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THE INDIAN EXAMINER,

AND

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THE KHONDS.

THAT "there is nothing new under the sun," we believe in its widest significance, inasmuch as man's nature is the same under Queen Victoria as it was under King Solomon. Homer and Shakespeare draw the same broad outlines, with the same nice differences in the filling up, in the lights and shades, of human character. But, ever and anon, there does appear to be something new under the sun of India. New tribes, new customs, new crimes, seem to succeed one another in calling forth the wonder, the indignation, or the sympathy of Europe. A few years ago, the discovery of the practices of the Thugs, horrified the Christian mind. Their vocation was murder—murder and robbery, hallowed by their creed. We pass by minor discoveries—bringings to light of smaller enormities—and come at once to the Khonds.

How is it, let us however ask at the outset, that these discoveries come upon us so often, and so unlike angels' visits—as they are fiendish in their character, and neither few nor far between? Is it owing to the measures of a particular body, distinguished in after-dinner speeches as "the greatest commercial corporation in the world"—as a gathering of "merchants who are princes"—as well as other stereotyped phrases which we need not repeat? Is it, we ask, attributable to the East India Company's indifference to every thing tending to an extension of geographical knowledge—to any further acquaintance with the habits and resources of people whose mountain fastnesses, or other interpositions of nature, protect them partially from British sway, and its invariable concomitant, British taxes—to

any extension of geological knowledge—or, indeed, to any scientific pursuit whatever, *unless* it offer a financial return? The progress of science must tend to a dividend—the advancement of Christianity must not interfere with a tax—the course of civilization must be paid for, step by step.

The latest advices from India tell us that “a little war” has been waged. The Duke of Wellington once said this country could not wage “a little war,” but India is fertile in contradictions to all the maxims of British statesmanship or jurisprudence. The “little war” there, means merely the hunting down and shooting of a few Highland savages—nothing more—no pomp, pride, or circumstance of *glorious* war. The people subjected on this occasion to the operations of the little war were the Khonds, or Hill Tribes of Goomsur. These aboriginal tribes, we are told by the last Indian newspapers, are addicted to drunkenness, infanticide, and promiscuous cohabitation. They made an irruption into the British territory; three Companies of Native Infantry were sent forward to meet them. On the 22d March, two thousand men are said to have advanced into the plains (as many more lurking in the recesses of the hills); they advanced within two or three hundred yards of the Anglo-Indian forces, sent forward some half hundred of yelling, hooting, cursing fanatics, who came on with wild cries, until they were within fifty paces of the sepoys, who then received orders to fire. Three Khonds fell, the rest fled precipitately. Captain Macpherson marched on Poornaghur, made prisoners of six of the principal insurgents, and so, we presume, the “little war,” for the present at least, is terminated. Captain Macpherson, a highly intelligent and resolute officer, a long time resident in the Goomsur territory, rescued one hundred and seventy-three victims from impending sacrifice, giving them up, however, to the Rajah of Bode, who guaranteed their safety.

Goomsur is situate in the British province of Orissa, which was formerly the seat of a famous monarchy. After the usual course of Oriental revolutions, and changes of dynasties, Orissa, about the middle of the last century, was subdued by the Berar Mahrattas, who, in all their conquests, “made a solitude, and called it peace.” In 1804, the district fell under the British yoke. From that day to the present, there have been many changes in the Zemindary. Rajah has rapidly succeeded Rajah; some being removed on account of their turbulence, incapacity, or crimes; others, for that inexpiable crime in the eyes of the British Government—worse than treason, stratagems, or spoil—the irregular or non-payment of the tribute. The country we speak of is traversed in its entire length by the Eastern Ghats, running in an irregular line, and at irregular distances (but averaging

perhaps from fifty to seventy miles), from the Coromandel Coast. It may be popularly described as consisting of Highlands and Lowlands. In the Highlands, or Alpine district, are three distinct tribes—the Sourabs in the south, the Koles in the north, the Khonds in the middle country. We profess, in this article, to treat only of the Khonds.

We will first merely sketch their more human, or, as an old writer would have worded it, their more *human* characteristics. These greatly resemble what once distinguished the Highlanders of Scotland: they are hardy, brave, hospitable, superstitious, and vindictive.

In their "hospitality" the Khonds bear out the resemblance we have alluded to. Hospitality, with them, is not merely a virtue, or a duty, it is a necessity. So with the Scottish Highlanders; the bitterest feudal enemy, with his hostile clan's best blood but recently wiped from his hands, was safe if he broke bread with his antagonists. Without that bond he would have been savagely and remorselessly hunted to death; with it, he stood secure, and could even

——— "from his deadliest foeman's door,
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er."

The infraction of hospitality was the bitterest reproach to which a Highland chieftain could be subjected. Macdonalds, Macgregors, Camerons, Campbells, Grants, Macphersons, one and all, would rather have been called homicides than churls. We extract Captain Macpherson's account of the Khond hospitality:—

"As might be anticipated of such a people, they are 'given to hospitality.' The duty is equally imperative upon all. 'For the safety of a guest,' say they, 'life and honour are pledged; he is to be considered before a child.' Every stranger is an invited guest; and any person may acquire, under any circumstances, the privileges of the character by simply claiming them. No person, whether Khond or Hindu, can appear at a Khond village without being invited to enter; and the burden of public hospitality does not fall more upon the Abbaya than upon any one else. There is no limit to the period to which hospitality may extend. A guest can never be turned away: and his treatment must be that of a member of the family. Fugitives upon any account whatever, from the same or other Tribes, must be received and protected. If a man, even though a murderer, can make his way by any means *into the house* of his enemy, it is considered a case of refuge, and he cannot be touched, although his life has been forfeited to his involuntary host by the law of blood revenge. Sometimes, however, when an enemy or criminal thus makes himself a guest, the house may be vacated; food may thus be refused to him, and he may be killed if he comes out. But such a proceeding is very rarely considered justifiable.

"The inviolable sacredness attached to the rite of hospitality was remarkably exemplified in the case of Dora Bisaye." (One of the principal chieftains of Khondistan, but at that time a fugitive, and proscribed by the British Government.) "He was their guest. They viewed with horror the violation of hospitality, 'Give up,' said the British Government, 'give

up Dora Bisaye and the other leaders, and your villages will cease to burn, and yourselves and your helpless wives and children will cease to suffer.' But no, death itself was braved in preference."

The "feud" descended from the Scottish Highland chieftain to his successor,

—— " as due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private vengeance holds the scales of justice."

Where the chieftain had but a few barren mountains or moors to bequeath, the feud—a bloody mortgage—was inalienably attached to the heirship. It does not appear that feuds among the Khonds are so strictly hereditary. Perhaps the knowledge of their feelings in that respect is as yet hardly understood by Captain Macpherson, or the best-informed Europeans. Of their bitterness in avenging what they account *personal* wrongs or insults, however, there is no question. Again, the similarity to the Gaels is manifest. Ferocious, as Captain Macpherson shows the Khonds' internal warfare to be, it is not without its parallel. Among other instances, we may cite that the Laird of Macleod, with an irresistible force, made a descent upon the small Isle of Egg, to wreak his vengeance on some of the islanders, Macdonalds, who had offended him. The terrified islanders took shelter in a cavern, but their retreat was discovered. "Macleod surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within it were suffocated." The story is fully detailed in the Appendix to Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*. It is certainly a matter of surprise that, popular as are Sir Walter Scott's works in France, the Parisian journals did not dilate upon this massacre as a very proper precedent for Colonel Pelissier's doings at Dahra.

The following is Captain Macpherson's account of the feuds, so to speak, of the Khonds:—

"The *evil* qualities or *vices* that mar the moral constitution and temperament of the Khonds are not less marked than their natural virtues. Foremost we may place the spirit of retaliation and revenge. In cases of murder, revenge is recognized as an individual right, inherently belonging to the nearest relatives of the deceased; only it is optional, without incurring disgrace, to accept of private satisfaction or some substantial equivalent instead. Moreover, the ideas of the Khonds on moral and social rights and duties

being necessarily few and vague, uncertain and perplexed, there is often combined with childlike reason, on such objects a maturity in passion. Hence it is that, apart from acknowledged cases of bloodshed, they are often seen to gratify their baser appetites, indulge their resentment or revenge, with all the selfishness, brutality, and head-strong fury of the barbarian. In special cases, such as those connected with human sacrifice, there is periodically manifested a revolting cruelty—a savage ferocity—that cannot be out-matched by the Indian scalping-knife or tomahawk. To all this may be added the habit of lawless plunder, after the manner of freebooters, in some; and an addiction to the debasing and unhumanizing vice of drunkenness, in all. At the season of periodical intoxication—the blowing of the *mow* flower—of which their favourite spirit is made, the country is literally covered with frantic and senseless groups of men. And though usually the women share more sparingly in the liquor cup, they yet, on public festival occasions, partake in every form of social enjoyment—food, drink, extemporary songs, recitations and dancing—mingling freely and without shame with the other sex, both married and unmarried, in more than saturnalian license and revelry, which often terminate in gross and nameless excesses, and as the guests are armed, not unfrequently in sanguinary brawls.”

The drunkenness and bloody superstitious rites, consequent upon this horrid warfare, are, happily, peculiar to the Khonds.

The Khond, like the Gael, is susceptible of the influence of music and poetry. He has his war songs, his incantations, his funeral dirges. Translations of some of the more spirited of the war lyrics have appeared in the *Bengal Hurkaru*: we give one, admirably rendered, as a specimen. The imagery, and the allusion to the objects most familiar to the poet—the tiger, the hyena, the “long pods of the karta tree,” “mowa blossoms borne on air,” and the sacred blood to be poured on the war-god’s shrine—cause these verses to be peculiarly interesting:—

Great God of Battles, Oh, forgive
 (For thou our wants and weakness saw)
 If we so long have seemed to live
 Regardless of thy glorious law;
 Our herds were few, our fields were bare,
 Our bravest warriors bowed with care.

But now Fate scowleth on the foe,
 And famine haunts each cot and bower,
 And some the fever blasts lay low
 And some the gaunt wild beasts devour;
 Unnerved is many a manly limb,
 And many a youthful eye is dim.

Oh, Laha Pennu, Lord of strife,
 Watch all our weapons as thine own,
 And at each mark of mortal life
 Direct the shaft and hurl the stone;
 Make wide the wounds on every frame,
 Deface the dead, the living maim.

Oh, let our ponderous axes fall
 Like blows of death from tiger's paws,
 Or crush bone, flesh, and garb, and all,
 As 'twixt the fierce hyena's jaws;
 Let arms not ours as brittle be
 As long pods of the Karta tree;

Each aim misguide, unnerve each hand
 Of those to mock our might that dare,
 Make all their weapons light as sand,
 Or Mowa blossoms borne on air;
 Or let our wounds quick dry again
 As blood drops on the dusty plain.

May every axe wear ruddy hue
 As home we pant from vict'ry's field;
 And while women, proud and true,
 Their stores of sweet refreshment yield,
 May neighbouring beauties seek our bowers
 And yearn to mix their blood with ours.

Our war gained wealth, let all behold,
 Brass vessels, herds, and scented leaf,
 And maids present to parents old
 The trophies of our struggle brief;
 And fowl, and buffalo, and sheep,
 Thy shrine in sacred blood shall steep.

Oh, Laha Pennù, God of war,
 Not new the favour now we crave;
 For thy fierce smile, like lurid star,
 Oft led to strife our fathers brave;
 And we their sons, when danger lours;
 Still hail their honoured God and ours.

In their religious belief—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, in their superstitious observances, for polytheists have little *belief*—the Khonds resemble the Greeks, whose mythology has been praised as “picturesque,” notwithstanding that their deities were but sorry specimens of humanity (human they were in all their passions), to say nothing of them as divinities. Pope truly describes these classic immortals—

“Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.”

The list of the Khondish divinities is a formidable one. They have gods of arms, of limits, of small-pox, of barrenness, of rain, of hunting, of rivers, of fountains, and of tanks. Besides these, they have the sun-god (but not ceremoniously worshipped, as among the ancient Peruvians), the moon-god, the village-god, and the presiding deity of all, the earth-goddess. The powers ascribed to these beings may be pretty accurately guessed from their titles. Neither are these all; they have minor and local tutelary deities, some partly resembling the old *Larcs* and *Penates*; others regarded with feelings, and worshipped

in mock conflict which is often carried to great lengths. Thus the semblance of forcible abduction attends the withdrawal of the bride amongst the Orissan Khonds, as it did among many nations of ancient Europe, and now does amongst the tribes of the Caucasus!" In some of the nations of ancient Europe this ceremony was attributed to the precedent established in the Rape of the Sabines. To what it owes its introduction among the Khonds will perhaps never be known.

It is evident from this brief statement that women are valuable, in a mercenary sense, among the Khonds, and we will next show how they come to be so. The life of no female infant is spared, except when a woman's first-born is a girl, or when some powerful person wishes to rear a daughter for the sake of forming a connection with some other family of consideration by inter-marriage. The little innocents are exposed in the nearest jungle, immediately after birth, and Captain Macpherson found many villages without a single female child! The scarcity of women thus renders them valuable as objects of traffic, and there seems no reason to doubt that the profit to be acquired from his *one* daughter, reconciles the unnatural father to sacrifice all the others. Nor is the profit realised in the bridal, the only inducement to this horrible outrage. The marriage-bonds are loosely worn and frequently broken, the woman loses as little character by her infidelity, as she acquires honour by her constancy. In fact the number of their lovers is often a boast among the wives of these hill-tribes. Each man, however, who has been convicted of an intrigue with a married woman must pay to her husband, by way of compensation, twelve head of cattle and one pig. This payment is called *prunju*, and after its receipt the wittol is considered to have no reasonable grounds for dissatisfaction. We do not wish in any respect to malign the character of the Khonds, but we must say that their *prunju* is nearly as senseless and indefensible a procedure as our own highly-civilized mode of *punishing* adultery by "damages." The Khondish arrangement may be thought somewhat preferable to the British, inasmuch as the penalty is fixed and definite, while our Christian jurisprudence allows it to be uncertain, to fluctuate from a farthing upwards, denying remedy to the poor man at all. Can *he* have the presumption to go into a court of justice to be rid of an adultery or to punish a seducer? It is not in the nature of (English) things; it would be an impertinence not to be tolerated.

When, however, a Khondish woman leaves her husband for another, the father of the faithless spouse is bound to return the marriage-purchase to the injured husband. This is often attended with such difficulty, often reduces the woman's father to such poverty, that many a parent, rather than have this tax impending over him, would

relinquish the chance of bettering his condition, by receiving the cattle for his *one* daughter on the occasion of her espousals; at any rate, it renders a father exceedingly averse to have *more* than one, as a family of daughters would be certain to entail upon him a constant return of their wedding-price. Here, then, is another motive prompting the Khonds to perpetuate this horrible practice—a powerful motive—by which “Mammon leads them on” to the most detestable violation of the first laws of nature. That women are not allowed to become numerous, in order that they may be marketably valuable to the father, in the first instance, and not expose him too often to the hateful necessity of refunding in the second, is further evidenced by this fact. In the adjacent district of Bodoghoru, female infanticide is held in abhorrence; and, though the same marriage ceremonies prevail there, the price of a wife is merely nominal, three or four rupees. Nothing can more fully show the devilish unnaturalness of the Khonds than this brief statement from Captain Macpherson:---

“At the *lowest* estimate, above one thousand female children must be destroyed *annually*, in the districts of Pondacole, Gulodye, and Bori.”

On the “drunkenness” of the Khonds we need not dwell. An insane fondness for inebriating beverages is common to many savage tribes, North American, and others. It may be attributed to a natural love of change. The hardships and privations of savage life render the savage desirous of indulging to excess, when the means can be obtained. Men who have been suffering privations, Alison asserts, so naturally flee to intoxication, when the opportunity presents itself, that it is found impossible, under such circumstances, to restrain even the best disciplined soldiery within anything like the bounds of sobriety.

The last characteristic of Khondish life on which we shall dilate is the prevalence among them of “human sacrifices.” It is an article of faith with them that the earth was once a barren mass, incapable of culture, and that the Earth-goddess demanded blood; a child was then sacrificed and the curse of sterility departed from the land. Hence, say the priests, originated these rites.

