquired much valuable information on the subject. Shortly after his arrival, a public meeting was held, at which he submitted a proposition to the Calcutta community, to go home and bring out a vessel round the Cape, upon a plan of his own, to carry no passengers, nothing but the mails and to perform the voyage in 75 days; the tonnage proposed by him was rather too small, as he would probably now admit, and as we believe he had discovered in time to have prevented any disappointment on that score. We doubt not therefore, that he would have succeeded had he not been prevented by causes over which he had no control, from trying this experiment. His services were accepted here, and the balance of the Steam Fund pledged

* An account of Steam Vessels and of proceedings connected with Steam Navigation in British India, compiled by G. A. Prinsep.

to him to be remitted to his order payable ten days after he should have sailed from England. By some mismanagement that fund was not remitted, and the merchants at home hung back, seeing that the inhabitants of Calcutta were so apparently indifferent, although the Company had promised the loan of the requisite engines. Mr. Waghorn was not idle however; he put himself in communication with the leading members of the late administration, with the merchants at various ports, with scientific men—he travelled, he wrote letters, he sought and acquired knowledge of the subject in every quarter theoretical and practical—and especially laboured assiduously to get the act 59th, George 3d, chapter 3d, which prevents a higher sum than two pence being charged on letters sent to the East Indies, repealed—in short Mr. Waghorn's exertions displayed an ardour and perseverance in the cause, which will ever entitle him to the gratitude of the Indian community; but still his efforts were uncheered by any encouragement from this quarter—no letters, no funds. Most other men would have abandoned the undertaking in despair; but this ardent and enterprising individual offered himself to bring out dispatches for the Company by the Red Sea, resolved to ascertain in person why he was thus neglected. He came out, met Mr. Taylor in Egypt—they missed the expected Steamer *Enterprize* at Suez (in fact owing to her meeting with an accident she was never sent) and had to proceed thence in an open boat to Judda—whence they reached Bombay in a cruizer.

Mr. Taylor came to submit another of his grand designs to the Indian public, and if he had lived it is possible an attempt would have been made to carry it into effect. Mr. Taylor intimated that he was the authorized agent of some rich capitalists at home, though he would not name them; and we were among the number of those who thought it by no means improbable therefore, that however great the loss that might be incurred on this magnificent speculation, it would be tried; because we knew that for great English capitalists to embark 4 or £500,000 in an undertaking is no very marvellous thing, and it seemed not impossible that several of the great engineers had associated to accomplish this object. Mr. Taylor was to have had twelve vessels of 500 tons and 120-horse power each, six on each side the Isthmus including the branch vessels even to the Straits of Malacca, and he asked no more, than that the community of India should pledge their support to this splendid delusion. Meetings in various parts of the country were held, and many pledged themselves to send a given number of letters, but the whole plan was crude and visionary, the sudden effusion of a heated imagination, rather than the sober calculation of a man of judgment—it had no solid foundation, and the grand structure fell therefore to the ground,

And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind —————

Mr. Taylor however, had the merit of having first agitated the *Mobussil*, which is now all in a fervour to promote the grand object, and let no one seek to deprive his memory of that slender praise; for

though he was not sufficiently practical and deliberative, there was a redeeming merit in his unexcelled devotion to the cause; and be it always remembered, that he sacrificed in endeavouring to promote it, his money, his time, and FINALLY HIS LIFE, since returning to England via Bussorah and Aleppo he was murdered by some of the plundering hordes of Arabs in a useless resistance to superior numbers, and we heard no more of his scheme.

Mr. Waghorn was in some degree eclipsed by the splendour of Mr. Taylor's plans, and his reception at Bombay, was by no means unequivocally favorable. That small society was divided into two—factions; we had nearly said—but two sections perhaps, is better, and here were two schemes submitted to them. Mr. Waghorn therefore, was supported by some, opposed by others. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.* To those who believed in the practicability of Mr. Taylor's grand scheme, that of Mr. Waghorn appeared wholly unworthy of support, so insignificant did it seem in comparison; and besides he still looked rather to the Cape route, though his voyage out *via* Egypt had opened his eyes to the advantages and facilities of that of the Red Sea and Mediterranean, with respect to which he had been instructed by the Home Government to make a plain sailor-like report. He received then little encouragement at Bombay; but coming on to this Presidency, he was taken by the hand by the Steam Committee and especially Commodore Hayes, a warm-hearted sailor who sympathized with an energy of character which he would well appreciate. A meeting was held—Mr. Waghorn was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the zeal for the promotion of the Steam communication which had nearly been extinguished, now blazed forth with renewed ardour. The cause of the non-remittance of the old fund was explained, another appeal was made to public munificence (though little was done at the time) and Mr. Waghorn returned to England with revived hopes, brighter prospects, and renewed promises of support. On his arrival there however, he found that a change had come over the spirit of the Company, their liberality had evaporated, they retracted their promise of the engines, and spite of all Mr. Waghorn's exertions, to which we shall presently recur, our hopes in this quarter were again frustrated.

Meanwhile the local government at Bombay turned its attention to the subject. The *Hugh Lindsay* launched in 1829, at Bombay was built by order of the Company; she is 411 tons and propelled by two 80-horse engines. The Company appear to have intended her for an armed Steamer for the Indian Navy; but why in these piping times of peace, they should incur such an enormous outlay for such an object neither they nor any one else can tell: there is no particular employment to which such a vessel could be devoted with any prospect of advantage, since she was intended to carry only five days' coals and consequently not adapted for long voyages, or to keep up any communication of importance with any part of the Company's possessions in India. The Bombay government appear to have thought it the most useful purpose to which she could be applied, to try the experiment of a Steam com-

munication to Suez respecting which so many propositions had been submitted to the public. It is to be lamented, that this idea had not occurred to them, ere the building of the vessel had progressed very far, that they might in concert with professional and scientific men have devised a model better adapted for the purpose. In the actual case they had nothing for it, but to put the requisite quantity of coal on board no matter how the vessel could carry it. Depôts had been provided at Aden, at Judda and at Cosseir: the first place being 1641 miles distant, it was necessary to stow eleven days' coal on board a vessel not intended to carry more than five and a half! here was an evil at the very outset, that threatened disappointment. The vessel however, made her first first trip to Suez in 32 days;* out of which she was detained five days at Aden and four more at Judda in getting her fuel on board; so that all things considered, the experiment was so far successful—the delays such as might reasonably have been looked for, on a first voyage, and such as experience would tend to diminish; but no arrangement had been made for exchanging mails with the *Hugh Lindsay*, there was no vessel even to receive her own at Alexandria! every thing had been left to chance; and the whole expence was incurred to no purpose except that of demonstrating that even with a Steamer by no means adapted to the voyage, the communication might be effected at a saving of time very important indeed. On her return on this voyage, the *Hugh Lindsay* was 33 days,† 14 of which she was at anchor!

The second voyage appears to have been sadly mismanaged. In Captain Wilson's description of it, there is surely some mistake:—

"The weather throughout, was a pleasant North East monsoon, varying in direction occasionally: at first starting from Bombay, the engines made eleven and a half revolutions, the vessel's rate about five and a half knots, made good on the chart; but at the latter part of the stage, the revolutions did not exceed seventeen and a half; or the vessel's rate seven and a quarter knots; in consequence of a leak springing in the starboard boiler two days before reaching Maculla; which overflowed the bridge, put out one of the fires, and prevented the steam being well kept up."

According to this statement it would appear that a leak in the boiler is an improvement, since before it occurred, the engines made 11 and a half revolutions with fine weather and fair winds, and afterwards with the same wind and weather, the former were accelerated to 17½ revolutions, the speed to 7½! What the mistake is, we cannot tell: but it is clear that the vessel had fallen off generally in her speed, which is not accounted for; but what happened afterwards appears to have been the result of some blundering arrangement or want of arrangement: the vessel proceeded to Cosseir and made notwithstanding the leaky boiler and decreased speed, one of the best passages she had ever made, having been only 16 days 16 hours steaming to that place.‡ Again no arrangements having been made for co-operation in the Mediterranean, the communication failed and the whole

* She left Bombay on the 20th March 1830.

† Leaving Suez on the 26th April and arriving at Bombay on the 29th May.

‡ Leaving Bombay on the 5th December 1830, and arriving at Cosseir on the 27th.

expense was incurred for nothing! At Cosseir Lord Clare the new Governor of Bombay and his suite embarked, and the vessel proceeded to Judda, where she took in her coals when "it was discovered (here we use Captain Wilson's words,) that there was not more than sufficient for six days"!!! what do our readers think of the very provident arrangement indicated by this fact? An attempt was made to reach Mocha where it was known that there was some coal belonging to a private individual, *sed dis aliter visum*—the southerly wind increased, the vessel's way was reduced to two knots an hour, and she was compelled to put back to Judda and to send to Suez for coal!! Eventually she obtained it* and got back to Bombay—another dead loss to the Company's treasury to no purpose—unless to purchase increased experience at a very costly rate indeed.

The third voyage of the *Hugh Lindsay* was commenced like the rest without any efforts to procure co-operation in the Mediterranean! the letters, however, forwarded through Messrs. Briggs and Co. of Alexandria reached England in 60 days from Bombay, while those dispatched through the hands of the consul, were upwards of three months and a half in getting to their destination. These facts are important with reference to future operations. Having waited in vain upwards of twenty days, for mails from England, the vessel started on her return having taken on board several passengers, and there being no bungling on this occasion, she made a very fair passage back to Bombay.

The fourth voyage, commenced as before without any arrangements for concert in the Mediterranean, and after encountering unfavourable winds and weather throughout nearly, the *Hugh Lindsay* reached Suez in 35 days from Bombay including stoppages, and would but for the forethought of Captain Wilson, and the obliging attention of a private firm, Messrs. Briggs and Co. of Alexandria, have returned again without effecting any useful purpose: but Capt. Wilson having written to those gentlemen and requested them to forward any intelligence they might receive during the time he should remain at Suez, they accordingly forwarded London Journals which reached them by sailing vessels from Marseilles, some of them in the short space of sixteen days, and the Steamer eventually brought London intelligence to Bombay of only 59 days old! now it is probable that a Steamer might have brought this intelligence even in a shorter space of time, and then the immense advantage of the communication in shortening the intercourse between the countries—in reducing it in fact to less than that of a West India voyage, would have been still more striking! The intelligence brought by the *Hugh Lindsay* on this occasion, happened to be of great political importance: it announced the embargo on Dutch vessels, and the march of a French Army against

* The vessel anchored at Judda after this vain attempt to reach Mocha with six days' fuel, on the 8th January, and the *Palinurus* having been dispatched to Suez for the coal, she obtained a supply in time to enable her to start again on the 23d February! The delay was clearly owing to some gross neglect or gross blundering somewhere.

Antwerp, and enabled the government to take measures for preparing our naval force against the probability of a general war—that communication might have been the means of saving more perhaps to the Honorable Company in a week or a day, than they have sunk in four years in their half attempts to maintain it without any arrangement in the Mediterranean.

Whatever effect however, this lucky hit may produce on the minds of the Directorial Body, it demonstrated to all India the vast importance of the object we had been so long anxious to effect. It came like an electric shock upon the Indian public, and the vibration is still felt to the remotest extremities of this vast country. All former manifestations of public spirit in India sink into insignificance compared with those which have been displayed since the *Hugh Lindsay's* success on her fourth voyage, awakened the reading and thinking people to a sense of the wonderful effects which the mighty power of Steam could produce in bringing nearer to each other in respect to intercourse, countries which by the ordinary course of communication were separated by a distance that rendered it tedious and discouraging as the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick."

The first manifestation of the feeling excited by this voyage of the *Hugh Lindsay* was a requisition for a public meeting at Bombay for the purpose of promoting the communication it had shewn to be so important, by a general subscription as it was known that the Honorable Company had sent out orders to prohibit any more of these costly experiments in that vessel, and that her last trip indeed, was in contravention of those orders. The press agitated, the meeting was held, the Chief Justice in the Chair, and a degree of public spirit displayed well calculated to encourage our hopes of success—a sum of thirty thousand rupees was subscribed on the spot, and utterly insignificant as such a sum is towards such a vast undertaking, in so small a community it was a handsome amount to be contributed on the spur of the moment, and the effects of this example have been such as to justify hopes that a few months ago were deemed to the last degree absurd and visionary. In the former attempts, Calcutta had taken the lead in undertakings of this nature, it was now the lot of the city of palaces to second the efforts of the junior presidency. The press here renewed its exertions and agitated for a public meeting to co-operate with Bombay. After time had been afforded, a requisition was got up and a public meeting held at the Town-hall.* The proceedings were most extraordinary, but as they were fully reported at the time, and are fresh in the memories of all our readers, it may suffice to say, that there was great division of opinion, and that some of the ablest speakers expressed themselves in a most despondent tone as to the practicability of success without the aid of Government or in fact unless the communication were wholly undertaken by it, which as a great national object it was contended ought to be done. Petitions were accordingly voted to the home authorities, and then came a resolution to co-operate with

* On the 14th June last.

Member and to raise subscriptions; but this was negatived by an amendment of the Chairman's, moved not of course in that capacity, but in that of an individual member of the Meeting: the result was that *quoad* this meeting, nothing beyond an empty vote of sympathy with the efforts made at Bombay, was effected. The motives and conduct of the Chairman on the occasion have been condemned. In that condemnation we do not agree: he believed that it was impossible to raise funds by subscription which could effect the object: he said so before he went to the meeting, and that he could not conscientiously at any time, much less at a period of general distress owing to the commercial failures, sanction an appeal to the pockets of the community for a delusion; but pressed to take the Chair notwithstanding, Sir Edward Ryan obeyed the wishes of the requisitionists, but followed the course which he had candidly assured them, he must in that case pursue. If there is any thing culpable here, we own it escapes our penetration. The result however, was not the less felt as a public disappointment. Our impression is that the result of the meeting did not by any means accord with the feelings of the majority present. Many we know from the evidence of Cocker, did not, owing to some blunder, vote at all, and of those who did, many we are satisfied did not understand the nature of the Chairman's amendment. Be this as it may, in a very few days a reaction commenced in favour of subscriptions, which is now animating all India. The Governor General, and our amiable Diocesan the most enthusiastic of us all, took the lead; and among the first of those who followed, was the Chairman of the previous meeting with a handsome contribution of 1000 rupees. Here he was charged with inconsistency; but the principle on which Sir Edward Ryan acted, was equally clear and equally honorable. If, said he, you are determined to subscribe, be it so. I do not invite you, I fear it is a delusion, but still if you think otherwise, I have no objection to risk my own money, tho' I did not feel it right as Chairman of a public meeting to call on you to risk yours, on an object in which I still fear you must fail. The example however, was beneficial, and to give additional force to the reaction and the agitation of the press, an able and eloquent writer who has distinguished himself under the signature of *INDOPHILUS*, published a most animated appeal to the public, to which our only objection was, the reproaches heaped in it on the members of the legal profession, who whatever they may have been elsewhere, have been here ever foremost in the advocacy of liberal opinions and popular rights, and in the promotion of undertakings of public utility. They defended themselves however, as they were fully equal to do; and it is unnecessary to say more therefore, on that point, than that, spite of this defect, the appeal had its effect and justified the happy heading given to it by the *Calcutta John Bull* "*INDOPHILUS* to the rescue:" it was translated into the native languages, and has penetrated even the sanctuaries of native courts, and for the first time awakened, in the breasts of native princes emulation in the promotion of a national undertaking. The evidence of the reaction soon led to another meeting,* at which the Lord Bishop

* Held at the Town Hall on the 14th June and on the 22d June, 1833.

presided and at which several resolutions were unanimously carried with a view to the attainment of the object. By these the Meeting pledged itself zealously to support the measures for petitioning the home authorities, and to raise new subscriptions—a Committee was appointed consisting of several professional gentlemen and a representative of each class of Society, Native, Anglo-Indian and European. The Committee was authorized to report, first on the most certain, and secondly on the most speedy, means of re-opening the communication interrupted by the laying up of the *Hugh Lindsay*—to ask the assistance of the Supreme Government—to communicate with the East India Committees at Home, with Bombay, &c. &c. and to decide on the plan proposed at that Presidency. It was resolved, however, that no sum subscribed should be considered any part of the Bombay or any other joint stock fund.

The result has most completely answered the most sanguine expectations formed of it: the subscriptions already raised have far exceeded the former contributions, and amounted when this article went to press to Sa. Rs. 1,23,614—10—0; while at Bombay they have raised Rs. 65,801—3—44; and at Madras Rs. 38,515.

In fact in this instance the most active efforts have been made to excite an interest in the question throughout the country, the Circulars of the Secretary to the New Fund have been transmitted post free to the most remote stations, and the mofussil press has aided these appeals; while on the former occasion Bombay did nothing, Madras very little, and no attempt was made to induce subscriptions among the natives in the interior. The cause of the comparative inactivity on that occasion, was Mr. Holt Mackenzie's resolution which limited public munificence to a lakh of rupees as a *bonus* to competition—a resolution which was fatal to our success and to which we may now fairly ascribe our not having had the communication established some years ago; for it is now placed beyond doubt, that all that is wanting is money: those were our high and palmy days: the Government at once subscribed 20,000 rupees, six houses of agency 5,000 rupees each, and there were subscriptions of individual members of the Government of liberal amount. If equal exertions had been then employed to stimulate the public, as would have been the case but for Mr. Mackenzie's resolution, it may be safely inferred, that a very large fund would have been raised, when in these days of general distress and after failures to the extent of *eight millions sterling* within a few months, and of upwards of twelve or thirteen millions within the last three years, we have got together so large an amount which will at least be doubled even in this Presidency.

We have already alluded to the exertions of Mr. Waghorn and the disappointment he experienced on the refusal of the Company to lend him engines for his Cape experiment as they had promised. He was thus again thrown on his own resources. He found the case for a time hopeless, but even then he did not abandon it. He resigned the service to which he belonged—the Bengal Pilot service, in order to be free to

persevere in the cause, he obtained employment as an officer in one of his Majesty's Steamers, and made several voyages to Malta in these fine vessels chiefly with a view to increase his practical acquaintance with the subject. He obtained introductions to the most influential men in the administration. He submitted his plans to them, which were most favourably received, and finally he has come out again to India at the express desire of Mr. Charles Grant of the Board of Control, by whom he has been authorized to state that the government at home will provide for the communication in the Mediterranean if the people of India only arrange that on this side of the Isthmus; and he has found all India enthusiastic about the communication which he has laboured to accomplish

Per varios casus et per tot discrimina rerum.

Mr. Waghorn has made good use of his time also in Egypt—where he has influenced the Pasha in favour of the scheme, and Mahommed Ali has not only agreed to give every facility to the transit of passengers and goods across the Desert from Suez to Cairo in the ordinary way, but to erect a place of accommodation and halt, and even to construct a rail road if the British Government in England should ask it! In short, Mr. Waghorn has completely cleared the way for us in Egypt. Such are some of the advantages we owe to his exertions, besides the interest he has excited among the mercantile body in the great manufacturing towns in England in the accomplishment of this object; and it is with regret that we have observed in some quarters here; a disposition to underrate his knowledge and experience on the subject, to slight his past services and to sneer at his propositions—propositions which appear to us those of a practical man acquainted with all the difficulties of the question but imbued with the energy of a true seaman, and feeling at the same time that there are none which with proper means guided by a stout heart, an enterprising spirit and a sound judgment, may not be overcome.

The liberality lately displayed by the local government, which we have reason to believe will be confirmed at home, has gone far to insure our success. It was said and truly said, with reference to the Meeting at which Resolutions against subscription and to throw ourselves wholly on the government were carried, that we were acting like the waggoner in the fable—and that we ought first to put our own shoulders to the wheel and then expect the aid of Jupiter. The result has demonstrated the justice of the observation. The government was silent as to our petitioning scheme—it made no sign—it gave no hope; but when we came before it with evidence that we had complied with the condition—that we had put our own shoulders to the wheel—what was the answer that the Committee of the Steam Fund received?—that the government would do more than it was asked to do. The Committee applied for the loan of the *Hugh Lindsay* to run her until they could get a vessel of their own as the readiest means of re-opening the communication between Bombay to Suez. The plan was not one of

which we should have approved, and we have still some misgivings about it; but the answer of the government has determined many in its favour who otherwise would have been equally opposed to it. The government have replied we will not only lend you the *Hugh Lindsay*, but the first voyage she shall run at our expence entirely, and after that you shall defray the cost of the coals only, for the next three voyages; meanwhile in order to secure the establishment of this communication on a permanent basis, we will recommend to the home government to offer a bonus of £20,000 per annum for five years to any joint stock company or individual speculator who will undertake to make four voyages a year, between Bombay and Suez during that period, giving them or him all the advantage of the mails and passengers or any other sources of profit available! The recommendation will be adopted—and the communication therefore, will be established. In the interim the funds are to be employed, it seems, in running the *Hugh Lindsay* three or four voyages, if the subscribers approve of his plan, as the speediest means of re-opening the communication.

Such is a rapid sketch of what has hitherto been done towards the attainment of our great desideratum; and it now only remains to take a review of the information that has been recently submitted to the public on the subject of the difficulties or advantages that are likely to retard or accelerate the voyages, some of the various plans proposed as to description of vessels and depôts, and the practicability or impracticability of keeping up the communication all the year round—and to offer some suggestions of our own on some of these points. Captain Wilson has published a well digested pamphlet with supplementary observations in a second edition giving the result of his experience and the views suggested by it. Mr. Waghorn who is now in Calcutta, sent on from Bombay by way of *avant courier*, his pamphlet in the shape of a spirited and characteristic “address to the British public of India, Ceylon, the Straits and China,” to say nothing of the Bombay papers containing a controversy between him and Captain Wilson, and various letters in those of Calcutta. Captain Johnstone has also published several letters on the subject in the Journals of the Presidency—while at home he gave evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. Then there is Mr. Peacock’s evidence—Captain Chisney’s report reviewed in the *Athenæum* and incidentally in a long article, in the *Quarterly Review*, “On Steam Navigation to India,” the object of which is to prove that from its enormous costliness it is impracticable! With all this information before them, if any of our English speculators should be at a loss what course to pursue, it will assuredly be from the excess and not from the deficiency of light to guide them, which the press English and Indian has lately diffused on the subject.

As Captain Chisney’s proposed route by the Euphrates to all who know any thing of the Persian Gulph and who are imperfectly acquainted with the navigation of the river and the state of the countries on its borders might seem tempting and create a diversion, which would

do harm, we shall first consider its merits and state our reasons for the opinion that it is for the present and will be for a long time to come utterly impracticable. Of the two routes by the Euphrates—the one which involves the navigation of that river the whole distance to Bir 1150 miles—the natural and physical obstructions stated by Captain Chisney himself are so numerous and so serious, so wholly insuperable except at a cost of money and ingenuity which might be much better expended in facilitating a better known and far more practicable route, that it is unnecessary to say much on this plan. The very idea of navigating a Steamer through intricate rocks and whirlpools and through locks in shallow water—is utterly opposed to the great object of resorting to steam at all—in such a navigation the vessel would never go *at night*—and when we consider that objection, and that to go at all we should require a vessel of very peculiar construction, in addition to the sea going Steamers running from Bombay to Bussorah—and that in all the distance from that place to Bir, the countries bordering the river are in a most unsettled state, inhabited or rather occasionally occupied by wandering hordes—when we consider these obstacles, it will at least be admitted that the plan that embraces them should be adopted only in the last resort. The other proposition for the Euphrates route, is to land at Hit—and proceed thence by land to Damascus and Beiroute on the Mediterranean shore, touching by the way we suppose, at the ruins of Palmyra, the whole journey by “*well arranged*” caravan being 12 days and a half. The supremacy of Mahommed Ali in Syria might render this land-journey safe and practicable enough—but the boat Steamer even to reach Hit would have serious difficulties to encounter—whereas in Egypt we have from Suez to Cairo *four* days journey by camel—and means will no doubt be found to perform the distance in half the time. It is idle then to discuss Captain Chisney’s plans, though it is but justice to observe that his report and his maps and plans of steam vessels are said to afford proof of extraordinary talent and perseverance. His attention has also been directed to the Red Sea route and his propositions for connecting the Nile and the Red Sea by means of Lake Menzaleh and some smaller Lakes and for a canal connecting the former with the Mediterranean, may hereafter, if Mahommed Ali lives long enough or is succeeded by a man of equal intellect and enterprize, lead to the accomplishment of one of those gigantic undertakings which bear evidence to the end of time, of the wisdom which devised them, and of the vast resources of the countries in which they were executed. In the interim we must be content to avail ourselves of the means within our reach in the route *via* the Red Sea.

With respect to the Red Sea route, the only questions now to be decided, are how the communication by it may be effected with the least expence and with the greatest rapidity. The average of the *Hugh Lindsay’s* voyages is about 22 days under Steam and about ten days for stoppages from Bombay to Suez, and about the same returning, in the months of January, February and March, the distance

being about 3,000 miles between the two places. It has been seen that the *Hugh Lindsay* was not built for the purpose to which she has been devoted, she does not carry coals enough for the longest stage without being greatly overloaded, and her speed has declined to an average on the whole voyage, of little more than five miles per hour, while her expenditure of coal is enormous. Captain Wilson has stated it at 86,000 rupees the voyage! It seems obvious then that with a superior vessel built expressly for our object and with better arrangements, we may expect to effect the communication in a considerably less time and at a greatly reduced cost. The opinions as to the best mode of attaining these *desiderata* especially the last, are extremely conflicting. With regard to the expence, the Company have endeavoured to shew that it is so enormous that the idea of establishing the communication is perfectly absurd. With this view they have brought before a Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Peacock, a witness, who professes to have full knowledge of the subject and pronounces with a voice oracular against the communication; it may be as well therefore, before we examine the respective propositions for establishing it which have been so much discussed by the Calcutta press, to advert briefly to this gentleman's evidence. We may observe however, that it denotes a foregone conclusion—and that there is an evident desire to take the most extravagant estimates of the expence, to throw into the back ground, the advantages in a mere political point of view, and to keep out of sight altogether, the *possibility* even, of any *return whatever*! In short Mr. Peacock is a witness, after the Company's own heart; for Mr. Astell the chairman has declared that they did not want any steam communication, and it is not this witness's fault if the Committee are not impressed with the idea that any such communication would be attended with a ruinous outlay to no purpose. In the first place Mr. Thomas Love Peacock states that the coals in the Red Sea cost about £7 per ton—now we know that even English coal may be supplied at Suez at little more than half this cost. The estimate of Messrs. Harris and Co. of Alexandria* is £4 but the times have changed since that period—and the best coal for the purpose—the Llangennech can be shipped at the nearest port Llanelly, at 7 to 8 shillings the ton†—it is probable therefore that Messrs. Harris and Co. would contract to supply it at Suez at considerably less than their former estimate,—and as the prevailing winds between Suez and Judda are northerly it might be found cheapest to furnish the latter port with coal from the former: the other depôts might be provided with that of Burdwan, (unless a better quality than any yet discovered in Cutch should be found,) at a rate very considerably less than Mr. Peacock's estimate—at one-half *as* far as Mocha. In the next place Mr. Peacock considers, that four steamers on each side the Isthmus, will be *indispensible*, and of course he infers that the cost of the whole eight would fall on the Indian Government without any set off whatever, while he does not say whether this large establishment is

* Vide their letter to Mr. Waghorn of the 2d Dec. 1832.

† *Quarterly Review*.

intended for a monthly or a two monthly communication;—but is it necessary to have so many vessels for either arrangement? We should say decidedly not—that two on this side the Isthmus would be sufficient, and moreover the expense of the communication on the other side of the Isthmus, would not fall on India; for the Malta Steamers would at least bring the mails of India so far; and from thence to Alexandria a distance of 800 miles, one vessel would suffice, the cost of which the outward postage would cover, the act of Parliament being altered to secure the conveyance of the mails by this route. Thus then, Mr. Peacock's estimate would be reduced at least one-half in the item of fuel and three-fourths in the number of vessels! As for the cost of them, his estimate £25,000 each for an efficient steamer, is £9,000 in excess of Admiral Sir P. Malcolm's, including a thorough repair and 3 boilers for vessels like the Malta Packets of 500 tons and 140 horse power! and Mr. Peacock allows for no returns whatever; whereas we believe that if the communication were once established, the letters and packages would yield a great set off to the expenditure, and some of the most intelligent men who have given their attention to the subject, Captain Johnstone and Mr. Vaghorn, are of opinion that it would ultimately pay as a matter of private speculation. It is necessary, however, for obvious reasons to afford some assistance to its establishment until it is placed upon a footing to render it in some degree profitable; otherwise speculators will rush rashly into it and fail, and we shall then be thrown back in the attainment of the object for an indefinite period.

Mr. Peacock, we should observe, prefers the route by the Euphrates to Beles and thence by a short land route to Latakea, a port on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, as the least expensive—no doubt it would be; but it is impracticable, otherwise the Naptha and small wood mixed with it, would furnish a fuel infinitely less costly and quite as effective as coal—while it is equally true that small river steamers cost less money a great deal; but again Mr. Peacock forgets that there must be sea steamers also for the passage from Bombay to Bussorah.

Another authority against the practicability of the communication on the score of its enormous expence is the *Quarterly Review*; but even this avowedly hostile work, is more moderate in one respect than Mr. Love Peacock, for it considers that if a monthly communication were desired, *three* vessels would be necessary instead of four. The writer however, gives the Company's modest estimate for four steamers (Mr. Peacock's proposition) for fifteen years, which is the very trifling sum of £1,608,000!! It then adds an estimate of its own—composed of similar items, which rates the expense £643,680 or less than one-half of that which the Directors have put forth in order to crush at once all hope of establishing the communication; and yet the *Quarterly* endeavours to persuade its readers that the Company are not hostile to the communication! They have really done—what does the reader think towards its establishment?—why made enquiry—and obtained estimates!! from whence does the reader imagine?

from India! whence those it received "were truly alarming!" *Risum teneatis?* We who are a little more used to Indian estimates, can only smile at the *naïveté* of the Reviewer. But was India precisely the quarter to which these enquiries for estimates should have been addressed? To have sought there, all the information relative to the nature of the proposed navigation, the wind and weather at the different seasons, the facilities for depôts, the probable amount of returns in passengers or letters, might have been natural enough—but to seek in India, estimates of the cost of keeping up the communication, the price of vessels—the finest of which are built in England, of engines which can only be had there—of coals which are imported thence! is an act of sagacity which has no parallel in the annals of collective wisdom, except in those of the Castlereagh administration which sent out timber to build vessels (vessels in frame) to Canada! A plain practical man would have first obtained all the information we have spoken of—and then have laid it before professional men in England calling for estimates of the cost of maintaining a monthly, two monthly, or quarterly communication; but to travel fourteen thousand miles in search of what was to be found at their own door, was a flight worthy of the collective wisdom of the council of twenty-four. The jesuitical writer in the *Quarterly*, however, deludes us with the hope which he soon endeavours to annihilate. His estimate though far below that of the Directors, is exorbitant; but there is balm in Gilead:—

Thus, if our estimate should be an approximation only to the required expenditure, that of the East India Company will exceed it by considerably more than one-half, both in the amount of the original outlay and the annual charges. But if the communication be limited to once every two months, and we think this ought to be considered sufficient, the annual cost, by the diminution of half the cost of the coals, will be for each steamer 8,478*l.*, and for the four 33,912*l.* It will be observed, that no allowance is made for extra labour in loading, unloading, and carrying coals to the steamer, which, on this side the isthmus, will be done by the vessel's crew, nor is any additional cost inserted for the land journey; but if we add the gross sum of 6,000*l.*, and, instead of 34,000*l.*, take the annual expense to amount to 40,000*l.*—or, if the communication be monthly, to 48,912*l.*,—we shall still be considerably below one-half the estimate of the directors.

