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PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES,

BEING

THE JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN INDIA,

BY

84594  
a

CAPTAIN MUNDY,

LATE

AIDE-DE-CAMP TO LORD COMBERMERE.

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x d 21

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# SKETCHES IN INDIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PROVINCE OF ROHILCUND.

*Dec. 1st.* THE Camp crossed the Ganges—the horses, camels, and equipages performing the passage in boats, and the elephants swimming the stream. The ferry presented a glorious scene of bustle and confusion, the horses fighting, like tigers, in the boats, and even kicking each other into the water; camels roaring and blubbering, and resisting every effort, soothing or forcible, of their serwans to induce them to embark; and when some of these ungainly, though useful brutes were persuaded to emulate the fabled bear, they not unfrequently blundered in on one

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side the boat, and out on the other into the river; where they stood answering with helpless bellowings the execrations of the serwâns and maungees, who, equally helpless, quickly resorted to mutual recrimination, followed by a brisk fusillade of abusé, of which the fathers, mothers, and even collateral kindred of the principals were sure to come in for their full share.

The trajet of the elephant, that 'wisest of beasts,' is the most easily effected. The sage animal, on arriving at the river side, is divested of his burthen, which is sent across in the boats; on a hint from the mohout he steps into the stream and wades or swims through the element which he delights in, and on the other bank again patiently receives his load. In swimming, the elephant's trunk is alone seen above water. The mohout directs his course kneeling or standing on his back.

Soon after our arrival in camp, a party of nine started with a line of sixteen elephants to try for a tiger; but our endeavours were completely frustrated by the extreme thick-

ness of the covert. We did not get sight of a tiger the whole day, although on several occasions the elephants showed by their uneasiness that we were close upon one, and we found their footmarks on the sand of every rivulet. We had, however, very tolerable sport with deer, wild-hogs, and black game.

Two days after, we encamped under the walls of the Mussulman town of Amroah, which, though now in ruins, bears the appearance of having been formerly a large and populous city. The country in the immediate neighbourhood is spread out in wide tracts of cultivation, and extensive groves of fine trees; amongst which are scattered here and there the picturesque remnants of mosques and tombs, memorials of the once warlike and powerful Patâns. As we rode past the walls, amongst the numerous groups of the idle inhabitants, who assembled to gaze at the English cavalcade, I scarcely saw a single Hindoo. The gay raiment of the Mahomedan, with its various and flaunting colours, appears to great advantage over the plain white garb

of the less showy disciple of Brāhmin, more particularly in groups. The walls of Amroah and the road-side were dotted with little parties of these graceful blackguards, who stood, sat, and lounged in attitudes as natural to their supple forms and elegant drapery, as they are incompatible with the stiff joints and stiffer costume of English figures. Each group appeared as if it had been previously drilled by some posture-maker for a 'tableau.' An experienced eye may readily distinguish individuals of the two sects Mussulman and Hindoo, by a certain rakish, 'devil may care' air in the former, strongly contrasting with the placid and orderly demeanour of the latter tribe. In some instances, however, where the dress and manners may have gradually assimilated, there is still preserved one characteristic mark—the vest of the Islamite is uniformly open on the left breast, and that of the Hindoo on the right.

From Amroah two marches, through a pretty country abundantly provided with shady groves, brought us to the town of

- Moradabad. It is a considerable place, and the streets and bazaars are better scavenged than most native towns are. The population is almost exclusively Mahommedan. The English cantonment, in which a native infantry regiment is quartered, is prettily situated amid luxuriant trees, round an open parade-ground. The chief duty of the troops is the guard of the gaol, wherein there are incarcerated no fewer than eighteen hundred native convicts. These are condemned to work, in chains, on the roads: but, I fancy their labours do not extend much beyond the gravel walks of the magistrate's garden, for the roads through which we have jolted for the last three days seem perfect strangers to the spade and pickaxe.

In the evening I strolled to see a house near the town which, many years ago, as I was informed, proved the city of refuge to the Europeans of this station. Mr. Leicester was collector of revenue at Moradabad, and at this isolated spot was only supported by five companies of Sepoys; when one night

the cantonments were surprized by a sudden attack of some thousand Mahratta cavalry, headed by the famous Holkar, in person. Mr. L. threw himself, with his Sepoys, into this fortified house, which was fortunately provided with a deep ditch and a wall flanked with miniature bastions, and had just time to secure himself in his little stronghold, when it was beset by the enemy. The garrison succeeded in keeping the besiegers at bay, until Holkar, hearing of the near approach of Lord Lake, who was in pursuit of him, was obliged to draw off his troops from the blockade.

The following morning, Head-quarters pursuing its flying tour, passed the river Ram-Gunga, and encamped six miles from its left bank. This little stream proved quite a Berisina to our camp-followers; though the scene of confusion on its banks was rather mirth-provoking than horror-striking. The only boat had been rendered useless by a camel having put its foot through the bottom.

Kuranshees and hackeries\*, full of women and baggage, were sticking fast in the quick-sands; and many of them, capsized in the river, poured forth their contents, living or inanimate, into the water: whilst the ladies themselves—unused to play the naiad—picked their way, with well-uplifted pyjamas†, to terra firma, reviling in no very choice terms the gaucherie of their garree-wâns (charioteers), which had exposed their well-curtained charms to the vulgar gaze, and their silken dresses and tender limbs to the chilling stream—and on a December morning.

I remained behind on my elephant to witness 'the fun,' and had the satisfaction of seeing my property, carried on the backs of camels—well styled the 'ships of the desert,'—accomplish the passage, high and dry; whilst sundry cart-loads of office records and other impedimenta were immersed in the deep.

The portion of Rohilcund, through which

\* Native vehicles.

† Trousers.



we are now journeying, is watered by many streams, and much adorned by beautiful topes of mangos and other trees. These groves, so refreshing to the sun-worn traveller, have been for the most part bequeathed to posterity by rich natives; amongst whom it is, or was before our reign, the custom to leave behind them some monument of public utility, such as a tank, well, or grove;—an inculcation of their religion, which, if it does not tend to benefit their own souls, is at least highly advantageous to the bodies of their descendants. The topes are usually planted in regular series of avenues, along the umbrageous alleys of which the camps of travellers in the hot season are erected.

The next day we crossed the small river Kosila, and on the left bank encountered the Nawaub of Rampore, who came in state to welcome the Commander-in-chief to his dominions. On meeting, this prince entered Lord Combermere's houdah, and, instead of the usual embraces, shook hands à l'Angloise.

He affects Anglicism in many other points, an assumption by no means rare among Mussulman potentates; but the commixture of British and native manners seems as unnatural as the blending of oil and water: the ill-sustained attempt at John Bullish cordiality soon sinks out of sight, and the frothy pomp of the Mahomedan floats again to the surface. His dress was a singular mixture of splendour and bad taste, consisting of a black velvet surtout, richly embroidered in gold—such as one might imagine Talleyrand to have worn at the Congress of Vienna—upon which he had stuck several rows of the Honourable Company's livery buttons, displaying the rampant lion upholding the crown. This chef d'œuvre was, as he assured us, perpetrated by an English tailor at Calcutta. His head was adorned by an unique-looking head-piece, in form something between a cap of maintenance and the pinnacle of a Chinese pagoda. Several carriages of British fashion and manufacture followed, in the cavalcade; the most remarkable of which was a barouche

drawn by a pair of young elephants, beautifully caparisoned. His *cab* would have put to shame all its fellows in Hyde-park; it was of the most approved architecture, and the hood was of black velvet, enriched with deep gold embroidery.

The Nawaub of Rampore is a stout, vulgar-looking man, of middle stature, and deeply marked with the smallpox: he is an ardent sportsman, and is accounted the best ball-shot in India. He bears the character of a drunkard and spendthrift; and, owing to misrule and neglect of business, his kingdom, which if well managed should produce twenty lacs per annum, scarcely affords him a revenue of one-fourth of that amount.

In the evening Lord Combermere paid the usual compliment of returning the visit, when the ordinary ceremonies and entertainments were put in vogue. The audience-hall, where we were received, is of eastern architecture, but splendidly, though heterogeneously, furnished with mirrors, chandeliers, &c., from England. The presents which were offered

at the close of the sederunt to his Excellency, were strictly characteristic of the Nawaub's sporting reputation: a pair of powder-flasks formed of the tusks of the female elephant, richly carved; a sylvan, pic-nic chair, made entirely of stags' antlers: an enormous elephant's tooth, about eight feet in length, and a stupendous pair of buffalo's horns.

We only passed twenty-four hours at Ram-pore, and on the third day our camp was pitched near the village of Futtygunge, on the very plain where, some five-and-thirty years ago, a British army under General Abercrombie gained a hard-earned victory over the Rohillas. It is related that at the commencement of this battle the scales of Jove long hung doubtful; the enemy's cavalry even got into our rear, and cut to pieces six companies of infantry. Within eyeshot of the action we had some thirty-thousand native allies, in the troops of the Nawaub of Lucknow: but the Rohillas, being looked upon as the most determined fighters in India, these

crafty, cold-blooded auxiliaries did not hold it convenient to interfere in the affray, until one of the principals had achieved a decided superiority. Accordingly, they held aloof, until the British, though sorely knocked about, had proved themselves the better men; and then, like the fabled fox, they rushed in, and bore off the chief part of the spoil. As a counterpoise to this base act, however, they did the British the distinguished honour to change the name of the village, which beheld their exploits, from Beetora to Futtygunge, the place of victory.

In the evening I strolled out to visit the monument raised by government in memory of those who fell. It is of obelisk form, and stands on a small mound, the only elevation in this vast plain, on which point of vantage the enemy's guns were ranged, and afterwards taken. The names of fourteen British officers are recorded on the 'storied stone,' among whom were three commanding officers of regiments—a son of one of these now commands Lord Combermere's infantry escort. I met

him returning from his father's grave. With what intense interest must he have contemplated the spot on which his sire, a most intrepid soldier, distinguished himself, and perished! This officer is described as having possessed uncommon personal strength: when surrounded by overwhelming numbers, he slew several of the enemy, until his treacherous sword shivered in his hand, and he fell covered with wounds.

Within a stone's throw of this plain and simple monument rises the carved and minaretted tomb of two illustrious Rohilla chiefs who fell in the action, bravely leading their cavalry to the charge. Our cavalry behaved infamously on the occasion: on the first onset of the enemy, Ramsay, who commanded them, turned his horse and fled with his troopers at his heels, leaving the flank of our line en l'air. To this base desertion may be attributed the great carnage which took place in our right wing; and here the dashing Rohilla chiefs ended their career in the midst of our broken ranks. Part of our runaway cavalry

was rallied, and brought back to the field by two subaltern officers: the recreant commander awaited not the judgment which would have overtaken him, but fled to America.

The editor of the 'Naval and Military Magazine' mentions that this same officer was afterwards employed by Napoleon in the commissariat department.

The next day Head-quarters arrived at Bareilly, a considerable town, and a civil and military station. On the road we were met by the Governor-general's Agent, Mr. Hawkins, who escorted the Commander-in-chief into camp. The town appears to be tolerably populous, and the bazaars present the prosperous confusion and busy bustle of successful traffic. Bareilly is chiefly noted for the manufacture of house furniture, particularly chairs and tables, which, though painted and gilded very handsomely, are remarkably cheap. Chairs, highly ornamented, are sold for thirty-five rupees, or three pounds ten shillings a dozen.

In the afternoon we had a very pretty review of 'Dougan's corps of Irregular Horse.' The young and handsome commander, who had exchanged the scarlet and gold-stiffened mummy-case of the A. D. C. for the graceful, easy-flowing Mussulman vest, was prevented by severe illness from attending: nor did the youthful soldier, who had just attained the acme of his ambition—the command of a cavalry corps—ever spring into his saddle again. On visiting my friend, whose sickness was alleviated and his love of life augmented by the presence of a blooming bride, I found the grim livery of death already impressed upon his handsome features. He spoke cheerfully and confidently of his recovery; and in a few weeks he was in the grave—whither two others of my brother aides-de-camp had already preceded him.

The regiment collectively did not perform so well as Skinner's Horse: individually, however, the men were equally expert in the spear and matchlock exercise, and in feats of horsemanship. The Adjutant, Captain An-



der person, played for some time in front of the regiment with one of the native officers, a very expert spearman, and struck his man the three first blows, displaying the utmost equestrian skill and knowledge of his weapon. He rode with the strength of an Englishman, and the grace of an Indian. His Mussulman antagonist, as I was informed, was on one occasion brought into the arena of the Meerut riding-school, to try his powers with the best lance of his Majesty's Sixteenth Lancers; when the latter was obliged to confess that the Asiatic had him quite at his mercy, through the superior length and handiness of his spear; and, he might have added, I suspect, the more perfect manege of his horse. This latter point of superiority is doubtless brought about by the severe though light bit, and the still lighter hand, with which the natives break and ride their horses. Unlike the ponderous English cavalry bit, it does not oppress and deaden the mouth when the rein is slackened; and the tenderest touch of it throws the steed much more immediately

upon his haunches than could be accomplished by the massive piece of mechanism with which our horses are gagged. The soft, deep saddle, too, and short stirrups of the Indian are much more adapted to equestrian exploits than the narrow, slippery saddle and long seat of the English cavalier.

The most difficult of the feats that I saw this day practised was the following. A tent-peg is driven by a mallet some eight or ten inches into the earth, so firmly that the strength of two men would not suffice to draw it out. The horseman, holding his spear reversed in the rest, rides at full speed past the object, drives his weapon into the tough wood, drags it out of the earth, and brandishes it aloft, amid the cheering plaudits of the spectators. We have seen the cavalier successful; let us now follow the *bungler's* career: he places his spear in the rest, and comes thundering down direct upon the object; his horse swerves, he makes his coup, the peg stands scatheless, the ferule of the spear, plunges deep in the earth, whilst the reverse

end strikes the ill-starred rider a violent blow on the back of the head, and brings him to the ground, amid shouts of laughter from the crowd. I should premise that this feat is performed with the butt of the spear, which is furnished with a strong, sharp, steel ferule. The greatest adept at the exercise only succeeded twice in five courses.

\* When the regiment marched past the General, it was preceded, in place of a band, by a company of mounted singers, who chanted verses in a monotonous, but not unmusical key, accompanied solely by kettledrums.

On the present occasion they sung to the praise of the Commander-in-chief,—no doubt delicately adverting to his Bhurtpore exploits—but the usual subjects of their strains are triumphant recapitulations of the warlike achievements of the regiment, and exhortations to future acts of glory—much after the fashion of Tyrtæus, the great elegiac poet, who, by his spirit-stirring war-songs, spurred on the Lacedæmonians to conquest.

In the evening Mr. Hawkins entertained the Head-quarters party with a grand dinner, at which was displayed a magnificent service of plate, the same that was presented at the epoch of Lord Amherst's embassy, by his Majesty of England to the Emperor of China; but which that cautious, self-sufficient potentate declined accepting. It was sold at auction, and purchased by the present princely proprietor. Although profuse and prodigal in some points, Mr. H. has not, if report speaks true, altogether neglected to provide for his declining years: yet in spite of the handsome sum which rumour announces as the amount of his thrift, he does not, I believe, meditate a return to his native land. Indeed it has always been a matter of marvel to me, how any man, after passing the best years of his existence in India,—accustoming himself to its splendid establishments and inert luxuries, and playing the despot among a crowd of fawning, cringing dependants,—can complacently settle down to a younger brother's mediocrity in England, and school

his disordered spleen to the constant aggression which it must put up with from the independent, liberty-and-equality bluntness of English servants, and the English lower orders in general,—not to mention the probable dissolution, or at least relaxation of the ties which attached him to home, and the formation of new ones in the land of his pilgrimage.

The next morning we rode to see Mr. Hawkins's country-seat, called Cashmere, about five miles from his town residence. It is a pretty place surrounded by grounds which might easily be made very park-like: but the beauty of the whole is marred by the turf having been ploughed up, for the sake of a paltry crop of grain, under the very windows of the palace,—for such it may be styled. We did not view this Trianon of Bareilly under the most favourable auspices; for we started in one of those well-nigh choking fogs, which are common to the cold-weather mornings, and had returned to camp long before

the sun had driven his misty antagonist from the face of nature. But this is only one of the many rambles in search of the picturesque that I have made in India during the cool season, in which my horse's 'dew-besprent' ears formed the utmost distance of the prospect.

Having passed two pleasant days at Bareilly, we resumed our march towards Futtyghur on the 13th. On the 14th and 15th we encamped at *another* Futtygunge, and at a village called Burra-Muttanah. The former place is, perhaps, the spot where, in the reign of Mr. Hastings, the Rohilla satrap Hafiz Rhamut lost his life and his country, in a game at soldiers with the combined forces of Oude and the Company. It is left for *me* to celebrate the latter place by the following encounter. On our journey this morning, an enormous wild boar crossed the line of march directly before the Commander-in-chief's horse, and struck into some fields of cotton and other high crops. Snatching one of the

Hurkarahs, halberts—a very inefficient weapon by the bye—and followed by the two cavalry orderlies, I spurred after him, and was close at his heels when he dashed into a thick cate of sugar canes, inaccessible to horsemen.

Some idle camp followers, being attracted to the spot, entered the cate to expel the animal by their shrill outcries, whilst I posted myself, en vidette—like the Don waiting for the attack of the lion—at the further corner. I was in the act of speaking to one of the orderlies, when a sudden crash through the canes, and a savage grunt close to me, was followed by as sudden a rear from my horse, who entertained quite a Mahomedan antipathy to swine, dead or alive. The hog passed under his lifted fore legs, and in a trice I found myself sprawling on the earth with my little Arab rolling by my side, whilst my successful foe, satisfied with having made me ‘*vider les arçons*,’ pursued his career, mercifully abstaining from bringing the combat ‘*à l’outrance*,’ and leaving me to shake

the dust from my person, and my spear at my retreating antagonist, with a muttered threat of retribution. Accordingly I had not been three hours in camp before, Meleager-like, I assembled three or four good spears to join in my crusade against the far-famed boar. We beat diligently but fruitlessly for some hours; and I had time to digest the venom of my spleen during a ride of twelve miles. The crafty hog had, no doubt, saved his bacon by a forced march from the scene of his success.

The following morning we passed under the walls of Jellahabad, a ruinous fortress of inconsiderable dimensions; but surrounded by a lofty mud parapet, formidable bastions, and a deep fosse. It was built—as I was informed by a melancholy-looking old man; one of the few inhabitants—by Hafiz Khan, about seventy years ago—probably the same Rohilla chief whose death I have lately recounted. Like most other small native forts in the British dominions, the fortifications



have been allowed to become the prey of time; the Company's monopoly of power in India precluding the necessity—which formerly existed—of every petty town being furnished with defences against the sudden attacks of the numerous predatory hordes, which infested the country. A little beyond Jellahabad, we crossed the river Ramgunga, and encamped on its western bank!

Dec. 17th. Marched to the town of Imrautpore, through a country spread for many surrounding leagues with one sheet of luxuriant cultivation, interspersed with beautiful and ancient mango groves. In the rainy season, this rich and fruitful tract is scarcely habitable or passable; the whole country between the Ganges and Bareilly, exhibiting one vast lake of water. These inundations contribute greatly to fertilize the land. During this morning's journey, we diverged a good deal from the line of march, accompanied by the Head-quarters falcon establishment, and enjoyed some more than

usually good sport. With the long-winged, soaring *plieiree*, we had a best speed gallop of four miles after a black curlew—a bird gives flights almost equal to the heron—and the *bhauses*, or short-winged, killed for us a couple of wild geese, some teal, and several partridges. This species of hawk does not soar, but darts from the wrist with the speed of lightning, and seldom fails to strike its quarry within two hundred yards—generally in a much shorter distance. We had also some amusing sport with another kind of falcon, of which, I believe, I have not made mention. It is a very small bird, perhaps barely so large as a thrush, and its prey is proportioned to its strength. It is flown at quails, sparrows, and others of the feathered tribe, of the like calibre. The mode of starting it is different from that used with any other hawk. The falconer holds the little, well-drilled savage within the grasp of his hand, the head and tail protruding at either opening, and the plumage carefully smoothed down. When he arrives within twenty or

thirty yards of the quarry, the sportsman throws his hawk much as he would a cricket-ball, in the direction of it. The little creature gains his wings in an instant, and strikes the game after the manner of the bhause.

There is a queer tribe of gregarious little birds, common in India, which afford very laughable sport with the above-described hawk. They are usually found in a chattering fluttering congress of ten or a dozen, at the foot of some baubul tree; where the little busy-bodies are so absorbed in the subject under immediate agitation, that the falconer may approach within six paces of their noisy court of parliament, ere they entertain a thought of proroguing it. In the heat of the debate, down comes the little hawk (like some Cromwell) into the midst of the astonished assembly, and begins to lay about him right and left; when strange to say, the whole tribe set upon him, unguibus et rostris, and with a virulence of tongue as manifestly vituperative, to a discerning ear, as if it were

couched in words. In the dust of the contest the sportsman runs up, and all the party take wing, except some two or three unfortunates, who, having caught a tartar, lie fluttering in the clutches of the feathered tyrant.

The camp was pitched the next day on the left bank of the Ganges, opposite to the town of Futtoghur, which is situated about a mile from the other bank, and, with its numerous respectable buildings embosomed in fine groves, presents a very handsome appearance.

The march of intellect, which seems to occupy so much of the interest of the English newspapers at this period, is evidently rapidly extending itself to these distant regions; as is, I think, happily illustrated by the following note which I have just received from a native of rank at Futtoghur. Few of his compatriots have hitherto reached that climax of civilization, an invitatory billet to dinner;—

‘Nawaub Moontezim ood Doulah requests the honour of Captain M.’s company to dinner on, &c., to meet his Excellency the Commander-in-chief.’

The gentleman in question can, however, afford better proof than this trifling note of ceremony of his intellectual attainments, being accounted one of the most enlightened and liberal-minded natives in India,

*Dec. 19th.* Early this morning, the holy Ganges once more received upon her glittering bosom the five thousand members of the Head-quarters camp. On reaching the opposite bank, we mounted our horses and sped into the town of Fuddyghur, where a pressing invitation to breakfast from the Nawaub Moontezim ood Doulah, alias Hakim Mendes, greeted our party. On the threshold of his palace,—which it is just a year since we crossed, on our journey northwards—the Commander-in-chief was received by the venerable noble, with that dignified and gentlemanly courtesy, for which well-born Mus-

sulmans in general, and the Nawaub in particular, are distinguished. His house I have already described as handsome in its architecture and proportions; but furnished in an inconsistent and heterogeneous fashion. The table was well served, and, on the removal of the cloth, numerous costly nick-nacks of French manufacture, such as coo-coo clocks, musical-boxes, &c. — for which the natives entertain a great passion—were displayed for the amusement of the company.

The memoirs of our host would, I imagine, present a pretty fair delineation of the life of eastern courtiers in general; except, indeed, that, by some lucky combination of circumstances, or by the progress of intellect—which has taught men to respect the *seat* of intellect—the Hakim has been enabled, in his disgrace, to keep his head upon his shoulders. By his distinguished talents he raised himself to the Vizierate of Oude under Sadut Ali, which office he long held; but, as the tenure of ministers in the favour of their patrons is often ephemeral and insecure, he was sup-

planted in the king's good will by a knave, and condemned to an honourable banishment as governor of some frontier province. In this appointment his abilities poured an increase of revenue into the royal treasury; whilst, at the same time, his own cassette waxed heavier; and, when he finally took up his residence at Fuddyghur, he was accounted a man of immense wealth. Of this he has devoted a considerable portion to sundry public benefactions, among which may be noted a handsome bridge, built for the English government at his own expense.

Of the extent to which the Nawaub carries courtesy and good-breeding, the following anecdote affords fair proof. On the occasion of the marriage of a young relation, he gave a grand entertainment, to which the English of Fuddyghur were invited. In the midst of the festival, a string of costly pearls—doubtless as big as plovers' eggs!—worn by him as a necklace, broke, and the precious beads rolled on the floor among the crowd; an accident of which the Hakim did

not takê the 'slightest notice 'until the break-  
ing up of the assembly, remarking, that it  
was not worth while to disturb the harmony  
and hilarity of the party for so trifling a  
cause.

Having here slightly sketched the bright  
side of the Nawaub's portrait, I leave to his  
future biographers the exposure of the reverse.  
In person the Hâkim Mendes is tall and thin,  
and slightly bowed by age; his complexion  
fair and pale, his features small, and their  
expression that of cunning veiled and neu-  
tralized by exceeding blandness.

At the conclusion of the breakfast, the  
Nawaub conducted us to a veranda opening  
upon a grass-plot, where his stud of horses  
was paraded, consisting of a showy assem-  
blage from England, Persia, Arabia, Caubul,  
the Deccan, &c.

*Dec, 20th.* A halt—review of the sixth Local  
Horse, a corps accoutred à la Mussulmanç,  
and mustering about seven hundred men on  
parade. . After going through some skir-



mishing manœuvres, the usual practice of the spear, sword, and matchlock was displayed. The most amusing part of the spectacle was the confusion of the crowds of spectators, who were suddenly put to the rout by the whizzing of the bullets, liberally and promiscuously expended by these wild cavaliers, without much solicitude as to their direction. The regiment is commanded by Major Fitzgerald, who obtained the appointment in reward of an act of intrepidity which, about eleven years since, saved the Europeans at Nagpore from a hempen catastrophe, a fate ordained them by the Rajah of Berah, who with a numerous army headed by fierce Arabs, had surrounded the handful of an English force near that place, with the resolution to exterminate them.

The following account of the action I received from oral authority, and not from authenticated history; should it be incorrect, therefore, in the details, let my informer prepare his broad shoulders for the onus. Indeed, many of the historical anecdotes inter-

spersed throughout this journal were gleaned—after the manner of an indolent, yet inquisitive traveller—more by asking questions than by consulting documents. Having thus turned king's evidence against myself as an author, I will proceed.

The British force did not exceed two regiments of native infantry and four troops of native cavalry, the latter commanded by the then young Lieutenant Fitzgerald. Our men had bravely resisted for some time, but were falling fast from the repeated onsets of the overpowering enemy, and from the discharge of a numerous artillery, to answer which the English had only two guns (and even these shortly fell into the hands of the Mahrattas,) when Fitzgerald at length remarked to the commanding officer the utter hopelessness of standing still to be mowed down without the power of retaliation, and offered to try the effect of a charge with his four troops. The commandant refused to hear of it, and, on our hero persisting, declared, that if he carried his rash project into execution, it would

be at his own peril in case of failure. In such an emergency, however, a court-martial would present few terrors even to the most buckram martinet: the gallant youth only exclaimed, 'I accept the alternative!' and, after a few words of exhortation to his men, charged at the head of them through the centre of the enemy's thousands.

The impetuosity and unexpectedness of the attack produced a momentary panic among the Mahrattas, who, opening out on all sides, left their artillery exposed. Fitzgerald saw his advantage, assaulted and overthrew, or put to flight the golundaze\*, and, dismounting about forty of his men, turned the guns against the enemy. But for this exploit, their little party must have been quickly cut to pieces: for the Arabs, recovering from the shock, and becoming aware of their assailants' weakness, resumed the offensive, and had nearly surrounded the three troops, who were fighting desperately with their young commander at their head, when the

\* Gunners.

latter suddenly ordered his men to disperse, and to re-form behind the guns, which were still in possession of the fourth troop. This they accomplished, the enemy pressing so close on their heels, as to cut down their rear-most horsemen; and a tremendous fire was immediately opened, which checked the career of their pursuers, destroying those who pressed hardest on them, and spreading havoc among their crowded ranks. By these means the English retained their defensive position till night-fall; and in the morning a lucky discord, by no means uncommon in eastern armies, having arisen in the enemy's ranks, the two parties were thinking more of cutting each other's throats, than those of the English.

Another interesting incident was related to me of a Lieutenant —, Fitzgerald's junior officer. He was described as a very powerful young man, and an expert and dashing swordsman; and in the affray many of the adverse cavaliers had bit the dust under his puissant blade. Among the rest he dismissed

to the shades below an ancient grey-bearded warrior, who was fighting, *εν ἀγῶμα χόισι,* with his son, a young Arab, by his side. The English officer pursued his career in search of fresh conquests; but the youth had seen his father fall, and, bent on pious vengeance, followed his destroyer over the whole field. At length he came up with him, just as he was retiring, the last among his troop, behind the guns. They met for an instant; the Arab's sword, urged on by revēge, pierced the Englishman's side, and he fell from his horse; whilst the appeased son, uttering a shout of triumph, flew back to seek his sire's body.

This evening I attended a grand dinner given by the Nawaub to the Commander-in-chief. The ladies of our camp, and those of the Station were present, and the party sat down about forty in number. The repast was served strictly in English style; whilst for those guests who had imbibed a taste for eastern gastronomy, there was a profusion of curries the most recherchés;

pillaus, of marrow, redolent with spices, and tinged with saffron; and kawábs, that might have created an appetite 'under the ribs of death.'

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## CHAPTER II.

## ENTER THE DOOAB.

THE next morning Head-quarters was again en route towards Etawar, a town on the Jumna river, distant five marches from Futtyghur. The fertile province between the two great rivers is called the Dooab, a term synonymous with the Mesopotamia of the Greeks. Our first day's march, fourteen milès, brought us to the village of Jehangunge. The Nawaub sent his hunting leopards and a lynx to accompany us through a country abounding in antelopes; and our hawks were in high feather for the plentiful provision of game which we were rightly led to expect in this beautiful district. Of the latter sport we had this morning several good specimens; but, as I have already described the flights of the bheiree, bhause, and little hand-hawk, it only remains for me to sketch the peculiarities of the lugger, a bird of the

long-winged order, whose exploits I witnessed for the first time to-day.

A hare, scared from its form, crossed the line of march at full speed, and the falconers being at hand, a couple of the last-named birds were flown at her. The lugger, being a light hawk, has not sufficient power to stop the hare by one swoop, but, keeping just above her, the two confederates alternately stoop and strike her, in such quick succession, and with such force, that the timid animal, being frequently rolled over by the blow, becomes so alarmed and exhausted, that she soon lies helpless, and is taken by the attendants. In this instance the hare was brought-to after running about three hundred yards. The blow of the lugger, which is inflicted by the heel-talon, must be very severe, as the back of the animal was deeply scored in several places, and stripped of its fur.

The wide-extending, lightly-fenced, and level champaign through which we are now marching, is particularly favourable to falconry: but the great numbers of old, forsaken



wells, which are invisible to the rider until he is close upon them, render the sport dangerous, particularly to the really staunch falconer, whose eyes are too eagerly employed in following his bird among the clouds, to see and avoid the dangers that lie in wait for him on the earth.

Between Futtighur and Etawar my journal presents little more than a sporting diary; a chronicle of damage done by our chetahs among the antelope race; an obituary of herons, curlews, and others of the feathered tribe, who fell to the hawks. These I shall pretermit, as presenting little of novelty or variety; and invite my reader, without further ceremony, to spend Christmas-day with me at Etawar, a place, by-the-by, as little calculated for hilarious purposes as can well be imagined. This season of religious exultation and civil merry-making in England is in India so little marked by any external demonstrations, that I am free to confess that mid-day was treading on the heels of morning ere I was reminded that the sacred anniversary

had nearly half passed over me, by the distant sound of the well-known Christmas hymn, played by the native drummers and fifers of the escort, who were marching up the street of the camp, and in return for their rub-a-dub version of the beautiful canticle, petitioning at each tent-door for Christmas-*buckshees*\*, or Christmas-*boxes*. And here I afford my discerning reader—if he chance to be a speculator on analogies of languages—a wide scope for his ingenuity. How much more satisfactory, because how infinitely more erudite, laboured and far-fetched, than the commonplace method of deducing the word, is the derivation here presented! Let him, therefore, pursue his philological labours through the intricate yet evident relations which connect the two expressions; with the consolatory assurance, that his solution cannot be much more absurd than the theories of some

\* A gift.—It is strange enough, that Bishop Heber (whose interesting Journal I did not peruse until after my return to England) has also remarked and recorded the analogy between these two words. I shall take shelter, from the charge of plagiarism, under the well-known apology of Mr. Puff.

of his precursors, who have been at such pains to father some little innocent English words upon Chaldee roots. Whilst he employs himself in tracing the importation of the eastern word into Britain to the epoch of the Crusades, or to the confusion of tongues at Babel, if he pleases, I shall proceed to the hum-drum task of describing Etawar.

The town is large and flourishing, and there still remain the ruins of an extensive fortress. The river Jumna runs within a couple of miles of its walls : the country in the vicinity is ploughed up in all directions into profound ravines, by the violence of the rains ; so that it is almost impossible for the English inhabitants to indulge in equestrian rambles—their chief recreation in India—except on the roads, which are much raised, and deeply trenched on either hand. The cantonments of Etawar contain five companies of native infantry, which may be considered a sort of vidette force on the frontiers of the Mahratta.

*Dec. 26th.* Crossed the Jumna by a bridge

of boats prepared for us, and encamped ten miles from its western bank, near the village of Budeapore. The first part of the road led through a labyrinth of steep and narrow ravines, which greatly retarded the progress of the baggage; and on two occasions the whole line of march was brought to a stand-still by the breaking down of a baggage-cart, and the caprices of a restive camel. On clearing this intricate defile, we came upon the beautifully wooded and highly cultivated tract of country occupying the narrow interval between the rivers Jumna and Chumbul; the grain produce of which is consumed by the troops of Scindia. The camp was, owing to the delay of the matériel among the ravines, obliged to halt the next day; and we amused ourselves in hawking the peafowl which abound in the Arrhye Cates. The bhause is used in this sport, and the young peachicks, at which they are usually flown, are, on the table, no bad representatives of the pheasant.

The following morning, Head-quarters

crossed by a bridge of boats, constructed for the occasion, the picturesque river Chumbul, which divides the British and Mahratta territories; and by sunrise we found ourselves in the dominions of Scindia. It was with feelings of much-excited interest, and well-sharpened curiosity, that I prepared myself to make acquaintance with this extraordinary race of people, who have played so great a part in the modern history of India—this horde of military mushrooms,—which, like the destructive tare, took root in an obscure corner of the vast field of Hindostan, gradually extended its shoots, and finally spread its baleful sway over the greater part of the immense Continent. The rise and progress of the Mahratta power appear like a judgment from Heaven, inflicted upon the tyrannies and enormities of the established despots of the country. In the words of a late lamented soldier and statesman, ‘the Mahratta government has, from its foundation, been the most destructive that ever existed in India. It never relinquished the predatory spirit of

its founder Sivagee. That spirit grew with its power; and when its empire extended from the Ganges to the Cavary, this nation was little better than an imperial horde of thieves. All other Hindoo States took pride in the improvement of the country, and in the construction of pagodas, tanks, canals, and other public works. The Mahrattas have done nothing of this kind—their work has been chiefly desolation—they did not seek their revenue in the improvement of the country, but in the exaction of the established chout from their neighbours, and in predatory excursions to levy more.

The strongest acknowledgment of the talents and character of Sivagee was paid to him by the great Aurungzebe, in whose reign he died, and to whose schemes of universal conquest he had opposed an obstinate and unceasing barrier. On hearing of the Mahratta founder's death, the Emperor exclaimed, 'That man must, indeed, be a great general, who had the magnanimity to raise a new kingdom, whilst I have been labouring to

destroy all the ancient sovereignties of India; my armies have been employed against him for nineteen years, and nevertheless his State has always been increasing.' After Aurungzebe's death, the Mahrattas, profiting by the civil struggles of his sons for the succession; greatly extended their power, and even ravaged Delhi itself.

After being a thorn in the side of every native State, that turbulent race became a worm in the budding power of the Company. But that, which the crafty generalship and countless resources of Aurungzebe had failed to achieve against the unassisted Mahrattas, was at length accomplished by the valour of the English; and the Mahratta armies, supported by the talents and discipline of the French, were, after a long and obstinate struggle, crushed by the instrumentality of that genius, which was destined at a later period to humble the pride of their European allies, even on their own soil.

The death-blow to the Mahrattas' independence as a nation was struck when they

received a British subsidiary force at their courts. The faith of a Mahratta is about equivalent to the Punic fides of yore. No treaty is with them inviolate. These sacred compacts are known, *proh pudor!* to have been broken by more civilized nations; but some sophistry is always attempted in excuse by the rupturer. The Mahratta, on the contrary, openly glories in his ill faith, conceiving any scheme to overreach an enemy excusable, and even praiseworthy.

The constitution of this singular Government, in its days of prosperity, has been aptly compared to the Germanic empire. It was composed of two great principalities, under Scindia and Holkar,—the progenitors of the present incumbents—the component parts preserving their connexion under the Peishwar, as one common supreme head. The territories of Scindia are considerably more extensive than those of his confederate.

Proceed we.—On the western bank of the Chumbul we encountered Major Fielding,—Assistant Resident at the Court of Scindia,—



who was accompanied by several Chiefs of note, amongst others the Commander-in-chief of the cavalry, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs. They brought with them an escort of a thousand horse; and a more ragamuffin crew dignified with the name of soldiers, I never beheld. That their equipments are mean and ill kept, and their doublets 'not over new,' is, however, not a matter of astonishment; since it is well known that the troops frequently go for years without receiving a fraction of pay.

Every second or third year they mutiny; and Scindia pays them up, after deducting about two-thirds of their allowance, for the expense of keeping their accounts; paper, ink, scribes, &c., — a strong exemplification of Mahratta discipline and Mahratta good faith. At first sight it appears strange that soldiers should continue in a service, in which they do not get their dues. They, nevertheless, prefer it infinitely to ours, and for obvious reasons. English discipline is severe; theirs is lax in the extreme: our

sepoys, though they receive handsome and regularly paid wages, get nothing beyond the fixed stipend: whereas the Mahratta troops, in default of pay, may seize by force whatever they covet from the defenceless ryot, without fear of retribution. Major Fielding informs us that our visit to the country has proved an angel's visit to the army, who seized upon this opportunity to make one of their periodical exactions of their dues, and positively refused in a body to turn out on the important occasion of the British Commander-in-chief's arrival at the Court, until their arrears were paid up. The Maha Rajah was thus constrained to draw from his unwilling treasury no less than five lacs of rupees for this purpose.