The sacrifices are both public and private. To swell the number of public victims, each farm must contribute one life at the spring and fall of the year: victims must be sacrificed if the seasons are inauspicious, if sickness prevail, or if the flocks suffer from disease or from the ravages of wild beasts; or if there be failure in the crops, or illness or death in the household, of the *Abbaya*, or Patriarch, the government of the Khonds being of a decidedly patriarchal character.

Private sacrifices are to promote individual schemes. One condition is never to be departed from---the victim must be *purchased*: an unbought offering being offensive to the deity. The victims are known as *Merias*, and are supplied to the Khonds by a class of Hindü purveyors, called *Panwas*, who "purchase them, without difficulty, upon false pretences, or kidnap them from the poorer classes of Hindüs in the low country, either to the order of the *Abbayas*, or upon speculation!" The lives of the *Merias* are sometimes spared for a season, whilst a certain degree of sacredness attaches to the character.

The rites are so horrid, that it is with some reluctance we transfer a portion of Captain Macpherson's recital to our pages, but our account would be incomplete without it. The ceremony is preceded by feasting and riot, which lasts two days:—

"On the *third* morning, the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago; while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is vociferously renewed. The acceptable place for the intended sacrifice has been discovered, during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks; and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the Earth-goddess. As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places. The priest, assisted by the *Abbaya* and by one or two of the Elders of the village, then takes the branch of a green tree which is cleft a distance of several feet down the centre. They insert the *Meria* within the rift;—fitting it, in some districts, to his chest: in others, to his throat. Cords are now twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. All preparations being now concluded, about noon, the priest gives the signal by slightly wounding the victim with his axe. Instantly, the promiscuous crowd, that ere while had issued forth with stunning shouts and pealing music, rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice. Wildly exclaiming,—'We bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us'—they tear his flesh in pieces from the bones!—And thus the horrid rite is consummated!—Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his fields, and from thence returns straight home. For three days after the sacrifice, the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this period, a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when all tongues are loosened."

The Khonds are strongly and symmetrically formed; their colour varies from a light to a deep copper; the expression of their countenances shows acuteness and resoluteness. Their arms are the bow and the sling, in the use of both of which they are as expert as any of Homer's or Captain Cook's heroes; they have also war-axes. Agriculture is in a prosperous condition, and they are both herds-men and tillers of the soil. Their dress consists of a cloth bound round the middle, and hanging down in the fashion of a skirt, but their war-toilet is much more elaborate. They are addicted to belief in magic, and their cures for the diseases most prevalent, small-pox and fever, are mostly mummeries.

We may in a future article return to the history of this singular people, and enter into an examination of the events which made them known to us.

THE WRONGS OF INDIA.

 TO THE EDITOR OF "THE INDIAN EXAMINER."

SIR,—I have read with intense interest the prospectus of your projected INDIAN EXAMINER, promising not only *sympathy* with the *wrongs* (a beggar's dole!) but *advocacy* of the *rights* of the Hindoo millions, whom *you* call our *fellow-subjects*, and *I* term our slaves. *Fellow-subjects* do not groan under political degradation—do not find themselves deprived of all property in the soil they compulsorily cultivate for the benefit of distant drones: *slaves* do.

Nothing satisfies the mind of the people of England so readily as a sounding common-place; a truism which fills the mouth and pleases the ear is certain to be popular. Let any one speak of the wrongs of the natives of Hindostan, and the answer—even from a well-wisher, from one whose good intentions pave a place where pavement must have become interminable—is as ready as a borrower's cap: "Very true, as you say, about the wrongs, and all that sort of thing, of the people of India, but you must admit that their condition is better under the British rule than it was under their treacherous, cowardly native princes." And is that the question? No. The question really is, not is their state better than it was, but is it what their conquerors ought to make it. Their native princes were often tyrants,

"but their masters then
Were still, at least, their countrymen,"

and the mantle of these tyrants has in many instances fallen upon worthy shoulders in their successors.

To expose the wrongs of the many tribes of India is not a very difficult task. It is to expose the vertical sun, with, perhaps, the thin covering of a fleecy cloud. None are so blind, we have on proverbial authority, as those who will not see, and all the white races have shut their eyes and hardened their hearts against the blacks and red men. Negroes and Indians find no chord of sympathy in the white man's breast. Christianity, indeed, old-fashioned Christianity, teaches us that God hath made all nations of one flesh—that we are all brethren—children of the same Heavenly Father. It is, however, only the Word of God which proclaims this truth; rulers and directors are men of the world, and know better. The Court of Directors and their respective officials claim all; they are not satisfied with half the

crop; they pervert justice, abuse purveyance, and "grind her still." A mercenary and irresponsible Company was not intrusted with the government of India to make her free, and as long as Indian purple is marketable stock, it is but irony to ask of that ill-fated country:—

————— "does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or—do we grind her still?"

It is, we apprehend, a very common feeling with John Bull and the different members of his family, even with his last hopeful progeny, Young England, that the operation which Sir Pertinax Macsycophant gloatingly calls, "the plucking of a Nabob," is never performed now-a-days—is among things that were—an attribute of the old time. Residents in the East know better. Deposed Rajahs groan under our iron bondage in Benares, and the condition of the "Independent Princes," (save the mark!) and "Protected Princes," is little better.

And, Mr. Editor, you will also expose every monopoly. The cruelty of the salt monopoly is acknowledged—the vice of the opium monopoly is admitted—but each is very productive, and that's enough. The abolition of the salt monopoly has been pronounced "impossible." So was another tax, similar in iniquity and oppression, the French *gabelle*, until the Revolution abolished that, and a few more things to boot. But the worst monopoly of all is the Directors' close monopoly of office for life, even though deaf and blind—physically as well as morally incapacitated. And, next, is their covenanted servants' monopoly of every office of trust or power in India.

Will you really, Sir, expose the corruption and imbecility of the "Parliament of India?" And if you do, I fear I must for the present ask—*cui bono*? For, as surely as the sun shines on the country of the Ganges, so surely will a hundred ministers of the Gospel give their bartered votes, when occasion requires, to that corrupt majority, "the House List." When so great a number of clergymen can be found to act thus, what can be expected from the people at large, from the mere laity? This circumstance, however, should not dispirit the friends of the Hindoo; the greater the difficulties, the greater should their exertions be—the less the prospect of success appears, the less let them "abate one jot of heart or hope." The Quakers are not accounted a class peculiarly averse to money-making—*that* is not the badge of their tribe; how is it then that the Quaker washes his hands of India stock?—"Nay, friend Director," says he, "I will not touch thy dividend, it reeks too much of slavish sweat and blood. Yea, I say unto thee, look elsewhere for thy customers; thou may'st carry

on thy horrid trade of war without me. I am a man of peace, and therefore do I shun thee, and pray thee to turn from the error of thy ways."

It must be admitted that, unaided by the clergy, the party generally but profanely called "the Saints," grew tired of swallowing full-grown camels, and began to strain at a few gnats. In time too, when goaded by Mr. Poynder, "the Saints" learned to wince at Suttee, and think Juggernaut "too bad." An Episcopalian, an Independent, and a Wesleyan brought up remonstrances. But these delegates unhappily appear to prefer the interest of their sects (or their own) to the well-being of the country. Each appears to become subject to some powerful inducement to hold his tongue: one for a grant to a mission—another a pension for a missionary's widow—the third an office for himself, a contract for his nephew, or some such carnal aspiration. Such are the combined forces of "the Saints" in Leadenhall Street.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

AN OLD ANGLO-INDIAN.

Brighton, June 25, 1846.

A VISIT TO CUMBAUCUM-DROOG.

A REMARKABLE TABLE-LAND NEAR MADRAS.

THE following account of a late excursion, by Colonel Monteith, of the Madras Engineers, to the range, or rather cluster, of hills, called Cumbaucum-Droog, a ridge connected with the well-known Nagary Hills, perhaps will prove interesting, as their jagged outlines and blue summits are rarely, if ever, visited; indeed, they may be said to be totally unknown to the inhabitants of Madras. A very correct survey, it is true, has been made, and charts of most of the principal mountains are to be found in the Government offices of that presidency---nothing that we are aware of has ever been before the public, on a subject of vast interest to the inhabitants of that great city, who seek that change of climate and cool weather at a distance, which they may command at their own doors.

Colonel Monteith followed the road of the Red Hills (which is rather out of the direct line), as it admits of so much of the journey being performed in a carriage; and from that spot rode to the banks of the Corteliar. With the exception of a very short distance at the end of the made road, the remainder is natural, and if once formed into a

regular road, would remain in good order with very little care, from the nature of the soil it passes over, and would require few or no drains or other artificial aids. It is singular no bridges should ever have been constructed, or even proposed, for this river, which offers far greater impediments than the Adyar; and from the difficulty the Colonel experienced, and from the fact of carts being often overturned in the water, to the ruin of their loads, this deficiency loudly calls for attention. It would be well if our views were directed, in the first instance, to the indispensable necessity of rendering the country generally practicable, along the great thoroughfares, by boats, bridges, and passable routes (now far from the case), rather than to provide the higher conveniences, such as rail-roads, &c., near Madras, to the utter neglect of the remainder of the country.

From the banks of the river, which are generally low, with a fine soil, the jungle is rapidly advancing; and our traveller ascended the red gravel hills, and found it difficult for even a palankeen to pass through the thick bushes, which will soon surround Sittavadoo, a once considerable town, and possessing a stone fort of solid construction, and in a good state of preservation. It has recovered from the effects of the cholera and fever which for some years desolated the Carnatic; but the present inhabitants speak favorably of the general healthiness of the climate. The position possesses all the natural advantages of elevation, dryness, and good water. This part of the country is stated to be in a rapid state of decay.

Game is abundant, and the sportsman would be amply repaid by a visit of a few days. Elk, deer, hogs, hares, and partridges were plentiful at about three miles' distance. The hill fort of Cumbaucum was distinctly visible, and appeared so close that Colonel Monteith expected a short ride only thither. The road, however, though naturally good had very recently been much encroached on by the jungle, which is a melancholy fact, generally, in this quarter. And this to be the case so near the southern capital of India!

The high ground, extending for several miles, appears to be a continuation of the same formation as the hills. The route then led through a fine valley of rich soil, with some little cultivation, but gives evidence of a once more considerable population; many tanks still hold water, and the marks of fields and villages were distinct.

This would surely form an excellent situation for trying the Belgian system of locating paupers, and relieving Madras from the number of mendicants who infest its streets. The *Friend in Need Society*, if they obtained a grant in this direction, might much enlarge the sphere of their relief, applying the profits to a still further extension of the same principle. Discharged and pensioned soldiers would doubtlessly

also gladly accept grants, and again restore these districts to what they once appear to have been.

On arriving at Cumbaucum, about three miles from the mountains, the village could furnish no supplies, and the Colonel continued his journey to the first village in the Callastri Rajah's territories (*Teli-averdi pett*), where there was, certainly, a great change for the better, in the general appearance of the country.

The village was large, with good houses, a fine choultry, and a number of excellent horses, said to have been bred here, which may be the case, as grass appeared in great abundance in every direction. "My baggage," we shall continue the narrative in the Colonel's own words, "did not arrive till nine at night, having got entangled in the jungle, and lost the road, which is only sufficient to allow a bandy to pass.

"The arrangements were soon made for ascending the mountain, which certainly presented rather a formidable aspect; and the difficulties were not a little exaggerated by the people. It was agreed to start an hour before day, as we might have a chance of getting a shot at elk or other deer, which were said to come into the cultivation at night. This proved to be the case, for four very large animals were seen within two miles; and, as one was supposed to be wounded, a party was left to find it, but without success. Smaller game appeared in abundance, and a few hogs; but they were distant, and the country so stony, that the chase was soon abandoned.

"The ride was beautiful, and we constantly crossed streams of water, which appear, at certain seasons, to be of great magnitude, but from their present cleared limpid waters, must, I presume, come from springs, and never be altogether dry. The jungle had many fine trees, mixed with bamboo, and occasionally good grass land of considerable extent. Red wood abounds here, and many carts from Madras were collecting it. Though the Pulicat Lake is only ten miles distant, some obstacle exists as to transport by that channel, and the canal. They, therefore, prefer going direct to Madras; so other woods, fit for building, &c., would not pay the expense of transport.

"In the bed of the river I also remarked limestone, of a good quality; and several villages in the neighbourhood manufacture iron, from ore which they collected on the hills, yielding about fifty per cent. The furnace was a very simple formation, and like a large crucible of the best modern shape. I did not see the process, but the whole expense of these iron-works, for furnace, machinery, and buildings, could not exceed three rupees.

"At the third mile from our tents, the ascent began near the north extremity of the mountain, and at one time appears to have been

defended by a lower entrenchment. I turned off to look at a gun, said to be of great antiquity. It proved to be an English six-pounder of iron, and it still might be used, and was probably abandoned in the jungle, when we made a demonstration of attacking this fort, during the Poligar war.

“There would have been no difficulty in riding half a mile further than where we had left our horses. The jungle then became dense, with a very tolerable footpath, though steep and rough, from the waters which appear to make this a channel during rains. There is no obstacle to cutting both a broad and dry road, and it is said one for carriages formerly existed. The ascent occupied an hour; when we reached the outer entrenchment, or gate, about 1,180 feet above the sea. The second line is about 1,930 feet, and much more considerable—formed of huge blocks of roughly-hewn stone, and about ten feet high. This, though the best, is not the only road; and masked as the works are by passable jungle, the fort is stronger in appearance than reality.

“On passing the second gate the ground becomes perfectly level. Near the outer edge of the rock the soil has been partly wasted away by the rain, being hard compact sand, covered with high grass, and some trees; among the latter, some good sized red wood.

“The soil gradually improves as you advance, and near the ruins of the old palace and garden, is of the richest description. An enclosure, and a few traces of foundations, are all that now mark the spot, which is said, not very long since, to have produced the best fruit in the Carnatic, particularly oranges. A flight of stone steps leads to an extensive reservoir of water, which might, at a trifling expense, be repaired; and a little water, I am told, always runs in the ravine, and no want of that necessary element is ever experienced.

“The fine level ground, occupying the north end of this table mountain, consists of about two square miles, and as nearly as I could make out, is generally 2,000 feet in height. To the south extremity the soil is more rocky, and rises to an elevation of 2,500 feet, correctly ascertained in the trigonometrical survey.

“The summit is nearly free from jungle, and there is little or no swamp; what there is, could be drained by ten men in a single day. There is enough timber for building and fire-wood; the sides of the mountain afford an inexhaustible supply. The stone is good for building, and lime in abundance is found at the foot, and most probably on the top, of the hill. Standing, as this does, within ten miles of the lake, and about fifteen of the sea, it enjoys the fresh breezes we so much prize at Madras, and is totally free from hot winds.

“The people did not consider it unhealthy, and had abandoned it

in consequence of some people having been cut off by robbers, who paid this retired spot a visit within the last twenty years. There is no reason why it should be feverish,—but that is a point only to be ascertained by experience. The thermometer stood at 65 deg. at noon, on the 26th January; and the water in the old reservoir, which is very deep and well shaded, at 62 deg. This is 12 deg. below that of the plain. Abundance of rain is said to fall, which I think very probable, from the clouds and thunder-storms we constantly see arrested there, when they are so anxiously expected in the low country. Its vicinity to Madras (being only one night's run in a palankeen), its elevation, and the beauty of the prospect, point it out as a most desirable retreat in hot weather, or for those who stand in need of a change of climate, and whose business may prevent their going so far as Bangalore.

“A garden of the best description may also here be cultivated, and the distance is not so great, as to prevent the produce being sent into Madras. We should, thus, enjoy all the luxuries for which Bangalore is so much extolled. The road is naturally excellent, and only requires to be cleared of a few low bushes, as far as the foot of the mountain; and one of three miles, along the slope of the hill, would make the remainder far more easy than any of the ghauts I have ascended.