In the next sentence we are asked however, whether the conveyance of a few letters and passengers is worth such a sum? No truly; but if that is all the possible advantage our Reviewer can descry in a communication which would bring nearer in effect to Great Britain by 8000 miles, the most important dependency of the British crown containing some 70 or 80 millions of subjects—he is about the last person to whom an enlightened statesman would apply for advice on such a point. In the mere calculation of expenditure, one of Maudslay's labourers would probably surpass him—in that of a higher order in the capacity to estimate the advantages moral and political which result from bringing nearer countries so connected as Great Britain and India, we might safely infer, that not the most ignorant of these labourers could be more deficient, were we to judge from the flippant remark we have quoted; but the blindness is wilful—and merely assumed for the occasion. It will not answer the purpose however, which it is intended to accomplish: the *Quarterly* is no longer the

Delphian Oracle which echoes the voice of authority: and even if its friends the Tories were in, they have seen and acknowledged that there are other objects to be attained by diminishing the period of communication between Great Britain and India—beyond the “conveyance of a few letters and passengers”—and some of them are as anxious to see it established as any of its warmest advocates here: nay they would, we are disposed to believe, answer the long bill of the *Quarterly* by telling him that even at £50,000 per annum such a communication would not be too dearly purchased. The ministry now in power are pledged to favour the undertaking.

As for the Company's estimate, it is evidently nothing more or less than a transcript from the Bombay Official return of the expence of the *Hugh Lindsay*, (rupees being turned in pounds and shillings) notoriously the most costly vessel of the kind ever built and never intended for the purpose to which she has been applied—“a teak built Bombay Steamer, &c. 160 horse power, &c. £35,600;” but we have done with *Hugh Lindsays* and Bombay built vessels, and intend to have the finest that the science of England can turn out. This the *bonus* offered by government will secure us, and two such vessels will keep up the communication lying by during July and August as has been proposed by Captain Johnstone to refit should that be deemed necessary, and going all the rest of the year.

What we have said on the subject of the number of vessels and on the practicability of supplying coal, at a rate much below Mr. Peacock's estimates, is enough to refute the objections on the score of expence as to these items. As to the cost of the vessel, we have merely stated our general impression: but we have the estimates of Captain Johnstone and Mr. Waghorn: the latter has not gone so much into minute detail. He has given an estimate of the cost of a 600 Steamer with 140 horse power at £24,000, which it will be seen is greatly in excess of Admiral Malcolm's Report, but is agreed that two vessels would keep up the communication, and states reasons for preferring that size of vessel on which we shall presently have to remark; meanwhile we give Captain Johnstone's estimate:—

Vice Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm in his report to the Admiralty, dated January 1832, states that His Majesty's Steam Packets on the Falmouth Station plying between that Port and Gibraltar, Malta, Lisbon, &c. of between 400 and 500 tons burthen and 140 Horse power cost when completed for sea, £12,000, and that with one complete repair and three sets of Boilers estimated at £4,000, they will last 20 years.

At Glasgow and Greenock contracts have been completed on the following scale for Builders' measurement.

For hull, masts, spars per ton.....	£. 13	5	0
sails, rigging, anchors, cables	3	0	0
coppering	1	10	0
Incidental including boats	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£ 18	0	0

* Captain Johnstone arrived out in India in July last, in the *Larkins* with two Iron Steamers for the navigation of the *Ganges* with iron flats attached, and propelled by oscillating engines of 60 horse power. Possibly in our next number we may devote an article to the subject of Steam Navigation in the rivers of India, in which a full description of these boats will be given, their great recommendations are their cheapness and their very light draft of water.

Engines by the best makers including coal boxes, spars, gear, &c. may be obtained to order at £4¹ per-horse power, I have no doubt therefore that upon the following calculation persons would be glad to contract for five years to perform four voyages annually between Cochin and Suez, employing two efficient vessels for the purpose for £2,000 per annum.

At the above rates two vessels of 360 tons and 120 horse power complete for sea would cost	£ 22,560
Wear and tear on this sum at 15 per cent per annum.....	3,384
Insurance 6 per cent all round.....	1,353
Establishment for one vessel, the one not employed having only one Engineer and five men to keep her in order at an annual expence of.....	500
Complete Establishment Commander.....	250
1st mate.....	100
2d ditto.....	80
3 Engineers.....	600
Crew and victualling.....	650
Table, Commander and Engineer.....	200
Stores.....	500
Pilotage.....	200
	<hr/>
	2,580
Salary of an Agent per annum.....	500
Coals for 8 passages of 20 days, 12 tons per day at £3 10 per ton.....	6,720
Annual expence of two vessels for four voyages.....	15,337
And for five years.....	75,185
Receipts for 5 years at £20,000 per annum.....	1,00,000
	<hr/>
Profit on 5 years.....	£ 24,815

The duty would be too little for two vessels and should the demand increase, by adding a third to the establishment, a monthly communication might be maintained at an increased expence of £20,000 per annum, for £35,000, or say for £3000 per voyage.

Here then we have the evidence of two practical men against the Directors and the Reviewer, both as to the enormous expence and the number of vessels required. Captain Johnstone has stated his reasons at length for preferring the vessel of 360 tons and the larger proportionate power of 120 horses, to the vessel of 500 tons, and the same power; but we need not detail them. It is obvious that the former *ceteris paribus*, would be preferable but that is not the case, for the 360 ton vessel would only carry eight days' coals, and it is indispensable with any depôts we could select, that our vessel should carry at least ten days, which is the quantity crammed into the *Hugh Lindsay*, and to carry more is an advantage if not purchased at too great a sacrifice of speed. Captain Johnstone indeed tells us, that under certain circumstances, while the vessel of greater power would be going probably two or three knots, the one of lesser could be stationary; but we have before us a description of vessel furnished by Mr. Waghorn, which we agree in considering to be our desideratum. The description is sufficiently interesting to be worth transcribing, and we give it in Mr. Waghorn's own words:—

H. M. Steam Packet *Firefly*, on which I came out to Malta, was about 500 tons, drew eleven feet water, carries 50 passengers with separate sleeping cabins for each, including a Saloon for gentlemen and one for ladies, her engines were 140 horse power and the vessel capable of carrying 18 days coals: she generally takes 16. It was the 9th February or the 10th, I left Falmouth in her: half a gale at starting at south west, the breeze increased by the time we were 100 miles to the S. W. of the Lizard, to a gale and sometimes beyond a gale. In fact it blew furiously, H. M. Ship *Revenge*, 74, carried away her main yard and suffered otherwise, and H. M. Sloop of War *Rover*, was obliged to put back although her orders were rather emergent; in fact but few vessels remained out that could get back to Port; this vessel (the Steamer) endured that weather for eleven days in succession, and although 16 days making the passage to Gibraltar the longest ever

made by any of H. M. Steam Vessels ; yet she had 3 days coals left when she arrived : it must be understood that when this furious and continued gale was strongest, that we only worked Steam enough on her to keep her with steerage way. Yet this fine Vessel (the best at present in the Navy, by no other reason the best but that she is the last new one when I left England, that being her first trip, and combines all other known improvements as to models, capability, buoyancy and interior arrangements of Cabins, &c. &c.) arrived at Gibraltar without a nut or screw loose ; and after sweeping flues, packing Engine, &c. looking into the boilers at Gibraltar, she was ready for steaming in 24 hours, having taken 250 tons of coals on board, in six hours ! we made the passage in half a gale right aft, wind and steam crowded and pressed, in 5 days and a half to Malta ! although we staid about five hours, at night, off Algiers to deliver dispatches to H. M. Consul General. Here then is a case on my way to India, of what Steam can do head to wind against hard gale, from England to Gibraltar, and again in a spanking breeze and a high sea aft : both very good things when you can get them behind you : the distance from Gibraltar to Malta is about 1200 miles which is beyond 225 (with the stoppage off Algiers) miles a day.

Now the cost of two such vessels or rather of two similar vessels of 600 tons as proposed by Mr. Waghorn would be according to the calculations of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, about £32,000, and allowing for the difference in size, the expences would be for four voyages about £18,000 per annum.

It is unnecessary we think, to say more on the subject of the expence of the undertaking, except that all the practical men whose opinions we are acquainted we have conversed with, agree in the opinion that it will by experience be reduced below even the most moderate of these estimates, and that ultimately it will be made to pay. The chief source of return in the first instance, must of course be the mails, and there will be a difficulty in securing that source of revenue to the contractors without trenching upon private rights, at the high rate that is proposed say three rupees the letter ? There is no security but to leave no option—or to fix the postage at so moderate a rate by the Steam conveyance as to leave little or no temptation to any preference for the old rate which might be advanced we think without any crying injustice for such an object to one shilling, and if that by the Steamers were made two, we are of opinion that it might safely be left open to the public to choose the long or the short—the slow or the rapid conveyance. It strikes us, indeed we feel convinced it would be so, that the communication once established, its regularity and certainty demonstrated, the number of letters* sent, would greatly increase, so that from this source alone, in a few years we believe the outlay would be much more than returned.

Mr. Waghorn has offered moreover, some suggestions for combining trade to a certain extent with the other objects of the communication. These have been met with sarcasm—but they appear to us entitled to attention when we consider that such a vessel as is proposed will have as much or nearly as much spare space, as some of our coasting Steamers—Mr. Waghorn says :—

* The Bombay Committee who investigated this matter, have estimated the correspondence of all India at 500,000 letters per annum. If half these were forwarded by the Steam communication at three rupees a letter, there would be a handsome profit on the highest calculation of expence.

With respect to "a monthly establishment," three vessels of 600 tons and 140 horse power are required: if his Majesty's Government are able and willing to get the Viceroy of Egypt to make his proposed rail road, (and if his Majesty's Government press him as a favor he will make it because he has "*political reasons*" of his own connected with Judah, Mecca and the Yemèn Country which it is not my duty to dispute having heard the same explained in confidence by one individual when I was last in Egypt), all the supply for the Mediterranean in the articles of coffee, tea, silks, China toys, gums, hides, skins, and ivory, &c. will all go through Egypt to the Mediterranean because they are all in demand, and would consequently find their way by the rail road, allowing that the tea, China toys, and silks got to Mocha by sailing ships, the coffee, gums, hides, skins and ivory, the four last coming from Abyssinia and other parts of Africa are plentiful enough already at Mocha. From Mocha to Suez a great many of these articles would go on the Steamer in the hold or the deck, &c. From Suez to Cairo by the rail road; from Cairo by the Nile and the Canal to Alexandria. With proper management depend on it, Mr. Editor, (and the free trade to China will work proper management to every port in the Eastern world) many changes will take place to the increasing prosperity of British bottoms, particularly in the trade of the Red Sea when his Highness of Egypt encourages and protects the conveyance of cargo by his promised rail road; and he will do this when solicited by the Government at home, who will readily do what they can to assist British commerce to the uttermost extremities of the earth, because it gives employment to the labourer and the manufacturer, and consequently adds to the prosperity of Great Britain, which alone relies on its Commerce, and that Commerce protected by its Navy, its glory and pride.

Mr. Waghorn afterwards gives some instances of the traffic carried on by the Americans in the Red Sea; and in the suggestions we have quoted we see nothing at all visionary or absurd.

As the liberal proposition of the government which we feel assured will be confirmed at home, will in all probability secure us the establishment of the communication by an English Company with efficient vessels, we need not dwell on the differences of opinion that have arisen as to the class of Steamer to be employed; we believe that in proposing a vessel of 270 tons propelled by 80 horse engines, Captain Wilson has been guided chiefly by a regard to the homely principle of cutting our coat according to our cloth; for no professional man could imagine that if the draft of water were not such as utterly to preclude the employment of such a vessel, a powerful Steamer of 600 tons would not be infinitely preferable, but it may still be useful to examine the questions which have been so much agitated as to the practicability of keeping up the communication in the Southwest monsoon, the Ports of departure, and the depôts—points on which considerable difference of opinion prevails.

Captain Wilson who at first declared it impossible with reference to the winds and weather between the Indian Coast and Socotra to keep up the communication, has since admitted that it is practicable though not with advantage. We admit that making Bombay the starting point, so far to leeward as it is at that season, the progress thence to the Red Sea would be tedious and unpleasant, that the vessel would frequently be lying too, perhaps; but it would not be necessary for her to carry so many more days sail as has been assumed, since in the heavy weather she would experience, she would not be able to have the full power on; and once in the Red Sea, it does not appear according to Captain Wilson's own shewing, that the Steamer would have to encounter much greater difficulties at this season than at the other.

For instance he observes:—

“ It may be right to observe here, that the above description, has reference only to the period between the beginning of October, and end of April, as during the rest of the year, steaming to the Red Sea is impracticable, as before stated; in the months of June, July, August, and September, from Bab El Mandeb to the Latitude of Judda. *variable winds, taking the character near the shore, of land and Sea breezes, are mostly experienced except when interrupted, by strong North Westers, blowing down the whole Sea out of the straits, and extending beyond Aden; these I have known to last a fortnight.*

Now what is there we ask in this description to render the navigation by the Steamers impracticable at this season? Is it the occasional occurrence of these northwesters? If so, the difficulty occurs in the other season also between Judda and Suez:—

“ From Judda to Suez the Northerly breezes prevail throughout the year, *blowing strong, frequently for six or seven days successive, after which there is usually a lull for a day or two with light variable breezes; when the North Westers again freshen up.*”

It is then between Bombay and Babelmandeb that the difficulty of and tediousness of the navigation at this season; but are they not counterbalanced we ask, by advantages which Captain Wilson wholly overlooks. First that that season, so tempestuous and so adverse in part of our navigation on this side of the Isthmus, is the fine season on the other. Captain Wilson wholly forgets that when he is rejoicing in his north-east monsoon, fine weather, fair winds and smooth water, discoursing most eloquently over his well cooled *lal shrab*, of the visionary schemes of those who proposed to stem the southwest monsoon, for 12 or 1400 miles, his brother Captain on the other side the Isthmus, is watching anxiously the vessel's progress as she buffets the wintry gales of the Atlantic,

No ease his heart—no rest his eyes can find
On heaven his looks and on the waves his mind.

Is it quite fair that the packets on this side should have all the smooth work and leave all the rough to those on the other? Secondly, Captain Wilson forgets, that if the vessel had a tedious progress to Babelmandeb, the winds and weather that retarded her going, would facilitate her return. Even with respect to Bombay then, it seems to us that the practicability and advantage of steaming at least during a part of the south-west monsoon are by no means disproved. Captain Wilson indeed tells us, that it is of no importance to have such a communication during that monsoon, because at that season vessels *via* the Cape make such fine passages; now speaking of Calcutta at least, we venture to say that the average of these fine passages is about *four* months; and it is *therefore* an object to reduce the period to *two*.

But although at present and for some time to come, Bombay is and will be, as it always would limiting the communication to the north-east monsoon, the best point of departure, it by no means follows that it will remain so if the communication is to be kept up all the year round. In that case other ports to the southward may be chosen which will in time possess all the advantages that now commands, including those afforded by the Bombay Mint, and that very important additional one of being so much further to windward in the south-west monsoon

as to enable the vessels almost to make a fair wind of it to Socotra, at that season. Cochin, Colombo and Point de Galle have all been proposed; now our plan is this. In the north-east monsoon let Bombay be the port of departure, that is from the 1st of October till the 1st May. From which date till the 1st of October again let the starting point be Point de Galle harbour, accessible at all times and seasons to a Steamer and sheltered from all winds. It wants the advantages of the Bombay Mint which time would supply and the facilities for building and repairing which Cochin offers—but it would soon be supplied with the first, and all repairs short of a thorough repair could be executed there, while such is its geographical situation, that the Steamer could from thence to Socotra make almost a leading wind of it: she would be able to carry sail to steady her, occasionally to assist her way and have no head sea to stem: the advantage of the situation will be seen at once by a reference to the Map. If it be objected that this arrangement would occasion additional expence, we answer that it need not do so, with trustworthy commanders and a proper code of instructions for their guidance, or at the utmost possibly some trifling charge of commission to the benefit of Messrs. Gibson and Co. at Galle. We may observe that this Port has the advantage of the harbour over Colombo or the head-quarters would be preferred, but there is an excellent road between the two places and the distance is only 70 miles. The mails of Bombay and Calcutta would experience some delay at this season in reaching Galle by land, -but the outward packets would come quicker to the island being the fine season in the Atlantic and a fair wind all the way from Suez to Ceylon, while a sailing vessel might bring them up to the Presidencies. Bombay might have a vessel waiting at Socotra to take them on board. The passengers, we apprehend, would go only or almost exclusively in the Northeast monsoon, when they could easily run down in sailing vessels either from Bombay or Calcutta. This is our arrangement which provides for both seasons as we think, satisfactorily.

With regard to the depôts Captain Wilson whose experience in the Red Sea entitles his opinions to great respect, thinks Macullah and Juddah and Suez the best that can be selected. It does not appear however, that he has any actual experience of Socotra which seems to us from the description, we have had of it, perfectly safe as to anchorage in both seasons—while its highly advantageous position for a depôt, will be admitted by every one who has consulted a map or reflected at all on the subject. This island then, so directly in the track we would propose as a *provisional* depôt in the south-west monsoon; but the main depôt should be the island of Perim thus described by Captain Wilson:

“ Entering the Red Sea, the island of Perim presents itself; having a harbour, or rather basin, sheltered from all winds; but as the island is an uninhabited waste of sand and rock, a complete establishment must be formed; to which, provisions, water, and every requisite, must be supplied from a distance; the expense attending all this, would be an *effectual bar* to its being used as a depôt.

Captain Johnstone's plan of having hulks for the coals meets the difficulty of its being a desert Island, for the hulk for that Port could

be victualled and stored for the required period, besides which supplies could and we have reason to believe would be brought over from Abyssinia. There would be no necessity with Steamers like the *Firefly* to have any other fixed depôt between Perim and Suez, but it would be as well to have a supply at Juddah in case of accidents for at least ten days, at all times. This plan would require a hulk at Socotra, one at Perim and another at Suez. The great advantage of this proposition of Captain Johnstone's is that instead of three and four and five days occupied in taking in the coals at the different depôts they might with those hulks by a very simple contrivance be got in, in a few hours, and ten days each way, be thus saved: it is true that this arrangement would increase the expence in the first instance considerably; but we think that ultimately it would not very materially add to the outlay when we consider the expence actually incurred in landing and reshipping.

A monthly communication would require two vessels—for instance, the one sailing on the 1st January would be back again in time to start again on the 1st March, allowing some days to remain in Port. Then the one that had sailed on the 1st February would be back in time to follow her on the 1st April. It would be as well for the government to have attached to the Indian Navy if indeed it is to be kept up at all, an efficient Steamer capable of keeping up a communication with the Company's possessions at all seasons, instead of a costly and inefficient one like the *Hugh Lindsay*—or why should not the Admiral on the Indian station have a Steamer under his orders as well as the Naval Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean? If this were arranged with the government, such a vessel might at any time supply the place of the packets in case of accidents, such as total loss or the necessity of thorough repair! and thus two fine vessels on the regular packet establishment, would be enough on this side the Isthmus.

All our arrangements here, however, will be of little avail unless their good effect is secured by corresponding and equally efficient arrangements for the conveyance in Egypt and between England and Alexandria. In respect to both we believe Mr. Waghorn has done much to prevent disappointment; and if he should be appointed both by the Home government and by the Steam Committees or Company's who may manage the undertaking, Agent in Egypt, we have no doubt that we shall experience no difficulty there. Mahommed Ali has already shewn his willingness to promote the undertaking, and all he will require is an intelligent man at his elbow to suggest how this object may be best effected. He has offered if he should be asked by the British government to do so, to construct a rail road; but it would not be more costly, we believe, to re-open the ancient canal at once adopting it to larger vessels than the ancients possessed, and the return to his treasury which the execution of that grand and often agitated design would bring, would be beyond all comparison greater. In the meanwhile, the first step towards the accommodation of travellers would be the erection of a halting place between Suez and Cairo. This Mahommed Ali has already offered to accomplish.

For the conveyance of the mails between England and Alexandria it is proposed to employ the Malta packet so far and to have one Steamer thence to Alexandria. This part of the arrangement, Mr. Waghorn informs us Mr. Charles Grant has undertaken; but it strikes us that for the letter mails, a better arrangement would be to forward them across the continent to Trieste, and thence by Steamer to Alexandria. Mr. Waghorn with his usual energy and rapidity reached Trieste from London in *ten days*; now the distance from the former place to Alexandria is about 1460 miles which a good Steamer would accomplish in ten days on an average; Mahommed Ali has actually got out from England a mail coach which is to run from Cairo to Alexandria, crossing the Nile twice over suspension bridges, and the mails therefore might reach Suez in 25 days and Bombay 40 to 45 from the time of their leaving England. For the passengers and larger packets, a Steamer might ply between Alexandria and Malta or rather (for the passengers *from* India,) to Goza, a small Island to the northwest of Malta, where the home-ward bound packets might meet them by a regular arrangement and then they would avoid the Quarantine invariably enforced at the latter island. This last idea has been suggested by Mr. Waghorn and a very admirable one it is. By these means we think the utmost dispatch for the mails and convenience for the passengers would be insured.

In giving our ideas on the expence and the description of vessel to be employed, we have chiefly had in view the information of our own readers. We know that once acquainted with the obstacles they have to encounter which they will be by the aid of the publications at the head of this article and by the information *viva voce* of Mr. Waghorn who is again going to England entirely at his own expence we are sorry to say, to make his report to Mr. Grant and the Home authorities, any British speculators who may undertake to keep up the communication, will be able to determine these points for themselves. All we wish to impress on the minds of the Indian public is, that with a *bonus* of £20,000 a-year for five years, on the mere condition of making four voyages in the year, there can be no reason to fear that the object will not be effected; indeed Captain Johnstone offered at once to undertake the contract. *One* good vessel would make the four voyages. Meanwhile as we have already stated the *Hugh Lindsay* is to re-open the communication with Suez sailing on the first of March next; and on this occasion means have been taken to secure a vessel to be at Alexandria to receive her mails, so that the future voyages will not like all the former ones save one, end in disappointment and cause a ruinous expence to no purpose, but there is one consideration to which we earnestly intreat the attention of the Steam Committee. Captain Wilson has stated that the coals consumed in the *Hugh Lindsay* for one voyage cost 86,000 rupees! According to the ordinary calculation of a ton to every ten-horse power, her consumption should be about sixteen tons a day which at £4 a ton for 44 days' steaming, would be about £2,800 for

the voyage, or less than half the sum stated by Captain Wilson. It is of the utmost importance, however, that the Committee should look to this very essential point before they engage to run the *Hugh Lindsay*. The Government indeed is to defray the expences of the first voyage; but the cost of the coals for the other four are to come out of the Steam fund; and if Captain Wilson is right and no very material reduction in the charge for fuel can be effected, then we say that it will be infinitely better to wait for the renewal of the communication by a vessel got out from England and to give the fund as an additional *bonus* to the first Steam Company that will undertake to establish it, than to throw it away at the rate of 86,000 rupees a voyage for coals for the *Hugh Lindsay*. Have the Committee considered indeed, that these four voyages will require upwards of *three lakhs and forty thousand rupees for coals alone*, according to this calculation of Captain Wilson's? We trust that the Meeting of Subscribers called for the 28th of this month, (October,) will be satisfied as to the actual cost of running the *Hugh Lindsay* ere they vote away the funds to that purpose.

It has been proposed with a view to insure us against disappointment in the Mediterranean, in the first instance to send Mr. Waghorn with a dispatch to the Admiral on the station, to solicit his Excellency to allow his Steamer to be in waiting to receive the *Hugh Lindsay's* mails—the Government however, has declined incurring this expence, and the Committee does not feel itself authorized to incur it—so that Mr. Waghorn, after all his exertions, is left to find his way home at his own expence, which is rather sorry encouragement to those who labour for our advantage. As Mr. Waghorn is not to go, the *Hugh Lindsay's* departure on her first voyage in 1834 has been deferred till March, in order to give time to send the necessary instructions to England, so that it is doubtful whether she will make more than two voyages in that year. In former voyages the average of time occupied in performing them was about 64 days out and home—allowing the *Hugh Lindsay* then to start on the 1st March she would not be back till the 3d May—and must be away again before the 10th or there would be a risk of the monsoon meeting her; and it has never been contended that the *Hugh Lindsay* would make her way against it.

The truth is, unless the cost of running this vessel has been over-estimated, or can be reduced, it will be better that she should not run another voyage after March, next year—that the fund should not be expended on such a vessel; but, be this as it may, one voyage will be made: and within a year from its conclusion, there is every reason to believe, that the offer of the bonus will have secured us efficient vessels for our purpose; we may therefore, congratulate the Indian public on the bright prospect that now opens out to view, of the speedy realization of their hopes in the establishment of a permanent communication with Great Britain by Steam Navigation, their recent glorious efforts to promote which, will reflect eternal honour on the people, and form an epoch in the history of the country.

NATIVE PERIODICALS.

The Four Anna Magazine No. 1. Calcutta printed at Budden Chunder Paulit's Calcutta press.

The Bigyana Sur Sungroho, or the Hindoo Manual of Science.

The native press is making rapid advances, and a vast improvement in the mental condition of our native fellow subjects will inevitably be the result. How soon or how late this change will be brought into active and effective operation, it is not easy to conjecture, but when a taste for knowledge once takes a strong hold upon the higher classes of the natives, it will no doubt spread like fire through their entire community. It is absurd and unphilosophical to question the capacity of the people of this country, on account of their present state of ignorance and superstition. All nations have had their childhood and their time of barbarism. When we consider the peculiar checks, which have kept down the minds of the natives for so many generations we should rather feel astonished at their comparative intelligence than at their slow progress towards a more advanced stage of civilization.

We are rejoiced to observe the good sense, the good taste and the good feeling with which the works at the head of this notice are conducted. *The Four Anna Magazine* is imperfectly got up as regards the typography and paper, but in other respects it seems a highly creditable and useful publication, if we judge of it with reference to its conductors and to the object for which it is established. It chiefly consists of the reprint of moral essays from standard English authors, accompanied with Bengalee translations. *The Bigyana Sur Sungroho, or the Hindoo Manual of Science* is well printed on good paper and arranged with great judgment. It takes much higher ground than the other work. We shall conclude this slight notice with an extract from the *Prospectus*, which will give our readers a correct idea of its general scope and tendency.

“The aim of the Conductors is to communicate, chiefly among the Natives of Bengal, such selections from works of European Literature and Science, as may tend to enlarge the sphere of their moral sentiments, and infuse a spirit of activity and enterprise in all those pursuits which conduce to the happiness or the glory of man. Nothing of this kind, we believe, has yet been attempted, for the two newspapers in Bengalee and English, which are now in existence, are exclusively devoted to *political articles*, or to the discussion of matters which have but a *temporary interest*; whereas our intended work will form a Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, the study and application of which will amply repay the native reader for the time and attention he may bestow upon it.

“We are aware that there are several works of considerable interest already published in the Bengalee language, and we freely admit that if they were circulated and read, much of the benefit which we hope to confer would be thus communicated: but unfortunately these books are not, except in a slight degree, put into the hands of the public; and even if they were, we have reason to fear, from the peculiar state of the native mind, that they would not be generally relished. Something in a more attractive form seems necessary. It is on this account that we have purposed to establish this paper. It is not our intention, however, to err, as it is said Solon did, in leaving too much to the prevailing weaknesses of the people; our object is not so much to amuse, as to instruct; not so much to lull them into self-complacency, as to stimulate them to greater exertions, and to nobler purposes.”

THE BENGAL ANNUAL FOR 1834.

[The following notice of the *Bengal Annual* has been sent to us by a friend, and therefore the reader may make what allowances he pleases for the partiality of friendship with regard to the flattering manner in which the work is noticed. As the *Calcutta Quarterly* and the *Annual* are conducted by the same Editor, and are published at the same press, we had some intention of either passing it over in silence, or of quoting the opinions of our contemporaries who have all spoken of the work with equal kindness and candour. As it may be expected, however, that in a Review of this nature, we should in all cases give an *original* notice of a local publication, we have ventured to insert a perhaps far too favorable criticism from a friendly hand.—Ed.]

It has been admitted by some competent judges, that in its literary department, this work has excelled the similar publications of the London press. The volume for this year, however, challenges a comparison also in respect to pictorial embellishments, and most elegant and costly binding, in which alone the work was previously deficient; and we hesitate not boldly to express our opinion, that in these respects it now, at least, equals most of the *Annals* that issue from the London Press. It is true that in the latter, there are generally twelve engravings; but then at least seven out of the twelve are comparatively inferior. The *Bengal Annual* for 1834, boasts of only five, but they are positively *first rate*, by eminent artists in London. The very first that meets us on opening the volume, the frontispiece, is a most exquisite design, by Richter, engraved by Cook—any thing more chasterly conceived, or more finely executed, we have seldom seen—it is a beautiful young creature playing the harp, her countenance beaming with intelligence and sweetness; the casque of a warrior lies on a table near her; and the light is artfully thrown in from a casement above, streaming across part of the rich drapery of this enchanting figure, and over one arm, and displaying the massive masonry of the wall beyond, indicating that the scene is the interior of some ancient castle of England or Scotland: the expression of the features almost defies description and the flowing ringlets are managed with infinite skill.

The next plate—the lady singing to her bird, is designed by Parris, engraved by Sangster, and fully worthy of the reputation of both; the light is beautifully thrown in, in this picture also; and the attitude easy and graceful—the lady is sitting apparently on a low cushion, with her knees bent and the feet carelessly thrown out, one arm beautifully curved and resting on the balustrade of an open balcony, beyond which is seen the sunny sky of Greece or Italy: with her left hand she gently supports a mandoline, the body of which rests on the ground, and not far from it is a music book lying open: the drapery of this figure is also very graceful.

The next engraving is by Martin. There is less of the grand and imposing in it than are usually seen in the productions of this Milton

of painters; but there is no falling off in the excellence by which they are usually distinguished. The subject is wholly classical, and as respects the scenery in a great degree imaginative. Venus is meeting Æneas and Achates, and conducting them to Dido's city, imperial Tyre, of which there is a distant view from the winding shore, on which the Trojan heroes are wending their way: the bit of sun light on the water and beaming over the figure of the Paphian Goddess, is in Martin's best style; and he has been particularly happy indeed in the whole picture. He is not considered successful in general in his figures, but that of the goddess in this picture seems to leave nothing to desire and to justify the expression of the "pious Æneas."

————— namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat; O! Dea certe!

The attitude, the ethereal lightness, and flowing drapery, relieved by the deep black shading of the grove of trees beyond the goddess, so as to seem "whiter than new snow on a raven's wing"—form an *ensemble* which it would be difficult to imagine improved. We are to suppose the costume of the goddess that of a Grecian maiden—

Virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma
Spartani

but the armour of a Spartan virgin, Mr. Martin has not placed in the hands of the goddess: the figure is too diminutive to have admitted of it with effect, and we doubt if the attitude would have been so aerial and graceful, had the artist so rigidly adhered to the poet's description. The next illustration is a lady in a dark dress, looking over a battlement at her lover departing for the wars—the look and attitude are expressive of breathless emotion; the engraving is by W. Finden, and is executed in his best style, after a drawing by E. Parris. The next and last embellishment is the representation of a Greek Shepherd boy, reclining on a moving slope in a very exquisite landscape; the original painting is by W. Purser, and the engraving which is from the *bureau* of Finden, is remarkably sharp and brilliant.