The personal appearance of the Mahrattas is mean and unprepossessing. They have neither the fair stature and noble bearing of the Mussulman, nor the delicacy of feature, and elegance of figure of the southern Hindoo; and they appear to greater disadvantage in our eyes, that we have just left the territo-

ries of two of the finest races of people in India, the Seikhs and the Rohillas. Their acknowledged character as brave and skilful soldiers, however, amply makes amends for their personal deficiencies.

The chief weapon of the Mahratta is the spear, which is formed of the male bamboo, and from twelve to eighteen feet long. He is also skilful in the use of the matchlock. The troops are for the most part mounted on mares, which, although like the cossack's horse, lanky and ill-fed, are like him, capable of going through a great deal of work.

Pursuing our march, we crossed another small river, and found the camp pitched on an extensive sand bank, enclosed by two arms of the stream, and surrounded by deep ravines. The red and white striped tents of the Mahratta party were spread out on the further banks; and in a few minutes after our arrival, their wild-looking steeds were picqueted around them, their long lances standing in upright clumps in the ground, and every man, with a diligence worthy of a Ger-

man hussar, preparing forage for his horse or himself. In the afternoon the two ministers of Scindia visited his Excellency, and presented to him about forty chiefs of the country, a rough, uncourtly crew, 'wearing a swashing and a martial outside,' and armed to the teeth with divers-shaped daggers, shields, and immeasurable swords. As they severally approached to present their nuzzar, they swaggered up with a rakehelly nonchalance of manner, most of which was perhaps assumed for the occasion: one fellow, when asked by an officer of the Staff, if he understood Persian, surlily answered, 'We are soldiers, like yourselves, and understand little else but fighting.'

Two marches brought us to a ruined fortress of some strength called Bhind; and two more to the fortified town of Gohud, where the Commander-in-chief's approach was greeted by an ill-fired salute from the rusty guns of the town wall, and the bastions of the citadel. It is held by a Killardar for

Scindia\*. The outer curtain, which is of mud faced with stone, encloses a vast enceinte; and between it and the lofty commanding citadel, there are two other walls. The whole place has a melancholy air of ruin and desolation, though there are some few good modern houses, particularly that of the governor. The country round about is barren and stony, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the town there are several rocky elevations covered with stunted wood. The contrast between this desert and the richly cultivated plains of the fertile Dooab is commensurate with that which exists between the two governments presiding over them. During the Mahratta war, Gohud, strong as it appears, fell an easy prey to our armies: a fact which was ascribed to the insufficiency of the garrison to defend so large an extent of wall. We lost two officers in the storm.

\* The territory of Gohud and the fort of Gwalior were given up to Scindia by the Company, in 1805.

*Jan. 1st., therm. 6 A.M., 46°.* The first sun of 1829 broke with difficulty through a black bank of clouds, which seemed to rest heavily on the eastern horizon; and we had scarcely cleared the camp ere we were overtaken by a violent shower of hail and rain. Satisfied with having presented us with a gratuitous bath, by way of new-year's gift, the congregation of vapours suddenly dissolved itself, and in an hour the firmament presented one canopy of untainted blue. As we passed under the walls of Gohud, the Commander-in-chief received a P.P.C. salute from the citadel, and of so dribbling and unconnected a nature, that we felt satisfied that most of the old rusty guns, 'unaccustomed to public speaking,' had burst in the operation.

We found the camp near the fortified village of Behaderpore. This stronghold is of small extent but very lofty, and one of its flanks overhangs a rapid stream, which has so undermined its foundations, that the recurrence of a few more rainy seasons must inevitably bring it down.

Whilst wandering near the village in the evening, I discovered among the thickets an old tomb, evidently not of eastern form; and, on examining it, found by an inscription that it had been erected to the memory of a compatriot, a Captain Hicks, who met his death in 1781; but whether he fell in battle, or died ingloriously, was not recorded.

The next march brought us to the hamlet of Jenaira, five miles from Gwalior, where Scindia court is at present held. Our camp was situated in the Rumnah, or royal preserved park, which swarms with antelopes, deer, and other game. The sportsmen of the party were already, in anticipation, spreading havoc among them, when two shikkarees came into camp, and represented that it was the Maha Rajah's wish that the preserve should be respected; a proclamation which was immediately enforced by a camp order. It afterwards proved that this uncourteous game-decree had originated in a mistake. The surrounding country, as far as the eye can range, is dotted over with small hills, which,

unconnected by any chain of heights, start abruptly and independently out of the level plain. In our front, five miles distant, and situated on one of these isolated eminences, three or four hundred feet above the plain, stands the formidable fortress of Gwalior, uncommanded by any other elevation within gunshot. The flanks of the rock appear to be escarped on all sides; the summit perfectly flat and crowded with lofty buildings, whose minareted outline is now strongly and beautifully relieved against the red sky of sunset.

In the evening the Commander-in-chief held a durbar for the reception of the Prince Hindoo Rao, the nearest male relative of the Bye Sahib, or Queen Regent of the empire, during the minority of the Maha Rajah. His approach was first announced by breathless hurkaras armed with spears, and soon confirmed by the distant jingling of bells, and the dissonant strains of trumpets and shawms; and finally by the glittering of the long lances of his escort, consisting of a thousand



cavaliers, and thirty chieftains of rank. His Highness's mode of travelling was quite new to us, and smacked more of the hardy warrior than the luxurious eastern magnate.

In place of the usual silver-plated houdah, half-filled with soft cushions, his monstrous and beautiful elephant was provided with a kind of double saddle elevated high above his back, and ornamented with costly housings. The prince rode astride on the front part of the saddle, with his feet in silver stirrups, and guided the animal with a long silver ancoos, whilst the rearmost seat was occupied in like manner by a favourite attendant, clad in complete armour.

In front of the durbar tent, Hindoo Rao descended from his elephant into a state palankeen, in which he was carried to the Shemiana or entrance canopy.

Here, contrary to the etiquette of other native courts, he waited until all the Sardars had been presented to his lordship, after which he was himself introduced by the commandant of cavalry. The whole

party then entered the great tent, and sat around.

Hindoo Rao is a short stout man, with a countenance indicative of courage and even ferocity. His manner towards the British Chief was cool, haughty, and provokingly indifferent. Among his own people I was not surprized to hear that he bears the character of a vain, overbearing prince, and to his immediate dependants, a cruel tyrannical master. His attire presented an affected mixture of magnificence and slovenliness: he wore a red muslin turban put on puppyishly over one ear, and fastened, after the usual Mahratta fashion, under the chin with a silk scarf of green and silver. Round his waist was a sash of yellow silk, through which was thrust a long straight sword with a yellow velvet scabbard, and an equally long sword-knot of green silk fringed with silver. Massive gold bracelets and amulets were clasped round his arms, and a necklace of about forty strings of yellow beads adorned his thick, muscular throat. Yet, under all these showy paraphernalia—

instead of the glittering keemcab dress worn by the rest of the chiefs—appeared a plain, coarse white cotton tunic; which, with an evidently affected contempt for the cold, was left unfastened at the neck, exposing the whole of his broad brown breast to the sight.

After the customary circulation of attar and paun, Hindoo Rao took his departure, without much abatement of his sulkiness. His spleen had been, perhaps, a good deal stirred up by his lordship's refusal to accede to the wishes expressed by the Regent, that he and his suite should appear bare-footed in the august presence of the schoolboy Rajah. This point of etiquette was waived after some altercation, and we are to go to Court, like soldiers, booted and spurred.

*Jan. 3rd.* At sunrise we all mounted our elephants, and the prince having joined the procession, we started for the British Residency. Our group of elephants, escort, and guard, were during the whole march com-

pletely surrounded and hemmed in by the swarms of horsemen, forming the suite of His Highness. They marched totally without order, and might be seen in straggling parties caracoling and circling their well-broke horses, as far as the eye could reach. The plain looked like a Birnam wood of spears! It was impossible to avoid feeling at that moment, how completely we were at the mercy of a people who only a few years back were considered the most lawless and unprincipled marauders in India; and who must up to this period cordially hate the sight of those white faces and red coats; which put an end to their devastating piracies, and reduced them to a state of comparative dependence.

A heavy fog unfortunately came on as we passed under one extremity of the frowning fortress; and we were only enabled to catch glimpses of its perpendicular flanks at intervals. The rock on which it stands appears to be in length about one mile and a half, and varying from half to a quarter of a mile across. Its appearance, as it loomed through

the mist, was not unaptly likened to the hull of a huge man-of-war.

The town, for it has gradually grown into one, though it still retains the name of 'Scindia's Camp,' is spread around the base of the rock-fortress, and seems to cling to its gaunt parent's feet, as if for protection. Our camp was pitched near the British Residency, about four miles from Gwalior; the house is badly situated among bleak, barren hills, with a forbidding prospect of arid plains studded with rocks; but its interior is extensive and comfortable; and comfortable, indeed, ought the residence to be of that English minister, who, with half a dozen of his compatriots, is exiled to a spot so little favoured of heaven, and amongst a people so barbarous and unrefined.

At half-past two, his Excellency, accompanied by the whole Staff, en grand costume, proceeded to pay a visit of ceremony to the young Maha Rajah. We were all mounted on elephants, and preceded by the cavalry escort. The road, for four miles, was lined by the Mahratta troops at extended order; and they

were; for the most part, well mounted and armed. The men appear to have no particular uniform, but the most usual costume is a jacket of thickly-quilted cotton, which is proof against sword cuts, though it is penetrable by the spear or bullet. Some few of the officers saluted the Commander-in-chief, but the horsemen scowled sulkily at us as the cavalcade passed, and showed no mark of courtesy or respect. About halfway between our camp and the fort the Resident caused our party to halt; as that spot had been diplomatically calculated to be the exact distance which the Maha Rajah, in consideration of Lord Combermere's rank as Commander-in-chief and Member of Council, should advance to meet us. His Majesty—doubtless purposely—kept us waiting for half an hour; and when at length he did make his appearance, there was so much preliminary conversation, so much court by-play between the British Resident and the Mahratta M. C., who were, perhaps, employed in exacting and refusing, *de part et d'autre*, some paltry point of etiquette,

that the sun, disgusted with the farce, went down without witnessing the presentation.

The scene was, however, even to us who had seen so much of eastern courts, novel and interesting; the ceremony striking, and the locale very favourable for display. The interview between the two chiefs took place on a pretty extensive plain, half surrounded by a crescent of heights, the view being suddenly terminated by the craggy and sombre fortress of Gwalior. This plain was completely covered by the cavalcade of the Marhatta sovereign, whose glittering spears and floating pennons we could distinguish even as far as the foot of the rock; and each elevation of ground was thickly thronged with spectators. Every invention of barbaric pomp was lavished on the elephants and equipages of the Rajah's immediate suite. The elephant of the Hindoo Rao, in particular, was the most beautiful animal I ever saw, and caparisoned in the most costly style; the whole of his head and trunk was painted in the richest colours; he wore a deep frontlet







*Mahratta Chief and Horseman. Engraved on the distemper.  
Engraver, Published by John Murray, April 1842.*

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of solid silver network, and each of his huge tusks was fitted into a sheath of silver richly embossed; massive silver chains encircled his legs (which were about circumferent with a forty-years' oak-tree); large and sonorous bells of the same metal depended from his sides; his ears were decorated with silver earrings about six feet long; and his housings, the fringe of which reached nearly to the ground, were of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. And here I should remark, that the Mahratta elephants—at least those who are merely used for the Suwarree—have a style of gait and maintien peculiar to themselves, and are as superior in appearance to ours, as the English thorough-bred racer is to the earth-stopper's hack. The Company's elephants, probably from having been rode too young, and oppressed with burthens, shuffle along with short steps, their necks bent, and their heads hanging with the melancholy air of an Oxford-street hackney-coach-horse. The Mahratta elephant strides majestically along, his head elevated far above his

shoulder, and his tusks standing out horizontally. The chiefs pride themselves greatly upon these animals, and take pleasure in teaching them a variety of tricks. As the procession passed one of the courtiers, who was riding or driving his own beautiful little elephant, he made it kneel down and salaam with its trunk, and then follow the cavalcade, still on its knees, for about one hundred yards.

As soon as Scindia had arrived within one hundred paces of our party, he drew up his elephant; and after the master of the ceremonies had passed and repassed—(and trespassed upon our patience)—about twenty times between the two great powers, a space was cleared from the curious Mahratta mobility, who seem to be endowed with the same propensity for staring and gaping as other mobs. The two parties descended simultaneously from their houdahs, and confronted each other, more like bitter enemies preparing to come to blows, than as friends meeting in amity and concord. The old Commandant,

—with his triangular, knave-of-spades face—then came forward, and, with the Resident, led the officers of the Staff up by twos, to be presented to the Maha Rajah, who—no doubt well schooled beforehand—coolly and indifferently returned our salaams. Maha Rajah Mookub Rao Scindia,—the descendant of the Peishwa's slipper-bearer—is about twelve years old; and, for a Mahratta, a well-grown, good-looking boy, though of unusually dark complexion. He wore a dress of quilted crimson silk, with pyjamas of gold keemcab, and a plain crimson turban ornamented with a diamond aigrette; pearls, emeralds, and diamonds being profusely disposed over his whole person. As soon as the English Staff had undergone presentation, the Mahratta courtiers were, to the number of forty, introduced in like manner to the British Chief: some of them were very richly accoutred, and others, on the contrary, most shabbily and even squalidly attired. There was one ragged lord, in particular, whom, by his

greasy cotton jacket and unraped chin, I had mistaken for one of the low-born multitude; and under that impression, when he crushed his way and his fat person, not 'perfumed like a milliner,' before me, and thrust his long sword over his shoulder into my face, I struck his toledo up, and pushed him back with my elbow. He looked ten thousand daggers, and twisted his long moustachios most savagely; and I was not aware that I had underrated his dignity, until I saw my friend ushered up in his turn among the nobles, to receive the embraces of his Excellency: The accolade fraternelle between his Lordship and the boy-King next took place; after which ceremony we all remounted our elephants, and having given his Majesty a quarter of an hour's start, in order to allow of his reaching the palace before us, we followed him to the 'Mahratta Camp.' The amphitheatre of hills around us was crowded with moving masses of spectators, whose persons all bowed to the ground as the little despot passed. A body of about

thirty camel-artillery\* separated the two cavalcades, and kept up a tremendous fire, à discretion.

On passing a narrow defile in the chain of hills, we suddenly came in view of 'the Mah-ratta Camp,' stretched below us in a tolerably fertile and well-wooded valley, and bearing about as much the appearance of a camp, as do the Pavilion and Steyne of Brighton. In place of tents, handsome snow-white minarets, temples, and palaces peep from among the neem-trees in every direction; and we very soon found ourselves in a street as long, and nearly as well provided with shops as the Chandee Chowk of Delhi. At the entrance of the royal palace—a fine white building with red purdars to the windows—Lord

\* The gun revolves on a swivel fixed on the pommel of the saddle; and the bombardier, sitting astride behind it, loads and fires with wonderful quickness. • During the latter operation the poor camel's head seems to be in imminent jeopardy. The animals move along at a swinging trot, following each other with long outstretched necks, like a flock of wild-geese: at a word they halt, fire a broadside, and jog off again at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

Combermere received a salute from the cavalry and infantry body-guard, who were drawn up on either side the court, accoutred and clothed in imitation of the Company's army. The 'present arms' of the infantry, however, was not quite in strict accordance with 'Torrens;' for at the third motion every man raised his right hand to his cap. The horse-guards are beautifully mounted: in their ranks, as I was informed, there are a considerable number of troopers, who were formerly in the Honourable Company's service, and who broke up in a body from the fourth cavalry, in a fit of discontent.

Dismounting from our elephants, and entering the palace, we were piloted through numerous dark alleys, and stumbled up sundry blind staircases, ere we reached the hall of audience, which was, in fact, nothing more than a long veranda. The floor was carpeted with white cotton, so thickly quilted that we sunk up to our ankles as we walked; and to this stuffing we were subsequently much beholden, as there was not such a quadruped as

a chair in the Mahratta camp ; and during the audience, which lasted a full hour, we were obliged to sit cross-legged, like Turks or tailors, on saddle-cloths spread on the floor, the characteristic seat of the warlike Mahratta, to whom the unsheltered and unfurnished bivouac is a natural home. In sitting, the great point to be observed was the keeping the soles of the feet out of sight, an article of etiquette which the native chiefs easily accomplished by sitting on their heels, with their knees resting on the ground ; but this posture I found, after several fruitless (I was going to say bootless) experiments, totally incompatible with our armed heels. We therefore squatted, each after his own fashion : nor do I think any novelty of attitude was struck out which was likely to be adopted by the natives, who did not disguise their amusement at the unpliant rigidity of British limbs ; the uneasy contortions of which they were in a good situation to witness, as we were all drawn up on one side of the narrow passage, whilst they were marshalled in a parallel



line immediately confronting us. At the end of the hour—one of the longest I had ever passed—attar and paun were handed round, and we rose to depart with legs so cramped and benumbed, that we quitted the presence more like a troop of hobbling Chelsea pensioners, than sound and active adolescents.

We reached camp in time for a nine o'clock dinner at the Residency.

The next morning I accompanied the Commander-in-chief on a visit to the fort of Gwalior; the Mahrattas granting the desired permission without any apparent jealousy of our inspection. There is only one entrance to this stronghold, by a gateway and stair practised in the abrupt face of the rock, on the north-west side: the steps, which are of so gentle an ascent that our elephants followed us up without difficulty, are protected on the outer side by a high and thick stone wall, and are swept by several traversing guns pointing down them.

On the inner side, the rock has been in

many points excavated for water-tanks ; or to form the rude retreats of sundry pious anchorites, who smitten with an ascetic disgust for the vanities of the world, and a still greater distaste for manual labour, retire to meditate in rags on the immortality and transmigration of the soul ; and in the mean time retard as much as possible the mortality of the body, by living on the fat of the land, which is poured into their dens by their superstitious and less crafty neighbours. Other portions of the precipitous face of the rock are ornamented with sculptured editions of gods and devils. The surface of the hill is nearly flat ; its outline presenting numerous natural angles favourable to fortification ; and the whole circumference is defended with formidable stone walls and bastions.

The northern extremity is totally impregnable ; and on that point stands the citadel, a fine collection of half ruined buildings, though not *snug* enough for English ideas of fortification. Seven or eight spacious tanks, cut at vast labour in the rock, supply the

place with a quantity of water sufficient for a long siege; though a very numerous garrison — not fewer than fifteen thousand men — would be required for its defence. In spite of its boasted impregnability, Gwalior was not proof against English enterprize. It succumbed in 1780 to Major Popham, who gained it by a successful stratagem, with little loss, and without the aid of guns. Its fall is thus described:—two noted robbers, who had been in the constant habit of plundering the fort, and escaping, undiscovered, through some unknown outlet in the fortification, offered, for a handsome reward, to lead Popham and his men to the accessible point. Rope-ladders being secretly prepared, and the sepoy provided with shoes adapted to climbing, in the middle of a dark night the robbers guided the little party to a point in the southern face, where a wooded ravine runs for some distance into the fortified rock. Captain Bruce — a brother of the African traveller — who led the advance, gained the spot in silence with twenty picked men; the guides climbed

up by crevices in the stones, with which they were well acquainted; fixed the ladders on the wall, and the Englishman and his merry men, were soon at the top. The gallant Captain, with his little party, had scarcely reached the summit when they encountered a picquet of the enemy, going the rounds: these they attacked with the bayonet and dispersed; but the alarm was given to the citadel, and so little were the enemy aware of the smallness of the force which had gained the ramparts, that they delayed their attack for some time, in order that they might collect their strength to repulse the little handful of assailants. In the mean time, Popham with a whole regiment had ascended by escalade, and were now at Bruce's side. They immediately seized some important points of the fortress, ere their guards were sufficiently reinforced; and the Killardar, completely taken by surprise, and paralyzed by the suddenness and impetuosity of the attack, quickly surrendered the citadel.

An old grey-headed officer, who had served

in the fort at the time of its fall, pointed out the escaladed spot. From above, it appears almost inaccessible. It still bears the honourable appellation of Feringee Pahar, or the 'Englishman's Hill.' In the zenith of the Mogul empire, Gwalior was used as the State prison. In its dreary dungeons the emperors confined unsuccessful rebels, and usurpers incarcerated deposed princes: here they lingered until death, natural or violent, put a period to their miseries. The most fashionable method of getting rid of objectionable captives, was by administering to them an infusion of poppies, which gradually benumbed the faculties of the mind, and slowly but surely undermined the constitution of the body. In these dungeons, and by these means, Aurungzebe imprisoned and disposed of his brothers, Dara and Morad, his son Mohummed, and various other delinquent relatives. The date of the founding of Gwalior is uncertain, but Rajahs of that place are made honourable mention of in Indian history, as far back as A.D. 1008.

On leaving the fort we received a 'present arms' from the garrison, which is officered by Armenians, who cut rather strange figures in their sepoy's clothes, and little round hats.

After breakfast, having heard of three wild hogs in the neighbouring sugar-canes, we assembled some beaters, mounted our horses, and went in pursuit of them. We had several good gallops, but the cunning animals would not be forced to take the plain; and easily eluded the sportsmen by running from one Cate to another.

The boars of the northern provinces are greatly inferior in size and courage to those of Bengal. In the latter district these brutes will not bear much driving, but turn round and come to the charge at the slightest provocation. The same halloo from the rider, which would only add wings to the flight of the lank northern hog, would be resented as an insult by the brawny Bengal boar, who is often in better condition for fighting than for fleeing. I have heard of more than one of

these irascible brutes being brought to the attack by no greater affront than the sportsman waving his hat towards him: and I have seen a sulky old tusker take post—like a knight-errant of yore—in a narrow path, between two hoglas \*, where his flank could not be turned, and repulse half a dozen experienced spearsmen, who came up to the attack in succession.

To the hog-hunting of Bengal the palm of sporting supremacy must certainly be adjudged. Few, who have had opportunities of enjoying both in perfection, will balance between the tiger and the boar. In the pursuit of the former shikkar, the sportsman—though there are certainly some casual risks to heighten the interest, and add to the excitement—feels himself, in his pride of place, ten feet above the ground, comparatively secure; and, should any accident befall him, it is generally traceable to the misconduct of the elephant, or the timidity of the mahout;

\* Covert of gigantic reeds.

whose situation, poor devil! with a furious tiger before him, and a bad shot behind him is anything but enviable.

\* In the boar-hunt, on the contrary, the sportsman depends entirely on his own adroitness. To have any chance of distinguishing himself, he must have the seat and the judgment of a fox-hunter, the eye of a falconer; the arm of a lancer, and above all a horse fleet, active, bold, and well-in-hand. The art of following the headlong progress of a hog through a covert is only to be gained by experience. I have seen young hands ride boldly and furiously all the day, and tire two or three good horses without once bleeding a spear, whilst an adept at the sport has had the first spear at every hog, and hardly put his horse out of a hand-gallop.

In some cases, however, gentle riding is nothing worth. When a good fresh boar, not overcharged with flesh, is driven on to the meidaun\*, and tempted to try his speed across it to the opposite jungle, nothing short

\* Plain.



of the best pace of the best horse will suffice to bring him to bay, or to cut him off from the covert. A hog, bent on retreat, will dash through the thickest fence of prickly-pear as if it were a young quick edge; spring over a fifteen feet ditch with the agility of a deer; and should he meet with a precipitous ravine in his path, he tumbles into it, and out of it, as if he had not got a neck to break. These same obstacles lie in the way of the rider, who has to bear it constantly in mind, that, unlike the fox-hunter, he carries a sharp-edged weapon in his hand, which, in an awkward grip, he may chance to run into his steed, and which in a fall may prove an ugly companion to himself.

At Calcutta there is—or rather *was*, for the paucity of game has obliged them to give it up—a hog-hunting society styled the Tent Club; who, not having the fear of fevers and cholera before their eyes, were in the weekly habit of resorting to the jungles within fifty miles of the city in pursuit of this noble sport. Each member was em-

powered to invite two guests: the club was well provided with tents, elephants, and other sporting paraphernalia; nor was the gastronomic part of the sport neglected. Hodgson's pale ale, claret, and even champagne have been known to flow freely in those wild deserts, unaccustomed to echo the forester's song, or the complacent bubble of the fragrant hookah. Gaunt boars were vanquished in the morning, their delicate steaks devoured in the evening, and the identical animals thrice slain again, with all the zest of sporting recapitulation. How often has the frail roof of the ruined silk-factory at Buckra rung to the merry laugh of the mercurial S——, trembled with the stentorian song of the sturdy B——, and the hearty chorus of a dozen jolly fellows, who on quitting Calcutta left a load of care behind, and brought a load of fun.

The above-named deserted edifice is situated, far from the busy haunts of men, in the midst of an extensive forest, and was a favourite resort of the Tent Club on these occasions. The ground floor was occupied by the

horses of the party; a large room in the upper story was dedicated to refection; whilst three or four smaller apartments formed the dormitories of those who had come unprovided with tents. Some of the pleasantest days of my life were passed in these excursions, and I shall ever look back to them with the most grateful recollections.

To the ardent sportsman and the admirer of Nature, these gypsy parties were replete with excitement and interest:—the busy preparation in the morning—inspections of spear-points and horses' girths—instructions and injunctions to syces and bearers—the stirrup-cup of strong coffee—and the simultaneous start of the lightly-clad sportsmen, on their elephants, to the covert side. Then the marshalling of the beating elephants, the wildness of the scene and richness of the foliage, the mounting of impatient steeds, the yells of the coolies, rattling of fireworks; and finally, the crash of the roused boar, and the headlong career of the ardent rider. Next follow the return in triumph to

camp—the refreshing bath and well-earned breakfast. The sultry hours are employed by some in superintending the feeding, grooming, and hand-rubbing of their faithful steeds; lounging over the pages of some light novel, repointing spears, or rattling the backgammon dice; and by others—who, perhaps the day before were driving the diplomatic quill, or thundering forth the law of the land in the Courts of Calcutta—by others (frown not, ye beetle-browed contemners of frivolous resources!)—even in that recreation in which, unlike most other sciences, the least experienced is often the most successful, namely the game of *pitch-farthing*!

At 3 P.M., the forces are again mustered; three hours more are passed in threading the mazy fastnesses, and scouring the wide savannas of the forest. The sun sinks behind the lofty Palmyras; the sylvan feast is spread; the jocund evening flies swiftly by, and is followed by a night rendered sweet by 'tired Nature's soft restorer,' whose balmy influence

is so often wooed in vain by the panting inhabitant of 'the City of Palaces.'

It was at one of these sporting conventions 'under the greenwood tree,' that I first put my lance in rest against a real, old crusty Bengal boar. Accustomed to ride with impunity up to, and even over the less pugnacious porker of the northern plains, I followed him close, without consulting the expression of his backward-turned eye, which would have told a more experienced pig-sticker\* that he was already meditating his oblique attack †: I could hear the angry champing of his tusks—my beamy spear was within a few feet of his devoted head (which by anticipation I almost saw smoking or smoked on the table, with an orange in the mouth)—when he made a sudden wheel: I passed him at full speed; my weapon, delivered with an over-eager hand, bounded innocuous from his

\* An elegantism of nomenclature, commonly applied to an adept at the spear.

† *Verris obliquum meditantis ictum.*—Hor.

arched back : my little Arab made a violent swerving spring ; and, looking back, I saw the blood trickling down his hind leg. The boar had given him a wound in the stifle-joint, which laid him up for a month. Ere I had recovered my truant weapon, the most distinguished rider of the club was drawing his 'encarnadined' spear out of the deep shoulder of the prostrate, yet still panting animal. I leave it to the Indian contributors to the *Sporting Magazine* to furnish descriptions of successful exploits of the hunter against his tusky prey ; liking better myself to record the not uncommon victories obtained by the beast over the man. I have only another egotistical, hog-hunting incident to relate, the which I take leave to subjoin, craving pardon from my reader for this unwarrantable digression, by which, without consulting his tastes, I have transported him some six or eight hundred miles from the scene of our tour. It was on the day following my brilliant *début* above narrated, that three of us had pushed

a fine boar through a thick mulberry-cate into a small patch of rushes, bordering a nullah, where we lost him. Near the spot where he had disappeared, a turf dam about four feet wide intersected the almost stagnant brook; and, fancying that I traced the hog's footprint along it, I spurred my horse on it, in order to cross to the opposite bank. I had reached about the middle of the narrow causeway, when the rushes which fringed the tête du pont suddenly opened to the right and left, and disclosed the foam-sprinkled snout, and little savage eyes of the already slightly-wounded hog.

To retreat was impossible; and I had just determined on a desperate advance, when the furious brute, bursting from his lurking-place, came thundering along the dam—a word, which, with the final addition of ‘nation!’ I had scarcely time to ejaculate, ere I found myself and steed floundering in the deep, muddy, and by no means fragrant pool. Half drowned, and with the loss of a stirrup—which, being,

made after an improved principle, slipped backwards out of the socket in my struggles to keep my seat—I at length regained terra firma, and with my remaining stirrup sped my way to an extensive plain, where I fell in with a scene which will be readily remembered by those who were present. The boar was at bay—but how at bay? he was standing grinding his tusks, and completely blown, his legs trembling with mingled fury and fatigue; and immediately opposite to him, at the distance of half a dozen paces, stood a hapless cavalier, divorced from both horse and spear, with a pallid countenance, and hands outstretched in a deprecating attitude towards his remorseless foe, who was manifestly only delaying his attack until he had recovered sufficient breath for the purpose. The unhorsed knight was, however, not left to the tender mercies of the boar, whose attention was diverted—pleasant diversion!—by a spear through the loins from a second horseman, followed by such a shower of javelins, that the beast, who still kept his legs, though life was ebbing fast,



looked more like the fretful porcupine than any other of the pork genus.

But it is high time that I should dismount from my hog-hunting hobby, and, remounting my 'enchanted horse,' offer my reader a seat on the crupper. 'Tis done; the magic screw is turned, and after a breathless flight through the air, we alight once more at Gwalior, just in time to assist at the visit of Maha Rajah Scindia to the British Commander-in-chief. His juvenile Majesty arrived for that purpose at the Residency, in grand state, at 4 P.M., the whole of the Head-quarters party having sallied out to give him a half-way meeting, and the British escort giving him a rattling 'present arms' as he descended from his elephant. The Residency-rooms having been duly qualified for a Mahratta sederunt—by a previous ejection of all chairs and sofas—we enjoyed a cross-legged squat on the carpet for an hour. The Prince Hindoo Rao, in order to create a sensation, came in very late; all the chiefs, and even the Rajah himself, rising at his entrance. After making a "sweeping

salaam, he threw himself down on his saddle-cloth, and drawing his sword, dagger, and pistols from his belt, placed them before him on the carpet, with an air that would have been in good keeping with a reckless *chêf de brigands* just returned from an unsuccessful expedition. The custom, so prevalent among the Mahrattas, of wearing arms from their earliest infancy, and even on court occasions, is at variance with the usage of the Mussulmans, who, with the exception, perhaps, of a few immediate favourites, are forbidden to carry any weapon in the presence of their sovereign.

Among others of Scindia's suite, a little, porsy, bustling, aldermanish character, in 'fair round belly, with good *curry* lined,' was presented to his Lordship: his name, Munny Ram, bespoke his profession, as his appearance indicated its prosperity—he was a banker. The funded proprietor of three millions sterling, the little Schroff lives in apparent security amongst a people whose name a few years back was almost identified with robber and

marauder, and in a kingdom where a regular court of justice is not known\*.

Mahratta proper names are certainly anything but musical, and grate as harshly upon an ear accustomed to the sonorous titles of Mohammedan courts, as would the Russian Tchitchagoff when in juxtaposition with the Italian Montebello. The Mâha Rajah's denomination is Mookub Rôw Scindia, and that of the Commandant of Cavalry—a *nom de guerre*, indeed!—is Ram Row Polkee.

Jan. 5th. Head-quarters camp broke up from its site on the north-east side of Gwalior, marched through Scindia's Camp, and was re-erected at the village of Jinseer, on the south-west flank of the fortress. Our route led us through Scindia's park of artillery, which appears to be the most efficient arm of his force. It consists at present of about one hundred and fifty brass guns of various calibres; and

\* Disputes are settled by a temporary assembly of five, called a Panchayat, from whom there is no appeal, except to the sovereign. The most liberal of the litigants generally gains the cause.

the golundâze, or artillery-men, are celebrated for their skill, and their desperate devotion to their guns. They distinguish every piece with some pet title, and on holy days deck them out with garlands. This day every one of Scindia's artillery was honoured with a chaplet of marygolds. At the storming of Bhurt-pore we had an interesting proof of the almost superstitious valour of the golundâze: as our troops forced their way along the ramparts of the town, every gun in succession was desperately defended, and, ere it fell into our hands, its entire complement of men were strewed dead around its carriage.

We had not been many hours in our new camp before we found ourselves again in cap-à-pie panoply, mounted on our jaded elephants—who must be at least as tired of these visit-making, sight-showing Mahrattas as their riders—and once more *trudging*—for I know no other word so significant of an elephant's action—towards Scindia's Camp. Nothing would suit his Majesty but giving us a dinner: in pursuance of which fancy we are

this evening to be paraded, in 'heavy marching order,' with our knives and forks; in the grand audience-hall; in order that the 'barbarians' may witness how the infidel Ferin-gees swallow their food, and guzzle down their wine. The latter commodity is fortunately to be furnished by the Resident, or we might have a still better chance of being poisoned than we enjoy as it is. If looks could convey that 'soon speeding gear,' we should already have quaffed quantum suff. from the crusty countenances of our hosts.

On our entrance into the town, our cavalcade was met by that of the arch-ruffian Hindoo Rao. The two chiefs dismounted, embraced, remounted, and we proceeded. In our progress through the streets of the brick-and-mortar camp, I observed a large house, which, though evidently of recent structure, was in complete ruin; the walls riddled with cannon-shot, and the offices blackened with fire; and I enquired its history from a respectable-looking courtier, who was on his elephant alongside of me. After looking suspiciously

around him, (as if any lengthened verbal communion between individuals of the two suites was interdicted,) he made me understand, as well as he could, that the owner of the house, a member of the royal family, and enjoying under Scindia a command of five hundred Arabs, had revolted for arrears of pay for his troops and himself. His mufinous requisition was refused, and the troops of the Company's Contingent were directed to seize the rebel in his palace. His Arabs fought, as they always do, like devils incarnate; but the house being soon battered to pieces, and rendered untenable, the besieged made a desperate sortie, wounded the commanding officer of the Contingent, Major. Stubbs, cut their way through all opposition, and finally made good their retreat to Eujainé, a fortress in the extreme south of Scindia's territories.

Thither the English Major, with his forces, followed him, and before we quitted Gwalior, the intelligence of the capture of the rebellious prince reached the camp.

Our first visit was to the late Scindia's

Ranee! The old lady of course did not expose her charms to the rude gaze of men, but held converse with Lord C. through a purdar at the end of the hall. His Excellency was next invited to attend the Prince to his palace; and there we were treated with the luxury of chairs. The walls of his audience-room were adorned with several European prints; amongst others, a fine ruddy-coloured one of Titian's Venus. Two infant relations attended his levee: the youngest a pretty boy of five years old, was already a warrior; and wore a jewelled sword in his belt, that would have been a meet weapon for 'mighty Thomas Thumb,' and roused the jealousy of the embryo heroes of our English nurseries.

- After half an hour's session, pawn and spices richly gilt and plated, were distributed; and our party, accompanied by the prince, adjourned to the meidân or plain, to witness some tournaments prepared for our entertainment by the Mahratta officers. On our arrival at the lists, we found two parties of cavaliers, all shewily attired, and mounted

chiefly, on beautiful Deckanéé horses, ranged opposite each other, on either extremity of a level piece of ground. Each man carried a lance made expressly for practice; much longer than the war-spear, and pointed with a ball of cloth. This weapon is ill calculated for real service, for when the horse is in violent action, it quivers so strongly, that it must be impossible to direct its point with any degree of accuracy.

The two adverse troops soon came to action; one retreating and defending themselves, the other pursuing and attacking. The prettiest part of the sport, however, was the single combats. The parties stood confronting each other; presently a warrior dashed forth from one of the groups, and curvetted about the plain, until a knight from the opposite side accepted his challenge, and spurred to the encounter. Some of the chiefs showed considerable skill in the use of their unwieldy weapon, but I would gladly have backed Captain Anderson of 'Dougan's Horse,' or Captain Skinner, against the most expert



amongst their ranks. In the last of these single combats, there was an evident loss of temper on the part of a burly old chieftain, who received a tremendous thrust in the ribs, and retaliated on the bestower by some unfair blow. A cry of disapprobation immediately arose, and half a dozen partisans rushed from the ranks on either side; and would doubtless soon have betaken themselves to their swords, had not the old commandant galloped up, and with a stern voice ordered them to their posts.

Quitting the scene of the jousts, we proceeded to our dinner engagement at the royal palace, and after undergoing another durbar—which appeared even longer and more tedious than that heaviest of half hours which usually precedes a dinner-party in England—we were ushered in grand state into the banquetting-hall, a lofty vaulted apartment, bearing more the appearance of a chapel than a dining-room. A long table was laid down the centre of the hall, and a line of chairs ranged for the guests along one side of it, whilst the other was left open for the operations of the

ministers to, (our appetites,) and to expose us more satisfactorily to the curiosity of the spectators. The former were chiefly Hindoos of respectability; and it was the first time that any of us had been waited upon at table by members of that sect. The latter were composed of the Maha Rajah, his relatives, and courtiers, who sat apart from the table, but in such a position as enabled them to enfilade its whole length with their curious eyes. The partial upraising too, of a silken purdar, above the door at the top of the hall, betrayed to us, that eyes invisible from below,—those of the pretty prisoners of the Zenana, — were employed in criticising the Feringees' feast.