“The road should be continued along the range of the Red Hills, which extend nearly the whole distance, giving, on the spot, material of the best kind for the construction of roads,—and, with one or two bridges over the Corteliar, and another river, would afford a perfect carriage-road, and be of incalculable advantage to the country generally. For baggage, if water-carriage is preferred, the lake can take it as far as Soolarpett, distant from the foot of the mountain eleven miles.

“Yenga Abasaney, a Poligar chief, is said to have first established himself on the mountain,—it subsequently fell into the hands of the Nabob of the Carnatic, who built a palace, and frequently resided here, to enjoy its fine air and prospect. The garden was cultivated to within a very recent period; the wild hogs have, however, destroyed whatever there may have been, and no fruit-trees are now visible.”

The extension of the means of locomotion now enables the London merchant to leave his counting-house and, in two hours, dine at Brighton, with the sea-breezes cooling his brow, heated continually in what Byron, more truly than elegantly, terms “the *sweaty* city.” We expect to see the time when such facilities will be supplied to the Anglo-Indian. Railway communication from the larger cities of

Hindustan to the nearest spot of a character such as we have here described; would not only furnish a legitimate field for commercial enterprise; a safe and proper investment for capital, but the means—especially in India—of prolonging life itself, by supplying the salubrious coolness of hill or river habitation, at any time and at a small cost enjoyable, in place of the sultriness—the sickness-causing sultriness—of many of the crowded marts of British India.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

WE shall commence a series of Papers on this all important topic, with some account as to the progress recently made, and the advancement hopefully and justly to be anticipated, by a missionary movement, which, within the last two years—under the guidance of, and supported, by the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*—has been effected in Tinnevely, a district in the Presidency of Madras, and to which the Divine blessing has been of late most abundantly vouchsafed. Its first commencement is thus described, in a letter addressed to the Society, by the Bishop of Madras, and dated March, 1841:—"I write, with a heart full of thankfulness, to inform you that *ninety-six* villages, in one of our missionary districts of Tinnevely, by name Sawyerpooram, have come forward, unsolicited, but by the preventing grace of God; and by the example of a purer life among their converted countrymen, have utterly abolished their idols, and begged of the Society's indefatigable missionary, the Rev. G. W. Pope, that they may be placed under Christian teaching.

* * * * What I earnestly desire to press on the minds of all Christian persons whom my words may reach, is this: we cannot take full spiritual charge of these poor creatures, and give them sufficiently of the Bread of Life, because we have not the means. * * * * Shame, then, to all among us who call themselves Christians, and have the ability, if they have not also the will, to help us!"

In consequence, therefore, of the large number of additional converts, the expenses of the Tinnevely mission have increased from £1,720, in 1843, to £5,000, in 1845.

The same Society, we may here observe, aids in maintaining a grammar-school at Vepery, and two seminaries in Tanjore and in Tinnevely, with a view to train up a body of native clergy and catechists. To these institutions, several foundation scholarships are attached.

With reference to the important district of Edeyenkoody, included

in that of Tinnevely, we are in possession of a variety of ample and interesting details, supplied by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, to whose active and truly Christian-like ministry the mission there is entrusted. In his report for the year ending June, 1845—the last received in this country—he states the number of souls at present under Christian instruction and discipline to be 2,885. There are 24 catechists' stations, and forty villages in which native Christians live. The number of persons who have placed themselves under instruction during the year, in villages which previously were purely heathen, is, inclusive of children, 331; and that of new villages into which the Gospel has thus been introduced, 13. Four hundred and thirty-four persons have abandoned heathenism, and joined the congregations previously established in the villages to which they belong, and an old, unsatisfactory congregation, comprising 48 souls, has been struck off the list:—with this deduction, the total increase during the year is 717 souls, of whom 594 have been added to the mission during the past half-year.

This increase, though small, compared with the extensive movements which have taken place in the northern districts, is the largest Mr. Caldwell has yet had in one year. It is also gratifying to be able to add that this is not the result of any peculiar excitement, but has taken place in different localities, at different times, and embraced castes which have no dealings or sympathy with each other. Old congregations have received new life from the accession and the extension of the Gospel, and the means of grace into new fields, have drawn forth the dormant zeal of some of the mission agents, and excited, in some degree, the attention of the surrounding heathen. Our informant states that he "has had no greater joy than to see village churches full, which before were nearly empty, and to 'hear that NAME at which every knee shall bow,' named in villages where, hitherto, every inhabitant was a worshipper of devils. My joy would be complete were all, or many of those who have been added to the mission, truly converted to God."

Of the new villages, in which converts have been made, six are situated from ten to fourteen miles to the south-west of Edeyenkoodu, on the borders of a country which has hitherto appeared impervious to Christianity. This district is an open, thinly inhabited plain, extending from the *Nattar* river to the ghauts. The inhabitants consist of the higher Hindoo castes, and their slaves, without any middle class like the Shanars of these parts. Of those who have placed themselves under instruction, a few are of the higher classes, *Velalars*, *Retties*, and *Maravars*; the greater number are *Fariar* and *Pulier* slaves. Hitherto, only a few in each village have attached themselves to the

Mission. As an opening however has now been made, larger accessions may be anticipated from time to time, with persecutions and a few relapses.

The movement which has taken place in that district, is attributed chiefly to the exertions of a simple-minded but zealous catechist, a shepherd by caste, whose earnest diligence renders him more useful than many men of higher attainments.

A village called *Islampuram*, situated to the westward, the inhabitants of which recently embraced Christianity, is part of an endowment attached to the principal mosque in the town of Tinnevely. The people of this village, though agricultural slaves, have already made better progress in knowledge, than some of their wealthier neighbours, who were connected with the mission before them. It is worthy of notice that, though hereditary slaves of *Patan* Mahomedans, the stewards of a mosque, they had always been allowed, without dispute or remonstrance, to retain their devil worship. This illustrates the fact that Mahomedanism, though as blindly bigoted as ever, has ceased endeavouring to make proselytes, and thereby withdrawn every claim to the character of being a true religion.

Another of the new congregations has been formed in the vicinity of a village called *Koottum*, situated to the east of *Edeyenkoody*. This is a village inhabited chiefly by *Nadans*; the worst class of people in Tinnevely. The *Nadans*,* (a name signifying "lords of the soil,") are *Shanar* land-owners, who claim rights of seignorage over most of the villages in the south, and keep themselves separate from the other *Shanars*,† though also land-owners, as if they were a distinct caste. They are, as a class, perhaps, the most turbulent, oppressive, proud and unprincipled to be met with, in this province; Mr. Caldwell ranks them amongst the worst of the human race. A few in various parts have become Christians, and some of the poorer of them have placed themselves under instruction in his own district; but "they seem little, if at all, less obdurate than before. No kindness seems to melt them. No discipline seems to awe them. I often think they resemble tamed and trained wild beasts, which, so long as they are not provoked, look submissive, but whose innate ferocity may be aroused by the slightest accident."

There is also a class called *Kulla Shanars* (*Kulla* "spurious,") the slaves of the *Nadans*, who have all the deceit and wickedness of their masters, with as much of their pride and turbulence as consists with their servile condition. These also, with a few honourable

* Chiefs of districts termed *Nádu*.

† Cultivators of the *Palmyra*, who extract the liquor called *Tari* or *Toddy*.

exceptions, not to be met with amongst the *Nadans*, make but little progress in Christianity; they are described as peculiarly slow in learning, careless of order and decency, and difficult to manage.

It is a peculiar feature of Hindoo society, arising from the institution of caste, and the tendency of the spirit of caste, to prevent the intermixture of families, that every caste, and sub-division of a caste, has its own mental and moral characteristics. All are depraved and sinful; but the vices and weaknesses of the castes differ as widely as their hereditary occupations. This is one reason why CHRISTIAN EDUCATION is, in this country, pre-eminently necessary.

During the past year, twenty-four adults have been baptized, and amongst these, "my chief hope," adds Mr. Caldwell, "is of the more intelligent of the new converts, who are unacquainted with the old generation of untaught, undisciplined Christians, and whose hearts I hope may be touched with the love of Christ, of which they are now for the first time told. Of the youth, generally, I entertain the liveliest hopes, as being taught in our schools, accustomed from their earliest years to worship God in our churches, and better disposed than their seniors to obey the advice given them." The Bible classes, are still continued, though the number of persons who can read is still but small. Those who are unable to read are taught to commit passages of Scripture to memory, and in this, as in regular attendance at Church, the women in every congregation have been found to excel the men.

Though many of the adult converts from heathenism are exceedingly ignorant and dull, they have not been found incapable of comprehending those elementary truths, on the belief of which salvation depends. Mr. Caldwell was once examining a candidate for baptism, an old man, altogether illiterate, who had become a Christian when upwards of eighty years of age. He could answer but few questions, and when dissatisfaction was expressed at the small amount of his knowledge, he answered,—“Sir, I am an old man, and cannot remember much. *We are all sinners. Christ undertook for us all. If we believe in Him we shall be saved.* Ask me about this, and I will answer; for this is all I know.”

The number of children in the various village schools in the district is, at present, 562. This is less than the number on the list at the end of the last half-year; but the falling-off is on the part of heathen children only, many of whom, during the past four months, have been taken from school by their parents, to attend to the work of the *Palmyra season*. During the same period, the number of Christian children in school has increased, and is now 370; of whom 199 are boys, 171 girls.

In the village of Edeyenkoody, the adult inhabitants of which are more stubborn and troublesome than those of any other village in the district, the youth enjoy many advantages, and form the most hopeful portion of the flock committed to Mr. C.'s care. Every child, boy or girl, of a suitable age, is now learning in school. The number of the Christian inhabitants of the village is 468. The number of children in school is 121. Eight of these are boarders; the rest are day-scholars, whose regular attendance is made a condition of their parents living in the village.

Female education has made greater advancement in the district than was anticipated. Experience has shown that, by a little perseverance, native girls *can* be induced to attend school in equal numbers with, and as regularly as boys. The only remaining difficulty is, with regard to girls who have outgrown the time when they should begin to learn, and are now ashamed to attend school and learn their letters with little children. In Edeyenkoody this difficulty has been met by the establishment of a separate school for adult girls, taught by a female teacher. Twenty of them have for the last eight months attended, this school regularly three hours every day, and of these, nine, who did not know a letter when they commenced, are now beginning to read.

With regard to the Catechists throughout the district, their number at present in employ is not sufficient to enable Mr. Caldwell to take advantage of the opportunities of usefulness which present themselves. But others cannot at present be obtained. When the converts from heathenism are intelligent, one Catechist, stationed in a circuit of five or six villages, may do much good; but where they are totally uneducated, and of dull intellect, as they generally are in these parts, nothing but daily instruction makes any impression upon them.

Mr. Caldwell adds, "I have not been unmindful of the necessity of doing something towards weakening the spirit of caste in the minds of the Catechists. I have very little hope of *eradicating* it from minds where it has taken root. The Hindoos cling to caste with such tenacity, and defend it with such versatile ingenuity, that all one can do is to discountenance it in the old, and guard the minds of the young from being influenced by it. Once a month, when the Catechist and Schoolmasters are obliged to remain a night in Edeyenkoody, I make arrangements for enabling them to eat together, without distinction of caste, a meal prepared by the cooks of the boarding-school. I use no compulsion, and hold out no inducements. But with the exception of three *Vclalars*, two of whom have allowed their children to disregard caste, all the other Catechists, including one *Velalar*, one *Edcijen*, and the *Maravars*, *Shanars*, and other inter-

mediate castes, have so far overcome caste-prejudice as regularly to partake of the food thus prepared. I am aware that, notwithstanding this, the pride of caste may retain its place in their minds, and worldly fear prevent them from vindicating their freedom in their own villages and homes; but, in contending with such an evil as caste, I consider every step taken in the right direction as of importance.

“I have not thought it proper to dismiss from employment in the Mission persons who retain caste, on the ground of their retention of caste alone. But since I took charge of the Mission, I have not received any retainer of caste into employment. I do not deny that the view of caste held generally by native Christians differs from the orthodox heathen view. The heathen considers persons of low caste *unclean*. The caste-Christian, better taught, denies that he considers any as unclean, for whom Christ died, and *only* thinks himself obliged, through fear of the world's laugh or frown, to act towards persons of lower caste than himself, *as if* he thought them unclean. I do not consider such a person beyond the pale of salvation; but I think him too much a slave of the world to be made a teacher of the Gospel; nor would I willingly employ such a person, even in the greatest emergency, so long as one honest Christian, though only capable of reading the Scriptures, could be found.”

The income of the Church-building Society, formed in this District, during the first year of its existence, inclusive of a contribution of 10 rupees per mensem, granted by the Committee of the Gospel Society, amounted to 339 rupees. Of this sum, 124 rupees were contributed by the native Christians; which, though it falls far short of the sum that, notwithstanding the deep poverty of the people, ought to have been contributed, is encouraging, as being the commencement of, I trust, a better state of things. The contributions of the current year will, I have reason to believe, prove double the amount raised last year.

During the year, besides repairs and enlargements of several village churches, a decent thatched church was built in the village of *Kurykovił*, and the Edeyenkoody church was repaired and enlarged. In this way 304 rupees have been expended.

As the committee has been obliged, from the state of its funds, to discontinue the monthly allowance hitherto made for church-building, our little society is now left to struggle through its difficulties alone. In the forty villages, and twenty-four catechist's stations, in connection with this district, there are only seven decent village churches; and without the special contributions of Christian friends, towards meeting the wants of the district, in this respect, I fear a generation must pass away, before a house of prayer can be erected in every village.

EAST INDIA HOUSE ARRANGEMENTS.

 TO THE EDITOR OF THE "INDIAN EXAMINER."

SIR,—Permit me to inquire if it be in accordance with your editorial functions to take a measuring-rod in your hand, and having duly ascertained the dimensions of the Proprietors' Reading-room in Leadenhall-street, publish them for the admiration of your readers. The body to which I belong—the Proprietors (I had nearly been guilty of saying, to which I have the *honour* to belong)—our body, I say, must be a studious body. Our reading-room table has seats for four; the two tenable seats are always most carefully pre-occupied by the clerk and his copying lad; the third seat is untenable by an ingenious arrangement ensuring a most thorough draft of wind; the fourth is more untenable still, quite impracticable indeed for any sedentary purpose, the concentrated heat of a fierce fire being flung full upon the back of the chair.

A word or two now as to the documents accessible to the Proprietors. Even the Bye Laws are not printed for our use, though it is pretended that they are. As to accounts, we have none but what we buy of Hansard, by favour of the House of Commons. I have attended on the clerk of the Proprietors' room, day after day, and week after week, and been shuffled and buffeted about most completely. I am as ignorant of the affairs of the Company as I was before I bought access to the room, for when I ask for a recent paper, I am told that a copy of it is not yet ready for the use of the Proprietors,—and when I apply for an old document, I am told that it is removed from the room, and cannot be had without a special order from the Chairman or Mr. Melvill. From these causes many valuable documents may lie untouched on their shelves, in fact it appears the wish of those who manage these matters, that all knowledge of the East India Company attainable from their books and papers, should in every sense of the word be—*shelved*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A PROPRIETOR.

HALL OF COMMERCE, *Threadneedle-street*,
June 21st, 1846.

THE GREAT HURDWAR FAIR.

AN annual fair is held at Hurdwar in the month of April, when vast numbers of Hindoos congregate from all parts up the country, at a certain spot, on which *Krishna* or *Hur* stood, at the time Bagirut brought the Ganges stream into existence. The exact time for ablution is when the sun enters the sign *Aries*, according to the Hindoo astronomers, and which generally happens on the 11th of April, or a day later or earlier. In former times, this fair was a great mart for the disposal of all kinds of merchandize, the merchants from the westward being obliged to take advantage of this pilgrimage, and thus travelling in great bodies for mutual protection; now, however, the roads being comparatively safe and open, no necessity exists for restricting the transit of goods to this opportunity, and hence the fair has much fallen off in its importance; nevertheless, a number of horses are brought from the northward and westward for sale, but, year by year, the dealers find it more difficult to compete with the breed of the neighbouring country, which has been greatly improved by stallions from the stud. Elephants also are exposed for sale, but their prices of late years have greatly deteriorated. It must be acknowledged, however, that other causes exist, to account in some degree for the declension of this fair, and particularly in the absence of vast numbers of the hill people, who used to visit it, bringing with them for sale the produce of their country, from as far as Chinese Tartary; the roads, however, are now so unsafe, through the hilly country under the British protection, that this trade may be said to be entirely annihilated.