And now for the contributions to this elegant offering. In general introductory stanzas, as very inferior perhaps from the want of scope for originality on a subject so frequently handled; but Mr. Rattray has succeeded, we think, on this occasion, though his introductory stanzas are not equal to the more finished productions of his chaste and classical muse contained in the work. The first contribution is a prose tale from the pen of Dr. John Grant; and although we are well aware of the talent of this gentleman, we confess that the title of it, "The Lovers of Bombay," created in our minds almost a prejudice against it, and the commencement led to a suspicion that the author was about to mystify us; for doing which in the *Annual*, we could scarcely have forgiven him; but he has really, out of materials of which, few besides himself, would have made any thing, produced a most interesting and affecting fiction. The idea—the raw material whence he has spun out the thread of this beautiful narrative, is, a traditional story of two lovers, who were continually missing and crossing each other on the voyage between England and Bombay, when one arrived

out for instance, the other had sailed home—and VICE VERSA. We might have heard this absurd tradition over and over again to the end of time, if we had lived so long, without dreaming of raising upon such a slender foundation, the superstructure of a pathetic tale; but Dr. Grant has not only thought of making such use of it; but actually succeeded to admiration in doing so. We will not destroy the interest of the tale by letting the reader into the secret of the *denouement*; but merely borrow a beautiful episode which the author has associated with, or embodied in it with great skill, and which affords a sufficient idea of his power in the descriptive and the pathetic—the mournful tragedy of Glencoe, still well remembered in the highland glens:—

It was a cold evening, at the end of winter in the year of grace 1691, and the sun's last beams were tinging with a pale radiance, the rocks and wild *rouan* trees of a *romantic* and peaceful glen in the North west of Scotland, destined to become dreadfully famous; when Mrs Annable MacDonald, an old widow of seventy two, accompanied by her two orphan grand-children, left her own cottage to spend the evening at the *big house*, as the laird's mansion was called by the simple peasantry. The eldest of the children, a pretty dark-haired girl, in her fourteenth year, supported her grandmother as she hobbled along, while the other, a rosy-checked, blue-eyed boy, with curly golden hair, gambled about, picking the icicles from stone and spray, and alternately dropping them to blow his blue little fingers warm again.

"I am no denying, my dear lassie," said the old lady, "that your cousin Alister Mac Ian-vick-Allen, is a good and a well favored young man; and has got good blood in his veins: but then recollect, Margaret, my dear, that he has nothing else but the tartan, and the dirk by his side." "Well granny, and is not that enough; and has not his great and rich relation by the mother's side, Mr. Cameron of Glennaane, promised to befriend him, and give him a farm?" "Yes, and I fear not but he will keep his word, but I doubt much that Alister will turn out a good farmer, he would much rather," and here the old woman looked round her cautiously, and added in a whisper, "he would much rather draw the broad sword for King James." Here the little boy left off his gambols all of a sudden, and returning abruptly to his aged relative, presented his little mouth for a kiss and burst into a passion of tears. "What is the matter with thee, my heart's delight?" inquired his grand-mother, her own eyes unconsciously filling as she gazed on the boy. "I don't know, granny, but all at once I feel as if I could sit down and die!" "My child, my child! Say it not, for I too have a foreboding weight at my heart. Let us sit down a little in this rocky angle under these branches rifted in the cliff, so, rest a moment children dear, until I recover breath—but how is this? Under the *Crechun* tree* heavenly powers shield us well!" "And why not under the *Crechun* tree, granny?" inquired the girl. "Because, Margaret, my dear child, it is of certain considered a presage of misfortune, for there is a dread mystery attached to the *Crechun*: for know ye not, my children, that tradition has handed it down to us that of this tree the wicked Jews formed the cross?" "Save us, granny, the cross!" "Yes, Margaret, and calm soever as the day may be, and though the raven pant with heat, and the thrush down sleep on the unmoving blade, the *Crechun* trembles, and trembles, and ever will tremble, as if the horror of that crime made it instinct with fear to the end of time!" Here the old lady paused, and then resumed her discourse. "Margaret, dear, since our sweet boy has recovered his spirits again and is off, in the vain hope of catching that wren which hops, hops away, and I suppose nestles about here: let me again, as I promised to do to those who disclosed to me, explain to you particularly the secret knowledge conferred upon our race, and which was first derived from a Red Cross Knight of Palestine, one of our ancestors, a great mediciner and herbalist, who studied and prayed in the cliffs of Sinai and on the summit of Carmel. He it was who first bestowed the secret of the terrible spell the potion of death in life and life in death, but forbidden to our race to quaff, or even to prepare, but when moved thereto by the inscrutable behest of destiny, and when the end of the preparer is nigh at hand. When the moon is on the wane, alone in the preparer go, alone must he go, and be of stout heart, and cull the mandrake, and the *Lusmore*, and above all, the leaves of the *Crechun*, and its root, repeating the verses of doom," and— but leaving the crone to repeat her lessons of magical pharmacy to a willing learner, let us turn to the boy. He had run away a few hundred paces, till he came to a

* The Aspen.

clump of hazel bushes, beneath which lay the pathway of the glen. He was met by a soldier, one of a party sent there some time before for the ostensible purpose of levying land-tax. The man looking suspiciously around him, clapped the boy kindly on the head, and asked him his name. "I am called Ian, little Ian MacDonald." "Alas! boy," as if thinking aloud, "thou belongest to a doomed race." "I want to be a sodger," said the little fellow, playing with the man's hand. "I want to be a sodger, and have a bonny red coat like yours!" Some painful feeling appeared to wring the man. He looked wistfully a moment at the boy, and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Boy, boy, fly, run out of the glen as fast as you can; go any where, but tarry not here or" — "Ho, MacMillan," exclaimed another soldier, leaping from a precipitous bank into the pathway; "what are you after with that springait, hold him till I have parley with him." "Run," emphatically whispered the other. He then added in a loud tone: "Why corporal, 'tis only a little fellow looking after his mother's goats. I dare say we shall meet him again by and bye."

"Doubt it not," said the corporal; "their gruel is well nigh ready, but see there goes the little fellow trotting alongside of that old woman, and the pretty young lassie. They appear to be going to that Jacobitical old fox, the laird's."

"Corporal Camubell," spoke the other after a thoughtful pause, and stopping short as he looked hard in his companion's face, "I do not like the work." "You may like it or not, MacMillan, but it must be done, and on the orderer of the work be the responsibility. It is ours only to obey." "Be that as it may, I like it not. To meet mine enemy well armed to defend myself, I care not when or where; but to murder him in his sleep like a wolf, I cannot. I cannot!" "Again I tell thee, Evan MacMillan, you *must* do as you are commanded, or disobey orders, and you know the consequences of that." "Whose orders?" "The KING'S!" "If I thought that indeed! but corporal what say you, for you can read and write, being a scholler, but I cannot, will the King's order justify murder?" "You foolish fellow, how ignorant you are! It is always the highest merit to obey strictly the orders of kings, especially in times like these, when loyalty is the most profitable game playing. Besides, may be you will get a commission. Fancy yourself Ensign MacMillan!" The other shook his head. "No, no, what good would a commission do to Evan MacMillan? the price too of innocent blood!" "You are a fool, blind as a mole, and obstinate as an otter. It is the King's orders I tell you, and moreover I tell you *they* are a set of malignants and traitors, and the King sits in the chair of judgment. He is the righteous Joshua, to cut off the iniquitous Canaanites from the face of the earth." "Certainly there is something in that, Sandy Campbell; I did not think upon it in that light." "And pray how could you, Evan MacMillan, and the weather so cold? Come, come, it is now almost dark, and looks sleety; a shell or two of whiskey will brace us up finely, and help us to conclude the argument, when I doubt not I shall be able to convince you—but hush! we are observed, here comes the young laird." They were joined by a good looking young man of a gentlemanly air, dressed in complete Highland costume, but without arms. The soldiers respectfully touched their caps. "Well my lads," he said, "this is rather cold night." "Twill be cold enough for some of us ere the sun rises!" muttered MacMillan. "Would it were cold enough to freeze thy stupid tongue," emphatically whispered his companion. "It begins to be a raw night and the sleet comes down heavily," said the gentleman; "come my good fellow, let us to the *big house*, we sha' not all of us be the worse for a dram, and my father never wants plenty of *Ferintosh*." The corporal happening at this juncture to lag a little behind, MacMillan drew close to the gentleman, and with something like a groan said, "Eater not the big house to-night, for—" "Dhioul-ort," growled the corporal, giving him a violent slap on the shoulder, "what are you about?" "About!" exclaimed the other wildly as they drew close to the gateway that led to the laird's mansion, "oh the innocent blood!" The corporal at this became furious, and out of his snuff mull he blew a large pinch of snuff or *graddan* into the eyes of MacMillan, who from the agony it caused him, instantly sat down where he was, and covered his face with his hands. "How is this?" inquired the gentleman, whose suspicions now became thoroughly roused. "the sentinels at the gate, and at the turnings, are doubled and at the *slap-ponder*, where there used to be only one, I see three?" The corporal gave some evasive answer which did not appear to satisfy the gentleman, for he turned suddenly on his heel, apparently to the corporal's annoyance, and at a little distance meeting one of his father's peasantry, asked him if he had met his brother? The man replied in the negative, but said he thought he was further down the glen: "then if you meet him, tell him there is foul play afloat; save yourself!" "Oh would that I were armed, but I may be able yet to call others to the rescue!" and so saying the gentleman was soon lost among the craggy sides of the valley.

It was quite dark by the time that Mrs. Annable MacDonald with her two grand children reached the laird's. They found the candles lighted, and the laird or chieftain and

his lady sitting at table, with glasses and wine before them. The only person present besides was a middle aged military gentleman of a swarthy aspect; and though his features could not be exactly called forbidding, the circumstance of his never looking any one he addressed straight in the face, gave his own on the whole something of a sinister expression. This gentleman did not appear to relish the claret, but had before him a small China bowl steaming with whisky punch, from which he liberally helped himself. The chieftain, a fine hearty ruddy old man, with his silver hair combed back from his full frank forehead, received his cousin, Mrs. Annable MacDonald, most cordially, and hugged the children as if they had been his own. His lady, a mild and dignified looking woman, advanced in life, with her grey locks peeping under her snow white kerchief, was not a jot behind her worthy husband in her kind reception of her friends, old and young.

"Glenlyon," said the chieftain, addressing, as is even still the Scottish custom, the gentleman who sat near him by the name of his estate; "Glenlyon, I have now to propose the health of the KING?"

"Of which King, Bezonian? Excuse me, Glencoe, but the quotation is so pat." Glencoe! Yes reader, our tale is associated with that unhappy business, the only stain on the memory of William the deliverer! "of which King, Glencoe?" enquired Captain Campbell of Glenlyon with a smile of peculiar expression. "By my father's claih-mor, I am not playing you a double," replied MacDonald of Glencoe warmly, "nor would it become me to do so. I tell you, Glenlyon, that I as heartily and sincerely drink long life and health to William, King of England and Scotland, as ever I opposed him openly and manfully in the field." Lady MacDonald put the glass to her lips, but Mrs. Annable left hers untouched on the table. "Madam," said Captain Campbell, addressing the latter, "you do not drink the toast." "Sir," answered Mrs. Annable, drawing herself up, "I am no toast-drinker. At least so much freedom I trust, is left us in our Highland glens, that we may drink of what we please, without let, quest, or hindrance." "Oh! surely, surely, I pray you, madam, to consider, I did but take the liberty to jest. May I inquire if you have been long an inhabitant of Glencoe?" "I have been, Glenlyon, for the last fifty two years, during which time I have never been over the verge of those rocky and snow-covered mountains, now obscured by night. I have lived here as maid, wife, and widow, and a peaceful happy glen it has hitherto been; but I doubt there is a curse about to overtake it." Captain Campbell gave an involuntary start, and spilled the punch he was carrying to his lips. "Madam," he said, as he abruptly replaced his glass upon the table, "what leads you to think so?" "Pardon, Sir, a timid old woman, but our native glen swarms with soldiers; when did such a circumstance ever betide good to any place?" "My dear Madam," replied Glenlyon, in a conciliatory manner, and with his most insinuating smile, "you view a very simple circumstance, in a most extraordinary light! A king newly come to the throne requires all the funds he can legally command. The arrears of hearth-money and land-tax in this quarter having now been liquidated (thanks to our friend Glencoe!) I quit this glen to-morrow, or the day after at furthest." "What so soon?" inquired the laird kindly. "Yes, Glencoe, duty calls me away; but believe me I shall never forget the hospitable and truly friendly manner in which I and my men have been treated by yourself and family for the last two or three weeks that we have been billeted in these glens." "My good friend, say no more about it. Not another syllable, I beg of you! I am only sorry we are so soon to lose you all." Captain Campbell rested his head an instant on his hand, and a gleam of native feeling approaching to remorse passed through his heart; but it was only for a moment, he thought of Bredalbane's (i. e. the earl of Bredalbane's), and the king's orders, and with the convenient sophistry of false loyalty fortified his soul. "Madam," he said, abruptly resuming his conversation with Mrs. Annable MacDonald, "is the presence of my handful of men in Glencoe the sole reason of your thinking (pardon me for deeming it absurd!) that some woe is about to befall it?" "No, Sir, not my sole reason. I have others but they are of a nature, which I doubt not you would deem still lighter of." "I should really esteem it a favour, Mrs. MacDonald, if you would mention them." "Glenlyon, they belong to the supernatural. I am, believe me, it is not a happy gift, one of those who in rapt visions, get a dismal glimpse of the valley of the shadow of death." "Ha, ha, ha! a real *Taisher*," laughed the Captain, but he was the only one in the room who laughed. "Ha, ha, ha! you will, I trust excuse me Mrs. MacDonald, but I really thought that second sight, and all that sort of thing, was clean gone by; however, make your mind easy, for if you have no other reasons for fear but that," and the Captain laid peculiar emphasis on the words, "depend upon it, Mrs. MacDonald that all will go well." Here Corporal Campbell entering the room, respectfully saluted the party *la militaire*, and then going up close to the Captain, communicated something to him in a whisper. "Glencoe, you must excuse me," said Captain Campbell, rising, "but I must go down the glen, 'lat' as the hour is, and raw the night, for business must be attended to." The Captain's eye rested a moment on the Corporal,

and then turned to Mrs. Annable MacDonald. "What do you think of the Corporal here, madam? I dare say your second sight has been busy about him too;" he added with a sneer, as the Corporal helped him on with his great coat, over which and round his loins he fastened a broad belt in which he placed two pistols, which he first deliberately examined the priming of. "Think of him!" said Mrs. Annable MacDonald, staring wildly at him. "Think of him! Such a face has haunted me in my dreams, suspended to a tree, and the ravens picking his eyes out!" "Fie! fie! Annable," said the good laird, with a look of displeasure mingled with awe, "don't frighten the poor man so." "Oh, oh, never mind Sir," said Corporal Campbell, with a look of defiance, in which a sharp physiognomist nevertheless could detect a shade of dread. "I never mind such haverels, one must die some death or other you know." "Thou wilt die by a highlander's garter tied fast round thy hardened neck," exclaimed Mrs. Annable, pointing her long bony finger at him, and regarding him with a strangely stern eye, and her skinny lips firmly compressed. "Come, come! Corporal!" said the laird, "never heed what she says, for now and then she talks uncanny like; come take this bumper of brandy to the king's health." "And your honour's" said the man quaffing it off. "Now my friend Glenlyon," said the chief, "let us have *deoch'n dorish*." The Captain shook hands cordially with all, save Mrs. Annable MacDonald, who made a stiff and distant curtesy to him. "Well Glenlyon," said the chief, as he stood close to the door holding a bottle and glass in his hand. "After all who knows if ever we have another cup together? one of us might die, and I am old, for as the Latin poet has it, 'Vite summa brevis est, spem nos vetat inchoare longam.'" "True, most true, my kind friend," said Captain Campbell, shaking the old gentleman heartily by the hand, as he quaffed off a bumper of brandy. "I see that you have not quite forgotten old Aberdeen, but you should have finished the quotation from that fine ode; may it be long before it become applicable to either of us!

"Jan te premet nox, fabulæque Manes
Et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul mearis
Nec regna vini sortiere talis."

"Take care Glenlyon," exclaimed the old chieftain, as Captain Campbell retired with honey on his lips, but gall in his heart, "take care of the three steps at the door, and Glenlyon, if you meet my two sons on your way down the glen, just tell them to come home directly. Foolish fellows, I am surprised what keeps them out so late, and supperless, nor is it over and above civil, considering that you are our guest. O Glenlyon, mind the turn of Culawin lest you fall into the Cona which with a *spate* in it is no trifle! Pooh! he hears me not!" said the chieftain, as he returned towards the fireside.

"Cousin, I like not that Glenlyon at all," said Mrs. Annable MacDonald. "My blood grieves at him. He never looks you in the face, but his jowl has the drooping ferocity of a sleeping gilot hound, dreaming of blood, and ever and anon, he looks suspiciously over his shoulder as if the evil one stood by whispering a dark suggestion to him!" "Annable! Annable!" said the chieftain with an air of displeasure, "this is demented wildness, the very raving of prejudice. Glenlyon is a kind and honourable man, that means well by me and mine. I would have you therefore, Cousin Annable, mention him a little more respectfully. It was only before we sat down to supper that he said I should soon be convinced that he took the warmest interest in my concerns. Yes, *warmest* was the word uttered, with all the emphasis of friendship; and did he not add, that to-morrow morning even he would report favourably of me and my clan? Yes, he said 'be sure I make it all up, and state to the earl that the so called rebels of Glencoe are the *quietest* of His Majesty's subjects'" "Well, well, MacDonald be it so, but would that these men were once out of this glen, and we as safe in it as we used to be! But save us, I certainly saw a face peeping in at that window, and hark! was that the click of a flint? I am dreaming a little I think" "And so is this dear boy," said the chieftain, kneeling down on the hearth-rug, where the child had fallen asleep, even while at play with a wiry terrier, that now slumbered beside him. "Now I warrant you," said the chieftain gently raising the child, and laying him on a kind of old fashioned settee on one side of the room, "I'll warrant you, were little Ian awake, he would remind me of my promise to walk with him the first fine day to the top of *Buachil-Ety**, for he is burning with curiosity to see the Eagle's nest." "Oh my darling!" exclaimed the old woman, strangely agitated. "would I could believe that he is fated to pass Buachil-Ety, a stalwart man! but it may not be! It may not be!" and she rocked backwards and forwards disconsolately in her chair. "Whist! Annable," said the laird with a disturbed look in spite of himself, "whist" he said, standing up and taking hold of one of the candles, "let's to bed, ye are I think a bit demented to night, Annable, and yet I like not thy words, for I have had o'er clear proof

* A craggy mountain at the entrance of Glencoe.

that you are fearfully gifted, as were always thy sept of our race. I cannot deny then that I am somewhat uneasy at hearing your portents of woe to come."—"To all of us! To all of us!" exclaimed Mrs. Annable MacDonald, with increased emotion her hands clasped, her lips apart a slight tint over her ashen cheeks, and her eyes protruding and glaring, as if she looked on something dreadful. "A gory shroud up to the head. Oh, MacDonald of Glencoe, my beloved friend—and thou my age's solace, my golden-headed boy, thy locks bedabbled with blood! Oh mercy, mercy!"—"Come, come, Cousin Annable," said the laird kindly to the old woman, who seemed almost exhausted by her agitation, "the poor children are dead asleep, and indeed it is high time for us all to go bedward, somehow I myself feel excessively languid. To use the language of the Holy One, I am weary, and sorrowful *even unto death.*" Mrs. Annable MacDonald appeared to listen, but not to him; with a finger held up, and a look of painful attention, she seemed a listening statue. "Hark," she groaned sepulchraly, "hear ye not a faint and smothered cry? Hearken again, is it a shriek? It is a TAVHUSK, the bird of death! Now it comes nearer, nearer—God for thy mercy, this is real!" Shriek upon shriek, shrill, loud, and fearful, in the varied tones of man, woman, and child, came with dreadful distinctness on the ear, and lo! a volley of musketry bellowed without while the work of murder, base, black midnight murder was going on amongst the men servants and retainers of the laird, in the outhouses. Old Glencoe, collecting his energies, rushed for his sword, which hung on brackets against the pannel on one side the chamber, and waived to the women and children, now broad awake, to fall back. "Away to the back door all of you; would my boys were with me, for there is treachery around us!" The words were scarcely uttered when a shower of bullets, through the windows, riddled his kind and brave heart. The old chieftain of a doomed race, fell with a single groan lifeless into the arms of his distracted wife. Oh the horrors of that night of blood! in the confusion, Alister MacDonald had opened one of the back windows through which he instantly led the passive girl, before the enemy had time to place a sentinel there, and they had not yet escaped when the girl, Margaret, said, she would go no further till she had seen what had become of her brother and grand-mother. Most reluctantly Alister crept with her in the dark towards the window again. The soldiers now rushed in, and Corporal Campbell at their head, while Glenlyon remained without, directing the movements of his myrmidons. When the brave little boy beheld Corporal Campbell with a bloody broad sword in his hand, he stood between him and his aged relative, who was on her knees in prayer. "Ye are no going to hurt my Granny." "Look to yourself ye Jacobite fiend." "Ah! you will not hurt *me*, you will not, you will not," and the boy clung to the ruffian's thigh. Alas! poor child thou didst entreat

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty,
From any dram of mercy.

The Corporal flung the boy from him, and raising his claidh-mor, it descended, cleaving that beautiful little one to the chine, even where he bootless knelt, before that son of Belial. There was one shriek of anguish from the window. His poor sister had seen it all, and she also witnessed her aged grand-mother falling forward insensible on the body of her now bereft darling, nor did she ever rise again in this world. At this juncture, as Alister endeavoured to make his escape with his now insensible burden, he was intercepted by one of the soldiers. He thought it was all over with him. "Keep to the left," whispered MacMillan; "keep to the left my man, and think not of going near to the pass—escape into some cleft of the mountains if you can."

All is now still in the house of death, and the soldiers are busy, setting the out-offices and corn-vard on fire, but there is one solitary figure stealing into the chieftain's house, "I hope the bonny little boy has escaped somewhere," said MacMillan to himself, "and yet, why did that rascal Campbell peremptorily make me stand sentinel near the sash leading to Cuawin?" The room was quite dark, but by the light of the moldering embers in the grate the soldier saw one of the candles that had fallen on the floor, he managed to light it, and what a scene presented itself! On the floor, sat Lady MacDonald, silent, and tearless, the head of her murdered husband in her lap, while the terrier alternately howled, and licked his hand. A few feet distant lay Mrs. Annable MacDonald where she had fallen over the body of the child. The light of the candle was now no longer needed, for the flames of the out-offices and corn stacks shining in through the windows completely illuminated the chamber of death. MacMillan alarmed, lest the flames should extend to the house before Lady MacDonald made her escape, entreated her most respectfully to get up, and accompany him. "Hush!" she said with unnatural calmness. "Hush man, see'st thou not that MacDonald of Glencoe sleeps, who dares to disturb my chieftain's rest? Aye, howl poor brute, for the hand that led thee is cold for ever! Where is Annable, where are my two sons, tell them man that supper waits, and that their father sleeps." "Alas!"

said MacMillan to himself, "her reason wanders and 'tis as well," seeing a cloak suspended to a hook, he took it down, and spread it over the body of the dead chief. "Thank thee, thank thee, now that is kind, thou must be a MacDonald, to care thus for thy sleeping chief; thou lookest kind, though thou dost wear a red coat: go to the pantry good man, and old Archy the butler will give thee a dram—go, go." MacMillan now raised the body of old Mrs. Annable, and for the first time he beheld that of the boy, his golden locks floating in a pool of his own blood. The soldier was horror struck. He stood immovable for some time, but the quivering lip, and the big tear rolling down his cheek witnessed that the rough but honest soldier beheld not the scene unmoved. He took up the murdered child in his arms, as tenderly as if he were living, and in a sleep. He placed the body on the settle, and closed the eyes and mouth. "What hadst thou done," he said in a broken voice; "what hadst thou done, poor child, to the king or Glenlyon either, that thou shouldst have been butchered in this way? O chone! O chone-a Rei! I would give fifty thousand merks if I had them to see thee run about again, as I did a few hours ago! The villain Campbell, I am sure, this is his handy work. I now clearly see *why* he sent me in the other direction."—"You do, do you? milk sop?" MacMillan turned round, and saw the Corporal standing by him, the spirituous liquors he had largely drank of in course of the night, adding to his natural audacity and ferocity. "Campbell," said MacMillan, folding his arms, and looking fixedly at him; "*whose* hand committed this deed?" "which of them?" inquired Corporal Campbell with brutal levity, looking first at one corpse, then at another. "I ask you Corporal Campbell," said MacMillan, laying his hand on the child's head: "who slaughtered this boy?" "Look ye, Master Evan MacMillan," replied the Corporal, slowly drawing his claihbhor; "this good broad sword clove his head as sweetly as if it were a stock of kail, are ye satisfied milksop?" "No, but I hope to be, before I part with thee, thou hellish villain!" "What this to me, thy superior officer, although wanting a commission from the king's hand; where is thy musket?" "Go look for it at the slap, I did not, thank God, fire it to-night." "Ha!" said Campbell, clenching his sword. "this shall be reported to Glenlyon forthwith, yield thee mutineer!" "Never with life, and mark me, from this instant I forswear your authority and that of Glenlyon too, you bloody murderers." Campbell made a cut at MacMillan, who having no sword upon him, retired a few paces, pulling out a pistol, but unfortunately uncharged, which he had found on the floor, and levelled it. "Campbell, advance a step and you are a dead man." The Corporal supposing the pistol to be loaded, stood fixed. "Campbell" continued MacMillan, "pursue me not as you value your life; from this night, I declare myself your enemy and I hope to see you hanged." So saying, he retired, just as the grey tints of dawn began to appear on the tops of the mountains; first throwing away his pistol when out of Campbell's sight, muttering to himself, "pity it was not loaded, or I would have done justice on him for that boy, but I may meet him yet, and if I do!—"

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The next contribution is a poem by Mr. Parker, "The Buccaneers," of which we find it difficult indeed, to express our opinion without rendering ourselves liable to the charge of being too laudatory, of which Calcutta critics are so generally accused. We must not let any fear of such an accusation, however, induce us to be wholly unjust to the author, or to our own conviction of the merits of this production. It has been said that this poem, which in our judgment, greatly as we have admired the former effusions of Mr. Parker's, Muse, surpasses in depth and power even the best of them, the reader reminds in some passages of the graphic simplicity of Crabbe, and in others of the wild imaginative spirit and beauty of Coleridge: and if there should be any who shall think, after reading it, that such praise is in excess, we can only say that we shall take leave to differ from them. We find it difficult to deal with the poem in the way of quotation, as it is almost unfair to interrupt the connection; but as the beauty of the poetry does not depend on the narrative, however interesting, we borrow an extract almost at random:—

Our good'ship sail'd as merrily
As ever deer leap'd o'er the lea,

The waves she scatter'd with her prore
 Again beneath her stern did roar,
 And follow'd us as if in play
 Upon our watery way.
 Headland and Cape we pass'd, and now
 The Lizard on our starboard bow
 Loom'd dimly through the scud :
 For at evening o'er the hard blue sky
 The dark clouds mustered rapidly,
 And to his rest the sun went down,
 Beneath the gathering tempest's frown,
 A blazing globe of blood.
 Red was the western sky as where
 Vast Cotopaxi fires the air,
 While the purple waves heaved broad and still,
 And there was not wind our sails to fill :
 Then came light puffs, and then more loud,
 It whistled through the straining shroud,
 Till, as we left the Lizard behind,
 It blew a gale, east and by north.
 If ever demons visit earth,
 That hour they rode the wind :
 For in the ship's wake all the night
 There did play a ghastly light,
 Whilst roaring and boiling half mast high,
 The giant billows, thundering,
 And blacker than the raven's wing,
 Came wildly rushing by.

Fearing to meet some ship at sea
 That stormy night, they station'd me,
 (A curse upon the chance I say !
 It hath been my bane this many a day.)
 To look through the drift for sails ahead :
 On the sprit sail yard I was stationed—
 At the larboard arm sat MAY.

Mayhap I might have drank too hard,
 But then, the night was bitter cold,
 For, as I sate upon the yard,
 Wild as the waves that round us roll'd
 Rush'd through my mind thoughts how to slay
 That lad—that Lancashire MAY.

The wind howl'd round, and the sea roared by,
 Ha ! but my grasp was more fierce and rude
 Than the cutting blast or the boiling flood !
 The fiends who sail'd through the troubled sky
 Laugh'd as I tore the ropes away
 From the desperate clutch of MAY ;
 For mercy he did pray and yell,
 But his voice was lost in the howling blast,
 He might have pray'd to that as well,
 For I smote his head till his hands let go—
 His body flash'd in the foam below—
 The good ship over him passed.
 When he was gone I laugh'd outright,
 But, by the sword I wear !
 My laugh was echoed strong and clear,
 Through the gloom and sleet of that wild night,
 Though not a soul was near :
 Then a hot blast quivered o'er my face
 And the storm was still'd for a moment's space,
 The blood went rushing to my heart
 But mine was ne'er a coward's part,
 So I curs'd the laughers scornfully,
 And again the gale came howling by.

'Twas well it did, for our ship roll'd hard
 And sprang her foremast; on the deck,
 Down crashing came rope, block, and yard,
 And that I live this tale to tell
 Is little short of miracle,
 For the bowsprit too was carried away,
 And all hands deem'd that Lancashire MAY
 Had perished with the wreck.

As for me, I thought of the fool no more:
 The gale clear'd up, fine breezes blew,
 Before their breath our good ship flew
 Skimming the waves like a brave sea-mew
 Until we reach'd the golden shore;
 I say, I thought of MAY no more,
 Save that at times some silly dreams
 Would cross my sleep, as rain-fed streams
 Pour down a rugged mountain's face
 Of stormy nights, but leave no trace
 By day light of their race—
 But hah! he thought of *me*, Aye there—
 Scowling upon me darkly now
 He stands beside the black oak chair
 Beneath yon archway's dusky brow:
 What! dost thou think my cheek is pale,
 Dost think my steady glance will quail
 Because I smote a hind like thou?

Away! or else—see, see it fades,
 'Tis ever thus he 'ears to try
 The grapple of mine agony,
 Still he my desperate clutch evades,
 But thus by wearying he would rule
 A mind which scorns him utterly
 Dead or alive—Presumptuous fool!
 I slew him—well his betters too
 Have felt what this right hand can do.

But still I know not how or why
 The cursed sprite hath mighty power
 And mastery o'er my lonely hour,
 For when I see this MAY float by
 Bloody and swell'd, what time the bell
 From the old church doth midnight tell,
 And the chill blast comes whistling round
 My bed, and wakes me with the sound;
 It's *then* I meet his cold dead eye,
 I cannot brave the dreary form
 As when my blood with wine is warm,
 As when the blessed day shines bright,
 Or wassail wakes the night.

We intended to have limited our quotation to this passage, but on looking again at this splendid production, we could not resist the temptation to place one more exquisite specimen of it before the reader:

Suddenly from the south there came
 A little star of quivering flame
 And floated on the waves:
 It burnt a pale and ghastly white,
 But faintly, as the meteor light
 That glimmers above graves.
 At first I thought that it might be
 The lanthorn of some bark at sea,
 And cursed the darkness of the night
 That weigh'd like lead upon my sight.

But soon the star rose far too high,
 And seem'd to swim in that ebon sky
 Above the silent Key,
 My breath came thick, as with aching eye
 I watch'd it eagerly.
 As yet I fix'd on it my gaze
 Around it spread a crimson haze,
 And in the lurid glare it cast
 Upon the desolate sand,
 It seem'd as if dim figures past,
 And one appear'd to stand ;
 A silent, dark, and shadowy thing.
 Faint as the sea foam's wreath
 That flies before the tempest's wing,
 I said, "Can this be Death?"
 And look'd till on my dizzy ear
 There came a wild laugh shrill and clear
 As on that night of tempests when—
 I need not speak of it again—
 Then closed my eyes for very fear,
 And as my face upon the ground
 I pressed, I heard a heavy groan.
 Methought I knew the dismal tone,
 But dared not look around ;
 For it came from where that shadow stood
 In its appalling solitude.
 Had it but ta'en a form, I still
 Had dared the worst, come good, come ill.
 But 'twas the shapeless shade,
 So dim, so silent, and so drear,
 That on a heart unused to fear,
 With a deep horror weigh'd.
 I own it then, I trembling lay
 Till that dread night had pass'd away.
 Oh how I bless'd the day !

It is not possible for us, in the space to which we must necessarily limit ourselves, to notice even in the most cursory manner, *all* the contributions in the work ; we now therefore give a few extracts without further comment.

SONNET.

BURIAL AT SEA.

BY LIEUT. J. W. KAYE.