The Hindoos are mere tyros in gastronomy as compared with their more courtly and fastidious neighbours the Mussulmans: some of their pillaus and cawábs were, however, sufficiently savoury. The dishes were not placed on the board; but were carried by troops of zealous attendants down the untenanted side of the table; each in rapid succession pre-

senting his smoking burthen, describing its exquisite qualities with the eloquence of an auctioneer, and exhorting the guests in the most moving terms to partake of it. Refusal was out of the question, and in a few minutes my plate became a perfect mountain of confused sweets and savouries—a rudis indigestaque moles!—a complete culinary chaos!

Our entertainers must have thought us a right merry set of fellows; for we were all nearly convulsed, and I was quite choked with laughter, excited by the very eager and enthusiastic manner in which some of the table-attendants displayed the good points of their respective viands. One fellow exalted a large fried fish in mid air, holding it up by the tail in his fingers; and wound up his declamatory eulogium by plumping it down on my plate, which was already swimming with a kind of *crème fouettée*, administered by his precursor. A second uplifted by the leg, and twirled between his finger and thumb, a huge cawabbed capon, which from its gigantic proportions, and the sprawling, untrussed state

of its limbs; exceedingly resembled a young grilled Hindoo.

No dish appeared a second time, each being carried off as it reached the foot of the table—series after series came in; and we might have been dining until this moment, had not his lordship requested their forbearance just as they were ushering in the fiftieth course. I omitted to say that the table appurtenances were furnished by the resident. Thus ended the first and only feast that I was ever bidden to by the disciples of Brahmah; and if in culinary qualities it fell short of the Mussulman tables which had been spread for us during our tour, it was at least infinitely more productive of food for merriment.

We rose from this amusing though fatiguing banquet, with heads aching from the savoury vapours of the smoking hecatombs heaped by our profuse hosts upon the altar of our appetites, and with sides aching from the cachinatory convulsions we had undergone, the semi-suppression of which was even more

arduous than its unrestrained indulgence would have been.

From the banqueting-hall we were conducted to a veranda, where we were entertained by a splendid display of fireworks. I remarked, not without amusement, that the courtiers eyed us with cautious curiosity after dinner; and seemed rather to avoid entering into conversation; and I immediately concluded, that, in accordance with the natives' generally-received idea of the proneness of Europeans to vinous excesses, they imagined, as a matter of course, that we were all more or less under the influence of the merry god.

The pyrotechnic spectacle being concluded by about eleven o'clock, we arose, and taking a final farewell of the young Scindia, mounted our elephants and proceeded towards camp, accompanied by the prince Hindoo Rao, and a party of the Mahratta nobles. I was just complacently calculating on an uninterrupted retreat to my tent, from which I had been now absent nine hours, — the fagged ele-

plants even showing, by their alert motions their sympathy in our homeward aspirations, —when the cavalcade was suddenly arrested, (at the entrance of what appeared to us through the dusk to be an extensive plantation of rather formal-looking shrubs,) by the artificial forest bursting forth into leaves and fruits of vivid flames; a miracle of vegetation which instantly routed our astonished elephants; who turning about, made off at a frightful pace through the town—no matter of mirth in a dark night. As soon as my animal was prevailed upon—by half a dozen digs on the head, the tenderest of which would have brained an ox—to return to the cavalcade, my friend, the chief—whose name, a tissue of dissonant consonants, I cannot recollect—offered to shew me that prejudice, even in elephants, is vincible by education. At a single word of encouragement, his beautiful animal carried him into the midst of the blazing and crackling forest, and on a hint from his master, wrenched up by the roots one of the trees which had already shed its golden

fruits, and stood in the way of those which were still unexhausted. After this exhibition the prince and his followers took leave, and we reached our camp without further molestation. With what joy did I throw off my heavy, embroidered dress, and commit myself to the refreshing offices of my faithful bearers, after a long day of constant excitement and exposure to the sun! To the ministry of these toilet assistants I was, like many of my countrymen, for the first year of my life in India, resolutely averse: but finding all my efforts to exclude them from my presence unavailing, I at length surrendered at discretion, and gave up all right and title to dress my own person: a cession of privileges which certainly saves the yielder a great deal of unnecessary and uninteresting labour; in a climate where the pulling on of a boot is a work of inordinate exertion, and the tying of a cravat is accomplished in the sweat of the brow.

*Jan. 6th., therm. 6 A.M., 34°. Head-quarters*

camp broke up from Gwalior; and we saw the last of that gaunt and frowning fortress as we entered the rocky defile of the Pass of Antree; beyond which, near a village of the same name, our canvas home was erected for the day. After having extracted three days' novelty and amusement from the Mah-rattas, I was not sorry to exchange the restless and bustling Tumasha of Scindia's court for the pleasant morning march, constant variety of scenery, and evening field sports of our roving camp.

In taking leave of this eccentric people, however, it is but justice to pay them the passing compliment of confessing that my personal acquaintance with them, slight as it was, tended to raise them a hundredfold above the standard of my preconceived opinion. The wandering horde of lawless freebooters, who, like a flight of locusts, spread for so many years their desolating influence over the fertile provinces of India, have at length, emulative of the more respectable bee, quietly alighted in one swarm; and gradually settled down into



a regular government; contenting themselves with the revenues drawn from their own states, instead of playing the highwayman in the dominions of their neighbours: an amelioration in civil government, as well as in moral policy, for which they are indebted more perhaps to the overawing influence of the British power than to the march of honesty in themselves. Be the cause, however, what it may, the effect is beneficial. In Mahrattá *ethics meum and tuum* are no longer so confounded and blended, as to be scarcely distinguishable one from the other: property is respected, as the rich Munný Ram's unviolated coffers attest; hospitality and good faith towards strangers are in pretty good practice; and heads rest with a tolerably secure tenure on their own native shoulders.

I was not sorry to see the last of his hec-  
toring highness, Hindoo Rao; whose swag-  
gering carriage, haughty air, and overbearing  
character made him no great favourite at  
Head-quarters; and I was more inclined to  
be gratified than to sympathize with him,

when the following anecdote, in which one of his most violent passions, that for the sex, was thwarted in the most provoking manner, was related to me.

The prince had purchased at an extravagant price a young slave girl, with the fame of whose extraordinary beauty he had become enamoured. A young roué Mussulman, a half-brother of the royal purchaser, heard of the fair maiden's arrival, and contrived to get the first introduction to her. The elder brother was furious on hearing of this escapade; but the mishap was irremediable, and his only consolation was in revenge. The reprobate sprig of royalty was seized, bound, and most cruelly bastinadoed in the presence of the wronged brother.

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## CHAPTER III.

## THE PROVINCE OF BUNDELCUND.

ON the 8th we crossed the river Sind, leaving the territories of Scindia behind us, and entering Bundelcund, a province cut up and subdivided into numerous petty principalities, or baronies, the greater proportion of which are not more productive in revenue than the unpretending estates of some of the richer commoners of England.

The following morning we were welcomed by the Rajah of Dutteah, who escorted the Commander-in-chief through his capital to the camp, which was pitched without the walls. The city of Dutteah is extensive, commandingly situated, and surrounded by a beautifully-built stone wall. On a lofty, rocky foundation, in the centre of the place, stands an ancient palace of very elegant architecture. The Rajah chiefly resides in a more modern building lower down in the

town. Dutteah is one of those principalities which were confirmed to their hereditary chieftains, when the province of Bundelcund was ceded to the Company, under conditions of reciprocal support. The revenue of the state is about ten lacs of rupees, or one hundred thousand pounds. It appears surprising that, with so inconsiderable a sum, the chief can support an army, three great fortresses, and a considerable retinue. The Rajah has always been considered a true and faithful ally of the Company; and as a proof of their confidence in his friendship, the government have presented him with a couple of brass guns, a gift which, in the eyes of the natives, implies the most implicit trust. He has defended himself more than once successfully against the inroads of Scindia, whose overpowering force, however, would have, long ere this, swallowed up his little kingdom, had not the all-potent Ægis of British protection been extended in his defence.

Dutteah is altogether the prettiest spot, and most habitable place I have yet seen in

the Plains : gently-undulating hills, plentifully supplied with wood and water, surround the town ; and the royal Ruminah is well stocked with game of every species. On one of these eminences, four miles from the walls, there is a curious cluster of temples, built by a now-almost extinct sect of Hindoos, called Jeines. Their persuasion bears, I believe, some affinity to that of the Bûddists. Though they are now in the minority, they still uphold their creed as the orthodox Hindooism, and look upon the majority of the Hindoos as ignorant dissenters.

We paid a visit of ceremony to the Rajah in the afternoon ; but to have described one visit to a native prince, is to have sketched the leading features of all Indian court levees. The Dutteah chieftain is a fine-looking, respectable old man, and a *ci-devant* great sportsman. For sylvan amusements he is, however, now disqualified by excessive corpulence and lameness from a distorted foot. His minister is a fine specimen of patriarchal beauty, and retains all his faculties at the age of ninety.

After the dūrbar, we went to see the royal gardens, which, like most other native baugs, were replete with straight walks, fountains, orange-trees, and marigolds. The most interesting object was a well, truly magnificent in its architecture and proportions. The shaft presented an octagon of about twenty feet span, surrounded with columned cloisters, and at each angle a stone elephant, with uplifted proboscis, spouted water to a vast height into the air.

The following morning was devoted to a grand battue in the royal preserve. Our elephants were sent forward by daylight, and we rode on horseback to the place of rendezvous. At first we were posted upon the top of two small turreted lodges on either side of the only outlet from the walled Rumnah, and the game was driven towards us through the thick covert by crowds of men, who cheerfully confronted the very good chance of being shot, for the sake of a paltry reward. The loss of two or three subjects, on such

occasions, is considered by the natives of rank as a contingency of trifling moment: but I confess I could not bring myself to pull my trigger, when the chances were about equal whether a boar or a fellow-creature fell to the shot. Tired of our stations on the gateway, we soon mounted our elephants, and entered the preserve, where we in a very short space killed a dozen hogs. The deer and niel-ghie, of which there were great numbers, for the most part escaped by leaping the walls. Our morning's sport was concluded by nine o'clock. The day was spent by me in a solitary and tolerably productive *pouch* in the Rumnah; and in the evening the Rajah entertained us with a display of fireworks.

*Jan. 11th.* Marched from Dutteah to Amaba, nine miles, through a country abounding in the wild beauties of wood and rock; but chéerless and melancholy from the total absence of cultivation. The whole of the Raj can hardly be of the like stamp, for the Rajah

must be a subtle alchemist if he can extract one hundred thousand pounds from such materials.

In this part of India—as in the mountains of the north—Rajahs are almost as rife as country-gentlemen in England. A couple of easy marches suffice to take us through the territories of the richest of them. The traveller has barely lost sight of the fortified towers of one metropolis, ere he finds himself in the suburbs of a neighbouring capital: he has scarcely bowed himself out of the august precincts of one royal court, ere he bolts into the presence of another crowned head.

We are now enjoying an opportunity of seeing this little *rookery* of royalties under the most favourable circumstances. On the occasion of the auspicious visit of a British Member of Council, every chieftain furbishes up his almost rusted sword of state, musters his ragamuffin retainers, and cooks up a portion of pomp commensurate with his means. With a little activity of imagination, a retrospective abridgment of time and space,



we might almost fancy ourselves back to the 'good old' feudal times of merry England; and that the grim and lordly turrets, under whose shade we almost daily pitch our tents, were the goodly castles of those burly barons, who, on the occasion of a visit of a stranger of rank, came forth with a retinue of men-at-arms, squires, and pages, to welcome the noble traveller; and entertained him during his sojourn with jousts, pageants, and minstrelsy.

I was busily employed in drawing the above parallel, as we crossed the frontier of the Dutteah chief, when the sudden appearance of the Rajah of Jhansi, mounted on his *elephant*, and preceded by two *camel*-heralds, burst the analogical bubble that I had been blowing with so much ingenuity. The Chief of Jhansi is a young man of twenty-four, of Jewish but handsome countenance, and of Mahratta extraction. His royal revenue is from fifteen to eighteen lacs of rupees. At the distance of a few miles, his capital bears some resemblance to Windsor: the citadel, a lofty mass of build-

ing, and, distinguished by one huge round tower, is situated on a rock, at the foot of which lies the town, defended by a good wall, and set round with fine timber.

The Rajah seems to take more pride in the appearance of his equipages and court than he of Dutteah, for which the difference in years between the two potentates may account. The streets and bazaars of the town are clean and well regulated; and the young Chief enforces, with the greatest strictness, the enactments which he has made for the well-being of his subjects.

We visited him in his palace in the afternoon, and he seemed much gratified by our commendations of the favourable situation and apparent strength of his little fortress. From the top of one of the bastions we had a distinct view of the castellated citadels of two of his brother Rajahs, Dutteah and Ourcha.

*Jan. 13th.* A march of twelve miles to the town of Burwah-Sauger. On the road we crossed the pretty river Betwa, which, during

the rainy season, must be a considerable stream. The country in the vicinity is barren in the extreme, and almost entirely devoid of game of any kind. Our guns and our hawks are consequently completely thrown out of work. The surface of the earth is stony and sandy, presenting no encouragement to the labours of the cultivator; yet from its flinty bosom spring spontaneously the most luxuriant forests of fine trees, the dark and sombre tints of whose foliage, however, are strongly contrasted with the lighter and more tender colouring of Bengal vegetation. The town of Sauger is snugly enveloped by a screen of verdure, and just above it, on the extremity of a long and high ridge of rocks, stands a picturesque old castle. I walked up to this building after sunset, and on reaching the parapeted terrace, was surprised to find, spread beneath its southern wall, a piece of water, which has a better title to the name of a lake than any other I have seen in India. It may be about two miles across, and in the centre of its fair sheet of water are two woody

and rocky islets, which form striking objects in the landscape. The bund, or head of the jheel, is of solid stone masonry, sixty feet wide, and nearly a mile in length, and furnished with several ghauts, or flights of steps, to the water's edge. The château and circumjacent town have been frequently made the bone of contention between the chiefs of Dutteah and Jhansi, and Scindia; and its western wall retains to this day the impressions of the cannon-shot of the latter worthy, who attacked the place about forty years ago. In the dusk of a gloomy and rather stormy evening, the hoary old chateau, with its frowning towers, and its accessories of black beetling rocks and deep foliage, presented a peculiarly romantic appearance; reminding me of the scenes of some of Mrs. Ratcliffe's interesting horrors.

The following day, the camp halted; and the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the staff, started on a visit to the Rajah of Ourcha, who holds his court at a town of the

same name, seven miles from Sauger. Our route lay through a country, the surface of which is undulated here and there with gentle eminences thickly clad with forest-trees, and interspersed with those gigantic natural cairns of fantastically piled rocks, peculiar to the province of Bundelcund. These accumulations are usually of a conical form, and the huge round blocks of stone are sometimes heaped up to the height of one hundred or two hundred feet. Were it not for the unwieldy size of the component portions, the traveller would almost be led to imagine that the mechanical ingenuity of man had been employed in the structure. The rocky masses being of a circular form, wide interstices, admitting the light, are frequently found halfway down the pile; and the enormous crag, which generally forms the apex of the natural pyramid, is, in many cases, so nicely poised, that it looks as though a puff of wind would destroy its delicate equilibrium, and the whole edifice would dissolve partnership, and roll away into independent



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Elephants crossing at Nuddah. London. Pub. & by John Murray, April, 1832.

masses, like a pile of oranges. The most obvious mode of accounting for these phenomena of nature, is by the supposition, that the blocks of hard rock were formerly imbedded in a stratum of a softer nature, which, yielding before the lapse of ages and the fury of the elements, crumbled down in sandy particles to the base, and left the more durable portions to support themselves as they best could, and take up such positions as the laws of gravity dictated.

During this march we crossed more than once the rocky bed of the picturesque river Betwa. On such occasions as this, as well as whilst traversing countries the most tangled, broken, and precipitous, that chef-d'œuvre of animal creation, the elephant, most conspicuously displays his superiority. It is wonderful to see him patiently and effectually surmounting obstacles, which the horse could not have a chance, and even ubiquitary man himself might despair, of overcoming\*.

\* The penetrating reader will, doubtless, ere this, have discovered the Author's penchant for the elephant. He owns 'the



'We' now arrived at the town, situated on one of the arms of this Briarean stream: it is of great extent, and surrounded by a stone wall. The principal objects in the view are the ancient palace, crowning an elevation in the centre of the town; and a remarkably fine temple, which, after the usual form of the Bundeela muts, is ornamented with lofty spires. When seen through the forest at the distance of two miles, it reminded me in some degree of the cathedral of Litchfield.

That Ourcha was formerly a place of consequence, is attested by the many interesting ruins which we passed, but its prosperity has waned with the fortunes of its chief, whose present possessions (in spite of his genealogical tree, which derives him in direct line from the ancient Bundeela monarchs of Kalinga) do not bring him a revenue exceeding fifty or sixty thousand pounds. The present ruinous state of the city is further accounted for by the Rajah's long alienation from it, soft impeachment; and, although generally abominating the tribe of *Pets*, if ever—as he descends into the vale of old-bachelorism—he should be induced to establish one, it shall be AN ELEPHANT.

About thirty years ago, he was counselled by his seers, or his ministers, to quit the place, as unpropitious to his ardent aspirations for an heir to his throne, and to remove his court to the fort of Teary, situated at the southern extremity of his dominions. He followed these injunctions; and such is the force of faith, that a bouncing burly prince immediately appeared to verify the predictions of the sages. The Rajah only returned to Ourcha a few months ago. He is a fine, venerable old man, and has just abdicated in favour of his man-mountain of a son. The warriors who formed his little body-guard, are active, hardy-looking fellows, well mounted and armed, and, like the rest of the inhabitants of Bundelcund, famed for their fighting qualities—qualities which are likely to lie dormant for some time; for, turbulent as the Bundeela chiefs have always been, and strong as the temptations still must be for one armed principality to commit inroads upon another, no two potentates can come to a decided feud without having their heads knocked together by the

all-powerful interference of the Honourable Company. It would therefore be a praiseworthy adaptation of good metal, if these worthies would turn their now rusting swords into ploughshares, for the cultivation of their neglected, and not naturally fruitful soil; and at the same time educate their pampered chargers to the more useful labours of the Georgic department.

The following three marches brought us gradually out of the land of rocks and sand into a tract enriched with cultivation, and adorned with luxuriant groves. On the second day we passed, on the left of the line of march, a very picturesque and baronial-like castle, perched on a wooded ridge, and looking down upon a lake nearly as extensive as that of Burwer Sauger. These fine pieces of water, peculiar to this province, and such valuable accessories to the scenery of India, are in no cases entirely natural, most of them being supplied with artificial embankments.

*Jan. 17th.* The Camp was pitched at the

village of Paharee Banka. The country in the vicinity is well cultivated, and the tamarind, mango, and other trees grow to a great size. Among the branches of these I discovered large flights of the beautiful bird called the green pigeon, many of which I shot. On the bare arid plains, too, the sportsmen of the party fell in with the rock pigeon, a very beautiful and delicate species, but difficult of access. It has nothing of the pigeon but the feet; and the larger kind, in shape, size, and plumage, bears some resemblance to the grouse. These birds are so exceedingly wild, that sportsmen are obliged to resort to stratagem in order to get near them. One method consists in covering the head with a long white cloth, after the manner of the native cultivators, and walking behind a bullock trained for the business. I had often worn out my knees and my patience in creeping after these vigilant objects of my sporting wishes, and was this day destined to be successful. I discovered an ill-starred couple who were playing the turtle apart from the

main flock; and by the assistance of an intervening bush and their own all-engrossing employment, I contrived to get within thirty paces of them before they rose, when I slew them both at a shot.

On the march this morning, whilst diverging from the road with our hawks, we found a fine bustard on the plain. He took wing as we approached, and a couple of large hawks were flown at him. After reconnoitring their gigantic opponent, however, they seemed afraid to engage, and came back to wrist. The falconers marked the bird: and, proceeding to camp, provided themselves with a series of snares—the same used by them to catch live birds for training their hawks—and returned to the spot. These they spread in a convenient place, a few hundred yards in advance of the bustard's station; and then describing a wide circle, they came round to the rear of the bird, and by cautiously and slowly approaching, gradually drove the infatuated victim into the nets, where his long

legs were soon entangled, and he became an easy prey. He was an immense bird of the kind; measured seven feet six inches from tip to tip of wings; and weighed twenty-seven pounds and a half, twice the weight of a good Norfolk turkey.

The next day being the anniversary of the capture of Bhurtpore, this noblest of feathered game made no bad pièce de résistance for the head of his lordship's table.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> we crossed the river Dússaun, and on the 20<sup>th</sup> of *January*, reached the station of Kaitah, where the Commander-in-chief reviewed the two regiments of infantry, and one cavalry corps, cantoned there. The situation of the town is sultry, from the air being intercepted by a considerable rocky eminence which half surrounds it, and the rays of the sun being reflected from the same. At 2 P.M., the therm. rose to 90°. Kaitah is an advanced post of the Company, pushed into the heart of the native principalities of

Bundelcund, for the usual purposes of supervision and coercion.

We halted one entire day at Kaitah, and on the 22<sup>d</sup>, made a march of sixteen miles to the town of Chirkari; another of the miniature royalties of Bundelcund. The Rajah came forth to give the embrace of welcome to the Commander-in-Chief, and accompanied us to the camp. He is very old and infirm; and his grandson, a boy of twelve years old, is his heir apparent. He is a sharp and intelligent lad, and is already, at his tender age, a benedict. The royal revenue of Chirkari amounts to about four lacs of rupees, or forty thousand pounds. The old man talked about his want of means to supply us with suitable entertainment at his court, but promised a good day's sport in his rumnah by way of succedaneum. We returned the chief's visit in the afternoon. His palace, situated in the centre of the town, has nothing remarkable about it, but the site of the city itself is extremely picturesque. It is spread round the

foot of a lofty rocky hill, on the summit of which the fort is situated. This latter would be almost impregnable by native troops, if the Rajah had not—agreeable to the usual custom of Indian princes—neglected to complete the fortifications begun by his predecessor, which would have probably enclosed in their enceinte two important elevations, now without the walls, and commanding the citadel. The only access to the fortress is by a flight of steps cut in the rock, sufficiently easy of ascent for elephants. In viewing the surrounding country from the bastions of the fortress, the spectator is led, by the rich luxuriant appearance of the forests, to imagine that the soil is fruitful; but on a nearer acquaintance with these wide spreading woods he finds that the trees, deriving their sap from an arid and rocky bed, are of dwarfish growth, and inferior qualities.

The next morning, a large party of sportsmen was early in the field. At the entrance of the rumnah the elephants were left behind,



and, conducted by two young natural sons of the Rajah, we soon commenced action. Our guides are fine handsome dashing youths; and were it not for the vigilant guardianship of the Company, there is little doubt but they would (instead of calmly sitting by to see their infant brother ascend the throne) seize the obnoxious stripling immediately on the death of the present incumbent, wring his neck, usurp the throne, and having thus far proceeded hand in hand, one would cut the other's throat, and lo! the survivor sole-proprietor of the Raj! For this style of royal succession they have abundant precedents in the history of every ancient kingdom in India.

Our party had not penetrated many hundred yards into the preserve, ere we fell in with large herds of antelopes, spotted deer, and niel ghie; but we found that with a numerous troop of laughing and talking Englishmen, it was hopeless to attempt to approach these wild denizens of the forest. I, therefore, soon parted company, and went

on a 'solitary' cruise; but it was not a very lucrative one. I fired away all my cartridges in random shots, and when I found myself in the very heart of the preserve, with deer bounding past me in all directions, I had not a ball to expend upon them. I killed a nil ghau early in the day, but could not find an elephant to carry him home. Add to this, I lost my way, and when at length, directed by the reports of my companions' guns, I steered through the thick bushes in the direction of the sound, I was saluted by such volleys of bullets, aimed at the herds which I was driving towards my friends, that I was quickly obliged to alter my course; gave up all idea of joining convoy, and, after some difficulty, piloted myself back to the elephants, by sunset.

The scene of our chase lay in an extensive forest spreading for many leagues over a plain, studded with wild groups of black rocks, and backed up by a picturesque range of well-wooded elevations. The whole jungle was redolent with the fragrant blossoms of

the baubul; and the juicy bhaire extended its well loaded branches for the refreshment of the parched hunter.

The *niel ghau*, which abounds in these forests, grows to an immense size; in some instances attaining the height of fifteen hands. The limbs of this beautiful animal unite the strength of the ox, with the activity and elasticity of the deer. The head is very small and fine, furnished with short horns directed backwards, and set on a neck of prodigious strength. The colour of the male is a deep slate, whence the epithet of *niel* (blue).

*Jan. 24th.* Head-quarters quitted Chirkari, and after four days' marches of little interest, crossed the pretty river Cane, famous for its pebbles, and re-entered the British dominions. On the eastern bank we met the Nawaub Zoolficar Ali, who escorted his Excellency into the town of Banda; where a small force of the Company's troops is stationed.

The Nawaub, who has a palace near the town, is the younger brother and successor of

the Nawaub, Shemshere Bahauder (son of Ali Bahauder, the Mahratta conqueror of Bundelcund), with whom, at the cession of the Bundeela provinces to the Company in 1803, the English government entered into a conciliatory engagement, securing to him an estate of forty thousand pounds per annum.

It is related that at the capture of Banda by the English, the fort, which is situated on the opposite bank of the Cane, only fired *one* shot—as a point of honour—and that that one shot ended its career in the breast of a British officer.

The present Nawaub is a short stout man, of remarkably fair complexion, and good-natured countenance: his age is about twenty-nine; although from his corpulence—which with natives of rank is generally commensurate with their means of supporting it—and from the usual dignified and *posé* manner of the Mussulman, he appears much older. He is a great admirer and follower of English manners and customs, and his adoption of them corresponds with his Mahomedan edu-

cation, about as aptly as do his English top-boots with the splendid keemcab tunic and cashmere shawl, which form his usual costume.

His Anglomania, it is said, costs him annually many thousands of rupees, which glide into the pockets of the knowing ones of the Cawnpore turf; and at the price of which he enjoys the distinction of entering two or three unsuccessful horses every season; and secures to himself from his English friends the enviable title of a d—d good fellow!

He led us, with evident pride, through his stud and racing stables, and amongst a host of lanky *weeds*, shewed us some few promising colts. Among his stallions he has many English horses of note, whose names have been well known even at Newmarket and Doncaster. In his carriage stables he paraded about fifteen pair of respectable horses; he has a vast variety of English vehicles; twenty elephants; and a numerous troop of body guards, well mounted, and accoutred after the fashion of the Company's cavalry. With this exten-

siye establishment, and a whole colony of poor relations living upon him, it is surprising that the good-natured Nawaub can keep his head above water.

28th. Halted at Banda. In the morning a review of a native infantry corps; and in the evening a grand dinner with his highness Zoolficar Ali, at which he made a special petition that the ladies of the party should be present. He received Lord Combermere on the threshold with a French embrace, and then led the way into a well furnished drawing-room, where, during the half hour preceding the repast, he stood up and conversed freely and fluently with the men; but did not venture to address the ladies. The Nawaub's evening costume was a shawl coat, buttoned à l'Anglaise, and richly laced down the breast; with an embroidered velvet skull-cap in place of a turban: the ill-assorting top-boots still held their place, and his nose was decorated with a pair of English silver spectacles. A profusion of the Scrap-book

tribe was spread upon the table; and there were as many sofas to lounge upon, and tabourets to tumble over, as are to be found in the most approved drawing-rooms in England.

Dinner being at length announced by a train of liveried servants, our host—without taking the slightest notice of his lady guests—led the way into a spacious salon where a table was spread for about forty persons. An excellent dinner was laid out in the Calcutta fashion, and there was a good supply of claret and other European wines. Amongst the dishes I was somewhat surprised to recognize a ham, and a very palpable group of sausages—portions of the unclean beast on the board of a follower of the Prophet!

Contrary to the usual custom of our Musulman hosts, Zoolficar Ali ate, without the least scruple or reserve, of the dishes which were common to us all, and seemed to take it as a compliment when his lordship helped him to some pillau. My station at table was directly opposite to ‘the chair;’ and I could not forbear smiling as I watched his futile

attempts to prevent that most awkward of instruments, an English silver fork, from turning in his hand; and I thought that, in his perplexity, he was sore tempted to have recourse to the more primitive agency of his fingers—after the example of poor ‘Hajji Baba in England.’ As I was pursuing my rather rude observation, he suddenly caught my eye, and very nearly converted my smile into laughter long and loud, by giving me a stedfast, penetrating look, and saying in a sharp tone, ‘Glass vaine!’ I salaamed, filled my glass, and the orthodox Islamite drank to me in water.

The entertainment was conducted throughout in an orderly and respectable manner; a choice set of dancing girls were allowed to dance before the party during the dessert, and the evening was concluded by a display of fireworks.

The Nawaub’s late brother, Shemshere Bahauder, was by no means so respectable a character, or so conscientious an observer of the inculcations of the Koran, as his suc-



cessor. He was elected honorary member of an English dragoon mess, and there, and elsewhere, indulged in large libations of the forbidden juice. Constant communication with the English confirmed him as a mauvais sujet; for he cared not what his company was, so that it was European.

*Jan. 29th.* Dispatched my heavy baggage and servants to Allahabad by the direct route; and made arrangements to leave Head-quarters on the 1st prox., after having seen the famous fortress of Kallinger. We left Banda this morning; and the next day the camp was pitched in a wide, cultivated plain, eleven miles from the above-named stronghold. At this distance the vast fortified rock, like an inland Gibraltar, is distinctly visible; and beyond it, in faint perspective, is discerned the great range of lofty table-land, extending from the mountain fort of Rhotasghur on the Sone river, more than half across central India.

In the evening I took my pony and my

gun, and rambled among the neighbouring ravines, in whose tangled gorges the crowing of the partridges held out a tempting invitation to the sportsman. I had an hour's capital sport, killing a good bag of partridges, quail, and rock-pigeon. At the first report of my gun the plain was alive with niel ghie and deer, great herds of them scouring away in every direction. With the hope of taking one of these wild creatures by surprise, I kept one barrel loaded with ball, and on my way home my expectations were realized. Whilst walking along the bottom of a ravine, a couple of red deer, roused by my dog—who had been playing the truant at some distance—came at full speed along the brow towards me. I dived into a bush; they passed me at about thirty paces; I let the lady-doe pass; and the buck answered my shot by a convulsive bound, rolling down the flank of the ravine, almost to my feet. The ball had severed the spine.

"*Jan. 31st.* | By daybreak, as usual, our can-

was city was taken up by the roots; carried over eleven miles of space, and replanted under the rock of Kallinger. It was my last march with the Head-quarters camp. About a mile from Kallinger, we encountered a numerous cavalcade, which proved to be that of the Rajah Bukt Singh of Adjeeghur, another formidable rock-fortress, twenty miles to the south-eastward. This place fell to the British, after a desperate resistance, and a considerable loss on our side, in 1809; and its capture was signalized by a most barbarian act on the part of a relative of the Zemindar. This old man was sent to the zenana to prepare the fair inmates for their removal with their chief; and the messenger not returning, the house was broken into; when it was discovered that—instigated by a dread of the besiegers' violence—he had cut the throats of all the women and children, and, very properly, crowned the catastrophe by cutting his own. Tragedies such as these are of common occurrence in the history of Indian siegès; but the most approved, and certainly the

most complete method of preserving the zenana inviolate was by the summary process of blowing it into the air by means of mines, prepared with providential foresight by the besieged, and exploded by some devoted servant at a preconcerted signal.

Our camp occupied a tolerably level space of ground, dotted with bushes and rocks, within three hundred yards of the foot of the Kallinger rock; nor could a more favourable position have been chosen to display to advantage the grand and awful proportions of this formidable stronghold.

The hill on which Kallinger stands is said to be nine hundred and sixty feet above the plain; it stands out in isolated grandeur from the main range, from which it is separated by a deep, rocky, and thickly-wooded valley. The flanks of the mountain are scarped almost perpendicularly on all sides, and are thickly clothed with stunted copse-wood, with the exception of a space of about fifty feet from the summit, which presents a natural wall of bare rock, scarcely needing the solid curtains and

bastions, of stone surmounting it, and conforming in their curves and angles exactly to the shape of the hill. The circumference of the battlements is computed at six miles. The only access to the fort is by a stair-road, as at Gwalior; and Kallinger being at least as high again as the latter place, the ascent is proportionately more fatiguing. I rode my mountain-mule the greater part of the way, and was just an hour from base to summit. It is a curious fact, that the surface of the rock, whose sides are so rugged and steep; presents a nearly level table-land; and the like peculiarity is observable throughout the mountain-fortresses of Bundelcund. There is smooth space, sprinkled with turf, of sufficient extent for the manœuvres of a regiment, or a game at cricket; and there are the remains of a capital carriage-road three miles and a half in circuit. The English officers of the garrison, until within these few years, had buggies brought to the summit on the heads of porters, and enjoyed their evening drive nine hundred feet above the plain. Hill forts

usually fail in that most important of munitions, water; but Kallinger, in addition to several spacious tanks, possesses one well which, for aught that is known to the contrary, may reach the antipodes—for it has never been fathomed.

It appears as though Providence had designed this province for the last refuge of Indian independence, so perfect in their defensive properties are all these natural bulwarks spread throughout the district. It is certain that, though overrun for the space of fourteen years by the countless hosts of the Mahrattas, Bundelcund was never fairly subjected; and that the same Kallinger that worsted the repeated and obstinate attacks of the thitherto successful Ali Bahauder, opposed as brilliant a resistance to even British arms, and upheld the standard of liberty long after the whole of the surrounding country had succumbed to the pertinacious ambition of the Company.

The English army invested this fort in 1810, and, getting possession of a small conical hill,

a kind of natural outwork, called Kallingeri, erected their batteries thereon. Although the distance of twelve hundred yards from the nearest point of the battlements was almost too great for the effecting of a good breach, the guns, directed against an angle, brought down considerable masses of masonry; and the storming party, encouraged by these appearances, rushed down from their position, and commenced their arduous progress across the craggy and tangled gorge separating the lesser from the main rock. A murderous fire was poured upon the ascending troops, and huge blocks of granite rolled destruction through their ranks. Nevertheless, they persevered, and on approaching the work, what was their consternation, when they discovered that the brickwork which had been battered down, had only served as a facing to the bluff scarped rock! The breach was totally impregnable, and the English were forced back with severe loss. What, however, could not be effected by lead and steel, was speedily accomplished by all-conquering gold—the

sinews of diplomacy as well as of war—and the fortress was surrendered by negotiation shortly after our failure.

As I stood on the frowning brow of the positively inaccessible angle which formed the point of attack, my bosom swelled with emotions of pride at the determined hardihood which alone could have brought my countrymen to the hopeless exploit. I gazed from the dizzy height upon the mist-covered jungle below, until I almost fancied I heard the loud huzzas of the impetuous storming party; and I felt that, on the 'coigne of vantage' where I stood, I could, with a troop of twenty men and as many old women, and with no other arms than the huge stones which lay in piles around me, have made good my Thermopylæ against tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands!

The antiquity of Kallinger is, like its famous well, unfathomable. Mahomedan historians make mention of Rajahs of Kallinger as far back as A. D. 1008. It was taken by the Emperor Shere Khan about the middle of the



sixteenth century; but its fall was accomplished by the treachery of the garrison, and the conqueror lost his life in the assault, by the explosion of a magazine in one of the batteries.

The forests, which spread over the vallies and hills to the south and east of Kallinger, abound in game of every species. The gigantic elk, so rare in India, the leopard and hyæna are frequently fallen in with and shot by the officers of the three companies who form the garrison of this sequestered fortress. There is little danger in the pursuit of the latter animals, even on foot, for they never attempt resistance, except when they are too much wounded to escape.

My dāk from Kallinger to Allahabad was duly laid for the evening of this day, Feb. 1st. At the latter town it is my intention to embark on the Ganges, and sail down its stream as far as Dinapore, to give a meeting to a young relative who has just donned the Honourable Company's uniform. At 9 P.M.,

my palankeen was reported ready: the bearers were girding up their loins, and jabbering about *khanah* and *peisa*\*, their never-varying topics; the Mussalgees replenishing and lighting their torches; the broad-shouldered, fierce-looking, bare-legged Burkindass twirled his moustaches, braced his buckler, and shouldered his sheathed sword; my faithful *surdar*-bearer bustled about, arranging pillows and *rezies*†—(Oh for an established orthography of current Indian words! for I believe I spell them differently as often as they occur)—the *bangyburdars*‡, after nicely balancing their *patarras*, had already jogged forward; and *syces*, *khitmutgars*, *hookahburdars*, and other domestic ministers with hard titles and easy offices, were craning about the tent-door, and each in their turn—though previously furnished with orders, with the view to save trouble at the last moment—advancing with closed hands and open mouths, to get the *Sahib's* *hookam* about horses, and baggage,

\* Food and payment.

† Quilted bed-covering.

‡ Baggage porters.

and hookahs; or to insinuate a whispered prayer for buckshees; or to put in a 'humbly sheweth,' calligraphized by some erudite camp sircar, setting forth some petty grievance, or petitioning for discharge or increase of pay, backed by well feigned panic at the prospect of a Calcutta climate!