There are three periods at which the fairs are larger or smaller. The *Coomb*, or large fair, happens every twelfth year, the last occurred in 1844. The *Coombney*, or smaller fair, happens in the sixth intermediate year; there are also other lesser, or ordinary fairs, called *Dukhouty*, of which description is the gathering we are now about to describe.

The number of horses brought for sale was considerable, and as there were a vast many purchasers in the market, prices at first were high; it was soon ascertained, however, by the merchants, that the purchasers were limited to certain sums, barely sufficient to cover the cost of a very ordinary nag for a common suwar—consequently,

the market came down; it is, nevertheless, to be feared that many purchasers will find out they have paid dearly for their cattle, and hereafter distrust their judgment in horse-flesh:—for elephants, there were no purchasers; in fact, there was a complete stand-still in this market. After the fair was concluded, the small and newly-caught sold as cheap as dirt, while the better sorts were taken away for more propitious times; the highest price given at the fair for a horse was 500, and for an elephant 800, rupees.

As might be expected, there is a great deal of thieving going on, and an abundance of thimble-rig gentry, who ply their trade with some improvements, even on their European brethren. But the magistrate is "wide awake," and follows a practice which would probably be deemed rather sharp at Doncaster. The police of the district is concentrated near the fair, and the chuprasees, unprovided with warrants, go about apprehending every suspicious-looking fellow they can find. These latter are all kept in *quod* till the fair is over, and no doubt many vagabonds are picked out in this way; yet a *few* innocent people, with as *little doubt*, suffer along with them; but of course the practice is quite legal, and according to the regulations, or it would not have been so long followed and highly approved by the Nizamut and the Government, to whom the magistrate reports, and who, in return, as regularly gets a handsome letter of thanks, administering compliments very copiously. A much greater fuss is made about the fair than it warrants. The Goorka regiment from Deyra attends to protect it, although the assemblage of people is never above fifty thousand, mostly the peasantry of the neighbourhood.

A Brahmin goes his rounds amongst the Europeans with a large book, for the purpose of recording their names, as visitors at Hurdwar, and the autographs of some of the greatest men India ever saw, might sufficiently warrant the practice. The oldest visit on record is entered by Ensign John Guthrie, 177—, the last figure is torn off. General Carnac, it appears, visited the place, on the 2d of June, 1788. The following entry is curious:—

"Reuben Burrow, Astronomer to the Hon. Company, 3d Feb., 1789. Success to liberty, and d—n all tyrants and tyrannical kings!"

Reuben must have been a Radical of the first water.

Colonel Skinner modestly records his first visit among the virgin bathers at Hurdwar on the first of April, 1804. The muse occasionally inspires her votaries here, but we cannot say there is any thing particularly worth extracting, excepting the following lines which are the more interesting as they are said to be from the pen of Sir David

Ochterlony:—we may premise that we transcribe from short-hand, and probably may not do the gallant Baronet's muse justice.

“The pamper'd Brahmin with his rites profane,
Pollutes the majesty of Nature's reign;
Here motley groups at superstition's shrine,
Their sense, their reason, every thing resign;
As stars revolve, lo! priests appoint a time,
They crowd to expiate a life of crime;
The priest is fee'd, the pilgrim washed from stain,
Flies to his home, resolved to sin again;
Whilst hill and dale, e'en Ganges' mighty stream—
The great sublime that marks a power supreme—
Unheeded seems, or seen but serves to bind
More strong the fetters that enslaved mankind.”

The signatures of Naib Vakeel Ool-Mooluk—Willy Fraser, frae the Lang Toon o'Kircaldy—Rob Stevenson—Sippah Sillar—John Gillman—and Nusseer Ool-Moolk also appear, and on the 8th of April, 1806, that of Ulmul-dul-Ulla. These are well known names. The Hon. Mr. Elphinstone's party appear on the 10th of April, 1810. The Brahmin's book affords the valuable and very satisfactory historical fact, as to when raspberries were first discovered in India:—

This 15th May, 1811, Captain Roberts and Lieutenant Buckley of the 5th Regiment of Cavalry eat raspberries at Hurdwar, the production of the hills in this vicinity, alias goryphu or hissalo.

The fact is thus sufficiently established, and some person afterwards corrects the native name, and declares it properly, to be the *seetaphul*. But, as if wonders would never cease, the very identical raspberries again, in a new shape, make their appearance to some other visitors.

“On the 19th of September, 1811, Ensigns Haddaway and Bedford, of the 24th Regiment of Native Infantry, eat some honey which tasted very strong of the *above raspberries!*”

N.B. Obligated to live true bachelors.

Sweet-toothed youths! The best of it is, they were not raspberries at all, but a bramble-berry, common enough all over the Dhoon.

In April, 1812, Moorcroft passes, and it appears on record, that out of upwards of 1,400 horses, brought before the committee for passing them to the cavalry, only 110 entered the service, the rest were all rejected.

As might be expected, there is a good deal of ribaldry here and there, in the Brahmin's manuscript, by some horrible attempts at wit. Means were taken to separate the clean, from the unclean, and two books were provided, but it is now a matter of dispute, which is the one or the other. A few specimens are given of the manner and style of the wit alluded to.

General Browne, of the Artillery, was a constant visitor, and between one of his notices, some disappointed *spunger* (of a gun) has entered, "*old Browne aspires to immortality! the old —;*" and we have E. M. Campbell, Major of Brigade, April, 1827, "*and a primitive savage,*" has been kindly added by a friend. Of this description of wit there is *quantum sufficit* interspersed throughout both the books, of which enough has been said. The town of Hurdwar and Kunkul is rapidly improving, and many wealthy Hindoos have built palaces on the banks of the streams, but the situation is so much out of the way of general trade, that the place can never become of any great importance.

The Government have spent upwards of a lakh of rupees in improving the ghaut at the bathing place: it was formerly so constructed that the pilgrims could not avoid the pressure from above; now, when a rush happens, the only effect it has is, to drive them forward into the stream, which here is not above fifty inches deep:—before this ghaut was made, a melancholy accident happened, and many lives were lost; no tax was ever exacted here under the British rule, but the Brahmins take care to levy it according to the means of the party. Runjeet Sing's last donation was two thousand rupees, —a great falling off from his former presents. Many years ago, this chief visited Hurdwar, and whilst out sporting in the neighbourhood, accidentally shot a calf; this of course was "nuts" for the Brahmins, who decided, that the deed could only be expiated by a trip barefooted to Juggernaut. Runjeet, therefore, had to pay handsomely for a substitute to perform the penance, and in addition, used annually to present the Brahmins with some thousands of rupees.

In former times, the numerous parties of Europeans who visited Hurdwar made it an agreeable resort. Races were got up, and there was an ordinary, as is now the case at the Hajeeapore fair; but things are all quite altered now,—the fair has failed to attract; a great many people now-a-days, knowing the value of money, are domesticated money-making men of a religious turn of mind, with a wife and six or eight *small children*, which altogether upsets good fellowship; and we have abominable eating and drinking, infamous beer, with plenty of scandal and all that sort of thing, with now and then a hop or a play to please the ladies. From whatever cause, however, few Europeans may think it worth their while to visit this fair, excepting the near residents, and the tiger hunting parties who are generally at this season in the neighbourhood. The Hon. Captain Osborne's party, on one occasion, were very successful, having killed 29 tigers; they began near Looksir, and proceeded a stage or two

beyond Rampoot Chatta in the Beejnour district; nothing like it had been done, it is said, in this beat for twenty years.

About thirty years ago, three young officers were drowned in the rapids at the Ganges near Hurdwar; a tomb marks their grave, but there is no inscription. A short time since, a gentleman whose name was not ascertained, was nearly undergoing a similar catastrophe; while crossing, his elephant was carried off its legs by the current, and coming down on its side, the guns in the howdah were lost; the elephant, after being carried down some distance, came ashore unhurt.

It is astonishing how soon the fair disperses after the time appointed for the last purification; and on the return march to Seharunpore, it was curious to observe the pilgrims carrying off the sacred water of the Ganges in claret, brandy, champagne, beer, and gin bottles, defended with basket work; one would have thought that these unboly things could never be sufficiently purified. Tins which held beef à la-mode, will be the next improvement, then will come something else, until the *assimilation* is as complete as the most perfect martinet from the Horse Guards, or the proudest priest in Christendom, would possibly wish. How little do the Hindoos know what is in store for them, and the Firangees may well say, we know not what a day may bring forth! Would Ensign John Guthrie ever have expected to see his servants fighting for his champagne bottles—Ensigns drank simken in those days, when they were giants—to drink gunga pauny out of? Or, has my Lord Hardinge the slightest idea, that, the heir to his honours may one day enjoy the honourable and important post of minister at Calcutta, from her Britannic Majesty to the Court of Ramjony, Emperor of the East!

J. S.

THE CLIMATE AND SOIL OF TIRHOOT.

THE surface of the country in Tirhoot is generally flat, or but slightly undulating, though towards the interior, near Dhurbunga, it rises into a succession of slight elevations, running nearly from North to South. Towards the south eastern parts of the district, the country is exceedingly low, and abounds in marshes.

To judge from what may be daily observed towards the borders of Farkheea, Sonowl, and Nowhutta, a large part of this soil was, at some remote period, under water, and was originally founded, if one may use the expression, by molusculous animals, which yet inhabit the neighbouring marshes in countless myriads. The vast bank

of shells, which are every where to be seen, show beyond doubt, that the long continuation of the same agent may produce bars, islands or even continents.

Nothing more is necessary thereto, after these shells have been accumulated to a certain degree, than that their surfaces should be gradually levelled by accumulations of weeds and their own detrition, until by a succession of vegetation, the soil becomes sufficiently secured, to resist the encroachments of the water.

The climate of Tirhoot is generally mild and pleasant, without violent, or vicissitudes of, weather, from the month of October to March. In the months of April and May, there are a few thunder storms, great heat, and the air is peculiarly sultry. From June to September, the rains fall heavily at intervals. This may be considered as the unhealthy season, when the endemic fevers, cholera, and other diseases prevail in low situations. But even at this season, the climate of Tirhoot, on the banks of the Gunduk, is considered to be pleasant and salubrious, and is resorted to by those who can afford it, and such as are desirous of avoiding sickness.

The magnificent luxuriance of vegetation, which is exhibited in Tirhoot, is altogether surprising to those who have been accustomed to the simpler verdure of the Upper Provinces. There is an appearance of vigour and strength in the growth of the most ordinary weed which cannot be overlooked, and leads the observer to remark, that both the climate and soil, are especially suited to vegetable productions.

Many of these are highly interesting and curious in themselves ; but we cannot, without extending this paper to an extraordinary length, enter into a detailed description of them. We shall however only mention a couple of species of plants which are peculiar to Tirhoot, and not to be met with (to our knowledge) in any other part of Hindoostan. But should we be mistaken in this statement, we beg that it may be attributed to our want of information on that branch of science, and not to a dogmatical or artful assumption of the premises.

1st. The plant is Jathamunsee, or Sumbul of the Persians, known in Europe by the name of Spikenard; it grows in the extreme north of the district, in Kedleebun, and in Bootan. We inspected a fresh specimen of the plant, it appeared a most elegant Cyprus, and its branchy root had a pungent taste, with a faint aromatic odour, but no part of it bore the least resemblance to the drug generally sold under that appellation by the uttars.

The dry Jathamunsee corresponds perfectly with the description of the nard of the Greeks. A fragrant essential oil is extracted from the flowers, adulterated with sandal, which convinces us that the

genuine essence must be valuable, from the great number of thyrsi that must be required in preparing a small quantity of it.

2d. Bilva or Malura grow on the banks of the Dhaimra lake; the stem is armed with sharp thorns; the fruit nutritious, warm, cathartic, in taste delicious, in fragrance exquisite; its aperient, detersive quality, and its efficacy in removing habitual costiveness having been proved by experience. The mucus is a good cement.

It is likewise called Sreephala, because it sprang, say the Indian poets, from the milk of Sree, the goddess of abundance, who bestowed it on mankind at the request of Iswara.

The woods and the waters teem with animal life; vast numbers of insects and reptiles are occupants of the marshes; and when the season for the decay of the vegetable matter arrives, the extent and rapidity of the decomposition extricate an immense quantity of vegeto-animal miasmata of the most deleterious character.

The increase of population, as it is accompanied by an improvement of the face of the country, will gradually lessen or altogether remove these sources of evil.

The reptiles found in Tirhoot are rather numerous, and a few of them quite notorious for their size and destructiveness; among those the largest and most celebrated is the alligator, which is found in considerable numbers in the Gunduk and other rivers, growing to such a size as to become quite formidable. They have been killed of 15 to 18 feet in length; in general however, they are productive of little injury, as they are easily discovered and avoided by residents of the country as well as travellers.

Many wonderful stories are related of their carrying off children, cattle, and men, but these stories are as often fictitious as they are built upon the slightest degree of fact. The history of their peculiar manners and habits would be highly interesting, but cannot be introduced here for the reasons already given. Several karita snakes are also found in Tirhoot, possessing all that virulence of poison, so peculiarly characteristic of their race.

The horses that are reared in this part of the country are too well known all over India to need comment. Cattle of large size and good action, are at Bala, Bachowr, and other places, and are sought for with eagerness by the farmers of Behar and Bhauglepoor.

Bundooaur has become famous for its breed of greyhounds, which are considered by the best judges of sport, superior to all others in India, for fleetness, beauty, and strength.

Sugar of late is becoming an object of attention; several farmers have for the last four or five years been increasing their fields of cane. In many parts of Tirhoot, the cane grows to great perfection, the cli-

mate and soil are very appropriate, and there is no doubt but that sugar will, in a few years, become an article of first importance to our planters.

Labour throughout the district is remarkably cheap, in consequence of the abundance and low price of provisions. In Tirhoot, there are several classes of natives who find their employment only during a part of the year, and are very willing to bestow their labour at the time of cessation for a very trifling remuneration, in consequence of which, the opulent natives are fond of excavating tanks and raising embankments in low situations, for the convenience of travellers.

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN INDIA AND AUSTRALIA.

LIEUTENANT WAGHORN—the indefatigable and energetic “pioneer of the Overland Communication to India”—has within these few days issued a pamphlet,* in the form of a Letter to Mr. Gladstone, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the extension of Steam Navigation from Singapore to Port Jackson, Australia. The subject is undoubtedly one of vast moment, not only to our fellow-citizens in that “fifth quarter of the globe,” now sought, by our enterprising author, to be embraced within the zone of rapid intercommunication with which England has, as it were, encircled the rest of the earth, but also to those merchants, manufacturers and ship-owners interested in the Chinese and Australian trades, and resident either in this country or in its several possessions in the “far East.”

With due regard, then, to the high importance attachable to the proposed plan, we purpose briefly, yet succinctly, furnishing our readers with a synopsis of its more prominent details, reserving any remarks that we may be induced to make on one or two of the topics discussed in the pamphlet, for a future opportunity.

Lieutenant Waghorn thus explains his system of Steam Extension:

Two years have only elapsed since the mighty empire of England,—so much of whose greatness is identified with, and inseparable from, India,—thought proper to extend the ramifications of Steam Navigation beyond the Calcutta line to China; and this they did by having a branch service at Point de Galle, in the Island of Ceylon, thence to proceed through the Straits of Malacca, and so to Singapore and Hong Kong. When this route was organized, Government, in their contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, of St. Mary Axe, reserved

* Published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

to themselves the extension of that Company's powers to proceed to Australia, at such time as might be deemed expedient.