Oh ! 'tis a fearful thing to stand beside
 A dead man's coffin on a foreign sea,
 And think in dreariest solitude that he
 Afar from his own father-land has died,
 Without one friend to smooth his dying pillow,
 Without one loving eye to shed a tear.
 When his soul fled, — they gave him to the billow,
 Unwept, unhonoured.—In the waters drear,
 I heard a plunge, and saw the white foam rise,
 Then looked around me ; but in no one's eyes
 Could I see aught unwonted ;—soon we parted,
 One here, one there ; but all most joyous-hearted,
 A cloud on no one's brow : and can it be,
 That scenes like these, weak man, stir up no thought in thee ?

VENUS, ÆNEAS, AND ACHATES.*

VENUS MEETING ÆNEAS AND ACHATES, POINTS OUT TO THEM
THE ROAD TO DIDO'S CITY.

BY R. H. RATTRAY, ESQ.

'Eternal Rome!' stern record of decay!
Scathed monument of glory pass'd away!
Sad on the heart thy faded grandeur falls—
Thy prostrate columns, and thy shatter'd walls!
But o'er the wreck a radiance still will beam;
The mighty dead still walk by Tiber's stream;
While contemplation lingers on the shore,
And views, as present, all that lived before.

Immortal Maro! o'er thine hallowed urn
Applauding nations still their incense burn.
Star of thy fallen country! whose sweet light
Shines o'er the waste of ruin, ever bright;
Oh, hear the prayer which now this bosom swells—
If prayer may enter where thy spirit dwells!
Waft to my ear the echoes of thy lyre!
Thine is the theme: the trembling Muse inspire!

The winds were hush'd; the storm had died away;
The ships lay moor'd within the tranquil bay:
Wild was the coast, the cliffs rose dark and high;
But, now, the clouds hung glittering in the sky;
And peace was on their hearts; and, as they view'd
The alter'd scene, they bow'd in gratitude
While Hope, beyond the barrier heights around,
Had crystal streams and shady arbours found.

What youthful warrior paces yonder strand,
Whose martial bearing breathes such high command?
The majesty of that all perfect face—
That princely mien—proclaim a lofty race:
The heavenly impress of that godlike brow
Betokens more than mortal birth may show:
Yes—'tis Æneas: and 'the proved of friends,'
The loved Achates, at his side attends.

From Troy's devoted walls the chiefs had fled,
And for fair Italy their course had sped;
But raging tempests rose—the work of fate,
'And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate'—
And many a gallant vessel found a grave,
With all her warrior freight beneath the wave;
'Till Neptune bade the winds assail no more,
And led the harass'd fleet to Libya's shore.

There, shelter'd in that calm and friendly bay,
Safe from the storm, the band of heroes lay.
The Chiefs alone explore the circling strand,
And seek a pathway to the rising land.
Success attends: they mount the rocky height:
The spreading landscape opens to the sight—
Rich groves, a gorgeous city, cloud-capt hills,
And fountains flowing in a thousand rills.

A while, in admiration lost, they stood;
When, suddenly, within the neighbouring wood,
A voice, breathed forth in music, sweetly fell
Upon the ear.—It ceased; but the soft spell

* Illustrated by a beautiful design by Martin, engraved by Wallis.

Had bound them to the spot, in hope again
 To hear what seem'd a more than earthly strain.
 When, lo!—'Ye powers above! ye gods supreme!
 Is this a being of heaven—or do I dream?'

Æneas thus; as from the grove advanced,
 The glorious form that held his soul entranced.
 But, oh! what mortal Muse shall dare essay
 That form's divine perfection to portray?
 Radiant with light and beauty; golden hair;
 Round, polish'd limbs, as spotless ivory fair;
 Eyes beaming love, of soft celestial blue;
 And lips, all roscate with ambrosial dew!

And now before the chiefs she stands; her mien,
 A Spartan virgin, or a huntress queen,
 A ready bow is o'er her shoulder slung;
 Her waving tresses to the breeze are flung;
 Her robe, whose texture scarce a charm conceals,
 Lends added grace to all it half reveals:
 Below, the limbs, unvestured to the knee,
 Complete the work of faultless symmetry.

'Ye gentle youths!'—she spoke: the air around,
 Teeming with fragrance, caught the silver sound:
 'Ye gentle youths! my sisters hither stray'd,
 With quiver'd shafts, to try yon verdant glade,
 And rouse the chafing hoar. In nymph-like pride,
 A spotted lynx their sylvan garb supplied:
 Perchance your path they cross'd? if so, I pray,
 Direct my footsteps in their dubious way!'

To her, Æneas: 'From the bay below,
 Led by a winding track, we gain'd the brow
 Of yonder cliff; and, save thy form of light,
 Nought breathing life hath met our anxious sight
 Fair nymph!—or goddess!—What soe'er thou art
 Vouchsafe thy counsel, and thine aid impart!
 Say, what proud city crowns yon sunny plain—
 What shores protect us from the boisterous main!'

'And who, and whence art thou?' she said:—He sigh'd;
 But check'd the rising sorrow, and replied:
 Told how his country fell; Troy's overthrow;
 Hector's disgrace; and aged Priam's woe;
 His own disasters through th' Ægean Sea;
 Minerva's ire; and Juno's cruelty:—
 While, to each change that marks his dread career,
 The beauteous listener lends a willing ear.

At length he ceased. In sympathy she press'd
 Hersnowy hand upon her swelling breast;
 Gazed on the friends; and, then, with dulcet voice,
 That soothed at once and bade the heart rejoice.
 Explain'd each feature of the varied scene:
 How Tyrian exiles, with their youthful queen,
 Had Carthage rear'd, as there it, towering, lay;
 How Dido ruled o'er all with kindly sway.

'Go!—she exclaim'd—'rewarding smiles await
 Yourselves and comrades: heed, nor gods, nor fate!
 The path which leads through that descending dell,
 Will guide you to those friendly walls:—farewell!
 —Graceful she turn'd: fresh charms, new beauties grow:
 Earth, air, and sky with sudden splendour glow:
 Her form dilates: her vesture sweeps the ground:
 The goddess stands confess'd—and all his heaven wrong'd!

NOTE.—The original description of the scene here attempted, is to be found in the first book of the *Æneid*, beginning at the 305th line.

• SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

The readers of the BENGAL ANNUAL need hardly be reminded of the place and period of its publication. It is an English winter floweret, reared by English hands, and blossoming beneath a foreign sky. To me this touching image is as powerful as an enchanter's spell, and not only recalls the shadows of the past, but throws a romantic colour on the present. It leads me to think at the same time of two different countries, and to indulge in pleasant comparisons and weigh opposite advantages with almost a kindred feeling, though patriotism and early associations soon turn the scale. How simple and yet how subtle are the links of thought! Our waking visions are kindled by as small a spark, and render the mind as independent of time and distance, as the slumberer's dreams. On the remotest foreign strand, we do but turn a pensive eye towards our native shore, and the mist of many years and the vast waste of waters that roll between us are, as if they had never been!

At this season of the year, in dear Old England, how intensely our friends enjoy their brisk morning walks and their social evening fires! Though a cold day in Calcutta is not exactly like a cold day in London, perhaps few of our countrymen experience the first without it sometimes suggesting a remembrance of the other. If an Indian winter, be less agreeable than an English one, it is not without its pleasures. The mornings and evenings are sometimes truly delightful, though the cold air and hot sun of the intermediate hours form by no means a congenial combination. Still, however, who would not prefer the darker heavens and more wholesome frigidity of England? There, the external gloom and bleakness enhance our in-door comforts, and we do not miss sunny skies when greeted with sunny faces. But as we have few domestic enjoyments in this country, and as our 'palaces' are as open as bird cages, we have little comfort when compelled to remain at home on a cold day, with a sharp easterly wind whistling through every room. In our dear native country each season has its peculiar moral or physical attractions. It is not easy to say which is the most agreeable—its summer or its winter. Perhaps I must decide in favor of the former. The sweet memory of many a smiling summer day still flashes upon my soul! If human life were like a fine day in June, we should almost cease to wish for 'another and a better world.' From dawn to sunset it is one revel of delight. How pleasantly, from the first break of day, have I lain wide awake, and traced the approach of the breakfast hour by the increasing notes of birds, and the advancing sunlight on my curtains! A summer feeling, at such a time, would steal upon my spirit, as I thought of the long, cheerful day before me, and planned some rural walk, or rustic entertainment. The ills that flesh is heir to if they occurred for a moment to my mind, appeared like idle visions. They were inconceivable as real things. As I heard the lark singing in 'a glorious privacy of light,' and saw the boughs of the green and gold laburnam at my window, and had my fancy filled with images of natural beauty, I felt a glow of fresh life in my veins, and my heart was almost inebriated with pleasure. It is difficult, amidst such exhilarating influences, to entertain those melancholy ideas which sometimes crowd upon us, and appear so natural, at a less happy hour. Even actual misfortune comes in a questionable shape, when our physical constitution is in perfect health, and the flowers are in full bloom, and the streams are glittering in the sun. So powerfully does the light of external nature sometimes act upon the moral system that a sweet sensation steals gradually over the heart, even when we think we have reason to be sorrowful, and while we almost accuse ourselves of a want of feeling. The fretful hypochondriac would do well to bear this in mind, and not take it for granted that all are cold and selfish who do not on every occasion sympathize in his fantastic cares. He should remember that men are sometimes so buoyed up by a sense of corporeal power, and a communion with nature, in her cheerful moods, that things connected with their own personal interests, which at other times would irritate them to madness, pass by them like the wind. He himself must have had his intervals of comparative happiness in which the causes of his present afflictions would have appeared trivial and absurd. He should not then, expect persons whose blood is warm in their veins, and whose eyes are open to the blessed sun in heaven, to think more of his sorrows than he would himself, were his mind and body in a healthful state.

With what a light heart and eager appetite did I enter the little breakfast parlour, whose glass doors opened upon a bed of flowers! The table was spread with dewy and delicious fruits from our own garden, and gathered by fair and friendly hands. Sweet and luscious as were these natural dainties to the sight and taste, they were of small account in comparison with the fresh cheeks and cherry lips that so frankly accepted the wonted early greeting. Alas! how that dear, domestic circle is now divided, and what a change has since come over the spirit of our dreams! Yet still I cherish boyish feelings, and the past is sometimes present. 'As I give an imaginary kiss to an 'old familiar face' and

catch myself almost unconsciously, yet literally, returning imaginary smiles. my heart is as fresh and fervid as of yore. Fifteen years and fifteen thousand miles do not change or separate faithful spirits, nor annihilate early associations. Parted friends may still share the light of love, as severed clouds are equally kindled by the same sun.

I must not be too egotistically garrulous in print, or I would now describe the various ways in which I have spent a summer's day in England. I would dilate upon my noon-day loiterings amidst wild ruins, and thick forests, and on the shaded banks of rivers,—the pic-nic parties—the gypsy prophecies—the twilight homeward walk—the social tea drinking, and 'the last scene of all' the 'rosy dreams and slumbers light,' induced by wholesome exercise and placid thoughts. But perhaps these few simple allusions are sufficient to awaken a train of kindred associations in the readers' mind, and he will thank me for those words and images that are like the keys of memory, and 'open all her cells with easy force.'

If a summer's day be thus rife with pleasure, scarcely less so is a day in winter, though, with some little drawbacks, that give by contrast, a zest to its enjoyments. It is difficult, I acknowledge, to leave the warm morning bed and brave the external air. The fireless grate and frosted windows may well make the stoutest shudder. But when we have once screwed our courage to the sticking point, and with a single jerk of the clothes, and a brisk jump from the bed, have commenced the operations of the toilet, the battle is nearly over. The teeth chatter for a while, and the limbs shiver, and we do not feel particularly comfortable whilst breaking the ice in our jugs, and performing our cold ablutions amidst the sharp, glass-like fragments, and wiping our faces with a frozen towel. But these petty evils are quickly vanquished, and as we rush out of the house, and tread briskly and firmly on the hard ringing earth, and breathe our visible breath in the clear air, our strength and self-importance miraculously increase, and the whole frame begins to glow. The warmth and vigour thus acquired are inexpressibly delightful. As we re-enter the house, we are proud of our intrepidity and fervour, and compassionate the effeminacy of our less enterprising friends, who though, huddled together round the fire, like flies upon a sunny wall, still complain of cold, and instead of the bloom of health and animation, exhibit pale, and pinched cheeks, blue noses, and hands cold, rigid, and of a deadly hue. Those who rise with spirit on a winter morning, and stir and thrill themselves with early exercise, are indifferent to the cold for the rest of the day, and feel a confidence in their corporeal energies, and a lightness of heart that are experienced at no other season. But even the timid and luxurious are not without their pleasures. As the shades of evening draw in, the parlour twilight—the closed curtains—the social converse—the cheerful song—and, though last not least, the cordial cup—make home a little paradise to all!

The warm and cold seasons of India have no charms like these, but ye' people who are guiltless of what Milton so finely calls 'a sullenness against nature' and who are willing, in a spirit of true philosophy and piety, to extract good from every thing, may make themselves happy even in this land of exile. 'The mind is its own place.' While I am writing this paragraph, a little bird, in my room, who is as much a foreigner here as I am, is pouring out his soul in a flood of song. His notes breathe of joy. He pines not for an English meadow—he cares not for his wiry bars—he envies not the little denizens of air that sometimes flitter past my window, nor imagines, for a moment, that they come to mock him with their freedom. He is contented with his present enjoyments because they are utterly undisturbed by idle comparisons with those experienced in the past or anticipated in the future. He has no thankless repinings, and no vain desires. Is superior intellect then so fatal, though sublime a gift, that we cannot possess it without the poisonous alloy of care? Must grief and ingratitude inevitably find entrance into the heart in proportion to the loftiness and number of our mental endowments? Are we to seek for happiness in ignorance?—To these questions the reply is obvious. Every good quality may be abused, and the greatest, most; and he who perversely employs his powers of thought and imagination to a wrong purpose deserves the misery that he gains. Were we honestly to deduct from the ills of life all those of our own creation, how trifling the amount that would remain! We seem to invite and encourage sorrow, while happiness, is, as it were, forced upon us against our will. It is wonderful how some men pertinaciously cling to care, and argue themselves into a dissatisfaction with their lot. Thus it is really almost a matter of little moment whether fortune smile or frown, for it is in vain to look for superior felicity amongst those who have more 'appliances and means to boot,' than their fellow men. Wealth, rank and reputation, do not secure their possessors from the misery of discontent.

As happiness then depends upon the right direction and employment of our faculties, and not on worldly goods or mere localities, our countrymen might be cheerful enough even in this foreign land, if they would only accustom themselves to a proper train of thinking, and be ready on every occasion to look on the bright side of all things. In regretting to home-scenes we should regard them for their intrinsic charms, and not turn them into a

source of disquiet by mournfully comparing them with those around us. India, let Englishmen murmur as they will, has many attractions and enjoyments. The princely and generous style in which we live in this country, the frank and familiar tone of our little society, and the general mildness and equality of the climate can hardly be denied by the most determined malcontent. It is true that the weather is often, in the summer months, a great deal warmer than we like it, but if 'the extreme heat' did not form a convenient subject for complaint and conversation, it is perhaps doubtful if it would so often be thought of or alluded to. And what climate is without its evils? The mornings and evenings of India are always cool enough for a drive, and the rest of the day is rarely so intolerable within doors as it is sometimes pathetically described. At this season of the year, a walk either in the morning or evening is delightful, and I am rejoiced to see many distinguished personages paying the climate the compliment of treating it like that of England. It is now fashionable to use our limbs in the ordinary way, and the Calcutta Strand has become a favorite promenade. It is not to be denied that besides the mere exercise, pedestrians at home have great advantages over those who are too aristocratic to leave their equipages, because they can cut across green and quiet fields, enter upon rural by-ways and enjoy a thousand little patches of lovely scenery that are secrets to the high-road traveller. But still the Calcutta pedestrian has also his peculiar gratifications. It is true that he can enjoy no exclusive prospects, but he comes in more immediate contact with the rank, beauty and fashion of the place, and if like the writer of this article, he is fond of children, he will be delighted with the numberless pretty and happy little faces that crowd about him, and awaken a tone of tender sentiment in his mind, and rekindle many sweet associations.

SCENE ON THE GANGES.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

The shades of evening veil the lofty spires
Of proud Benares' fanes! A thickening haze
Hangs o'er the stream. The weary boatmen raise
Along the dusky shore their crimson fires,
That tinge the circling groups. Now hope inspires
Yon Hindoo maid, whose heart true passion sways,
To launch on Gunga's flood the glimmering rays
Of Love's frail lamp,—but, lo! the light expires
Alas! what sudden sorrow fills her breast!
No charm of life remains. Her tears deplore
An absent lover's doom, and never more
Shall hope's sweet vision yield her spirit rest!
The cold wave quench'd the flame—an omen dread
The maiden dares not question—*he is dead!*

A NORTH-WESTER.

BY CAPT. A. FENTON.

The sun has changed its hue,
And that bright blazing orb of living fire,
On which erewhile the eye might not have fixed
Its aching gaze, hath suddenly become
Sickly and beamless, and a larid glare
Perfades the aspect of the western sky
The air begins to stir in fitful gusts,
And nature overpress'd seems rousing her
To work some desperate deed for her relief.
Huge clouds arise in dense battalia
And weep athwart the glooming face of heaven;
At intervals an angry thunder-peal
Mingles amid the din of mighty winds,
Portending that the dread artillery
Of heav'n hath yet to join the fearful war
Of battling elements.

"AI MAHI EALUM SOOZI MUN."

BY PATRICK SCOTT, ESQ.

Star of my being ! thou whose ray till now hath brightly shone,
O'er all the gloomy waste of life to guide and cheer me on,
Oh ! tell me why those once kind eyes now smile on me no more,
And throw a shade across my fate it never knew before.

Sultana of my heart ! fair shrine at which my soul bent down,
Why are those brows once arch'd in love now bent into a frown?
The altered mien, th' averted glance, the cloud upon that brow,
Alas ! too plainly tell that I am loved no longer now !

Thou lovest me not, thou lovest me not, and yet not, and yet I cannot fly
The spell of light that sparkles in thine unrelenting eye ;
And though despair has chill'd my heart, and madness seat'd my brain,
Still flows affection's wheelless tide through every burning vein.

But when my life and woes shall cease, my shade shall cross thy course
To touch—if aught hath power to touch—thy spirit with remorse ;
And ask thee if 'twere well that he who worshipp'd thee so blindly,
Should have his fond devotion spurn'd and love return'd unkindly.

Then turn, my Peri, turn to him who only lives to seek
The laughing lustre of thine eye, the roses of thy cheek ;
Oh ! turn to him who would not deem his life a price too dear,
To raise one smile upon that cheek, or save those eyes a tear.

Of course all the contributions are not equal in merit to those we have noticed and quoted, and some indeed would call for the exercise of the unpleasant part of the critic's vocation, were they not amateur contributions : but there are still several to which we have not adverted that we feel reluctant to pass over in silence ; and on the whole we think the present volume at least fully equals any of its predecessors in literary merit, while with the additional attraction of splendid engravings it of course possesses stronger claims on public support, and will we hope meet at least with sufficient encouragement to induce the continuance of the work, which will be given up we are sorry to learn if the whole impression should not be sold, since nothing less will indemnify the proprietors for the additional expence they have incurred for the plates and costly bindings. If the public are desirous of encouraging these elegant publications, they will evince that disposition therefore, by extensively patronizing the *Bengal Annual* for 1834, which in every respect reflects honor on the Calcutta Press ; if they are not, the sooner they are given up the better ; for, considering the very high degree of talent which they display, it is scarcely fair to the contributors to ask them to lavish it on works which are not widely circulated : it is "hiding their light under a bushel." All we can say is, if the *Bengal Annual* is given up for want of support, the result will be an eternal reproach to our refined community, and go far to justify the reproaches heaped upon it in other quarters, as being utterly deficient in spirit and taste.

THE LATE MAJOR FRANCKE.

An Autographic Memoir of the services of the late Major J. C. Francke, his official correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, and other distinguished individuals. Edited by Lieutenant Harriot, 39th Regiment M. N. I. Madras, printed at the Vepery Mission Press, 1833.

Original Military publications are such rare productions in our Indian climate, that judicious criticism abstains from assailing too rudely such as do appear, for fear of stinting the growth and checking the increase of a species of literature which, under due encouragement, ought to abound among us and to attain no common perfection. The Indian army, particularly in its earlier days and before our supremacy was so thoroughly established by the result of the Marquis of Hastings' great operations, was in a state of almost unremitting activity and actual service, in one quarter or another of the vast and scattered territories over which it was spread. Its European officers—taken from those middle classes in the mother country which are the most usefully and solidly, if not the most shewily educated—have at all times been called on to acquire and to exert a higher degree of individual military energy in the field, than falls to the share of men holding similar nominal rank but very inferior command and responsibility in European armies, because their numbers are so limited in proportion to those of the soldiery whom they command, and still more scanty if we compare those numbers with the extent of country and swarms of enemies they have had to deal with. Where there is a field so ample and men so qualified, why is it that journals, memoirs, reminiscences, military biographies, &c. have always been so rare in India? We do not ask why no successor ever appeared to catch up the mantle of ORME; for where could we expect once in an age, to find a military historian of such singular endowments as that almost unrivalled narrator, who invests the operations of a corporal's guard or a jemadar's detachment with interest and even with dignity? But Orme derived his materials from the narratives of individuals often very humble actors in the stirring scenes which he so well describes and so ably embodies in his admirable work. Has the race of such contributors become feeble, scanty or extinct with the consolidation of conquest into dominion? Or is it that their unpretending journals remain in obscurity and have been lost for want of more adventurous authors to collect and elaborate such materials into shape for publication, after the stately manner of the Innes Muuros, Roderick Mackenzies, Blackers, Thorns or Wilkses? To this day we have no good connected narratives, even of the comparatively recent and interesting mountain campaigns of Sir D. Ochterlony—incomparably the ablest of our modern Indian commanders. The Birman wars have indeed called forth several writers of various degrees of merit: but time passes; generations of those who could have told of the things they saw and the men they served with-

in the daring by-gone days, have passed away; while of such as remain, the young are becoming aged and indifferent. We have not yet a good personal narrative of the famous retreat of Mynson which cost two campaigns, nor tolerable journals of the sieges of Bhurtpore and Deeg, nor even a single "personal narrative" of the remarkable and desperate Rohilla fight of Beetora. As to the Mahratta exploits of Carnac and Popham, the truly memorable operations of Goddard, the disaster and disgrace of Egerton and Camac, or the previous Bombay wars of Wedderburne and Keating that terminated in the deceitful truce of Poorundur, the first Rohilla campaign of 1773 and many other old stories of adventures by flood and field and of encounters on which the fate of the English in India seemed at each time to hang—the day for obtaining lively eye-witness chronicles of such is gone by, and those who come after us must be content—even as ourselves—with the meagre unprofessional accounts of those memorable events to be gathered from the cold and dry pages of *civil* historians.

But we are losing sight of the book before us, in our vain lamentations over what is beyond recall. Our present business is with this auto-biography of the late Brevet Major J. C. FRANCKE of the Madras Artillery, published by Lieutenant Harriot of that army, and dedicated to the officers of Major Francke's regiment, with the humane intention as we gather, of benefiting a family left by the deceased in circumstances, unfortunately, that need such assistance. The benevolent motive of the compiler is an additional call upon criticism for the exercise of tenderness and forbearance: we might otherwise have been tempted to enquire what were the points of interest in the simple career of the honest autobiographer, or in his jejune and meagre journal of the long and active service he saw, which could have appeared to any Editor worthy of being wedded to the comparative immortality of type.

Major Francke's story is soon told. He was a "Saxon by birth, and a Russian by education;" his real name Rudolph (a fact only disclosed by his papers after his death) and he appears to have fled to England owing to some youthful misadventure. There having enlisted in the Company's service, he came to India in 1776 under the *nom de guerre* of Francke, joined the coast artillery as a private matross, and after a continued service in the same army of fifty six years, died at Trichinopoly a Captain of Invalids and Major by royal brevet at the age of 70. The remarkable circumstance of his career appears to be that in 1798 he raised himself by sheer merit, from the ranks, after 22 years of active and zealous service to the degree of a commissioned officer; a thing of rare enough occurrence even in the King's army, but almost unheard of in that of the Company since the days of Warren Hastings, who was strangely apt to seek out and push forward men who possessed qualifications that he required, without considering their previous condition in life.

Nothing can speak more forcibly than this simple fact, to the character and services of the gallant veteran. We think indications are to be traced even in this little pamphlet, that the

humble soldier of fortune was not always held in the most cordial favor by every dignitary of his own service; but it is gratifying to gather from the narrative and correspondence, that no *morgue aristocratique* appears to have disturbed the favor and confidence which the worthy Saxo-Russian subaltern won from the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, Lord Harris, Generals Stuart, Floyd, and other distinguished personages of his day. A few familiar demi-official letters from the Duke, when Major Francke was employed under His Grace in charge of his artillery *materiel*, between 1798 and 1803 are given in the appendix; and though of no very particular value in themselves, they are interesting for the same reason that we prize those of a similar sort from the same distinguished man which are preserved in Gleig's life of Sir Thomas Munro, as indications of character in the early history of a person who afterwards rose to be one of the great captains of history. We do not of course compare these letters with the miraculous instructions—even to minute details—issued by NAPOLEON in the Russian and Spanish wars, portions of which transpire in the appendices to Napier and Gourgaud. Colonel Wellesley's letters are nevertheless of the same general character,—plain, perspicuous and decided; though the occasions that called them forth were no doubt as immeasurably inferior in degree and importance, as in magnitude of command and responsibility, to the overwhelming *res gestæ* of the French Emperor when designing the passage of the Berezyna, or laying down the plan of the Spanish campaign in the end of 1808. When the Duke of Wellington's *military* confidential correspondence shall hereafter be laid before the world, we doubt not that it will be found pretty much of the same order as that of his illustrious cotemporary, and to have risen in interest and importance with the extending field of his employment.

We extract two of these letters to his Ordnance Commissary, not as being better or materially different from the others, but merely as specimens of the only really novel or curious matter in Lieutenant Harriot's pamphlet:

“ *Camp at Hurryhur, June 17, 1800.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have received and am obliged to you for your letter of the 15th, and the return of your Stores which I have read, and am sorry to observe that they are so deficient. I approve of your having your Gun Carriages, &c. surveyed as soon as possible after the arrival of the Officers of Artillery, and if you send me the proceedings of the Committee, I will immediately order the repairs, which they may report to be necessary.

“ I wish you would prepare the 12 pounders about which I spoke to you, as I believe I shall want them, and I will give you orders hereafter respecting sending them. I cannot allow Mr Beat to quit Chittledroog, as I believe that I shall have occasion to call for his Services to bring on to the Army the Heavy Guns.

“ Believe me yours sincerely,

“ (Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.”

“ *Seringapatam, December 20, 1802.*

“ SIR,—By the orders of this day you have been directed to proceed to Hurryhur to perform a service respecting which you will receive further instructions. The service alluded to is to construct certain buildings at Hurryhur for the purposes of an European and Native Field hospital if such buildings should be required at that place, and for that of containing grain. It is intended to have five buildings, each of which is to be eighty feet long and about 20 broad having in the centre a row of wooden uprights to support the junction of the beams which you will observe by the enclosed list of materials

provided for the purpose of these buildings are only about ten feet long. The walls are to be of burnt brick, roof Malabar fashion, and tiled. Each building is to have four doors and eight windows for which you will observe plank has been prepared. I enclose a list of materials which have been laid in at Hurrhur for the purpose of these buildings. You will be so kind as to take with you the carpenters whom you will require for this service belonging to your department. The Amildar at Chittledroog will receive instructions to supply you with workmen as far as may be in his power, and I have ordered to Hurrhur from Santa Bednore, certain lascars of whose service you will have the use. You will estimate the expense of the buildings as soon as you can, including in the estimate the price of the materials collected by Ramrow the Amildar of Hurrhur, the list of which is included. In respect to your Department at Chittledroog, you will be so kind as to give direction to the Conductor under your orders in what manner its duties are to be carried on during your absence, and as Hurrhur is at no very great distance from Chittledroog, and your business may not at all times require your immediate personal superintendence, I request you to go over to Chittledroog occasionally to see that the preparations in the Store Department may not be stopped by your absence. You will be so kind as in communication with Captain Boynes to fix upon a convenient spot for these buildings. As well as I can recollect the best place would be an open spot within the Pettah, and close to the ditch of the Fort.

“(Signed) ARTHUR WELLSLEY, *Major General.*”

It is greatly to be regretted that one who had so many opportunities of seeing and mixing in so much varied and active, service as Major Francke should have lacked the talent, or leisure, or perhaps competent education requisite for him to describe even what passed under his eyes. In the earlier part of his career particularly—during the tremendous struggles with Hyder and Tippon—we feel the want of any turn for such vigorous and lively description, as an actor in such busy scenes alone can give; and for excelling in which, we have abundant proofs of late years that the humble station of a private does not disqualify an apt observer. The only entry in the journal at all approaching to what we mean, is the brief account given of the presentiments and the death of the Chroniclers youthful companion and comrade Segebart, when Hyder unsuccessfully cannonaded Sir Eyre Cobte's little army at Perimbaucum, on the ominous field of Baillie's defeat:

“The army having received fresh supplies, marched again forwards at the end of June and arriving on the 1st July near Perimbaucum it was again attacked by Hyder on the very ground upon which Colonel Baillie's Detachment had been destroyed a few months before.

“Here John C. Francke cannot omit mentioning a very extraordinary case of presentiment in the young man whom he brought into the country. This young man whether by chance or design had always been kept near him for which indulgence he felt extremely thankful and has still the same feelings at this day.

“The moment the Enemy's Guns were heard to play, the young man came to him, pale as death, with a pair of Silver sleeve buttons in his hand, begging his acceptance of the same in token of remembrance, as he was sure he should not outlive that day.

“This being considered idle nonsense, he directed the young man whose name was Frederick Segebart to stay close by him.

“During the continuance of the firing, several Corps, Europeans and Native, were halted in an avenue of very large trees and upon that avenue the Enemy's cannonade was directed. The halt continued so long, that the Corps actually dispersed and the men took shelter in the best way they were able behind the large trees, the Guns were left standing in the middle of the high road.

“The Enemy's cannonade upon the avenue continued a long time, and occasionally a casualty happened, but the trees suffered the most in their branches. At last an order came to march, and the march was to the right through a low Jungle.

“The march was but slow; and now and then shot from the Enemy on the left flying over: he directed the young man to keep close to him on his right, which he did.

The march had continued only a few minutes, when a 2lb. shot took away the back part of the young man's head and he fell lifeless to the ground, the left elbow of the one touching the right elbow of the other at the same time.

"The Enemy at last retreated, finding no impression could be made on Sir Eyre Coote's little Army and on the ground of Baillie's Defeat the encampment was marked out; the bones having been collected, were afterwards buried."

It is painful to observe the decline of an old and faithful servant's career clouded by neglect and harshness from those in authority, who have it in their power to gild his waning span of years with marks of especial favour. In the case of Major Francke, such favour would have cost nothing to his employers; and as far as we can judge would have called for no such great sacrifice from his aspiring juniors, as they need have demurred to, in the very peculiar case of a veteran comrade, the only individual of their body who had raised himself to their level from the ranks. But a new generation is apt to look lightly on services belonging to other days; most of all, a *rising* generation under the seniority system, which is however, indispensably necessary in a remote colonial army, to the protection of the friendless *regimental* officer. Major Francke seems to have been repeatedly promised and as often disappointed of advancement on the Ordnance staff, to the place of Chief in the gun carriage department, which office he could have held by the regulations, on promotion to the rank of Major in his corps. In the mean time, that promotion came within his reach at the ripe age of *sixty five*, while he was yet but a simple Commissary of Ordnance, a staff appointment which he had long held—usefully and with more honor than a profit—for he was still poor and involved in debt, incumbered—to boot—with a family. The rigorous letter of the law required him as a Major to relinquish his Commissaryship on promotion; he intreated General Bell and Governor Elliott to allow of his retaining it for a few years—few indeed had he to spare—that he might be enabled to extricate himself from his difficulties. But this favour was sternly denied to him; and the only alternative permitted, was that he should sacrifice the aspirations and hopes of half a century, by foregoing the regimental Majority and invaliding as a Captain! His struggles seem to have been distressing, as well they might, but pleading was vain; and he at length acquiesced, from a sense it appears, of what was due to his creditors and family. The remainder of his life seems to have been miserably embittered by this hard necessity, which he thought ~~in~~ something of a stigma on his dearly earned good name. We confess we think that both the Governor and the General—supposing the case to be fully and fairly stated in this book—would have gained for their honorable selves and Masters more true honor by the breach than the observance, of a rule rightly applicable to ordinary cases, but from which this old Teutonic soldier might well have been publicly and *specifically* excepted, in considerations of his services, his advanced age, and his very history.