As I tarried for a moment before the door, to deliver a parting injunction to my majordomo, a crowd of my private bearers suddenly set up a combined yell of complaint, in which I could just collect that the Khansamah, under the influence of opium, had with his Mussulman fists battered the whole body corporate of the Hindoo officials—the defendant in return alleging that he had been wrought by their gaulee\* to commit the assault.

After striving for a few moments to make out the pros and cons of the case, it ended by my sending the whole party to Jehanum, bundling into my palankeen, and drowning their complaints in the chanted *refrain* of my dāk bearers; whose monotonous chorus, as-

\* Abuse.

sisted by the cradle-like motion of my equipage, lulled me, in the course of time, into a comfortable sleep. Thus ended my last day in camp : and much did I regret my canvas tabernacle, with its diurnal change of site and prospect ; the healthful daily journey, anticipating the sun ; the busy bustle of the line of march ; the diverging ramble from the direct route with chetahs, greyhounds, or falcons ; the amusing visits to royal personages at their glittering courts, and the still more exciting interviews with royal tigers in their jungle realms ; the half-sporting, half-reconnoitring stroll in the afternoon, with gun or pencil equally ready for its object ; the repast rendered more savoury by exercise, and digested to the ‘ interposing puff ’ of the cozy, dozy hookah ; the evening whist-parties, given in routine by the heads of departments of our migratory microcosm, and graced by the presence of ladies—where camp politics were discussed, or well digested plans were arranged for the morrow’s chasse ; the constant and endless variety of climes and coun-

tries, customs and characters, scenery, and incident—in a word, the roving, errant, gypsy-like life, in which novelty trips up the heels of ennui, and adventure casts out the blue devils engendered by an enervating climate.

But I left myself asleep in my palankeen, at 9 P.M., on the *1st of February*. At sunrise on the *2nd*, I passed through the pretty town of Turrowah; crossed the Jumna at the village of Mow at 8 P.M.; and reached Allahabad at gunfire on the morning of the *3rd*, thus accomplishing, in about thirty-two hours, the distance that the Head-quarters camp will consume ten days in performing. I only halted one hour on the road, to make a meal of tea and biscuit: my banqueting-hall was an umbrageous mango grove; the roof of my palankeen formed a convenient table; and my Hebe was a garrulous old woman, who, 'for a consideration,' purveyed for me, from the neighbouring hamlet, an earthen-pot of goat's milk, which had been boiled just too

late to prevent its turning sour. At Allahabad I was hospitably received by Captain Mein, the Assistant Commissary General, who introduced me to the budgerow destined for my transport to Calcutta; and in which, in the course of the day, all my goods and chattels were safely deposited. The shore of the Ganges, for many hundred yards under the steep bank on which Captain Mein's house is situated, is lined with the budgerows, horse-boats, office-boats and cook-boats, forming the fleet of the Head-quarters; and at the mast head of each officer's galley flaunts a gay-coloured, distinguishing flag.

The important, and, to the Hindoos, holy city of Allahabad is eligibly situated at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna; and the fort, a place of great extent and strength, commands the navigation of both rivers. The emperor Acbar founded the new city in 1581, and his handy-work came into the clutches of the English in 1765. Here Lord Clive received from Shah Aulum of Delhi—on con-

ditions of protection—the legal possession of the province of Bengal. The Company laid out vast sums of rupees on the fortifications of this important stronghold, and made it the grand depôt of military stores and provincial justice for the upper districts of India. I had not been long at Allahabad ere I received a message from Doorjun Saul, the usurper of Bhurtpore, who is now a state prisoner in the fort. In a dhâlee of fruits, vegetables, and preserves, he insinuated—like Cleopatra's asp—a letter, in which he besought me, as Mousahib\* to the Lord-general, to visit him, and to exert my influence at the British court for his liberation—an invitation which I politely declined, preferring a jaunt to the grand fair—now in celebration under the walls of the fort—to being made the auditor of complaints, for which I could administer no balm.

The fair—in *fair* company, for such I enjoyed on the occasion—was worth seeing. There was more chaffering and bargaining,

\* Aide-de-camp.

and less fighting and love-making, than are seen in England in like assemblies: but after Hurdwar fair, Allahabad had nothing of novelty to show. We passed down the whole street of booths, driving hard bargains with the retailers of trash; and, amongst other valuables, I purchased for one rupee a whole mythology of Hindoo deities.



*Feb. 4th.* At 11 A.M. I stepped into the clumsy, ricketty budgerow, in which, with the special intervention of Providence, I may



hope to navigate seven hundred and fifty miles, without becoming food for alligators. My palankeen and half a dozen domestics, with a posse of dogs and goats, were established as outside passengers; on the roof, or poop of the vessel: the maungee\* gave the word for weighing; the huge bamboos cramped the top-heavy ark from the shore; she swung heavily round; and after carrying away the noses of several figure-heads, and jamming in the jilmils† of two or three sister budgerows, my gallant tub rolled gracefully away, like a swan—out of water—followed by a favouring breeze and the hearty execrations of the crews of the injured vessels. My little fleet consisted of this my private yacht, a smaller boat for servants' baggage and kitchen, and a little dinghee, or Ganges wherry. The budgerow, though unwieldy and ungovernable in narrow winding streams, and high winds, is really, — considering its primitive construction, for it appears to have been built after Jason's model—very well calcu-

\* Boatswain,

† Venetian blinds,

lated for Ganges' navigation. The accommodation between decks is even superior to that of a frigate—my sitting-room being seventeen feet and a half by fifteen feet, and nearly eight feet high, and the sleeping cabin, more abaft, about twelve feet square. In addition to two large square sails, it is furnished with fourteen long sweeps. The voyages are always made by daylight, the numerous shoals of the river rendering night navigation dangerous. Towards sunset the budgerow is, therefore, run ashore in some favourable spot, and the dândies—as the boatmen are called, from the word dân, an oar—instantly set about making their little temporary ovens on the bank, to bake their chupâtties, and concoct their curry. The crews are of either sect, Mussulman or Hindoo; the former are, perhaps, the more able-bodied seamen, and stauncher at the oar; but they cook their meals on board, and smother the passenger—already stewed by 90° of Fahrenheit—with their savoury steams. The Hindoos, on the contrary, are forbidden by their reli-

gion to perform these rites on board, solacing themselves with parched grain and sweetmeats, until the anchoring of the vessels gives them the advantages of a legitimate feast. Then, indeed, do these sufferers for religion's sake make up for lost time. An Englishman who pecks at his three or four meals per diem, would stare to see the mountain of rice devoured at a sitting by these hard-working and hungry disciples of Brahmah.

The dândies are generally fine, stout and sleek figures. In rowing they stand upright, advancing and retiring two or three steps at every stroke; and lightening their labour, as well as preserving the measure, by a song and chorus.

The Ganges, though certainly magnificent as a river, from the great width of its stream and the fineness of its water, must yield the palm of picturesque beauty to the Thames, the Liffy, or the Rhine. Its banks present an unvaried sand-wall on one hand; and on the other, are low, flat, and unbroken. This is,

however, speaking generally; for there are points and headlands on the great river, which, invested as they are with all the scenic requisites of wood, water, and architecture, afford brilliant subjects for the pencil. Almost every sand-bank—and the Ganges is replete with them—forms the basking place of some huge alligator. It is not unusual to see a group of ten or twelve of these monsters lying so motionless, in their enjoyment of the sun, that an unaccustomed eye would mistake them for logs of timber. On the near approach of a boat they tumble clumsily into the water and disappear. There are two species of the alligator, the most common of which, the long-nosed, preys only upon fish. But the short-headed mugger, which grows to the length of thirty feet, extends his tastes to flesh, human or bestial.

About 4 P.M., on the 6th, I sailed past Mirzapore, a large town, situated on the right bank of the river. It drives a busy trade in cotton and silk, and is famous for the manu-

facture of carpeting. The bank of the stream is adorned with several fine ghauts and temples: a little below the town, four or five handsome houses mark the Civil Station; and a line of more humble bungalows, the Cantonments.

The ghauts—flights of steps to the river—of which every town on the Ganges boasts of three or four, always present an animated scene to the aquatic passenger. At all hours of the day, but more particularly in the morning, they are thronged with busy crowds of Hindoos, who are certainly the most cleanly people in the world. The Brahmin may be seen standing up to his knees in the holy stream, with depressed head, and hands in the attitude of prayer; or carefully washing the symbolical thread, the badge of his sacred caste. Women, with their graceful garments, and still more graceful persons, and with their well-poised water-vessels on their heads, glide up and down the steps in execution of their duty; the drudgery of the menage. It does one's heart good to see these elegant creatures



cheerfully performing their domestic offices, and rendering even labour graceful. You may talk of your Frenchwoman's walk—it may be pretty—indeed, it is so; but is it natural? She goes pitter-patting along as though she feared at each step to burst her shoe. My Indian daughter of nature has no shoe to burst; but she plants a very pretty bare foot with precision, yet lightness; and floats past, unencumbered with the weighty vase, which her slender neck seems almost too fragile to support.

A little apart from the town and the public haunts of man, females, singly or in pairs, may be seen stealing down to the river, like Musidora, to bathe their 'fervent limbs in the refreshing flood;' like her, unconscious of any treacherous Damon, after a hasty glance up the bank and along the shore, they disengage themselves in an instant from their simple garment, and plunge into the stream.

This dress of the women consists of but one piece of cloth, the sarree; it is fastened round the waist, and thrown over the head and across the bosom. Simple though it be, this attire is infinitely more graceful, and even more decent, than the evening costume of the belles of more sophisticated regions.

I have often been amused by, and marvelled at, the total absence of all visible sympathy or gallantry between the Hindoo men and women in public. In Europe, on occasions like these conventions on the Ghaut, there would doubtless be free scope given to badinage, ribaldry, and practical jokes; but the orderly Hindoo plods through his prayers and ablutions per-

fectly indistrait by the vicinity of his fair neighbour, whom he suffers to raise the ponderous water-vessel to her head, without dreaming of offering assistance.

*Feb. 7th.* At 3 P.M., passed the town and fortress of Chunar. The appearance of this place is very striking; and its situation, on a bluff rock jutting far into the river, and commanding its navigation, makes it a formidable toll-bar on this great high road of military and commercial communication between Bengal and the upper provinces. This stronghold has been the scene of many sieges and battles. In 1575, it held out against a Mogul army for six months; and in 1764, it surrendered to the English, after having repulsed them in a night attack. The fort of Chunar is the prison of a Mahratta rebel of rank, and the Chelsea of European invalids; and if the one is not speedily emancipated from his chains, and the others from all sublunary—or rather sub-solar—maladies, I shall never more put faith in the dissolving powers of



heat; for this bare, bright rock must be the hottest spot in the world. The natural productions of Chunar are its fine free-stone, and famous tobacco. I passed the town without landing, sending the small boat ashore to cater for provisions.

This lonely, lazy, lounging aquatic expedition, appears to me somewhat monotonous—though not ungrateful—after the constant action, and bustling variety of ‘life in camp.’ It is some days since I have heard my own voice, except in the necessary laconic orders to my native attendants: my pretty spaniel, Rustem, with his insinuating wriggle and eloquent whine, seems, indeed, as if he only wanted the gift of utterance, to say a great deal; but his visits to his master being regulated more by appetite than duty, he only makes his appearance in the parlour about the time that the cook-boat runs alongside—preferring a romp on deck with the goat to any other less mercurial society. The scuffling attacks of the one and the repellent butts of the other come as distinctly

home to my senses through the reverberating medium of the thin roof, as though I were an ocular witness of their gambols. The hours float past as smoothly and slowly as the stream of the unruffled and somewhat dilatory Ganges; and my faith in my own fund of resources is sometimes grievously shaken by a longing for the dinner hour, prompted more by ennui than hunger. Yet there is something of luxury and comfort in thus gliding through space with so little trouble to oneself, and in the feeling that you are wending rapidly towards your destination, whilst engaged in your usual pursuits and avocations. I look round my little floating home with a self-hugging complacency; and when I am fairly ensconced in my deep easy chair, with my slippared feet on the sill of the open window; my novel, my book of topographical reference, my houkah and my sherbet, I would not barter my cozy solitude and the moving panorama constantly before me, for any pleasure or scene which would involve the necessity of rising from my seat.

*Feb. 8th.* At ten o'clock this morning, the great city of Benares hove in sight. I therefore ordered my chair, my chattah \*, and my telescope upon deck, and during the hour which was occupied in sailing past this Indian Babylon, I found ample amusement and interest in the busy scene which the Ganges' bank daily presents at this hour. Great masses of building crowd, one below another, down to the water's edge: splendid modern palaces, gaunt and deserted ruins, Hindoo temples, Mahometan mosques, spacious ghauts alive with moving myriads of bathers; fat Brahmins, lean fakirs, hobbling and squabbling beldames, plump and taper damsels, all seemed to pass in review before me; and I was scarcely tired of laughing and admiring, sketching and spying, ere I found myself at the Raj Ghaut, where I gave orders to shorten sail and drop anchor.

A buggy, sent for me by Mr. Hamilton, the magistrate, was in waiting; I jumped into it and drove to the splendid mansion of Sir

\* Large tumbrella.

Frederic Hamilton, (the collector of Benares,)—situated near the cantonments, and about five miles from the river—where I was most hospitably entreated during two days. Of the town I had only a cursory view. The streets are narrow and dirty, crowded from morn till night with tribes of fakirs, processions, horses, elephants, Brahminee bulls and Brahminee marriages. In this holy headquarters of Hindooism, the most remarkable and prominent edifice is the great musjed of Aurungzebe,—whose lofty minars seem to look down with contempt upon the Lilliputian crowds of Hindoo muts within view of its proud dome. How galling must the Muezzin's call be to the ears of the five hundred thousand followers of Brahmah, who form the chief population of Benares\*.

In the English cantonments, a house was pointed out to me in which Mr. Cherry, the Resident, and three other English civil-ser-

\* At Benares is the famous Vidalaia, or Hindoo College; where, among other well-established points of science, the students are instructed that the sun revolves round the earth.

vants were—in 1799—butchered by the emissaries of Vizier Ali, the Ex-Nawaub of Oude. The traitors seized the occasion of an amicable visit to attempt the massacre of all the hated British at this station; and they would, doubtless, have fully succeeded in their bloody designs, had not one gentleman made his escape, and throwing himself upon a horse, galloped at full speed to the cavalry cantonments of Sultanpore—eight miles from Benares—turned out a squadron, which was fortunately at drill, and returned with it within the hour, and in time to save many of our countrymen's lives. The arrival of this reinforcement was most opportune for Mr. Davis, the judge. When this gentleman's house was beset by the murderers, he sent his family by a spiral turret staircase to the roof of the building, and when his retreat was discovered, defended himself on the narrow escalier for half an hour, with no better weapon than a hog-spear.

On the evening of the 9th, accompanied by

a very special round of beef, and an odoriferous dhally of fruits and vegetables; I re-embarked; and, at daybreak, got under weigh for Dinapore. The wind was strong, and so inveterately in our teeth, that sails and oars and current were no match for it. The budgerow, however, has yet another method of locomotion, namely tracking. A rope is fastened to the mast-head, and the crew, jumping overboard like so many frogs, swim to shore, and drag the vessel along the banks, until a favourable turn in the river or the wind brings them all on board again.

Received this day a packet from Headquarters, inclosing a letter from Deyra, giving an interesting account of a tiger-hunt. The correspondent was the same gentleman who, with my friend and myself, slew the tigress and cubs, near that town, in last April. As there is a plentiful dearth of log-matter on the river, I shall—with due apologies to the writer for rendering his letter immortal by smuggling it into this important work—take leave to subjoin an extract. ‘ Having ob-

tained pretty certain intelligence that a tiger had taken up his temporary abode in the thick wood jungle about the hill of Kalunga, a party of four of us, assisted by two or three native volunteers, determined to sally out in quest of him. Having no elephants, we proceeded on foot to the spot indicated as his lurking place; and, after beating about for some time without discovering him, we strolled down the hill, tracking him by his footmarks; Erskine was in front, and I a few yards behind him, when suddenly and without the slightest warning the tiger sprung from a thicket, and seized in his jaws a Goorkah seapoy, who was close to E——. A native policeman, who was 'at the seapoy's elbow, fired his matchlock, when the tiger instantly dropped his victim, and made at him. Erskine, who all this time had stood firm as a rock, watching his opportunity, now stepped up; and, as the animal was in the act of seizing the second man, within three paces of himself, fired his piece: the ball took effect in the tiger's back, and he dropped dead on

the spot: The coolness of Erskine was beyond all praise. The tiger measured nine feet four inches.

On the 12th., I brought to at the town of Gazypore, and sent the crew and servants ashore to buy food. The best rosewater in India is manufactured here; and attar is so rich, that it is sold as high as one hundred rupees for the rupee weight. Travellers are usually taken in by sellers of spurious rosewater, and I proved, though duly warned, no wiser than my neighbours. A plausible rascal came on board, and convinced me, in spite of my nose, that the three carbhies, each containing eight or ten quarts, which I bought for nine rupees, were of the very first quality: my hookah-buridar, who pretended to be a judge, assisted in making a fool of me: the bargain was struck; the brittle, yet precious carbhies were a constant source of anxiety to me in my passage to Calcutta: there the rosy liquid was carefully run off into quart bottles, to be taken to England, and the first that I stingily



opened brought me the satisfactory conviction that I had been humbugged.

The next day an adverse storm raged for several hours, and dispersed my armada. My budgerow, which is surely built expressly to be the laughing stock of the winds, was driven ashore with a bump that upset my breakfast apparatus; and the crew, after making one or two efforts at tracking, finally ceased their fruitless toil and trouble, and quietly took to their hubble-bubbles\*, their never-failing consolation in time of need. As my vessel lay helpless aground, a large fleet of clumsy cotton boats, coming up the stream, took advantage of the gale, and sailed past me in the most triumphant style. I was just envying them their prosperous breeze, and perhaps wishing them a share in my adversity, when a sudden squall swept over the fleet, and left not a sail and scarcely a mast standing. Down drifted these cumbrous specimens of naval architecture

\* Cocoa-nut pipe so called by the English.

with the stream, and one of the hugest of them ran ashore close astern of me with a force that would have crushed my comparatively tiny craft, like a walnut under the heel of a Bath porter.

During this ill-omened day, I never lost sight of Buxar. At this town and at Karinta-Dee, just opposite, there is a grand establishment of the Company's stud, the superintendent, Major Hunter, having a pretty house at the latter place. Buxar is chiefly celebrated as the scene of the great victory gained by the British detachment under Major Munro, over the countless hosts of Suja ood Doulah and Cossim Khan in 1764. The English army consisted of little more than seven thousand Europeans and Seapoys, whilst that of the enemy has been computed at forty thousand. Our victory was complete, and the capture of one hundred and thirty pieces of cannon, and an immense booty, rewarded the conquerors.

I passed the greater part of Valentine's

day on a shoal in the middle of the river. The weather was dreadfully hot, and the budgerow much out of the perpendicular; the crew standing for two hours in the water with their brawny shoulders applied to the counter of the stubborn vessel, which only responded by a slight heave to their strenuous exertions and vociferated 'Allahs!' It was truly a patience-proving predicament. Tired of my passive situation, I at length jumped out of the window, and, trusting to a wet towel twisted round my head, as an ægis against the sun's meridional rays, and to the ceaseless ululations of the dândies as a defence against alligators, enjoyed a refreshing bathe. Then dressing myself, and taking a gun and a dog, I got into my dinghee, and leaving my budgerow to the care of the crew, proceeded to disturb the siestas of several of the above-named monsters of the deep, whose basking forms I had previously reconnoitred with my telescope. I failed in accomplishing the destruction of any of them; though I flattered myself—and so did my native aide-de-camp—that many

of them only owed their safety—like Ajax—to their seven-fold shield of a hide. A drop of blood too, on one occasion discovered by my man Friday, on a sand-bank, satisfied me as to the correctness of my aim.

On these sporting trips I was always accompanied by one of the dândies, a plump, smiling little fellow, whose sleek russet skin, Nature's handy-work, was more becoming to him than the most consummate production of Stultz could be to the dândies of my native land. He was a tacit volunteer, and a perfect fanatic in his new pursuit. As a retriever he was invaluable; quite usurping the occupation of my spaniel, who was amusingly jealous. If I shot a wild-duck—and I generally got one for my solitary dinner—the report of my gun was instantly echoed by the plunge of my amphibious attendant, who had generally almost reached his object before his quadruped rival, conquering his natural hydrophobia and urged by despairing emulation, had made up his mind to the dreaded leap. I never saw any natant animal cleave

the water with such speed as this fellow, and I remarked that he always swam on his side with his right hand protended, and his left arm vigorously plied as a paddle. This is intelligible; for the keel-like side of a man must oppose much less resistance to the water than the broad 'breast of controversy' of the straight forward swimmer.

*Feb. 15th.* In the morning, a continuation of adverse winds, which, however, lulled towards noon. At 3 P.M., I passed the confluence of the Gogra with the Ganges: it is, next to the Jumna and the Sone, the most powerful of the tributaries to the queen of rivers. Near the junction was fought—according to Dow—a great battle between the armies of the Emperor Acber and Daood the rebel governor of Bengal. The latter was beat, and fled to Patna, which he defended. On arriving before this place, the emperor, with his customary heroism, offered to stake his empire in a single combat with Daood—a challenge declined by the latter. He had better



OF THE  
BOMBAY  
BRANCH  
OF THE  
INDIAN  
MUSEUM



Engraved by T. Longman

Ferry on the Ganges near Murrah.

London. Published by John Murray, April, 1852.

By Robert A. C. Murray

have accepted it, for he was afterwards taken, and murdered in cold blood.

The next morning, on awaking, I found my gallant bark scudding, at the rate of ten knots an hour, before a fresh and favourable gale which brought me safe to my anchorage at Dinapore, after an exhilarating sail of six hours. I immediately landed, and proceeded to the barracks by the back way, hoping to take my relative by surprise. He was out, so I employed myself in guessing at his character and pursuits by the furniture and garniture of his apartment—a test which I have generally found to be, at least, as satisfactory as a first personal interview. I need not detail the conclusions I drew from the following sketch of the young cadet's domicile:—in one corner of the room—‘that served him for parlour, and kitchen, and hall’—stood a box full of oats for the horse; in another, a billiard cue, a gig-whip, and some rackets. On the table lay a volume of Shakspeare, its pages unthumbed, and its back impliant; a Persian grammar, which had



evidently been half gone through—for only the last half was left; a couple of 'nearly empty boxes of cigars; and a pair of silk French garters, with the embroidered motto, 'Pensez à moi.' The pictures which adorned the white-washed walls were some of 'Aikin's Symptoms,' and two large, framed pendants of our first parents in Paradise, and Leda. The awkward schoolboy, whom I had lost sight of for four years, had thrown off the chrysalis of boyhood, and become the gay, comely, and sesquipedalian Ensign. What a change do not these four years, from twelve to sixteen, bring about! and with what anxious solicitude must the parent—at that interval between the two ages—watch over the dawning qualities of his son, which, good or bad, must now be elicited! During this eventful period, boyhood is exchanged for manhood, whims for passions, love of marbles for first love, and, though last not least (in my estimation, as I remember), the jacket for the coat. The sanguine youth, full of dreams of success, vaults at one spring into the arena of life, and commences a series

of combats and struggles, in which he probably finds himself the most dangerous of his enemies; sometimes triumphant, at others succumbent, his toils are sooner or later rewarded by the olive-crown of experience.

Dinapore—the name always gives me an appetite!—is situated a few miles below the confluence of the Sone and Ganges. There is little remarkable in the place, except the barracks, erected on a more extensive scale than any other in India, and in which one of His Majesty's regiments and two of the Company's are quartered. The country round about is exceedingly fertile in grain, but not so in rides for the evening airings of the English inhabitants. About half a mile from the barracks is a great victualling establishment, called Deega Farm; the estate is of some extent, and within its limits are contained a beautiful dwelling-house, splendidly furnished, the residence of the farmer; a very extensive Tunbridge-ware shop; immense ranges of stalls, containing about two thousand bullocks and other cattle;

wine and store vaults; kitchen ranges; and fruit, vegetable, and flower gardens showily laid out. The owner, an Englishman, having, as I was informed, made some fifty thousand pounds by the same species of establishment about eight years ago, set up for a gentleman, went to England—where of course his rupees found him friends—and was persuaded by them to aspire to a seat in the councils of his country. His M. P. plan failed, as did his rupees, and consequently his friends; and Mr. H. returned to India, his poultry and piggery, where he bids fair soon to realize a second fortune, which—with fifty thousand pounds' worth of experience—will enable him to enact the independent gentleman to the end of his days.

On the eighth day of my stay at Dinapore, the Head-quarters' fleet, with its white sails, flaunting flags, and 'pictis puppibus,' hove in sight. The pinnace flag-ship, with its twenty-four first-rate budgerows, store-ships, fire-ships—for so the cook-boats may be styled—

and horse-vessels, made really a very imposing appearance as they bore down upon the town before a fresh breeze. The Commander-in-chief remained at Dinapore the following day to review the brigade, and was entertained in the evening with a fancy-dress ball, where there were many good characters, and some very pretty ones.

*Feb. 25th.* The fleet dropped down to Bankipore, the English civil station, near Patna; and the greater portion of our party dined with Sir Charles D'Oyley. Here we met with a hospitable welcome and good cheer, and in the evening we heard some beautiful music, and saw some splendid drawings of the talented Baronet. At Bankipore are the extensive opium warehouses of the Company; and near Patna is a huge mountain of a granary, built by the English, and alike remarkable for its size, its expense in building, and its utter inutility. The city of Patna, of which Bankipore may be considered a suburb, extends for many miles along the right bank

of the river, which is at this point, in the rainy-season, nearly five miles in width. Patna boasts great antiquity, and is one of those numerous cities set up by conflicting English antiquarians, as candidates for the site of the great Palibothra of Pliny.

The remains of an old English factory are shown, where about two hundred prisoners, were butchered by the adventurer Sumroo, whose widow I had the honour of dining with a few weeks ago at Meerut. Late in the evening, our party were provided with equipages, and drove down to the fleet, lying at anchor about five miles distant.

At gun-fire on the 26th, the Head-quarters' armada got under way, and made a good day's run to the village of Bar, a favourable wind propelling us at the rate of eight miles an hour. There was a good deal of emulation among the budgerows, and I soon discovered that mine was not among the *crack* sailers. At the windings of the river, the vessels, though there was plenty of sea-room, generally

ran aboard of each other; and if one of the leading ships chanced to touch upon a shoal, she was sure to be bumped further into the mud by the rear attacks of her unwary followers. There was something monstrously provoking, when well placed in the van of the fleet, to be thus suddenly arrested in one's triumphant career; the friends who shot past you laughed at your mishap, and those who backed you up pushed you further into the scrape—'a plague of such backing,' I say.

With prosperous gales, we reached Monghir at 2 P.M. the next day, and remained there during the night. The fortress of Monghir is beautifully situated on a rocky peninsula, formed by a graceful sweep of the river; the walls are of brick, and enclose an enceinte of about three miles. Most of the ancient buildings have fallen to ruin, or been cleared away; and there are now only a few houses and bungalows, and a cantonment for sepöys within the walls. The remainder of the space is covered with remarkably fine turf, and is

employed as a parade-ground. Without the walls, and to the southward of the fort, lies the town, which is of great extent: the country in the neighbourhood is extremely pretty and fertile, and the prospect is backed up by the mountains of Corruckpore. Monghir was much strengthened by Cossim Ali Khan, the Mogul governor of the province, who made strenuous efforts to throw off the yoke of the English: the fort was, however, taken after a siege of only nine days.

The chief *lion* of the place is a hot-well, called the Seeta Coond, or Well of Seeta—the Apollo of Indian mythology—about four miles from the fort. It is situated in a pretty wooded dell; and the fact is singular that, within a few feet of the hot well, there are several springs of cold water. The heat of the Seeta Coond is usually about 137° of Fahrenheit: it is painful to keep the hand for more than an instant in the stream; and instances are recorded of persons having been scalded to death by falling into it. The water, having no mineral admixture in

its composition, is extremely pleasant to the taste: and such is its purity and durability that I considered six dozen quarts, sent me by a friend for my voyage to England, an offering at least equivalent to Horace's vaunted, 'Plenus Albani cadus.' The well is considered a spot of great sanctity by the Hindoos, and superstition has invested it with a divine origin. The rock from which the stream gushes once bore the form of a beautiful nymph, who, like Daphne, underwent the metamorphosis to escape from the amorous pursuit of a god.

Monghir is at present an invalid depôt, and is considered a very healthy place. It is famous for its iron-ware and furniture manufactures. Among other articles hawked about the fleet for sale, a very neatly-made fowling-piece was offered me for twenty rupees, or two pounds: stock, lock, and barrel appeared to be well finished; but I doubt not that the doctor's bill, consequent upon the firing it off, would have more than counterbalanced the difference of price between the Monghir



maker and Wesley Richards of Birmingham —who will doubtless take twenty per cent. off my bill for this recommendation.

*Feb. 28th.* The morning being calm, the fleet took its sweeps and fairly rowed itself into a favourable wind, which we picked up about mid-day as we passed through that beautiful estuary of the Ganges spread round the picturesque rocks of Janguira. The main rock is insular, and is crowned with a lofty Hindoo temple and the habitations of a band of Fakirs, whose predecessors have occupied this singular spot time out of mind. Janguira is the scene of a poem by a Mr. Derozio, a young Eurasian of great acquirements, who has been styled the Byron of the East. The situation of the temple is not very unlike that of the château de Chillon; and the Ganges at this spot is to the full as wide as Lac Lemane between Chillon and the Meillerie mountains.

At 3 P.M., the fleet brought-to at Boglipore, and we immediately got out our horses and

uniforms, and proceeded with his Excellency to inspect the barracks of his Majesty's 3rd (Bufs), who are quartered here in temporary cantonments. There is also stationed, about four miles from the European barracks, a native local corps, formed entirely of the wild mountaineers of Rajemál. The country in the vicinity of Boglipore is extremely fertile, and luxuriantly wooded, and the vegetation preserves throughout the year that rich verdure caused by the heavy dews peculiar to the provinces of Bahar and Bengal. At a short distance from the cantonments, stands a monument—perhaps the only memorial ever dedicated by Indians in gratitude to an European—erected by the natives of the neighbouring hills to the memory of an Englishman, named Cleveland, who was formerly magistrate of the district, and whose short life was devoted to ameliorate the condition of those mountaineers, who at his death showed that they were not ungrateful for the kindness of their benefactor. The cenotaph is of Hindoo architecture, and two Fakirs are

employed to keep a lamp eternally burning within the building.

The following morning, after a review and a breakfast with the Buffs, we re-embarked, and, having a good day's run, reached the Colgong Rocks—the Scylla and Charybdis of the Ganges—by 3 P.M. These two strange-looking insular crags stand out in the middle of the stream, opposite a lofty and woody promontory which forces the river from its straight course. They are both more or less clothed with stunted coppice-wood, and are ornamented with carved representations of Hindoo deities, or devils. I landed on one of the sister rocks in pursuit of a curious bird, of a species I never happened to have met with before, and which my companion succeeded in shooting. It was milk white, with two slender feathers, half a foot long, growing out of the back of its head. In size and shape it resembled a small sea-gull.

Looking down from the rock into the pellucid depths of the stream, I could distinguish

the dark forms of several huge alligators, who rose at intervals to the surface. As I was stepping into my dinghee, one of these monsters lifted several inches of his snout (which looked like the rough bark of an old oak) above the water, within ten yards of me. I quickly saluted him with a charge of small shot, on which he instantly disappeared. The fleet *luggowed*, about three miles below Colgong, on the bank of a large island, where, in my evening stroll, I found a good deal of game. In addition to a plentiful bag of snipes, I killed a large bird of the partridge kind, which I believe to be the brown chekoar, common in the Rajemâl hills, of whose wooded heights we enjoy from this spot a beautiful view. At the foot of these mountains there is to be had some of the finest shooting in India. In the thickest of the forest the rhinoceros revels in his native swamps. Lord Hastings, with a large party of friends, made a sporting campaign under these hills in 1819, and killed three of the above-named animals. Their skin is so thick as to be almost ball,

proof, and they are usually shot with tin or copper bullets or bolts. Elephants have a great dread of the rhinoceros, and few of them will await his charge.

*March 2nd.* The thermometer rose to 87° yesterday; but was this morning reduced by a welcome shower to 75°. It is calculated that this seasonable fall of rain will protract the cool season for another fortnight. Shortly after noon we sailed past the point of Sicrigully, one of the great passes between the provinces of Bahar and Bengal. In former days there was a strong fortress defending the Pass, and a wall running between the mountains and the river: the former is mentioned as having been stormed by Shah Jehan of Delhi, in 1623, when a gallant but unsuccessful defence was made by some Europeans of the garrison, who were finally overpowered, and put to the sword. Sicrigully is now nothing more than a small hamlet of huts. The inhabitants of the lowlands of this part of Bahar are dark coloured, stout made, and

ill-favoured. The Puharrees, like those of the Nepaul mountains, are Tartar-featured, very short in stature, but strong limbed and active. Being unincumbered with the besetting prejudices of the Hindoos of the plains, these sturdy little highlanders are well formed for soldiers.

We passed the night, which was very tempestuous, under a steep bank about ten miles above the town of Rajemál; and the next morning at nine o'clock we sailed past that city. None of our party landed here, as most of us had inspected its interesting ruins when engaged in a similar voyage two years ago. Rajemál was, at more than one period, the capital of Bengal. It was entirely consumed by an accidental conflagration, whilst in the possession of Suja,—one of the rebel sons of Shah Jehan, whose misfortunes are so movingly recounted by the historian Dow. Suja then narrowly escaped being burnt: and was, at this same place, twenty years after, defeated by his nephew Mohummet, son and general of the great Aurunzebe. The young Mohummet afterwards

deserted his father's cause for love of his beautiful cousin, the daughter of Suja, whom he married; was seized by his remorseless parent, and confined in Gwalior, where he died, probably of poison. His fair and faithful bride broke her heart for sorrow; and the ill-starred Suja, persecuted by the rancour of his imperial brother, took refuge in Arracan, where he was treacherously murdered by the Rajah of that province. Here are materials for a novel! Let the author of the "Spy" embody them.\*

The melancholy ruins of Suja's palace, of which a hall of black marble is the most remarkable feature, still remain as memorials of his unhappy career; but the Ganges, by its silent encroachments, bids fair shortly to obliterate even these vestiges. The great river, nearly two centuries ago, made an important change in its course at this point; deserting Gour, the former capital of Bengal,

\*The writer of the 'Romance of History' might, for the extension of his interesting work, cull rich subjects from Dow's History of Hindostan—yet I almost doubt whether English sympathy could be roused by the exploits or misfortunes of Indian heroes and heroines.

twelve miles from Rajemâl, and bringing its inconstant waters, to wash the more elevated bank of the latter place. Here a pretty solid obstruction to its further migration to the westward is opposed by the rocky ground which distinguishes the neighbourhood of Rajemâl, and which ceases abruptly at this point. Immediately below the town the appearance of the country is totally changed: throughout the two hundred and fifty miles of alluvial plain between Rajemâl and the bay of Bengal, it would be a difficult matter for a mischievous school-boy to find a pebble big enough to break a window.

The following day, after a fine morning's sail, we reached Bogwangola, a commercial village or town, more remarkable for its importance as a grain mart than for the durability of its architecture.

As this spot is very subject to the encroachments and derelictions of the capricious Gunga—a goddess as notoriously fickle as Fortune—the habitations and grain stores are merely temporary erections of bamboos



and thatch. In one of the invasions of the river, the tomb of an English officer, who died and was buried near the town, was included in its sweeping attack, and ingulphed in the sacred flood.

Bogwangola is situated near the Bhâgiretty river, the most western branch of the Ganges. This stream connects its parent river with the Hooghly, and during the rains, when the navigation is available, it presents the most direct passage to Calcutta. At the present season it is totally impassable by budgerows, and those of our party who are bound straight to Calcutta are consequently obliged to travel dâk:

The main body of the Head-quarters Fleet proceeds hence in an easterly direction as far as Dacca, where another detachment will branch off to Calcutta by the Sunderbunds; whilst the Commander-in-chief, with a few of the heads of departments, extends his voyage by the mouths of the Burrampooter, to Chittagong, and thence across the bay of Bengal to Pooree (a not very fashionable watering place on the Cuttack coast) where, fanned by

the refreshing sea-breezes, we are to pass the three broiling months of April, May, and June.

The two following days were so profoundly calm, that we only made that progress which was attainable by oars. We passed Bauliah, and Surdah where there is a silk manufactory of the Company; and at mid-day on the 7th, our fleet quitted the Ganges for a smaller stream, the Pubna, running out of the great river, and preferable to it on account of the dangerous shoals of the latter. We brought-to, this evening, at the village of Comerlee.

The hot weather has fairly set in with the calms; the thermometer ranging for many hours this day at 90°.

*March 8th.* Continued our passage along the little Pubna, whose banks are covered as far as the eye can range with all the rich and vivid verdure peculiar to Bengal. This morning, before sun-rise, as the fleet was making but slow progress, a party of three, who

happened to have horses with us, went ashore with some greyhounds, and had some capital coursing, killing three foxes and a jackal. Some villagers reported a fine wild hog in a clump of bamboos close at hand, and offered to drive him out for us, but we had unluckily not provided ourselves with spears.

Early the next morning, we scudded past the village of Viziergunge, and entered the Dullaserry river, which is, in many points, nearly of equal width with the Ganges. After running from 4 A.M. to 7 P.M., the signal—so hungrily hoped for by the crews—was given, and the fleet was in a few minutes snugly laid alongside the bank, near the hamlet of Gwalpara. In another instant the English portion of the party were to be seen stretching their cramped limbs upon the shore, and the momentarily increasing fires betokened the diligence of the dândies and servants in preparing their own or their masters' repasts:

The whole surface of the surrounding country is cut into numberless small islands by

the myriads of streams, large and insignificant, intersecting each other at a thousand angles, as they hurry to throw themselves into the sea, or into the sovereign rivers Ganges and Burrampooter.

The chief product of the country is that gold-coining plant, the indigo: and scattered here and there, at intervals of ten or twenty miles; a snug looking bungalow and a formal business-like range of brick buildings mark the residence of the hog-hunting, claret-drinking factor, who—to his honour be it spoken—is always most ready to share his sports and his bottle with the chance visitor who may happen to stumble upon his solitude.

*March 10th.* During this day's sail, we quitted the Dullaserry for the Borigunga river; and at 6 P.M. arrived at a hamlet within three miles of Dacca, where we brought-to for the night, in order that we might reach the great city by daylight the next morning. Accordingly, ere sunrise, we were floating past the five miles of half-ruined, half-habitable,

half-splendid, half-paltry edifices, which, extending along the edge of the stream, constitute the town of Dacca; and shortly after, our fleet was moored opposite the Civil station. Although the city does not boast of very great antiquity, yet its many extensive and interesting ruins—which have been done ample justice to by the pencil of Sir C. D'Oyly—attest its former consequence under the Mogul government. It was at one period the capital of the province of Bengal, and the station of a Mogul fleet of armed cruizers, destined to check the Portuguese pirates at that time ravaging the coasts, and to coerce their troublesome neighbours of Arracan.

Dacca is now a considerable station of Company's servants and Company's elephants, of which latter there is organized here a stud of about three hundred. Every lady knows that Dacca is famed for the fine texture of its muslins; but owing to the improvement of that branch of manufacture in England, and the consequent decreasing encouragement to the Dacca fabricators, the

very important art of composing the finer descriptions of this elegant ingredient of the female wardrobe is in imminent danger of being lost.

The town is closely hemmed in by jungles of hundreds of miles in extent, in some parts totally impenetrable. These fastnesses are the great preserves of tigers, and other of the nobler game, which, without such places of refuge, would probably, long ere this, have been extirpated by the indefatigable ardour of British sportsmen. For miles round the town, in the depths of the wildest forests, the explorer will stumble upon the mouldering vestiges of the ancient grandeur of Dacca. Palaces, mosques, and tombs are now become the lurking places of tigers, leopards, and hyænas: in the more accessible parts of the jungle, an immense variety of game is to be found; but the sportsman is not always successful, for the animals, at the first report of a gun, commonly make good their retreat to those tangled regions whither he cannot follow them.

Buffalos, hogs, and deer abound; and the streams are alive with those river-pests, alligators, whose penchant for human flesh renders that chiefest luxury in a tropical climate, bathing, a matter of extreme danger. Yet it is strange to see with what perfect non-chalance, the native dândies, in case of necessity, take the water.

A beautiful specimen of an alligator's head was here given by Mr. Alexander to Lord Combermere. He was rather a distinguished monster, having carried off at different occasions, six or eight brace of men from an indigo factory in the neighbourhood. A native, who had long laid wait for him, at length succeeded in slaying him with poisoned arrows. One of these notoriously ghaut-frequenting alligators is well nigh as rich a prize to the poor native who is fortunate enough to capture him, as a Spanish galleon is to a British frigate; for on ripping open his stomach, and overhauling its freight, it is not unfrequently found to contain 'a choice assortment'—as the Calcutta advertisers have it—'of gold,

silver, or brass bangles and anklets, which have not been so expeditiously digested as their fair owners, victims of the monster's voracity. A little fat Brahminee child, 'farciau ris,' must be a tempting and tender *bonne-bouche* to these river gourmands. Horrific legends such as the above, together with a great deal of valuable advice on the subject, were quite thrown away upon me; for ninety degrees of Fahrenheit, and the enticing blueness of the water generally betrayed me into a plunge every evening during my Gangetic voyage.

On the following day his Excellency received the visit of the Nawaub Shums-ood-Doulah, the only native of rank now resident at Dacca. He was, in times past, in some measure implicated with Vizier Ali in his treacherous massacre of the English at Benares; and vegetated, in consequence, for many years in the prisons of Calcutta, where he made himself master of the English language, and picked up a respectable smattering



of English history and literature. He is now a pensioner of the Company, and still retains some of the insignia of royalty about his court and person.

His Highness—for such is by courtesy his title—is about sixty years of age, of middling stature, with a remarkably fair complexion and an intelligent and amiable expression of countenance. He was dressed simply yet handsomely, and his silver white hair appeared in short elaborate curls from under his muslin turban. His steps were supported by a thick walking staff—by which he seemed to set great store—formed of an entire piece of ivory: I have since seen just such another depending from the kid-covered little finger of an Almack's beau.

It is said that Bishop Heber—of whose journal I have not yet been able to obtain a perusal—has spoken somewhat slightly of his Highness's royal insignificance; and I was informed that the Nawaub, on hearing that the work was in the possession of a gentleman at Dacca, expressed a wish to read it.

The gentleman, willing to spare his feelings, made excuses; but the Nawaub persisted, and was, on turning to that part where himself is spoken of, extremely irate at what he called the ingratitude of Heber, who—as he said in a remonstrative article which he put into the Calcutta newspapers—had requited his attention with ridicule and detraction, or words to that effect\*.

*March 13th.* A chasse having been previously organized, a party of sportsmen started in buggies at 4 A.M. for a point of rendezvous, eight miles from Dacca. After due preparation we entered the jungle, which was in general exceedingly high and thick, with a line of no less than sixty elephants, the most numerous assembly of these animals that I have ever seen convened on a sporting

\* I have, since writing the above, of course found opportunities of reading the lamented Bishop's interesting journal, and I think that the handsome manner in which the Nawaub's character and acquirements are spoken of ought amply to counterbalance any reflections of the Author on his Highness's assumption or retention of royal pomp.

occasion. Those who have witnessed and appreciated the brave show that thirty couple of *hounds* exhibit at the cover side, may imagine the enthusiasm with which I reviewed this gallant pack, as they, at the word of command, quitted the road, and crashed through the yielding jungle. We had three hours very good sport, though the bag was disgracefully disproportionate to the vast expenditure of powder and shot. Two enormous elks, a couple of hogs, several deer, and a few heads of small game were carried home. I shot a curious little animal, in appearance something between a hare and a guinea-pig, of a deep brown colour, and less speedy in its paces than the hare. On picking it up, I was surprised, and rather gratified to find, that I had killed it with a bullet, having fired the wrong barrel by mistake. A party of gualahs, or cow-herds, had led us, by their reports, to hope for a tiger, and some wild buffaloes; but we discovered nothing of them but their footmarks. The weather is at this season not sufficiently sultry to force these animals

to the plains in search of water—nevertheless, the thermometer rose to 95° this evening, in my boat. Later in the year, the sporting club of Dacca make very successful expeditions into the neighbouring jungles, residing for two, or three days at a time in convenient shooting bungalows, established for that purpose.

The afternoon was devoted to returning the visit of the Nawaub, who sent his English carriage, (of which he is extremely proud) to convey Lord Combermere to his palace. This vehicle is something in the Lord Mayor's style, as to ornaments and painting, and is drawn by four dun-horses, and followed by as many royally-rigged outriders. It was given to him by the British Government, as an acknowledgment for his liberal present of eight fine elephants, which he made to them at the epoch of the Ava war, when these animals were in great request, and were purchased up at ruinous prices. At the conclusion of his Highness's levee, the Head-quarters party.

dined with the military of the station, and the repast was followed by a quadrille party. At two in the morning I closed a day which had commenced, with me, at 3 A.M.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

*March 14th.* AT daylight the reveillé drum roused the yawning dândies from their hard couches on the decks of the budgerows; the maungees' shrill voices summoned them to exertion; their loins were quickly girded, their long elf-locks thrust back behind their ears; the awning, spread over them as a protection against the night dews, was speedily furled, and in ten minutes the Head-quarters fleet was again under weigh, and proceeding in a body down the river.

The next morning we entered the Burrampooter river, which assumes, at this stage of its course, the name of Megna. At the point where this noble stream received us, its width must be equal to that of the lake of Geneva;—would that the temperature of the atmosphere would bear a like comparison! What would

I not give (at this moment) for one hour of the fresh breezes from the Jura; to mitigate the fury of Fahrenheit's 95°. I would even compound for a gust or two of the Bise, tant redoutée, by way of variety.

The vessels sailing along the opposite shore appeared hull-down, and the tops of the trees alone gave evidence of the land. The Burrampooter or Bhramapootra,—whichever name it rejoices in—although it cannot boast the sanctity of the Ganges, must be acknowledged to be the first river of India. It is supposed to derive its source—like the Rhine and Rhone—from the same group of snowy mountains as the Ganges: after making a sweeping course of upwards of one thousand six hundred miles, it again approaches its sacred sister, and the twin rivers pour forth, at the same point, their munificent tribute to the Bay of Bengal.

We had not sailed many miles on the Megna, ere the fleet separated into two squadrons. The officers destined to accompany the Commander-in-chief to Chittagong

having provided themselves at Dacca with pinnaces, as being more seaworthy than the keelless budgerows, continued their descent of the river; whilst the division bound to Calcutta by the Sunderbunds,—to which I had the honour to belong—dropped astern, and brought to at the mouth of a small creek uniting the Megna and Ganges; where we were constrained to wait four hours before the tide had rendered the communication available. A six hours' row brought us to the extremity of the creek, and the boats were lugged for the night at the point where it joins the Ganges. I took a ramble as usual in search of a 'second course,' and brought home rather an unusual medley.

Let not my reader suspect me of shooting with a long bow, nor of an attempt to classify him with the last named bird in my list of the slain, when I tell him that, in nine shots, I killed four couple of snipe, three pigeons, one eagle, two nameless birds of the duck tribe, a water-snake, and one gull. The snipes all fell to the first discharge of my two



barrels. I fired at two of these birds as they were boring in the mud at the brink of a thin sedge; and a flight of some score immediately sprung from the marsh to receive my second shot. The first had killed six birds, four of which were invisible when I fired.

Early the following morning we were once more floating on the stream of the Ganges, whom we found much increased in bulk since we took leave of her ten days ago. The goddess river has some cause to complain of our inconstancy, for after having ploughed her broad translucent bosom for three or four hours, we again deserted her in favour of a little minx of a rivulet, one of her collateral relations, who seduced us into a hundred scrapes with her shoals, sand-banks, and lee shores.

Too close an acquaintance with the banks of these inlets, some of which are twenty feet high and formed of ill-cemented sand, may be attended with serious consequences. It is common to see huge masses of the superimminent earth, sapped by the agitated water,

detach themselves from the bank and plunge into the stream with a force which, if brought to bear on the deck of a vessel, would infallibly swamp it.

The next day we fell in with a fine stiff breeze, favourable to us in the greater part of our numerous meanderings; though, on some occasions, so tortuous was our course, that it blew right in our teeth.

In some of the serpentings of the stream, the fastest of the budgerows, which were a mile a-head of me in distance by water, showed their gay pennants over the low land on my flank, and were only divided from me by twenty paces of sand; and whilst *my* boat was tracked with difficulty against the fierce wind, the same breeze was propelling my precursors at the rate of eight knots.

In the afternoon the east wind slunk away before a black phalanx of clouds, which suddenly invaded the heavens from an opposite quarter: a sultry and almost stifling interval succeeded; a peculiar odour from the sur-

rounding jungles, hung upon the languid air; and every symptom betokened a north-wester. Whilst we deprecated its approach for the sake of our friends, who would have to buffet it in the perilous mouths of the Megna, we could scarce refrain from praying for its cooling influence upon our own land-locked detachment. We had just leisure to make our craft hard and fast by double moorings to the shore, near the village of Burrasal, when the hurricane reached us. It was accompanied by violent rain, and thunder and lightning; and in a quarter of an hour it had passed on, leaving us nearly twenty degrees cooler from its visit. The storm brought with it numerous flights of golden plover from the morasses; and the earth teemed with reptiles tempted from their lurking places by the inviting shower. In my ramble I killed three couple of these plover, which have the game plumage, and almost the game flavour of the woodcock. I also shot two snakes, one of which, a cobra di capella, I cut in two in the act of flying at my spaniel, which had dis-

turbed him! The whole reptile and insect world seemed to hold high carnival; the frogs and crickets were perfectly stunning in their exultation; the cock-roaches rushed from their retreats, and revelled about my cabin; and swarms of grasshoppers, dragon-flies, and beetles, attracted by the light, almost extinguished the flame that had fascinated them! Whilst dressing for dinner, I slew a centipede, more than half a foot long, as it was crawling along the wainscot, unfortunately disqualifying it for the spirit-phial, by decapitating it with a paper-cutter; the weapon that I availed myself of in my haste.

*March 18th.* The toofaun of yesterday has but half done its work, for the atmosphere has again relapsed into its fever; nor can we for some time expect a repetition of that healing tempest, providentially ordained to pay periodical visits during the hot season, and sweep from the narrow streets of Indian cities and the tangled marshes of Indian

jungles the infectious diseases, and baneful malaria which are therein generated..

At noon we passed a long, straggling, and thoroughly Bengalee wigwam, which the natives called Lal-Chittee-ka-Bazaar. The houses were all formed simply of mats, thatch, palmyra leaves, and bamboos, but the inhabitants were swarming, like bees, on the shore, and all wore a busy and a thriving air. The hamlet was backed up by a thick curtain of cocoa-trees, palmyras, and plantains, and a long line of timber-stacks indicated the chief staple of its commerce. Hundreds of boats lay along the shore freighted with wood and grain ; many of the larger craft, fine teak-built vessels, were Birinese ; and their crews, with their coarse flat features, and massive muscular limbs, contrasted strongly with the light, supple, and graceful figures of the Bengalees. We afterwards met one of these huge boats coming up the river. It stood at least ten feet out of the water, and was propelled by forty long oars, pulled by men in a standing position. They kept time with the

greatest precision, though the measure, two short strokes succeeded by two long ones, appeared rather difficult. The rowers were in full chorus as we passed them.

The nameless creek, on which this bazaar is established, is, I should judge, at least as wide as the Thames at Windsor; and a hundred such streams intersect the Great Delta of the Ganges, rendering roads almost useless.

Although this portion of Bengal is so subject to inundations, and so replete with miasma-fostering jungles, the inhabitants did not strike me as being less healthful than their more northern brethren. Elephantiasis is indeed here more common, but this frightful disease does not disqualify the patient for bodily labour.

To the mind of the traveller, journeying from the north, there is something remarkably pleasing in the peaceful and almost Utopian constitution of the Bengalee community, as compared with the more warlike character of the tribes he has just left behind him. In the upper provinces, in general, the soldier is

blended so intimately with the cultivator, that he who guides the plough and casts the seed wears a shield on his shoulder, and at his side a sword which he may have to wield in defence of his harvest. War mixes not with the dreams, nor weapons with the dress of the purely pastoral Bengalee. He is placid; contented; and unambitious—apathetic and selfish if you please—and must truly and gratefully appreciate that change of government which allows him to eat his bread and worship his gods without fear of invasion from Mussulman or Mahratta, or the rapacity of those predatory hordes, whom the British monopoly of power has swept from the face of India.

The next day, after losing some hours by lying-to for the ebb-tide, and redeeming the lost time by stealing 'a few hours from the night,' thereby enjoying a delightful moonlight sail, we luggowed on the bank of the Ballisore river, a large stream running hence direct to the sea. This we soon deserted; and on the

21st, at 11 A.M., our fleet brought-to at Culna, where it is customary for Calcutta-bound boats to take in anchors and fresh water—all the creeks to the southward being brackish. The anchors, which are strange clumsy machines of bamboos weighted with stones and bound with cocoa ropes, are required at this stage of our voyage, by reason of the risk attendant upon the usual system of luggowing, from the tigers which infest the jungles bordering the streams. During the passage of the Sunderbunds (beautiful forests), to which Culna may be said to be the northern entrance, the dândies, having Major Munro's fate before their eyes, can rarely go ashore to cook their evening meal; the budgerows casting anchor in the middle of the stream, where the luxurious traveller may lounge securely, smoke his moonlight chillum, and listen to the roars of the prowling tigers. At this hour, when all nature sleeps, every leaf is at rest, and no harsher sound than the gentle rippling of the water round the prow of the boat disturbs the soft silence of an Indian



night, there is something peculiarly awful and startling in the sudden, short, furious, and perhaps near-at-hand voice of the jungle tyrant, whose yellow skin and glaring eyes may sometimes be distinguished through the imperfect light, as he hungrily surveys the floating ark, whose tenants, though barely a dozen paces from his station, are safe from his attacks.

Near this spot, two years ago, on the return of Head-quarters from the siege of Bhurt-pore, two boatmen, belonging to an office budgerow, who had rashly determined on the enjoyment of a meal ashore, were themselves made a meal of, ere they had leisure to complete their own.

On this same occasion, during our sojourn of twenty-four hours at Culna, we had a capital opportunity of witnessing that ingenious religious ceremony of the Hindoos, styled Cherruck Poojah. The spot chosen for the spectacle was a clear space, surrounded by a close skreen of lofty and luxuriant foliage, on the outskirts of one of those

secluded jungle-hamlets, peculiar to Bengal; whose retired situation, indicated only by a labyrinthian path; the rambling stranger stumbles upon by chance alone, scarcely discovering that he has run his prying nose into a cluster of habitations, until warned of his intrusion by the scuttling flight of a covey of women and children. In the centre of this clearing stood a wooden edifice, some sixty feet high, in appearance something like a quadruple gibbet; the four arms being made to revolve round the centre pole, by means of a capstan below. It was as frightful an object as a dentist's chair to the school-boy with three rows of teeth! Four votaries were allowed the advantage of hanging at the same moment. An eminent member of the Medical Board was present with us, and the Brahmins willingly allowed him to witness the mode of placing the hooks. A pair of these terrific-looking weapons were affixed to the end of stout ropes, sheaved through the extremities of the several limbs of the machine; and, after some preparation

which I was too late to see, were thrust under the muscles low down on each shoulder; blades of the highly-privileged swingers, linen girths to support some portion of the body's weight being supplied. At a given signal, the four performers were nimbly run up to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground; when the ropes were belayed, and the capstan was set a-going with right good will, the tortured votaries, swinging round with frightful velocity, amid the crash of drums and fiddles, and the cheering acclamations of the assembled crowds. In this fashion did they continue to whirl in mid-air for ten minutes; their countenances indicating sternly-repressed agony, their hands in the attitude of prayer, and their long hair streaming in the wind. They were then obliged to vacate their merry-go-round, to other candidates. Those who have witnessed this cruel penance will allow that the Bengalee has some species of courage, an attribute not generally accorded them by English opinion.

'During our short and necessary stay at Culna, a steam-boat, bound to Dacca, ran past the place, defying wind and tide. It is the second that has ever navigated these streams; yet so perfect is the apathy and indifference of the Bengalee to everything that does not immediately concern himself, that the novel sight scarcely excited a symptom of curiosity. Even the better-informed natives of Calcutta, where steamers have been common for the last year or two, have never given themselves the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the powers and principle of the vessel; but persevere in styling it the "Dhoor-kee-Jehaze," smoke-ship, or "Ag-kee-Jehaze," fire-ship.

'22nd. A fair store of fruit, kids, anchors, and water vessels, having been stowed on board, we quitted Culna, and resumed our voyage towards Calcutta — distant seven days' sail. During the greater part of the day we were rowing along a very narrow but exceedingly deep creek, whose banks

were so thickly overhung with tangled brush-wood interwoven with the creeping rattan, that it was impossible to go ashore, an enjoyment which I felt sorely tempted to indulge in, despite the tigers, in order to escape during the cooler hours from my oven-like budgerow, which in the day-time becomes so thoroughly heated by the sun, that even in the evening it is almost untenable. Thermometer, 5 P.M. 94°.

Nothing can exceed the luxuriant richness of the Sunderbund vegetation. How plentiful must be the dews, which, unassisted by one drop of rain, can for months counteract the parching power of such a sun as now burns above our heads! In the clearer portions of the forest, the natural vistas, produced by the numerous clumps of trees dotted over the verdant plain, give so park-like an appearance to the prospect, that one almost expects at the next turn to catch sight of the owner's splendid mansion. Whilst the eye is feasted by the infinite variety of tints in the foliage of the groves and banks, the scent is regaled,

almost to surfeiting, with the spicy breezes which float through the atmosphere, loaded with sweets from the surrounding forests. The woods are chiefly formed of the feathering bamboo, the noble tamarind, with its vivid green and refreshing fruit; the cocoa-nut, palmyra, plantain, areeka, or betel-tree, and the cotton-tree, which at this season is devoid of leaves, and brilliantly clothed with crimson, tulip-shaped flowers. The thar, or palm-date, from whose stem the exhilarating toddy is extracted, must not be forgotten: the liquor, exuding before sunrise, is a delightful and innocent beverage, and only gains its intoxicating qualities by being allowed to ferment in the heat of the day. In the latter state, and even rendered still more fiery by the infusion of chillies, it is drunk in great quantities by the English soldiers; and many a liver-complaint, laid to the charge of an Indian climate, in fact owes its origin to this lava-like potation. It is, moreover, so unluckily cheap, that a regular hard-going, dram-drink-

ing campaigner may get dead drunk for the value of a penny.

The following morning—whilst the fleet was performing a wide circuit—three of our party took advantage of a tract of country partially cleared and inhabited to enjoy a good long ramble with our dogs and guns. We mustered a mixed pack of twenty-seven dogs, seventeen of them being greyhounds, and made desperate havoc among the jackalls and foxes, abounding in these regions, and the only wild beasts we met with during our walk. We passed several small portions of cultivated land, which, by the encouragement of government, have been reclaimed from utter waste by small parties of wood-cutters and salt-manufacturers, who are bold enough to dispute possession with the aboriginal inhabitants, the tigers. In the swamps, our dogs put up great quantities of remarkably fine snipe; and I soon found myself wading after them, though my

enjoyment of the sport was somewhat damped, by the recollection of the possibility of myself being made game of by the tigers.

If I was near this spot, two years ago, that, whilst following the edge of the river in pursuit of wild fowl, I was arrested by the loud barkings of my terrier—the identical Hector, whose fate I have recorded at the commencement of this journal—and on running to the spot, discovered him up to his chin in the mud of the tide-deserted creek, and baying at some object under the hollow bank. I had just time to take post on a little promontory of sward, when a young alligator, of the short-headed or cannibal species, rushed from under the cavity and made towards the water, literally *ventre à terre*. At the distance of five paces I delivered my two barrels of shot, one of which, breaking through the soft scales behind the elbow of the animal, killed him on the spot. His length did not exceed six or seven feet.

This and such like personal anecdotes are, it must be admitted, trifling and egotistical ;



yet I make no apologies for introducing them; for glimpses of a distant country are often as well afforded to the reader by incidental trifles, as by more laboured details; and egotism is necessarily the very essence of a journal.

During the next three days we made good progress; passing Muckterpore—marked on Kingsbury's map—on the 24th; and winding through the serpentines of the Attara Banka on the 26th—the thermometer ranging as high as 97° in our cabins. Early on the morning of the 27th March, we found ourselves within eight miles of Calcutta, tightly wedged among the thousands of salt and timber boats, which constantly throng the busy channel of Tully's Nullah—a narrow creek running into the Hooghly, half a mile south of Fort William. One tide brought us up to Kidderpore bridge, where an equipage awaited me, and I was soon among the white walls of the City of Palaces, and comfortably installed in apartments in the newly-organized Bengal club,

I sojourned a fortnight in Calcutta, during which time the gay inhabitants, flattering themselves that a remnant of the cool season was still in their possession, were feasting, fiddling, and dancing, in spite of Fahrenheit's warning finger, pointing to 90°.

On the 12th *April*, two brethren of the Staff and myself put ourselves, servants, and baggage on board the Planet, buoy-vessel, of one hundred and eighty tons, destined—it will be seen how successfully—to convey us to Headquarters, now convened at Pooree Jugger-naut. With the south-west monsoon blowing briskly, our marine prospects were not very cheering, our exit from the river, the treacherous Hooghly, being wholly dependent upon the tides. By mid-day we had commenced that unsatisfactory mode of locomotion, styled 'dropping down;' and at 3 P.M. our misfortunes—of which we were fated to encounter a series—began by the vessel's running aground at a turn in the stream, scarcely out of sight of Calcutta; where, after sundry edifying but

fruitless efforts at extrication, we were constrained to exercise our patience until the next ebb tide, which occurred at eleven o'clock the following morning; the pilot, in the meantime, consoling us with the assurance that, as he knew of no shoal at our sticking-place, we must have run upon a sunken vessel.

On the evening of the second day we had only reached Budge-Budge—a village whose very name seemed to mock our fruitless attempts at further progress,—where we anchored for the night. On this point there are the remains of an old fortress, which was in 1756 besieged and breached in due form by an English naval and military force. Few instances are recorded of a regularly-appointed fort succumbing to the prowess of a single individual; yet such was the fall of Budge-Budge. During the night preceding the intended assault, a British sailor, prompted by the united influence of Mars and Bacchus, approached the work, staggered up the breach, and fired his pistol among the gallant defend-

ers of this Indian Saragossa, whose terrors magnifying or rather multiplying the solitary far into a countless storming party, induced them hastily to evacuate the place, leaving Jack to chew the quid of astonishment at the success of his exploit!

The next day—after meeting a steam-vessel, which gave us the intelligence of the Commander-in-chief's arrival at Pooree—we accomplished the passage of the dangerous shoal of the *James and Mary*, whereon were grounded two large ships, the *Exmouth* and the *Jehangire*, who were obliged the next day to return to Calcutta—although outward bound—to repair damages.

On the 16th, we anchored opposite Kedgerree, fifty-two miles from Calcutta, the station of a solitary English officer, whose duty consists in despatching daily shipping news to the capital. The river is, at this point, nearly nine miles across; the country low, marshy, and particularly unhealthy.

In the afternoon of the following day we anchored in Sauger Roads, at the mouth of the Hooghly. The island of Sauger, in spite of the efforts made to reclaim it, is still a most desolate jungle; and vegetation is there so rapid as to defy all chance of effectually clearing it. Sauger is famous for the size and ferocity of its tigers; and it was on its shores that Major Munro, of menagerie memory, was carried off by one of these animals. They owe their impunity from the sportsmen of Calcutta to their island position alone, which precludes the introduction of elephants.

18th. During the whole of this day the wind blew furiously and constantly from the south-west. At 5 P.M. we met a pilot-vessel towing home a buoy which had parted from its moorings; and during the night we sailed past the 'Floating Light,' and got into blue water.

The next day we made but little way, and during the night the breeze freshened to a

gale: Our little craft pitched and rolled violently, and shipped a good deal of water! The state of our native servants, particularly the Hindoos—who had stretched a point in embarking with us—was most pitiable; their excessive sickness being aggravated by their religion exacting that, whilst on board ship, they should feed on dry uncooked food alone. The Mussulmans suffered less, their more sensible creed imposing no such mortifying restrictions on the appetite.

On the 20th, after remaining a few hours under sail, during which we lost rather than gained anything a-head, the pilot again dropped anchor, and we rode out the gale with a hundred fathoms of cable, in twenty fathoms water. The morn broke with evil auspices unabated, the monsoon raging in our teeth, our servants groaning at their hitherto unknown torments, and ourselves, if not sea-sick,—for we were all good sailors—at least sick of the sea. At noon our observations proved that we were within sixty miles

of our destination, but with as little prospect of attaining it as though the distance had been as many thousand leagues. There was a very heavy sea running all day, and we were again doomed to pass the greater part of it at anchor. At length the pilot commanding approached me with a length of visage indicative of a catastrophe. The vessel—he said—was driving, and dragging her best bower. Another anchor was dropped, and the serang or native boatswain, on going below to ‘*give her cable,*’ discovered and reported that the good brig Planet—alas! that my fortunes should be influenced even for a week by so inauspicious a star!—had three feet water in the hold. She had got a strain, as the commander assured me, by carrying so great a press of sail on a wind in a heavy sea; a piece of information which I paid little attention to; as I had already made up my mind, first, that the leak arose from a huge rib of the sunken vessel, before-mentioned, having pierced her bottom; secondly, that the aforesaid timber was manifestly and gra-

dually deserting its position; and thirdly, that we enjoyed a fair prospect of being swamped. The pumps were, however, set a-going, and of the two alternatives, Davy's locker or a run before the wind to Calcutta, we selected the latter. The roaring concert of the sea and winds; the constant jarring of the pumps; and the five hours' Allah-ing! of the lascars, requisite to heave up two anchors with ninety fathoms of cable each, left us but little disposition for sleep.

On the morning of the 2<sup>d</sup>, the Planet's head was turned towards Calcutta, and on the same evening we anchored once more at Kedgeree. The next morning, favoured by wind and tide, we ran up the river at the rate of fifteen knots an hour; at 3 P.M. we reached Fort William, and—after a fruitless sail of twelve days—

' . . . . . where we had got up,  
We did again get down!'

To counterbalance in some degree our many contretems, we found that we had just arrived



in time for the grand ball given at Government House, in celebration of his Majesty's birth-day; where I found the pastime of gliding through a punkah-fanned quadrille with a gentle partner infinitely more to my taste than cutting capers on the stormy waves with the romping, ricketty 'Planet,' in whose dangerous society I was very nearly performing a *pas de trop*.

Having been thus unforeseenly thrust back upon the Presidency, we remained there another fortnight; when, Government having refused our application for a steam-passage to Pooree, we determined to travel *dâk* to Head-quarters.

Accordingly, on the 6th of May—our palankeens and patarras having been sent on two days before—a brother A. D. C. and myself once more started for our destination on the sea-coast. We travelled as far as Diamond Harbour in a gig (the vehicle, not the boat so called); where we embarked on board a *beauliah*, crossed the harbour, entered the



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Plate Travelling.

Roop-narain river; and, after a prosperous sail of five hours, reached the town of Tumlook. I did not survey the turbid waters of the above dangerous river with any very great complacency of retrospect, as they were associated with a disagreeable accident which occurred to me whilst sailing on them two years ago. I was making a little trip for change of air—not for change of elements—when, heedlessly standing on the taffrail whilst the boat was tacking, I was knocked overboard by the boom. The stream was swollen into a fierce torrent by the rains; uprooted trees, drowned cattle, and even an elephant, carried away by the inundation, floated past our vessel. However, a better fate than drowning, doubtless, awaits me; for being lightly clothed, and a practised swimmer, and the boat being in stays, I reached a rope in a few strokes, and was hauled on board—none the worse for a knock on the head, and an involuntary bath.

During the two days we were detained at Tumlook by the non-arrival of our baggage,

we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Lindsay, the salt agent, who has formed a little Eden here in the midst of the desert. Time did not hang heavy on our hands in a house where there was a well-stocked library, a billiard-table, mechanic and chemical laboratories, musical instruments of great variety, from the church organ to the Geneva snuff-box, (not to forget the musical glasses, upon which our host shewed great skill,) good cheer, and a hearty welcome. The above pursuits, with a taste for botany, horticulture, and entomology, must be efficient weapons against the ennui, which, without these allies, would inevitably overwhelm him in this unhealthy station, where there are only two Europeans besides himself, and in an office, whose details are neither interesting nor laborious. Mr. Lindsay's house is surrounded by a beautiful and scientifically-kept garden; and is situated upon a slight eminence, whose formal declivity, giving evidence of the remains of fortifications, goes far to strengthen the supposition entertained of the great antiquity of Tumlook.

*May 7th.* The weather having become distressingly sultry, we came to the determination to travel by night only—passing the heat of the day either at the stage bungalows on the roadside, or with some resident at the stations. I believe I have said before, that in India it is the universal and benevolent custom to entertain strangers travelling through a country where shelter and supplies are alike difficult to be obtained.

At 10 P.M.—for not sooner would our kindly host permit us to leave his roof—we got into our palankeens, and, borne along by the fastest and most musical bearers that I had ever met with in the course of my Indian posting, reached Midnapore by the following morning at nine o'clock: I was only once dropped on the way; which, considering the vileness of the roads, was excusable. This occurrence, in addition to the probable fracture of the carriage, administers to the dozing traveller a shock nowise inferior to that produced by twenty turns of the electric cylinder. It does not, however, often happen; for when

it befalls choleric travellers,—a race of beings rife in hot climates—it is apt to produce a reaction upon the backs of the offending bearers, pour encourager les autres—a consequence greatly productive of caution, and preventative of future stumbling. The *prudent* tourist will, however, keep his temper and his cane in subjection, and content himself with a verbal warning, or threats of loss of buckshoes; for on the first symptoms of vapulative intentions (we hope they are rarely resorted to!) on the part of the Sahib, the timid bearers are not unlikely to take to their heels, and leave their posed employer to cool his own in the middle of an unfrequented road, under a temperature even more fiery than his temper.

A few miles short of Midnapore, we encountered a hurkarah bearing a note of invitation from Mr. D'Oyly, the collector of revenue of the district; in whose mansion we accordingly passed the remainder of the day. The station of Midnapore is one of the most picturesque in India: the Civilians' houses are surrounded with spacious parks, or enclo-

tures, ornamented with fine trees; the roads are, from the nature of the soil, remarkably good, and shaded by luxuriant avenues of the teak tree. A very large portion of the district is covered with thick bush jungle, where the sportsmen not unfrequently find the bear and the leopard. In the town, and indeed, throughout the district of Midnapore, a great superiority in the conformation of the dwelling-houses of the natives is remarkable; yet in religious edifices—those tasteful accessories to Indian scenery—they fall far short of their northern neighbours.

At eleven at night, after a very merry dinner party, we once more took to our palankeens, declining to admit as fellow-passengers half-a-dozen bottles of champagne, warmly pressed upon us by a certain reverend and mercurial guest of Mr. D'Oyly. The night-journey was accomplished without accident or incident worthy of recital, except, indeed, that I was on one occasion suddenly and startlingly awakened from a doze by the report of a pistol (as I thought) fired close to



my ear. I sat up and listened, and my only half-roused senses were perhaps still more alarmed by a sharp hissing sound, like the angry sibilations of the cobra-di-capella, proceeding from behind my pillow! Hastily calling for a torch, I threw aside the cushion, and the first object I beheld, was the frothy, foaming mouth of—a bottle of champagne! which, surreptitiously introduced by the above-mentioned kindly clerico, and irritated by the jolting of the palankeen, had thus prematurely ejected its cork. Taking certain obvious measures to preclude a second explosion, I re-corked the intruder, and slept again: a confederate was next morning discovered, in the same suspicious position, in my companion's palankeen.

At 9 A.M. on the 9th, we reached the lonely stage bungalow of Dantoon, a ricketty and uncomfortable building, situated on the brink of a tank. It was with great difficulty that we obtained some milk and eggs for breakfast, and a vile curry for dinner; but our store

of champagne, which I was at some pains to cool, made amends for the bad cheer. Soon after sunset our equipages came to the door; our impatient *blacks* pawed the ground, and another night's run of forty miles brought us to the station of Balasore, where we were immediately invited to share the hospitality of Colonel D'Aguilar, commanding a regiment of local infantry at this place. Balasore being only six miles from the sea, benefits in some degree from its refreshing breezes; and the eye, accustomed to the unvarying flatness of Bengal scenery, is agreeably relieved by the view of a fine range of mountains, only seven miles to the west of the town, and stretching southwards in the direction of Madras. The station is now inconsiderable; but when first the commerce between Europe and India was opened, this place was considered a sea-port of great value. There are, even now, extant the ruins of factories belonging to the English, French, Danish, and Dutch nations; and in the bazaar stands to this day a small Portugese Roman Catholic chapel.

Balasore was ceded to the Company by the Mahrattas in 1803. I cannot furnish much information regarding the present state of its commerce—although, by-the-bye, I exported from it, myself, a considerable pigeon-pie and a good store of pale ale, the parting presents of our hearty host.

*May 11th.* At 9 A.M. we reached the stage-house of Barreppore, after a fatiguing journey of fifteen hours. The latter portion of the country through which we passed was very wild-looking, and bears a bad character as to the highway honesty of its inhabitants. Accordingly, at every change of the bearers, I made some display of priming my pistols,—weapons for which the natives entertain a high respect—and nothing beyond the above demonstration proved necessary.

Our hotel—for hotel read hovel—of this day was in such a dilapidated condition, that we were almost afraid of talking loud, lest we should bring down the tottering and semi-transparent roof upon our heads. The old

resident Hindoo, who fulfilled the offices of bearer, kitmutgar, and cook, was of a piece with the building: those who have travelled that road will recollect the tall, emaciated figure, with his long arms and legs so bent at the joints, as to give him the appearance of an overgrown grasshopper. The pigeon-pie proved a friend in need, for a half-starved fowl 'was all the store' that our foraging party could levy for us.

Starting, as usual, about sunset, we journeyed forward, and arrived at the town and station of Cuttack by breakfast-time the next morning. As I shall have another opportunity of describing this place, I shall now be content with saying that we took refuge, during the heat of the day, with Mr. Stockwell, the Commissioner for the Cuttack district, who occupies the handsome Government house; and as soon as the fiery chariot of the 'nimium propinqui solis' had turned the corner of the horizon, we minions of the moon resumed our equipages and our march. The road from Cuttack to Pooree-Juggernaut,

conducting through a tract greatly liable to inundation, is raised upon a bund, or embankment, nearly the whole distance of fifty-two miles, and for a considerable extent is shaded by fine old trees. In its construction, the British government benefited by the handsome contribution of 16,000*l.* presented for that purpose by a certain pious Hindoo of rank in Calcutta.

During the night we encountered a north-wester, accompanied, as usual, with violent thunder and rain, which latter beat with such violence against the doors of our palankeens; that it was in vain to deny it admittance, and we were well wetted before its attacks ceased. The torches too were extinguished, and the road rendered dangerously slippery; yet the patient bearers, exhorting each other in their chorus, persevered, and, with difficulty and labour hard, brought us safely to Pooree, which is three hundred and eleven miles from Calcutta, by 7 o'clock on the morning of the 13th of May.

## CHAPTER V.

POORÉE-JUGGERNAUTH ON THE CUTTACK  
COAST.

At the distance of five miles from the town, the traveller first catches sight of the far-famed temple of Juggernaut, rising with its ill-proportioned and ungainly tower above the ancient and luxuriant trees; and at the same time, if the wind be favourable, the angry lashing of the surf on the beach comes upon his ear. The town and bazaar are pretty extensive—containing between five and six thousand houses; and the main street, one hundred yards in width, and constituted chiefly of the habitations of the ministers of the temple, leads directly up to that stupendous building.

Passing through the town, I observed several fine tanks, in which crowds of men, women, and children were bathing—yet one of the bearers assured me that he had often seen large alligators raise their heads above the surface when the weather was sultry.

Like other holy places, Juggernaut is infested by those sanctified vagabonds, Fakirs, with the numerous branches of Gossains, Byraghees, Suniassees, &c., into which their important profession ramifies. At every turn, along every dead wall, under each banyan or peepul tree, the naked, squalid and painted bodies, matted and sunburnt hair, and distorted limbs of this race of Gymnosophists disgust the eye of the traveller; whilst his ear is deafened by their vociferated and often insolent demands for charity. My heart and purse were always alike closed against these chartered mendicants, who reap harvest sufficient from the superstition of their fellow-countrymen.

Immediately below the town, the line of vegetation and verdure suddenly ceases, and is succeeded by a huge bank of dazzling sand, extending down to the sea, a distance of about a mile. Along the rather elevated crest of this accumulation of arid and barren material is scattered the European colony, consisting of some fifteen bungalows and a line

of bells-of-arms for the sepoy detachment. Many of the habitations belong to the English officials at Cuttack, who are in the habit of repairing hither during the very hot weather, for change of air. Bad accommodation—difficulty of procuring provisions—(beef of course is, owing to the worshipful nature of the cow, rarely attainable) a deep and drifting sand, which renders walking impossible, and riding an act of cruelty; and which insinuates its tormenting particles into both bed and board—a climate, owing to its situation two degrees nearer the equator, even hotter than Calcutta—all these desagrémens are cheerfully confronted for the counterbalancing advantage of the sea-breeze, which blows fresh and constantly during this monsoon; and is, to lungs accustomed to inhale the jungle-tainted air of Cuttack, refreshing and salubrious in the extreme. Among the sand-hills along the beach are several curious and extensive religious edifices—many of them, from their being surrounded and veiled by strong walls sloping outwards towards the base, bearing the



appearance of small fortresses. Within these enclosures there is in some cases an attempt at introducing vegetation, a few stunted shrubs rearing their heads above the parapet. Those temples that are not furnished with walls are for the most part buried up to their domes in drifting sand, which accumulates so rapidly, that the whole station would be swallowed up, but for the measures taken to repel its inroads. One of these coast muts, near my bungalow, bears the imposing title of 'Duara Swarga' or Gate of Heaven; but the stealthy glimpses, that I sometimes caught through the half closed entrance, of a horrific group of diabolical idols; the strange, unhallowed noises startling the drowsy ear of night; and the unequal and lurid flashes of light glimmering from within the inclosure when all around was darkness, gave this spot—to Christian senses at least—more the appearance of the Descensus Averni; and 'hell,' accordingly, was the diametrically contrasting name by which it was familiarly known amongst our party.

The beach of Pooree is most uninteresting; there is not a pebble or shell of any kind to be seen; nor any object worth inspection between the Black Pagoda, sixteen miles north of Pooree, and the Chilka lake as many miles to the southward. In the article of fish, however, the coast abounds, no less than sixty-one species having been enumerated. Mulletts, whiting, oysters, lobsters and crabs are to be had for the gathering; but they are not to be compared to their namesakes in England.

The surf breaks with such violence on this shore during the monsoon, that no European boat could live for an instant amongst its curling breakers—communication with ships from the shore being carried on, as at Madras, by the native surf-boats. Of these there are two kinds, the mussoola, and the catamaran. The former is deep, spacious, and extremely light, not a particle of iron being used in its construction: the planks are sewed together with thongs, and the sides, though tough, are so

elastic, that they yield visibly when struck by a sea. The catamaran, which is not calculated to carry anything but the amphibious being who guides it, is a sort of raft, formed merely of three long timbers rudely bound together with ropes.

Ships bound to Calcutta make a point of sighting the Black Pagoda, or the temple of Juggernaut, which form convenient and lasting landmarks. Thus, as residents in the neighbourhood of a high road extract amusement and interest from the coaches and other equipages daily passing in review, so do the inhabitants of Pooree in like manner make the appearance of a ship in the roads an important epoch in the monotony of their existence. Proud is the fortunate man who first detects the sail in the distant offing; and prouder still, as well as richer, is he who having backed with a bet his opinion as to the number of the stranger's masts, pockets the gold-mohur confirmative of the accuracy of his judgment. Many of the passing ships

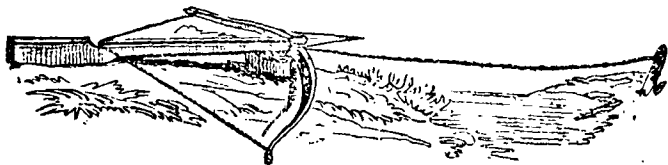
exchange signals with the harbour-master of Pooree, giving their names, and sometimes heads of news from England.

During the pilgrimage of Head-quarters at Juggernaut,—occupying six weeks,—occasional trips to the Chilka lake, the Black Pagoda, or the temple itself, were the almost only occurrences varying the uniform dulness of our daily routine of employments. A matutinal jog through the fathomless sand on a pony, and an evening *ditto* on an elephant, constituted our only exercise. A billiard-table, which might have been mistaken for a model of the Himalaya mountains, was our only recreation; and a dish of oysters our only luxury in a country luxurious par excellence.

At Pooree glass-windows and punkahs are rare exotics; books still rarer; and the scarcity of game, together with the heaviness of the sand, renders the sport of shooting unequal to the labour. A few wild ducks, and still wilder antelopes, were the extent of the

spoils obtained in the chase, even by our crafty peaching old Shikkaree, who made nothing of creeping a league or two on all fours in order to obtain the chance of a shot. In the jungles more inland, however, the tiger and leopard roam unmolested by the English sportsmen; but these proscribed animals often fall victims to the ingenuity of the natives, who, on producing the skin of any destructive wild beast, are entitled to a reward from the Collector of the district. One of these daring hunters, who had been unusually successful, brought to Head-quarters, one morning, two tiger-skins and several leopard-skins, the fruits of five weeks' diligence. He carried with him the weapon employed in his 'dreadful trade'—more worthy of the epithet than that of the samphire gatherer, methinks—and exhibited to us the method in which it was used. It was a large cross-bow formed of double bamboo, fitted into a solid stock, and furnished with a long arrow, or rather a short javelin armed with a barbed point, at

the root of which was tied a spongy substance saturated with a poisonous gum. The united strength of the Shikkaree and his assistant, howbeit artfully applied, barely sufficed to draw the string to the lock: this being at length accomplished, the weapon was laid on the ground, and a cord, attached to the trigger and crossing the supposed path of the tiger, was fastened to a peg firmly fixed in the earth in front of the bow. On striking this thread, the arrow was projected with a force that would have carried it half, if not *quite* through the body of a man; and so virulent is the poison employed, that the archer related that the wounded animal rarely moves a hundred yards from the spot before he drops and dies. In the skins he showed us, the wounds appeared generally about the region of the shoulder, which is the most mortal point.



The great temple of Juggernaut—although, at some distance, and particularly from the sea view, it presents an imposing appearance—is, on a closer inspection, neither remarkable for its architecture, nor the materials of which it is composed; the latter being rough stone overlaid with a coating of coarse chunam. The khetr, chief tower, and other minor buildings connected with it, are comprised within a wall surrounding a platform raised high above the ground and no less than six hundred and fifty feet in length. The height of the tower is two hundred feet. According to ancient Brahmanical records preserved in the building, the temple of Sri Jeo, or Juggernaut, existed many centuries before Christ; was destroyed and rebuilt sundry times, and was lastly restored, in A. D. 1198, by Rajah Bhim Deo, of Orissa, who is said to have expended nearly five hundred thousand pounds on the work. Within its holy precincts many inferior deities are provided with lodgings and attendants: but the most revered of the divine occupants are Jugg-

nauth (the Lord of the World), an *alias* of the many-named Vishnu ; Buldeo his brother, and their sister, the saffron-coloured, Subhadra.

These personages are only twice a year indulged in an airing, which is fortunate, as a team of fifteen hundred men is required to drag each of their carriages. The grand ceremony of the installation of the idol on his triumphal car, styled the Rath Jatra, will take place next month. The usual influx of pilgrims at this epoch is immense: crowds of votaries are already assembled in the town, or are wearily plodding their way towards this Mecca of their hopes. But their numbers decrease yearly, and the sanctity of Juggernaut wanes in proportion to the progress of civilization in India. The mad fanaticism which formerly led hundreds of voluntary victims to immolate themselves beneath the wheels of the idol's car—an offering which is said to extract a ghastly smile of delight from the blood-loving Dagon—is now much



sobered down. Sterling mentions that, during the four years in which he witnessed the ceremony, Juggernaut was only propitiated with three sacrifices; and that these wretches, being afflicted with some grievous bodily complaints, merely embraced that method of ridding themselves of a miserable existence, as preferable to the more common-place suicide of hanging or drowning.

The average number of pilgrims annually resorting to Pooree is said to be about one hundred and twenty thousand, many of whom are destined never to return. Thousands of these poor wretches die from famine, over-fatigue during the journey, or from the pernicious climate of the rainy season; and their corpses, thrown on the sands near the English station, are either burnt, or left to be devoured by the troops of Pariah dogs, jackals, and vultures, with which this place, so rich in food for them, swarms. The chaplain of the district assured me that he had himself seen, on the space of half an acre of ground, as many as

one hundred and fifty bodies, with twice as many of the above-named scavengers fighting over their horrid feast,

‘ As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
When they scarcely could rise from the spot where they fed!’

The blood-curdling picture, of which these two lines are only a small part, and which must have been penned by Byron with true zest, I myself saw realized, in all its horrible details, at Bhurtpore; and I think I could have fur-



nished an ingredient that would have given even additional seasoning to the noble poet's already overflowing caldron of horrors. He has, indeed, most vividly portrayed the carnival of the wild dogs, the wolf, and the vulture beneath 'the leaguered wall;' but had he, as I have, shudderingly watched the gaunt and famished *swine* rooting and revelling with gory snouts among the 'tombless dead,' I think he would have devoted a couplet to immortalize their deeds!

We had left Pooree before the Rath Jattrā took place; but I witnessed some part of the minor and prefatory ceremony of bathing the idols. On hearing that they had been brought out of the temple, and that they were now exhibited to the admiring gaze of the multitude who had travelled so far to pay their respects, I mounted an elephant, and with two or three others of our party repaired to the open market-place, opposite the platform of the temple. Winning our way carefully through the assembled crowds, we took post

in a convenient spot, our exalted situation enabling us to see over the heads of the pedestrian gazers. There is no conveyance through a mob like an elephant; for, although extremely and amiably careful of the lives and limbs of the pigmies surrounding him, his progress is sure and irresistible. What a convenient look-out place one of these animals would make for a general directing the movements of an army; and as a perambulatory hustings, how invaluable would he be to an haranguer of a populace!

Their godships were formed up in line on an elevated terrace within the enclosure, and protected from the night dews by an extensive and gaudy canopy of many-coloured cloths. The evening was dark, and at intervals blue lights were thrown up to enable the spectators to view the ceremony; but the idols being almost constantly hidden by a forest of chowries and hand-punkahs—diligently agitated by the attendant Brahmins to prevent the flies and musquitos from invading their sacred noses,—we sent a polite

message to the Raj-Goru, or chief priest, requesting that he would cause the officials to open out for an instant to the right and left, in order to afford us the satisfaction of contemplating the expressive countenances of the worshipful trio. Our embassy succeeded; the crowd fell back from before them; two brilliant lights were illumined, and we saw distinctly three frightful wooden faces, of the respective colours of black, brown, and yellow; the lower portions of the figures being closely swathed in cloth wrappers:

The following day the idols were again consigned to their niches in the temple. Upon this occasion, it is the annual custom for Juggernaut to declare himself to be *en petite santé*, from the effects of a severe cold—consequent, probably, upon his bath—which continues to afflict him until the day of the grand ceremony, when, by the wise treatment of his physicians, he is restored to his usual good health!

To such a length as this is carried the blind

superstition of this simple people, and it is carefully nourished and fostered by the crafty Brahmins, who doubtless secure to themselves a large share of the offerings paid at the shrine of the idolized but helpless King Log. Many as notorious a *block-head* as friend Jugger-nauth, however, receives—without the excusing plea of religious superstition—the obsequious homage and adoration of more enlightened idolaters than the unsophisticated Hindoo!

At the festival of the Rath Jattra, the idols are conducted in state to visit their country-seat, one mile and a half from Pooree—a journey of *three* days. By all accounts, the method of inducting their worships from the temple to their raths, or cars, is not remarkably ceremonious. Ropes being fastened round their throats, they are dragged ‘neck-and-heels’ down the grand steps, through the mud, and are finally hauled by the same galleys-like process into their respective vehicles, where they are decorated by the priests, and welcomed by shouts of admiration and

triumph from the fanatical multitude. The raths, on which the monster-deities are drawn, are of lofty and massive dimensions and clumsy architecture: that of Sri Jeo is nearly forty-five feet in height, has a platform of thirty-five feet square, and moves upon sixteen wheels of solid timber.

At first sight it appears even worse than strange and inconsistent, that the same government which encourages the religious endeavours of hundreds of missionaries to convert the Hindoos to the Christian faith, should virtually countenance (as the cavillers against the Company on this much-canvassed point insist that it does) the most revolting idolatry, by making it a source of revenue. It is certain that the E. I. Company, by the pilgrim tax, secure to themselves an annual average amount of fifteen thousand pounds; that the collections are made by the Brahmins, and that in return for this extortion—startling fact!—a Christian government agrees to keep in repair, and adorn with silks and broad-cloths, a pagan idol; and to support, for the private use of

the graven image, a stud of elephants and horses !

The defenders of the system, on the other hand, contend that the interference of the Company is salutary in every respect ; that it controls a rapacious and unprincipled priesthood by depriving them of an immense revenue ; and that the mode pursued is the one best calculated to bring about the final suppression of the idol. It is, indeed, manifest, that taxation is anything but encouraging to the thing taxed ; and it is obvious to every one, that open and violent opposition to a rite so firmly rooted in the religious prejudices of the natives might shake the allegiance of our Hindoo sepoy, and thereby involve even the loss of India.

At Pooree, where there is so great a congregation of Brahmins, whose superstition and avarice alike prompt them to uphold the barbarous and inhuman, but to them lucrative custom, it is not surprising that the suttee should flourish. The enactment put forth for its abolition by the English govern-



ment, supported as it is by the natural love of life and dread of pain so deeply rooted in the bosom of those for whose protection it is ordained, has no doubt materially operated to diminish the number of the sacrifices; yet has it not given so decided a check to the unnatural rite as might have been expected; and heroic widows, perhaps stimulated by the opposition of the higher powers, daily contrive to grill themselves under the very nose of the government which has been so long and so disinterestedly endeavouring to snatch them from the burning.

If, however, disconsolate widows are prevented by one law from going to heaven with their first and, according to Hindoo customs, *sole* husband, it is but just, methinks, that a further edict be framed, enabling the willy-nilly surviving lady to take to herself, without consequent loss of caste or character, a second lord, to solace her during her involuntary sojourn in this vale of tears.

During my rambles in India, I never chanced to witness,—within distinct eye-range

at least, an instance of this savage ritual; though on my passage down the Ganges, a white column of smoke rising above the trees from the burning chitta, accompanied by a distant din of instruments and voices, has more than once been pointed out to me as the apotheosis of some loving pair. One evening at Pooree, whilst riding with a companion on an elephant along the beach, we descried a large fire at a distance, and guessing it to be a suttee by its vicinity to the 'gate of heaven,' we proceeded towards it. On reaching the spot, I was, I trust, not sorry to find that the body which was undergoing cremation had died previous to the ceremony; and that the crowd who were singing and gesticulating round the pyre were merely performing the last offices for a deceased relative, instead of, as I had at first imagined, drowning by their rude music the agonized cries of a living victim.

Pushing our elephant near to the fire, we inquired of an old emaciated Brahmin, who seemed to take a leading part in the cere-

mony, ' Who it was who had gone to heaven ?' He answered readily, and indeed garrulously, that it was his mother, who had died the same morning. On our expressing our wonderment that he, who appeared to be seventy-five or eighty years old, should have had a mother alive so lately, he said, ' My mother was five twenties and four years old : she came thirty years ago, being at the point of death, to Juggernaut, to die on holy ground, but recovered, and lived until this day.' The old man then rejoined the group round the pile, and re-commenced clapping his hands, and joining in the shouted chorus of ' Hurri bole ! hurri bole !' an invocation, I believe, to Vishnu. The whole party seemed to me to be actuated by a strange sort of merriment, very foreign to the occasion ; and there was one callous-looking assistant, who, probably with a view to hasten the destruction of the corpse, continually employed himself in striking it with a long bamboo, and turning it over, like a beef-steak upon a gridiron. They were extremely economical of their fuel,

throwing the wood on in small quantities, and leaving the pile not more than a foot high.

The scene was altogether wild, horrific, and yet picturesque. The evening was dark and stormy, and thunder-clouds were flying athwart the heavens in all directions: the angry surf dashed and foamed within a few feet of the sand-hill on which was raised the pile, whose bright blaze threw out in strong relief the wild-looking figures of the group, who, with their white garments floating in the winds, were singing and dancing with the most fantastical gestures round the flame.

As a back-ground to the picture, the white cupolas and domes of the 'gate of heaven,' embedded in dusky foliage, were alternately lighted up by the red glare of the funeral pyre and the silvery and fitful gleams of the lightning; and still further in the distance might be faintly discerned the snowy tower of the great temple of Juggernaut.

On the 8th of June the Hattrass, pilot-

brig, made her appearance off the coast for the purpose of transporting a detachment of the Head-quarters to Calcutta; a second division being destined towards the latter end of the month, to accompany the Commander-in-chief by land to the Presidency. The surf ran so high the next day, that it was not considered safe for the party to embark; but on the following evening, its fury having somewhat abated, the passengers and baggage were securely stowed in the bottom of the mussoola; the buoyant craft was launched, and bravely surmounting—though sorely buffeted—the impetuous attacks of three successive lines of surf, finally reached the brig in safety. One sea, taking her on the quarter, broke on board, drenching to the skin all the passengers, one of whom was a lady, and sweeping five of the crew overboard. The tenure of these latter on the boat is far from secure, as they sit on the transverse beams *flush* with the gunwale, and have only their paddles, which are fixtures, to hold on by.

In returning, the mussoola was thrown on her beam-ends, and nearly the whole of the crew went overboard. Being, however, all powerful men, expert swimmers, and unembarrassed with excess of clothing, they account this accident an affair of little moment; and in the event of their failing to recover their boat, they are picked up by the attendant catamarans—or by the sharks, which abound on this coast.

On the occasion of a grand nocturnal bathing ceremony, held at the great tank called the Indra Damán, I went with a party of three or four others to witness the spectacle. The walls surrounding the pool and a cluster of picturesque pavilions in its centre were brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of cheraugs, or small oil-lamps, casting a flickering lustre upon the heads and shoulders of about five hundred men, women, and children, who were ducking and praying, à corps perdu, in the water. As I glanced over the figures nearest to me, I discovered floating among the indifferent bathers two dead

bodies, which had either been drowned in the confusion, or had purposely come to die on the edge of the sacred tank; the cool and apathetic survivors taking not the slightest notice of their soulless neighbours.

*June 16th.* Having projected a trip to the Black Pagoda—situated sixteen miles north of Pooree near the village of Kanárac,—and having previously sent forward some tents, servants and provisions, Colonel D. and myself started for that place late in the evening, in our palankeens. The night proving rainy and tempestuous, our progress was somewhat retarded: at 2 A.M. however we forded the river Kusbádra; and at a little before four o'clock, reached our encampment near the Pagoda. The road lay the whole way over a plain of deep sand slightly sprinkled with some unhappy and intrusive weed; but in the immediate neighbourhood of the temple the scenery is rather improved by the undulating form of the ground, and the fresh verdure of several patches of jungle. Part of this was once

the garden attached to the residences of the Fakirs or ministers, whose handy-work has been once more reclaimed by the wilderness.

After breakfast, having summoned for our guidance an old hirsute fakir,—who seemed to haunt the ruin like the ghost of its by-gone prosperity—we rambled over this curious and wonderful edifice; the weather, fortunately for our antiquarian labours, being cloudy and cool.

The Black Pagoda, or Temple of the Sun, was built by Narsing Deo Langora, Rajah of Orissa, as far back as the year A.D. 1241. The main body, or sanctum sanctorum, has been almost totally destroyed—by lightning as they relate—the only portion remaining upright amid the general wreck being one lofty shapeless pinnacle of stone, which surprisingly retains its erect position, although its height is about one hundred and thirty feet, its base extremely small, and the inclination of the whole mass decidedly out of the perpendicular. The ante-chamber, however, —a large square building,—is still in excel-



lent preservation, notwithstanding the depredations and wanton ravages of the Mahrattas, who barbarously purloined the stone to erect their own paltry temples, and even extracted most of the iron clamps, used, instead of cement, to fasten together the huge materials of the building. These same savages, whose destructive 'trail' may be traced throughout all India, and who possessed the province of Orissa for many years antecedent to its cession to the Company, have also mutilated, defaced and overthrown many of the statues, ornaments, and gateways of the edifice.

The Brahmins, too, of Pooree, assisting in the general pillage, carried away from hence an elegant column — about thirty-five feet high, formed of a single shaft of black basalt, and of the most graceful proportions and architecture — to adorn their own temple of Juggernaut. In its present situation, in front of that heavy clumsy tower, it is quite out of place. Its original position was in front of the eastern gateway of the Black Pagoda. This approach was flanked by two

colossal figures, on high pediments, representing a huge lion—whose countenance is the very quintessence of ferocity—trampling upon and subduing an elephant, which covers under its conqueror.



The group, exclusive of its base, appears to be about ten feet high by twelve in length. One of these gateposts is alone erect, its fellow having been thrown down. The perpetrators

of this mischief must have been at some pains to accomplish their object, as it is formed—as are the supporters of the other entrances—of one solid block of red granite. The foregoing sketch gives an idea of the remaining gatepost; and the well-dressed figure on the right is our conductor, the Fakir.

At the western gate lie, overthrown, two gigantic horses in stone, richly caparisoned, and represented in the act of rearing and treading beneath their hoofs the strangely-distorted figure of a man armed with a sword and shield. Although stunted bushes and noisome weeds have almost entirely overgrown these statues, and the monsoons of nearly six centuries have vented their fury upon them, the edge of the sculpture is still sharp and decided,—even the chains of the bridles, and the studs and ornaments of the trappings remaining uninjured. The same may be remarked throughout the numerous rich carvings of the temple; a peculiarity which may be perhaps attributable to the dryness of the sandy soil.

On another side of the pagoda I discovered, rolled over among heaps of huge stones, and prickly thickets the two supporters of another gateway. One was much defaced; but the other, in good preservation, portrayed an elephant, ornamented with rich housings, and holding in its curled proboscis the struggling figure of a man—a most spirited composition.

The fourth entrance led from the antechamber to the main temple; but it has been nearly closed up by the fall of that building. An immense mound of ruins, overgrown with copse-wood, attests the stupendous proportions of the fallen edifice.

The interior of the still-existing chamber is a square of about sixty feet diameter, the walls about the same in height and nearly twenty feet thick. The dome is conical, and its arch artfully formed by large stones projecting over each other until they approach near enough at the apex to be connected by an enormous keystone of granite.

The floor is, quite unaccountably, covered

with a confused pile of large blocks of stone, some of them twelve feet long by six feet in diameter, and amongst them are several solid bars of iron, eighteen feet in length and nearly a foot square. That they must have *fallen*, is apparent; but, to what purpose such massive materials could have been applied is extremely problematical. It has been, indeed, conjectured that they might have formed the floor of an intermediate story; but, as there are no windows or other means of admitting light and air to the upper part of the dome, this surmise is not borne out by probability.

Myriads of wild pigeons and bats occupy the dark interior of the lofty cupola; and among the heaped ruins of the main tower a family of bears and a colony of porcupines have found a retreat.

Being armed with guns, we tried to provoke Bruin from his den; but, at home or not, he made no answer to our summons. The Fakir related that on a former occasion two English visitors were more successful, in a like attempt: damp straw being ignited at the

mouth of the cave, which is not more than three feet wide in the bore, the sturdy patriarch of the ursine family, smoked beyond endurance; made a sudden sally from his stronghold; one of the besiegers, stepping back, missed his footing, and fell down some feet among the masses of sculptured stone; and the bear, bent upon following up his advantage, was shot through the head by the second sportsman, who had, with consummate generalship, seized a position just above the gorge of the cavity.

The beauty of this Temple of the Sun is marred by numerous obscene figures and groups, rendering it unfit for any more prominent situation than the lone and savage spot where it stands. Those which fill the niches on the exterior sides of the edifice are as large as life; on the lintels of the doorways they are minute: beyond the remark that some of the statues would scarcely have been unworthy of Canova, these strange features of the Black Pagoda are totally indescribable.

A sculptor of no mean art and taste must have been employed upon the cornices and other ornamental parts of the temple; the scrolls of leaves and flowers being remarkably easy and beautiful, and the execution displayed in the representation of elephants, boars, bulls, cranes, &c., extremely spirited. Some of the female figures are especially graceful; although the shape is, perhaps, somewhat caricatured,



I give a pretty exact sketch of one of them which I found half way up the roof snugly

sheltered by a projecting eave. It is in alto r elievo, as are all the statues occupying niches.

By clambering up one of the deeply-carved angles of the roof I succeeded in attaining a situation within a few feet of the melon-shaped mass which crowns the summit, from whence I enjoyed an extensive view of sand-plains, ocean, and jungle.

The elephant appears to be the animal most in vogue for ornamenting the cornices; hundreds of these picturesque beasts, in every possible attitude, being disposed throughout the building; and there is, perhaps, more skill and truth to nature displayed in them than in any other subject of the sculpture. Marriage processions, and highly-wrought battles are likewise portrayed in the same style by way of borders.

It is surprising that so costly an edifice should have been erected in so sequestered a situation, a barren, sandy plain, and far from any town of consequence; but it is thus accounted for—the Rajah, being afflicted with rheumatism, resorted to the sea-shore, where



he was cured; and he evinced his gratitude to the gods by building the temple on the spot where his malady left him. It is now about two miles from the sea, which is supposed to have receded considerably from this coast. Like many other ancient Indian buildings, the Black Pagoda has been saddled with sundry and marvellous legends. One of the causes assigned for its desertion by the priesthood is as follows: the summit of the Khetr is said to have been, in times of yore, furnished with a stupendous loadstone, which, attracting the ships passing in the roads, drew them to the shore, where they were wrecked. Some desperate foreigners, having suffered a like catastrophe, stormed the Pagoda, and carried away the magnet. The sanctuary being thus defiled, the shrine was deserted by the Brahmins; and many of its ornaments removed to the temple of Juggernaut.

The jungles in the neighbourhood of Kanarac swarm with antelopes; and buffalos are to be found in the swamps. The old Head-quarters' Shikkaree, who generally con-

contrived to enrol himself—among the host of more requisite menials—on all rambling expeditions, succeeded in shooting one of the former animals, whose exceeding wildness and watchfulness defied all attempts of my ardent companion to approach them.

The thunder-threatening closeness of the atmosphere having completely spoiled our imported provisions, in the afternoon we took post on each side of the temple with our guns, and sending in a domestic to drive out the immense flocks of pigeons, soon provided ourselves with an extempore dinner, besides the enjoyment of half an hour's very pretty practice.

In the dusk of the evening we resumed our palankeens, and returned to Pooree; pronouncing the Black Pagoda to be—albeit little known—the finest specimen of Hindoo architecture that we had met with in our peregrinations through the great continent.

*June 26th.* This day having been fixed for the departure of the first section of the land-

going detachment of Head-quarters for Calcutta; and the adjutant-general, the surgeon, and myself having been 'told off' for this section, at 6 P.M. we stepped into our palanqueens, and, nothing loth, commenced our retreat from Pooree—that depôt of Brahmins and pilgrims, flies and fakirs, idols and oysters, live sands and dead bodies—leaving nothing behind us worthy of regret, except perhaps the sea-breeze. It would be ungrateful, however, not to admit that almost every individual of the party had derived more or less benefit from the climate during our short residence on the Cuttack coast.

Having now conscientiously accomplished the three great pilgrimages of Benares, Hurdwar, and Juggernaut—the two last of which are one thousand four hundred miles apart—it only remains for me to regret that this performance, which would yield the Hindoo such vast claims to respect in this life and beatitude in the life to come, will redound no more to my advantage—perhaps not half so much—as a trip to Cheltenham or Leamington; ex-

cept indeed that it secures to me the amusing recollections of a long journey, and the power of boring and re-boring my friends hereafter with yet longer descriptions of it.

A pleasant night's run of twelve hours brought us within sight of Cuttack, just as the morning-gun boomed over the waters of the Mahanuddy. The roads were greatly cut up by the rains; but from the same cause the appearance of the country was much improved. The approach to the town is extremely striking; a long avenue of noble trees leading the traveller to the bank of a beautiful stream, which, rushing against the bold angle on which Cuttack is situated, is split into two channels, distinguished by the respective names of Mahanuddy and Cajori. As Cuttack is subject to sudden and violent floods, the point of bifurcation is fortified against the abrupt rising of the river by a strong stone revêtment; the town is surrounded with luxuriant groves, and the swelling hills of Koorda afford a pleasing back-ground to the prospect.

The ferry-boats on the river were crowded, almost to sinking, with troops of pilgrims of both sexes travelling towards Juggernaut: among the men there were several dreadfully emaciated objects; but the women were for the most part in good case, and many of them very pretty. Passing through the town, I was kindly welcomed under the roof-tree of a young friend, who, in his lately-achieved capacities of magistrate and Benedict, had newly settled down in this Station.

Cuttack is not considered healthy; the same moisture of the atmosphere which renders the vegetation so verdant and abundant, but ill according with the European constitution. It is perhaps to counteract the bad effects of the damp that the native inhabitants are in the habit of smoking a very substantial cigar, which, when it is not in use, they carry behind the ear, as a clerk does his pen. In the rivers about this neighbourhood, lapidarian research has discovered a great variety of the agate family. I obtained very good specimens of jasper, onyx, and cornelian.

Cuttack is the Head-quarters of that useful tribe of men, called the Ooria bearers, who, being looked upon as the best and most trustworthy servants, are much in request among the English of the Presidency. Their masters, without fear, confide large sums of money to their keeping; and almost every little master and little miss of the rising generation of Chowringhee\* is attended by one of these bareheaded and almost naked, but very cleanly guardians. I trust that honesty is not necessarily associated with, or the natural offspring of intellectual dulness; but it is certain that Mr. Sterling, in his interesting account of the province of Orissa, applies to its inhabitants the term of ‘the Bœotians of the East!’ I myself attended the Cuttack Kutcherrie, during the examination of some witnesses deposing to an outrage committed amongst the hills; and obtuse and temper-trying as the whole tribe of witnesses notoriously is, the Laputa flapper was never more wanted than in this instance.

\* Portion of Calcutta exclusively inhabited by the English gentry.

*June 28th.* Cuttack.—His Excellency arrived from Pooree; and the following morning, after a review of a corps of native infantry, I accompanied him on a visit to the fortress of Barabáti, situate near the cantonments. It is of gréat antiquity, owing its foundation to the ancient Rajahs of Orissa. From the Mahomedans, who seized the country about the middle of the eighteenth century, it received several additions; and at a later period it fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, from whom it was wrested by the English, after a determined resistance, in 1803—by this conquest the Company obtaining possession of the rich province of Cuttack. In the days of its prosperity Barabáti must have been almost impregnable; and, even in its broken-down old age, its lofty ruins frown formidably upon the surrounding plain. The enceinte of the fort occupies more than a square mile of ground, and it is girt about with double walls of red pudding-stone, in the destruction of which the march of time has been assisted by the ruthless hand of man, and the mate-

rials devoted to the repair of the roads. The ditch is scarped with the same stone, and, in the widest part, is no less than two hundred and twenty feet across: it is always filled with water, and is additionally fortified with a terrific band of alligators, who have, time out of mind, held hereditary sway in its dark cool depths;—a bloody siege would be a gala time for these ravenous monsters.

The Commander-in-chief having expressed a wish to witness the athletic and gladiatorial performances of the seapoys of the 39th infantry, sixteen of the most skilled in these sciences were drawn from the ranks, and in the cool of the evening repaired to Mr. Stockwell's garden. The place selected for the display was a spot of soft mould about one hundred feet in extent; the English spectators were furnished with chairs under the surrounding trees, and the circle was completed by a crowd of the seapoys, who, attired in their own graceful undress, had assembled to view the exploits of their companions.



The games were opened by the sword-players, who, as well as the wrestlers, were entirely naked, with the exception of a cloth bound tightly round the waist, and reaching a few inches down the thighs. Such perfect models of the animal man I never beheld! The first two combatants, who jumped simultaneously into the arena, were armed with a species of single-stick, shorter and heavier than those used in England, and covered with leather to qualify the effect of the blow; bearing in their left hands a small leathern buckler about the circumference of a dinner plate. After a smiling salaam, they approached each other very cautiously, circling round at the respectful distance of ten feet, and using the most extraordinary and extravagant gestures—preliminaries which to me appeared absurd and unnecessary, but which an old Jemadar near me described as useful to awe and distract the attention of the antagonist, and to gain the sun of him.

When they at last came to blows they laid about them in real earnest, striking with all

their might, and often with both hands. The extreme dexterity which they displayed, in warding with the little shield, their crafty feints, and the immense springs, they occasionally made to avoid, or surprise, their adversary, drew loud plaudits from the circle. Towards the end of the combat, one of these supple fellows suddenly threw himself upon his knees, in order to cut at the legs of his opponent; and from that apparently helpless position, with the quickness of lightning, sprung back, six or eight feet to escape the stroke, that was descending on his head. The other, in attempting to retort the same manœuvre, received a blow on the shoulder that echoed through the field; upon which, at a signal from the Subadar, directing the sports, the contending couple struck their swords and bucklers together, salaamed in token of amity, and swaggered out of the ring.

The gladiators were succeeded by the wrestlers, whose performances were infinitely more interesting. After rubbing their arms and shoulders with dry mould, the first adverse

couple stalked with inflated chests and strutting gait into the arena; and after going through the same preparatory demonstrations as the swordsmen, came at last, aux mains. The crouching posture, in which they crept round each other prior to the attack, was occasionally varied by a tremendous leap, as if to prove the vigour of their limbs, and accompanied by a smart clapping noise, produced by striking the hollow of the hand upon the muscular part of the opposite arm. On meeting, they placed their heads firmly together, like butting rams, seized each the other's wrist with one hand, whilst the other was twined round the back of the adversary's neck. In Indian wrestling a fair fall consists in being thrown flat on the back, a consummation which, owing to the extreme agility and suppleness of the wrestlers, is seldom accomplished. A front or side fall is not accounted disgraceful; on the contrary, it is common for the spent combatant to throw himself flat upon his face in order to gain breath; in which position, with outspread

arms and legs, he defies the utmost attempts of his adversary to turn him, like a turtle, upon his back.

The most distinguished of the wrestlers was a youth of about twenty-two, who successively bore the palm from six opponents, four of whom were much heavier men than himself. He had a remarkably handsome and classical countenance, with a figure of perfect symmetry; and as he sprung into the circus, looking sternly and confidently round for his first antagonist, I would not have wished for a better representation of a youthful Roman athlete. Loud were the applauses that saluted him from all sides, as, after the overthrow of five competitors, the noble fellow stood panting in the ring, and eagerly awaiting another candidate for the olympic wreath.

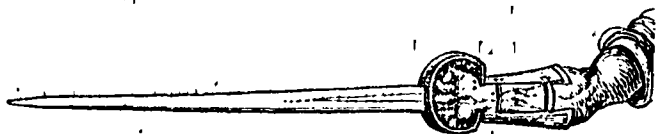
These skilful seapoys seemed to me to understand the mechanical application of their strength better than any British wrestlers that I have seen. The legs were brought much more into play; and at the commencement of the bouts, when the combatants were fresh,

the falls were dreadfully heavy. The young Roman, after a series of intricate combinations which I could not trace, twice threw an opponent heavier than himself quite over his head, the faller coming to the ground, on both occasions, upon his crown; and by this same opponent the youth was himself thrown in the same style, and with a violence that extorted a groan from his well-wishers. He, nevertheless alighted upon his feet, and soon after threw his man—a perfect Dares in stature—fairly upon his back.

I was much struck by the great similarity of make in the several seapoys who contended—the chief peculiarities in their form being the immense expansion of chest, breadth of shoulder, flatness and hollowness of back, and extreme smallness of waist. In their persons the strength of the lion and the litheness of the serpent are wonderfully united. In the nether limbs, however, their symmetry somewhat fails them. I should like much to see an English wrestler of equal weight pitted against one of these Indian athletes. The

stamina of the former would doubtless tell in the end; unless, at the first onset, the comparatively stiff Briton should get some incapacitating wrench or strain from the superior suppleness of the Indian's body and limbs.

At the conclusion of the combats a man stepped forth to show us the practice of the double-edged sword, which in his hands appeared a terrible weapon, though in those unaccustomed to its use it is but an awkward instrument. The blade was full five feet long, and encumbered with a clumsy iron hilt reaching half way up the arm, like a gauntlet—thus—



After a display of sundry sweeping and rotatory cuts that would have severed a bullock's neck, four small limes were placed on the ground, equidistant round the circle; and the fellow, describing a variety of twirling evolutions, not unlike an exaggerated

*waltz*, approached them alternately, and, without pausing in his giddy career, divided each of them in two with a well-aimed horizontal cut.

Shortly after the conclusion of the games, my two companions and myself resumed our *dāk* journey; and so damaged were the roads by the late rains, that we did not reach Bareepore—of comfortless memory—until twelve o'clock the next day. I was oftentimes during the night awakened by the shouted chorus of 'Hurribole! hurribole!' with which our bearers were saluted, as they passed, by the groups of pilgrims who were snugly squatting on the road-side with their mat umbrellas spread over their heads to protect them from the heavy night-dew.

Early in the morning I met a more distinguished votary, who had accomplished thus much of his painful journey to Juggernaut, having measured his length all the way from the northern provinces: he had been a fortnight coming from Balasore, a distance of about fifty-five miles. This human reptile

was a young man of very slight form ; nevertheless, he did not appear to be much worn or harassed by his quadrupedal journey of nearly a thousand miles. His forehead and breast were soiled with the mud of his unceasing prostrations, at each of which, ere he rose to his feet, he made a mark beyond his head on the ground, in order to be exact in his mensuration.

These cruel penances are sometimes undertaken in propitiation of some heinous sin or sins, and at others in ratification of vows made to the gods to avert grievous afflictions. In the hour of sickness, for instance, the pious husband prays for the preservation of—or perchance his liberation from—his expiring wife ; and he backs his prayer with a vow, which is always conscientiously executed.

During the night of the *2nd July*, we crossed the Subanreeka river, a fine broad winding stream forming the frontier between the two great provinces of Orissa and Bengal. Its banks are ornamented with some banyan-



trees of remarkable growth ; but the finest specimen of these wonderful productions of vegetative nature that I have seen in this quarter of India flourishes near the ghaut of the Brahminee river, which we passed two days ago. As my palankeen ran under the arched corridors of this vegetable palace, its hundred stems, faintly lighted up by the passing glare of the torches, might have easily been mistaken for the gray and time-worn columns of some ruined cloister.

In our passage through the hamlet of Dantoon on the evening of the 3rd, our progress was obstructed by a dense crowd employed in celebrating their village edition of the festival of Rath-Jattra. The car was fixed obstinately in the mud of the main street, and the mob were striving with great uproar and little real exertion to remove it. On our approaching the spot, the hubbub immediately subsided, the women covered their faces, the populace opened out, and most of them saluted us respectfully as we

passed—and thus it is throughout India in general: the Englishman meets with more respect and deference from the natives of the wildest parts of Hindostan, than he would from the lower orders of the most civilized portion of his own country. Nor is it merely the lip-homage of the conquered to the conqueror, of the weak to the strong: the Company's government has (by contrast with former possessors of the country) formed to itself a character for moderation, good-faith, wisdom, and benevolence, which has secured to it the confidence of its subjects; a feeling extended in greater or lesser degrees—though in some instances, Heaven knows it is but ill-deserved—to every member of the English community.

More than once, during my sporting rambles, I have been waylaid by old men or women, who have brought sick children to me, and begged me in their simple manner to prescribe for them. Although I never ventured to incur the risk of infanticide, I have often administered to adult patients;

whose own faith in the infallibility of a white face is probably more efficacious than the medicine itself. On one occasion, whilst an equally experienced friend and myself were in the act of pouring a dose of brandy down the throat of a youth afflicted with the cholera, he sunk down at our feet and expired\*.

*July 9th.* The two dāk divisions were convened at Tumlook. On the 10th, Mr. Lindsay's beautiful beauliah took us to the mouth of the Roopnarain river, where a steamer awaited us, which was to waft us with great expedition to Calcutta by the usual dinner hour. After three several fractures of the machinery, however, we thought ourselves fortunate in making Garden Reach by 9 P.M.

\* Lest the English reader should be impressed with too exalted an idea of my heroism, in thus exposing myself to contact with a cholera-struck patient, I feel obliged to state that in India—where that cruel distemper has been at such pains to make itself known—I never heard even so much as the possibility of its contagion canvassed. In Europe, however, I found a contrary creed established, and the whole collective faculty ready to jump down the throat of the rash sceptic venturing to broach his old-fashioned, exploded, yet comfortable Indian notions!

Here we were obliged to cast anchor; and Sir C. Metcalfe brought us off in a boat to his house, where we were all provided with beds.

The next morning, *July 11th, 1829*, Headquarters were once more established at Calcutta, after a rambling, and most interesting tour of twenty months.

During the remaining five months of my residence in India, I was pretty generally stationary at the Residency, and as the march of my pen seldom outruns that of my person, I find my journal, during this period, blank, except on two occasions; first, where it follows me on an eight days' sporting expedition; and secondly, where it attempts to give a slight sketch of 'A day in Calcutta,' or more properly, Chouringhee—the sonorous name by which the English quarter of the great city is known. The first I shall omit—for it is long. The last I shall subjoin—for it is short.

## A DAY IN CALCUTTA.

In the hot weather—and nine months of the twelve are hot—the Anglo-Bengalee—unless he has been late at a party the night before, or loves his bed better than his health—is roused by the punctual warning of his bearer, ‘Sahib! Sahib! it has struck four,’ and completing, by the assistance of the same domestic officer, a hasty toilette, he mounts his Arab, and by half-past four is taking his constitutional canter round the dew-freshened race-course. There—unless, as is sometimes the case, he be too languid to be social—he joins company with some of the many acquaintances he is sure to fall in with; and discusses the merits of the last batch of claret, ‘per petite Louise’ from Bourdeaux, or the last batch of misses, ‘per Duchess of Bedford,’ from England; the last act of Government, or the last dinner at Gunter’s. Or, if there be any that he has chanced to fall out with, he may on the same

spot, under the well-known 'Great Tree,' discuss his point of honour without danger of interruption. During the months preceding the races, the training of the horses affords the sporting world of Calcutta an additional incitement to the healthful practice of early rising.

At six, or soon after, that arch-enemy of European constitutions the sun begins to dart, from above the tall mansions of Chourin-ghee, its intolerable rays across the hitherto thronged plain; and the 'Qui hi' who has any respect for the well-being of his liver, shrinks appalled from its increasing disk, sneaks home, delivers his reeking horse to the attendant syce, and, exhausted with the monstrous exertion he has undergone, creeps under his mosquito curtain, and dozes, a bearer fanning him, until half-past eight.

A bath—the greatest luxury in India—and perhaps shampooing wind him up for the breakfast of tea, muffins, and pillau at half past nine; after which those who are fortunate enough to have offices, repair thither in

buggy or palankeen; and, with white jacket on back and punkah over head, earn, tant bien que mal, their rupees and their tiffin.

This subsidiary meal is a favourite mid-day pastime of both the ladies and men of the Presidency, and is the only repast at which appetite generally presides. A rich hash, or hot curry, followed by a well-cooled bottle of claret, or Hodson's pale ale, with a variety of eastern fruits, are thus despatched at 2 o'clock, forming in fact a dinner, whilst the so-called meal at 8 o'clock would be better named supper.

Idle men employ the above hours in visiting, billiards, or the auction-rooms. In the former ceremonial, should the visitor, going his rounds, find the gates of the 'compound\*' closed, he is to deduce that the Bebee Sahib † is not visible. Should they be thrown open, on the contrary, he draws a favourable augury—(which, however, may still be negatived by the Cerberus Durwân ‡)—dashes through the portal, draws up sharp under the co-

\* Enclosure round the house.

† The Lady.

‡ Porter.

lunned entrance, jumps out, and is received at the door—(there is not a knocker in all India!)—by a respectful but pompous and most deliberate jemadar, who, striding before the Bhar-kee-Sahib\*—the ivory tassels of his dagger rattling as he walks—leads him through a darkened ante-room, (where another attendant, within hearing of the delicate ‘Qui hi!’ of the lady, rises wakefully and salaams, or sits sleepily and nods,) and finally introduces him by his name (strangely distorted, however) into the yet more obscured sanctum. Here, seated in luxurious fauteuil, and fanned by the wavings of the heavy-flounced punkah, the eyes of the visiter (albeit as yet unused to the tender twilight of the hermetically-closed apartment) discover the fair object of his visit. He is seated; obvious topics are dispatched, and happy is it for absent acquaintances if the late arrival of a ship, or a new novel is at hand to furnish external matter for discussion. In default of this diversion, living victims are

\* Strange gentleman.



offered up at the shrine of tittle-tattle—I woult call it scandal—‘ attentions ’ and ‘ intentions ’ are anatomized ; flirtations analyzed ; couples, as adverse as fire and water, are wedded and bedded ; and friends, as attached as twin-brothers, are paraded with ‘ pistols for two ’ under the ‘ Great Tree.’ The lady’s ivory stiletto, urged by her white fingers rendered still whiter by Indian seclusion, is not more actively employed in torturing her tamboured muslin, than is her tongue in torturing and distorting facts—I woult say characters—the gentleman attacks the men, the lady the women ; each defends the opposite sex, and they separate mutually satisfied with themselves,—not overhearing the exclamation from the neighbouring verandah, ‘ There is Captain A. only just going away from Mrs. B. ; what can he have been doing there these three hours, whilst Mr. B. is at office ? ’—but this smacks of persiflage ! To our subject.—The tiffen being concluded, many have recourse to a siesta, to recruit their forces and to kill time.

Towards six, the orb of day, tending towards the western horizon, begins to relax the vigour of his rays; the lengthening shadows give evidence of his decline; and ere he has quite deserted the glowing heavens, the echoes of Calcutta are awakened by the rattling—rattling indeed!—of hundreds of equipages, from the lordly coach-and-four to the less-aspiring but dapper buggy; from the costly Arab charger to the ambling Pegu pony. All hurry to the same point, urged by the desire of seeing and being seen; and indeed those morose few, who are not instigated by these all-potent motives, are obliged to resort to the same mall, as the only well-watered drive. At dusk the Course and Strand are deserted:—except by a few choice spirits, who love to breathe the cool air of moonlight and to listen to the soft whisperings of . . . . . the evening breeze, rather than the coarse steam of viands and the bubbling of houkahs—the world of Calcutta is dressing for dinner; and by 8 o'clock it is seated at that important, but often untasted meal. In the

hospitable mansions of the 'upper servants' of the Company the tables groan under the weight of massive plate, and, what is worse, under whole hetacombs of beef and mutton; I have frequently seen—*horesco referens!*—in a side-dish, which would have been much more appropriately tenanted by an appetizing fricandeau or a tempting ris de veau,—two legs of mutton, or twin turkeys; yet with all this profusion, scarcely any one has sufficiently recovered from the heavy tiffin dispatched at two, to be able even to look without shuddering upon the slaughtered herds—much less to taste two mouthfuls.

Champaign and claret, delightfully cooled with ice or saltpetre, are real luxuries; and, ere the last course is well off the table, an isolated bubble announces the first houkah; others drop in, the jingling of Suppooses is heard; a rich, though rather overcoming odour pervades the air; handsome mouth-pieces of amber, gold, silver, or Videri, decked with snowy ruffles, insinuate themselves from under the arms of the chairs; and the pauses

in the sometimes languid and ill-sustained conversation are deprived of their former awkwardness by the full sonorous *drone* of a dozen of these princely pipes.

The men do not sit so long after the adjournment of the ladies as is the custom in England.

Inveterate smokers have their *houkahs* transferred to the drawing-room. They are not bad companions in the silence of a whist table; but prove rather a barbarous accompaniment to the music and singing, in the piano passages of which its monotonous growl chimes rather discordantly. The *houkah*, however, in a room full of ladies does not appear to a *griffin* ('young hand,' or Johnny Newcome) more out of place, than does the half-naked figure of the *punkah*-puller. Small parties break up about half-past ten, with a view to the ensuing morning's ride—and lo! a Calcutta day is completed.

*Dec. 8th.* This evening, during the accustomed promenade, a flying report of the

Arrival of the frigate reached the mall. My heart leaped at the glad tidings, and I vented my joy by spurring my astonished Arab at full speed round the lonely race-course. A reaction followed, and as I walked my smoking horse slowly home, I sighed at the thought of quitting a country where I had passed four happy and eventful years. Ere nightfall the rumour was confirmed—H. M. S. Pallas, forty-two, Captain Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, had anchored in the Hooghly, having on board Lord Dalhousie and Staff, and the Right Rev. John Turner, newly appointed Bishop of Calcutta. I received by this conveyance several letters kindly brought from England by Lieutenant Knox, and all of them *beckoning* me home again.

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arrival of the frigate reached the mall. My heart leaped at the glad tidings, and I vented my joy by spurring my astonished Arab at full speed round the lonely race-course. A reaction followed and as I walked my storking horse slow home, I sighed at the thought of quitting country where I had passed four fruitful years. Ere I could start the moment was gone—H.M.S. Palas, for two years, Hooghly, having on board the Commodore, and the right of the ship appointed by this commandance several letters kindly brought from England by Lieutenant Knox, and all of them recommending me home again.



*Shikharce.*



## CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE FROM CALCUTTA TO ENGLAND, *VIA* MADRAS,  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, ST. HELENA, AND ASCENSION.

*Jan. 6th, 1830.* YESTERDAY, Lord Combermere repaired on board the *Pallas*; and this morning was fixed for the embarkation of the remainder of the home-bound party. A brother *Ex-A. D. C.* and myself breakfasted at Government House; and at ten o'clock, we accompanied the Governor-General and Lady William Bentinck—who intended to honour the frigate with a visit—on board the Hooghly steam-boat, destined to convey us to Diamond Harbour; about fifty miles from Calcutta.

By half-past ten, the City of Palaces was shut out from our view, and we were dashing past the verdant shores of Garden Reach, with its long line of Thames-like villas—under whose roofs I had so often quaffed the cup of hospitality, or ‘chased the glowing hours



with flying feet.' On rushed the quivering Hooghly, ploughing fiercely through the glossy bosom of her river godmother and namesake; and soon after four o'clock she brought us alongside the Pallas, who received the Governor with manned yards, and a thundering salute,—an example followed by all the ships in the harbour.

At six o'clock the whole party, about thirty in number, dined on board. The table was spread on the quarter-deck, and canopied over with flags; and the feast afforded us a very satisfactory earnest of the good cheer that we were to expect during our long voyage—expectations that were more than realized by the result. In the evening the Hooghly again received its noble passengers, and the greater number of our leave-taking friends; the Ganges steamer remaining to tow us out of the river.

*Jan. 7th.* Pallas weighed and made sail from Diamond harbour, towed by the Ganges. Slowly and gradually we floated past the low

and marshy shore of Kedgeree, the wild and desert Sauger, and the sandy Edmonstone's Isle; and at sunset we anchored still in sight of land. Among others of our friends who remained on board, with the intention of returning when the steamer left us, was Colonel Skinner, who had brought with him three of his Russuldars (native officers of rank). These men, who had never before quitted dry land, were rapturous in their admiration of the size, cleanliness and discipline of the ship; nor were they themselves less the objects of wonder to the crew, who eyed them with that sort of knowing smile in which there is more of satire than mere curiosity—and many a wink was exchanged, when as the sun sunk below the horizon, the tall, showily-attired Mussulmans prostrated themselves on the quarter-deck, and pressed their foreheads against the boards. At dusk, Pallas anchored in five fathoms of water.

*Jan. 8th.* This morning I saw for the last time the sun rise over the low green shores

of Bengal ; in two hours, the tallest palmyras had dipped out of sight ; and when our noble frigate had fairly become the nucleus of a wide unbroken circle of sea and sky, the fact was pointed out to the three native officers, who after deliberately scanning the whole horizon, vented their admiration in a torrent of enthusiastic ejaculations. The Ganges towed us well out of a calm ; and at 6 P.M. she cast us off, and taking the still lingering remnant of our friends on board, turned her head towards the land.

At eight o'clock, we put our pilot on board the 'floating light,' which is moored at the extreme point of the Sand-heads ; a fine leading breeze assisted us all night, and in the morning the Pallas was in blue water, and bending her rapid course towards Madras. The England-bound party consisted of Lord Combermere and five of his Staff ; each passenger was provided with a comfortable cabin ; and during the four months we were on board, our liberal and courteous Captain left us nothing to complain of—

except, perhaps, occasional indigestions, the fruits of a table but too profuse for the well-being of dyspeptic Indians.

To a *passenger*, a frigate possesses advantages and drawbacks in pretty equal proportions—though, in the eyes of military men, the latter generally preponderate:—but as a *command*, it appears to me the most complete and independent that falls to the lot of men of middling rank.

‘ Who would not brave the death fire, and the wreck,  
To move the monarch of her people’s deck ?’

The captain of a frigate is the sovereign of a little floating island: he is the tyrant or the father of his subjects, according as his disposition prompts; and with very little management and tact he may make himself the master of the affections, as well as the services of his officers and crew. To a subordinate, however, the army must necessarily be the most engaging profession.

*Jan. 14th.* At eight o’clock this morning, after a pleasant sail of five days, the *Pallas*

anchored in the Madras roads, about two miles from the shore, and in eight fathoms water. The view of this Presidency from the sea is by no means favourable: the shore is flat, the buildings mean in comparison with Calcutta, and the trees scrubby and ill-grown. On more intimate acquaintance with Madras, however, we were agreeably surprised by the picturesque and umbrageous situations of its garden houses, which are not seen from the sea; yet, on the whole, our parting and collective verdict pronounced it to be a full half century behind the sister Presidency in the luxuries and conveniences of life.

No sooner had the Pallas swung to her anchor, and the canvas, quickly furled, disappeared as if by magic from her taper yards, than a mussoula boat was seen to push from the shore; and on coming alongside was found to contain the almost senseless person of a highly embroidered Staff officer, who had come off to arrange about the landing of his Lordship; but so dreadfully sea-sick was the unfortunate man, that ere he reached the

Pallas, he was lying quite helpless in the bottom of the boat.

About an hour after, the Governor's mus-soula boat, decorated with the Honourable Company's flag and furnished with a stern-awning, took us on board. The sea was running very high; and nothing could be finer than the manner in which our buoyant craft bounded over the three surfs, the last of which left us far up, high and dry, on the sand. On landing opposite the Custom House, our party was immediately accommodated with a variety of equipages, which conveyed us to the Government House, where we were courteously welcomed by the Governor, Mr. Lushington.

The palace, which is about a mile and a half from the custom-house wharf, is large and commodious, but of anomalous and inelegant architecture: it is well situated near the mouth of a small river, and has some fifty acres of parkish-looking ground around it.

In the afternoon a resident friend drove me

in his phaeton to the fashionable Mall. The Esplanade, the road along the beach, and the Mount-road were thronged with well-filled carriages; but *such* carriages! they were even more antediluvian in their construction than the equipages of Calcutta, and contrasted strangely with the smart bonnets of the ladies who tenanted them.

Dined with a very numerous party at Government-house. The servants of Madras are smart and attentive, and have more of the mercurial flippancy of the English waiter, than the slow deliberate khitmutgar of Calcutta. They are not so tenacious of caste, and consequently fewer of them are required; for the same domestic who waits at dinner, will also condescend to superintend his master's toilet.

I did not see a single houkah at Madras, and I was informed that this fashionable stimulant, to an old Bengalee almost as necessary as his food, is seldom used here.

Jan. 15th. Madras. I was introduced this

morning to the famous horse-fancier—Colonel Macdonell, I think—who goes by the familiar sobriquet of *Arab Mac.*: he is said at this moment to have a stud of about sixty high-caste Arabs in his stables; two of them, Aurelio and Esterhazy, being considered by the knowing-ones to be the best in India.

Went to see ‘the lions’ of Fort George and Black Town. The former, which has been the scene of more than one stubborn fight between the English and French, is laid down agreeable to the rules of modern fortification; its situation is good, but it is much crowded with high buildings in the interior. His Majesty’s 26th Regiment is now quartered within the walls. The native town has nothing remarkable in it: it is, however, built more regularly, and of more durable materials than is the similar quarter of Calcutta.

The natives of Madras fall short of the Bengalese in delicacy of feature and symmetry of person, although they are perhaps better formed for exertion. The men are



smaller—as was manifest on comparing the average standards of the regiments of each Presidency ; the women, on the contrary, are, I think, taller, and many of them very handsome. Their costume is becoming, and the poorest have some gold ornament on their persons. The prettiest of their decorations is a small skull-cap of solid filagree gold, which is worn on the crown of the head, and fastened through the hair like a brooch. Another article of fashion, which has since found its way to England, is a belt of solid gold or silver fastened round the waist. The Trichinopoli chains are in high vogue both with Europeans and natives ; and there is always a profusion of very inferior ones ready to tempt the casual passenger.

The next morning we had a pleasant drive to Palaveram, a military cantonment twelve miles from Madras, where Lord Combermere reviewed four regiments of native infantry. The men are certainly inferior in personal appearance to the Bengal seapoy, but they

are well dressed, and are, individually, smarter and more active soldiers than the latter. On our return from the Mount, we visited St. George's church, built by Captain Colvin of the Engineers. It is a beautiful edifice, and the chunam of the columns in the interior is so fine as to have all the polish of white marble. At one entrance there is a very fine monument, by Chantrey, of Dr. Anderson, a gentleman to whom Madras is indebted for many improvements. It was exhibited in Somerset House before it was sent out to its destination.

At 1 P.M. our party took leave of the Governor, and drove down to the busy wharf, where a mussoula boat attended us. An hour's knocking-about brought us alongside the Pallas; in another hour we were under all sail, going nine knots; and by the following mid-day we had left Madras one hundred and eighty three miles behind us.

After three or four prosperous days, the wind gradually deserted us, and on the 21st morning we were nearly becalmed. Croakers

Of whom there are always a strong party on board ship—immediately began to anticipate the usual fortnight's calm weather near the equator; when fortunately a sudden squall came on, and completely changed the face of affairs. The gallant ship, which for the last forty-eight hours had been almost paralyzed, as suddenly resumed her functions, and sprung through the hissing billows at the rate of nine and ten knots all night, during which time we crossed the dreaded Line. The next two days this auspicious breeze continued, only abating at intervals. Towards the close of the month, the westerly airs grew gradually fainter, and we had very nearly relapsed into a calm, when, on the 4th of February, in latitude  $17^{\circ}$ , a light breeze from the south-east sprung up, and the barometer of our hopes rose in proportion.

For the last week 'all hands' had been impatiently looking out for the south-east Trade wind, which is usually fallen in with by homeward-bound ships, in latitude  $11^{\circ}$  or  $12^{\circ}$ , and board-o'-ship superstition had attributed

our ill-luck to some Jonah passenger. To corroborate this theory, the bearer of the first intelligence of the Trade having set in, brought likewise, at the same time, to the cabin the report of the death of Sergeant Sawkins (Lord Combermere's orderly for many years), who had embarked in wretched health, the effect of drinking, and had been gradually wasting away. It struck me that these two events were connected in the minds of the seamen!

The next day the little Pallas, under the full influence of the south-east Trade, was gliding along at the rate of nine knots an hour, and so smoothly, that she scarcely appeared to be in motion.

Early in the morning the body of poor Sawkins, shrouded with a flag and weighted with shot, was, in the words of the beautiful funeral service, 'committed to the deep.' The deceased is the fourth victim dragged by the grim king of terrors from among Lord Combermere's suite since he landed in India.

The other three were his aides-de-camp, Colonel Kelly, Captain Stapleton, and Captain Dougan. Had it been pre-revealed to us that so large a portion of our small party were to be stricken, how awful would have been the warning!

*Feb. 17th*, lat.  $28^{\circ} 10'$ , long.  $45^{\circ} 31'$ . This day at twelve o'clock, we were one hundred and fifty-six miles direct south of Cape St. Mary in the Isle of Madagascar, and one thousand and thirty-five miles from Algoa Bay, on the coast of Africa. The trade wind has hitherto treated us as though its charter were confined to the propulsion of commercial ships, and H. M. S. Pallas consequently not entitled to its assistance. This day, however, it vouchsafed to arrive in real earnest to our aid, and continued with us for a week, advancing us at the rate of two hundred miles a day.

*23rd.* At 5 p.m. the cry of 'land ahead,' from the look-out aloft, brought us all upon

deck, in the hope of seeing *that* which was not made visible to us in our less exalted situation until an hour later, when we were within thirty miles of the shore. The horizon was hazy, but we nevertheless plainly distinguished the line of lofty and bold mountains backing up the Bay of Algoa—the point which is usually made by ships returning from India. At 10 P.M. the ship was only eight or nine miles from the land; and large fires, probably the burning of the forests on the hills, were distinctly visible to those on board.

The following day we added two hundred miles to our score, and at eight o'clock P.M. sounded in fifty-five fathoms, distance from shore thirty-four miles.

*Feb. 25th.* The south-east trade, having fairly carried us into soundings, made its bow, leaving behind it a dead calm, and so heavy a swell, that the poor Pallas elbowed the waves at every roll with her studding-sail-

booms, and nearly thrashed threadbare a whole suit of canvas. The middies were very busy with their fishing-lines, and were pretty successful. A very good cod of about fifteen pounds was caught by dropping the deep-sea-lead to the bottom, furnished with hooks baited with meat. It found its way to the Captain's table, the fisherman being too glad to barter his fish for a fine sheep.

26th. At twelve o'clock, Cape Lagullas E. N. E., five miles; and Cape Hanglip, N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., sixty-three miles—the calm and swell still mocking our endeavours to approach those bold and beautiful mountains, under whose shadow a steam-vessel would place us in a few hours. An occasional 'cat's-paw' and the set of the current prevented us, however, from being utterly motionless; and Pallas gradually crept towards her destination. During the day, a large whale several times approached the ship, disporting its huge bulk in heavy gambols round us. The weather was delightfully cool, although there was not a

single cloud to moderate the rays of the sun.

How diametrically different were the circumstances under which I passed the Cape of Good Hope in August, 1825! My journal on that occasion, expatiates, with all the eloquence of a first voyage, upon a terrific north-wester; and, as I glance down its sea-washed pages, my eye is arrested by the following catch-words: 'violent hail storm;' 'waves half-mast high;' 'mainsail split into ribbons;' 'quarter boat washed off the davits;' 'man overboard;' 'fine lunar rainbow,' &c.

*Feb. 28th.* Rounded Cape Hanglip at 5 A.M., and entered False Bay with a fine strong breeze from the south-east. The two points of Hanglip and Good Hope form the horns—if they may be so styled—of the bay; and appear to be distant asunder about ten miles. They are as bold, bluff, and bleak, as the extreme salient angle of the continent of Africa, exposed and opposed to the unceasing attacks of the great Southern Ocean, has



need to be. On entering the bay, we skirted swiftly along the western shore, within half a mile of its precipitous and rocky cliffs; and at 8 A.M. Pallas dropped anchor off Simon's Town, in the little bay or inlet of the same name. The anchorage is completely landlocked; and during the south-east trade, which blows with little variation during the whole summer, it is more easily approached than Table Bay—on the western side of the Cape. The only ship that we found in the harbour was the Maidstone frigate, Commodore Schomberg, who commands on this station.

The greatest drawback to Simon's Bay is its distance, twenty-three miles, from Cape Town. Simon's Town has nothing to recommend it in its appearance; though, from its being generally seen after the tedium of a long voyage, it is, perhaps, regarded by visitors with more complacency than it intrinsically merits. It is situated at the foot of a steep crescent of rock and gravel hills, sparsely sprinkled with stunted brushwood. The

methodist chapel occupies the most commanding station in the town; next to which will be remarked the Custom-house, the Commodore's residence partially shaded by some dwarfish trees, the hospital, and the Clergyman's rus-in-urbe retreat. The warehouses on the wharf contain stores for his Majesty's ships to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. There is very good fishing in Simon's Bay, particularly in the vicinity of the Roman Rocks—a cluster of surf-washed crags two miles from shore—and in an inlet called Fishhook's Bay, three miles beyond Simon's Town.

We had not been five minutes at anchor, ere the ship was surrounded by a swarm of small boats, chiefly filled with Hottentots, who supplied us largely with grapes, figs, and eggs; the former were unripe; the latter, on the contrary, were 'rather too mellow for me.' Washermen, too, in abundance, offered their services, and the number of 'buck-baskets' lowered into their boats bespoke a thriving business. The exorbitant charges of these ministers to board-o'-ship comfort astonished

those of our party who in India had been accustomed to exhaust a whole wardrobe of linen in a day, at the trifling monthly cost of seven or eight rupees.

At noon, the Captain, with some of his officers and his passengers, went on shore, where we were hospitably greeted by the worthy Commodore, who entertained us with a capital dinner (which, from its variety of Cape rarities, was as good as a museum to us strangers), and with his merrily-expended fund of high spirits and dry humour. What havoc did we commit upon his vast mounds of delicious fruit! No one, who has not been six weeks at sea, can imagine the rapture of a first meeting with a fine, fresh, luscious bunch of grapes. My young friends in the midshipmen's berth can well appreciate the luxury; for it did my heart good to see one of these merry middies—whose bill of fare for so long a period had been 'junk,' and nothing else but junk—sitting, like a little Bacchus, across a cask, and stripping a bunch of 'honey-pods' nearly co-bulky with himself.

The largest house in Simon's Town, and, indeed, the greater part of the town itself, belongs to an Englishman of the name of Osbond, who, however, is more generally known by the dignified title of 'King John.' He was carpenter on board the sixty-gun ship *Sceptre*, which was wrecked off this coast some years ago. Like Juan, he escaped the sea, and like Juan he found a Haidee. Being well-favoured and sharp-witted, he won the heart and the hand of a wealthy Dutch widow, whose dollars he afterwards, in some bold but successful speculations, turned to good account. He is said to have laid out ten thousand pounds on these—to every one but himself—in *inhospita littora*. King John is much respected.

*March 1st.* Captain Fitz-Clarence having signified his intention of remaining a week at the Cape, Lord Combermere, with one of his party, started this morning for the country cottage of the Governor, Sir Lowry Cole; whilst the remaining four projected a trip to

Cape Town. In pursuance of our plan, we hired a barouche and six, and a light waggon for our baggage, and by noon we were fairly off. The carriage was of English build, and the six horses were driven in hand by the allied powers of an English coachman and a Hottentot assistant; the former managing the rein department, whilst the province of the latter consisted in wielding a terrific scourge of bamboo and thong, which reached with ease the leading horses. Our coachee's lash, however, sunk into insignificance, when we saw the whips used in Cape Town to drive teams of eighteen or twenty oxen. We soon found that our carriage, lightly freighted as it was, could not have gone a mile with less than six horses; and even with them we were compelled to alight several times, at points where the road, crossing the heads of little bays, was axle deep in sand. At one pass the horses struggled so violently, that the leaders lost their balance, and both rolled over the side of the road. We kicked open the door, and were out of the vehicle in a moment, and

the frightened animals fortunately lay perfectly quiet until we had divested them of their harness. Had they continued their struggles, they must have drawn the whole equipage over the rocky precipice into the boiling surf below. We soon repaired damages, and proceeded, meeting with no further mishaps.

On the sides of the road I remarked the most luxuriant geraniums growing up in company with the rankest weeds. The hills in the neighbourhood abound in a great and curious variety of bulb plants, of which pretty large collections are yearly shipped off to England. At Fish-Hooks Bay, where there are the ruins of an unsuccessful whale fishery, the shore is strewn with the gaunt skeletons of several of these giants of the deep: the gardens and enclosures round the cottages of the hamlet are fenced in with the smaller bones; and the beams and uprights—I may not call them timbers—of the habitations themselves are for the most part formed of

the vast ribs, which afford a most durable material.

After the first six miles, the road deserts the sea-shore, and leads over a sandy plain, which, with very few slight elevations, extends from the head of False Bay to that of Table Bay. The lowness and sandiness of this valley, and the abruptness of the mountains of the Cape and Hottentot Holland on either side of it, give probability to the theory which attempts to prove that the two harbours were once connected by the sea—thus making the Cape an island.

We stopped an hour to bait at the half-way-house, a well-situated hotel kept by Mr. George, the host of the 'first' inn at Cape Town. From the road near this, are distinctly discernible the two famous wine farms of Constantia, reclining in the sunny, yet sheltered lap, of the great Table Mountain which towers in dark and awful majesty behind them. Its flat summit was entirely shrouded by the 'Devil's table-cloth,' which, in spite of the

high wind, hung torpid and motionless in its appointed place.

Not far from the halfway-house is situated the pretty village of Wynberg; and, two miles beyond it, embowered in rich groves, is snugly seated Protea, the Governor's country residence. As we approach Cape Town, the country gradually assumes a more smiling aspect; and as the traveller drives between luxuriant hedges of well-grown oaks and firs, and glances down the long umbrageous avenues leading to the villas of the more wealthy Dutch burghers, he almost forgets the arid sands and bleak rocks of Simon's Bay.

Turning sharp round the east shoulder of Table Mountain, in the face of a wind which kept up a continual volley of gravel (for *dust* is no name for its coarse granulation), we came suddenly upon Table Bay and Cape Town. The anchorage was adorned with no less than sixteen large vessels: in the centre of the bay we plainly descried the low Robbin Island, which seems to act as a breakwater; and in the right distance was pointed out to



us the Blue Berg Hill, near which our troops, under Sir D. Baird, landed at the conquest of the Cape in 1806.

The town is most picturesquely, but most stiflingly situated under the curving flanks of the Table Mountain and Lion's Hill: the houses are of dazzling whiteness; and the church spires, windmills, and turnpikes carried me in imagination to England. I paid the toll this day with real pleasure, for it was the first that I had paid for five years! After passing the castle (a wretched mud fort), the great barracks, and a well-shaded promenade, in which are situated the public reading-rooms and library, we entered the Heerren Graght (Gentleman's Walk), a fine wide street, with a deep water-course and a double row of tall and thick fir-trees in the centre. Turning up this boulevard of Cape Town, our barouche and six rattled up to George's inn, which proved to be quite full; and its thriving host gave us the unwelcome intelligence that the numerous boarding and lodging-houses—kept chiefly by Dutch families—were nearly

all occupied by the unusual influx of chance visitors. The *Lady Holland*, mérchiantman, had been wrecked a few days before near the bay; and the passengers, who were all saved, were quartered on the town.

We were, however, after some debate, directed to a pension kept by a Dutch gentleman (whose name by six weeks' application I might, perhaps, have learned to pronounce), in one of the three great streets parallel to the *Heerren Graght*. Two of our quartette remained below to covenant with Mynheer, whilst the third and myself were conducted by an ancient *frau* to inspect the apartments. In our progress she led us calmly through a chamber, in which there sat a very comely damsel, attired in a white robe de chambre, her long dark hair unknotted, and abandoned to the tender mercies and the scissors of an *Atropos*-like barbrress. I had half a mind to beg a lock—but the weird coiffeuse looked daggers, and the maiden looked distressed. The apartments were dark as the damsel's chevelure; they were also dirty and dismal;

and Myrheer conditioning that we should dine at his family hour of 2 o'clock, and keep his bourgeois hours, we failed in coming to terms; although I remarked, and pointed out to our chargé d'affaires, the stupendous chalk-stones in our Dutchman's knuckles, which spoke volumes in favour of his cheer; and although his pretty black-eyed daughter paraded her Syren charms on the antique balustraded steps in front of the door.

After some further search, which we prolonged rather more than was strictly necessary, we finally engaged apartments, tolerably airy, with well-polished parquets, and as clean as white dimity could make them, in the house of a widowed milliner—the Frau Öst by name—and we boarded at the inn. Our landlady and her assistant sempstresses spoke English pretty fluently—one of them, a slender, melancholy, Spanish-looking girl, who seldom made her appearance in the shop, was exceedingly beautiful—a sort of creature that one makes out a story for at first sight.

Being fresh landed from a six weeks' voyage, during which I had seen nothing less delicate than the bronzed cheek—*Bacchi plenus!*—of the tan at the wheel, I somewhat distrusted the acumen of my taste for beauty, and I made due allowance for the same; be it as it may, we were all much struck by the uncommon comeliness of the Dutch women in general. There was scarcely a window that had not its pretty face—but it is said that their beauty is not lasting; premature old age and wrinkles soon destroying the charms of a face whose perfections are more those of complexion than of feature.

In the afternoon we repaired to the promenades. The weather was heavenly; and the Heerren Graght was thronged with gay crowds. Passing up its shady street, we entered the Company's garden, through the centre of which in continuation of the 'gentlemen's walk,' runs a gravelled promenade a mile in length, and delightfully shaded with oaks, meeting overhead. Within the extent of the walls are the Government House, and

a fine menagerie of lions and tigers : but the largest lion perhaps ever seen belongs to Monsieur Villett, a vender of natural curiosities. I went to see it at his country-house at Green Point, a short distance out of town, where he has several curious animals.

The variety of nations, and the numerous shades of complexion among the people in the streets of Cape Town, are very striking to a stranger. First may be remarked the substantial Dutchman, with his pretty, smiling, round-faced, and particularly well-dressed daughter : then the knot of ' Qui hi's,' sent to the Cape, per doctor's certificate, to husband their threadbare constitutions, and lavish their rupees : next the obsequious smirking money-making China-man, with his poking shoulders, and whip-like pig-tail : then the stout squat Hottentots — who resemble the Dutch in but one characteristic! — and half castes of every intermediate tint between black and white. These are well relieved and contrasted by the tall warlike figures and splendid costume of His Majesty's 72d High-

landers, who, with the 98th Regiment, form the garrison of Cape Town.

*March 2d.* • Having engaged from Mr. Stone's livery-stables a very smart and serviceable hack, I rode this morning round the Lion's Hill, so called from its rude resemblance to the couchant form of the brute king. It is a spur, running out at right angles from the Table, and abutting upon the sea. A semaphoric post, on that part of the hill styled the Lion's Rump, commands a very extensive prospect. The road is not accessible to carriages, but it affords a delightful ride for the inhabitants of the town. That portion of it which skirts round the bluff promontory of rock overhanging the sea, reminded me a good deal of some points in the mail-road between Conway and Bangor, in Carnarvonshire. The view from the lofty Kloof, or Pass, separating the Lion's Head and Table Mountain, is beautiful in the extreme, and the more so from the suddenness with which the traveller comes upon it. Be-

low us, about two miles distant, lay the town, with its white buildings, parallel streets, and verdant promenades spread out like a map; beyond, the thronged harbour, and the sunny bay spangled with distant sails—one of which, by-the-bye, proved to be the Minerva, Company's ship, which sailed two days after the Pallas, from Calcutta, and had thus kept pace with her frigate namesake. The graceful crescent of the bay is closed by the low outline of the Blue Berg Hill, and the extreme distance of the picture is filled up by the lofty mountains of Hottentot Holland.

The horses of the Cape of Good Hope are in general very good, all the better bred ones having English blood in them. I have seen a Cape horse, with sixteen stone on his back, leading the field with the Calcutta hounds; and, returning from my ride to-day, I overtook a brick-waggon, drawn by a team of four bays, which would not have shamed the carriage of Lord Sefton himself. The driver told me that the wheelers, which were skittish and much above their work, cost one thousand six

dollars \*, or seventy-five pounds each. The price of hacks per day is five rix-dollars, or seven shillings and sixpence. Board and lodging, in a Dutch family, including Cape wines, only six dollars a day. Provisions and fruit are very cheap, but the inns—there are only two—are exorbitant. My landlady brought every morning, for twopence, more than enough grapes for her four lodgers: the honey-pod and crystal are the best for the table. Grapes, horses, women, and whips are the objects best meriting admiration, at the Cape; but for the wine I cannot say so much. The common Cape wine is bad, Madeira; the Pontac bad, Port; but the Frontignac and Constantia are rich and luscious sweet-wines.

*March 3rd.* In the morning I rode out in the direction of the Table Mountain, and was surprised to find, how much more there is of sloping space between its scarped and frowning flanks and the town, than appeared at

\* The rix-dollar is a nominal coin, worth here one shilling and sixpence; the Spanish dollar is worth three of the above.



first sight. I soon found myself in an extensive suburb, chiefly formed of pretty villas, well sheltered and skreened from the road, but commanding extensive prospects to the seaward. Some of these secluded dwellings nearest to the mountain reminded me of those full-dress cottages under Abraham's Height at Matlock—but Abraham's Height is but a mole-hill compared with the Table. The road was thronged with busy washerwomen, black and white, who had been far up the hill to pound the linen of their employers in the little runnels which ooze but scantily from the sides of the mountain; and the Hottentot individuals of the party presented, I think, the most awful specimens of Womankind that I ever, in my rambles, had the misfortune to encounter.

In the afternoon we examined the collections of stuffed animals by Messrs. Villet and Verrou—the latter of whom is peculiarly happy in giving the natural character and expression to his birds and beasts. I dined with the 72nd Highlanders, who live in very good style; and the officers did not speak so well of Cape

Town as a quarter, as I had expected. It appears that the Dutch and English do not mix much in society—the former certainly enjoy their own, if I might judge by the ‘sounds of revelry by night,’ which I heard in some of the larger houses as I passed through the streets.

*March. 4th.* Advertisement in the Cape paper.—‘To be let—A slave boy of able body and good disposition, equal to any common household work.’ A few days ago, as I was informed, a beautiful girl was put up and sold by auction, for one thousand rix-dollars; an emigrant to the Swan River being her purchaser. With this vile slave system in full force, it is not surprising that Cape Town is by no means famous for rigidity of morals.

The next morning one of our party received a polite note from Mynheer Colyn of Little Constantia, expressing his happiness to see us at his wine-farm, on our road to Simon’s Town to-morrow. This being ‘my last day at

Cape Town, I determined to leave it with the fairest impressions : I therefore went in the afternoon to pay a visit to the much-lauded beauty of the Cape, Helen Bestanrig. She is the daughter of the hostess of a fashionable boarding-house, and is, in truth, surprisingly handsome. Though only fifteen, she has already, says report, doomed many English and Dutch swains to wear the willow.

*March 6th.* Having paid our bills, through all the perplexing intricacies of rix and Spanish dollars, schellins and shillings, and taken a warm farewell of the good widow and her pretty aides-de-camp—or rather ‘de boutique’—we mounted our hacks to ride to Simon's Town. An eight-horse waggon, driven in hand, trotted away with our baggage, and beat us in.

The dexterity of the Hottentot drivers is admirable. It is wonderful to see how well they keep eight, in hand together, as they rattle through the narrow and crowded streets at a long trot.

Cantering merrily along, we reached the half-way-house—nine miles and a half—in an hour, and breakfasted there with two gentlemen of the Honourable Company's Civil Service, or *Hindoos*, as they are here styled. Having refreshed ourselves and horses, we made for Constantia, which took us about six miles out of our road; but the fame of its wines and its vigner, and the civility of its master, are sufficient inducements to visitors. After riding by ill-defined paths across a common thickly covered with low heather and jungle, we passed the gate of 'Groot Constantia,' the property of Mynheer Clooty, and, descending a rustic lane, like those of Surrey, and diving under a dark and beautiful arcade of oaks, we came suddenly upon the goodly mansion of Mr. Colyn. He received us most urbanely, and introduced us to his mother, sister, and wife; the last of whom bears in her comely countenance as much of the *purpurea juvenas* as her own bloom-grapes. Mr. Colyn then conducted us to his vineyards, which are situated on gently-undulat-

ing ground, exposed to the south, and protected by the mountain from the north and west winds. They are also surrounded by a leafy skreen of fine tall oaks, bearing the largest acorns I ever saw. We tasted his several kinds of grape, the Muscadell, Frontignac, red and white Constantia, &c.,—the latter I thought the best flavoured. I was surprised at the extreme lowness of the plants, few of them being higher than two feet, though some of them had been in the ground one hundred years. This peculiarity of the Cape vine is, however, very advantageous, for the fruit hangs so near the ground, that the reflection of the sun from the white earth is nearly as powerful as its rays from above. For sweet wines the grapes are allowed to remain on the tree until they become half raisins. It is quite true that the Constantia grape will not attain perfection when planted even twenty paces on either side of its own exclusive vineyard;—the common Cape grape is therefore introduced in preference. A pointer dog that accompanied us devoured

several large bunches with great apparent zest.

After roaming for half an hour through the sunny vines, we went to see the vats in store—a most formidable array!—and tasted the Frontignac and the two Constantias; they are all expensive, the former especially. Our visit concluded with a capital luncheon—I must forget the Indian ‘tiffin’—and in return for all his civility, Mr. Colyn only requested us to record our names in a book which he keeps for that purpose, and which contains a rare variety of autographs. He afterwards sent a vast quantity of beautiful grapes to one of our party on board the Pallas, who, in return, despatched to the fair vigneronne a present of fine Dacca muslins.

At two o'clock we again mounted our horses, and having received precise injunctions from Mr. C. not to leave the high road, on account of the dangerous quicksands, we bade adieu to the blooming Constantia, and resumed our journey towards the bleak and dreary Simon's Bay. I know not whether the sipping of so

many wines under a hot sun had obfuscated our vision, and confused our notions of right and left, or right and wrong—but certain it is, that we started off at a most “larking” pace; soon lost our way, and suddenly found ourselves floundering in a bog. My horse, which was leading, refused to advance; but they were all soon forced through the quag by some Hottentot slaves whom we called to our aid. These fellows jumped into the saddles, and, laughing and flogging, crammed them fearlessly at the black and deep morass; whilst we walked across on a narrow artificial ridge—a performance which fully satisfied us as to the stability of our brains!

After riding about three miles farther, across a country dangerously undermined by a large and beautiful species of mole, we gained the turnpike road, and reached Simon’s Town at 5 P.M. Lord Combermere, accompanied by Sir L. Cole, arrived soon after; the whole party dined with the gallant Commodore; and late in the evening, we were again assembled in the cabin of the Pallas, having

passed six very pleasant days at the Cape. For myself, I never was more agreeably surprised in any place; the climate is heavenly; and although this is the summer season, none of our party felt the worse for having rode thirty miles in the heat of the day.

*March 7th.* 11 A.M., weighed and made sail, beating out of False Bay against a light southwest breeze. At sunset, Pallas rounded the rugged point of Good Hope, and turned her head towards St. Helena; seventeen hundred miles from the Cape, a distance usually performed in from ten to fourteen days.

As we looked back, through the obscurity of the night, towards the land that we had just quitted, our eyes were arrested by a most brilliant and curious spectacle—a long and tortuous train of flame, caused by an accidental conflagration of the jungle, wound up the back of the Table Mountain, which being invisible through the gloom, the blazing line bore all the appearance of a vast fiery serpent, rearing itself out of the dark ocean.



On the third day we overtook, and administered the *go-by* to the *Minerva*, which had weighed and made sail from Table Bay about the same time that *Pallas* quitted *Simon's Bay*.

*March 20th.* At mid-day, *St. Helena* was visible from the deck, distant forty-two miles, and we were drawing near to it with a fine south-east breeze, at the rate of eight knots an hour. When I first caught sight of it, it appeared like a single filmy cloud lingering on the edge of the horizon, whose wide expanse was clear of vapours, yet hazy from excessive heat. In a few hours, however, it assumed a darker and more solid form, and ere sunset we were near enough to scan its rugged features.

Nothing can be more repulsive than the appearance of *St. Helena* from the sea: many hundred miles from any continent, it looks as though it had been divorced from the mass of the habitable world. It starts abruptly out of the deep, in a confused heap of bare and

craggy rocks, of which the southern side (is) perhaps, the most savage and desolate part.

It is impossible for the most apathetic to approach the prison and tomb of the most wonderful man Europe ever produced, and the most powerful enemy England ever had, without feelings of the highest interest. As I gazed on the black and sea-worn flanks of this bastile of Nature, I imagined to myself the chilly horror with which the Imperial captive must have contemplated, from the deck of the Northumberland, his destined abode. Precipitously scarped all round, it looks as though it had been formed expressly to be the iron cage of some gigantic Bajazet.

As we sailed round the bluff, round-headed point, called from its structure 'the *Barn*,' we gradually neared the shore; and just as the shades of evening were closing around us, we ran close under a battery, situated on a lofty salient angle of rock, and styled with true English vulgarity and ineptitude of nomenclature, 'Buttermilk Point.'

A hoarse voice from the battery hailed us

as we passed, demanded the ship's name, and gave the necessary permission to anchor in James's Bay after sunset. From this point we could distinctly see the forest of masts in the harbour, and the lights in James's Town and in the surrounding batteries; and, strongly relieved against the yet ruddy evening sky, we descried two large ships quitting the roads.

At half-past seven, Pallas shortened sail, and dropped anchor about half a mile from shore, in twenty fathoms. Within a few hundred yards of us lay the Sybèle frigate, carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Collyer. This ship was in quarantine, having just returned from that very efficient drain on England's excessive population, Fernando Po; where the work of saving black men, at the price of killing whites, is going on as merrily as ever.

*March 21st.* Rose early to have a view of James's Town and Bay. The former is snugly niched in a narrow ravine between two towering cliffs, and consists of one long street

running up towards the centre of the island. Strong batteries, with a ditch and drawbridge, are drawn across the defile from cliff to cliff; and the summits and flanks of the rocks, on either hand, are strengthened with numerous posts bristling with heavy guns. Ladder Hill, eight hundred feet high, on the right of the town, is the most considerable battery; and the Governor has lately improved its communication with the arsenal by means of a direct flight of steps from the summit to the base, flanked by two rail-roads, up which any quantity of stores or ammunition may be raised in a few minutes by a windlass.

At 9 A.M. Lord Combermere and his party landed. The Governor, Brigadier-General Dallas, received him on the pier, and we were all quickly furnished with horses to carry us to Plantation House, distant three miles and a half from James Town. A salute rattled from the batteries; the little garrison drawn up in line presented arms; an excellent band pealed forth the national anthem, and I could hardly believe that we were on a little barren rock in

the midst of the Atlantic; and so far removed from the civilized parts of the world:

On clearing the town, we climbed by a steep, zigzag, but wide and safe road, up to the post of Ladder Hill, the Governor's carriage and four following us. From the battery at this point a heavy shot, taking effect on a ship in the bay, would make its entry through the upper deck, and its exit through the bottom of the vessel. Leaving Ladder Hill, we passed the artillery barracks, and soon after came upon a most sterile slope, cut up into ravines, and thinly inoculated with the cactus plant. This desert, I was surprised to hear, is the preserve—the partridges breeding there in preference to the most woody parts of the island. Pheasants and rabbits are also found there.

Passing upwards over the crest of the hill, we had a pleasant canter through about a quarter of a mile of fir plantation, and came suddenly upon Plantation House, the Governor's residence. Here Nature is decked out in her holiday attire; the mansion, a good

square English-looking building, is delightfully situated in the gorge of a wide ravine, surrounded on three sides by woods, and with a verdant lawn in front. Beyond this, the eye ranges uninterruptedly down to the sea. From the drawing-room windows, a ship, a mile out at sea, is seen through the wire fence at the end of the lawn. Pleasant shady walks are cut through the woody arms of the ravine which inclose the view on either side. Here the oak and bamboo, fir and plantain, natives of such widely distant climes, mingle branches; and the myrtle aspires to the dignity of a timber tree. Geranium is a weed. Peaches and grapes, the fig and the loquat, the pear, potato, and brinjál, all flourish together in the gardens. The house is roomy and cheerful, and a neat chapel is situated three hundred yards farther up the hill, in the rear. From the unpromising appearance of the exterior of the isle, no visiter would be led to expect so pretty a domain, and so comfortable a residence as Plantation presents. The Govern<sup>o</sup>r's family

consists of his lady and three fair daughters—the Mirandas of this sainted isle: with a military secretary, and an aide-de-camp; both island-born, or ‘Yam-stocks,’ as the natives are technically styled.

We were received most kindly by the family, and hospitably and pleasantly entertained during three days. The number of visitors of every nation, whether in the pursuit of business or of pleasure, who cross the threshold of the Governor’s ever-open door is immense. Nine vessels were telegraphed this morning early, and four more soon afterwards.

Hallowed as this isle is in their eyes, as being the resting place of the remains of their demi-god, the French are naturally the most numerous visitors. One of this nation, a very clever fellow, sat next to me at dinner to-day, and I had much interesting converse with him regarding Napoleon. He said he had come from the Mauritius expressly to make a ‘pèlerinage au tombeau du plus grand des hommes,’ and moralized on the

décléance of human greatness, with tears in his eyes.

*March 22nd.* After breakfast, a fine shower of rain having cleared the atmosphere, a party of ten started on an equestrian ramble round the island. Passing through the gateway at the back of Government House, we came directly upon a series of verdant and beautiful vallies, which crossing each other in every direction, occupy the concave centre of the isle, and seem to emanate from the great mountain of Diana's Peak.

The roads are very good, though the rider is too constantly interrupted by the multitudes of gates; (not turnpikes, for the roads are kept up by taxes on horses, dogs, guns, &c.) which, when they occur in a narrow path, with a fathomless precipice on one or both hands, are troublesome obstructions. In our case they were rendered still worse by the number and insubordinate conduct of our horses.

We soon reached the top of a steep ridge, from whence we enjoyed a most beautiful



prospect of what may be called the southern division of the island. For a mile in our front lay a foreground of the richest green—forests of firs, knolls covered with gorse in full blossom, with here and there cottages or more considerable houses peeping from the midst of groves, or perched on the very brow of the abrupt but verdant hills. Among these, the mansion of Sir William Doveton is the most prominent, and most picturesque in situation. The owner is an old resident of the island, and was knighted by the king, as the bearer of some loyal address from the islanders. He is a very fine old man, in the full possession of all his faculties at the age of seventy-eight, and is in himself an eloquent proof of the goodness of that climate which was so much vituperated by Napoleon and his followers. On this point the dissatisfaction of the great prisoner seems decidedly unfounded—the thermometer ranges at a mean between 58° and 78°, seldom higher or lower—the ‘Yam-stocks’ are usually stout and florid in appearance; and certainly, during this day,

(and we were out from 10 till 5 o'clock) it was impossible to say that it was either disagreeably hot or cold. The very few deaths in the Emperor's family, during the five years of his residence, afford fair presumption of the healthiness of the climate; for of fifty persons, I believe only one died, and he was a consumptive subject. But to resume our sketch.—

Immediately beyond the above-described vivid and luxuriant foreground, the eye of the spectator loses itself amongst a chaos of parched, cragged, and precipitous ravines, which, unadorned by a single blade of vegetation, run down towards Sandy Bay, one of the very few accessible points of the isle. The bare and forked peaks of the southern extremity of the island close the landscape; but beyond them, on a clear day, twenty leagues of the blue ocean are visible.

Continuing our ride, we soon reached Diana's Peak, the loftiest pinnacle of St. Helena, about two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, or co-equal with the Che-

viot mountains in Scotland. It is thickly clothed with shrubs up to the extremest summit, and the road is hedged in with the cabbage-tree, the gum-tree, and the most luxuriant blackberries. This path, which is certainly very narrow, was cut expressly for, and dedicated exclusively to Buonaparte; and he, always ready with objections, complained that it was formed for the express purpose of breaking his neck. Each lofty point has its signal-post; so that the prisoner's every movement was overlooked, a measure which must have been galling enough, but no less necessary. Even now, so vigilant are the watchmen, that they seldom fail to discover vessels at twenty leagues' distance. They have orders to fire a warning-gun, if three ships are seen approaching, as if in company. Captain D. told me that one of these look-out posts telescoped and telegraphed him to Government House as *poaching* in the preserve, when he thought himself quite secure from observation.

We soon came in sight of the level plateau

of the Longwood estate, the residence of the late emperor, and six miles from Plantation House. Here the country gradually assumes a more desolate and a wilder look ; and the English visitor arrives at the unfortunate and unwelcome conclusion, that the best part of the island was not given to the illustrious captive. One cannot avoid agreeing with Sir W. Scott, that Plantation House should have been accorded to him, in spite of the deterring reasons of its vicinity to the sea, and its sequestered situation. Longwood, however, has better roads, more space for riding or driving, and in summer must have been much cooler than the less sheltered parts of the isle.

As we turned through the lodges the old house appeared at the end of an avenue of scrubby and weather-worn trees. It bears the exterior of a respectable farm-house, but is now fast running to decay. On entering a dirty court-yard, and quitting our horses, we were shown by some idlers into a square building, which once contained the bed-room,

sitting-room, and bath of the Empereur des François. The partitions and floorings are now thrown down, and torn up, and the apartments occupied for six years by the hero before whom kings, emperors, and popes had quailed, are now tenanted by cart-horses!

Passing on with a groan, I entered a small chamber, with two windows looking towards the north. Between these windows are the marks of a fixed sofa: on that couch Napoleon died. The apartment is now occupied by a threshing-machine; ‘No bad emblem of its former tenant!’ said a sacrilegious wag. Hence we were conducted onwards to a large room, which formerly contained a billiard-table, and whose front looks out upon a little latticed veranda, where the imperial peripatetic—I cannot style him philosopher—enjoyed the luxury of six paces to and fro,—his favourite promenade. The white-washed walls are scored with names of every nation; and the paper of the ceiling has been torn off in strips, as holy relics. Many couplets, chiefly French, extolling and lamenting the

departed hero, adorn or disfigure (according to their qualities) the plaster walls. The only lines that I can recall to mind—few are worth it—are the following, written over the door, and signed ‘\*\*\* \*\*’, Officier de la Garde Impériale.’

‘Du grand Napoléon le nom toujours cité  
Ira de bouche en bouche à la postérité!’

The writer doubtless possessed more spirit as a sabreur, than as a poet.

The emperor’s once well-kept garden,

‘And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,’

is now overgrown and choked with weeds. At the end of a walk still exists a small mound, on which it is said the hero of Lodi, Marengo, and Austerlitz, amused himself by erecting a mock battery. The little chunamed tank, in which he fed some fresh-water fish, is quite dried up; and the mud wall, through a hole in which he reconnoitred passers-by, is, like the great owner, returned to earth!

It is difficult now to judge of what Longwood was when in repair; but I cannot think that it could, in its *best* days, have been

worthy of the illustrious occupant, even in his *worst*. A little lower down the hill, and much better situated than the old house, stands the new one, which was not finished when Napoleon died.

The erection of this commodious and handsome building shows a willingness to accommodate Bonaparte, which is highly creditable to our government, and affords a good proof of the same to his compatriots. It is built according to his expressed wish, 'without dark passages,' and with a fine suite of rooms leading into each other. He, however, preferred the old incommodious house, with its concomitant grievance, to the new one, which would have left him little to complain of. No one can remember, without regret, the unhappy subjects of dispute, which embittered the communion between the distinguished exile and his governors, and the undignified and unmanly schemes which he concocted for the annoyance of his unlucky keeper. There was doubtless blame on both sides.

As we English never do anything without

eating, our party lunched in the spacious veranda of new Longwood House, and then repaired to the St. Helena museum, distant a quarter of a mile: it is a small collection, but valuable to science.

Having passed two hours on the spot where Napoleon lived and died, we rode onwards to the vale which contains his bones: it is about half a mile from Longwood, and within a few hundred yards of the cottage of Madame Bertrand, to whom he indicated the spot in which he desired to rest, should the English not allow his remains to lie on the banks of the Seine. Soon after leaving Bertrand's house, we caught sight of the tomb, at the bottom of the ravine called Slane's valley, and, descending a zig-zag path, we quickly reached the spot. About half an acre round the grave is railed in. At the gate we were received by an old corporal of the St. Helena corps, who has the care of the place. The tomb itself consists of a square stone, about ten feet by seven, surrounded with a plain iron-railing. Four or five weeping-willows, their stems



leaning towards the grave, hang their pensile branches over it.

Who could contemplate without interest the little spot of earth which covers all that remains of mortal of the man who made Europe tremble! who carried his victorious arms from the Nile to the Elbe, from Moscow to the Pillars of Hercules; who bore his eagles triumphantly through Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Madrid! Beneath our feet lay he, who *'du monde entre ses mains a vu les destinées'*—

*'The desolator desolate, the victor overthrown!'*

*'They that see thee,'* saith the inspired prophet, *'they that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, and did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy*

land, and slain thy people; the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned\*.'

The willows are decaying fast, and one of them rests upon the sharp spears of the railing, which are buried in its trunk—as though it were committing suicide for very grief! The foliage of the rest is thinned and disfigured by the frequent and almost excusable depredations of visitors. Fresh cuttings have, however, been planted by the Governor, who intends, moreover, to set cypresses round the outer fence. Madame Bertrand's immortelles have proyed, alas! mortal.

The fine, tall, old corporal, who came out from England with the ex-emperor, was full of his praises: 'I saw the General often,' said the old fellow; 'he had an eye in his head like an eagle!' He described the visit of the French pilgrims to this spot—their Kibla—as most affecting. Some are extravagant beyond measure in their grief, falling on their faces round the railing (which they never enter, as foreigners do), praying, weeping,

\* Isaiah xiv. 16, 17, 18, 20.

and even tearing their hair. Whilst we were there, my friend of yesterday came towards the spot; but when he saw our large, and, I fear me, rather unimpressed party, he turned upwards, and disappeared. After inscribing our names in a book—into which also appropriate poetry, as well as ribald nonsense finds its way—we drank to Napoleon's immortal memory in his own favourite spring, and mounting our steeds, spurred towards Plantation House.

On the road, we passed within view of 'the Briars,' where the chief resided during the building of Longwood; and where he,

'Whose game was kingdoms, and whose stakes were thrones!  
His table earth, his dice were human bones!'

played at whist with the owner; Mr. Balcombe, for *sugar-plums!*

*March 23rd.* St. Helena was discovered by the Portuguese in 1502, and by them soon deserted. It was taken possession of by the East India Company in 1651, and granted to them by charter of Charles II. in 1661. In

1672 it was taken by the Dutch, and was recovered by the English the following year.

St. Helena is highly important to the Company as an entrepôt for their stores, &c., and in the hands of an enemy would be a thorn in the side of their commerce. In other respects it is far from profitable; the expenses amounting to nearly eighty thousand pounds a year, whilst the revenue is scarcely five thousand pounds.

A governor and two members of council, invested with both judicial and executive power, form the government of the isle. The inhabitants, including the garrison, are five thousand; the infantry and artillery amount to eight hundred men; and seven hundred volunteers can be raised at a moment's warning. The island batteries mount about two hundred heavy guns; and there are besides some sixteen moveable pieces.

St. Helena is twenty-three miles in circumference. This miniature microcosm boasts of numerous public institutions; amongst others, Horticultural, and Agricultural Societies, a

Widow's Fund, and a Free-school, educating five hundred children,

After an early dinner at Plantation House, our party took leave of the Governor and his fair daughters—who seem to rejoice in their truly halcyon home—and rode down to the town. The St. Helena regiment, dressed like the Guards, was drawn up, and presented arms; and as we stepped into the Governor's barge, the people on the wharf and on the batteries gave us three cheers. By the time we reached the Pallas it was quite dark. At that moment the batteries opened a salute, a rocket going up with every gun, and blue lights burning along the rocks: Pallas returned the salute, and blue lights were burnt at all her yard-arms.

Nine o'clock, up anchor, made all sail.

Our pertinacious synonyme, the *Minerva*, who left the Cape the same day as the *Pallas*, arrived at St. Helena only six hours after her, and quitted James's Bay a few hours before her.

Two days' sailing again brought us up with

her, and we passed her at speaking distance. As we glided briskly past her, we exchanged greetings with the passengers on her poop, and her crew manned the rigging, and gave us three cheers, their band striking up 'Rule Britannia'—a compliment returned with interest by Captain Fitz-Clarence. I felt proud of the Pallas, as her gallant ship's company, dressed in their neat summer uniform of white shirts and trowsers and straw hats, sprung simultaneously from the deck, spread themselves nimbly over the shrouds of the three masts, suddenly faced outwards, doffed hats, and poured forth a shout that made the heavens echo again.

*March 27th.* At mid-day, descried the Isle of Ascension, thirty-five miles north; and at 7 P.M. anchored in seven fathoms, in a small bay, off the Settlement. Our passage was very good, being rather under four days. The island is even more forbidding in its external appearance than the one we have just quitted. For a concise and apt definition of

the two isles, St. Helena is a *Rock*—Ascension a *Cinder*. Approaching the south end, it bears the appearance of a succession of brick-kilns and lime-kilns, according to their hues, but of Brobdignagian proportions—these elevations being in fact extinct volcanoes. In the centre of the isle is the lofty ‘Green Mountain,’ which—*lucus a non lucendo*—but little deserves its epithet. Near its cloud-capped summit, we readily distinguished a line of white buildings, from which the flash and smoke of a signal gun were visible as we neared the shore. The side of Ascension, on which the settlement is situated, is considerably lower than the southern extremity of the isle; and as we ran along it, we saw several turtle bays, which are merely small inlets of sandy beach between the rocks. In these spots the turtles lay their eggs, which are hatched by the sun, three times a year, each animal having a progeny of some two hundred. The number of their enemies, however, prevents the undue increase of their population: as the new-hatched turtlets crawl to the sea,

their migration is intercepted by the clouds of sea birds, which infest the island ; and of those who are fortunate enough to reach the water, many are cut off in their prime by the conger-eel and other marine foes. At a more advanced period of their eventful existence, when their bulk protects them against other carnivorous animals, the Corporation of London are said to be no insignificant exterminators of the breed.

*March 28th.* Landed early. On the little rocky pier we were received by the second in command ; the Governor, Captain Bate, R.M., having received some distressing news by the Pallas. The settlement—though it only consists of a few houses and huts for the accommodation of the garrison, one hundred and forty marines—is dignified with the loyal title of George Town. Two captains and two subalterns of Marines, with two surgeons and a victualler, form the aristocracy of Ascension. The Governor draws from the Treasury of England—Mr. Hume! does



your lynx-eyed economy doze?—a revenue amounting to four shillings per diem! The second in command receives two shillings and sixpence, and the subalterns one shilling each, extra!

The only ‘lion’ of the town is the turtle crawl, or kraal, a walled-in creek, in which the tide ebbs and flows, and where hundreds of these ‘delicate monsters’ are imprisoned. I saw one there, which was said to weigh eight hundred and thirty pounds. One of nine hundred pounds was sent to the King last year.—(N. B. A fine bullock was killed at the Cape, for the use of the ship’s company, which only weighed six hundred pounds.)—The West Indian turtle, I am told, rarely exceed two hundred weight. The turtle of Ascension, the only produce of the island, constitute its sole revenue; but the inhabitants are permitted to use as much as they can consume. It is considered very wholesome food. One hundred and fifty turtles have been *turned* in a night here.

All the horses (seven in number) of the

isle being pressed into our service, we rode up to the station on Green Mountain, six miles from George Town, where the little cultivation that this barren spot is susceptible of, is carried on. The road, which is safe and formed with some art, leads over a series of hills and valleys of volcanic ashes, whose loose, crisp surface is guiltless of a single blade of vegetation. As we approached the station in our toilsome ascent, we however met with scanty sprinklings of the Indian gooseberry, wild tomata, and coarse grass.

The little mountain-hamlet, consisting of some half-dozen houses and cabins, small but comfortable, is seated, like the eyrie of an eagle, on a sunny shelf, three or four hundred feet below the summit of the hill, and forms the residence of two officers and a few soldiers, whose florid countenances testify the salubrity of this exalted climate. The gentlemen gave us a capital breakfast of beef-steaks and veal-cutlets—really not misnamed—both made of turtle: and afterwards acted as our guides in a ramble of six miles

round the Green Mountain. The road, which is as yet but half formed, and in some points practised in the obstructing rock, is dangerous, but not *otherwise* interesting; unless it be so to see the struggles these good people are making against nature to cultivate a few fruits and vegetables.

About eight hundred or one thousand acres of land—if the meagre deposit of half mould half cinder may be so called—are capable of arability; at least so say the sanguine settlers, who are naturally anxious to make the best of their colony.

English, and sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and a few pumpkins and plantains are all that their incipient farm has hitherto produced. The Palma Christi, or castor-oil plant, whose fine vine-like leaf and grateful shade are more pleasing than its associations, is the only vegetable production that affects the tree. Nasturtium grows, as wild and as thick as heather, in the ravines.

There are wild goats and guinea-fowls in abundance on the mountain. Three brace of

the latter were turned out three or four years ago: last year the settlers killed nearly two thousand head of them; and this day, in our walk, I did not see fewer than two hundred brace. They got up in coveys, and flew as strong as pheasants. We had no guns with us, or might have had fine sport. Wild cattle also formerly inhabited the mountain, but they were exterminated on account of their fierceness.

From the Station on Green Mountain the lower region of the island has, literally speaking, a most infernal appearance—not fewer than fifty craters of exhausted volcanos having been counted. The lava is from the brightest red to the deepest black in colour; and the latter, of which I procured a good specimen, is susceptible of a high polish. Water is the scarcest commodity, niggard Nature having only vouchsafed two dribbling springs to Ascension: magnificent tanks, as reservoirs for the rain-water, are, however, in progress, one of which is calculated to contain about five hundred and fifty tuns.

At 3 P.M. we reached the ship, well fatigued, and eager to bid adieu to this desolate shore. It would, I think, have gone far towards reconciling Napoleon to his island prison had they given him a glimpse of Ascension before they carried him to St. Helena. Royal indeed must be the revenue that would tempt me to become 'monarch of all I survey,' in this 'horrible place!' Should, however, in the march of these king-making and king-marring times, the crown of Ascension chance to be forced on my acceptance, I shall rob Shah Jehan of his inflated motto, and, varying only one word of his inscription, adapt it to *my* hall of audience—'If there be a hell upon earth, it is this! it is this!'<sup>\*</sup>

At 7 P.M., having stowed ourselves and nineteen large turtle on board, we weighed anchor, and made all sail from Ascension, leaving in the bay the ten-gun-brig, Chanti-

\* This well-known inscription—adverted to by Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*—still remains in the Dewānee Khās at Dehli.

'If there be a Paradise upon earth,

It is this! it is this!'

clear, whose commander, Captain Forster\*, is at present employed upon the island in a course of experiments to ascertain, by the pendulum, the sphericity of the globe at different points upon its surface.

*April 1st.* Pallas re-crossed the Line. On the 4th the north-east Trade-wind declared for us, and continued to lend us efficient aid until the 15th. With a pretty equal alternation of calms and stiff breezes, we reached the Azores, or Western Isles, on the 21st, and ran swiftly through the group. At 8 A. M. we passed Pico, a fine island, highly cultivated, thirty miles in length. Its main feature is the Peak mountain, whence its name. It is seven thousand feet high, its summit capped with snow. Pico produces yearly twenty thousand pipes of wine, a fair portion of which doubtless finds its way to England as Madeira.

We soon after passed in our rapid course

\* The newspapers of September, 1831, announced the untimely death of this talented and enterprising officer.

the Isles of St. George and Graciosa, the former in high culture, the latter small and rugged. At mid-day we came in sight of the much-talked-of Island of Terçeira: it is exceedingly high, and as pretty as luxuriant woods, many-tinted cultivation, and bold cliffs can make it. The capital town, Angra—situated behind a bluff promontory of rock greatly capable of fortification—appears tolerably extensive; and numbers of snow-white villages and lone houses are dotted over the face of the slope. The anchorage of this isle, as well as of the rest of the Azores, is very unsafe.

*April 26th.* For the last week we have been favoured by fresh and prosperous gales. The little Pallas, sympathizing with our eagerness to reach home, ‘keeps pace with our expectancy, and flies.’ In eight days she has run over a distance of seventeen hundred and thirty-two miles!

By mid-day on the 27th, we had struck off one hundred and eighty-five miles from the

yet remaining small score; and had the breeze proved constant, five hours more would have sufficed to place us out of danger from its further kleness. At twelve o'clock, Eddystone lighthouse and Mount Edgecombe were only distant from us ten miles, when the wind, deserting our cause, *rattled*, and blew directly in our teeth. Plymouth lay most invitingly to leeward; we could have been there in an hour; but Portsmouth is our destination; and to Portsmouth must we go. At sunset Pallas exchanged numbers with a line-of-battle ship in Plymouth Sound.

28th. Beating up the Channel. In the night weathered Portland Bill.

29th. Beating up Channel.— Oh, hope deferred, how dost thou clog the hours! At 10 A.M. we had a fine view of Lulworth castle (Mr. Weld's), since better known as the retreat of the ex-King of France; and at twelve o'clock we caught the first glimpse of the Isle of Wight.



30th April, 1830. About two bells in the morning watch (five o'clock) I was awakened from a deep dream, in which 'England, Home, and Beauty' formed the leading features, by the ear-piercing pipe of the boatswain, closely followed up by his hoarse roar of 'All hands, bring ship to an anchor;' a call which was speedily re-echoed by the ready mates as they tripped down the hatchways from the main-deck, to hurry up the (on this occasion) doubly willing crew, whose hearts, doubtless, yearned towards that 'point,' with which so many of their tenderest recollections were associated.

In the prosecution of this nautical reveillie, the following delicate yet highly characteristic expressions came quaintly enough upon a landsman's ear: 'heave out there;' 'rouse and bit;' 'shew a leg, and save the tide,' &c.

In a few minutes the deck was alive with the assembled people; and, the hammocks being stowed, they flew to their appointed stations. As we approached the well-known anchorage, a dead silence reigned around,

and all eyes seemed riveted on the Captain, who, mounted on a gun, now gave, in a clear voice, the word of command to 'shorten sail.' The pipes of the boatswain and his mates pealed out a shrill response, which was distinctly heard above the creaking of blocks and tackles, and the stamp of the seamen as they 'run up' the various gear. In an instant the sails, so lately asleep and swelling before the gentle breeze, were clewed up and gathered to the yards by the topmen ready stationed aloft: another moment, and the order to 'stand clear the cable' was given; and ere the warning could well be obeyed, the plunge of the 'best bower,' and the harsh grating of the chain announced the completion of our voyage.

England welcomed her long-absent sons with her brightest smiles. The sea was as smooth and unruffled as a lake: the beautiful Isle of Wight was decked out in all the tender verdure of young Spring; and the sky appeared almost Indian in its freedom from clouds, and its intensity of blue. At twelve

o'clock I sprung on to the shore of my fatherland, after an absence of nearly five years.

In the words of some bard, whose name I remember not, I might say—

' I've wander'd where the scorching sun  
Blights the fair flower it smiles upon ;—  
I've seen the hunted elephant  
Deep in the trampled jungle pant ;—  
I've seen the lonely vulture fly  
With blood-stain'd beak, but hungry eye ;  
Have mark'd the desert serpent's coil,  
The lion's track imprint the soil ;—  
I've seen the ling'ring daylight set  
O'er mosque an' arrowy minaret ;  
Have mark'd its brighter dawning deck  
Some column'd temple's marble wreck ;  
Have felt its noontide radiance shine  
Through the Pagoda's sandal shrine, &c.

All this, and much more, have I seen since my departure from England ; but I doubt if any transmarine spectacle gave me half so much pleasure as did the sight of the jolly, red, weather-beaten face of the first *bumboat-woman* who came alongside our gallant frigate at Spithead !

THE END.





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