The writer happened to be at the house of a friend when the subject of combining Port Jackson by steam with this country, *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, was mooted, and discussed at much length; but the scheme was dissented from by him, and for these reasons:—

The possession of the Isthmus of Panama, for purposes of transit, has, it is well known, been desired, with much eagerness, by successive French administrations, almost from the day that the Colonial and Indian acquisitions of England began to be a source of jealousy to that country and to Spain. Whatever might be the actual value to France of a passage through the Isthmus, its agitation, at all events, served her views by encouraging the idea of *that* being the only route; because, by so doing, it helped to divert attention from the *real* route to be sought; namely, one promoting a more intimate connection with the Eastern or Chinese Archipelago—whose islands are far too numerous to mention, indeed so numerous, that over many of them the British flag has never yet waved.

About seven years ago, the French engineers who then surveyed Panama, estimated the expense of cutting a Ship Canal through that mountainous region, at one hundred and fifty millions of francs, or six millions sterling—an outlay altogether and at once decisive against any plan involving it. But, independent of this insurmountable pecuniary objection, the first and only stopping place between Panama and Port Jackson is distant no less than 3,668 miles from the former, being one of the Marquesa Islands, where the French appear to be carrying on a second Tahiti affair;—and where, if the most recent and best-informed writers are to be credited, the maintenance of a proper station would be all but impossible;—in so barbarous a state are the natives, and so utterly incapable of being taught acquirements that would be useful, or the abandonment of habits that would be destructive to a *dépôt* of Europeans. Objections to the Panama Route might be multiplied; but it is superfluous to add another. Everything is against it:—nothing is in its favour; and it is to be hoped we have heard the last of any such wild and insane crotchet in connection with England at all. Its fallacy and absurdity become transparent on a moment's examination; though it may look very well on the map, to those whose acquaintance with the map is confined to the school-room, and who do not reflect that space is to be reckoned, not by rule and compass, but by the facilities or difficulties of getting over the distance.

Having thus disposed of the Panama Route, the author gives us a tabular statement containing a programme, as it were, of the distances and stations on his own—the proposed—*line*, viz., from Singapore to Sydney. The distance is 4,450 miles, and the recommended route is, in the first instance to Batavia, thence to Port Essington, Wednesday Island, and Port Jackson; in all, four stages. This voyage Lieutenant Waghorn calculates will occupy 21 days, establishing a correspondence from Australia to England in 60 or 65 days, instead of 120, or more, as at present; and after urging the Government, through the medium of the Secretary of State, to whom his pamphlet is addressed, to support the undertaking by an annual grant of £100,000—a sum for which “a larger equivalent is obtainable, all things considered, than the history of Government bargains with private Companies has yet afforded”—thus proceeds to enforce one or two points of signal importance in weighing the question:—

1. By establishing steam navigation between Singapore and Sydney, you at once

create in that part of the world a steam navy capable of mounting guns of any calibre, when wanted, against an enemy, or of transporting troops to Singapore, and to *Hong Kong, China, or Calcutta*, as might be needed.

2. The necessity for fortifications in the South Pacific, and the Indian Ocean, would be done away with by these steamers, which would be fortifications in themselves, carrying within them the means of destroying any enemy they might meet with.

3. The navigation of Torres Straits, and New Zealand generally, is not sufficiently known. Steamers plying between Singapore and Port Jackson will easily make the passage. The only diverging difference in the navigation of these Straits and coast is 160 miles more if you go outside the Barrier Reefs; for it may sometimes happen that if you went inside, you would have to anchor at night, and this must continue to be the case until Light-houses are established on the points, capes, and promontories, indicated on the map.

Independently, also, of all other sources of trade which "rapid conveyance in these regions would call into existence, and extend on all sides, one great traffic, important to the empire in a political point of view, and lucrative to individuals commercially, would necessarily spring up in the breeding of horses in Australia for the army in India; and on this head, too, I appeal to the experiences of all who know the existing mode of supplying our Indian army with horses; and who can compute the effect of a regular, constant, and cheap importation of them from Australia."

The result of a large Meeting of Merchants and others interested in the subject, at which the plan was fully developed by its able projector, has been the formation of a numerous and influential Committee to consider its details, and confer upon their practicability with her Majesty's Government and the Peninsular and Oriental Company. For ourselves, we cannot, for an instant, believe that any obstacles, at least of a serious nature, can possibly occur, and we trust, at no very distant period, to witness a Steam Communication with Australia, as regular and uninterrupted, as those now existing with the West Indies and North America.

SCINDE.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NAPIER has compared his brother, General Sir Charles Napier, to Alexander the Great, and to Marius. The indicated points of resemblance to the Macedonian madman, or the Roman consul, appear to all eyes, except those of fraternal partiality, to be singularly inapposite; but as such inappositeness is in accordance with the spirit of Sir William Napier's "History," we pass it by. Sir Charles Napier cannot, in one respect, be compared to Julius Cæsar; we do not speak of any comparison founded on the noble

qualities of him who did "bestride the narrow world, like a Colossus"—of him, whose qualities so often made ambition, virtue—we but draw the dissimilitude, inasmuch as Sir Charles Napier is not able, like Cæsar, to be his own historian—not able to build up a monument of literary genius, as noble in its style as many of the deeds it chronicles were dazzling and heroic. How fortunate, then, that this Scindian Alexander has found a Quintus Curtius in his brother—that Sir William has written of Sir Charles—written ably and impartially, for the ability and impartiality are manifestly co-equal.

The attention of the Anglo-Indian public has been diverted by recent victories from the Conquest of Scinde, or, as it is more tenderly termed, the Annexation of Scinde. That conquest is a dark page in Indian history. It is true, the two British agents were at work there as elsewhere; force and fraud (*policy*, the wise it call), combined fraud and force annexed Scinde as other territories, but not with the same pleas of justice or necessity. When a disturbed territory can be restored to tranquillity by the efforts of a British commander, and by his misguided efforts is driven into revolt, is it not hard that *væ victis* should be the law extended to those thus goaded into hostilities? Despite all General W. Napier's plausibility, he cannot disprove that the intrigues which troubled the quiet of Scinde were in truth little formidable, until the credulity, harshness, and obstinacy of Sir Charles Napier made them so. Lieutenant-Colonel Outram shows this clearly.* The Chief of the Ameers of Khyrpoor (the Rais, or head of the family) was Meer Roostum Khan, whose friendship to the British Government was as strong as fear and helplessness could form it; he knew the power of the British—he knew how it was exercised—and no submission was too great, in the old man's mind, so that war could be averted. A younger brother of Roostum, Ali Morad, claimed the right of successorship, and panted to become sovereign of Upper Scinde, even during his brother's lifetime, and despite the faith of treaties. Supple, wily, and unscrupulous, possessed of all the nameless arts which distinguish the Asiatic *intrigant*, this man acquired the confidence of General Napier: to him, Ali Morad at all times exaggerated the petty measures of the discontented Ameers; while, to the Ameers, he represented the English as bent on war and rapine. So successful were his intrigues, that he ultimately succeeded in assuming the turban, and in displacing and driving into exile his brother and benefactor. Prior to this consummation, Roostum Meer had endeavoured to conciliate the British Government, and, in pursu-

* *The Conquest of Scinde.* A Commentary, by Lieut.-Colonel Outram.—W. Blackwood and Sons. 1846.

ance of such policy, sought an interview with their Commander in Scinde. Colonel Outram thus movingly describes it:—

“ The venerable Prince who sought an interview, was eighty-five years of age, one whom Sir Charles Napier delights to describe as an infirm old man; and such indeed he was,—bowed down by the weight of years, not as his despoiler and his despoiler’s brother ungenerously misrepresent him, *effete* through debauchery. Evil days had come upon him. Strangers whom he had admitted as friends, and whom in their hour of need he had befriended, now occupied his country with an army sufficient for its subjugation; and rumour told him such was their object. No word of comfort had been uttered, no friendly assurances vouchsafed, and he who for three score years and ten had only been addressed in terms of adulation and affectionate homage, was now addressed in that of authority and menace. To use an expressive phrase in his own language, he felt that his face was blackened in the sight of his people, and his grey head dishonoured. He sought an interview with the man in whose hands reposed the destinies of himself, his country, and his subjects; hoping to avert the injuries about to be inflicted on him, or at all events, to learn their extent; for as yet he knew of them only by report. A brother whom he trusted, (Ali Morad,) and of whose diplomatic skill he felt assured, offered to precede him, and acquire the requisite information, whispering at the same time that treachery was intended. The poor old man believed the tale, for the shadows which coming events—spoliation, captivity, and exile,—cast before them, had fallen on his heart, and clouded his mind with suspicions which the conduct of the General was little calculated to dispel.”

The interview was refused—refused with contumely!

All have read of the follies of the wise and the fears of the brave. No braver man than Sir Charles Napier ever heard the roar of artillery, but in his Scindian career he seems to have been actuated by some strange and undefinable dread of the Ameers. It may be that Sir William Macnaghten’s fate was before his eyes, or it is possible he believed that Roostum Meer, like Mr. Bayes’s king, had “ an army in disguise,” ready to appear at a moment’s notice from some ingenious hiding-place. It is even said that General Napier was fearful that the Ameers “ meditated, in the exuberance of their frolicsome fancies, catching himself, boring a hole through his nose, introducing a ring, attaching a rope, and dragging the Feringee General in triumph through their towns and villages!” This is worse than Bajazet’s cage—a hole through the nose, a ring, and a rope! An aggravated case of “ Fe-fa-fum!”

But for some such hallucination, how are we to account for Sir Charles’s vagaries at this period?

He caused the Ameers to appear before him unarmed—so irritating their Oriental pride, as they believed themselves dishonoured and degraded. He further excited their indignation by compelling them to disband their followers, whom they are pleased to consider as “ guards,” and as indispensable to their rank and station. On one occasion, as if apprehensive of a design upon his person by an unarmed rabble, he kept two companies under arms, on some shallow pretext, during the heat of the day, more than a dozen of them died from a

coup de soleil. His letters and messages were coarse and rude—his proclamations of the same uncourteous and undiplomatic character. The natives of the East forgive anything sooner than that which wounds their personal vanity through their national or religious prejudices. Was there ever before an instance of a British commander thus addressing an Asiatic prince? It appears that the mails had been robbed and the dignity of high command is thus upheld by Sir C. Napier:—

“ My dawks have been robbed,” writes he, to poor old Roostum Meer, “ either by your orders, or without your orders. If you ordered it to be done, you are guilty; or if it was done without your order, you are not able to command your people, and it is evident they won't obey you. In either case, I order you to disband your armed men; and I will myself see, in Khyrpoor, that you obey my order.”

What would be thought of a Minister who advised our most gracious Queen thus to address Lord Heytesbury:—“ One of my subjects has been murdered in Tipperary. If you ordered it to be done, you are guilty; or if it was done without your order, you are not able properly to rule my people, for it is evident they won't obey you, so that in either case you must resign; after you have sued at my royal foot-stool, it is possible I may in time forgive you.” Why, in the name of common sense, may not the Christian viceroy over a civilized people be thus called to account for a murder, as well as a Mahomedan ruler for a robbery?

Sir Charles's proclamation-style has been formed in a different school to Lord Ellenborough's. The melo-dramatic tone of the well-remembered Somnauth-gates proclamation was not appreciated in Asia, but it shows powers which could not fail to render the noble Earl popular at “ Astley's.” That proclamation, delivered by an equestrian hero, standing erect and gracefully waving his unbridled arms, on a well-padded saddle, on a well-trained charger, sure-footed on saw-dust, could not fail to be highly effective—certain of three rounds of applause. Mr. Batty is regardless of his interests, if he neglect this hint. We cannot refrain from contrasting Sir Charles's style with the re-called Governor-General's. Meer Roostum is again addressed:—

“ Your Highness' letter is full of discussion; but, as there are two sides of your river, so are there two sides of your Highness' arguments. Now, the Governor-General has occupied both sides of your Highness' river, because he has considered both sides of your Highness' arguments. * * * * * I will forward your letter to him if you wish me to do so; but in the meantime I will occupy the territories which he has commanded me to occupy. You think I am your enemy; why should I be so? I gain nothing for myself—I take no gifts; I receive no Jagheers.”

“ Gain nothing for myself!” What! nothing? Sir Charles's share

of the Hydrabad prize-money is said to have exceeded £70,000. Seventy thousand! "I gain nothing for myself."—Nothing!

That his Highness' river had two sides is a great geographical fact which did not escape the conqueror's acuteness. It is interesting to remark how closely—the distance notwithstanding—this Asiatic stream resembles our rivers at home, the Thames, for instance, which has also two sides, the Surrey side and the Middlesex. How his Highness' arguments had also two sides, we do not so clearly perceive; no doubt, it was liberal and handsome in Sir Charles to admit so much, his own arguments being very one-sided indeed.

If, in the streets of London, one man needlessly and wilfully tread upon another's corns, and laugh at the sufferer's wry faces; and if the aggrieved man, in uncontrollable anger, strike at his insulter, but is well beaten by the aggressor, and then heavily punished by the magistrate, it would be accounted somewhat hard. This is a homely illustration, but it is what General Napier did. He trod on the prejudices of the Ameers—which some one calls "the corns of the mind"—he irritated them into antagonists, and then beat and had them punished for their hostility. Rare justice—but, no! we err; it is not *rare* justice in the East—it is common.

We heartily recommend Colonel Outram's book. Its tone is cool, philosophical, and masterly, because its details are truth. We close our remarks with another extract from the work:—

"The Ameer's preparations, Sir Charles Napier himself admits, were originally purely defensive: the result proved they never were otherwise till, by his advance on Hydrabad, resistance became inevitable. Beholding, as the Ameers did, the extensive military preparations made by the General himself, and combining these with his violent conduct and apparent contempt of treaties, they were not only justified in doing what they did, but it was their duty to avail themselves to the uttermost of the defensive resources of the country. As it was, Sir Charles Napier took no means of ascertaining whether the alleged bands were in existence; but assuming that he had, and that the greatest number ever reported, 7000, had been collected, it would have caused no apprehension in the mind of any one better acquainted with Oriental character than himself. The armies of the east are little better than a multitudinous rabble—in Scinde they are emphatically such: they are incapable of any prolonged service, and cannot be held together save by a lavish expenditure of money, and a common sense of danger. Sir Charles Napier knew that they could not place him in peril, for he continued to speak of them contemptuously,—he boasted that he could put them all into the Indus: by his vaunted politico-military movement he had, he said, guarded the ceded districts;—the assent of all parties to the treaty had been obtained, and yet he was not satisfied. How differently did Sir Henry Pottinger think and act under really trying circumstances in 1839. But he knew the people he was dealing with: Sir Charles Napier was profoundly ignorant of them. The one was a practical man, who understood the workings of the human mind, and could read its manifestations; the other was a theorist who invented systems, and acted on them as if they were realities. The one has conferred the most substantial benefits on his country, and his name is honoured by his nation: the other has—*added a province to the British empire, fertile as Egypt, but deadly as Batavia!*"

OUR INDIAN VICTORIES.

THE popular and club-house discussions which have lately been elicited in consequence of the publication of two letters, on the recent war with the Sikhs, and the national thanksgiving offered up by authority in our churches for the victories obtained by our armies—the one from Mr. Poynder, the proprietor of East India Stock, in the *Times* newspaper; and the second, addressed by Mr. Buckingham, the public-spirited projector and manager of *The British and Foreign Institute*, to the *Daily News*—have imperatively called our attention to the very important topics involved in the correspondence. This was commenced by Mr. Poynder, whose communication—couched throughout in a thoroughly scarlet-coated, pipe-clayed style—contained the following paragraphs:—

1. Is it possible for any man who believes in an over-ruling Providence, to read of the wars of Israel in Canaan, and not be irresistibly struck with the similarity of the sweeping out of the worst corruptions of idolatry and bloodshed in earlier and present times?

2. Can any man contemplate the signal and extraordinary interpositions of Divine Providence in our favour, hardly short of miraculous, against overwhelming numbers, skilful training, and undoubted bravery, and yet avoid the conclusion to which all our commanders have come, that the whole affair is as much the work of God (emphatically called the God of Hosts) as the naval victories of England, or our final overthrow of Bonaparte in the late war? With all the devotion of life, which our Christian heroes brought into the field, then or now, "*Non nobis, Domine,*" is the universal ascription of honour which they are all forward to present. May the nation be as ready to admit that "if the Lord himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick, so wrathfully were they displeased at us."