We regret that we are unable to compliment the Editor of this pamphlet upon aught of his share in the compilation, besides the charitable object, and the professional enthusiasm to which the preface alludes. Lieut.

Harriot is probably young in authorship as in years, and has evidently yet to learn one great secret in composition, that there is a time and a season for all things. Among these things, is fine writing, that deadly and besetting sin to which ingenuous youth is alarmingly and universally prone in these degenerate days. A plain story should be plainly told; or it becomes ludicrous; even moral reflections, which, clothed in unpretending garb would pass for simple and natural, are apt to betray themselves as bald truisms, when decked out in tawdry superfine. "*De sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*!" One method of cure for this epidemic malady among writers, (the standing bane of our critical fraternity) is sometimes found, in exhibiting to the eyes of the patient himself his own choicest passages, in the deformity which they exhibit when detached from their *contextual* neighbourhood in the author's work, and when so exposed to naked gaze in the Reviewers pages. With this friendly object we extract two or three specimens of the false taste into which inexperience has betrayed our enthusiastic author:

"A more extensive acquaintance with the contemporaries of him, whose memoir is here preferred might have depreciated the value of a cherished gem by meeting with others, that would out-shine its lustre: that which appears beautiful and elegant is no longer so, but suffers in the comparison, when placed by the side of a more elaborate and finished production of art."—p. 3.

"The finely tempered elasticity of an even balanced mind must accommodate itself to circumstances so as not to break down under an accumulated load of misfortunes. Too great a sensibility degenerates into morbidness productive of inaction, while a stilted portion of that requisite feeling renders us callous to the opinion and advice of the discreet, and precipitates the heedless adventurer into the vortex of ruin, to extricate himself from which after years of dear bought experience hardly avail."—p. 4.

"'Tis thus, that the indomitable and immortal spirit survives the decay of the perishable and mortal body: all the heart burnings and disappointments that we have met with, all the vexatious and trials that we have endured are insufficient to check us in our onward course, should we pause to look back, hope immediately screens from our vision past scenes of distress, and urges us to fresh encounters, and the renewed pursuit of the fickle goddess fortune."—p. 30.

"Happy is it for mankind that Providence in its infinite wisdom hath ordained, that age with its attendant infirmities should creep upon us so imperceptibly as to give us no startling or violent notice of his approach. But in an intimate friend going to see him when he heard of his last illness, Major Francke remarked on his entering the room, "Ah N. we shall never play another pool of picquet together. My time is come." This trifling remark shewed from the first an intuitive perception that his latter end was drawing nigh and that he was prepared, with the resignation that the memory of a life spent in the fulfilment of its duties towards God and man can alone ensure. What a strange mystery is that presentiment! what undefinable sensations can thus overpower the soul, can thus give notice of the separation of the spirit from its earthly tenement, can thus wean us from earthly affections, and direct us to aspire to eternity with feelings of joy and not terror at the approaching tremendous change. *Adieu* things known in quest of things unknown! Do we already hold converse with beings of another world? Is the film of mortality withdrawn from our eyes and the glorious vision of the angelic hierarchy unfolded to our bewildered senses? Or are we, adopting the creed of some philogophers, attended by a ministering guardian angel who warns and prepares us for the awful event?

"Those who have read the Diary of a late Physician in Blackwood's Magazine, may have observed what that too faithful painter of death bed scenes remarks of having twice come under his notice. I allude to the passage in the story entitled "the scholar's death bed" "Oh there is at my heart something cold, cold. Doctor keep them—off" and in the accompanying note, "I once before heard these strange words fall from the lips of a dying patient, a lady; to me they suggested very unpleasant I may say tearful thoughts. What is to be kept off? This stepping stone to the arona of a future existence, cannot be comprehended by human reason yet it is consoling from being an assurance that we do not all die." On the fourteenth of April 1833 Major Francke breathed his last."

The concluding passage of this last quotation, is perhaps the key to much of our author's misplaced grandiloquence. It is any thing but surprising that young authors should extravagantly and even zealously emulate the "Diary of a Physician" and many similarly high-wrought compositions, such as abound in the pages of Blackwood, and indeed throughout all the writings of Wilson, Lockhart and that school. They have turned the heads of the old as well as the young; and have obtained a degree of favor and approbation so general, that few critics are found bold enough, or sufficiently free from the general contagion to differ from the verdict of the multitude, with whom nothing goes down at present, or obtains any relish but what is called—after the fashion of the day—"powerful writing." It would be affectation or prejudice to deny that there is other extraordinary talent and merit as well as "power" in many of the compositions alluded to; but in our humble notion most of them frequently border on false taste, and not even the genius and tact of the writers in question, have been always able to restrain their exuberant and glittering pens from straying into the adjacent regions—the forbidden field—of extravagance, over straining and even burlesque. The very "Diary of a Physician" itself, than which no writings of this class have met with more loud and general applause, is in our judgement a pregnant proof of what we have ventured to point out, and should serve as a warning to the servile herd at least, of imitators. There is decisive internal evidence that the whole is unreal, and a mere romance yet infinite merit there is, and unspeakable beauty we think, in the first portion of the Diary; that which imagines the heart-breaking struggles, the despair, and ultimate professional triumph of the ideal physician himself. One or two of the other "passages" are nearly of the same high standard; such as the affecting story of the young wife who undergoes the terrible operation for cancer. But the writer possessed not the nice taste of knowing where to stop; if he did, he had not at least, firmness to appreciate and withstand the glad shouts and intoxicating acclaim, with which his earlier sketches were hailed by the common place multitude of Magazine readers. Having exhausted the world of the natural, he must needs imagine new; and to discover and conquer these, he was fain to wander into the questionable regions of exaggeration and ultra-intensity. Hence the later "passages" exhibit to the dispassionate eye of criticism a lamentable falling off. We doubt if the collection which was got up of these once famous diary articles even in a handsome fashionable octavo with the rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin and all the meretricious of typography have met with such an abundant sale as might serve to prove that our pensive public continues constant to its first love of early passion for these exhausting performances.

THE
CALCUTTA^o QUARTERLY
MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

1833.

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Ἡδὺ ποτὸν πινῶν καὶ μ' ἦτεε δευτερον αὖτις
 Δὸς μοι ἔτι προφρων, καὶ μοι τὸν οὐνομα εἶπε
 * * * * *
 Οὐτις ἔμοι ψ' ὄνομ' ἔστ' : * * * ὁ δέ μ' αὐτις ἀμείβετο νηλεὶς Σαρπηλῶν
 Οὐτιν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι μετὰ οἷς ἑταροῖσι. Homer.

Sir Monster drank the purple wine,
 After his feast cannibaline;
 He quaff'd, and mighty glad was he,
 To quaff and swig so gloriously.
 "It glows," he spoke, "like a rosy flame,
 "But say my friend—what is thy name?"
 "My name is Outis:"—"Outis, good!—
 "I tell thee Outis that thy blood
 "Shall flow the last—for ere thou grill
 "The fest shall first my stomach fill;
 "But after thy companions all
 "Have been devour'd, on thee I'll fall."
 "Alas!" groan'd Outis, "if I fry"
 "Then Nobody himself must die."

THE REVIVAL.

THE WAVES OF MANY AGES HAVE ROLL'D BY
THEIR MINGLED ELEMENTS OF GOOD AND ILL
BY THE PYRAMIDS, SO VAST AND STILL,
OUR MYSTIC CIRCLE FADED SILENTLY ;
THE FAREWELL GENIUS KEPT AN EYE
ON THE SUNBEAM ON THE BAND, THAT LIKE A RILL
FLOWED THROUGH FAR LANDS ITS MISSION TO FULFIL,
AND NOW—IS NOT THAT CONSUMMATION NIGH ?
LO ! THE BRIGHT EAST FEELS THAT THE HOUR IS COME
THE GOLDEN CYCLE IS COMPLETE, THE SIGN
POINT TO OUR ASSOCIATION'S HOME,
ARISE, UNITE, MYSTERIOUS RANKS, COMBINE,
POCOCURANTI, BY OUR STAR ! REVIVE !
AND STRONG IN FAITH, AGAIN WITH YOUR OLD POWER STRIVE.

CALCUTTA POCOCURANTE SOCIETY.

RULES.

1. That this Society at its periodical meetings investigate and discuss the following subjects.

Firstly.—Three courses and a desert.

Secondly.—An additional course.

Thirdly.—Cant, Humbug and Absurdity in all their branches whether Tory, Whig, Radical, Ultra, or Liberal, Medical, or Literary, Martial, or Civil, National, or individual—from the Humbug of Napoleon Bonaparte on his throne, to that of Mr. Champagne Wright behind his counter; from the Cant of the learned Lord on the Woolsack to that of the Mob Orator on the Hustings in Palace yard. From the absurdities of Utilitarianism to the absurdities of Romance. Provided however that the said Humbug, Cant and Absurdity, have become public property through the medium of books or newspapers—private Cant and private Humbug are too dear to the breast of every Englishman to admit of their being discussed without material injury to the feelings of the great mass of the nation—this Society will therefore respect those hallowed barriers which the common interests of mankind should render sacred to all.

2. That in addition to Cant, Humbug and Absurdity, we discuss every thing else imaginable.

3. That this Society will refrain from any comments on Religious cant because while throwing stones at those meretricious gauds, or those lugubrious hatchments, with which human folly has disfigured the simple and beautiful edifice of Christianity, their attacks might be misconstrued into assaults upon the structure itself.

4. That if it were possible for the Government of British India to use cant or employ humbug, this Society would respect it for obvious reasons.

5. That the shade of the immortal Mr. Jenkinson—of that great man who sold unto Moses Primrose twenty gross of green spectacles—he invoked to hover o'er the Symposiums of this Society, and that our sympathetic and associative motto be selected from the only oration extant of that admirable person. “Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages.”

CALCUTTA POCOCURANTE SOCIETY.

6. That the insignia of this Society be an Alligator *rampant* trampling on the new moon, worn attached to a salmon coloured ribbon, and that the mysterious meaning of these symbols and of the occluse motto be communicated to Ministers and blue Teraphs only.

7. That the number of members be strictly limited to such as apply for admission, or are asked to join the Society or who are neither asked to join or apply for admission; provided always that they agitate amidst the stars, and corruscate as hath been sworn to, under the secret rule remotest from the last, on the night Askar, and as they are bounden by the golden laws on the Malachite tablets Vulconian, which are clasped in Alabaster and silver, with three seals, bound by nine Salmon coloured Ribbons.

8. That a Secret Committee be appointed, of Ministers and blue Teraphs only, to eat, drink and think for the rest, who will have nothing to do but pay the bills and enjoy themselves.

9. That in order to conduct the affairs of the Society with a due regard to economy, the diet of the Committee at the solemn festivals be restricted to such wines and viands as are obtainable in Calcutta or may be specially ordered from London, Paris, Moscow and Pekin. No delicacy is to be sent for either to Timbuctoo or Copper-mine river without a special vote of the committee that it is necessary to their health, and for the due execution of those important functions with which they are charged.

10. That Macassar Oil be supplied gratis to the Committee who are expected by the Society to afford the utmost encouragement to their eye-brows and whiskers.

11. That the Secret Committee for the first golden circle, which is under the sign of the Southern Cross consists of the following Pococuranti, being Ministers and Teraphs.

Archialligatros

ZEGRI DE ROHAN,..... *H. M. P.*..... Teraph.

Mystics

GLENGYLE,..... *L. P. G.*..... Teraph.

WILFRED,..... *A. R.*..... Minister.

LINCOLN,..... *M. C. H.*..... Teraph.

BERKELEY,..... *M. C. H.*..... Minister.

CANDIDE,..... *P. C. G.*..... Minister.

FIRST MEETING OF THE SECRET COMMITTEE.

A Turkish tent of white silk, the draperies looped up with Gold Cords and Tassels, and bordered by a broad fringe of Gold Bullion. On the floor is a fawn coloured Velvet carpet worked with bunches of silk flowers of the natural colours. Ottomans of pale Blue and Gold. In a recess amidst a profusion of Purple Velvet drapery, heavily fringed with Gold, stands a marble figure of Ceres; and on an appropriate Altar beyond, in the dim light, is seen the mystic symbol of the society. Above all, hangs the Southern Cross glittering in the light of the pale lamps that burn before the Altar.

DE ROHAN, seated Presidentially—time 10 o'clock P. M.—a highly polished satin wood table inlaid with silver, supports many exquisitely formed vases of crystal through the brightness of which sparkle the beautiful tints of those pleasant liquids which are sunshine to the soul and bloom to the visage: there is a cool and fragrant air in the tent produced by Altenberg's refrigerator, and a kind of rosy moonlight, from the exquisite distribution of various coloured lamps—Of solid viands none are perceptible but three picturesque piles of grapes, peaches, and mangosteens embedded in moss, with various flowers intermingled, and two iced Melons, are seen beaming rich and ripe through a glittering incrustation of frosty particles.

DE ROHAN. Well Gentlemen, if the Government does not seize our hallowed persons as a stray remnant of the Carbonari, we shall certainly be set down, by the public as off-sets of the *Ambrosial* school, and acquire the soubriquet of second hand *Ticklers*, or some similarly gratifying title.

LINCOLN. I intreat your pardon my dear President. ~~I can~~ not participate in your impressions—as for the Government, we are a cut above that, and were it not for our self-denying ordinance clause fourth of our public rules, we could do it more ~~than~~ than it could possibly do us.—Besides the majority of the Members are as you know Teraphs, one even aspires to a Mystogarchy. Then with respect to your *Ambrosian* misgivings, I should say that they are unfounded; for as none can be so ignorant or credulous as to believe that certain persons devour Oysters by the bushel, and other horrors by the hundred weight for the benefit of Mr. Blackwood's Magazine—so, few will be so sceptical as to doubt the reality of our festivals, the certainty of which will be as self evident as the existence of the national debt.

GLENGYLE. However much you may laugh at the notion of people being so gullible as to suppose that persons could

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swallow oysters by the bushel (by the way I think you said De Rohan that you expected the Colchesters next week prepared by Gardner's new process) yet human credulity is so capacious that it can swallow every thing. When Prince Charles's Highlanders advanced to England in *the 45*—the women used to run away with their little ones in the firm belief that the *Sans Culottes* enjoyed no diet so much as little children nicely quartered and cooked !

LINCOLN. For that matter you need not have gone so far back for an illustration. I have heard that during Lord Amherst's progress through the upper provinces ; his head kidmudghar levied contributions on the fears of the simple villagers by stating that his Lordship *must* have at least one child for breakfast every morning.

DE ROMAN. Why as persons of credit, well known in Society and affecting no concealment of our names, we may expect to be believed when we assure our friends that on the first Thursday after each full moon we banquet together for the general good ; but an Englishman is by nature a most incredulous animal, when he does not happen to be a gull, and we shall doubtless have to encounter many opinions that our society is as unsubstantial as the shadowy progeny of Banquo.

GLENGYLE. Pooh ! who cares, how insubstantial the million may deem *de nobis et nostris* so long as we enjoy the delicious reality of refectations that belong not to the class of "insubstantial pageants faded"—"that leave not a wreck behind."

WILFRID. Pardon me—you ought to have read that passage "leave not a *rack* behind"—you may answer for yourself, but I *do* confess to a *leetle* bit of a headach after our last Alligator.

LINCOLN. I did not mean to intimate that any assurances, however solemn on our parts, would remove the impression you contemplate—but what will be the opinion of those who in conformity to the 8th Clause of our Rules have to settle the trifling account connected with our sederunts.

BERKELEY. Faith the most convincing proof imaginable that there is nothing shadowy or unsubstantial in a man's proceedings. In London now one might fancy oneself in Fairy Land where desires are anticipated and orders executed by necromancy, if it was not for certain disagreeable occasional memoranda "of the earth earthy" which teach a man that his celestial estate is after all the mere work of those human agents the tailor, the perfumer, the laundress, *et hoc genus omne*.

DE ROHAN. Let the million pay—do not we go through all the fatigue of eating, drinking and thinking for the whole so-

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ciety? and when we do encounter such Herculean labors in the public service—

GLENGYLE. Perhaps the public would like to eat drink and think for itself—but this would never do—be somewhat exclusive or be nothing. We must be particular as to *whom* we admit into our circle or it will not long be worth entering. I know or rather *did* of various Indian-clubs destroyed like the Roman Empire by irruptions of Goths, Huns, and Vandals—or in other words of pretenders, strangers and uncongenial spirits.

LINCOLN. Come Glengyle, edify us with an idea of what a club, or a society like ours, which condescends not to the name of club, ought to be.

GLENGYLE. Why Lincoln, my notion of the *beau ideal* of a *good club* is this—a club where the mind can throw off its coat, and put its legs upon a chair if they are tired, and where gentlemanly tact is a thing perfectly understood without the necessity of a formal definition.

LINCOLN. Horace has given the best definition of a good club.

*Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris semibusque nocebit.*

DE ROHAN. I think we are all agreed on the truth of those great principles but as I said before certain Barbarians will labor under a miserable hallucination that the society, THE POCOCURANTE Society, exists, “and has its being” together with its wines and viands, only in nubibus.

WILFRID. It appears to me that the subject is scarcely worthy of discussion. It can signify very little to *me*, while this bright gift of Paradise of wines sparkles in my glass, whether another gives me credit for enjoying the solacement of 1768 Hockheimer or not. While I inhale the delicious perfumes of this fresh cut melon, it will not lessen my gratification because the world is incapable of conceiving how the iced deliciousness came into my possession.

GLENGYLE. I quite concur with you; the subject is scarcely worthy of discussion. De Rohan, the Barsac if you please.

DE ROHAN. What do you think of Shelley's “Masque of Anarchy?” Anarchy, who

“————— rode
On a White horse splashed with Blood
He was pale even to the Lips
Like death in the Apocalypse.”

Death on the pale horse was haunting the mind's eye of the true poet as he conceived this grand image, but it is a conception worthy of the sublime source of its generation. The lines

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irresistibly call to *my* mind, which has an odd turn for creating associations where none perhaps exist, that thrilling and terrible passage

“ Then came wandering by
A shadow like an Angel, *with bright hair*
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud
Clarence is come, &c.

when I can compare any Poet with Shakspear, and the comparison sinks him not a thousand fathoms deep in my estimation, I must needs hold that the Poetry is of no common order.

GLENGYLE. As you say—that grandest of spectres must have been haunting the mind's eye of the Poet—and yet observe—the Poet falls into a somewhat vulgar mistake. Ever since you and I read the fables of Esop with their wood cuts, dear to memory, we have been apt to take our conception of the king of terrors, too literally from those scientifically articulated skeletons that you may see suspended from the dome of an anatomical Theatre or pictured in action, in Holbein's exquisite '*Dance of Death.*' In accordance with this, Shelley has a skeleton mounted on his phantom horse

' And Anarchy the *skeleton*
Bow'd and grinn'd to every one.'

LINCOLN. You think then that there is some degree of vulgar error in this matter?

GLENGYLE. That is my opinion. There are two Beings of tremendous attributes and power who have I think been rather scurvily treated by Poets and Painters. The '*archangel* ruined'—and '*the angel* of death.'

LINCOLN. I think the Apocalypse was suggested to him by the necessity of rhyming.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses
With which like ships they steer their courses.

As for the evil one, no modern poet except Goethe has treated him like a gentleman, In *Faust* he is made to declare that civilization had extended even to him, and that he had laid aside the horns and tail because they were out of fashion.

BERKELEY. Why I must confess that the Prince of the powers of the air has some reason to be dissatisfied in being always represented with hoofs and horns. No one likes to be made a beast of, even with good wine.

DE ROHAN. Where has Azrael fared better? Even West has had the apothecary's backshop and that grisly grinning thing hanging in the long case, too much in his mind when he designed his really fine and impressive picture.

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WILFRID. West had, after all, a very literal mind and a hardness of manner—I mean as a Painter. I sympathize in Hazlitt's dislike of him; he used to say jocosely that he hated West-all and All-West.

GLENGYLE. West Sir—was not equal to the task—he had but little poetry in his soul. To do *that* idea justice—the artist's pencil should be—dipped in earthquake and eclipse.' Just refer to the unutterably sublime original—'and I looked, and behold a *pale horse* and his name that sat on him was DEATH and Hell followed him.' To paint *this* would require a compound of Raphael, Da Vinci, Salvator, Milton and Byron.

BERKELEY. Aye and you may add, of Martin and the whole of the German dabblers in diablerie. For "Hell" and "eclipses" I would back some of the painters whose works figure in the Berlin Museum against any one Glengyle has named.

WILFRID. At any rate, in stating that *Poets* have treated these beings scurvily, you must except Milton.

GLENGYLE. As respects the 'Archangel ruined'—entirely—but not quite so as respects Death. Milton's 'grisly terror'—falls far beneath the sublime shadowy regality of him of the apocalypse—"and he that sat on him was DEATH." This was never intended for Poetry—but putting aside its awful characteristic as that which was and is to be—it is the perfection of poetry—dim—shadowy, grand.

But Milton takes special care not to be *too* distinct with Death.

the other shape
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable _____

He gives us however to understand that it is something dreadful,

black it stood as night
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell.

WILFRID. But you forget the finest part of Milton's description of Death. Nothing can be more shadowy and dream-like than the following, which was once quoted by Burke, (who laid such stress on the importance of obscurity as one source of the sublime) in allusion to King Louis XVI., as the chief power of France in appearance only:

West seemed his head
The features of a kingly crown had on.

LINCOLN. Every body knows that obscurity is a source of the sublime, a maxim which appears to be always present in the minds of the concoctors of king's speeches and other state

DE ROHAN. But what do you think of the association which connects in my mind the lines of Shakspear and Shelley "far as the poles asunder?"

GLENGYLE. That is curious enough and may be put down as an instance of what the Logicians call accidental relations or arbitrary associations of ideas. For instance a child at the commencement of a fever, has physic administered to it in a little raspberry jam and ever after the smell of raspberry gives him a vivid idea of illness. The smell of a black current leaf brings tears into my eyes and I am for the moment a child again.

WILFRID. But in De Rohan's case the association is not quite so arbitrary—for there is *blood* in both. Besides which the power and beauty of the poetry is of the same character in the two passages. The painter-poets have dipped their pencils in the same hues and have portrayed somewhat similar subjects in a kindred spirit. A reader unacquainted with the source whence the two quotations are derived might very naturally suppose them to be the work not only of the same author, but portions of the same poem, if the difference in the metre did not suggest a doubt. The association in De Rohan's mind is less subtil than he seems to think, and by no means so curious as to justify Glengyle's ingenious illustration.

LINCOLN. You say there was *blood* in both images—and so was there salmon in a river of Macedon, and in a river of Monmouth—is it not Fluellen that says so? or who? for really I do not happen to recollect. By the way there is an instance of the same accidental association of ideas related of Lord Byron by Lady Blessington where the repetition of *one* set of lines, led to the composition by him of others not in the slightest degree resembling the former.

GLENGYLE. Do not overlook another beautiful passage respecting Shelley's spectre horse—here it is

"The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, and his hoofs did grind
To dust the murderers behind."

BERKELEY. What a *killing* pace!

GLENGYLE. One more citation from the 'Masque' and I have done. Is not this beautiful?

It grew—a shape array'd in mail
Brighter than the Viper's scale
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain.

Of that solemn twaddler Jerdan abusing Shelley the living—with reference to one of his most beautiful poems 'Adonais' calling it contemptible and nonsensical. Is this contemptible or not? Poor Shelley is describing himself.

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Midst others of less note, came one frail form,
A phantom among men ; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
Had gaz'd on nature's naked loveliness
Actæon like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps, o'er the world's wilderness
And his own thoughts along that rugged way,
Pursued like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

WILFRID. Vigorous and beautiful, indeed !
GLENGYLE. Then what say you to the noble ending of the Adonais ?

The breath whose might I have invok'd in song,
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven.
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,
Whilst burning through the inmost verge of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beams from the abode where the Eternal are.

WILFRID. Why, that it is not exactly what Jerdan calls it "*a mere collection of bloated words without order, harmony or meaning, the refuse of a school-boy's common-place book.*"

GLENGYLE. But poor Shelley is revenged—for the critic has at length felt the 'slow remorse of love;' he has *now* acknowledged, that his fame is "like the tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and whose leaf shall be green for ever." Had *this* been earlier, it had been kinder. When will literary men learn to be just, and to distinguish the poetry and genius of the man, from the heresy or errors, or infidelity of the individual ?

WILFRID.—I never think of Shelley in reference to the treatment he met with from the world and the profound melancholy to which he was occasionally subject, without recalling his exquisitely pathetic stanzas "Written in dejection at Naples." ~~De~~ **De Rohan**, may I repeat them or have you had enough of the subject? I prefer this poem to any other of Shelley's smaller pieces.

DE ROHAN. By all means—let us have them.

WILFRID.—Lend me your ears, then.

I
The sun is warm the sky is clear
The waves are dancing warm and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light,
Around its unexpanded beds
Like many a voice of one delight
The winds, the birds, the ocean birds,
The city's voices steal so soft, like antiphons.

II
I see the deep's unrippled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds above
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light diamonds on a starry floor

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I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me and above,
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion!

III.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame nor power nor love nor leisure,
Others there are whom these surround—
Smiling they live and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
E'en as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away this life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold and *hear the sea*
Breaths o'er my dying brain its last monotony!

V.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart too soon grown old
Insults with this untimely moon;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall in its stainless glory set
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

Are not these golden words, sentiments of wondrous intensity and images of surpassing beauty?

BERKELEY. True, but we have had enough of them—Here are golden drops—(passing the Hock), animal delights of "wondrous intensity" Falernian (passing Burgundy) of surpassing essence. Quaff, brothers quaff, or sip brothers sip, and let us change our theme. We have done with Shelley for to night, and may safely turn to Phosphornio Figgins and the Sporting Magazine. Tell me WILFRID, what did you think of that splendid imitation of Wolfe's description of Sir John Moore's death. The line "*And nature, Artillery,*—

WILFRID. Oh—Oh!—(staring.)

BERKELEY. ———— *cannon and shot* "in repose."

DE ROHAN. Stop! misericordia! Observe the malignant effect of a rifle

BERKELEY. ———— *engage the mind, that fiery particles* will certainly be soon

DE ROHAN. (roaring) Any thing less Berkeley, but a parody of a parody unsuitable for an age.

BERKELEY. Well then, I will run no more risks. De Rohan have you looked into Burney's memoirs? I mean those that have just come out, the work of Madame D'Arblay? They appear to me an appalling mass of magnificent smallnesses and crisp neatnesses. The court atmosphere has evidently affected D'Arblay, and she writes like a *Dame de Cour*, a first class chamber maid.

DE ROHAN. Faith I have only had time to dip into one of the volumes, it was a record of some matters connected with her career as Queen's tire woman, or something of that sort, but the court atmosphere as you call it was so strong that I could not hold my head over the book many minutes without the risk of inhaling frivolity enough to choke a battalion of Hotspurs.

WILFRID. The book is full of absurdities but it is nevertheless as pleasant and readable as most works of the kind. It may be read with the same alternation of disgust and gratification with which we go through the pages of Boswell's Johnson. Its anecdotes of eminent men are often very interesting and characteristic. The work, however, has not the unity of Boswell's, neither does it contain the same quantity of thought and observation, nor will it last as long. This is one of those books however, of which a portion of the materials survive when the authors are forgotten. Literary anecdotes, such as many of those here recorded, often circulate widely and are long remembered after the original source whence they are derived has become obscure, or is even utterly unknown. For this reason I do not feel disposed to join in the critical indignation which some persons have expressed at the present taste for Memoirs and Reminiscences. All that is truly valuable and interesting in their pages will be rescued, some way or another from the general wreck, and the rubbish will not long remain to choak up the paths of literature. I wish the contemporaries of Shakespeare and Milton had been as fond of literary gossip as their descendants. It is to this taste that we are indebted for so perfect a picture of Johnson, and for our intimate acquaintance with Lord Byron's personal character and manners. By the way I am glad to find that late English papers state that Campbell has nearly finished his life of Mrs. Siddons. I hope this report is correct and that he will not disappoint us, by handing over his materials to an inferior workman, as he did in the case of his intended life of Lawrence.

BERKELEY. Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons will be an invaluable addition to the libraries of those who have a just sense of what she did for the drama in conjunction with her clever brothers. Campbell has had rare opportunities of collecting materials for the subject, and these, added to his nice taste and

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critical acumen, ought to produce a book that will throw that old twaddler Boaden completely into the shade. In a general way I cannot say I admire modern "Reminiscences." They are in most instances the records or recollections which eminent men have preserved of the sayings and doings of their occasional associates, and no record of *their own* saws and instances. Boswell spoke of Johnson, and Moore has spoken of Byron, and we shall have more than one giving us his recollections of Scott. But Dibdin, O'Keefe, Michael Kelly, Reynolds and others who have had "space in the world's thought" instead of going quietly out of the world leaving others to chronicle their pleasantries, have sought a kind of bastard fame by bringing before the public the "whereabouts" of people who would otherwise remain obscure. Out upon such scribbling!

GLENGYLE. Out upon them indeed! Boaden will serve as an impersonation of the whole tribe, verbose, garrulous, inane and prosy.

LINCOLN. Have you ever ventured to dip into his *Memoirs of Mrs. Jordan*?

GLENGYLE. I am ashamed to say that I have read every line of these two sickening volumes.

DE ROHAN. You characterise them justly, so far as you have gone; you might I think have added that a grosser imposition on the public never was ventured to be palmed upon that one eyed monster.

WILFRID. What do you think of the gentleman-like taste of Mr. Boaden in bringing forth the work at the time he did?

BERKELEY. Did he think to make a certain illustrious personage shell out?

GLENGYLE. How do you mean?

BERKELEY. Why plainly this. Did he think to raise a contribution in a high quarter by advertising for publication a work that might be supposed to contain delicate disclosures, affecting persons of the highest rank?

GLENGYLE. Why I can scarcely suppose him to have contemplated such an idea. Boaden may be a weak but not a base man. The work in question is miserable as a production of intellect, wretched on the score of taste, and utterly worthless as a record of the life of one of our most fascinating actresses; and there the enormities of its author cease.

DE ROHAN. Ambition is as varidous in its hats and degrees, as the human countenance. One man stung by his "longing after immortality" jumps into the crater of Mount Etna, another rushes into print.

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LINCOLN. I beg your pardon, no man ever jumped down the crater of Mount Etna, for the best possible reason that any one might have walked down as I have done.

GLENGYLE. Which perhaps is the most fiery ordeal of the two. At any rate the agony of the past is more protracted—for the unhappy wretch must pass through the Malebolge of criticism, and be whipped with scorpions by certain demons called Reviewers.

LINCOLN. I question after all if the march of intellect be not fraught with much evil.

GLENGYLE. My good friend, in this terrene state, it appears to be a condition of our being, that for every why there should be a wherefore, or in other words that there is scarcely any good without a counteracting evil. On the whole however, good, thank heaven! predominates. It is to the march of intellect that I owe this glass of sparkling champagne which I assure you is exceedingly delicious and renovating. Nor do I enjoy it the less, because perchance it may give me a fit of the gout six months hence.

DE ROHAN. To object to that march of intellect which sends a Byron campaigning in the Alpine Regions of the imagination, because such grasshoppers as your Boadens and Kelleys chirp in the shade of the weeds, is absurd.

LINCOLN.—I have heard a much graver objection made to the march of intellect than that.

BERKELEY. Which is?

LINCOLN. That insanity marches hand in hand with it.

GLENGYLE. The commerce of life is wide and open to the most anomalous as to the most illustrious. Madness therefore is free to gambol on the pathway next to wisdom—but it does not therefore follow that madness was made crazy by her propinquity.

DE ROHAN. True. Add to which that some subjects appear to possess a greater prominence now than they did erst, by their being more accurately noted.

LINCOLN. Yes, I have heard for instance the frequency of suicide in England as compared with France much commented on, whereas, the fact is, that suicide if any thing is more frequent in France, but our Coroner's Inquests give such melancholy casualties greater notoriety.

GLENGYLE. It would appear that mental derangement is a frequent consequence of high civilization. The high pressure bursts the boiler as it were, or rather our frames mental and bodily

are rendered more delicate by civilization. Lincoln there would die if he were caught in a shower of rain which Cedric the Tuscan would have deemed refreshing; and Wilfrid would be tortured to convulsions by a solecism in quantity, rhyme or harmony, which a great brawny hairy harper of antiquity would have deemed a beauty.

* * * * *

DE ROHAN. In the *United Service Journal* for December there is a paper on the French and German Armies. I am sorry to see it, and still more sorry to see it where it is. Surely if any people can afford to admit the skill and bravery of the French it is the English. If amongst the English any one man can do so with better grace than another it is a soldier. We have no Marengos to grieve over—no Ulms to blush for—but in the paper I have mentioned there is a depreciatory tone, an undervaluing of French skill and valor wholly unpardonable in those who have ever found in that brave People “foemen worthy of their steel.” Of course Toryism is at the bottom of the concoction, but woe to the party spirit of whatever denomination which warps the soldier from the path of truth and honor.

OMNES. (*Except Candide who is only occasionally visible thro’ a dense cloud of smoke*) Woe! Woe! Woe!

DE ROHAN. Hear what the writer says “Does not history when fairly considered shew that from the time of Ariovistus down to the taking of Paris the preponderance of these (superior military) qualities has invariably been in favor of the “Germans?” A thousand Victories answer, No! What Ariovistus may have done I cannot pretend to say, but this I know that Charlemagne and his Frank Cavalry scattered the most indomitable of the German tribes from the Rhine to the Baltic.—that Phillip Augustus broke the Chivalry of Germany at Beauvines, as the rock breaks the wave. That at Nordlingen and Lens, France conquered the peace of Westphalia—

LINCOLN. Compose yourself my dear De Rohan and pass the Hock this way,—thank you.

DE ROHAN. (*Passing Hock*) That Vienna was only rescued from the grasp of Louis the fourteenth by the surpassing talents of two foreigners, one, in education at least, a Frenchman, and by a certain modicum of British bayonets of whom no doubt the Austrians of that day said, as the slaves dare to do now, “We despise ‘em.” I say nothing of that bright series of triumphs from Valmy to Wagram, because the *United Service Journalist* accounts for his favorites being well threshed during a period of nearly twenty years, by all those admirable arguments which he

must have so much admired when they were employed by the French themselves to explain several little accidents which happened to their own Eagles, from the day of Maida down to that of Waterloo. But as a test of the comparative excellence of French and German soldiers I appeal to Leipsic itself! Would the same force of Austrians or Prussians or Hessians or Bavarians have held three hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen at Bay for two days? I think not. Not content however with giving a superiority of military qualities to the indisputably brave and loyal German people, J. M. for the paper bears that able paradox-monger's signature, would persuade us that the Austrians, almost foreigners in Germany, may reckon their disasters in the Revolutionary wars as a mere series of untoward events, rather than as at all originating in the superiority of the French Military Character—what say you to this Berkeley? I believe you know something of the Austrians.

BERKELEY. You appeal, I fear, to an indifferent judge. I know no more of the "division of a battle" than "a spinster." I never "set a squadron in the field."—Like yourself De Rohan, I derive my knowledge of the German military character and capacity from History or from hearsay alone. My opportunities of personal observation only enable me to bear testimony to the least important features in an army,—the costume, the general appearance on parade, the style of life in Garrison, the *esprit* and the pecuniary means and appliances. These I apprehend, furnish but few data for an estimate of the chief qualities of a soldier, or a body of soldiers, such as passive or active courage, powers of endurance, and their skill in "marchings and countermarchings" deployments and other manœuvres. The most I could venture to say would be, that the Austrians—since of them particularly you desire me to speak, do not seem to be inferior to the French in physical power, nor, though they are less given to gasconade, in *l'amour de la guerre*, but they are wanting in skillful and judicious leaders, generals who have been accustomed to act for themselves.

DE ROHAN. Lincoln—you have seen the French Troops—what say you.

LINCOLN. Hem! Hem!—Unaccustomed as I am to—

• OYNES. Basta basta—spare us good Dummy! no specifications!

LINCOLN. Well my say shall be short, and this it is. Of what value can the opinions tactical or strategical be—of a critic like him of the *United Service Journal* who concludes his elaborate dissertation (in proof that the Germans were always

worsted until they adopted the modern Military system and movements of the French)—by the following wise *saw*?

Unless Fortune, at whose disposal the delectable system of modern tactics has long since placed the events of war, again chooses to interfere most effectually, we may safely say, "the battle will be to the strong, as the race should be to the swift."

DE ROHAN. Erratum, for "saw"—read "*see-saw*"—and a very wise way of writing it is, let me tell you, in ticklish times when a pompous man sets himself to prophecy. It is like your peace-making IF—and being interpreted in this place, means that, after all, the French are very likely to pepper the Germans even with all their tactical reformation. But if they do—"mind you I said it is the scurvy Jade Fortune who is the capricious Goddess of modern tactics and gives the victory not to the swift or the strong."

LINCOLN. I am as ye know of few words myself although the cause of many words in others: wherefore before I relapse into taciturnity and my second cigar I crave to know who is the writer of the J. M. articles in the *United Service Journal*. Ye speak of him with reverence, but I confess I think very lowly of his merits as a Military writer. I see much pretension, but little depth either of Military or historical knowledge; little more in short, than one might expect from a mere Riding master or Adjutant of Cavalry, to which arm I should say from internal evidence, he belongs.

DE ROHAN. I know not who writes under the two letters, but he is one who has maintained that Cavalry ought to ride over squares of Infantry as they would over a ploughed field and that the whole modern system of drill and discipline would vanish like a frost fog in the sun-beam before a charge of noble savages, or the Clan of Roderic Vice Alpen with their claymores ~~in their hands~~. But good Dummy you are loquaciously severe against my friend J. M. His opinions are highly thought of I believe in the first Military circles at home.

LINCOLN. Then a very little goes a great way with the said circles: they must needs be of calibre small radiance circles as old Bonnycastle would have said. I speak not without shew of reason at least. Take for instance his quoting Latour D'Auvergne as a sample of the private soldiery of the early republican armies. A man who stood alone and is hardly to be paralleled, even in days of high Chivalry: an enthusiast—a scholar—a Gentleman of the oldest family and some fortune—a soldier, a "private soldier" by choice, who might have been a General over and over again, but would accept of no commission, no title, but that of "premier grenadier de France"—no rank but that of being right hand man in line and leading file in column wherever he chose to fall in; and whose memory when he fell at the head of his com-

pany,—after a thousand hair breadth escapes in Germany and Italy, was honored—and for aught I know, is to this day—by the singular and truly French distinction of being inscribed at the head of every regimental muster roll in the Army as “first Grenadier” and ordered to be called at every Roll-call, when the next Grenadier was to answer “*mort!*”

•WILFRID. Such a spirit as Latour’s, called into action by the strong stimulus of an agitating political Revolution working upon the buoyant energies of a classical mind and romantic disposition, is a phenomenon *sui generis*—no specimen of any class in any country. But De Rohan’s friend J. M. only means that the French Conscripts up to 1794 were of higher caste than those who came after.

LINCOLN. The volunteer battalions who poured in, during and subsequent to the great Brunswicker’s invasion of Champagne, and who beat back all Germany and England combined, contained doubtless many young men of superior pretensions, some urged by enthusiasm and ambition, some flying from the fury of Party. But as to *conscripts*, that recruiting machine which your zealous English Antijacobin never yet would believe to be borrowed from his own dear Holy Allies, only came into maturity of *vigour* and *rigour* under Carnot in 1794. It was not before, but subsequent to that date, that it became so unsparing; hence there were more men of gentle blood and higher caste in the ranks latterly, than in the beginning of the Revolution. But in all things, J. M. has very vague ideas, or expresses what he has, very vaguely. He is ignorant that almost the whole scientific corps—the Artillery and Engineers—took the Revolution side, and that their Officers, and even their non-commissioned Officers remained to form, discipline, and lead to victory the young forsaken by Fantassins and Cavaliers deserted by the Officers of the lip the Coblenz muscadins of thirty-two quarters.

BERKELEY. Yes and he forgets or knows not the consequence arising from that very historical peculiarity in the first Republican Armies; the prominent part, I mean, which the Artillery *arme* was naturally made to play in the whole drama of the Revolution war, from Lieutenant Buonaparte and Serjeant Pichegru, down to—

LINCOLN. Yes! down to Marshall SANDY LAW of Lauriston advancing at the critical moment with the reserve, in the battle of Wagram, at the head of a battery of *one hundred* pieces of Artillery—and opening on the presumptuous Austrians who thought they had it all their own way—only think of one hundred pieces of Horse Artillery and at *fall too* says the bulletin—Ye Gods! What a sight! what a sound! What a trial for Gustavus tubus!

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DE ROHAN. I endeavour to restrain any undue admiration within my own breast for war or warriors in the abstract, though I love a fair fight in a just cause. That 'good easy man' Louis Bonaparte had a singular idea that Military glory was the last grand bait used by that angler for mankind who

"Grown wiser than of yore,

"Now tempts by making rich, now making poor."

perhaps he is right—call for some Mareschino, Lincoln.

Lincoln Strikes five times a silver Triangle borne by the hand of a Canova's dancer in Alabaster on the Table, the roof of the Tent opens and the desired liquid descends by ropes of Flower in a basket filled with Moss Roses and ice.

DE ROHAN. Nevertheless there are some good pococuranteisms to be picked up on the field of battle. While the French and English were braining and stabbing and hacking each other in the furious night combat which preceded Talavera, a silvery and urbane voice was heard through the darkness, in some momentary lull of the mortal strife, murmuring with all the exquisite composure of St. James's-street. "Cuss" my fellow! he has forgotten to moisten my snuff. "This was that queer original of the guards, Captain now General C. called Kangaroo C.

LINCOLN. Why?

DE ROHAN. Oh did you never hear? Why he was on guard one day at Kew, and seeing the Queen and Princesses coming towards the Menagerie where he was lounging, it struck our original that the animals could not do better than go forth to pay their respects to the august promenaders, so he opened the cages of some Kangaroos recently arrived from New South Wales who immediately made sail in the direction contemplated by the imaginative C. Off scattered the Queen and the daughters of Guelph screeching in all imaginable keys, over lilies and roses and carnations and sweet briar, with the queer looking Australians bounding twenty feet at a jump in full pursuit, while C. lay on the grass rolling with laughter at this new edition of Apollo and Daphne, Pan and Syrinx all "lively portrayed"—but allons, circulate the Committee's snuff box and for Heavens sake *Candide!* refresh thy nostrils with a pinch; thou hast sate he live long hour shrouded in smoke and as dull as a slumbering Volcano.

CANDIDE. My dear De Rohan, you are really much too complimentary! Of smoke and slumber, there is enough about me, but you take the Volcano without evidence. The fact is my good friends you have all bored me together; dont you see you have got into a dispute you can never settle, for the evidence of the past is not sufficient, it would never content the disputants, who would appeal to the future as giving the only fair chance of fair play. I disagree with you all and that without

any humility. The only thing I fully concur with any one of you in—is in abusing J. M.; Lincoln after all treats him much too civilly. Isn't it as plain as that we are clever fellows, that, Mr. J. M. is an impudent Paradoxmonger without even the knowledge research and memory necessary to put a specious face on the matters he handles. His grand discovery in the noble art of war is, that all cavalry, heavy armed or light, may in all possible cases and without fail when they can get at them, ride over and over thro' and thro' and scatter to the devil all manner of infantry formations whatever. And this he lays down as a thing which not only can be done, but one which always may be done, and always might have been done, by all manner of horse soldiers now, in time past and to come, provided they dont funk, had not funk'd, and shall not funk!!! My uncle Toby would have whistled Lillibullero at this!

LINCOLN. Dont get into a passion CARO! Recollect his *facts*, and consider them—strike but hear!

CANDIDE. Facts! The devil a fact do I recollect of the least importance! He mentions (I think) an ambuscade in Silesia in the campaign of 1813 in which the Prussian cavalry sent to the right about the best part of a division of General Maison's, all conscripts. Now any body who knows what mere children were sent to fight among the ranks of French Infantry in that fearful year, would not much wonder at the effect of any surprise among such overtired and raw boys. The other fact is, the charge of Bock's brigade of heavy Germans on two French Squares after Salamanca. In the last case the French had only ammunition for one discharge. But this is mere bush-fighting, what the devil signifies half a dozen or even half a hundred isolated facts! Did any real soldier in ancient or modern times in command of an army act on J. M.'s theory? Did any military nation worth account, ever act on it? Why had the legion only 300 horse? Did the Romans know nothing of war? "Mi pare" that their experience from the time they fought with Pyrrhus and the Samnites, till Belisarius and Narses, might have taught them something of war. Take the days of chivalry "par excellence;" how happened it, that the English were the best troops of that portion of the middle ages in which chivalry flourished? What made them so? Was it the lance and the Flanders horse, or the long bow? Why if a man read Froissart he will find that at Poitiers, at Agincourt, and at half the battles chronicled by him and Monstrelet the chivalry dismounted! If *irregular* cavalry however individually skillful were of this importance, how came it about that the Turks in the full career of conquest set themselves to form a re-

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gular body of infantry, to whom they are generally supposed to owe more of their victories than to the Delhis or Spahis, or any poetical personages in their ranks "that hurled on high the blunt jerreed." If masses of irregular cavalry were worth any thing, how haps it that ye my dear compatriots and I, are scribbling in Calcutta, the ruling caste, and tipping our Hock and Champaigne round this table?

DE ROHAN. But you are not putting his argument, he speaks of "disciplined cavalry" not of irregulars.

CANDIDE. As to that I dont know exactly what you mean by "disciplined." Do you suppose that Timour's Tartars or Nadir Shah's Gholaums were undisciplined because they could not wheel threes about? The art of acting in concert on system they must have had. But waive all this, and let us take J. M. on his own terms, he says or what amounts to saying in downright terms that, the French Cuirassiers and heavy Cavalry of Waterloo were cowards!!! They did not charge frankly, *because* they did not break a square! Now how can one deal with an arguer of this stamp! True it is that they did *not* break one square. The bulletin of the business at Quatre Bras says they broke several, and that the 69th lost a colour! That is a ——— of the bulletin, as it is put, but the 69th did lose a colour and I know how it happened.

BERKELEY. Then be so good as to let us have it, only in the meantime allow me to see the colour of that bottle of white hermitage whose neck you have grasped with such vigor for the last ten minutes

CANDIDE. The 69th, 73d, 30th, and 33d formed a brigade (of Alten's the 3d division) commanded by Sir Colin Halkett, good an officer as ever lived; he was at a ball all night at Brussels, but joined them on the march at day break of the 16th, in red trowsers gold laced down the seams, pumps and silk stockings and in this accoutrement he took them into action, fairly clubbed! Whose fault it was I know not. They got into some rye six feet high within point blank shot of several field pieces; were torn to pieces by shot, when the word was given "prepare to receive cavalry," and the order to form square. Any body who knows any thing about the matter, knows how that would tell in such a predicament. The wood was on one flank and luckily very near, and two regiments *halted*, to the wood, but no farther, and well they did so, or few would have lived to fight on the 18th. On that day the 69th and 33d, about 1200 bayonets, formed one square together, and though a peaceable man myself, I should be glad to see the gentleman that would say *that* square was broken.

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DE ROHAN. Excuse me Candide I wont say you are tedious but you *are* very lengthy and you have skipped the main question. Are the Germans better soldiers than the French ?

CANDIDE. I cant say, but I wont say they are not ; to my mind the matter has never been fairly tried. What you say about Charlemagne and his Frankish Cavalry is true enough, but the Franks were as much Germans as the Burgundians Hainaulters or Flemings and more. Bouvines has nothing to do with the matter, and I dont think you can find in history a fair trial of pure Germans against pure French in any thing like a national quarrel, except perhaps in the seven years war, and then you'll recollect what an account old Fritz gave of Messrs. les Francais at Rosbach. I am bound to say that was done by Seidlitz and the Cavalry. You see I make fair play and am no enemy of the fair claims of Cavalry, ofly of these "Rodomontades Espagnoles" of J. M. The Austrians are *not* Germans. That is, the Bohemians, Moravians, Hungarians, who compose the bulk of their armies, and now the people of Gallicia and Lodomeria added, are not Germans but Slavonians, and their armies in consequence of a seniority and aristocratical system are usually commanded by old women. In 1813, Blucher with an entirely new army beat his own numbers completely under McDonald, at least as good a soldier and general as himself, the Crown Prince with Prussians and Swedes beat Ney at Dennevitz. The Lieutenants of Napoleon were always beaten in that campaign and nothing but his own vast genius for war enabled him to conquer up to Leipsic, over-matched as he was, but I put him out of the question arguing the matter as between the two nations. I say the French and Germans never had a fair tussle in a *national* quarrel ; there never was any, till that between them and the Prussians in 1813, and then I think it was a pretty near a drawn battle, though if any thing the Prussian had the best of it.

DE ROHAN But what say you to my 17th century cases, to Nordlingen for example ?

CANDIDE. Tis not fair ; at Nordlingen there were not 35,000, a side. Among the French there were Bernard of Saxweimar's men, fellows of all sorts, Swedes, Germans, Scotch, English. Among the imperialists, Croats, Hungarians, Italians and Irish. The breeds were mixed, and no results can be reckoned on. But my cigar is out. I see all but you and Lincoln are asleep or have bolted. Let us cut the subject and start another, for my part the most impudent boasting I think, I ever heard is the boasting of the Scotch, forgetting all their history they pretend they can stand comparison with the English !

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DE ROHAN. A hem ! order ! consider Glengyle's ancestors fought at Bannochburn.

CANDIDE. By the way what do you mean Lincoln by saying that the French *volunteers* beat back the Brunswicker and the *English!* The English were not at Valmy, and dont you see this is vague talking. Although one does not approve the cause of quarrel, never give up the national honour or say a word reflecting on it. The Duke of York was not beaten though he was overpowered and repulsed, and as to volunteers, what became of the 200,000 men or thereabouts that formed the royal army before the revolution? Do you suppose they formed the army of Condé afterwards? But let us change the subject. I recollect in a Debating club a very wise man proposing a subject, afterwards actually discussed, which ran, if my memory deceiveth me not, *thus* : *Resolved*. That the opinion of Hume that "If the eloquence of Demosthenes could be imitated it would produce the greatest effect on a modern assembly," is just.

DE ROHAN. A strong proposition but not so indisputable as those of the immortal Mr. Matthews, to wit that "him as is poor is possessed of poverty, and him as is rich is possessed of riches" But come gentlemen, the evening has slipped away, the flight of the light winged minutes gathering accelerated speed as the small divinities inhale the perfume of the grape's soul or the breath of the bland cigar. Let us to the real business of the night, the end and aim of our association, tracing its grand foundation to that unnamed spirit which walked in dark immortality by the side of the mysterious CHEOPS, and which still spreads in ramifications of steel and adamant through the whole palpitating mass of human existence.

Teraphs watch the flame.

Mystogarchs prepare the holocaust.

Minister of the first golden circle, whose sign is the Southern Cross, bring forth the Lyre and the crown of Fern—NOW!

*A deep shadow fills the Tent,—the great sign of the POCOCURANTE is alone visible in the gathering darkness—the mist besomes thicker with the vapor of incense * **

* * * * *

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SECOND MEETING OF THE SECRET COMMITTEE.

THE WORD.—Lillies are under the feet of the Lion.

THE NUMBER.—Seth and those who fell at Giron.

THE SIGN.—Hyades. ♀

THE HOPE.—There is a bright flame over the hut of the Shepherd at Intzapuli. A star hangs above the green vines in the valley of Alorna. Many murmurs are in the mountains, but they are not the voices of the living streams. The cedars are sighing in their deep glens and the pine nuts begin to fall. In these signs we have HOPE.

THE CHAMBER OF THE CONCLAVE.

Present.

DE ROHAN.—Archialligatros.

GLENGYLE.—Teraph.

WILFRID.—Minister.

LINCOLN.—Teraph.

BERKELEY.—Minister.

CANDIDE.—Minister.

THE UNKNOWN.—Cheopogast.

LE VOYAGEUR.—Teraph.

EASTERNHOLME.—Blue Teraph.

THE SIEUR GRUTLI.—Mystogarch.

• [As the above enter the chamber the table is served.]

DR ROHAN.—Come gentlemen, the serious business of the day being concluded, let us to the frugal refection which poor human nature demands, and lacking which even the fiery zeal of the Pōcocuranti, or rather let me say their *zeal*, waxes faint—allons ! let us see what *la Cuvette* has accomplished for us.—*Cuvette—la Carte*—[*omnes sedent.*]

CUERELLE.—Voici monseigneur.

DE ROHAN.—(Reads.)

POTAGES.

A la Conti.

Riz a la Turque.

Supreme D'Ude.

A la Mi Lord Bentinck.

Good! I am glad *Cuerelle* has spared us that eternal *Cerf Sauvage*—as for *Turtle*, the poor fellow declared that, so help him Heaven! he was willing to sacrifice himself even to our

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prejudices; but that he felt he could not long survive the constant superintendence of so gross and mundane a composition as Turtle.

GRUTLI.—You of course relieved him by an assurance, that the POCOCURANTI held the thing in abomination.

DE ROHAN.—As in duty bound. Would you have had me kill the only perfect specimen of the *Cuistnier Male* on this side of the Cape?

GRUTLI.—I wonder the Club did not get hold of him.

DE ROHAN.—They tried—but he insisted as a condition of engagement that they should always eat his dinners in full dress; and never, even in their dreams, aspire to the possibility of his tolerating plain meat.

LINCOLN.—He is more complaisant to the POCO.

DE ROHAN.—Why, yes—there are reasons—for, not to mention the state of our treasury, he trusts to our influence at the proper time for a seat in the Legislative Council of Bengal, and above all, he is ardently accomplishing himself as a *minim Teraph*.

THE UNKNOWN.—A mighty minister of our Society, with a much moving, a deep power, has ever been the chief of food. I remember in the war of the successions, I made Vendôme march upon Brihuega, by just hinting to him, that the best cook in Europe was with Stanhope's household—Very much Sovereign-controuling also are they. When we took the side of the Saxons in 1134, our brother Greothfro, a Mystogarch, caused a *Chef* to be introduced into Henry the First's household, whose stewed lampreys could create a soul under the ribs of death! You know the result.

DE ROHAN.—It is quite clear that we never obtained that influence of the *minim*, our power *should* have commanded over the mind of NAPOLEON, in consequence of his obstinate attachment to plain roast shoulder of mutton.

GRUTLI.—But, on the other hand, remember GEORGE THE FOURTH!

THE UNKNOWN.—Yes! I have seen many things since the shadow of Ararat first rested on this worn and weary frame; since I first saw those cold snows glimmering in the starlight; much people have gone before me, as the mists of the morning, which, when the sun comes, are not. I have seen the minds of generations passing from thick darkness unto twilight, and from twilight unto the day-spring of NOW. Trust me then, when I tell you that the mighty reform which shall yet regenerate, not

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Europe alone, but the world, had, its origin in the love of that King for the pampering dainties in whose creation man now pours out his intellect and exhausts his invention.

DE ROHAN.—*Mourad Beg.* place a list of the wines beside each member. [*Mourad places the list.*]

Wines Rouges.

Chambertin, 1796.
Chambertin, 1803.
Hermitage.
St. Esteve.
St. Julien.
Clos St. Georges.
Romanee.
Gensano.
Clos Vougeot de Tourton.
Clos Vougeot de La Reine.
Malasc.
Auvergne.

Vins Blancs.

De Xeres, Ordinaire.
De Xeres, Fernando VII^{mo}.
De Xeres, Estadas de Principe de la Vittoria.
Madeira—Duc de Grafton.
Hermitage.
Grave.
Sauterne.
Mont Rache de 1800.
Chablis.

• Champagne, {
Ai.
Non Mousseux.
De Borgogne.
Rosay.
Sillery.

Hocks.

Johannisberger of 1731, 1768, and 1795.
Neirsteiner, 1761, 1784.
Baccarach, 1800.
Prince de Nassau.

Liqueurs.

Nectar de Perou.
Scubac.
Curacao d'Hernu.
Curacoa d'Hollande.
Cedrat.

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Marasquin.

Kerchenwasser, &c. &c.

DE ROHAN.—This is no bad exchange, gentlemen, during the rains, from the Turkish Tent to the Secret Committee Room of the “BENGAL HURKARU,” a Journal advocating general principles so wholly in unison with the great objects and precepts of that vast association whose watchwords are “Rational Liberty,” “Peace,” “Improvement,” “Maxima Felicitas,” that we may safely venture to hold our most select Archalliosiums under the roof which covers its rational and useful press: I have reported the arrangement to the Archialliagatri and ministers of the first magnetic circle at Vienna, Madrid, and Petersburg; and trust it will receive the approbation of the invisible Teraphs of the Cheoptic council.

THE UNKNOWN.—It will! Alas for Taganrog! Much had the affiliated society at Petersburg to lament that fatal journey. Few of you were aware that Alexander had already secularized as a minim Teraph of the first golden circle, and few understood the sublime anticipations conveyed in the last words, which passed his pale and parching lips.

BERKELEY.—“Ah! quel beau jour.”

THE UNKNOWN.—The film of the world had dropped from his eyes. He gazed with his dying glance into futurity.

DE ROHAN.—And he was of *our* circle! Well, peace to his manes. If he was a kind hearted and amiable despot, let it be attributed to the right cause. He was a POCOCURANTE! [*Strikes a small golden Gong, which is supported on the head of a Basaltic Isis. Enter les gens—remove potages and replace with les entrees de poisson.*]

Saumon, sauce Tomate.

Escallope de Saumon aux truffes.

Pilet de Sole à la maître d'Hotel.

Idem a la Ude.

Anguille a la Tartare.

Pomfret de Malabar au naturel.

Idem a la Sir Edward Barnes.

Ecrevisses a la creme.

*Idem au gratin. **

DE ROHAN.—I hold it an improvement on the part of *Cuerelle* not to place the Poissonerie in position until the soup has been removed and its vapours are dissipated. Mon Dieu! he exclaimed one day, as I explained to him, that in certain savage societies they *still* placed the fish and soup on the table together. “Mon dieu! where is the nostril of a gentil homme, that shall not

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" become sick to snoff op with one nose le vapeur, the esteem, " of ' *Potage au Printemps*,' and with the todere nose to snoff " op *l'odeur, cette a dire*, steenque, of ' *maquereau, sauce a la Prince Talleyrand*.' Ils ont les choses antipodiques cette " a dire toorvy topsy—and sall navare navare entre into one " grand ensemble, fusion, amalgamation, what you call." In fact *Cuierelle* proclaimed a sacred and immutable truth, which has been lost sight of in the savagery of European tables. We should as carefully avoid exposing our olfactory nerves to the assault of non combinative, or as *Cuierelle* calls them *antipodique* Aroma, as we should guard our palate against the possibility of encountering in a state of combination the actual flavors from whence they derive their evanescent existence; for instance what insane monster would think of venturing his organs of taste in contact with a mixture of " *Saumon a la Genevoise*" and " *Blanquette de Veau aux Champignons*." Yet there are imbeciles, who actually permit the combined odours of those *antipodiques*, to insult their sense of smelling at one and the same moment with perfect impunity—Wine Grutli?

GRUTLI.—Chablis—by the by, what a puppyism they are attempting to establish at home in the old good-will indicative custom of these social pledges. Thus is it ever with the aristocracy, instead of applying leisure and fortune, mighty pioneers when well employed to open the road of honorable distinction, they are perpetually straining after some new social observance which shall be a line of demarcation between themselves and the profane vulgar. Alas, how soon in such matters does the "Kibe of the peasant gall the heel of the courtier." At this moment I have little doubt, but that the denizens of Whitechapel and Seven Dials abstain from pledging each other, even in max or heavy wet, because it's *low*.

CANDIDE.—Ah! my dear Grutli, there's much to be said on both sides. By the way I see you drink Chablis—'tis a thin drink, and I can't allow it any merit; it has, selon moi, neither body nor flavour. In climes where men are "worthier than we," at all prandial exercises—

GLENGYLE.—At *all* exercises man! ante or post prandial.

CANDIDE.—I admit, I admit, but as I was saying, in those climates, where you begin with three dozen oysters, &c. &c. Chablis may go down too along the "hors d'œuvres," the things that don't count, but here we have neither room nor constitution to spare.

GRUTLI.—Well! well! will you shew us I am right about "pledges" by pledging me in a glass of—

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CANDIDE.—Any thing but Chablis with the greatest pleasure. Sherry to you Chablis.

[*Grutli and Candide fill—bow with grave urbanity to each other, then ring their glasses together a la française—or hob nob as it used to be termed a l'anglaise.*]

CANDIDE.—You must have heard and seen much Grutli, in your experience, but I hold that you can never have met with a more solid rule than this. Take your glass of white wine, for I won't be exclusive, (Chablis apart) after soup, ditto after fish, with as much celerity as decorum will permit.

GRUTLI.—A good rule it must be allowed.

CANDIDE.—I could make your admission of it an argument against your pledging plan though, but let us talk over that matter. No doubt *if* it be left off by Grosvenor Square to distinguish itself, and by Whitechapel to be undistinguishable; all that is silly enough; but that doesn't touch the *philosophy* of the question, my dear fellow!

GRUTLI.—How do you mean, that I have not touched the philosophy of the question? Have I not said that independently of the merits of this custom it has been left off by the high from a wish to mark themselves off from the vulgar by a line that every Mons. Calicot can draw.

CANDIDE.—No doubt, but I'll spare you my notions of the mode of treating a subject philosophically---of the objective and subjective, the esoterical and exoterical philosophy of this or any other matter that a man shall choose to speak about---to the point then. What is the "MAXIMA FELICITAS" we propose to ourselves in a DINNER? Why to eat and drink punctiliously well, and with as little hindrance to good talk as possible.

GRUTLI.—At some dinners there's nothing but eating---at some next to nothing but talking.

CANDIDE.—Very likely, but these are misnomers. A *Public Dinner* for example. A wise man dines before hand, and goes to make speeches or gain "his private end" out of the public. A *Mess* dinner "et alia similia" that's not a dinner but a "SYMPOSIUM," a very different sort of thing. This, the meeting of the immortal *Pococurante*, is a DINNER. Which answers I take it to the CONVIVIUM of the Romans, one of the most precious refinements of life in which they clearly had the advantage of even the Attic Greek.

DE ROHAN.—The French have a frank and pleasant way with them in small parties of standing up and pledging each other, all ringing their glasses, and each eye beaming with friendly warmth, with good fellowship and fun.

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CANDIDE.—They have ; they are good fellows, in every sense of the word, and much belied by him who says nay, but you speak after all of a “ Symposium.” Think of the horrors of a public dinner, think of the *corvée* of a mess dinner, “ B. wine with your friend there,” wine with Captain B.’s friend, “ wine with your friend on the right—six and thirty times to fill, and duck your head ! I speak feelingly.

GRUTLI.—Oh this is only arguing against the use from the abuse ; may it not be made pray, to contribute to the *oneness* and harmony of the whole pleasure of the evening without disturbing them in any way ! Can’t you drink wine with your neighbours without spoiling conversation ?

CANDIDE.—Why after all, provided it be not over done, and provided there be no canon against helping yourself and filling at your own time and place, something may be said for it. But the last rule is a *sine quâ non*. What right have you to take captive any one, a woman for example and *make* her drink wine because you want a glass of hock yourself. What a d—d hypocritical way of putting it too. “ Will you allow me the pleasure &c.” There is no *allowance* in the case, the fellow knows it ; and as to the pleasure of drinking with *her*, why in most cases the pleasure would be as great without her as with her. IN VINO VERITAS indeed ! here is a fine application of it ! How this poor world is overrun with lying.

GRUTLI.—I am glad you allow there are *some* cases in which it may be a pleasure to drink wine with a woman.

CANDIDE.—And I am glad at your years that you should have enough of human sympathy to make the remark ; no doubt ’tis pleasant. In their day, many a girl and many a woman too, might well have said while drinking wine with me, as Goldeni’s Locandiera says to her Cavalier who is drinking more than his *glass* though—

“ Bevo del vin co’gli occhi poi
“ Faccio quel che fatg voi.”

GRUTLI.—Well I see we have you, or shall have, on our side after all.

CANDIDE.—Indeed I dont know ! I end as I began, there is much to be said on both sides. Is there any other truth after all at the bottom of this well of a subject, than the truth which Horne Tooke as much*in the spirit of a cynic as a philologist defined. “ Truth is what a man troweth.”

DE ROHAN.—Truly it appears to me that the one thing needful is perfect freedom in all things, so long as it leads not to

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a wronging of society or any great outrage even of its prejudices. Thus at a dinner table I would have every man free to help himself to wine of any kind and at any time when it so pleaseth him without being supposed to violate the rules of good breeding, and without practising that mysterious ceremony that combination of nod, shrug, uplifted eyebrows, indrawn chin and "honor of wine" which was held some years ago essential to the propriety of the operation. On the other hand if he desire to revive in the mind of any fellow convive, or in that of some captivating Julia Maria, more beautiful than Leda, those small sweet and kindly associations which attend the venerable custom of the social pledge, let him do so in the name of all that is sensible in defiance of the puppyism which would explode the observance as low, as not being "Bon Ton" forsooth, which miserable affectation I can no more away with than our friend Grutli.

GLENGYLE.—I quite concur in the proposal of perfect liberty at table. I am indeed as great a friend to the liberty of the glass as to the liberty of the press. So entirely have I ever acted on this view of matters, that I never hesitate to help myself to any wine that strikes my fancy—whether I am asked or not—or whether I pledge another or not. There is at times a bother in "Mr. So and So, a glass of wine?" Not but that I find the cry useful after a fashion, for when there happens to be a large party at dinner (a barbarism, thank heaven, going or gone out of fashion) I look down the table, give a nod, and a smile and exclaim "with an amicable risibility of aspect—a moderate cadence of body—and a conciliating co-operation of the whole man"—*with the greatest pleasure—Burgundy to whatever you like*, and quaff off my bumper to OURS all the time.

GRUTLI.—That is not a bad plan, but it unfortunately so happens that, as matters at present are constituted, the ladies cannot avail themselves of it.

GLENGYLE.—Depend upon it then that were there no other, what you have just stated is a good argument for continuing a social custom, which in all probability, originated in a wish to accommodate the ladies.

GRUTLI.—Not unlikely.

GLENGYLE.—Not unlikely! I tell you my friend there cannot be a doubt of it. How many a sweet shrinking damsel and pretty modest matron have I seen, who through the neglect of a parcel of stupid about them, have gone without a glass of wine the whole of dinner, though half fainting for want of that necessary refreshment!

DE ROHAN.—Why the deuce then does not she help herself—or ask you to take a glass of wine with her?

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GLENGYLE.—A very likely thing to be sure! But there is another point of view in which we are to consider the practice, not merely as a harmless but as a laudable one.

CANDIDE.—I should like to hear how you make that out.

GLENGYLE.—Why then it is a partial means for forming acquaintanceship—for keeping up acquaintanceship—for maintaining good feeling and for making up sundry undefinable little *contre tems* and coolnesses and misunderstandings that arise in the general intercourse of life, one scarce knows why nor cares much wherefore, at the time—but which “vires acquirunt eundo,” and are fraught with much *after* vexation of spirit.

GRUTLI.—I do not see exactly how a glass of wine is to obviate such results.

GLENGYLE.—A glass of wine like all other remedies to be of effect ought to be availed of early. For instance you are sitting next to a strange lady or a strange gentleman. You are both anxious to break the frigid spell, “will you allow me the pleasure, &c.” The thing’s done at once—and you glide into an easy chit chat.

CANDIDE.—And so would you if you had asked her to permit you to help her to a wing of the chicken before you.

GLENGYLE.—Or some moody son of man takes it into his wayward head that you have cut him of late and he deems it necessary forsooth to look as black as thunder at you. A radiant smile—a quiet cordial bow—and a cheery invitation to imbibe, at once exorcises the sulks of blue devils and suspicion, and confidence is restored. In this way I can assure you many little breaches are healed by a little wineshed, that in the process of time and misconstruction might lead to bloodshed.

CANDIDE.—*Buss!* we have had enough of the subject, and you are getting prosy.

GLENGYLE.—Enough of wine? Well, I did not think *that* would be *your* exclamation. But, before we dismiss these bright decanters, let me ask you all, is it not equally astonishing and delightful to think how much the art of preparing the necessaries of life has advanced in Calcutta! How much have we not improved of late in the *modus operandi* of cooling wines! Such inflictions as I have suffered (and so have you all) in the days of mere Salt-petre! Until the blessed introduction of Glauber’s salts, India might be said to have belonged to the dark ages.

CANDIDE.—And yet little didst thou dream that thou couldst ever bring thyself to think of Glauber’s salts with pleasure.

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GLENGYLE.—No wonder wine formerly had not the flavor it now has. The old abdar fashion was a regular churning process, and when the Amreeta was handed up, it had about as much gusto as the churned ocean, but alas! there was any thing but immortality in the draught.

GRUTLI.—Well, since the glorious union of Nitre and Sulphate of Soda, it is to be hoped that no one henceforward and forever will be guilty of the unforgiveable crime of cajoling away a man from his own quiet comfortable domicile to poison him with luke warm water, and hot wine.

CANDIDE ---Oh! Horrible, most horrible.

OMNES.—Horrible! (a general shudder.)

DE ROHAN.—*Cuerelle* remove—There is still however a pitiable degree of ignorance on the subject of the divine mystery of cooling. I did intend to have published a little tract entitled “THE COMPLETE COOLER OR EVERY MAN HIS OWN ABDAR,” but as this circle is sufficiently extensive in its ramifications to supersede all necessity of publication, I will, while they advance the first course, briefly lecture, with your permission, on a point so important to the health and good humour of the community.

OMNES.—Go on, go on.

DE ROHAN.—An Abdar was formerly a Lord paramount in an unfortunate gentleman's establishment—a perfect Nero who played the fiddle while his master's wine was burning; he is now less than the least; the whole race have eaten dirt and fallen from their high places. You no longer say bring bring me an Abdar, you say bring me any soor who may happen to be obtainable. Well! having provided your man, or men to operate (let me now be considered as speaking of a family of four or five persons), You provide a species of bucket rather broader at the upper part than at the base.

GRUTLI.—For chemical reasons the largest quantity of a cooling mixture should be collected round the superior portion of the liquid to be cooled.

GLENGYLE.—Round the shoulder of a bottle for instance, which must stand upon its base otherwise the frigorific mixture mingles in the most amicable manner imaginable through the cork with your sherry or —

DE ROHAN.—Don't interrupt a professor in the midst of his lecture. Well! you get a wooden bucket lined throughout with lead and sufficiently large to hold seven bottles, with the space of about half an inch or rather more between the sides of each bottle, you get a leaden cover which fits said bucket as tightly as the

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lid of a Laurence-kirk Tabatiere fits the box. Then you provide two or three common horse blankets and having advanced "thus far into the bowels of the land" you either contemplate your preparations with complacency, or you do not, according to the mood of mind you may happen to be in at the time. If you are thinking of Rosa Maria, the whole thing is thrown away, you would not give a cherry stone for a bottle of George the Fourth's best sherry marked Private Bin No. 32, but if you are thinking of your dinner, "ah ! voila une autre chose,"

WILFRID. But what in the name of Fahrenheit is the use of the horse blankets ? I can understand the horse buckets---but the horse blankets !

DE ROHAN. "Not to know this argues yourself unknown." The horse blankets, or for the matter of that you may take any other blankets, are superb non-conductors. You envelope your bucket in them as carefully as you would fold your own Matilda in her Cashmere before conducting her, of a raw English summer night, from the squeeze room down that most rheumatic of passages to her carriage in Charles Street. The horse blankets defy for a time even the muzzy, hot, fummy, steamy, moist, nastyness of a Bengal atmosphere, preserving the precious liquids, around which they are swathed with as many folds as a mummy cloth, from its never sufficiently-to-be execrated abominations.

WILFRID. Well ?

DE ROHAN. Well ! you next prepare your salts, Glauber salts and salt petre. I say nothing of more costly reducers of temperature, for heaven knows the people in Bengal wont be able to afford any of any kind very soon---well, prepare your salts, let them be of the best quality, white, finely crystalized, and dry ; pure conglomerates of frigidity ; half of saltpetre and half of sulphate of soda in other words glauber salts---now, for the first time, properly honored and revered amongst men, of *old*, but another name for dreary anticipations and perplexing thoughts to the unlucky school boy, dose avoiding, who yet saw inexorable fate in the shape of a cracked tea cup half filled with a drab coloured, luke warm liquid.

GRUTLI. My dear fellow we will excuse your reminiscences on that subject ; go on with your lecture.

DE ROHAN. Well ! now you have your buckets---your buckets and your salts ready---

WILFRID. How much of the latter ?

DE ROHAN.---I should say for a bucket capable of holding seven bottles ; you should, if the weather be warm take three

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seers of Glauber Salts, and three seers of Saltpetre. If the weather be tolerable, that is to say the thermometer not more than 80, then two seers and a half of each will suffice.

GRUTLIE—Pulverized?

DE ROHAN.—Some artists of eminence pulverize. I do not, or rather I could not. Once when I attempted it (for these sublime mysteries do no discredit to the master hand) I produced a squashmabosh kind of salified mass, about the consistency of "big little red deer swamp" in Kentucky. I have used ever since the crystals merely broken up a little to promote more speedy deliquescence. Well, you satisfy yourself by previous experiment as to how much water will cover the shoulders of your bottles when in the bucket. You have that quantity in porous *Serais* cooling in the evening breeze while you are warming your sides by a gallop, or your heart by a saunter in the witching smile of some recently arrived Amelia or Georgina Elizabeth, whose eyes form two additional evening stars to the loungers on the course. You return home full of the most ardent affection for Georgina Elizabeth and your dinner. Now comes the moment "big with the fate of Sherry and of Beer." You prepare yourself for the solemn process by a moderate Libation to Jupiter if you like, half a glass of Brandy tossed down your own throat calms the pangs of absence and gives you an appetite. You pour the already somewhat cool water into your bucket; you dash in the Salts, placed ready in separate tin vessels, or silver, or gold vessels if you like, (I only say tin because there is a pretension about the other indicative of bad taste) in separate tin vessels, each holding exactly three seers; you pour in the Glauber about a minute, not more, before the Saltpetre, and stir it about rapidly—now comes the consummation of the mystery. "To be well shaken before taken" is a sublime maxim, but write *mine* on your soul in characters of fire "STIR LIKE THE VERY DEVIL." Churn the Ocean furiously as Narrain said to the Assassors. Agitate! Agitate! Agitate! as Mr. O'Connell said to the Irish. In short the great secret of the whole is to bring about the most rapid dissolution of the Salts which it is possible for the energies and the devotion of human nature to accomplish. Two men with little bundles of cane agitate the Salts in the water and you will doubtless agitate *them* if they dont "turn to with a will." In five minutes or thereabouts they (that is to say the Salts not the men) will be nearly all dissolved; but time was made for slaves, Saltpetre and his brother Glauber dont care a fig about minutes, sometimes they dissolve quicker and sometimes slower, I suppose according to the affection, or affinity, they happen to have for each other on the occasion. So the best

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way is not to leave off stirring till you feel that but a very small quantity remains undissolved at the bottom of the bucket. Then with a grateful and rejoicing heart clap in your wine, you may have had one bottle of Sherry in, or even two, during the whole stirring process; the greater coolness for them and the greater bliss for you; clap in your wine, on with the cover, your bucket is already standing on a blanket, envelope it entirely, cut off all connection with the atmosphere, breathe a gentle prayer to Thyonæus for the success of your experiment and await the result in a dignified attitude. In about eighteen minutes, during which you discuss your Salmon and Pomfret the effect is complete, apply "liquors of sorts" to the part affected and if they be cool why "rejoice therefore." If they be not, devote your stupid head to the inferior divinities after the fashion of George Fitzclarence. But there is one thing. Dont let your menial commit the atrocity of leaving the wine on the table, even in coolers. The moment he has helped your guest or yourself let him, swift as a swallow to its nestling young, rush back to the bucket, replace the bottle in the frigorific mixture, and hastily as he values his life put on cover and blanket. It is better to curb ones divine fury for the veritable Bacchus and swallow him cool when he *does* come, than by an animal impatience to gulp liquids, like a horse at a pond, deprive them of that most precious freshness.

GRUTLI.—Then you have your bucket in your dining room?

DE ROHAN.—In my dining room! aye in my dressing room, in my bed if it were necessary, why if you had the apparatus outside your claret would absorb at least a degree of caloric from the atmosphere in transitu, a thing not to be thought of without a shudder; besides you have only to conceal the horse blanketed bucket with wreaths of vine leaves, ivy, and roses; place it on a white marble pedestal, place another of verde antique by its side supporting the alabaster figure of a Bacchante waving a torch (which with a perfumed flame lights the operations of the abdar) and the whole thing is rather ornamental than otherwise.

GRUTLI.—I think *Payne's* process better.

DE ROHAN.—I think mine simpler—besides from the mass of cool'd water, which you have at command you can, provided the bucket be kept well blanketed and as close as the copper vessel from which the Arabian fisherman released the Genii, always keep the bottle of hock, ditto of seltzer, which every right minded man drinks before courting Morpheus, cool until bed time. By the way if your people agitate after the prescribed fashion, they ought to reduce the temperature of the water in the bucket

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nearly or fully 40 degrees below that of the atmosphere ; ascertain this by your thermometer, which all great masters of the frigorific art carry in their pockets, *le voici !* (*pulls out an ivory pocket thermometer*) with this little instrument every true POCOCURANTÉ tests the temperature of his wine, and if at any unfortunate mansion of little ease he finds Claret higher than 48° Burgundy below 70° or Hock above 34°, let it thenceforward be Taboo to his soul.

CUERELLE.—Le premier service de Monseigneur est servi.

FILET DE BŒUF SAUTE.

AUX TRUFFES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 <i>Chicorée a la creme.</i> | 1 <i>Laitus au jus.</i> |
| 2 <i>Epigrammi d'Agneau.</i> | 2 <i>Cuisse de poularde a la Tartare.</i> |
| 3 <i>Langue de veau sauce piquante.</i> | 3 <i>Cotolette a la Financiere.</i> |
| 4 <i>Epinards au jus.</i> | 4 <i>Asperges a la sauce.</i> |
| 5 <i>Rognons au vin di champagne.</i> | 5 <i>Blanquette de veau aux champignons.</i> |
| 6 <i>Pomme de terre au naturel.</i> | 6 <i>Pomme de terre a la maitre d'hotel.</i> |
| 7 <i>Cotelette en papillotte.</i> | 7 <i>Ris de veau ala financiere.</i> |
| 8 <i>Palais de bœuff a la Paget.</i> | 8 <i>Petits Pâtés a la Bechemel aux truffes.</i> |

DINDON AUX TRUFFES.

HORS D'ŒUVRES

Salade d'anchois

Citron.

Jambon de Bayonne.

Artichauts a la poivrade.

DE ROHAN.—Apropos, where has that famous controversy gone to which blazed up for a time in this good town of Calcutta with so much fierceness and energy, so much fire and no little smoke? I mean Utilitarianism *versus* poetry, what was it all about? *Wilfrid*, my good fellow, pray what *do* the Utilitarians say touching the merits of poetry. I don't understand either Coptic, Chinese or Benthamic, so kindly edify us by giving the opinion of the great sage and his followers on the point at issue in simple Saxon English.

WILFRID.—Why, I hardly know myself what are really the Benthamic notions of poetry. I used to think the celebrated Utilitarian was at variance with a silly ancient, who has been foolishly styled the father of criticism. Aristotle said that poetry is

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the most philosophical of all writing, and I had some how or other taken it into my head, that Bentham regarded the divine art as less valuable than a game of Pushpin, and had pronounced it to be necessarily opposed to moral truth and mischievous in its results. The Benthamites, however, have puzzled me greatly by at one and the same moment attacking poetry as violently as their leader was said to have done, and swearing that he was grossly misrepresented, and had expressed in reality a higher notion of the art than I had done. I must repeat to you one of the passages in Bentham's works, which have given rise to the late noisy controversy.

"Prejudice apart, the game of Pushpin is of equal value with the arts of music and poetry. If the game of Pushpin furnish more pleasure, it is more valuable than either. Every body can play at Pushpin; poetry and music are relished only by a few. The game of Pushpin is always innocent; it would be well if the same could always be asserted of poetry. Indeed between poetry and truth there is a natural opposition; false morals; fictitious nature. The poet always stands in need of something false."

Now, how the Utilitarians can attempt to justify or explain away such a passage as this, is a matter of wonder to the plain and unsophisticated. Perhaps some Benthamite amongst us will favour us with a word or two upon the subject. I pause for a reply.

DE ROHAN.—After all I'll bet sixpence, there's not an Utilitarian in the room, who knows what Pushpin is, or can play at it. I am accomplished both in theory and practice. But Wilfrid pauses for a reply; for heaven's sake give him one Easternholm, or that glass which hangs balanced in mid air while his one eye rests on you and his other on the Chambertin will never reach its destination.

*EASTERNHOLM.—The mysteries of the game of Pushpin I cannot pretend to develop, but all that Bentham meant to convey I take it by the homely illustration which has given such a shock to the sensitive nerves of Wilfrid is, that the poetical *form* is only valuable, as it gives pleasure.

DE ROHAN.—With the utmost respect to Bentham, I do conceive that he talked most prodigious twaddle in the matter of Poetry and Pushpin, as I shall endeavour to prove by and by, but in the mean time has no Benthamite more to say in favor of his apostle's views touching the *comparative value* of the two pastimes, than our friend Easternholm?

*LE VOYAGEUR.—I do not subscribe to Bentham's opinions, which I think are as *ultra* in poetry as in religion, but in this instance it should be considered, that he was writing on morals, and that the illustration, which has given Wilfrid so much offence was merely intended to save a long explanation. It is as much as saying, that all amusements

are to be classed by the quantity of pleasure they yield; not by the intricacy of the game. As for the moral effects, I believe we shall all agree, that poetry and eloquence are better suited to influence the passions than to convince the reason, and if we were to name a utilitarian, *Tyrtaeus* amongst the ancients, or Körner of our own days, as proofs of what poetry can effect in a national struggle, he would consider Bentham's position as strengthened rather than weakened by such instances.

GRUTLI.—*Comment ?* how? explain mon bon *Voyageur*.—

LE VOYAGEUR.—Because the effect was produced by the *pleasure* of the poetry. By the bye as *Wilfrid* has thought proper to bring Aristotle forward in defence of his favorite pursuit, I would ask him in what place he found the assertion that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing. I remember that in the *Poetics* he says that it is more philosophical than history which treats of individuals, but poetry of man in general; but in my opinion it would be difficult to shew that the reflections of *Tacitus* or of *Hume*, are not as generally applicable to human affairs as those of *Homer* or of *Shakespeare*.

WILFRID.—*Easternholm* has no ground whatever for his supposition that Bentham speaks of the *form* and not the *spirit* of Poetry. His words are too decisive to be taken in that sense. It is not mere verse or the externals or unessentials of poetry which the greatest utilitarian philosopher asserts are opposed to moral truth. In another place he sneers at *Homer* and scoffingly asks us, where we shall place him among the moralists? Considering the age in which he flourished his morals were wonderfully pure. Pope notices the opinion of Longinus that *Homer* was remarkable for the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments. He also alludes to the "innumerable instances" which Dupont in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has given of a resemblance between the sentiments of *Homer* and those of the Scriptures. The poets of the Bible have always been esteemed good moralists even by many who do not believe the Scriptures to be the word of God. "The best security" says Campbell "that we possess, for the probability of the poet's talents being employed in the support of virtue is in the nature of Poetry itself. Impurity is an anomalous mixture in its character." In the same manner as the painter or sculptor naturally selects the loveliest objects in external nature, so I think is the poet naturally led to dwell on the finest traits of our moral being. That individual poets or painters have taken an opposite course only proves the obliquities of their particular tastes and ought not to be brought against the character

of their arts. To suppose that an art, so divine as that of poetry, so associated with the deepest feeling and the loftiest thoughts—an art of which the spirit infuses itself as it were into our converse with the creator and the universe, is simply confined in its results to mere *pleasure* and that pleasure to bear an affinity to the amusement derived from a game at Pushpin, is downright blasphemy or insanity, and could only be excused in a drunkard or a fool. When a man who sets up for a philosopher talks in this way, he deserves no mercy. *Le Voyageur* enquires where Aristotle has said that Poetry is the most philosophical of all writing. I confess I cannot turn immediately to the passage, but I have a vague recollection of having met the sentiment in the pages of Aristotle, and I know that Wordsworth in one of his prefaces, alludes to it with admiration and delight. Coleridge too, observes in his *Biographia Literaria* that Aristotle has pronounced “the essence of poetry” to be “the most intense, weighty and philosophical product of human art.” However, this is an incidental question; all I wish to prove is that Bentham has said what I have charged him with having said, and that his opinion is any thing but philosophical. I can at all events refer to the particular passage in Aristotle’s *Poetics* in which he says that it is not the writing in *verse* that makes a Poet, and that Poetry is “*a more philosophical and a more excellent thing than History; for Poetry is chiefly conversant with general truth; History about particular.*” This of itself is a sufficient set-off against Bentham.

But I am keeping all the talk to myself—I should like to hear De Rohan enter upon the subject.

DE ROHAN.—It is a mystery to me, though excellently versed, as I before observed, in all the intricacies of that prodigious game on which the modern Socrates has conferred immortal renown. To me it seems that this oracular sage either did not know what he meant when he talked of Poetry and Pushpin, or he delivered himself of one of those surprizingnesses known amongst the prophane vulgar by the euphonious and delectable appellation of Mares-nests, in which by the way, as in the oracle of the greatest happiness principle, the late venerable Bentham dealt wholesale, retail, and for exportation—When he said that prejudice apart, the game of Peg Top—

GAUTLI.—Pushpin.

DE ROHAN.—Well Pushpin—was of equal value with the arts of music and poetry, he was more obfuscated than Ajax and developed sheer unmitigable twaddle. Where did he, and he a liberal too! hear of the game of Pushpin, or even that of dumps,

which is a much prettier game than the other, contributing to save a country from the unjust grasp of foreign invasion? If the philosopher would not recollect Tyrtæus, and the liberal scorned to remember the Saxon Korner, surely the mind of the republican might have had some glimpses touching the positive utility of *Ca ira*, his ear might have caught the faint echo of the *Marseillaise*, still lingering over freedom's field, immortal Valmy. How astonished General Kellerman would have been on that occasion, if Bentham could have addressed him with—"Citizen General, it is unbecoming in a true Republican to value any thing except for its utility, prejudice apart that infernal too-tooing and howling which your "brave army" are keeping up, is only of equal value with the game of pushpin, a game with which you, Citizen General, are doubtless well acquainted, while it really costs more in horns, trumpets, clarionettes, and such abominations which are dearer than pins. Here, Citizen General, are several papers of shorts, no. 4, from Whitechapel, distribute them to the army, who will thus save the expence of their lungs and their regimental bands."

CANDIDE.—(*Whistles Lillibullero in a low sweet whistle.*)

DE ROHAN.—Yes, I understand you; but there is no necessity to multiply instances of the utility of poetry and music, which utility oddly, or rather naturally enough, has always been of the right sort—in other words, the mighty sisters have been *useful* on the side of freedom. There is no *Marseillaise* hymn, no "Hail Columbia," for the use of tyrants; such things are sacred to the people to whom they must be addressed, or they perish. Well, to return to the point, even as an Utilitarian Bentham wrote trash when he had the twaddlery to compare poetry and music with Push-pin: but says Easternholm, he meant only to intimate in his grubby—

EASTERNHOLM.—*Homely*, if you please.

DE ROHAN.—In his homely illustration, that the poetical form is *only* valuable as it gives pleasure. We can scarcely allow a master of definitions, like Bentham, a writer weighing every word he wrote, the benefit of this explanation; which is so far complimentary that it shews the sage did not exactly know *what* he meant—but what if we do? Why then comes the "*mare's nest*," "that which is *most* pleasant is *pleasantest*!!!" and instead of selecting Push-pin for the illustration of his theory the sage might just as well have said, "Take a pig, shave him, paint his nose blue, put a pipe in his mouth, and a gold laced cocked hat on his head, and as that will give pleasure to millions who cannot read Shakspeare, or indeed

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“ any other author, and never heard of Handel, (I include
 “ amongst such the entire people who “ assist ” at Bartholomew
 “ fair, the Cherokee nations, the Hottentots, a majority of the
 “ Esquimaux, and the inhabitants of Kushavun, in lower Thibet,)
 “ your pig, with the tobacco pipe, is more valuable than the
 “ thirty-six plays of the scribbler of Avon, or than the Oratorio of
 “ the Messiah. In short, that which is pleasant, is pleasant—
 “ that which is most pleasant is pleasantest.” This is the mare’s
 nestism in Bentham, which, caviare to Antient Pistols, gains
 him but a cold welcome from idealogist-despising “ men of this
 world.” It is like the greatest-happiness-principle, that immortal
 mare’s-nest which is presented to mankind as a novel discovery,
 just as if it had not been known not only eighteen hundred years
 ago, but from the time of the flood. *Nimrod* himself, you may
 rely upon, it, would never have been such a grandfather of
 Donkeys as to have questioned the truth of the *maxima felicitas*
 axiom; he would merely have told you, that *his* ideas of promoting
 the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the longest time,
 differed from those of Bentham, “ voila tout.”

THE UNKNOWN.—Nimrod was the first Pococurante, fervent
 striving, with a mighty spirit, under the stars, and in the moaning
 depths of dark forests.

DE ROHAN.—Then we’ll drink his health if you please, while
 Easternholm delivers himself of a storm upon the devoted
 head of Wilfrid, who is, I see, standing on his guard intrenched
 in a *Paté a la Bechamelle*.

EASTERNHOLM.—Nay, not I, the odds are too fearful when
 Le Voyageur does “ not subscribe to the opinions of Bentham,”
 and Candide whistles *lillibullero*. “ The better part of valour
 is discretion,” say I; that’s part of my philosophy. It was a
 fine display of heroism in Fitz James no doubt, when he beheld
 “ Clan Alpine’s warriors true,” start up at Roderick Dhu’s
 whistle—

———— that whistle manned the glen
 At once with full five hundred men—

to place his back against a rock and exclaim—

———— this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I—

but I can’t help thinking he made a virtue of necessity, as many
 heroes have done before and after him, and would gladly have
 got away if he could, from such ugly odds, and I therefore who
 am no hero, may be excused for making a retreat before the
 united forces of De Rohan and Wilfrid, when Le Voyageur
 withdraws his Telamonian shield, and leaves me singly to sut-

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tain the fight. I must not surrender without one blow, for the honour of the cause, however. To return then, to the plain matter of fact, of a subject which belongs rather to a *molto* than a Pococurante Society—be it observed, that my interpretation was rather conjectural than positive, and I don't think, such as it was, that it has been rightly apprehended, or fairly represented by you Wilfrid—but I shall better explain myself by an illustration; you, I know, can recite from memory some of the finest passages of Milton, oblige me then by a recitation in your own emphatic style of a part of Satan's address to the Sun, eight or ten lines merely, will do—now no excuses for it is essential to my case.

WILFRID.—I cannot exactly perceive how that can aid you nor do I profess to be—however, as you say—

(*Wilfrid recites.*)

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, &c.

EASTERNHOLM.—That is magnificent blank verse. Now be so good as to read it as plain prose disregarding all metrical division. (*Wilfrid reads.*) Well, now de Rohan, do you perceive the difference of the poetry whatever it is, is still there, but what a change!

*Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.

and yet who can say that any thing but the mere *form*, the mere vehicle of these grand thoughts is changed? the original, the poetical form gave us greater pleasure, and, inasmuch as it does that and *that* alone, is that form valuable. Do you perceive DE ROHAN? At any rate, my argument like my wine is exhausted, and if you don't change the subject, at least be good enough to pass the Chambertin. I'll pledge you in a bumper to the immortal memory of the great unknown who invented the glorious game of Pushpin.

THE UNKNOWN.—That was Alfonso Giovinatesco. I knew him well, a Lahspisade of Don Pablo de Toledo's Tertia. He was killed by the fall of a draw-bridge at the siege of Pavia. On the same day Bourbon gave in his adhesion to the Society—you know the result.

WILFRID.—I do not see how a proof of the importance of the *form* of poetry with regard to its merely pleasurable results, is any argument against my views. It is on the contrary rather in my favor. I of course do not depreciate either the *form* or the *spirit*, I consider them both valuable, though I think the one

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immeasurably *more* valuable than the other. Bentham, in his sweeping style, seems to have abused both. Though verse is not a constituent part of poetry, it undoubtedly gives it an additional and highly congenial charm. The music of sound seems very nearly allied to what may be called the music of thought. Milton felt this, when he spoke of "thoughts that voluntarily move harmonious numbers." Thus a moral truth comes upon the ear and mind with a double grace when expressed in musical and poetical language and leaves a longer and more delightful impression than the same truth expressed in the plain prose of Bentham. I observe in a late number of *Blackwood*, that Mr. Elliott, the author of the *Corn-law Rhymes* is praised for having asserted that "Poetry is impassioned truth," though the Reviewer takes credit to himself for having said the same thing long before. I believe this definition is anything but a new one. Campbell has beautifully said in verse, something very near it.

"For song is but the eloquence of truth."

Dr. Johnson says that poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth by calling in imagination to the help of reason. Cowley has warmly said that "there is not so great a lie to be found in any poet as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry."

LE VOYAGEUR.—Gentlemen I am obliged to you for your defence. If the divine strains which you have noticed are poetry I give up the argument. Hear the gabble of geese which drove James from his three kingdoms

Ho broder Teague dost hear de decrea
Lilli bullero, bullen a la
Dat we shall have a new deputy
Lilli bullero, bullen a la
Lero lero lilli bullero lero lero hul'en a la
Lero, lero, lilli bullero, lero lero bullen a la.

and yet *Burnet* tells us that "it made an impression which cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." I agree with *Wilfrid* that the Philosopher who could compare this sublimity to *Pushpin* deserves no mercy! As for the morals of *Homer* which our friend censures Bentham for scoffing at, I have always thought they might be summed up in one word—*bloodshed*, and his politics in five more and those his own, viz.

— sis xolgarot lora, sis lara lora,

But we appear to differ so much as to what constitutes poetry that I think it would be well to attempt a definition of poetry

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and the *poetical* before we proceed, I am aware of the difficulty of precision, and I therefore hazard my own opinion more for the sake of hearing that of others than from being satisfied of its correctness. I should define the *poetical* in the fine arts to be that which represents or describes human passions, and which is capable of exciting in us, emotions similar to those produced by the passions themselves. For instance we should not allow a landscape to be poetical though copied with the greatest accuracy from nature, but we cannot look at that celebrated one of G. Poussin, the whirlwind passing before Elijah without feeling that it is poetical, because we sympathise with the terrors with which the supernatural storm would fill a real spectator. But I wish to hear what others think of this.