3. It is conceivable, under the supposition of a righteous governor of the world, that if—in defiance of natural conscience, right reason, and common sense—the unceded districts of India will persist, in burning alive, helpless women (generally mothers of children), in spite of what we have done for those under our sway—before which time, on an average of 10 years, 666 wretched women were thus annually sacrificed, as four were burnt on one pile in Lahore, immediately before the attack on Sir H. Hardinge—is it, I ask, conceivable, that such a state of things should proceed, any more than the wretched idolaters of Canaan should go on, for all time, "to make their children to pass through the fire to Moloch?"

To those lucubrations on our recent conquests, Mr. Buckingham replied in an admirable and convincingly argued letter, for the entire of which, unfortunately, we have no spare space; we, however, extract its more salient portions.

Mr. Poynder draws a parallel between the wars of the Israelites in Canaan and those of the East India Company, and supposes them to be equally justifiable. But to make the parallel complete, Mr. Poynder should show that there was a "divine command" issued through an "inspired leader," authorising and commanding the extirpation of the Sikhs as idolaters, and that it is *because* they are idolaters, and for no other reason that we destroy them. When the East India Company and the proprietors of East India Stock, shall be shown to be, as the

Israelites were, "God's chosen people," to whom the possession of the Punjaub was given by sacred covenant, as the "Promised Land," and when Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Hugh Gough, and Sir Henry Smith shall be proved to be acting not under a commission from the Horse Guards, but by the same divine authority that appointed Moses, Aaron, and Joshua to deliver the Israelites from Egypt, and lead them into "the land given by covenant to Abraham and his seed for ever;" when Mr. Poynder has also shown that the waters of the Sutlej, like those of the Jordan, were "divided on either hand," so that the soldiers and Sepoys passed over unharmed; and the walls of Lahore, like those of Jericho, fell without being bombarded by any engines of war, then indeed, but not till then, the parallel between the Sikhs and Canaanites will be complete. * * *

Again, Mr. Poynder thinks that so long as there is a righteous Government of the world, all nations who burn helpless widows alive, and maintain idolatry, ought to be extirpated, and richly deserve the punishment; though this is not the reason why we war against the Sikhs. When we have taken the country from them, and appropriated their revenues to our own use, they may continue their idolatries as fully as our own invading troops themselves do in every part of the British territory, and at the seat of government itself. But surely this gentleman forgets, that for a long series of years, the East India Company itself not merely tolerated the burning of helpless widows alive, but actually appointed their own servants, civil and military, to superintend these human sacrifices—nay, that when the practice was denounced by myself and other writers in the public journals of India, during my residence there, we were accused of endangering the stability of the British power, by "interfering with the customs of the natives." And then, when Lord William Bentinck first proposed to prohibit this widow-burning in 1825, the great body of the public functionaries of the East India Company were opposed to his benign intentions. How was it, then, that the righteous Governor of the world did not extirpate the English while they were aiding and abetting such murders as these?

Further, as to the idolatry being sufficient to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on those who practise or uphold it, does Mr. Poynder forget that, till the year 1814, though the Christian East India Company had existed for nearly 200 years, no missionaries were allowed by them to preach against the idolatries of India, lest they "should offend the native prejudices;" that, even when missionaries were first permitted to visit India, after 1814, they were prohibited from going into the interior: and Messrs. Carey and Marshman were not permitted, even in Calcutta, to preach the Gospel freely to the heathen; so that they left the English territory, where their efforts were restrained, and took shelter at Serampore, under the Danish flag, there to enjoy a freedom of religious opinion and expression which had been denied them under the British. All this Mr. Poynder must remember to have happened under the "most religious and gracious sovereign of India" in his day. And as to idolatry, the Christian government of the Company not only upheld it, but derived a large revenue from this impure source, receiving through an English officer of their own appointment, the taxes and offerings paid by the pilgrims at Juggernaut and elsewhere in India; and out of these, maintaining the temples, paying the priests, supporting the dancing-girls and prostitutes, clothing the idol and car of Juggernaut with bright new broad cloth from the Company's stores—furnishing the rice and fruits to be consumed by the idol—paying his barber, fan-bearer, cooks, and attendants, and then carrying the surplus to the Government funds at Calcutta, part of which were remitted home for payment of dividends to the proprietors of East India Stock; so that Mr. Poynder himself, however often he has raised his voice against idolatry, must, if he has received his dividends on the stock he holds, have shared a portion of this polluted profit, as well as in the various sums arising from the plunder of native sovereigns, subsidiary payments, indemnifications for war expenses, ransom of captured cities and countries, and other unholy gains, which, from time to time, have helped to swell the revenues of the Company; for, out of the taxes on the people of India, which exceed in severity and oppressiveness those of any nation on the whole earth, and gains of the description alluded to, the East India Company's revenue is composed; and out of that revenue are the dividends of the East India proprietors paid.

When the worshippers of the Most High are therefore called upon to join in a form of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the victories won by our troops in India, and when they are furthermore instructed by the highest ecclesiastical authority to declare, that "for this war no occasion had been given by injustice on our part, or apprehension of injury at our hands"—while the Sikhs are characterized as "barbarous invaders, who sought to spread desolation through fruitful and populous regions, enjoying the blessings of peace under the protection of the British crown"—a love of truth, which ought to be respected by all professors of religion, makes me feel it a solemn duty thus publicly to protest against both these assertions, written, no doubt, in the full confidence of their accuracy, by the venerable prelate who drew up the required Form of Thanksgiving, but whose imperfect information in Indian history and Indian policy, may account for his innocent belief in their perfect purity, and freedom from all guile. The truth is, the Sikhs were too well acquainted with the history of our conquering career in India, and with the most recent instance of our plunder of the Ameers of Scinde, of which Sir Charles Napier alone shares £70,000 sterling, not to know that both "injustice and injury" might be "expected at our hands." They had seen, for months past, a gradual assembling of troops on their frontier. They had read, in the India and English papers, all of which find their way to Lahore, and are there interpreted, that it was the duty of the English to take possession of the Punjaub, because we could rule it better—an argument or pretext which we should hardly allow to be a good one, if the Americans or the French were on such a plea to invade Ireland. It was the topic of conversation at every mess-table in India. Promotions, prize-money, brevets, honours, stars, knighthoods, baronetcies, and peerages, were all anticipated as the result of the contest; and, excepting perhaps the Governor General, whose high responsibility may have made him feel anxious, if possible, to avert it, the whole of the English community in India, civil and military, and a large portion of the people of England, panted with impatience for the onset; and even blamed the tardiness of the Governor-General's movements. Every one seemed waiting for the auspicious moment, till the pear should be ripe—till at length, according to a letter from an officer at Calcutta, dated January, 1846, and addressed to the *Morning Chronicle*, who had most strongly advocated the annexation of the Punjaub, to use the Indian officer's own words "the pear which had been so long ripening, had at length fallen in the shape of 60,000 Sikhs invading our territory;" this event, though actually brought on by our array of hostile forces, was enough to make those who had thus provoked it, cry out against so "unjustifiable and unprovoked an attack!" Alas! for the truth of history, when the victors and not the vanquished are the writers of it. The Sikhs, if they could be heard, would give a very different version of the story.

If the French papers were to advocate the invasion of England, as the India and English papers have recommended the annexation of the Punjaub—and the Prince de Joinville were to assemble a fleet of war-steamers at Boulogne—should Commodore Napier, or some other naval hero, steal over into the port at night, and either cut out the ships, or burn and sink them on the spot; he would be *fêted* in every city on his return—have a new sword from the Corporation of London, and the freedom of the city in a gold box—be made a peer and legislator for his own life, with pensions and titles to his sons and their descendants, and be honoured with a statue as one of England's "heroes and patriots." But when the India and English papers advocate the invasion of the Punjaub, and the "heroes and patriots" of that country pursue exactly the same course, by trying to destroy the invading army before it enters their territory, they are branded as the vilest of mankind, and denounced as "lawless barbarians" from the very pulpits from whence, in the same day, perhaps, will be uttered the remarkable words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and the illustration of this duty shown by the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan.

SUTTEE.

It is a general complaint that has been and is expressed throughout British India, that in all our treaties with the Seikh rulers, no clause has been introduced for the total and unconditional abolition of Suttee. A writer in the *Bombay Times* attributes this grievous omission to *oversight*, owing to the mass of momentous arrangements requiring to be concluded, and hints that had it been at "the time pressed on the consideration of the Governor-General it might have been insisted on as an article of treaty. We were in a condition to have exacted anything we thought right: no exaction would have more met the universal approval of mankind than that which insisted on the abolition of this most atrocious species of human sacrifice. It is never too late for a supplemental arrangement such as that in which this might be included: and we trust that the matter may yet be urged with such fervency and force as to induce our Rulers to press the matter at Lahore as a concession not to be refused." The *Delhi Gazette* suggests that it should be put as a matter of good policy to the Seikhs—that if they desire, as they profess, to cultivate a good understanding with the British Government, there is no way of winning our regard so certain of being successful, as by their practising those principles of humanity it is our pride to cherish. On this suggestion the *Bombay Times* thus comments:—

"We confess we would put nothing to our allies as a matter of favour which we were entitled to exact as a right: we would not trust the operation of their sense of gratitude, or leave to volunteers what we ought to have been in a position to compel. If it be anywhere insisted on, that Suttee is so peculiarly sacred that it cannot be abolished, we would have its sanctity enhanced by its extension. In married life throughout the civilized world it is allowed as a first principle, that the duties of the husband and wife are reciprocal, and we should therefore insist that where the incineration of the lady on the pyre of her dead husband was held imperative, when ladies died, husbands should ascend the funeral pile when their obsequies were performed. The observance, however, of Suttee, like most other of the most odious rites of heathenism, is maintained from very selfishness and miserable motives: it is generally a method of getting rid, on false pretences, of a helpless party whose place or whose property is desired by survivors. At the death of Runjeet Singh, in 1839, four Ranees with seven slave girls were destroyed: at that of his son, little more than a year after, one Ranee, with her hand-maidens, perished on the funeral pile; at the death of the Maharajah Shere Singh, and his Minister, Dhyan Singh, three years later, females perished in the flames in wholesale slaughter. Yet the observance, unless in the royal household, is not insisted on: to the Seikhs in general it does not apply."

We trust Lord Hardinge will bestir himself—stoutly and speedily—in abolishing these odious rites, and thus advance another claim—stronger if possible than those before preferred—to the gratitude of mankind.

Reviews of New Books.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," &c. 3 vols. 2d Edition.—T. C. NEWBY, Mortimer-street.

LE SAGE tells of people who journeyed from the country to Madrid, to see what o'clock it was, and returned home for the most part as wise as they were before. Very different have been the object and result of our author's travels and observations. Lucid, impartial, and indefatigable, he makes the strength and weakness—the apparent robustness and inward disease of the three powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, matters of philosophical inquiry and practical deduction. The diplomatist, the merchant, the traveller from *ennui*, and the reader from indolence, may all derive knowledge and gratification from these able volumes.

The greater portion of the work is dedicated to Russia—the most colossal and least known of the empires of Eastern Europe. No small proportion of Russian policy and organization remains matter of conjecture; but, if we have inquirers like our author, neither the most sleepless imperial jealousy, nor the most ramified police which has existed in Europe since the days of Fouché, can much longer keep the dominions of the Tsar a sealed book—or "as a partly opened and most ponderous folio"—from the perusal of Europe.

The character of the Autocrat occupies great part of the first and third volumes, nor could it be otherwise, he being more truly and absolutely "the State" than were either Louis XIV. or Napoleon. The *coteries* of Paris had some influence over the cabinet of Louis, constituted as it was of churchmen, statesmen, generals, courtiers—and kept mistresses. Voltaire's scoff alone often acted as an anti-despotic drag on the full course of the wheels of tyranny. As regards Napoleon, the quick wit of the Parisians (dazzled as they were by *la gloire*), and their piercing ridicule—against which no power or station availed—were found impassable barriers; besides, some constitutional forms were still preserved. On the power of the Tsar, on the other hand, there is no clog whatever; his subjects, from prince to peasant, speak of him "with bated breath and whispering humbleness"—his sway is as uncontrolled over the *minds*, as over the persons, lives, and possessions of the overwhelming majority of his subjects—the very decencies and morality of his private life (though our author somewhat slightly impugns that character) add to his imperial power. No rank, no individual, is exempt from its influence; it crushes alike the noble and the slave—the learned and the gross—and may be compared to some vast inundation, desolating at once vale and woodland, the fruitful and the barren.

The slaves in Russia—mildly designated *serfs*—though slaves they are in every grievous attribute of bondage, amount to forty-five millions, thirty-five of which are Muscovites or Old Russians; thus we find, says the author:—

“The conquering and absorbing race affording the unprecedented spectacle of remaining in thralldom more complete than those absorbed and conquered. Over these serfs the power of the Tsars is firmly established. It is rooted as deeply as those religious prejudices which in some barbaric creeds spring up, without affection, indeed, for their terrible divinity, but still not alone from fear; and of which the votaries do not only bow to the terrors of their god, but view in him an avenger, if not a benefactor. These blindly obedient millions would no doubt themselves furnish a Russian sovereign with unprecedented elements of power, were it not for the utter corruption so hopelessly ingrafted on all ranks of the people, as to deprive the Government of any means of effecting the organization of this material.”

Of this servile population, 23-45ths are the property of the landholders—upwards of 21-45ths of the Tsar and Imperial family. Jacqueries are not very unfrequent among these enslaved peasants, but their outbreaks are carefully concealed, and relentlessly punished. Even in the military colonies, revolts, though rarely, occur, and in one, at Novogorod, the Emperor's name and power were openly insulted and scoffed at: this was detailed to the author by an officer who had sufficiently good reason to remember the occurrence, as he narrowly escaped being boiled alive.

The army is compulsorily recruited from the serfs, although the Muscovites hate war and are addicted to traffic, whilst the Ruthenians, or Cossack tribes, present an opposite character. Of what materials the Russian forces are composed, and what coming events may educe, is thus shown:—

“Usually, the soldiers, like the peasantry, are full of deferential awe; they regard their Emperor as the master of the earth, and appear to view in the light of rashness—or, one might almost say, of blasphemy—any opposition to an order emanating from him; but wherever they have had the opportunity of distinctly seeing that his power is limited to Russia, and that there are vast nations beyond, exempt from his rule—where they have seen his authority braved with success by rebellious Poles and contemptuous Turks, their confidence in his infallibility is destroyed; and then their veneration, being based rather on fear than on affection, undergoes a singular modification.”

The author ably advocates the opinion, now gaining ground, that the conflagration of Moscow was *not* the premeditated work of the Russians—that, to whomsoever owing, it was *not* attributable to the patriotism or nationality of Alexander's government or subjects. The imperial archives will, at some future period, probably set the question at rest.

In the course of his remarks on the French invasion of 1812, the writer adduces some *appropriate* instances of the proneness to plunder which disgraced Buonaparte's armies. Somewhat oddly for a scribe, who generally loves

————— “to pour out all himself as plain
As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne”—

he designates this “a system of foraging!” The foraging was of this nature:—

“In Poland, where all the accounts of the French are unanimous as to the

friendliness of their reception by its enthusiastic inhabitants, it is related by the Poles, that in the houses where these military visitants were quartered, they commonly carried off the silver forks and spoons; whilst, singularly enough, they disdained" (chivalrous souls!) "to accept the value of their meal, and placed a florin beneath their plates to pay for it. Amongst other instances, a marshal of France, with his officers, was invited by the Bishop of Pultusk to a banquet: all the plate in the environs, to the amount of more than £30,000 in value, was collected to do honour to their guests, who, when the repast was over, coolly appropriated it to themselves."

Our limits do not permit us to give an extract we had marked (Vol. 3, pp. 44-5), justly depicting the levelling despotism of which we have spoken. It will be found a somewhat different sketch to that of Lord Londonderry, who, after he has pronounced the Emperor "the handsomest man in Europe," and told how ably he presided over the extinction of a fire in his capital (an imperial Braidwood!) seems to have thought that he had done enough to prove the blessings of the rule of Nicholas the First!

Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second. By COUNT GRAMMONT.
(Bohn's STANDARD LIBRARY—Extra Volume.)—HENRY G. BOHN,
York-street.

MR. BOHN calls this work an "extra volume," because, we presume, it is a somewhat startling departure from the class of books he has hitherto given the world in his most ably-selected and admirable series. From the solemn earnestness of Robert Hall to the sparkling levities of Anthony Hamilton, is certainly a bold step from grave to gay, but it is a step well taken; there is nothing seductive in the details of profligacy in Grammont's Memoirs, whilst it is the most accurate picture existing of the Court of Charles II.

It is not very easy to say in what the great charm of this book consists; not in its wit alone, effective and unaffected as that is found;—certainly not in its story, for story it can hardly be called, being rather a string of piquant anecdotes, and very much at random strung;—not in the character of its hero or his compeers;—it must be, then, in the admixture of *truthfulness* and wit; the same attraction which induces us to tolerate, and more than tolerate, the fine gentlemen of Dryden, Congreve, and Wycherley, who resembled Grammont in being fine, gay, bold-faced sinners—avowedly profligate—methodically licentious—steeped in every vice, with the single exception of hypocrisy.

Grammont's own character is faithfully given in the early part of the work, his tastes and avocations will be seen from this brief extract:—

"His supper hour depended upon play, and was, indeed, very uncertain; but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who were excellent caterers and good attendants,—but understood cheating still better."

The epigrammatic touches of character throughout the work are inimitable—such as Mrs. Middleton's sentiments of delicacy, which "people grew weary of, as she endeavoured to explain, without understanding them herself." Or the sketch of the Marquis de Brisacier, who "talked eternally, without saying any thing." More amusing still is the all-absorbing conceit

of Russell, "one of the most furious dancers in England," who, in his declaration of love to Miss Hamilton, afterwards the Countess Grammont, details his wealth, his being brother to the Earl of Bedford, and then holds out the further inducement, that he was "advised to go to some of the watering-places for something of an asthma, which," he plausibly reasons, "in all probability cannot last much longer, as I have had it for these last twenty years."

This extra volume is enriched with Sir Walter Scott's delightful Notes and Illustrations—as well as with a lively "Personal History of Charles II." and the Boscobel Tracts. It is also adorned with a pleasing portrait of Nell Gwynne, caressing a lamb, emblematic, we suppose, of her meekness and innocence.

A Book of Highland Minstrelsy. By Mrs. D. OGILVY: with Illustrations by R. R. M'LAN.—G. W. NICKISSON, Regent-street.

SCOTLAND, and more especially the Highland portion of the kingdom, has always been plenteous to overflowing in its minstrelsy, and from a very early period, a lengthened and rich succession of ballads and poems, either based upon, or forming a part of, the metrical traditions of that romantic nation, have been welcome greeted in this country; and whilst to their scarcely unrivalled force and harmony, the English have, on every occasion, assented with cordiality and delight; to their own—their fatherland—poetry, in all its varied yet appropriate styles, the Scottish people have, naturally enough, borne that decisive testimony which natives alone can confer.

The present very elegant volume contains, we believe, the latest contributions to this Highland Anthology, and Mrs. Grant's verses are, for the most part, scarcely inferior to those of the majority of her illustrious predecessors; she has successfully and honorably followed

— negli alti vestigi
De' gran Cantor alla maestra strada!

The Collection consists of twenty-nine poems, all evidencing their writer's high and undoubted poetic talent, her exquisite feeling, and her consummate taste in the choice of fitting imagery and phrases. At times, her verses exhibit considerable loftiness and power, and as a specimen—noticeable also for their smooth and easy versification—we extract the following stanzas:—they occur in a ballad entitled, *The Haunted Tarn on the Moor*, and we much regret that the space to which we are limited, precludes our reprinting it entire.

The moon was hid in weeds of white,
The night was damp and cold,
The wanderer stumbled in the moss,
Bewildered on the wold,
Till suddenly the clouds were rent,
The tarn before her rolled.

The heather with strange burdens swelled—
On every tuft a corse,
On every stunted juniper,
On every faded gorse;
The woman sank, and o'er her eyes
She clasped her hands with force.

Again she was constrained to gaze,—
 Lo! on each dead man's brow,
 A tongue of flame burned steadily,
 Though there was breeze enow
 To shake the pines that over head
 Waved black, funeral bough.

And, dancing on the sullen loch,
 A ghostly troop there went,
 Whose airy figures floated high
 On the thin element;
 And fiercely at each other's breasts
 Their mock claymores they bent.

One brushed so near, she turned her gaze,
 She stood transfixed to stone;
 It was her husband's spectre face,
 Close breathing on her own—
 Damp, icy breath, that filled her ear
 With a deep, hollow moan.

* * * * *

A series of notes—the result of personal observation, or drawn from trustworthy authorities—bearing upon the traditions, the sentiments, and the customs of the Scottish people, accompany each poem;—these, with Mr. M'Ian's beautiful and lavishly distributed illustrations, materially contribute to the interest experienced in the perusal of this delightful volume.

Medical Notes on China. By JOHN WILSON, M.D., F.R.S.
 JOHN CHURCHILL, Princes-street.

At the close of the year 1841, in consequence of continued hostilities with the Chinese; uncertainty as to their termination; prevalence of disease in, and augmentation of, force; the Lords of the Admiralty directed a floating hospital to be fitted, and despatched with all speed to the seat of war. With that view, the *Minden* was put into commission, the command of the ship given to Captain Quin, and the administration of the medical department, comprising an able surgeon, five assistants, and an ample subordinate staff, entrusted to Dr. Wilson.

It was during this period of official employment, and in accordance, as he informs us, with his previous practice, that our author noted, from time to time, what appeared to him most worthy of record in China; first, in respect of disease, its nature, treatment, progress, and results; and, second, regarding its causes, apparent and probable, whether permanent and necessary, or artificial, and capable of being removed. These Notes, with their respective dates, and printed in the shape in which they were taken, are now before us, and, remembering the extent of the force employed; the novelty of the ground occupied—so strange and all but unknown in many of its features;—and the diseases, familiar in principle, yet peculiar in many of their phases, constitute a volume in the highest degree interesting and instructive. Dr. Wilson is, we believe, the first member of his profession who has devoted his attention to the subject of which it most prominently

treats, and the results of his experience are given in a style entirely commensurate to its high importance:—his diagnoses and instructions are clear and practical, the cases aptly selected and described, and the curative means to be employed, distinctly and elaborately noted.

But Dr. Wilson's attention was not merely confined to the nature and treatment of disease; his Notes comprise many curious particulars respecting the manners and customs of the Chinese, and some admirable descriptions of various portions of their empire. As more acceptable, perhaps, to the general reader than an extract relating solely to medical matters, and as affording a fairer example of Dr. Wilson's style of writing, we quote the following passage, referring to our recently acquired settlement, Hong Kong:—

Hong-Kong, a small, barren, and naturally insignificant spot in the ocean, has acquired notoriety from recent occurrences, will continue interesting from passing transactions, and must become important, by events, which however difficult to foretell, as to order of succession and of time, and however disappointing expectation in some respects, will assuredly follow. It is now an integral part of the British dominions, and though the last and least of her territorial acquisitions, is such a one as has long been an object of desire to her merchants. It, with the opening of the northern ports, and the resulting advantages, was obtained by an inconsiderable force, against which the military power and strategic skill of an empire boasting a population of 360 millions of souls, and conceiving themselves superior to all others in arms, as well as in arts, were marshalled. The expeditionary force which last year operated in the Yang tse-Kiang, and its neighbourhood, not only conquered China without difficulty, but also proved, at the same time, how vulnerable she is in her vital parts, and observed the best means and points through which, should it be necessary, she might afterwards be attacked. The expedition was certainly well planned, excellently equipped, and conducted throughout with great judgment, perseverance, and promptitude; yet it was so small, such a mere handful, in relation to the hosts it was sent against, that its speedy and complete success was matter of surprise, as well as of gratitude and patriotic elation.

Hong-Kong, which a few years ago was a naked rock, possessed by a few half-starved fishermen, serfs, and robbers, already abounds with British merchandise, and proofs of industry and enterprise. Streets, store-houses, shops, and villas, are springing up in all directions. Its harbour is crowded with merchant ships. New colonists are continually arriving; and its population and business increase at a prodigious rate. These are palpable advantages, in a commercial point of view, and through that channel will confer mutual benefit on the dealers; but what may the British possession of this island ultimately effect in dissipating the moral and intellectual darkness of the Chinese, and pouring the light of truth on its people? Already, Christian missionaries of many denominations, but all teaching one great truth, have arrived and begun their benevolent labours. They will consider Hong-Kong their head-quarters, and safe resting-place, where, however the heathen may rage without, they cannot molest them. Schools have been established for educating Chinese youth, and chapels have been built for further and higher instruction. Printing-presses are at work, multiplying the means of increasing knowledge, and inculcating wisdom; and everything in the instruments employed, promises well. Such is the prospect, and such are the first steps in the grand, laborious undertaking. From this spot, scientific information also must, however slowly at first, find its way into the Chinese mind; and hence directly, as from their chief and abiding fountain, light and living principles will flow into the vast adjoining empire of darkness and idolatry, till its multitudes of people shall be thoroughly instructed, and radically reformed, emancipated, and evangelised. This may be safely predicated without indulging in dreams of enthusiasm, or treading the dangerous path of prophecy.

The diminutive colony of Hong-Kong, where so many hopes and expectations are centred, is situated at the mouth of the great estuary of Canton, eighty miles below the city, close to the left bank, being separated from the continent, at one point, by less than half a mile. Its geographical position is in 22 N. latitude. Its largest diameter, which runs nearly east and west, is nine miles; the breadth, from south to north, is five-and-a-half miles. In shape it is very irregular, having numerous bays, and some deep indentations, with long projecting peninsular points, which render the space comprehended by the above short lines less than the measurements indicate; and from the precipitous form of the hills, independent of inherent sterility, it affords little scope for agricultural industry. It is one of a multitude of islands by which the coast of China is guarded, and which, among other natural advantages, raise her above any other equal division of the world, in the number, extent, and security of her harbours; and that, or rather those, of Hong-Kong, are inferior to none of them.

The principal is on the north side of the island, facing the rising capital of Victoria. Here, without tracing it east to Tantoo, or west to Lantao, which would give a length of fourteen miles, there is a compact haven, about three miles square, which cannot be surpassed in the qualities that constitute a perfect anchorage. It is formed by Hong-Kong to the south, by that and the mainland, the former bending on the latter, to the east, by the continent on the north, and by the island of Lantao to the west. By these it is not only, in nautical phrase, land-locked, but strongly guarded by the height of the surrounding land, which rises to 3,000, and scarcely falls below 1,000 feet; so that, when it blows strongly outside, there is little disturbance of its surface. It is easy of access by an eastern and western passage, but the latter, being the more capacious, is most frequented. These opposite openings contribute to the ventilation and cooling of the bay and contiguous town, which otherwise, during the southerly monsoon, would be much, and by so much, more intolerably hot than they are.—p. 147.

Line of March of a Bengal Regiment of Infantry in Scinde.—Messrs. ACKERMANN, Strand.

THIS clever and singularly interesting work of art, depicts, *en panorame*, the every-day incidents befalling the line of march of a Bengal regiment of infantry, and is so ingeniously contrived that, albeit the drawing presents, when fully developed, the imposing length of some twenty-five feet, it nevertheless folds up easily and uninjuredly in the form of a convenient and pocketable volume.

With much skill and ingenuity the artist has overcome the monotonous and formal effect usually accompanying the delineation of a lengthened succession of files of soldiers:—we have here, for quadrupeds, restive and broken-down camels, run-away horses, ponderous and docile elephants, mess cattle and pariah dogs; amongst the bipeds are introduced denuded and dancing faquirs, the patient, ever-trotting *dak* runners, soldiery of the gaudily-accoutred Irregular Cavalry with despatches, brahmins, moonshees, pundits, and so forth, whilst, for a back-ground, and as landscape accessories, are represented forts, temples, tanks, and the various other picturesque objects recognizable in Indian journeyings. The several figures are artistically designed and grouped, admirably drawn, well coloured, and the *tout Romensemble* is at once vivid and life-like.

As a spirited and faithful representation of much that is novel, and, may be, hitherto unheeded in our own land, we very warmly commend this picturesque publication of the Messrs. Ackermann to the best attention of our readers.

The Life and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Edited by his Son, JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P. Vol. 1.—Dublin: JAMES DUFFY.

THE first volume of a work which will prove of great value to the future historian of the times of that extraordinary man who may be said to have made the history of Ireland (for nearly the last forty years) a main and inseparable part of his personal biography. It will be of value, because it is Mr. O'Connell's and his family's record of his motives, acts, and speeches.

The "Speeches" occupy the greater portion of the present volume, and though they treat of events and men of a past generation, are of unflagging interest. The mind is almost irresistibly led to sympathise with the accomplished orator in *whatever* he advocates—a true test of true eloquence. "Catholic Emancipation" is the chief topic of these speeches, but there are also some of the highest and boldest flights of forensic power, shown in the defence of men charged with political offences. The unscrupulous use of invectives has often been imputed as a fault to Mr. O'Connell—in some of his addresses in this volume they fall like avalanches on his opponents' heads—but it may be said, on the other hand, that he is the best-abused, as well as the best-praised, man now existing. "The Liberator!" roars one, "The Beggar-man!" responds another;—"Worst outcast of the earth!" shouts the Orangeman, "First gem of the sea!" says the Repealer—for we once heard an enthusiastic Irishman apply that not very unhacknied quotation to Mr. O'Connell individually.

This first volume carries us down to no later a period than 1813, and the work promises, therefore, to be somewhat bulky, if an equal space be devoted to the subsequent years of Mr. O'Connell's busy career.

We give the opening of an address to the jury, in defence of Magee, perhaps unequalled in the annals of the bar for its tone of *cool* contempt, which, however, is not always a characteristic of Mr. O'Connell's eloquence. The gentleman so bounteously be-spattered and be-pitied was Saurin, the then Attorney-General. The trial took place in 1812:—

"I consented to the adjournment yesterday, gentlemen of the jury, from that impulse of nature which compels us to postpone pain; it is, indeed, painful to me to address you; it is a cheerless, a hopeless task to address you—a task which would require all the animation and interest to be derived from the working of a mind fully fraught with the resentment and disgust created in mine yesterday, by that farrago of helpless absurdity with which Mr. Attorney-General regaled you.

"But I am now not sorry for the delay. Whatever I may have lost in vivacity, I trust I shall compensate for in discretion. That which yesterday excited my anger, now appears to me to be an object of pity; and that which then roused my indignation, now only moves to *contempt*. I can now address you with feelings softened, and, I trust, subdued; and I do, from my soul, declare, that I now cherish no other sensations than those which enable me to bestow on the Attorney-General and on his discourse, pure and unmingled compassion.

"It was a discourse in which you could not discover either order, or method, or eloquence; it contained very little logic, and no poetry at all; violent and virulent, it was a confused and disjointed tissue of bigotry, amalgated with congenial vulgarity. He accused my client of using Billingsgate, and he accused him of it in language suited exclusively for that meridian. He descended even to the calling of names: he called this young gentleman a 'malefactor,' a 'Jacobin,' and a 'ruffian,' gentlemen of the jury; he called him 'abominable,' and 'sedi-

tious, and 'revolutionary,' and 'infamous,' and a 'ruffian' a gain, gentlemen of the jury; he called him a 'brothel keeper,' a 'pander,' 'a kind of bawd in breeches,' and a 'ruffian' a third time, gentlemen of the jury.