DE ROHAN.—Let each member give his definition of poetry and the poetical in a few words, it will at all events exercise his ingenuity and practice him in that brevity which is the soul of wit. We shall probably all disagree, but "*en passant*" permit me to remark that viewing poetry as a *practical* Utilitarian, not as a Benthamite, I look upon the verse of Lillibullero quoted by Le Voyageur as positively sublime.

WILFRID.—I reply to Le Voyageur by observing that his specimen of "the gabble of geese" has no more connection with poetry than the prose of Bentham has with the verse of Milton. It is not therefore a case in point. Its influence was not owing to its *poetry*—for any thing less poetical could hardly be conceived. When a people are in a highly excited state a mere trifle either in verse or prose, may, owing to certain associations, have a strange and prodigious effect. When a cup is already full a very little drop will make it overflow. But patriotic poems, deserving of the name, may not only exercise an influence over a nation already excited, but may produce an original excitement, and rouse a whole people from a state of lethargy.

LE VOYAGEUR.—Then you abandon your arguments, for we have just heard the *Marseillaise*, *Ah Ca Ira* and *Lillibullero* quoted in proof of the utility of poetry; but we wait, for your definition of it.

WILFRID.—I will do my best. Dr. Johnson, indeed, has said that the attempt to limit poetry by a definition would only shew the narrowness of the definer. I dare not pretend to offer a complete and unobjectionable definition, but the following is the best I can give *impromptu*.

Poetry, considered as an art, consists in the imitation of moral and external nature in picturesque or musical language. This imitation is not to be literal but imaginative, not local or individual but general or universal.

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I should like to explain what is meant by the term *imaginative* in opposition to that of *literal*, because I think I could very easily show that *imagination* is not opposed to *truth*. I feel inclined also to explain the opinion of Campbell that *moral* (in a high sense of the term and not speaking of it as a dry science) is *the essence of poetry*, and that fiction is only the refracting atmosphere which diffuses moral truth.—But I must really take leave of the subject, for I have already occupied more than my due share of the conversation.

CANDIDE.—Ye are sly rogues M. M. le Voyageur and De Rohan! Extemporize a definition of POETRY, ! Epigrammatize ditto! Upon my soul, a cool request! It reminds me of the young lady's resolution to read Shakespeare some wet morning. But as we are *all* to engage in this funny task, I will not refuse to take my share in the folly, secure that I shall have my laugh in turn at all events,

“Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.”

It seems to me then, that poetry in its birth and first conception is a *mode* of thought. Of vigorous and powerful thought always, but not always of thought that is just and pure. When next poetry steps forth from the womb of thought and is clothed by its creator with words as with a garment, then does it choose the most adorned and beautiful of the *modes* of speech, and marries itself to melody, for however, much thought may partake of the mode of poetry, without it be wedded to numbers it wants that which is needed for its perfectness, and we see that it is not good for it to be so alone. Thus to my mind, poetry, to serve me of the terms of the schoolmen, is not an entity, but a quality. If it shall be objected to me, that this definition, but shows my “narrowness” for that it excludes “fancy and imagination” essential to poetry, I answer, not so, for these are but modes of that kind of thought, which when meetly expressed in words all men call poetical. If it shall be further objected to me, that I have said it is a mode of thought vigorous and powerful always, but not always pure and true, whereas poets have sung and said of their art, that it is “The eloquence of TRUTH” and further that it is “impassioned TRUTH,” I say again to my objectors it is not so. Eloquent and impassioned truth it often *is*, often too, alas! is it eloquent and impassioned falsehood! Then does it become “*corruptio optimi*,” the worst abuse of the best gift. And though when it serve evil it loses something of its perfectness and beauty, how much of beauty does it not often still preserve? How much! Do we not all know it! I cannot think either that I have erred, if I have erred, in assigning too little dignity to the “Art of Poetry,” its limits are man's conception of the universe, and it may treat of all that therein is, for you shall no more exclude

art from its province by idle controversies and comparisons, than I shall exclude nature. To apply my definition to this similitude of Bentham's, likening poetry to pushpin. A silly impertinence of which any man might be ashamed and which I hope a future editor will expunge. Why may not a poet treat of Ethics in as *useful* a manner as the author of a "Theory of Rewards and punishments," or if not in as useful a manner as he, at least in a useful manner? I am lowering my tone you will note Wilfrid, purposely to the *ultra-Utilitarian* level, but I cannot help surmising that what Bentham was really thinking about when he let drop this idle reflexion was something like this—Ethics are a Science. The highest of all the sciences. To apprehend rightly and to teach all truths therein, the method of dealing with the subject must be the analytical and inductive method, proceeding step by step, and with a careful and minute order and arrangement. To this poetry is unsuited, for such a poem would be too like "The loves of the Triangles," and though poetry may light us now and then to truth it is also too often the ignis fatuus of error. Therefore is it in reality worthless but for the pleasure it gives, and we must confess it, prejudice apart. Thus can I fancy the philosopher of Queen Square to have reasoned, and with a mind of this hard and dry character it would be in vain for a poet to argue. The late Dr. Milner a "high man of his year in mathematics" when a Sizar at Cambridge borrowed Paradise Lost from a friend to read. When he returned it, his friend asked him what he thought of it, why he said, "'tis all very well but what does it prove!" This story may serve a "pendant" to poetry and pushpin. By the way Horace methinks is most "narrow" in his definition too, and most unjust to his own art when, quoth he,

———— "Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

Not so say I, can the painter paint THOUGHT? No! he can but paint thought *in action*. As to the IDEAL—'tis pure jargon, mystic nonsense. The Apollo Belvidere was *ideal* and lo (vide Moore's life of Byron) the *ideal* turns out to be "the image of Lady Adelaide Forbes!" I hope not however, from the knee downwards, for I will uphold against all comers that *it* has bad legs; bad for either man or woman.

DE ROHAN.—*Berkely* my dear fellow you have heard *Candide's* few words; now favor us with your ideas of poetry and the poetical and in the meantime monsieur *Cuerelle* will have the kindness to place the second course in position—certainly my dear Lincoln, I will take new milk and seltzer to your Silly. I am upon a regimen,

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BERKELEY.—After Wilfred's allusion to Johnson's opinion of a man who should attempt to define poetry, it would be hazarding one's reputation for an "enlarged capacity" to offer a definition. I shall not therefore say, what I otherwise purposed saying, that poetry, as a branch of literature is sometimes "Truth in holiday attire," and sometimes "Truth rendered subservient to falsehood for the sake of sound ;" but I shall assume that poetry, in the most enlarged sense is, "like wit, much talked of," "Not to be defined" at any rate after the ordinary fashion, least of all in the "few words," to which De Rohan limits us. We might as well attempt to convey a just idea of *Infinity*—for poetry is infinite. There is nothing of the workmanship of nature's cunning hand which strikes, appals, soothes, enwraps, bewilders or delights the senses, that is not poetical—that is not POETRY in short. Who can behold the generous courser

With ears
"And tail erect—pawing the ground,
"Fierce rapture kindling in his reddening eyes
"And boiling in each vein—"

and say it is not poetry? Who can contemplate the sleeping child—the rippling brook—the dying dolphin—the graceful swan—the bounding roe—and deny they are poetical? And will you give other term to the roar of cataracts—the howling of the tempest—the lightning's flash—the cry of the triumphant—or—(forsaking the sublime) can you discover aught prosaic in the dark eye of the Tyrolese *madchen*, the flowers of the mead—"daisies pied and violets blue"—the "song and oar of Adria's gondolier"—the "watch dog's honest bark."

the hum of birds
The lisp of children and their earliest words?"

Trust me,—Poetry is too vast for a definition. It embraces in my mind, all that exalts, terrifies or gladdens, from the view of heaven itself, to the taste of this bright, sparkling, foaming, crisp Champagne! In a word, it would be found undefinable, even though all the stores of the most copious language in the known world were employed to furnish a definition. I pay no compliment in saying this to *Candide*, *Wilfrid*, or *Le Voyageur*, but the various opinions they entertain on the subject bear me out in its truth.

GRUTLI.—*Berkeley* is right, Poetry is too vast for a definition, what says our Cheopogast?

THE UNKNOWN.—It is not so—two words define Poetry and the Poetical.

GRUTLI.—Par exemple—Poetry?

THE UNKNOWN.—THE SOUL.

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GRUTLI.—The Poetical ?

THE UNKNOWN.—THE UNIVERSE.

DE ROHAN.—An explanation quite as clear and much more concise than any which has ever yet been attempted. Gentlemen the second course awaits your pleasure.

BECASSES.

ASPERGES.

ARTICHAUX.

<i>Pigeon de volier a la Cra-</i> <i>pandine.</i>	Salade de volaille.
Vol-au-vent de cervelle de veau à l'allemande.	Tourte de filet de poularde a la Bechamel.
<i>Perdrix en gelée.</i>	<i>Rognons a la brochette.</i>
<i>Cotelettes a la prise d'Anvers.</i>	<i>Carbonnade aux epinards a</i> <i>la Louis dix huit.</i>
<i>Tourte a la financiere aux</i> <i>truffes.</i>	<i>Epigramme d'agneau.</i>
Langue de veau sauce piquante.	<i>Macaroni a la Contessa Luc-</i> <i>chesi Palli.</i>
<i>Epinards a la crème.</i>	<i>Choux fleurs au jus.</i>

Beccaficas a la Byron.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

<i>Jambon de Bayonne a la ge-</i> <i>lée.</i>	<i>Cornichons.</i>
<i>Jambon de Minorca au vin</i> <i>de Madère.</i>	<i>Thon a la Roi de Sardaigne.</i>
<i>Blanquette d' Huitres.</i>	<i>Salade D'Anchois.</i>

LINCOLN.—What are you thinking of my dear Glengyle, is your mind in moreru of the streams whilst your eye is so irresolutely gazing on that *Carbonnade aux Epinards* ?

GLENGYLE.—Why I was thinking of two words, that to my mind include all that can be said of poetry—LIFE, DEATH.

GRUTLI.—I see nothing poetical in death.

GLENGYLE.—If you do not, then must you be labouring under a *nyctalopia* or *Rotoundee* of the mind. Putting the abstract of what death *is* aside—leaving out of the question the unloosening of the silver cord, and the breaking of the golden bowl, the upspringing of the “*anima, vagula, blandula,*” (as Hadrian tenderly addressed his soul,) from its prison house of clay into the realms sublime from which no traveller returns ;—you surely will allow that there is poetry and beautiful poetry in the death of an Epaminondas—and a Nelson. Imagine the bravest of England's brave, that attenuated figure containing a mighty

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soul. Imagine him with his placid smile giving the order to the signal master to telegraph an immortal epic in nine words
ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.

DE ROHAN.—Glorious ! Just think

As they drifted on their path
Of the silence deep as death
While the bravest held his breath
For a time.

And now they have caught the meaning of the Admiral's signal. Hurrah ! what a shout ! It acts like an electric shock. It is the war cry of the masters of the ocean, ' and music in its roar.'

GLENGYLE.—Yes, and by heavens now they exhibit a fearful joy. Oh Tacitus ! how beautiful thy expression *Certaminis Gaudia*, the raptures of the conflict. But time flies, and Atropos is busy. Behold yon anxious group in the dark corner where the flickering lantern throws its "ineffectual fire" upon the pallid features of the Hero. And see near him kneels a friend, down whose cheeks in spite of him trickle the drops of manly grief ;— and as the sands of life are fast running out, *he* grasps his friend by the hand, and oh ! that serene smile ! Hear ! the Christian hero speaks. "Hardy, thou knowest that thus I wished to die !"

LINCOLN.—Never let it be said that there is not poetry in death.

GLENGYLE.—Yes, and here are words pregnant with poetry. "In the midst of life we are in death !"

BERKELEY.—Confound your croaking, give us something else and rid us of your coffin and cross bones. I know a word that in itself is a definition of poetry—Glengyle, I look towards you. What say you to CHAMPAGNE ?

GLENGYLE.—With much pleasure my friend. Excellent indeed, but we think you must add the words Saltpetre and Glauber-salts to your verbal definition. But to resume—Berkeley has very ingeniously huddled all sorts of things into his definition (which is no definition) such as a living horse, a dying dolphin, daisies, the dark eye of a Tyrolese *Madchen* or badger or something of that sort. In short he gave us a *de omnibus rebus* sort of explanation. Something like what Berkeley has achieved in affirmative I beg to submit in negative.

Thus then say I,—poetry is not an Alderman, nor a leg of mutton, nor a pig, nor a Tailor's bill, nor a shaving box, nor a Coroner's Inquest, nor potatoes, nor buttermilk, nor the Governor General's body-guard, nor the Court of Sudder Adawlut, nor the Insolvent Court, nor the Supreme Court, nor the Petty Court, nor the Servant's Registry Office, nor an Undertaker, nor a Parson, nor a man midwife, nor a Grocer, nor a Tailor,

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nor the Town Hall, nor the meat market, nor the Horticultural Society, nor ——."

CANDIDE.—Nor a fiddle-stick, nor fudge! Quousque tandem, abutere, Catilina, patientia, nostra, how long do you mean to run on at this rate, question! question! or in other words definition! definition!

GLENGYLE.—I think you have given a sufficiently long winded one, to answer for all of us.

CANDIDE.—I may exclaim with Sir Anthony Absolute "None of your sneering, puppy" but such is envy.

GLENGYLE.—My dear Candide—to attempt defining poetry—is like cramming a giant into a vial. There is something like this in the Arabian Nights but I have never met it in nature. However, since you *will* have a definition, I would say with some one, whose name I cannot now recollect, nor the occasion on which he said it. I would define poetry as similitude in dissimilitude—or, with the ingenious German Hoffmann, (author of the Devil's Elixir) I would define it, harmony in confusion, where all things differ and yet all agree. But to return to *one* word definitions—poetry is ETERNITY.

CANDIDE, (*Yawning*).—I begin to think so, for more reasons than one. I wish some of you would change the subject.

BERKELEY.—Suppose you begin.

CANDIDE.—Well, if it must be so, it must. After all, at a pinch I know no subject so inexhaustible as the weather.

DE ROHAN.—Yes; it always furnishes a most exquisite reason when the small change of thought runs low. It costs so very little intellect to observe that the day is hot or cold.

LINCOLN.—Then you can drag in an earthquake or storm, head and shoulders, which may lead to famine, fever, and all that follow in their dismal train. Then the weather has one great merit—it is always *new*. It may be, that you have said yesterday that, *that* day was hot, cold, moist, or what not—but yesterday is not to-day; nay, the intervention of twenty-four hours, (in a hot clime especially) constitutes 'an eternity to thought.'

GLENGYLE.—You appear to overlook another, and perhaps the chief merit of meteorological chat, and that is, not only its innocence, but its spirit of scientific research and improvement.

GRUTLI.—True—the tongue cannot like an Irish bird be in two places at once. It cannot indulge in observations on the weather, and deal in detraction at the same time.

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GLENGYLE.—Exactly what I meant to illustrate. Believe me, the subject of the weather is inexhaustible. It is like a vast picture gallery, with corridors leading off on each side, into which the dialogists saunter backwards and forwards. Thus the weather is hot, or cold, or moist. Then comes a disquisition, on heat, or the radiation of cold, or vapours, mists, water spouts, deluges, earthquakes, overflowings of the sea. If you have been to Portugal, you can touch on the great earthquake of 1755 (if I recollect right). If you have been to America, you may refer to the terrific catastrophe of the Caraccas. You may then touch on volcanoes, famines and all sorts of horrors, and end with the distresses at Balasore, or the boring experiment in the fort. In a word, any thing but scandal—which, in fact, is a thing I have heard hinted at as an evil—but of the existence of which I know nothing. I believe it either gone out, going out, or become so vulgar, that well bred people abhor it.

DE ROHAN.—Egad, you can't say that, for the well bred people of Calcutta, who, whatever alterations may take place in the fashion of coats or robes, hats or toques, are still "clothed in scandal, as with a garment." This is partly the cause, why old Indians, returning to their native climate, are so peculiarly miserable—they can't talk of *people*, because their acquaintance with the English world is limited and imperfect—while, on the other hand, their colloquial powers in the East have rarely been exercised on any other topic. Your man of Ind, returning home, however ample may be the means of enjoyment, however blessed may be the condition of his breeches pocket, is yet likely to be a most melancholy and lugubrious monster, an antient and fish-like monster, unless he hath some predominating taste or pursuit—don't you think so Lincoln?

LINCOLN.—I do. The fish you describe is indeed cruelly out of his element, from the moment he is cast ashore at Mount's bay or Dartmouth, till descending from the Canterbury *unicorn*, he finds himself in the well known balcony of the three Kings at Deal, about to *re-embark* on some floating hotel, standing off and on, waiting for her passengers in the Downs.

And yet it is strange enough—you shall hear one of these very "melancholy and gentlemanlike" men afterwards, in Bengal, expatiate for hours at the Mess table or in his *clique*, on the delights of England, to an admiring audience of home-sick youths, —boasting of his receptions and his "*bonnes fortunes*," praising the sports, horses, theatres, and the rest; while you remember to have seen him every mortal day—"remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow"—treading the eternal mill, from his house in the Carnatic or his lodging in the *puublicus* of Tenterden, to

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the club, about noon. There ensconced you were sure to find him, yawning and picking his teeth over a file of the *Hurkaru*, or the proceedings of that slow-coach the Asiatic Society, till two; anon sallying forth again, with hat too glossy and coat even more new than beseemeth the very highest caste of aristocracy, would he linger through his regular daily beat of Bond-street, St. James's, Pall-mall, and up Regent's-street; at each remove dragging a lengthening chain, till finally he deposited himself after these his diurnal gyrations, to dine and spend the evening at the eternal club. There would he killtime by killing characters, with the other yellow birds of his feather, who *dedomnage* themselves for the neglect of the exclusives of London, by this sort of coterie of their own; where they are quite safe from possibility of intrusion, and have all their bile and melancholy comfortably to themselves. It is indeed as you say; they have been all their life vegetating in a limited society, where every body almost is personally known to every body else; and where, save in rare exceptions of excitation, there are no matters of engrossing general or public interest to occupy men's minds, or in which they are allowed to play a part. Hence their heads run on *particulars* not *generals*—on *individuals*, not *classes*, nor tribes, nor people; upon men in short, and not on things. All this field of *resources* for occupying the mind of an old Indian is suddenly cut off, the moment he takes leave of the cuddy clique off Falmouth or the Wight, and steps into the pilot's boat. From that hour his misery is sealed—I should rather say *was* sealed, until the blessed invention of clubs, and that most blessed of all—*the* club at the curry-coloured house as Theodore Hook calls it, in Hanover square.

GRUTLI.—And why should not *our* worthy though lemon coloured compatriots thus congregate together and make themselves happy, like the old ladies of the Senior United or any other caste or set in Society?

LINCOLN.—Why not indeed? I said no word to such effect: on the contrary, I rejoice that our old associates should have found such good anchorage, and a snug berth that so exactly suited their meridian as this club. I believe none of the *castes* in England needed such an asylum near—not half so much as did our quiz-able Qui-hys, this refuge for the destitute. We were only speaking of the *fact*—remember—as to the complete *insulation* of the genus "OLD INDIAN" when he migrates to England, destitute as he generally is of almost every qualification for securing happiness in that unknown region—without pursuits, without *adaptability* (if I must coin) to his new position—without sociableness, enthusiasms, jiasions—without a *Hobby Horse* in short, or at least a European hackney of the sort. Ask your sallow

and dismal friend—as he languidly makes his punctually late appearance in the club breakfast-room—if he was at the debate the night before on the Irish bill? Not he! What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? But he may possibly tell you he *heard* that Sir Bahadur Jah had spoken three hours of an eternal circle in *the Court*, upon Charles Grant's broad hints.—“*You were there?*”—“*No!*—“*No!* Catch *me* going down to sit for hours hearing a parcel of “*people talking!*”—Touch him on the fine arts—yes! He will tell you, he did go one day to the exhibition, but saw nothing worth looking at, and only low people there! Probe him—if a militaire,—about Wormwood scrubs, or the July review of the household brigade at Hounslow? Not amiss, he allows; but not worth the trouble and squeeze; nor so good as he has seen many a brigade day at Cawnpore, or line movements at Meerut! Try the arts again—“*You were at the Play?*”—“*Not I!* I don't think they act half so “*well as I have seen at Chowringhee!*” But the opera?—No!—In vain do you dissert to the deaf ear, and dark eye, and dull imagination, of the magnificent Pasta, and witching Malibran; or the sonorous profundities of the awful *Jupiter tonans* Dragonetti, mingled with the delicate silver-sprinkling *arpeggij* of Lindley. You might as well practice eloquence to the stone wall;—“*a parcel of squal-*—“*ling and fiddling fellows!* Quoth he”—and the only thing on this opera category that does bring a twinkle into the stolid eye, or a curl over the proboscis—“*emunctis naribus,*”—is when you touch on the prolonged gyrations of the divine Heberle, or some danseuse famed for the facility with which she accomplishes her angle of 120 degrees fair measure, between the vertebral column and the femur.

And thus—thus it is! I *would* say man delighteth him not, nor woman neither, but that the latter member of the sentence (as I have just hinted) may admit of some doubt. In its best sense it admits of no doubt at all. With the society of woman—of elegant, well informed and cheerful woman—*English* gentlewomen in short—your Indian at home has usually little to do and less to say. Nor can we wonder at this, when we remember how few are the places and fewer the opportunities in India, for imbuing with the particular and very refined taste in question, the great majority of our countrymen here, exiled as they are from school-boy-hood, and destined to spend so large a portion of their prime *Indian* days, in mossfussil jungles, where a Lady is a rare bird indeed.

GRUTLI.—Come come! this is pleasant enough as a description; but surely a horrible caricature of the old-Indian ichthyology. It is rather what they *were* than what they *are*.

LINCOLN.—Not so, I swear! The Caricature as you call it is none, where one has to speak of the vast and dismal majority of

whom so many return to India after a three or four years trial of England, in reality because they are weary and long to stand again, on the antique ways of catchery and parade and "office," however they may pretend 'tis poverty that drives them back.

So mind you! I protest with all formality against being supposed to include *all*, in my catalogue of miseries; on the contrary I declare my belief that this blessed earth hardly contains more happiness condensed into a brief—alas how brief, space of three years—"with wings of down" and all that, as the Randolph hath it—but I have lost the grammatical thread of my discourse in the midst of my extacy, wherefore I begin the sentence again, that I may end it and my harrangue together with decency—then I say that greater happiness may not easily on this nether earth be compressed into 30 or 40 calendar months, than befalleth him of India—albeit with 30 or 40 years on his grizzled pate—who revisits England after a long long absence, if so be that he is an enthusiast in any liberal or elegant pursuit; in other words if he have a tolerable stud of good and serviceable *Hobbies* to bestride. Him shall the morning find pleasantly awaking from cheerful dreams of the last night's debate, or concert, opera, or party—seated over his muffin, his twin eggs, perchance his broiled ham, it may be even his Scotch haddock, lubricated with libations of monopoly Tea! On his *disjune*, appetite awaits; the child of health, the *grand-child* of happiness. He enjoys his newspaper, and his loose gown, and the slipper half pendant from the idle foot that plays with the fender, while the fire burns briskly, and the kettle sings, and the saucepan simmers, and the wight blesseth himself as he compares all around him with the horrors of a "merry month of May" at 11 ante meridiem, in India. Lo it is noon! The man sallyeth forth rejoicing greatly; shall he choose the Horticultural, the Zoological, the grand Exhibition, or that—more *recherche*—of the water colours? Or the morning concert, or the rehearsal of the new opera, or the grand review, or the Epsom? Shall he stroll down to the committee of *the House* on Indian affairs, or go and listen to the *babillards* of the Leadenhall street *canaglia*? Would he prefer—

DE ROHAN.—For heaven's sake, spare us the *babillards*. No! let him stray to the glad side of the leafless cover on the hill. A charming rural country, with its hedge rows and neat cottages—its fine farm houses and here and there a villa or a mansion that spreads like a map beneath your feet. The shadows of the passing clouds fly over it and in some spots particular bursts of October sun shine falling in the winding river or

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greener dingle light up new beauties, while the breeze the invigorating breeze, heaven help us how different from all the breezes hot or cold of this infernal country, wafts health strength and long life down your throat by gallons, there is a whimpering in that patch of gorse, a prodigious movement of tails above that green jungle in miniature. Your horse pricks up his ears with a very gentle arching of the neck a whinney, two or three good humored snorts and one paw with the off fore foot—so ho boy ! I think they'll have him out very soon Sir, yes he'll push for the cover at Gopleton flat. We shall have to swim the river he and you who have been so long in India—D—n India, Sir ! most particularly confound it ! I never again wish to hear it men—tally ho ! gentlemen cries the Colonel, dont press upon the hounds—I ride the country—and then oh Phœbus ! oh Phœbus ! oh Diana ! oh Nimrod ! what a burst of musical thunder—'sdeath the very thought of such a scene in the midst of this diabolical atmosphere of fever, famine, and cholera morbus is enough to drive one—

GRUTLI.—Wine—De Rohan ?

DE ROHAN.—No ! brandy, gin, alcohol, aquafortis-intoxication, forgetfulness—

THE UNKNOWN.—Are *you* the ARCHIALLIGATROS of the first golden circle whose sign is the southern cross !

DE ROHAN.—I sit rebuked.

THE UNKNOWN.—HOPE !

GLENGYLE.—What day, or more properly speaking, what night of the month is this ?

LINCOLN.—The 26th of August I believe.

GLENGYLE.—It is a lovely night. Behold the moon, 'calm and pale, *a phantom of the sky*,' as D. L. R. somewhere beautifully has it. I feel Endymion-like, gazing at her through yonder Oriel. And yet the air seems palpable. I can scarcely breathe, it feels so sultry and oppressive.

THE UNKNOWN.—και ειδον οτε ηνοιξε την σφραγίδα την εκτην και ιδε σεισμος μεγας εγενετο.

CANDIDE.—Hah ! what's come over Glengyle, ? he looks so deadly pale all of a sudden ?

GLENGYLE.—There again ! what can it be ? I feel as if I were at sea and sinking in the trough of the waves, with an indescribable sick faintness at my heart,

CANDIDE.—The Mushrooms !

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GRUTLI.—I am deadly sick—we're poisoned. Secure Cuelle! Ho, there!

LE VOYAGEUR.—Helm's a lee! The house is afloat methinks. There's a lurch by Jove!

DE ROHAN.—Do mine eyes deceive me or does that Chandelier above our heads, and half a ton in weight, sway to and fro in the intrenchant and the slumbering air, as if't were moved by some mighty but invisible hand? By heavens the floor undulates. Surely the Earth has spasms as the ocean hath, and these are of them!

OMNES.—*An Earthquake!*

GLENGYLE.—How grand! how terrific! at such a time proud man what art thou! well may thy heart commune with itself and be still.

WILFRID.—This indeed is poetry! There can be no true sublime without a feeling of danger and insecurity.

LINCOLN.—It certainly is not the worst definition of poetry we have had to-night, and yet I could well spare it. See how the glasses vibrate and emit short Memnon like sounds.

BERKELEY.—Hold hard! Terra and Thetis are racing, we shall be spilt to a certainty—and drop into some other planet.

GLENGYLE.—Into PALLAS of course!

BERKELEY.—No, no. I intend to become a constellation by myself.

GLENGYLE.—Just look at Wilfrid, and Le Voyageur, each in his way how characteristic! The one coolly taking notes of the occurrence, looking at his watch, feeling his own pulse, and glancing at the Barometer and Thermometer; and the other his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and evidently hoping that the roof may fall, in order to furnish him with a new descriptive idea.

WILFRID (*apart*).—"The Tri-cephalous Tartarean hound," no, that might be mistaken for a Tartar's dog. It wont do—"spasm'd where they stand," yes, yes.

BERKELEY.—He's off. Stop him who can.

GLENGYLE.—Let him alone, he's shovelling up the ore now; you shall behold the thrice refined metal anon. Defend us, here comes another shock!

LE VOYAGEUR—(*Takes out a small pendulum and a pocket compass, and begins noting the vibrations.*) From E. S. E. to W. N. W. The oscillations of the pendulum are not so great by 15½ degrees, as the last great earthquake which I experienced in Chili. I do not think the house will fall.

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DE ROHAN.—Still the earth is feverous and doth shake, and list ! how all animated nature seems to sympathize with mother earth, and every creature raises up his voice in piteous appeal to heaven.

GLENGYLE.—The very Jackalls have caught a preternatural fear and howl after a fashion of dismay. The ferocious beast that ravens for his living prey, and cools his burning jaws with blood,—forsakes the victim and hides himself in the forest's darkest depths and trembles.

BERKELEY.—I wander not so far, for even here, behold the effects of terror. Look at those two mosquittoes fallen into convulsions on the table. One ev'n in his trance doth sound his trump, as if calling all his kindred forth to arms. The other in his tantrums, wriggles into a pool of sherry, and there like Royal Clarence ends.

CANDIDE.—Just listen to the birds, with what a faint hysteric laugh yon crow relates her terrors to the vampyre bat muttering near her !

GLENGYLE.—From great to small the sympathy extends to all,—all alike are stricken with an awe most mystic, undefined. Look at yon lizard on the wall all wild with terror. He gasps as if he could hiss or speak his agony.

BERKELEY.—Mark his tail—it vibrates as if he had the ague, and now he's like the fox in the fable, for it drops off upon the ground, and there it trembles still “alone in its glory.”

DE ROHAN.—Who can describe that little being's fright. I pity him, for he belongs to the family of Alligatros.

BERKELEY.—And hark—for such a tiny thing how the cricket in the corner shouts for help. I could swear I hear him call on Wilfrid.

LINCOLN.—Wilfrid is tuned too—hear, see ; he drops the pen, the smile of bright success is on his brow.

GLENGYLE.—And *what* then is an earthquake ? O that we could descend unscathed into the secret halls of nature, and enter the dark chambers of her imagery ! Methinks I too-like Carathis (but without the penalty) would like to behold the preadamite Sultans, reposing in dread majesty on their, incorruptible beds of cedar, to see their talismans, their fulminating sabres, and to peep into the fathomless abyss where dwells the Sansar or the icy wind of death !

CANDIDE—(*Snatching a paper from Wilfrid*).—A Sonnet on the earthquake by Jove !

CALCUTTA POCOCURANTE SOCIETY.

BERKELEY.—Let's have it *pro bono publico*—come Candide, read.

WILFRID.—A mere idea worked off at a heat, if you read it however, do so *decently*.

LINCOLN.—‘If you mouth it as some of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines.’

CANDIDE—(*Reads*).—“How deadly sultry!” By Júpiter *that's* no fiction.

OMNES.—Shame! shame!

CANDIDE.—Well—patience, I'll read it fairly out.

How deadly sultry! Silence still as sleep
Reigns on the earth. It weigheth like a spell,
And see—a crevice opens of lurid hell,
Whence, blasting forth from the infernal deep,
The breath of CERBERUS with sulph'rous sweep,
Wafts desolation! Hear his booming yell!
Tri-arynx'd and thrice dreadful it extends,
And nature's vitals to the centre rends
With horror! Spasm'd where they stand, behold!
The giant forms who the vast ribbéd dome
Of the Terrene, columnar-like, uphold
Each in his hand a titan lamp of gold,
From which he shakes the naptha with a shiver,
Till seas and hills and rocks, like aspens quiver!

DE ROHAN.—Bravo! Bravo! I too, have had a sonnet in my head from the moment of the first shock—the idea is not complete—but listen

Terraqueous 'neath the silent moon,
While _____

Eh! what the deuce is that—another shock worse than the first, by all that is palpitating.

GLENGYLE and DE ROHAN jump out of the window; Candide seizes three bottles and takes refuge under an archway; Wilfrid stands immovable, repeating with inaudible volubility, and without ceasing.

“Till seas and hills and rocks like aspens quiver?”

THE UNKNOWN sinks through the floor amidst an universal crash of bottles, glasses, plates, dishes, epergnes, knives, forks, and girandoles, while the rest betake themselves with prodigious strides, and a general rush, towards the stairs.