"I cannot repress my astonishment, how Mr. Attorney-General could have preserved this dialect in its native purity; he has been now for nearly thirty years in the class of polished society; he has, for some years, mixed amongst the highest orders in the state; he has had the honour to belong for thirty years to the first profession in the world—to the only profession, with the single exception, perhaps, of the military, to which a high-minded gentleman could condescend to belong—the Irish bar. To that bar, at which he has seen and heard a Burgh and a Duquery; at which he must have listened to a Burston, a Ponsonby, and a Curran; to a bar, which still contains a Plunket, a Ball, and, despite of politics, I will add, a Bushe. With this galaxy of glory, flinging their light around him, how can he alone have remained in darkness? How has it happened, that the twilight murkiness of his soul, has not been illuminated with a single ray shot from their lustre? Devoid of taste and of genius, how can he have had memory enough to preserve this original vulgarity? He is, indeed, an object of compassion, and, from my inmost soul, I bestow on him my forgiveness, and my bounteous pity."

Lectures on Heraldry; in which the Principles of the Science are familiarly explained, &c. &c. By ARCHIBALD BARRINGTON, M.D.—GEORGE BELL, Fleet-street.

A WORK excellently well adapted to render the acquirement of a knowledge of heraldry pleasant and easy. The student is not bewildered at the outset, as in many similar works, in a maze of uncouth technical terms, which appear not only confused but barbarous. Dr. Barrington has reduced the apparent confusion into most admired order, and has shown that what seems barbarous is a natural consequence arising from the extreme antiquity of heraldry (using that word in its widest signification)—from its primary establishment in rude and semi-barbarous ages and countries.

The author eloquently points out the importance of heraldry as an elucidation of history; it is, indeed, to history what punctuation is to print—the broad fact or the general meaning may be obvious enough, but the necessary adjunct to ensure full appreciation of either, in all its bearings and niceties, is wanting. To the antiquarian and architectural student, moreover, heraldic devices often supply a chronological key, derivable from no other source. To the Houses of Parliament, when completed (in whatever epoch that may be),¹ Dr. Barrington's book will be found both a popular and scientific guide:—

"Judging from what has already been done," says he, "heraldry will there be indeed triumphant, and if for no other purpose than to enable him to appreciate and understand the devices which will be there introduced, the student would be amply repaid for the small amount of application which is necessary to get a general acquaintance with the principles of that science. With this view we have introduced into the following lectures an account of the armorial bearings, with the badges and devices of both the kings and queens of England, with the supporters of each sovereign, as they may be seen on the river front of this noble pile of buildings."

The work is so fully illustrated that it is a pictorial chart, as well as a history and explanation, of heraldry.

Payne's Illustrated London. A Series of Views of the British Metropolis, and its Environs, &c.—BRAIN and PAYNE, Paternoster Row.

It is now between two and three hundred years since our renowned sovereign—the “good Queen Bess”—issued her royal mandate for restraining the erection of additional buildings, and setting limits to London, already, in her judgment, overgrown. A different opinion, however, has for many years past prevailed, and, vigorously enough supported, still continues. “Never, indeed, in the history of our country”—we quote from the work before us—“were building operations in fuller activity than at present, or greater beauty of design displayed. Localities, consisting of dark and narrow lanes or alleys, where the light of heaven was scarcely admissible, and where vice reigned almost uncontrolled, have been swept away; and in their place elegant structures reared, on which the architect has exerted his utmost skill. Ground, which but a short time since, from its low and marshy situation, remained unproductive, or, what was worse, exhaled its baneful miasma, is now covered with magnificent squares and noble mansions, tenanted by persons of the highest rank.”

This description is perhaps a trifle overcharged, and the number of “noble mansions” and “elegant structures, on which the architect has exerted his utmost skill” is, we believe, not *quite* so very great as that which our author would here so glowingly seem to intimate. Nevertheless, of London, such as it is, and is about to become, the present serial is designed to furnish a concise yet comprehensive view, and the numbers of the work already published augur favourably for its successful completion. The engravings, on steel, and of very great excellence, are lavishly distributed, whilst in the literary department, a consecutive history of our mighty metropolis is given, together with interesting descriptions of the several buildings depicted.

As constituting one of the best and assuredly cheapest *pictorial* histories of London extant, the work claims, and will doubtlessly secure, an extensive and remunerating circulation.

Bolsover Castle: a Tale from Protestant History of the Sixteenth Century. By M. D.—SHORT & Co., King-street, Bloomsbury.

THERE is one peculiarity about this book which is very rarely met with; it makes controversy, theological controversy, appear amiable. There is something of the same characteristic in *Tremaine*, but in *Bolsover Castle* the discussion is between Protestant and Roman Catholic, and not between Christian and sceptic.

The story of the ill-fated Arabella Stuart supplies the theme, but the author only “amplifies the story of her childhood, and leaves it where others have taken it up”—a childhood passed under the eye of her maternal grandmother, the famous Bess of Hardwick, but one neither unruffled nor uneventful. Whilst Protestant sovereigns ruled England and Scotland, the attention of the bolder intriguers among the Roman Catholics was naturally drawn to the Lady Arabella,—this circumstance, the use made of her name,

by various plotters in that plotting age, and her consanguinity to James VI., altogether supply ample materials out of which the author has skilfully woven a plot of much interest. The scene is not confined to Bolsover Castle; we have a sketch of James's Scottish Court, whilst the pages teem with names of historic repute. All this, however, is rendered subservient to the design kept steadily in view throughout the work—the advocacy of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. After this manner are her claims supported:—

It is *not true*, Arabella, that there is Unity in the Roman Catholic Church. True, if you like, it bears the outward appearance of Unity, grounded on the magnificent fabric of the Papacy; but the Romanists are as much split into sects and divisions as *we* can ever be. At this moment, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits all hate each other. Again, Christ never assumed temporal authority—how could he transmit what he never took himself? And respecting the Church holding the Scriptures, our Reformers, and our Anglican Church, have never given up this ground for themselves. They stand on the same ground, or rock, on which rests the Latin Church, only resisting all pretensions to infallibility, and ridding the Church of its load of perplexing traditions and errors, to recover the pure meaning of the revealed Word of God. The Church of Jerusalem has stronger claims to antiquity than the Church of Rome. Gregory the Great himself denounced a Bishop of Bishops as antichristian; thus it is the antichristian usurpation of Rome which has severed the bond of Catholic Unity; and the present position of our Anglican Church, believe me, is one *forced upon us by apostate Rome.*"

It is necessary to add, that the arguments advanced in support of the Roman Catholic Church, are fairly and eloquently put.

A Peep into Architecture. By ELIZA CHALK.—G. BELL, Fleet-street.

"I launch my barque," says our fair authoress, "not without apprehension from the fearful shoals of criticism, nor with the presumptuous expectation of converting all its readers into architects; but as

'The beauteous bud, dissevered from the stem,
Engenders hope to nurse the parent gem,'

so I trust those friends who kindly glide over this tributary stream, will be induced to sail onwards to those fruitful shores of architectural knowledge, from which this little vessel has been freighted."

We cordially wish the barque a prosperous voyage and the most favouring *trade winds*. The multiplicity of architectural treatises the last few years have given to the reading world, or to the neglected shelf, render it next to impossible to produce a novelty on the subject. If it were possible to produce it, a lady—though ladies' studies are more generally given to the interior furniture, than to the architectural style of a mansion—a lady, we repeat, was the most likely to accomplish this feat, and Miss Chalk's letters, for in such form she writes, often place an old subject in a new and pleasing light.

As a specimen of the style of the work, we subjoin an extract concerning the crosses which abound in England:—

There was formerly a cross in almost every village, or market town, either in the church-yard, or at the confluence of several roads, and in towns, generally in the market-place. People could rarely read or write, and agreements were consequently ratified simply by an appeal to this visible cross as an ensign of faith. This plain and rapid mode of legalizing transactions by touching or swearing by the cross, was adopted by the Church as easily comprehended and executed. Hence arose the crosses still remaining, though frequently in a dilapidated state; or the term, which has often outlived the erection in cities and towns, where public business was formerly transacted, and where fairs and markets are still held. Even in our own time, persons who cannot write make a cross as their mark of sanction to any agreement, which doubtless has descended from this ancient custom. The sign of the cross probably originated in the scriptural mode of setting up stones as a witness to a covenant, which was done by Jacob and Laban, and as boundary marks for pasturage, in which way the cairns of Scotland even now limit the shepherd's track.

The Hand-Book of Fountains, and a Guide to the Gardens of Versailles.
By FREEMAN ROE.—R. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE contents of this little book are designed to draw attention to the use of fountains as a valuable and desirable decoration to parks, gardens, &c.; to show what taste has done and may accomplish; point out the mechanical contrivances, appliances, and the resources necessary, or which may be available; and, finally, give an indication for the direction of design. And, as an eminent hydraulic engineer, Mr. Roe is well qualified to instruct us in all these matters; he has also devised some very important improvements in the construction of fountains, and his work before us contains a variety of designs, exhibiting much taste and picturesqueness in their embellishments and general effect.

It certainly is rather unaccountable that, with all the power of machinery at our command, hydraulic embellishments have been but little attended to in this country. On this topic, our author is eloquent. "Whilst natural forms of fountains and gushing streams," he writes, "suggest a ready imitation in our gardens or domains, the infinity of forms and shapes which the fluid may be made to assume would seem to open a wide field for artistical taste and display. As the most beautiful scenery in nature would be divested of its charms were it deprived of the water, which, in its tortuous course, or sudden and continuous gush, realizes to our eyes the height of beauty, so it would appear that as we do not avail ourselves of the agency of water, or if we do so, only to a trifling extent in the ornament of artificial parterres, we lose one of the brightest charms which might be imparted to them. With, from the improvement of hydraulic art, unlimited sources of supplies of water at our command, and a fluid capable of assuming any form in design to which art may direct its course, there is little doubt but that the neglect of Fountains has resulted from a want of knowledge of the principles upon which they should be constructed, and that when these are better known, they will become an essential to every domain where beauty is the object or study of the garden architect. It is not alone, however, in country scenery that the use of Fountains is desirable. What would more relieve the monotony of the walk in crowded cities, and what prove more conducive to the

cleansing, purification and cooling of the atmosphere and streets, than were they placed at every available spot? In the latter point of view, they must be considered of no little importance, as aids in sanatory measures for securing the health of the population."

A guide to the gardens of Versailles, our readers will perceive, is appended to the work.

A Peep into Toorkisthan. By Captain ROLLO BURSLEM.
PELHAM RICHARDSON, Cornhill.

A SOLDIER'S notes of his travels—light, graphic, and dashing. Captain Burslem's book is what it professes to be, and will be read with avidity. It is a peep into Toorkisthan, a gallant officer's peep, and is not encumbered with the statistical and fiscal details, generally imperfect and invariably heavy, which have weighed down so many a book of travels into the dust of neglect and oblivion.

The route pursued, from Cabul to Koollum, is one rarely traversed by Europeans. Captain Burslem accompanied Lieut. Sturt, who was ordered professionally to survey the passes of the Hindoo Khosh:—

"On the 13th of June," says our author, "we commenced our ramble, intending to proceed to Balkh by the road through Bamecān, as we should then have to traverse the principal passes of Hindoo Khosh, and our route would be that most likely to be selected by an army either advancing from Bokhārā on Cabul or moving in the opposite direction. The plundering propensities of the peasantry rendered an escort absolutely necessary, and ours consisted of thirty Affghans belonging to one of Shah Soojah's regiments, under the command of Captain Hopkins. As Government took this opportunity of sending a lac of rupees for the use of the native troop of Horse-Artillery stationed at Bamecān, our military force was much increased by the treasure-guard of eighty Sipahis and some remount horses; so that altogether we considered our appearance quite imposing enough to secure us from any insult from the predatory tribes through whose haunts we proposed travelling."

Our author had thus every facility to become acquainted with these wild regions, and each chapter of his book is a proof how well he became acquainted with them. At a short distance from the pass of Akrobad, which divides Affghanistan from Toorkisthan, Captain Burslem and his fellow-travellers met Sirdar Jubber Khan, the brother of Dost Mahomed, on his way to Cabul from the interior of Toorkisthan. Madame D'Arblay, in her lately published *Memoirs*, shows how wearisome a thing was etiquette in the Court of George III.; Captain Burslem shows its inconvenience in communing with an Oriental potentate, when etiquette compels a compliance with Oriental customs. Either body or mind, it appears, *must* be cramped. He thus describes his interview with Jubber Khan:—

"During our visit he presented us each with a small silver Mahommedan coin, saying at the same time with a peculiar grace and dignity that he was now a poor man, and entirely dependent on the generosity of the British; that the coin was of no intrinsic value, but still he hoped we would remember the donor. Much as we respected the character of our host, I could not but regret that he had not yet picked up the English habit of sitting on a chair; for what with tight pantaloons and a stiff uniform, I got so numbed by sitting cross-legged like a tailor, that when the interview was over I could not rise from my cramped position without assistance, much to the amusement of Jubber Khan, whose oriental gravity was entirely upset."

The use of horse-flesh, as an article of diet, is not confined to the preparation of London saveloys and sausages. Very few aged horses were met

with in Captain Burslem's route; he found, on enquiry, that the animals often broke down, when young, in consequence of the hardships they had to endure; they were then killed, and made into *kabobs*. The eating-houses in Cabul and Candahar always require a good supply of this delicacy, which is highly relished by the natives, and when mixed with spices, hardly distinguishable from other kinds of animal food. We close our notice of this pleasant volume with further dietetic information, especially interesting to the curious in the cups that cheer but not inebriate:—

“In the afternoon the chief of Māther called to pay his respects, bringing a present of fruit and sheep's milk; the latter I found so palatable, that I constantly drank it afterwards; it is considered very nutritious, and is a common beverage in Toorkisthān, where the sheep are milked regularly three times a day. Goats are very scarce, cows not to be seen, but the sheep's milk affords nourishment in various forms, of which the most common is a kind of sour cheese, being little better than curdled milk and salt. Tea is also a favourite drink, but is taken without sugar or milk; the former is too expensive for the poorer classes, and all prefer it without the latter. Sometimes a mixture such as would create dismay at an English tea-table is handed round, consisting principally of tea-leaves, salt, and fat, like very weak and very greasy soup, and to an European palate most nauseous. We could never reconcile our ideas to its being a delicacy. Tea is to be procured in all large towns hereabouts, of all qualities and at every price; at Cābul the highest price for tea is £5 sterling for a couple of pounds' weight; but this is of very rare quality, and the leaf so fine and fragrant that a mere pinch suffices a moderate party.

What would our tea-drinking old ladies say for a few pounds of that delicious treasure? This superfine leaf reaches Cābul from China through Thibet, always maintaining its price; but it is almost impossible to procure it unadulterated, as it is generally mixed by the merchants with the lesser priced kind. The most acceptable present which a traveller could offer in Toorkisthān would be *fire-arms* or *tea*; the latter is a luxury they indulge in to excess, taking it after every meal; but they seldom are enabled to procure it without the lawless assistance of the former.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to thank Mr. MELVILL, the East India Company's Secretary, for his courteous intimation of supplying us, for the purposes of the *INDIAN EXAMINER*, with Copies of all Papers printed by Order of the General Court of the East India Company for the use of Proprietors of East India Stock. We shall lay before our readers ample details of all these documents as they severally appear.

M. P.'s communication has been received. We trust his speculations as to the probable circulation of our Magazine may be fully realized. We have already secured a large and influential List of Subscribers, and its number is daily increasing.

Copies of the following Works have been forwarded us: they will all be duly noticed in our next Number:—Mr. Eisenberg *On Diseases of the Feet—The Student's Help*, and *Paradise Lost* Italianized, by Guido Sorelli—*A Manual of Book-Keeping*—Mr. Evans' *Statement as to Lord Nelson's Coat, &c.*—Bensley's *Louis XIV. and his Contemporaries—Calcutta Review, No. IX.*—Messrs. Chambers' *Atlas of Modern and Ancient Geography—&c. &c.*

Mr. Melbrook has also transmitted us one of his Chemical Razor-Strops, which we have tried, and found most admirable. To our razor-using readers, we strongly recommend the instrument; its sharpening powers are absolutely marvellous.

All Communications, Books for Review, Advertisements, &c., to be addressed to the Editor, on or before the 28th of each Month, to the care of the Publishers; or to Mr. A. MUNRO, at the "INDIAN EXAMINER" Office, No. 3, New Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields.