

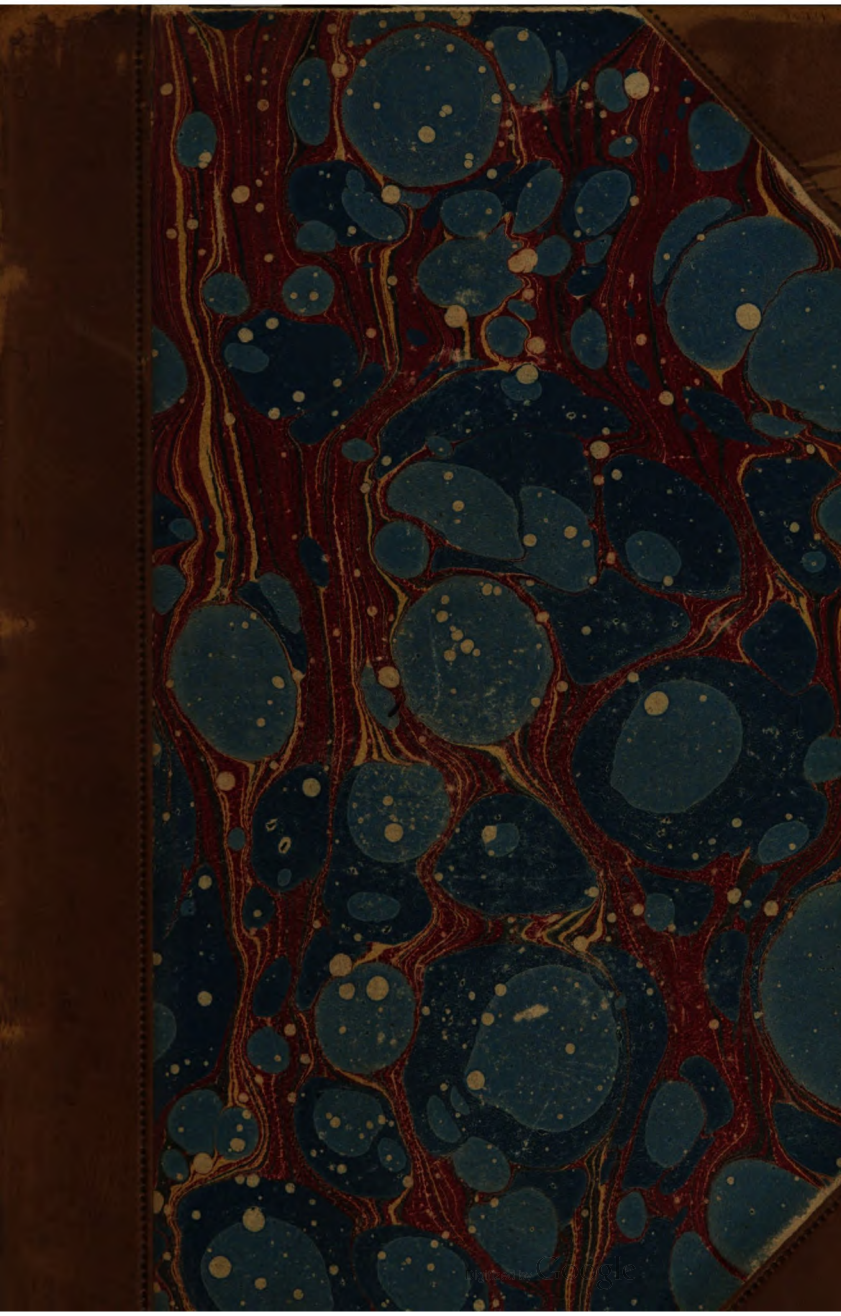
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By

William Barrington Reade

Late Lieutenant 1<sup>st</sup> Regiment  
of Bengal Light Cavalry.

Retired from the Public Service

1832.-

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THE

SABRE MSS.,

BEING

*Sabre, Major, Genl*

SELECTIONS FROM THE PAPERS

OF A DISTINGUISHED

BENGAL CAVALRY OFFICER,

(LATELY DECEASED);

CONTAINING AMUSING

DESCRIPTIONS OF INDIAN LIFE,

INTERSPERSED WITH

VARIOUS ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

---

EDITED BY

GEO. TRAFFORD.

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1846.





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TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRISTOL MIRROR.

Mudditon, near Axbridge, 16th Dec., 1845.

Sir,—In arranging the papers of my friend, the late Major Sabre, I have discovered a small roll of MSS., on which, in his much-lamented handwriting, is inscribed, “I shall send these to one of the Annuals some day.” As his executor and residuary legatee (the poor fellow died in debt), I ought, perhaps, to have tendered the enclosed, and, if you please, some other of his papers, to the editor of one of the Annuals, rather than to yourself; but those publications are so ephemeral, and of such limited circulation, that I am convinced I shall honour the Major’s memory more by requesting *your* notice of them, than by carrying out his intentions *to the letter*. He lived honoured and died lamented amongst *us* moreover, and there is not a respectable family within miles of this place wherein the *Mirror* is not an acceptable weekly visitant. Many, therefore, of poor Sabre’s friends will have an opportunity of reading more of him now he is gone, than ever they heard of him whilst he was living; for he was a man of a singular taciturnity, seldom speaking on

ii.

any subject, and never alluding to his own personal affairs ; he possessed, however, a reflecting mind—an assertion I do not make on any less authority than his own—for I once chanced to ask him how he contrived to pass his days in India, when marching by himself from station to station. “ Oh ! pleasantly enough,” was his reply ; “ after breakfast I used to sit on a chair in my tent, and cock my feet on the tent-pole and *think* till dinner time ; and then I used to smoke and *think* till I went to bed—*I used to like marching by myself.*” I must beg leave to couple this anecdote of the Major with another. I put the above question to a Gallant Captain in the Indian army, who was remarkably fond of all sorts of gambling. “ Well,” said he, “ sometimes I do a long-division sum, and back the 5’s against any other figure in the quotient ; but most usually I play backgammon, right hand against the left.”

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

GEORGE TRAFFORD.

## MAJOR SABRE'S MSS.

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In the autumn of 17—, I was one of the officers in the military escort of Sir E. F—, deputed by the Governor of Bengal to arrange some important political matter with the Newaub of Shirkapoor—what its exact nature was never transpired, but it was generally understood that Government was anxious on the subject, and extremely desirous that the affair should be speedily arranged. It was no doubt with a view to this, that the escort in attendance on Sir Edward, was made to consist of an entire troop of Horse Artillery, a regiment of Light Cavalry, in which I was a Lieutenant, and three regiments of Native Infantry—in fact, the whole movement resembled rather an armed interposition than a friendly conference, and the discipline insisted on in our camp, before Shirkapoor, was precisely that which would have been practised had we been in the vicinity of an open enemy. No one was, on any pretence, suffered to pass beyond the outlying pickets, unless with a written permission from the officer commanding the escort; sentries were doubled at night, and the troops stood to arms every morning half an hour before day-break. A particular order moreover was issued, requiring officers to be careful no offence was given by the soldiers to such of the natives who might visit the camp on duty or pleasure, and calling on all of us to respect the *religious prejudices* of our neighbours. Things had gone on in this way for a month and more, and I, for my part, was heartily sick of my share in the business, and began most devoutly to wish some clear understanding, or a regular row, would take

place—when, one afternoon, after tiffin-ing (*Anglice*, lunching,) with Lieut. Anderson and Cornet Douglas, two of my brother officers, the subject we fell on while smoking our chillums was shooting—here was the season going by, the cold weather slipping through our fingers, and we not getting a shot! The idea grew so rapidly that, mentioning my determination to apply for leave to get out that afternoon, I started off to the Commanding Officer's tent, to solicit the necessary permission; and, much to the surprise of my associates, I speedily returned to them, armed with full powers to visit the neighbouring hills, in company with Lieut. Anderson and Cornet Douglas, for the purpose of shooting. We very soon left the encampment behind us, had an exhilarating walk through a fine country, had bagged some fourteen brace of black partridge, as many again of quail, and were on our road to camp, when, passing by a dry well, a thing common enough in all parts of India, a tremendous row was heard, and up came, by twos, threes, and half dozens at a time, a whole flock of blue pigeons; we gave them four or five discharges each of us, and all with fatal effect, and were laughing at this novel sort of sport, when I was rudely collared, and at the same moment pinioned from behind—my companions were in the like predicament, and we were speedily led off in the direction of the city. Our captors were exceedingly incommunicative, “Shy-tan,” and “Jehannum,” (*Anglice*, the Devil and Pandemonium,) being, as far as I can recollect, the only words they uttered. We ourselves, as may readily be supposed, were rather disgusted at such a termination to our afternoon's sport, and were by no means comforted by certain unambiguous expressions, which reached us from a crowd of Dervises and Priests, formed about the gate through which we were now being led into the city.

As we continued our route through the streets, the

tumult our presence occasioned seemed to increase, and it was really with some sort of satisfaction we felt ourselves bundled into a rude kind of guard-room, under the charge of a couple of huge, bewiskered, moustached Shirkapoor soldiers, who paraded before the doorway with the long guns of the country over their shoulders, and lighted matches round their waists. At the time of our seizure we had each a servant with us, to carry our game, &c. ; two of these were captured when we were, but the other, who happened to be in my employ, succeeded in eluding the enemy (for so I must call them), and escaped into camp. He immediately gave an account of what had happened to us, and the Commanding Officer lost no time in communicating the intelligence to Sir Edward, who received it in the presence of the Newaub, who himself, almost at the same instant, obtained a history of the whole matter from the officer of the guard under whose custody we were. To any one who has never seen one of these Oriental despots in a rage, it would be impossible to convey a just notion of the scene that ensued as soon as ever the officer had finished his report. The Newaub jumped up off the cushions on which he had been seated, dashed his turban on the ground, gave a passionate order respecting *us*, and would most certainly have offered violence to the sacred person of Sir Edward himself, had not cooler and wiser parties interfered. Now, what does the reader imagine was the cause of all this disturbance? Simply our having shot those uneatable and thrice abominable *blue pigeons*, birds which these circumcised Shirkapoorites, it appeared, held in the utmost religious veneration; this was the "head and front" of our offence, and, as will be seen, was bitterly atoned for. Sir Edward, to do him justice, so soon as the Newaub would listen to him, attempted to inculcate the idea (which was true enough) that we were ignorant of the value set upon these birds by the Newaub's



people ; but failing in this, he offered to pay one hundred—two hundred rupees, for every bird of the kind we had slain. But the Newaub seemed incapable of any other idea than that of *blood for blood*, and insisted that we should be left to the decision of the Shirkapoor law on the subject. It was certainly a very inopportune moment when we violated this sanguinary edict.

Sir Edward, by far the most able diplomatist of his time, had, by the exercise of uncommon tact and temper, got the matter he had in hand into such train as bade fair to bring it to a conclusion of a far more favourable kind than the Government had contemplated, and the very next day been appointed for exchanging a treaty which, if ratified, would immortalise Sir Edward as a politician. Again, the Government of Bengal was not then, as it is now, the sovereign power in India ; so far from it was it in fact, that its position was not *absolutely secure* ; and what with the French here, the Dutch there, and the hostile natives everywhere, the nobleman at the head of affairs needed all his statesmanship and military experience to preserve the seat of his government, which more than once tottered even under *him*. At a time, therefore, when so much depended on Sir Edward's success at Shirkapoor, it will not surprise any one that three subalterns in a cavalry regiment were not considered too great a sacrifice to be made to ensure it. Sir Edward made, however, one more attempt to rescue us, but, failing in it, he left us to our fate—a circumstance which was duly explained to us by our custodians, together with the nature of our offence.

The Newaub having us now unreservedly in his power, lost no time in letting us *know* it. Without any superfluous form, we were removed from the guard-room, and, as the first step towards appropriate punishment, were one by one lowered by means of ropes into a dungeon, which resembled in some degree the dry well so recently

the scene of our unfortunate gunnery. As the last of us reached the bottom of our new prison, a voice from its orifice recommended us, in a most disgusting tone of irony, to make the most of each other's society, for the present would be the only time we should ever be in one another's company again ; some sort of covering was then placed over the mouth of the dungeon, and we were in utter darkness. After some brief space of dreary silence, my younger companion (though in a voice I could scarcely recognise as his) thus gave vent to his feelings:—"Oh, God ! my puir mither ! what will become of her ? and I her only bairn !! *My* situation is horrid, but *her's* !" A violent clapping or smacking succeeded this outburst, and we imagined it proceeded from our friend's beating his forehead in his agony. As any display of feeling on our part would only afford merriment to our persecutors, and, probably, bring additional insult to ourselves, my other companion, who, somehow or other, had contrived to get hold of my hand in the dark, which he pressed with both of his, thus endeavoured to restore poor Douglas to some degree of firmness :—"Come, Geordie, mon," said he, "dinna let your thoughts gang away wi' ye at that rate ! Ilka ane of us has his hour, and, if it shall please God the next should be our ain, whar in the deil's name's the use of greeting ? May be *I* ha' a mither *mysel*, who wad be unco sorry to hear Sandy Anderson had been removed from this world afore his beard had grown ; and altho', beyond a' doot, I wad like to see auld Reekie again, yet ye maun ken a soldier's life is *no' his ain*, but his kintra's—and India is our kintra the noo." "For my part," said I, "I will never believe that this tyrannical miscreant will be allowed to work out his will on three British officers, under the very muzzles of"—Here I was interrupted by the opening of our prison door—as I may term it—a fellow descended by a rope, which he fastened round Douglas, who, as I

perceived by the light which now streamed in upon us, was dreadfully pale and agitated ; in this state he was hauled up out of our sight. The rope was then lowered again for Anderson, who, turning to me and shaking my hand, said, with a voice actually cheerful, " Well, good bye, Sabre ;" then, grasping the rope with both hands, he called out, " Haul up, ye black deevils !" which they did, and the covering was replaced ; ( so soon at least as I was rid of the company of the native who had descended to secure Douglas.) To the rope, which was let down for the native, was affixed a small basket of boiled rice and a jug of water, of which I drank a little, but did not feel hungry enough to attack the rice. Although many years have rolled away since then, I have never forgotten, nor, probably, shall I live to forget, my various feelings in my solitary prison. I endeavoured to ridicule the idea that *any* policy could be so cold-blooded as to sacrifice three lives to further its object. I disdained the notion that a British Commander would suffer three of his officers to be taken, as it were, from under his nose, and murdered by a set of barbarians, who one-third of the force under his command ought to suffice to scatter to the winds ; I assured myself things could never come to such a pass, (*Conolly and Stoddart had not been murdered then,*)—but still the thought *would* come on me—but, suppose you *are* to be sacrificed, *what then?* Anderson had truly said, every man has his hour—suppose this *should be mine!* Oh, that thought ! in one moment what a range it took ! How rapidly, but how distinctly, it brought before me a record of all my sins—many forgotten, none forgiven, and *all* now hissing at me, as it were, in letters of fire on the damp walls of my dungeon ! Oh, cruel, yet blessed, horror of that hour ! I threw myself on my face on the floor, and implored His forgiveness whose name I had mocked and whose laws I had trampled on. That live-long night I lamented over the past, not bestowing one

thought upon the present, and when at early dawn the rope was lowered for me, I *felt happy*, and as light as the air through which I was being drawn, rejoicing in the persuasion that, being pardoned for the past, I was about to be removed from temptation for the future. On reaching the ground, I was dazzled even by the faint light of day ; and, while rubbing my eyes with my left hand, I felt somewhat tickling the open palm of my right ; instinctively closing it, I retained in my grasp a slip of paper : turning, therefore, towards the East, and at the same time placing my right hand as though to screen my eyes from the light of the sun, now rising, I contrived to read these words, written in Bengallee—“*Fear not, you are safe.*” Being apprehensive that my guards would discover this paper (or, at any rate, unwilling that they should do so), I slipped it into my mouth and ate it ; and having been pinioned and placed on a small pony, attended by some score of rude soldiery, I proceeded at a smartish pace in the direction of our camp. In about half an hour, as well as I could judge (for I had forgotten to wind up my watch, neither indeed could I have consulted it had I not, by reason of my bonds), I came in front, and about one hundred yards distant from my own regiment, drawn up in review order ; the rear rank was in “open order,” and as I came in front of the colours the salute was sounded and made. The officer commanding the squadron in which I served galloped up to me, and before he could speak I said—“Well, Captain Bridoon, is the farce nearly played out ? After the shabby way you gave me up, I could hardly have thought you would have paraded the regiment to welcome me back ; is my charger coming up ?” “My poor dear fellow,” replied he, “I *said* all this would deceive you ; we are not here to save you from these brute beasts, so far as life is concerned—but I and every man in the corps will die before any dishonour shall be offered to your corpse !”

The bugles of my regiment now sounded "The recall." Bridoon wheeled round, and hastily exclaiming "God bless you, Sabre, you are shamefully sacrificed," galloped back to his post. From the moment my eyes caught the bright glitter of the drawn sabres of my regiment, I never took them off them, and was thereby utterly ignorant that my pony had been halted close to a small elevated platform; there it *was*, however, and I was speedily dismounted and laid upon it. I was put upon my chest, and a block was inserted under my chin; in this condition I, with some difficulty, got a sidelong view of my regiment—there they were, motionless! Not one of all that glittering mass to spur on to my rescue! I almost felt glad I was out of such a corps! But I had little space for feeling; I heard a sword unsheathed—I *felt* it circling above me—a rude voice called out "Mar!—mar!" (*Anglice*, "Kill! kill!")—my neck received a quick, sharp jar—my limbs seemed to be struggling independently of each other—and then I heard Anderson say, "What the deil are you about, Sabre? ye'll have my hookah down wi' your kicking!! Get awa' up wi' you—here's the 'Stables' have twice sounded, and Captain Bridoon will be speering after ye."

## NUMBER II.

WHICH RELATES HOW CAPTAIN BRIDOOON PERFORMED  
SUBALTERN'S DUTY, AND SUBSEQUENTLY PRESENTED  
EPITHALAMIUM AT HIS WIFE, AND HOW IT MISSED  
FIRE.

During the two years we were in cantonments at Nusseerabad, our regiment invariably furnished the Suddur Bazaar advanced picket. One evening, when I was the officer in command of this said picket, I had just gone "my rounds" at eight o'clock; my servant had, for the *second* time, swept an army of scorpions out of the guard-room, and I was just sitting down to a comfortable pull at my hookah, preparatory to a supper recognised in the united services as "the marine's," when I heard a sentry "challenge," and presently my non-commissioned officer, Fyzoolah Khan, ushered in Captain Bridoon. I was in no small degree surprised at this, for I knew he was not on duty that night, and Nusseerabad being what is called a very *gay* station, (something or other going on in it every evening,) I wondered what could have brought such a thorough "*party*" man as Bridoon was, two miles from the wax lights, to "waste his fragrance" in the company of a subaltern on picket. I say I was surprised, and, probably, appeared so, for he at once said, "Ah! my dear fellow! I dare say you can't imagine what wind has blown me out here; but the fact is, I wished to see you *privately*. Sabre! I am in a regular fix!" "Indeed," said I, "I am sorry to hear you say so." "Oh! by Jove, but I *am*, though, and I must trust to your friendship to"—"Had you not better," I asked, "apply to"—"No, no," said he, interrupting me in his turn, and with

somewhat of vehemence in his manner ; “ No, no; *you*, Sabre, *you only* can and must be my friend in this cursed affair. By Jove! I could not have believed I could have so committed myself,—I am vexed beyond measure.” “ Well, but,” said I, “ as you can say so to *me*, can’t you put it all right by some explanation?”—“ All nonsense,” said he ; “ Yes ! and get myself pointed at by every grinning monkey in cantonments ! No, confound it, it has gone too far to admit of retraction ; besides, what would *she* think of me !” “ She !” cried I ; “ what, is there then a *lady* in the case ?” “ Botheration !” said he, “ hav’nt I told you so ?” “ Not *you*,” said I ; “ may I ask who she is ?” “ *My wife !*” “ What, Mrs. Bridoon ?” cried I. “ Undoubtedly,” said he, “ but you *won’t listen*. The fact is just this, Sabre ; when I was persuading her to become Mrs. Bridoon, the devil, I suppose, prompted me, among other bangs, to tell her I was a *poet !* Tommy Moore couldn’t hold a candle to me !!! To-morrow will be the anniversary of our marriage, and she insists I shall present her with an ode, or a psalm, or some impossible thing of the kind, in honour of the day. Now, my dear Sabre, I know you are a dab at that sort of thing, while *I* never wrote a rhyme in my life ; do, like a good fellow, cook up something for me.” “ Much better,” said I, “ to make her a pretty little speech yourself ; tell her ‘ your union with the *Queen of the Graces* dissolved your previous connection with the *Muses*.’” “ No, no, Sabre, you don’t understand ! They say a man *cannot* always be a hero in the presence of his *valet* ; but, Sabre, a man *must* always be a hero in the presence of his *wife*. Will you,” added he with quickness, “ write these verses for me or not ?—*say no !* and by heaven I’ll ride straight down to the Sergeant Major and ask *him*.” “ Well, well, sit you down, and we will talk about it.” “ No time for talking, my dear boy ; I’m engaged at the Colonel’s, to whist, at *ten*, and it’s *nine* now ; here’s the

raw material (producing pen, ink, and paper from the drawer of the guard-room table); set to work and weave a nice little cloak to cover my sins—and, meanwhile, I'll take a whiff of your chillum." "I bar *that*," said I; "I can't *think* unless I *smoke*, and I can't *write* unless I *think*; if I work for *you*, you must work for *me*—so, while I'm weaving *your* cloak, just envelop yourself in *mine*, and go 'a round' for me." Bridoon *did* rather open his eyes at this *modest* proposal, and hesitated a bit; but, ultimately, reached down my garment, enfolded himself in it, and mizzled. As he was departing, I asked what was Mrs. Bridoon's christian name. "She has *two*," said he, "Frances and Amie, but I mostly call her *Tiney*." Away he went, accompanied by an orderly, and I soon heard the usual demands and replies—"Who com dar-r-re?" Orderly replies, "*Fur-rund*." Sentry says, "*Advance, fur-rund, and give the parole!*" As these utterances of broken English became more and more indistinct, I buckled to, and by the time Bridoon had completed my "round" I was able to hand him the following ode, which he commenced reading forthwith:—

Say, dearest Tiney, shall the recreant muse,  
 Which oft, unbidden, raised a sportive lay,  
 At this propitious hour her aid refuse,  
 This second dawning of our marriage day?  
 No! dearest Tiney—as a votary true,  
 She sees me now a *suppliant* at her shrine;  
 Accepts my prayer and bids me sing of you,  
 And that dear hour when first I called thee mine.  
 Since that blessed hour, twelve months have rolled away,—  
 How swift time flies whose wings are tipped with joy!  
 When I look back upon the Fifth of May,  
 The retrospect's unmingled with alloy.  
 Happy were hours gone by!—and happy too,  
 Must each revolving twelve-month prove,  
 While I am blessed, sweet girl! with you,  
 Source of my joys and centre of my love!



May He who rules the earth, the sky, the sea,  
 Long guard us in the narrow path of life ;  
 Preserve the loving husband, me,  
 And you the tender faithful wife !

The perusal of the above afforded Bridoon the utmost satisfaction :—"Jove ! Sabre," cried he, grasping my hand, and heartily thanking me, "you shall be buried in Westminster Abbey—they are the *very thing* : I'll slip 'em into this envelope and be off—there, that will do : I'll copy 'em when I come home from the Colonel's—Fanny will be at roost by that time." So saying, he bagged the ode, mounted his steed, and returned to cantonments.

Next morning, I had marched my picket into the lines, dismissed the men, and made the customary report to the "Captain of the week," and was sitting on the shady side of my Bungalow, sipping Mocha and inhaling the smoke of an exuberantly fine Manilla, when Bridoon came swinging round the corner of the house at full gallop, and pulled dead short up by the side of my chair, thereby half filling my cup with sand and small stones, and covering me with dust thrown up by his horse, thus suddenly halted. "Oh, by Jove, Sabre ! the cat's out,—she has unhorsed me, clean." "How so," said I, "what's the matter ?" "Mrs. Bridoon wishes to see you at breakfast ; come along, and then you'll *hear*." I went, and *did* hear, and a rare laugh we had. When Bridoon reached his quarters, after quitting my guard-room, he found Mrs. Bridoon absent, and thought it no bad opportunity, therefore, to take his copy of my verses ; but a message from the Colonel, acquainting him that the party waited, interrupted him so soon as he had written the following superscription on the envelope—"To Frances Amie Bridoon, who has made me universally envied and superlatively blessed, the enclosed are most affectionately addressed by her eternally attached husband, Charles Circlingale Bridoon." Hastily stowing the packet in his

sabre-tache, Bridoon proceeded to the Colonel's, and would have misdealt and revoked pretty considerably, could he have known the turn affairs were taking at his own quarters. There was to be field exercise in the morning, and Bridoon's servant came in to polish up his master's appointments—having reached down his sword (before taking it out into the veranda to clean it), he emptied the sabre-tache of a pocket handkerchief, two or three old "reports," and my verses, which, with the "reports," he deposited on the table; and they were still there when Mrs. Bridoon returned home. Seeing a packet addressed to her, she opened it, read the contents, and carried them into her apartment. When Bridoon came home, he missed his treasure, and had inquired of his servant about it, and could only learn that *all* the papers in his sabre-tache had been carefully placed on the table; he began to be uneasy, a feeling which increased, when his lady asked from the other apartment, if he *was looking for Mr. Sabre's verses?* "Mr. Sabre's verses!! Fanny, why what do you mean?" "*Surely, my dear,*" cried the lady, "these are in Mr. Sabre's handwriting"—(shewing him the verses.) "Very odd," replied the husband, "this *is* certainly Sabre's *writing*; but how could—oh, ah! *now* I see; he must have taken a *copy* and"—"No, no, Mr. Charley, it was you who *forgot* to take a copy. Ha! ha! ha!"

## NUMBER III.

## THE QUARTER-MASTER SERJEANT'S NARRATIVE.

The date of my Captain's commission is the 29th February, 18—. I did not, however, receive it till the November following, at which time I also obtained general leave to visit the Presidency for six months,—it is not usual to grant officers leave of absence during the winter months, generally called the “cold weather” in India, that being the period when regiments are preparing for “inspection.” But, in my application, I had stated that during the space of upwards of nineteen years I had never been absent from the regiment for more than three days at a time ; and I imagine his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, was pleased to consider this circumstance entitled me to a run during the only pleasurable season afforded in that climate.—The regiment was at Muttra, and I designed to “march” to Cawnpoor ; from which station a friend in the civil service had kindly offered to convey me to Calcutta in his pinnace, or rather a pinnace he had hired for that voyage.

I was driving up to my ground a “march,” or it might be two on the thither side of Etawah, for I had used my buggy *that* morning, when I observed an European in my encampment ; who, saluting me on my arrival, stated that he had lost his way, and begged permission to refresh himself and his horse in my camp.—I perceived he was in the dress of a Serjeant in my own branch of the service, and was told by him that he was the Quarter-Master Serjeant of the — Light Cavalry, and had left Cawnpoor for Keitah the preceding evening, but had mistaken the road : of this, in truth, there could be no doubt—the

mistake *he* had made was the same as a traveller in this country *would* make, who, being at Bath, and designing to visit me here at Mudditon, should take his first step towards me by proceeding to Devizes. The Serjeant's deviation disturbed him the more, because it happened to be the last day but one of the month, and it was now impossible for him to be present with his regiment at muster, and must, therefore, be returned "Absent without leave;" it was a relief to him, however, his falling in with *me*, as I could furnish him with a certificate that I had met him where and when I did, which would satisfy his commanding officer that he had not *wilfully* overstayed his leave. I told him I should do this for him; and having given directions for his accommodation, I went into my tent, and left the man much more comfortable than I found him. After breakfast I sent for him, and bidding him sit down, asked him what had taken him to Cawnpoor. Now, although it may be very true a man marching as I was, does not fall in with an *European every day in the week*, and may, therefore, be supposed desirous to know all about him when he *should* fall in with one, yet I am not disposed to think *I* should have taken further notice of *this* man, than just ordering him refreshment and giving him the certificate above spoken of, had it not been that I was struck by a something about him which appeared unusual in men of his condition; there was, moreover, a degree of melancholy in his whole expression, both of countenance and manner, which it was impossible to overlook, and which could *never* be attributed to the trivial misfortune of losing his road, the less so *now*, since an officer was ready to explain the circumstance,—and I had some curiosity to know its cause; and, again, he was a fine, soldier-like looking fellow, and wore a ribbon pinned on the left breast of his jacket. All these things combined determined me to have some conversation with him, and induced me, as I have

said, to send for him into my tent, and inquire what had taken him to Cawnpoor. "I went there, Sir, if you please, to leave my little daughter with a Serjeant's wife, with whom I have an acquaintance, and who will be as a mother to her, *I hope*, for it has pleased God to take to Himself her own mother. The Colonel, Sir, has been very kind to me in my trouble, and sent the child into Cawnpoor in his own palanquin, with one of Mrs. G——'s female servants, and allowed me to take my charger—there he is, Sir, (pointing to his horse,)—and ride by her side; and I shall be broken-hearted, *quite*, if the Colonel should think I had overstayed my time in Cawnpoor because of the child, or"—"Make yourself easy on that matter, Serjeant," said I; "I have the pleasure of knowing Colonel G——, and I will write to him; you shall carry the note, and I will explain everything." "You are very kind, Sir, and *all* the gentlemen have been very kind to me—but," added he, (bursting into tears,) "I shall never feel at ease—never, never, never again,—pardon me, Sir, but I *can't* help it; I *murdered* her, and God *knows it*."

Oh, ye tragedy queens! who fret your hour on the mimic stage of life, and but excite a smile while ranting for a tear! could you but have witnessed that scene! beheld those streaming, upturned eyes, and heard the *tone* of that poor fellow's passionate appeal to Heaven! May *I* never again see poor fallen human nature under such an aspect! I began inwardly to blame myself for having, however unintentionally, caused such pain, and was glad to see him rise and quit the tent, which he did; but in about ten minutes he returned, and, apologising for having *disturbed* me again, begged me to hear his story,—"For," said he, "when you know *all*, Sir, I am sure you will *pity* me; as it is, you must *despise* me." "Not so, Serjeant," said I, "I can see you have suffered deeply, and wish I could console you. Time will; yield

now," continued I, "to a natural sorrow, and, by and by, you will be able to stand up again like a true British hero."—"I must have a worse or a much better heart Sir, to do it," cried he, "as you shall judge."

He was silent for a minute or two, mastered some painful feeling, no doubt, and then spoke as follows:—"It is not my desire to speak, Sir, of the *earlier* part of my life; but I was a private, and an officer's servant in the — Light Dragoons during the short campaign we had with Bonaparte, when he came back from Elba. I returned with the regiment when France was evacuated by our troops, and the gentleman I served retired on half-pay; but, before he left the corps, he called me to him, and after having thanked me for a service I did him at Quatre Bras, he asked me if he could help me in any way. Respectfully acknowledging his goodness, I said I should like to quit the army myself, and if he could procure my discharge I should be grateful for it. 'Twenty pounds, William, will do *that*,' said he; 'accept them from me, and also *this*,' at the same time placing a bank note of the value of 100*l.* in my hand: 'take it, William,' said he, 'as a small token of my sense of the service you did me on the 17th of June.'" "May I ask the nature of it, Serjeant?" said I. "Well, Sir," he replied, "Captain — had been unhorsed in a charge, and a Polander was about to stick his lance into him, when I shot him with my pistol, and placing Captain —, who was much hurt, on my horse, led him away to the rear. Many a 100*l.* would be required, Sir, if *every* man who came to the help of his officer was to be remunerated as I was." "You took the money?" inquired I. "I did, Sir, and shortly after I procured my discharge, and so found myself with near 140*l.* in my pocket; for I got 'smart' money, besides what the Captain gave me for two 'remembrancers' I got from the French on my wrist and hand, as you can see, Sir, (holding open his left

hand, which was minus the little finger,) besides a ball I yet carry about me in the calf of my leg ; I got my discharge, as I said, Sir, and leaving the regiment, then in quarters at Brighton, I came up to London, and, after a week or so, I thought I would go down to P——, in the neighbourhood of which I was born. A strange fancy, Sir, the *indulgence* of which I must ever regret, took hold upon me. I was resolved to visit my native place in the *character of a gentleman*. To this end I prepared myself a handsome wardrobe, and after exhibiting myself once or twice in the parks, I booked myself in an Exeter coach, and early in the morning next day left London. In descending a hill in the neighbourhood of N—— the horses broke from under command, and the coach was upset ; some of the passengers were much injured, but I was hurt only in my shoulder and knee, and could have gone on to the town very well a-foot, but, at the moment, a kind of better sort of farmer came driving by in a gig, or dog-cart, and would have me and my luggage into it. As we were driving along, I told him (for he asked me no question beyond whether I was hurt) that I was an officer in the army, an announcement which seemed to claim from him all the civility he could offer ; and when he heard I had no friends at hand, he insisted on carrying me to his own house, and detaining me there till I had recovered from the effects of my accident. You must remember, Sir, this was shortly after the war, and the military were in the utmost repute— not but that I am sure the man who was thus kind to *me* would have been equally so to *any man* needing assistance, for a kinder-hearted being never stepped. He farmed about two hundred acres of his own land, and fifty or sixty of a neighbouring Squire's ; had a comfortable house, the duties of which were discharged by his wife and two daughters, aided by a domestic. Would to Heaven the pure atmosphere of his dwelling

had never been polluted by my presence! From the moment I beheld Mary, the youngest of his daughters, I loved her. I seized every opportunity of gaining her affections, and, not to trouble you, Sir, too much, let it suffice to say, I was successful. I deceived her open-hearted parents with the tale that I was a Captain in the — Lancers, and had even the effrontery to produce an army list, which I had procured from Newbury for the purpose, and wherein, amongst the Captains of that distinguished regiment, was one of the same name as myself, and represented to be on ‘leave to Europe.’ ‘Can’t you exchange into a regiment at home now you *are* here?’ said Mr. — to me, one evening, as, seated by his daughter, we were round the fire. ‘I fear not,’ said I, ‘but I will use all the interest I have at the Horse Guards to do so.’ ‘Because,’ returned he, ‘I don’t much like Polly’s going beyond sea, and India, they tell me, is all against the collar.’ ‘The thing is,’ said I, ‘I stand a better chance of promotion there than I should here, especially if I weaken my interest by making use of it in the way you suggest, and *three years will soon pass by!*’ Oh, Sir! the *deceit* I practised, the *lies* I told to that confiding family! What, what had they done that God should have permitted such a scoundrel to invade them?”

The Serjeant, deeply affected, paused for a moment or two, and then proceeded:—“We were married; and in the most private manner: I insisted that it *should* be so; fearful of detection, I expatiated on the impropriety of making ourselves the ‘observed’ of hundreds of people, as indifferent to *us* as we to them, and I *utterly* objected to a notice of my marriage being sent to the county ‘paper.’ I did not wish the marriage of Captain —, of her Majesty’s — Lancers, should be carried *this* week to that gentleman’s friends, to be ‘positively contradicted’ by them the next. You can scarcely believe it



possible, Sir, but these attempts to conceal my villainy were so far from exciting their distrust, that they actually moved them to *merriment*; and they ascribed to modesty, what was due only to the basest feeling. Sir, in the intoxication of my beloved's society, I forgot the means by which I had obtained it; and more than three months glided away before I began to *feel* as I *hourly had done before* my marriage. One day I had accompanied Mr. — to Newbury, and was sitting in a coffee-room, while he was gone into the market, when I happened to take up *The Times*, and was struck dumb with horror at reading an announcement of the marriage of the gentleman I had personated, with Lady Mary, eldest daughter of the Earl of —. On recovering myself I sought out Mr. —, and, oh! that I had then had the fortitude to confess the whole extent of my villainy to him! But, Sir, it is well said, 'guilt makes cowards of us all.' Rather than run the risk of what *might* ensue, and especially dreading he would deprive me of my wife, I resolved to persist in my deception. When I met with him, I easily persuaded him to return at once with me, and forego his usual refreshment at the inn. I forget the reason I assigned for carrying him away earlier than usual, but the true one was, I dreaded lest by any accident he should see the newspaper. All that night, Sir, I lay awake, imagining all manner of evil, and planning what I should do. At last I determined to take my wife to London, and, next day, resorting to my evil genius for assistance, I succeeded in persuading her parents that Mary's presence in town would materially tend to the success of my application to 'exchange,' a project to which I had pretended *joyfully* to accede, since she was likely to become a mother. I expedited the movement so, that we were in a lodging in London on the fourth day after my visit to Newbury. But every day, Sir, seemed to me an eternity. I have sat at the window thinking the

postman never *would* come into our street,—and, when he *did* come, trembled all over till he had passed our door; for I dreaded every day that he might bring my poor wife a letter, telling her I was a heartless impostor; and yet, I knew all the while he could *not* do so, for I had *never* dated a letter from my lodging, but from a coffee-house hard by,—and, as Mary always gave me *her's* to read, I took care no dating of *them* should betray my subterfuge. Oh, what a life was mine! A noise in the street—the more than ordinary speed at which any vehicle was driven down it—filled me with alarm: it might be (guilt suggested) my father-in-law rushing to my ostensible residence in search of the man who had *cheated* him of his child. Oh, Sir, I was distracted! I formed the most insane plans! I strode like a mad-man *one day* towards the Horse Guards, determining to make Lord Hill acquainted with my history, and to solicit a commission! On *another*, I actually *did* make such an application to the Chairman of the E. I. C., who, after treating me with civility, told me I was *past the age* at which officers must enter the service. I endured a month of such torture as you cannot conceive, Sir, and at last it came so that I must do *something*; my money began to run short. I determined never to ask Mr. — for a penny: *that*, I thought, would be *something* in my favour. To revisit Berkshire I was equally determined not to do; and thus was I surrounded by difficulties; when stepping into the coffee-house for my letters, or under that plea, to look at the 'papers,' I was again thrown into the utmost confusion, by reading, among other presentations at Court, *that* of Lady Mary —, on her marriage. *He* is in London, then! My letters will be sent to him! He will hunt out the man who has assumed his name and rank! The idea utterly confounded me, and how I *got* there, I cannot tell you, Sir, but I was once more at the India House, and, before I returned to my lodging, I had accepted the bounty their recruiting Captain gave me, and was a *Serjeant* in *their service*. The ship I was to sail in was taking out

troops ; would sail in four days, and I had permission to take out my wife, and go on board at Gravesend. How could I tell all this to my wife ? I could *not do it*, Sir. I returned to her, not disguising my countenance *now*, but looking as I felt, miserable enough : this at once excited her affectionate solicitude, and she begged me to tell her what disturbed me. ‘Dearest,’ said I, ‘I have very sad news to-day ; Lord Hill has explained to me that an exchange is an impossibility ; there is a little disturbance in India, and, as my regiment is there, I must join it, and when you know, love, my *honour is concerned*, you will with me *thank* Lord Hill for naming the day after to-morrow as the one for my embarkation.’ I shall not make any comment, Sir, on the folly which constructed, or the baseness which uttered this shameful lie. My poor wife received the intelligence with extraordinary firmness ; the more so because I had been cruel enough to encourage her natural wish, that I should be able to effect an exchange into a regiment serving at home,—but she at once said, ‘I *must* see my parents and Sarah ; we can go down to-night by the mail to N —.’ ‘The notice from the Horse Guards is so short,’ said I—(affecting to consider)—*I* could not possibly leave town, and, my dear Mary, in your situation, it would hardly be prudent for you to travel by yourself, especially at night ; every moment of our time is bespoke,—I really think I had better write to your father to come up.’ This proposal did not satisfy her, and she was urging her own proposition, when I interfered again by saying, ‘No, Mary, it *can’t be done*,—but I tell you what *can* : I will go out by this vessel, and will send home for you when I have a house and everything ready for you.’ ‘No, no,’ said she, ‘you are not going to get rid of me that way either.’ She said this playfully, and continued, in a graver tone,—‘no, my dear husband, write to my parents as you proposed ; a happy destiny has bound you to my heart, and I will never sever that sweet bond.’

“I wrote accordingly, explaining circumstances to her

father, read the letter over to my wife, and, saying I would make sure of its delivery, stepped out under the pretence of posting it myself, and returned *without having done so*. We passed the two following days in making preparations for our voyage, and I told my wife, ladies always wore common dresses on board ship, which she believed because *I* said so, though I had told that lie, Sir, to prevent her purchasing articles of dress suited to females in her imaginary station in life. But I must not go into a needless detail. The night before I left London I remained in our parlour for a longer period than usual, after she had left for her apartment; while pacing up and down the room, I suddenly came to the resolution of throwing myself at her feet, confessing everything, and abiding the result: hastily lighting a night candle, and extinguishing those on the table, I rushed up stairs, and, had she been awake, I verily believe I should have done as I intended. But, alas, Sir, wearied probably with the fatigues of shopping and packing, she had fallen asleep; and when I gazed on those beautiful features, so calm, so reposed, I *dared* not disturb them by a tale like mine; and, oh, Heaven be merciful!—be merciful to me!—when I subsequently enfolded her sleeping form in my embrace, and she unconsciously murmured out accents of love, and gently, oh, *how* gently, returned my caress;—*then*, Sir, I *would* not—no, I *would* not spare her one drop of the bitter cup I had prepared for her, since to do so I must shorten my own guilty, but ineffable enjoyment. At noon next day we were at the ‘India Arms,’ at Northfleet, the place where I had told my wife I had, in a *second* letter, appointed her parents to meet us. We waited and waited till late in the afternoon, but, as they had not then arrived, my wife consented to go on board, and I left Mr. ——’s name on a slip of paper with the landlord, begging that he should be sent after us the moment he arrived. You must readily believe, Sir, that my demeanour at that time was

marked and excited ; my wife failed not to observe it, and attributing it entirely to my anxiety about *her*, who was much cast down through the non-appearance of her parents, she, forgetting or suppressing her own sorrow, attempted to comfort me and soothe my agitation. And now, Sir, although I could not myself undeceive her, I longed that she should be. Placing her in a boat, we were soon alongside the ship —. I, of course, Sir, being in *this* service, was in plain clothes, and Mary's appearance altogether gave the assurance that we were a gentleman and lady passenger: a chair was accordingly lowered down for my wife, and one of the ship's officers descended into the boat, and accommodated her to it; the word was given, and she was soon on the deck of the vessel. I was *afraid to follow her*,—and was pretending to busy myself with our luggage, when the officer who had so politely assisted my wife, said to me, 'Hadn't you better look after the lady, Sir? I'll see to your traps: here, Jones, send down a couple of hands to clear this boat.' When I stepped on deck, my wife was listening to the Captain's steward, and I heard him saying, 'There is a *Serjeant* of that name, Ma'am, a passenger, aboard.' 'Which is your cabin, Sir?' cried a rough voice at my side, 'your luggage is all aboard.' 'What's the name?' asked the steward, coming forward. '\* \* \* \* \* is on this un,' replied the seaman. 'Is this *your's*, Sir?' asked the steward of me. I gave him no answer; I had fainted. When I was restored to consciousness I found myself on the orlop deck; a gentleman was sitting by my side,—he was the ship's doctor: seeing me resuscitating, he said, 'How do you find yourself *now*, *Serjeant*?' 'Hush! hush!' said I, 'my wife will —' 'No more of *this*, Sir, I desire,' he exclaimed, 'you have, in some manner or another, imposed upon an unsuspecting female, and, by the Lord Harry, Sir, if I were the Captain of this ship —' 'Oh, spare me, Sir, add not to the torments I have endured for months! Oh!

Mary!' Then suddenly struggling to rise, but, so weakened by my fit that he easily kept me down, I said, 'My wife! has she left me? Left the ship? Where is she?' 'In *my cabin*, Sir, and you ought to *die* when I tell you no arguments Captain L. or myself have used, could persuade her to return to her friends.' 'May God eternally bless her!' (I wept out,) 'oh, doctor, kind, good doctor, ask her, *bring* her to come and see me.' Oh! Captain Sabre! (He has learnt my rank and name, I suppose, from my servants.) That excellent gentleman condescended to do my errand; and, although my agitation was so excessive, when I heard them coming down the ladder, that I thought I must have died before they reached me, yet nature stood the rude assault, and I lay trembling, yet sensible; but when *she* stood before me, and bowing down, gently pressed her lips to my forehead, the *weight* of that soft, sweet, forgiving kiss, bore down my unrecruited strength, and I relapsed into unconsciousness.

"Of what passed during that night I can say but little. My wife, partly by my means, partly *now* by her own penetration, had become acquainted with all I have related to you, Sir; and next day, as we sailed towards Deal, she stood by my side in the lee waist of the ship, speaking words of kindness to the man who had swindled her affections, debased her from her proper rank in society, stolen her from her parents and sister, and that too, without permitting them an adieu! But although she exercised such forbearance as a woman, and evinced such devotion as a wife, she did so on principles the most exalted; she had been most cruelly injured, and she forgave me,—she was my wife, and she would not forsake me; but, Sir, from the hour we embarked, till God took her pure spirit to Himself, she was to me but as a dutiful child or affectionate sister. Our voyage was a pleasant one, very, very much more so than could have been anticipated; the lady

passengers under pretence, no doubt, that my wife could be of *use* to *them*, had her by turns into their cabins, which was a great benefit to *her*, to whom the scenes on the orlop deck of a ship carrying troops were very distressing. But that which tended principally to our comfort (you know the saying, Sir, the shot which levels *one* man raises *another*,) was the death of the 'Captain's clerk,' who went overboard from the 'lee fore-chains,' as he was bathing one evening in the 'first watch.' Every effort was made to save him, and I and five other men were in the quarter cutter ready for lowering, when he passed under the 'counter;' the boat was soon in the water, but we failed to recover him, and he was lost. The ship was to touch at the Cape, and the purser, wanting some one to assist him in copying invoices and the like, my good friend the Doctor, having ascertained my competency, mentioned me to him, and I was not only accepted, but the Captain also was pleased to rate me (who was only nominally under the command of the officer in charge of the troops,) as acting Captain's Clerk, assigning to me with the duties, the cabin of my unfortunate predecessor. This was a room twelve feet by eleven, had a port and scuttle in it, and was an immense boon to my dear wife, who, shortly after we left the Cape, gave birth to the poor child I have just left at Cawnpoor. I cannot tell you, Sir, how deeply my wife seemed to feel for our little innocent, nor could any figures enumerate the tears she shed over this our first and only child. But I must not forget to mention the kindness of the third officer and his messmates,—the Captain's clerk had been a member of that mess, and when I was installed into his office, the gentlemen composing it, sent their servant to say that M—— having paid up his mess to Calcutta, they intended to send his meals into my cabin, which was regularly done,—so that independently of a delicacy now and then sent by order of the Captain, my wife had fresh provisions

daily, a great advantage in her situation; accordingly she soon regained her strength; but, alas! from the time our child was born she became a prey to a melancholy nothing could divert.

“But I must remember, Sir, where I am.” “Don’t omit anything on that score, Serjeant,” said I, “believe me I am deeply interested;” he bowed, and proceeded.—“When we came to Keitah, Sir, this feeling I have spoken of increased. The Serjeant Major is not a married man, had he been so, Sir, perhaps it would have been worse! The riding master’s wife, Sir, looked down upon *us!* and my poor wife, I being so much upon duty, had but a lonely time of it. Sunday evenings, and week days after sunset, were the only times I could take a walk with her, and it was always in one direction—the *burial-ground, Sir.* I never recollect to have walked elsewhere with her; if, when I came home from the drill parade, she was not within, *there, Sir,* I was sure to find her; many and many a time has she remained there, now walking, now sitting, until her dress, and the child’s too (for she always carried her with her), were wet through with the dew. We had returned home later than usual one evening, after a visit of this description; at midnight my poor wife was seized with most violent pains, and although the surgeon was presently at her side, she died in the most horrid agonies before daylight. May God forgive *me, Sir,* (but I *was* beside myself,)—I accused *her* of having taken poison, the *surgeon* of incapacity, and even threatened his life unless he saved *that* of the tortured, agonised being before him. But, Sir, no skill can arrest, nor any frame withstand, the progress of this new disorder, this plague, which having devastated the lower provinces, has stretched out its arm to us, and is sweeping hundreds into eternity. It is just a month, Sir, since I laid my poor wife in her early grave, and in the spot which *she herself selected.* The Colonel and all the gentlemen feel for me, Sir, but a guilty conscience



and a broken heart are bowing me down, and all I wish now, Sir, is, that I might meet that death from an enemy which I deserve to receive from a 'platoon' of my own countrymen."

He rose and left me, observing that he thought it cool enough to take to his saddle. I counselled him to get some dinner, and I would have my note to Colonel G— ready when he came for it. In about half an hour he re-appeared, with the same *gentlemanly*, subdued, melancholy expression in his bearing and countenance which had so attracted me when I first saw him in the morning. "I am come, Sir, to thank you for all your kindness,—my horse is ready,—may God prosper you, Sir." He was in the act of "saluting" me and departing, when (as it were in *spite* of myself) I said to him, "Serjeant, your language and manner are not those I ever met with in a man in your —." "Perhaps not, Sir," said he; "but in the —th Troop of Horse Artillery are at this moment *three* privates, all men of family and education, one of them, Sir, a first-class man at Oxford; could you know the history of all the rank and file forming the European portion of the Company's army, you would have full evidence that crime, even in this world, leads to misery and degradation." So saying, he made his salute, received his horse from the native groom, who had been walking him about, mounted, and left the encampment.

It was two years subsequently that a young officer of the —th Cavalry brought us some "remount" horses from the stud at Ghazeepoor; his presence reminded me of my poor friend the Serjeant. "Your Quarter-Master Serjeant's name is —, is it not?" said I. "It *was*," he replied, "but that poor fellow has been dead a long time." "I am sorry to hear it," said I; "I fell in with him once, and was much interested in something he told me about himself." "Yes, indeed," observed my young friend, "*his* history, if he told you *that*, *was* an interesting one;

our Colonel knew all about it, and we, generally, understood he had run away with some girl of a good family, persuading her he was an officer of Dragoons; she died, poor thing, of the cholera, shortly before we left Keitah." "And the Serjeant?" inquired I. "He never looked up after he returned from Cawnpoor, where the Colonel allowed him to go and leave his child; the poor fellow was constantly weeping and praying over his wife's grave, many a time, indeed, when he ought to have been elsewhere, but the Colonel overlooked it; and when the order came for us to go to Sultanpoor, he begged the Colonel to apply that he might exchange with the Quarter-Master Serjeant of the regiment coming up to 'relieve' us; I do not know whether such application was made or not; if made, it was not granted, and the evening before we were to 'march' out of cantonments the poor fellow blew his brains out by the side of his wife's grave." "Did he assign any reason?" I asked. "Yes, he left a note at his quarters for the Colonel, apologising for the act he was about to commit, and explaining that he was unable to quit the spot where his wife lay, and begging his medal (which was enclosed in the letter,) might be preserved for his daughter, and given to her when she should be old enough to value it." "Do you know what has become of the child?" said I. "Oh, yes; after the Serjeant's death, the Colonel wrote to the friends of the child's mother, and as Mrs. G—— took the little girl to Europe with her last cold weather, I suppose she will be adopted by them."

## NUMBER IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRISTOL MIRROR.

Mudditon, 7th January, 1846.

Sir,—Herewith I have the pleasure to send you some portions of a little poem by the late Major Sabre, C.B. It is evidently, both from its writing and quality, a juvenile production, and seems to have been composed at the instigation of some young lady. As a whole it could not interest your readers ; but the notes may possibly amuse some of the young amongst them. It will be seen where I have curtailed the manuscript, by the interruption in the numbering of the lines—for instance, in the part I now send, I have omitted 80 lines, viz., from line 20 to line 100; and I have done so, because the intermediate ones treated merely of what happened to him in London, during the month he spent in that city in preparation for his voyage. This little poem, which he has styled “The Voyage Out,” is connected with a larger one, called “The Griff,” and I am disposed to think that, although its versification is common-place, it may be useful to any young gentleman designing to enter the military service of the East India Company.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

GEO. TRAFFORD.

“THE VOYAGE OUT.”

Return, my Muse ! and o'er a feeble lay,  
 Exert, as wonted, thy protecting sway ;—  
 Deem me not hardy, nor my humble prayer  
 Dismiss unheeded through the vacant air.  
 Not *now* to waste a long, unwelcome hour, 5  
 This prayer for succour at thy feet I pour ;  
 Not *now* to please an idle, senseless throng,  
 I claim thy pity to assist my song ;  
 Nor *now* a parent's welcome smile to gain,  
 I seek thy power to aid my feeble strain ;— 10  
 No ! for to me has Albion's fairest maid,  
 Her sweet commands in accents mild conveyed ;  
 Well pleased that my obedience should prove  
 The breadth and depth and fervour of my love.  
 Deign then, sweet Muse ! to grant a fond desire, 15  
 And blend a Heaven-born with a mortal fire ;  
 So may my song, to her dear name addressed,  
 Shew my attention to her loved request ;  
 And she, my future labours to beguile,  
 Receive this bantling with her sweetest smile. 20

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Thus passed a month, a happy month for me,  
 And now the ship reported “fit for sea ;”  
 The troops embark, three hundred and three score—  
 (Troops on board ship are justly termed a bore ;

They always crowd the decks—*it is'nt civil,* 105  
 Yet seamen always wish them \*\*\*\*\*.)  
 The Captain comes, and with him hasten, too,  
 Of cabin passengers a heterogeneous crew ;  
 Cadets, assistant-surgeons, and “*Qui Hys,*”  
 With yellow cheeks and saffron-coloured eyes ; 110  
 And lo ! two lovely damsels, high in air,  
 Graceful ascend, safe seated in the “*chair ;*”  
 Slowly the sailors raise the precious freight,  
 Their progress guarded by the careful mate ;  
*These* from the boat the circling carriage sway, 115  
*This* shews to stop, or when to “*hoist away ;*”  
 Till now the deck the charming girls attain,  
 Nor soon their feet will press the shore again ;  
 Themselves unconscious of Fate's stern decree,  
 (Whose will abides) now gladly tempt the sea ; 120  
 A brother's wish, or lover's warm desire,  
 Removes them from the fond maternal fire,  
 To Asia's burning, insalubrious shore,  
 They bend their steps, and may return no more.

Line 109.—*Qui Hys*, otherwise known by the name of “*Old Indians,*” but, strictly speaking, a name belonging only to those long resident in the *Bengal Presidency*. Bells are unknown, or at least were so in my time, in India : an attendant was always, however, within hail, and when his services were needed his master had only gently to utter the words “*Quy hy ?*” (*Who waits ?*) and he would immediately appear. European residents soon acquire the miserable habit of doing nothing for themselves, and “*Quy hy*” is, therefore, a very common sound in their houses, and from being merely a summons to a domestic, has, in consequence, become a generic term. On the *Madras* side the European residents are termed “*Mulls,*” owing to their inveterate habit of having mulligetawny soup, a standing part of their “*tiffin*” and dinner. There is a delicious gelatinous little fish at *Bombay*, called “*The Bombay duck ;*” it is to be found on every table, and from the net-fulls our countrymen devour in that *Presidency*, they have earned for themselves the appellation of “*Ducks.*” The “*Qui Hy,*” the “*Mull,*” and the “*Duck,*” are, however, only variations of the same species. In *this* country they abound in *Cheltenham*; of the *three*, the “*Qui Hy*” is the *yellowist*.

*How oft the goodliest beauty England boasts* 125  
*Has wasted, perished on those wretched coasts!*  
*How oft our noblest youth that clime has doomed*  
*Early in foreign mould to be entombed!* \*  
 And these fair forms, which now, in youthful fire,  
 Seem all that men, or even gods, desire, 130  
 Ere the revolving year complete its age,  
 May far have flitted from this earthly stage.

Lines 129, 132.—The idea contained in these lines was painfully realised in the person of the younger of these two sisters. The captain of the ship carried the vessel inside of the Cape de Verds, and was rewarded with light baffling winds, calms, and showers of the most minute *dust*, blown on to our ship, and, alas! into our eyes, from the African coast. I know not to what other cause to attribute the ophthalmia, which disease was so alarmingly prevalent on board. We had, at one time, two-thirds of the passengers, three out of the six officers belonging to the ship, and seventy of the men, in their beds—some quite, and all more or less, blind. The elder of the sisters was one of the first who was attacked, and was waited on and soothed by her charming relative with the most undeviating solicitude. It was useless on the part of the surgeon to represent to her that the disorder was infectious to the last degree; she would allow to no consideration of that kind the smallest weight, but persisted in her office of tenderness and love. The result was favourable to her patient, but she herself fell a victim to her devotion. Hardly had she experienced the satisfaction of beholding perfect consciousness restored to the eyes of her sister, ere she was attacked by the same disorder; a fever, the result of unaided watchfulness and anxiety, was superadded to the febrile symptoms which attend an ophthalmia; and after a faint contest of at best but three days, she ceased to live but in the memory and admiration and sorrow of every one on board that ship. What a funeral was her's!—*she*, the youngest, the fairest of our company, selected from amongst the rude and the unworthy as the *first* victim to the King of Terrors! The bell of the ship, which erst had never in *our* hearing sounded from more than eight consecutive strokes, was heard to toll, toll, toll, and all the living knew it was because the dead was soon to be cast forth into her briny grave. There, along the gangway, stood the rough seamen, bareheaded, dressed in white, their brawny chests heaving, and eyes moist with tears (eyes that had looked on hundreds of dangers and of deaths without emotion), as she was brought forth in her rude coffin and laid upon the “grating.” How terrible the stillness of that ship, broken only by the tremulous voice of him who read the service of the dead, and the rippling of the

Lovely they walk the deck, sisters I ween,  
 With scarce two years their different age between ;  
 Behold the Captain joins them on parade, 135  
 And gives a withered arm to each fair maid ;  
 O'er all our nerves a jealous frenzy starts,  
 And envious curses rankle in our hearts.  
 Soon from her berth the gallant vessel weighed—  
 Alternate joy and grief my breast invade ;— 140  
 Joy, for I longed to flee the irksome rule,  
 So long experienced in the dreaded school ;  
 Grief, since a parent's gentle care no more  
 Should guard my safety on my native shore.

waters, which seemed, as the ship lurched to leeward, to be rising in anticipation of their prey:—"Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the DEEP." I shall never lose the echo of that one, varied groan, which before, beside, behind me, arose when, its in-board end being elevated at those solemn words, the "grating" discharged our jewel into the ocean, the freshest and costliest of the "Treasures of the Deep."

Rosa's no more ! let every eye  
 Beam with a tear, the tender sigh  
 Convulse the lengthened breath,—  
 For Rosa's beauty, Rosa's charms  
 Are wrapped in Azareel's icy arms,  
 "The messenger of death."

Rosa's no more ! yet memory dear  
 Paints all her charms—the sigh and tear  
 Proclaim our mournful loss ;  
 But she has flown above the skies,  
 And in that Saviour's bosom lies  
 Who died upon the cross.

Scarce had the moon two hundred times  
 With rounded orb illumed our clime,  
 When sickness seized the maid ;  
 And ere two suns had crowned the morn,  
 Rosa, whom beauty did adorn,  
 In the cold grave was laid.

Sleep on, sweet maid ! and when again  
 Thy sepulchre is rent in twain,  
 Thou'lt rise divinely bright ;—  
 An angel at thy second birth,  
 Thou'lt mix no more with sons of earth,  
 But shine in lasting light.

And now fast "dropping" with the ebbing tide, 145  
 Behold the ship with balanced canvas glide  
 Below the Nore ; and as the gulph-buoy rounds,  
 The stately fabric anchored in the Downs.  
 Seven days an adverse wind at West prevails,  
 The eighth, bright morn arrives on Eastern gales ; 150  
 Onward we bound, and as a steady breeze  
 Impelled our vessel through the foaming seas,  
 Proud o'er those yielding waves the *Phoenix* flew,  
 And Britain's coast receded from our view.  
 Oft, in the giddy top, I sought to trace 155  
 Albion's white cliffs, obscured in distant space ;  
 But nought awaited now the anxious eye,  
 Save mighty waters and a boundless sky.  
 While thus employed, the thoughts of home again  
 Arose unbid, and filled my breast with pain ; 160  
 Again each several form I loved to see  
 Faithful appeared, and seemed to smile on me ;  
 The beast I rode—the ever truthful hound,  
 His joy depicted in his active bound ;  
 The village church—all o'er my senses stole, 165  
 Half charm my senses, yet perplex my soul—  
 Till soon the sudden breaking of a wave  
 Destroyed the vision which but fancy gave.  
 If sorrow gently on *my* bosom pressed,  
 And gloomy feelings nurtured in *my* breast, 170  
 On *others*, fate severer torments poured—  
*Sickness*, by man and beast alike abhorred ;  
 With heavy souls they pray for instant death,  
 Prayers, curses, retchings, occupy their breath.  
 As each fast following wave the vessel rolls, 175  
 Smash go deck-buckets on to china bowls ;  
 With feeble cries the wretched groups complain,  
 Till roll the second brings them back again.  
 While thus the stouter sex, with sorrow crowned,  
 Made all the steerage with their groans resound. 180



Did those ærial forms which lived above,  
 Any discomfort of this nature prove ?  
 Inquire not, rash one ! for it is not given  
 To mortal bards to raise the veil of Heaven !  
 Yet *may* my verse this simple question raise, 185  
 Why did they keep *concealed* the first few days ?—  
 Why—when again they left their private room,  
 The lily reigned where roses used to bloom ?  
 Meanwhile, Canaries' Queen, from ocean's bed,  
 In middle air upreared her verdant head ; 190  
 Throughout the year Dame Nature loves to smile  
 On this sweet spot, Madeira's charming isle ;  
 No chilling frosts the gentle buds assail,  
 No blasting snow, nor bleak destroying hail ;  
 No sudden heats consume the parent earth, 195  
 Nor choke her infant produce at the birth.  
 Delightful spot ! where Nature reigns confessed,  
 And Love's soft passion warms the female breast !  
 Onward we steered, and from that lovely shore  
 Our gilded prow and costly freight we bore ; 200  
 Palma, Antonio, soon astern were laid,  
 Our vessel bounding through the North-East trade ;  
 These fav'ring gales our smallest canvass sip,  
 And every stunsail's set upon the ship.  
 Three weeks away before the breeze she sped, 205  
 And then old Neptune turned him in his bed ;  
 Proud on our decks in regal pomp he stands,  
 Salutes the Captain, and commands "all hands ;"  
 Inquires our name, and when we left our port,  
 Then issues orders for his briny court ; 210

Line 206, 246.—*Crossing the Line*, in my early days, was a  
*very* grand affair ; *now*, I believe, the ceremonies which used  
 to be observed are, if not altogether obsolete, much curtailed ;  
 and disrespect, so generally manifested to Royalty on shore,  
 has been also manifested at sea, even to the sacred person of  
 Neptune himself. On the 17th of April, 1799, our latitude,  
 by observation at noon, was 0° 31' N., and, with the breeze

Hopes that his cousin on the English throne  
 Calls health and wealth and honour all his own ;  
 Complains his stomach feels the upper air,  
 And bids a strong " *nor'-wester* " to prepare ;  
 His gentle spouse, too, feels a little ill,                    215  
 But rests contented with a single gill.  
 Meanwhile, his myrmidons his throne erect,  
 Saws, knives, and tar-brushes bestrew the deck ;  
 Till, all prepared, the gods their sceptres wave,  
 To mix the lather and prepare to shave ;—                    220

we had, we expected to cross into the Southern hemisphere by about seven o'clock that evening. We passengers were parading the poop and quarter-deck just before dinner, that is, three o'clock, when Mr. Merriman, one of the midshipmen, who was sitting on the maintop-gallant cross-trees, hailed the deck, and informed the officer of the watch that the *Line was in sight from the mast-head, bearing South*. The officer called for the log-board and duly recorded the circumstance, and Mr. Merriman came down, and was about to stow away the deck glass in the signal lockers, when two or three of the passengers requested the loan of it, in order that *they* might see the Line. The youngster handed it to them, bidding them look broad on the lee bow ; which they did, and were gratified by seeing *that*, than of which they had heard but little else for the last two or three days. One of them, however, expressed his surprise at the *thinness* of the Line, but Mr. Merriman accounted for that by informing him that it was nearly twenty-five miles off. The fact was, he had begged or stolen a couple of the "back-hair" of a soldier's wife, and after having plaited them, had inserted them between the "fields" of the telescope, under the hope of getting a "rise" out of some Johnny Raw, and he succeeded. I was reposing in my cabin after dinner, when Mr. Merriman knocked at the door, and being invited in, proceeded to tell me he had contrived, during the cabin dinner time, to convey all the fire-buckets from the poop and steerage, and had got them stowed away in the fore and maintops ; they were all half full of water, and he hoped I would lend him a hand to discharge them. "Well, but at *what*, Mr. Merriman?"—"Why, you know, Sir, we shall cross the Line about two bells in the second dog-watch, and when Neptune hails us all the passengers will run for'ard, and *then*, you know, Sir, we and the top-men can give them a ducking." I am sorry to say I consented to lend a hand in the matter ; and about ten minutes to seven I slipped, unperceived, into the foretop, and put myself under Mr. Merriman's command. No sooner had the bell been struck two when the alarm was given—

Sad hour for those, alas ! who (savage rule)  
 Have homage yet to pay at Neptune's stool ;  
 The trembling groups aloof encircled stand,  
 And sigh unheeded for some rescuing hand ;  
 With much alarm they view the various plans      225  
 The Tritons follow at their King's commands ;—  
 They see a youth, with bandaged eyes, afraid,  
 Towards the throne reluctantly conveyed ;  
 To whom the King,—“ *And who art thou, O youth ?*  
*My will requires, then loudly speak the truth ;*      130

“ *Boat right a-head, Sir.*”—“ *Boat shews a light, Sir.*” The officer ordered a rope to be got ready, and was about to heave to, when a hail, as from the boat, (but given by some one under the bows,) was heard—“ *What ship is that ?*”—“ *The Phœnix ?*”—“ *Where are you from ?*”—“ *London.*”—“ *Any of my little children aboard ?*”—“ *A good many.*”—“ *Very well ; I shan't come aboard to-night, but will come and see 'em at four bells to-morrow forenoon.*” Then an old pitch-cask, half full of okaum, grease, pitch, &c., was ignited and launched from under the bows. The passengers, who had crowded forward to see the boat, were now thronging on the waist nettings, when a shrill voice was heard saying, “ *Now, my boys, Neptune's salute.*” and down came the contents of our magazines, deluging all who were within range of our marine battery. Everything the next morning gave evidence that something unusual was in progress. The ropes on deck, instead of being packed up in neat Flemish coils, were all coiled up on their respective belaying pins. The mainsail, although the wind was abeam, was hauled up ; a topmast studding sail was stretched across from the weather main swiftsures to the mast, serving to screen the operations which were going on in the weather waist ; while in the lee waist a sail was spread from the booms over the hammock nettings, and a party were busy filling it with water by means of the ship's fire-engine, and in due time this immense canvass trough, being twenty feet long and four-and-half feet deep, was full. The carpenter and his mates had erected a double-seated throne on the top of the booms, and drawn over it the Union-Jack, and one of the main hatchway ladders had been unshipped and placed against the boom boards, to assist Neptune's ascent to his throne, and that of his children to his footstool. At four bells the old hail was heard from forward—“ *Boat right a-head, Sir.*”—“ *She's steering for us, Sir.*”—“ *Aye, aye,*” cried the officer of the watch ; “ *get a rope ready for her ; let go the maintop bowline. Afterguard ! square the mainyard ! Weather main brace !*” These orders brought all of us on deck, and the Captain, emerging from his cabin, stood by the weather

*Seek not one tittle from my ears to hide,  
Or dread the vengeance of my peerless bride."*

In accents sad, with cold and fear half dead,  
The youth in his simplicity obeyed ;  
And as his mouth he oped, in piteous note, 235  
A greasy tar-brush probed his very throat ;  
Him backward tossed, the briny wave assails  
In rude abundance from a hundred pails ;  
Released at length, another youth they bring  
To pay his duty to the Trident King ; 240

binnacle; presently the band struck up "Rule Britannia," the stops of the canvass screen were cut away, and Neptune's cavalcade moved aft. Foremost were eight brawny Tritons, naked to the waist, painted sea-blue, and harnessed to a gun carriage, on which were seated Neptune and Amphitrite, the lady being personated by a good-looking young foretop man. His Majesty had his crown on, had his face fancifully painted, had a small swab on each shoulder for an epaulet, and held the ship's "granes" in his hand for a trident, and on them was fixed a dolphin some one had succeeded in striking the day before. The Queen had delicate side-curls, made of the tail of a swab; wore a gown borrowed from the orlop deck, and assumed an air of mock modesty highly diverting. Nep.'s coachman was an excellent piece of masquerade, as were also the barber, doctor, and chaplain. These walked by the King's side. The barber had a mate, and between them they had four half hoops of iron, with teeth filed on one edge,—four tar-brushes, two large boxes of sub-marine shaving soap, and an immense pair of shears. The doctor, also, had *his* mate; *their* stock-in-trade consisted of tar pills, grease lozenges, "noctious Line" draughts (saline), and various-sized lancets. The chaplain carried a square piece of freestone (called a bible on board ship), out of which it was his duty to exhort all Neptune's children to patience while in the hands of his associates. When the procession had arrived to where the Captain was standing it halted, and Neptune condescendingly inquired after his "Cousin George"—hoped we had had a pleasant voyage so far,—was glad to see his old friend the Captain again, especially in such a *well-manned* ship,—and, finally, begged his acceptance of a dolphin. The Captain, on *his* part, was delighted to see his Majesty looking so well, complimented Amphitrite in the same manner, and ultimately desired his steward to hand out a glass of rum; this part of the ceremony concluded by Neptune's delivering three sentiments for the guidance of all whom it might concern:—"Never eat brown bread when you can get white"—"Never kiss the maid when the Missus is standing by"—"Never

The iron hoop, the slush and tarry pill,  
 Proclaim the barber's and the doctor's skill ;  
 The patients scream aloud in sad afright,  
 And Neptune's myrmidons with rude delight,  
 Till double grog proclaims the "shaving" o'er, 245  
 And screams and laughter agitate no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now past the isle of Paul and Amsterdam,  
 Whose gurgling springs would boil a Yorkshire ham,  
 Full for the "pay" we pass the briny main,  
 And haste to cut the Equator o'er again : 305  
 Now does the gentle Asiatic breeze  
 Scarce raise a ripple on the placid seas,  
 An Eastern moon in pure effulgence bright,  
 Marks at the beauty of an Indian night;  
 And see the ready youths with joy advance, 310  
 To claim their lovely partners in the dance;  
 With roseate smiles the willing fair comply,  
 The Tars looked on, and so, alas! did I.  
 High on the poop the "band" was ready placed,  
 The quarter-deck the youthful couples graced, 315  
 In lines eccentric skilled to come and go,  
 In modest grace "on light fantastic toe:"  
 One form alone of all that circling band,  
 Did my pulse quicken and my eyes command;

*say die when there's a shot in the locker.*" After this the procession moved towards the scene of action, and the great business of the day proceeded. I was dressing for dinner when I heard my next-door neighbour say to his servant, "Dennis! how shall I be able to get all this tar and stuff out of my hair?" "Plaze yer honour, and I was axing yer same myself not tin minutes ago, when I was a claning yer honour's boots, and won of the m'n of the ship telled me that plain rum and grease would get rid of it in less than a month."

Lines 301, 302.—The Captain of a ship I sailed in (he was also a Lieutenant in the navy,) assured me he had hooked a fish in *one* stream in Amsterdam, and without unhooking it, or moving from where he was standing, had *boiled* it in *another*! He was a man not apt to misrepresent matters.

Sometimes in shade its outline was concealed, 320  
 Again the moon her very smile revealed;  
 Sylvia, at length eclipsed, assumed the prude,  
 Donned a dark veil and bade the dance conclude;  
 The lovely maids their peaceful cabin gain,  
 And seven-fold darkness covers all the main ! 325  
 Thus days and weeks passed o'er,—and now the lead,  
 Strikes its “armed” summit on the ocean’s bed;  
 A full assurance that although the eye  
 No signs of land at present can descry,  
 A few short hours the barren sands would show, 330  
 Of shifting Zeerzah and of Palambo.  
 And now the lengthened tube a “sail” pourtrays,  
 Her canvass whitened by the solar rays;  
 To make a signal see the people run,  
 “*Up with the colours there and fire a gun !*” 335  
 Now edging down the vessels shorten sail,  
 Till near enough, the “Stranger” gives a hail;  
 “*Ho ? ship, ahoy !*”—“*Hullo !*” our Captain cries,  
 “*Pilot required ?*”—“*Aye, aye !*” the chief replies:  
 We both “heave to,” and ’neath our frowning side, 340  
 The trim-built “Pilot” dances on the tide,  
 And as her “master” on our vessel sprung,  
 A dozen people on his haunches hung;  
 A sea of questions as he touched our decks,  
 O’erwhelm his senses and his ears perplex: 345  
*One* wants to know if battle’s iron hand  
 Pours blood and dreadful tumult o’er the land;  
*Another* asks if indigo last year,  
 With P. and Co. his balance helped to clear;  
 The “*Griffs*” inquired if still the gold rupees 350  
 Grew in thick clusters on the Indian trees;  
 To all the Pilot answered like a hog,  
 Elbowed the crowd aside and asked for grog;  
 And the third morning’s earliest dawning beam,  
 Found us at anchor in the Hooghly’s stream. 355

## "THE GRIFF."

Thus has the Muse, in humble couplets, brought  
 Our weary vessel to the port she sought ;  
 Thus has my Pegasus, in ambling lay,  
 Performed an Indian voyage in a day !  
 Nor weary yet, again resumes the task, 5  
 And gladly labours at the toil you ask ;  
 The spur and whip your mortal coursers need,  
*Your wish alone* propels my generous steed ;  
 The simple thought that *you* approve his song,  
 Calls forth more spirit than the triple thong : 10  
 Those hopes suffice,—his utmost ardour raise,  
 His toils your pleasure—his reward your praise.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 While thus, our voyage o'er, we joyful moored,  
 Our goodly ship the pilot's skill secured ;  
 Two anchors hold her in her destined berth, 15  
 Their ponderous flukes deep buried in the earth ;  
 Two cables, veered away to half their length,  
 Confined the vessel by their iron strength ;—  
 Though fiercely rolled the Hooghly's foaming tides,  
 Those torrents, harmless, kissed her burnish'd sides. 20  
 And now the ready boats their turn await,  
 To bear their portion of our iron freight.  
 Bar-shot and shell—thus carried from afar  
 To guard our settlements in time of war ;—  
 Thus is that land by *force alone* retained, 25  
 Which equal fraud and violence obtained.

Ah ! had the ancestors of that vile race,  
 Which now the plains of India disgrace,  
 But dreamt those merchants who, in humble prayer,  
 Sought but permission erst to *traffic* there, 30  
 Perchance their growing children would enslave,  
 Ere yet their bones had mouldered in their grave,—  
 Had they but thought that mercenary band  
 Would triumph rulers of their conquered land,  
 Or that their dastard sons would tamely yield, 35  
 Grovelling in dust beneath their victor's heel,  
*Then*, he who first had touched their sun-burnt shore  
 Had needed golden merchandise *no more*.  
 Yet they *had* prophets, and 'tis thus they spoke :—  
 “ Your future progeny shall bear the yoke ; 40  
 “ The pale-faced Western warrior, on the wave  
 “ Borne to your coasts, your children shall enslave ;  
 “ Their bloody swords shall glitter in the sun  
 “ In countless murders, till their work is done ;  
 “ And Liberty shall breathe th' expiring sigh 45  
 “ In the o'erwhelming conflict of *Assaye*.”  
 How true these words foretold the will of Fate,  
 Appears full plainly at the present date !  
 Where is the pomp which marked the Eastern race,  
 Which royal domes or regal monarchs grace ? 50  
 Where are the marble walls, within whose girth  
 Reign'd turban'd despots of the noblest birth ?  
 Where are the splendid towers, encased in gold,  
 The boast of millions in the days of old ?  
 Where are the beauteous gardens, chrystal bowers, 55  
 Or rubied lawns adorned with golden flowers ?  
 Where are the men who, in unbounded pride,  
 Issued their royal mandates far and wide—  
 Whose nod sufficed whole nations to destroy,  
 Whose frown was death, whose smile the brightest joy ? 60  
 Where are the mighty armies, whose delight  
 Lay in the dangers of a bloody fight ?



Where are they all?—thrown prostrate in the dust,  
 Their once bright faulchions lie encased in rust !  
 The present fawning race resistless yield, 65  
 The pen their sword, the writing-desk their shield ;  
 Or base, they labour that their native soil  
 May but enrich usurpers through their toil ;  
 Some few, indeed, of noble birth remain,  
 The living witness of their country's stain, 70  
 Who, once the freeborn tenants of a throne,  
 Have now no single field to call their own.  
 Where are those mighty heroes of Iran,  
 The gallant followers of Timbook Khan?  
 Where the embattled ranks of Nadir Shah, 75  
 That first-born offspring of the god of war?  
 These all have passed away, and on a throne,  
 The great Mogul now wears a *pensioned* crown;  
 A paltry pittance of a hundred lacs,  
 Raised, too, by burdens on his subjects' backs, 80  
 Serves but to make a seat thus highly placed,  
 The more dishonoured, and himself disgraced.  
 How long will India groan beneath the sway  
 Of foreign sceptres, Heaven alone can say ;  
 How long in peaceful slavery her plains 85  
 May yield to foreign hands their yearly gains,  
 Fate may alone decide !—yet some profess  
 The dark decrees of Destiny to guess ;  
 These spread the joyful tidings o'er the land,  
 That even *now* redemption is at hand ; 90  
 The pale-faced warrior, beneath the blast  
 Of Asia's turban'd chiefs, shall fall at last ;  
 Forced from the fruitful field shall turn and flee,  
 Swarm to their ships and guide their prows to sea ;  
 No longer, then, shall Europe's laws prevail, 95  
 Unerring justice poise the doubtful scale ;  
 No longer, then, shall penal laws redress,  
 Him, whom the rich or mighty may oppress ;

Once more, unheeded, shall the poor man's cry  
 Be joined in concert with the orphan's sigh; 100  
 The ancient good old customs shall revive,  
 And wailing widows burn themselves alive;  
 Again, thy cruel rites, Infanticide!  
 Shall feed with struggling babes the sacred tide;  
 And thy blood-sprinkled courts, O, Juggernaut! 105  
 By self-destroying offerers be sought;  
 Then, happy he who 'neath thy chariot wheels,  
 The last expiring gasp of nature yields;  
 Admiring crowds with plaudits rend the skies,  
 Either to praise the saint or drown his cries. 110  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Where palace roofs and costly domes arise,  
 To pride and wealth a costly sacrifice;  
 Where Hooghly's waters, with a holier taint,  
 Form the libations of the wandering saint;  
 Where tower on tower in stern abutment roll, 115  
 And one vast ditch surrounds the mighty whole;  
 Where lordly Minto for a pension strives,  
 Selfish embittering half a million lives;  
 Where trade is stagnant,—where disease and death  
 Blast out in clouds their foul pestiferous breath; 120  
 There, oh! aspiring youth from Britain's shore,  
 There, on your knees your long-sought home adore;  
 Haste, quit your boat, and where those natives stand  
 Let your glad feet first touch the promised land.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Now shall the Muse, in serio-comic lay, 125  
 In faithful colours venture to pourtray  
 The young cadet's adventures, as at first  
 Indian delights upon his senses burst.  
 No sooner, then, he touched the solid ground,  
 Than jabbering natives quickly gathered round,— 130  
 "Master want Palkee?"—"Master, killeh go?"  
 "This country custom, Master he not know :"

“Master great man”—“Master Generail, Lord,”

“Master get Captain soon, upon my word ;”

“Master want servant”—“Master too much sun”— 135

The Griff turns round and curses every one.

Line 136.—The newly-arrived in India, of whatever age or sex, is called a *Griffin*; by abbreviation a *Griff*,—and this appellation is retained through the period of one year and a day. When a joke has been successfully practised on one of this body, he is said to have been *Griffed*;—for instance—it was customary for a cadet, when landing, to proceed to Fort William, and report himself to the Fort-Adjutant.—Gentleman Cadet Simple, as I shall call him, stepped on shore at the chandpaul ghaut, at Calcutta, with his portmanteau, and on the top steps of that landing-place, was speedily surrounded by his sable fellow subjects, ignorant what he was to do next, and bewildered by innumerable addresses in an unknown tongue. His situation was, however, descried by an officer, who was driving by in his buggy, and *kindly* came to his assistance.—Mr. Simple informed him that he had just landed from the ship, and knew he was to go to the Fort-Adjutant, but was ignorant how to get at him. “Nothing so easy,” said his friend, “you have only to put your portmanteau into one of these hackney palanquins, and mount on the roof of it yourself: I’ll tell the men where to go.”—This was accordingly done: the luggage occupied the place, properly designed for the passenger, and Mr. Simple seated on the roof, resting his feet on the pole-irons, and holding on with both hands, was carried into the Fort, receiving, at the gateway and drawbridges, the salutes of the various admiring sentries.—But, perhaps, the most complete attempt at Griffing was that practised by a certain defunct Captain in the Native Infantry:—he was proceeding up the river in charge of a fleet of cadets, with whom, from his amusing conversation and amiable temper, he speedily became a great favourite. No sooner had the fleet been brought up for the night, than either in the Captain’s boat, or one equally capacious, the festive board was crowded, and poor Tom C.’s anecdotes of military life were listened to with delight, and his advice with respect. One day, when about three days’ sail from Dinapore, Tom presented himself to his friends with his head as smooth as a pumpkin.—“Why, Captain C. ! you have shaved your head ! !” exclaimed several of his charges.—“Undoubtedly I have,” replied he, “and I recommend every one of you to do the same, *unless* you desire to have the Dinapore fever ! !” He descanted on the necessity of keeping the head cool,—mentioned the names of many who, like Absalom, owed their death to their head of hair, and regretted Government had not humanely issued an order, *compelling* all officers going to Dinapore to shave their heads in April. Persuaded by his discourse, and especially by his example, the youths unpacked their yet untried-razors, and took Captain C.’s

At length some richer rascal, deeper skilled,  
 Drives off the crowd, and sole maintains the field:—  
 “Good morning, Sir, will you allow your slave,  
 “While in Calcutta, your commands to crave? 140  
 “And if your Grace would please to read this chit,  
 “I think you’ll find me for your purpose fit.”  
 The native’s dress and modulated look,  
 The Griffin’s eye of approbation took:—  
 “Just do for me as you have done for those 145  
 “Who wrote these lines—now go and fetch my clothes;

precaution against the Dinapore fever. Arrived at that station he marshalled his companions, and marched them up to the quarters of the General commanding the division. Great was that officer’s surprise to see some twenty bald-headed young gentlemen bowing their shining heads towards him;—but greater still was *their* surprise on beholding Captain C.,—*was it really Captain C.?* Oh yes! there he certainly was! standing at the General’s elbow, gravely introducing them one after another, and commending their orderly conduct while under his charge. But how?—his head was well covered with hair! It was. He had been to Europe on furlough; the idea of the joke he had thus successfully practised entered his head one day in Piccadilly: he ordered a wig, and nine months afterwards wore it on the consummation of his plot. Every old Indian knows a quarto volume would not contain an account of all Captain C.’s jokes; I shall now, therefore, shew up a Griff as *doing* instead of being *done*. Cornet Mc Gaveston had supplied his quarters, as he thought, with everything a subaltern required, but subsequently discovered it lacked an earthenware article, without which even a barrack-room itself cannot be said to be properly furnished. He determined forthwith to remedy the defect, and started off to a sale-room on that errand: an auction was proceeding, and at the moment he entered the auctioneer was brandishing his hammer in one hand, and the very utensil of which Cornet Mc Gaveston was in quest in the other. The Cornet was the successful bidder, and it was knocked down to him. “Lot 219—your name, if you please, Sir.” Cornet Mc Gaveston’s my name.” “Do you bid for yourself, or a friend, Sir?” “For myself or a friend, Sir! quhat do ye mean? Do ye think I purchase sic like things for anybody but myself?” “Beg pardon, Sir; which is your address?” “Sixteen in the Barracks,—ye’ll send it?” “Certainly, Sir, immediately.” Cornet Mc Gaveston visited the China and Loll Bazaars, made a few purchases, and returned to No. 16. On entering his apartment he wondered to see a great part of it occupied by articles, *one* of which would have been sufficient for his purpose. There were, in fact, however, one hundred

"But first I want to find where I'm to go,  
 "For no one comes, and hang me if I know."  
 "Oh, Sir, you go to Fort—there Captain live,  
 "He billet, rooms, and mess, to master give." 150  
 Onward they trudge for more than half a mile,  
 The Griffin sweats and grumbles all the while ;

and forty-four of them, and on one of them, which was bottom-up, lay a note addressed to him, and these were the contents :—

Calcutta, 17th May, 18—.

Cornet Mc Gaveston, 16, South Barracks,  
 Dr. to Bulloh and Son.

Lot 219.—A gross of \*\*\*\*\* } 162  
 at one rupee two annas each .. .. } Rupees.

Cornet Mc Gaveston wrote to Messrs. Bulloh and Son, begging them to send for the lot ; which they did, on the understanding he would pay the difference after another sale—this, luckily for him, was only twenty-two rupees. The Hindustani language is one very easily acquired ; in six months, any one having either ear or memory ought to be able to speak it with accuracy. *Griffs.*, however, afford much amusement by the mistakes they make. I was sitting next to the "*Belle of Calcutta*," the beautiful Miss W—r, and in quality of my being, comparatively, an old Indian, I volunteered my services in calling for anything she might require at table. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Sabre, I can manage very well." Presently she was in want of a desert spoon ; leaning back in her chair, and half turning her lovely countenance towards the servant, she sweetly lisped out, "Kitmutgar ! hum *chota chummutch hy ;*" which, being interpreted, is "*I am a LITTLE spoon !*" Sultanpoor Benares is the nearest cavalry station to Calcutta, and is, accordingly, a kind of depôt, occasionally, for young officers, until they can be posted to regiments. A number of these were doing duty with us, and had knocked up a kind of breakfast mess amongst themselves. On one occasion I was invited, and, finding the milk had been purchased in the Bazaar, and which, of course, was horrid stuff, I recommended the young president to do as *we* did, viz., keep goats. "Does every officer, then, keep goats?" said he. "Certainly," I replied ; "no one ever uses Bazaar milk ! If you like, I'll tell your mess-man to get you some goats." But Cornet Bronillon could give such instructions himself. "Khansama !" said he, in a tone of some anger, "Khansama, sub sahib log Buckree hy ?!—hum Kiwastee Buckree nuheen hy ?!"—which, being done into English, would be,—"You messman ! every other gentleman is a goat—why am not I a goat ?" I complimented the young gentleman on his knowledge of the language, whereupon he informed me that he had studied it in England for six months, under the justly celebrated Dr. Gilchrist.

Till, past the portals of the Captain's gate,  
 Far different scenes his wonderment await.  
 His *Father's* house, a snug and neat abode, 155  
 Stood near the turnpike, on the Hampstead road ;  
 Just out of hearing of the city clocks,  
 A charming, rural, neatly-furnished box :  
 The dining-room displayed an ample grate,  
 A polished sideboard held its massive plate ; 160  
 A well-proportioned table where to dine,  
 A rosewood beaufet for the generous wine ;  
 Beneath the feet a Turkey carpet spread,  
 Its flowery patterns mingled blue and red ;  
 The sculptured ceiling shewed a world of art, 165  
 And damask curtains pleasing warmth impart ;  
 The powdered lacquey, with a noiseless tread,  
 Supplied all wants, from sillery to bread.  
 How different, then, the Asiatic hall,  
 Its canvass ceiling, and its naked wall ; 170  
 A dingy mat half hides a granite floor,  
 He looks in vain, he cannot see a door ;  
 And where *one* servant answered every wish,  
 A separate menial stands behind each dish.  
 The Captain rises, bows with loutish grace, 175  
 Hopes he's quite well, and bids him take a place.  
 "Lately arrived?"—"Yes."—"See you're quite a Griffin,  
 "Come in good time, though—sitting down to tiffin.  
 "Come in the *Phenix*, eh?—will you take wine ?  
 "Sherry not bad—the claret quite divine ! 180  
 "Had a warm walk—what made you in a hurry ?  
 "Here, *doosra baason lao*—now take some curry."  
 Soon as the cloth was moved, the Griffin's eyes  
 Surveyed the Indian fruits with much surprise :

Line 182.—*Doosra baason lao*—bring another plate.

Line 184.—*Surveyed the Indian fruits*.—Of these the mango is the best ; but, of the various sorts, two or three only are really good ; in the rest, a turpentine flavour is too perceptible

Their fame had oft been sounded in his ears, 185  
 Pines quite unrivalled—mangos without peers ;  
 The blushing gauva and the Persian date,  
 The plantain, worthy gold of equal weight ;  
 The lychee, bending from the clustered tree,—  
 They told these bangs to him as well as me. 190  
 Soon were his hopes and palate taken in—  
 While thus his host addressed him, with a grin :—  
 “Did not that mango please ?—here, try a date !  
 “Let me persuade you—(*Qui hy*, a plate) ;  
 “All things on earth both good and evil own, 195  
 “Better be careful, therefore, of the *stone*.”  
 “Zounds !” cried the Griff, “they may say what they  
 please,  
 “This fruit resembles nought but rotten cheese ;  
 “And for the mango, which you call divine,  
 “The juice it holds is nought but turpentine.” 200  
 “Ah, Sir !” in serious tone his host replies,  
 While yet a tear unconscious dimmed his eyes,—  
 “Thirty long years upon this wretched soil  
 “I’ve served already, still am doomed to toil ;  
 “Like you deluded, to these shores I came, 205  
 “Searching for wealth, for honours, and for fame ;  
 “Twelve years the tented field has been my home,  
 “From famed Laswarree down to baneful Prome ;  
 “And now, an empty purse and broken frame  
 “Are all my lengthened service has to claim ;— 210  
 “’Tis true, a pittance of some eight score pounds,  
 “A pension due to honourable wounds,

to be pleasant. The fruit appears at a welcome season, the  
 close of the hot winds ; the price may average two rupees a  
 hundred. They are supposed to stimulate the appetite, but a  
 young friend of mine disputed their virtue in this respect,  
 “For,” said he, “I ate nearly a hundred before tiffin to-day,  
 and I could not perceive the least increase in my appetite after  
 them.” As to the pineapples, those grown in Europe are in-  
 finitely better ; in one word, the common fruits in an English  
 kitchen garden are very superior to those the produce of India.

" My generous masters, when I quit this shore,  
 " Will give till life and anguish are no more."  
 He paused, when thus the Griff,—“But, my good Sir, 215  
 " Can Government no other boon confer ?  
 " Had you no interest with the C. in C. ?  
 " I have got letters, Sir, 'twixt you and me ;  
 " And I am told that, when three years are past,  
 " My service with a corps is not to last, 220  
 " But, through the same, I'll certainly be made  
 " An A. D. C., or Major of Brigade !”  
 " Poor lad !” his host replied, “ but why should I  
 " Obscure by talk your yet unclouded sky ?  
 " Such things *do* happen, perhaps they may to you, 225  
 " But Fortune frowns on *many*, smiles on *few*.  
 " But come, the setting sun and hour declare  
 " The little space in which we breathe cool air ;  
 " My buggy waits, and, if you're so inclined,  
 " A vacant seat and welcome you will find.” 230  
 They mount, drive off, and seek the dusty Course,  
 Where crowding buggies mix with troops of horse ;

Line 231.—*The Course*.—Such is the name given to the fashionable drive in Calcutta. It may be said to commence at the gate of the Government-House, and is better than half a mile in length. Up and down this the European community ride and drive before dinner. Proceeding upwards, Fort William is on your right hand, Chouringee and the race-course on your left. In the “cold weather,” as it is called, there is an excellent race meeting in Calcutta, and those fond of attending turf amusements may rely upon witnessing capital sport. The race-courses in India differ from those in this country in a very important particular, viz., that parties engaged in racing transactions are, out there, *gentlemen*, and incapable of practising those tricks which, especially of late, have brought horseracing into disrepute amongst us. Jockeyism, except as a legitimate employment, is unknown in the East. At the same time, I could adduce a hundred proofs that our Indian sportsmen are wide awake, and, though scorning to imitate the detestable trickery of the European turfites, can, if need be, exercise generalship. Some years ago, a gentleman in the civil service, who I will call Gully, and a certain Colonel, who shall be called Eden, put each of them a mare to an English horse, and agreed to run the produce, when three years old,



And when the shades of night the Course had cleared,  
 And fresh-imported belles had disappeared,  
 His new-found friend his billet drew, and gave 235  
 Th' accustomed signal to a trusty slave ;  
 And, bowing, said, " Your rooms, I hope, you'll find  
 " In all respects agreeable to your mind ;  
 " Number 17, South Barracks, second floor,  
 " You'll find a native sentry at the door." 240  
 Here, when arrived, I must confess he stared,  
 The room unbedded, lightless, and unchaired :  
 Too late that night to send and buy a bed,  
 Or seek a pillow for his weary head,

the Gilbert mile, 8st. 7lb., for 100 gold mohurs, P.P. The civilian's mare gave a filly, the Colonel's a colt. It wanted but a week or so to the race coming off, when, chancing to meet the Colonel, Mr. Gully proposed to draw the bet, " For," said he, " I really don't like to run my filly and lose her maiden for 100 gold mohurs ; I wish, therefore, Eden," continued he, " you would either make a draw of it, or double the stake." The Colonel, however, declined to do either. " Well, then," said the other, " I shan't run—I'll pay forfeit."—" Can't, my dear fellow," cried the Colonel, " P.P."—" Why, *it's giving you the money*. I tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you 250 to 200 I win."—" Better for *you*," said the Colonel ; " I'll chance it." After further talk, however, the Colonel agreed to take seventy-five gold mohurs forfeit. The needful alteration in their books was made, and then the civilian, clapping the Colonel on the back, said, " I've done the most knowing man in India ! My dear Eden, for these twenty-five gold mohurs accept my humble thanks."—" What do you mean, Gully ?"—" Simply, that I could not have started, for my filly is dead lame, and, indeed, scarce able to stand."—" *I knew that*," said the Colonel, " a week ago."—" You ! How could you know it ? She hurt herself AT A TRIAL."—" I knew *that*, too, Gully ; your wife told mine all about it the same morning."—" The deuce she did ! And I, like an ass, told *her*. But why, Colonel, did you then take the seventy-five—why not have bagged the *whole* stake ? Perhaps your colt's amiss, eh ?"—" *He is dead and buried*, Eden, and your seventy-five gold mohurs are, therefore,"—" Dead ! Colonel. Why, he was round the course this morning"—" No."—" What other chesnut with white near hind leg have you got ?"—" Red Gauntlet."—" Red Gauntlet ! why he has not a white hair about him !"—" Say *had* not, Gully, and you are right ; but when my colt died, I *painted* Red Gauntlet's near hind leg white, and my boy has taken him round every morning just after daybreak."

He spread his camp-cloak on the half-swept ground, 245  
 Soldiers *do* sleep that way, and sleep profound ;  
 But yet no sleep had *he*—o'er every part  
 He felt a twitching, then a sudden smart—

(Far worse than, when at school, some foolish boy,  
 Thinking his other playmates to annoy, 250

Their different brushes snips in sundry shreds,  
 And furtive, slyly strews them in their beds ;)

In vain his face he covers with his plaid,  
 Unnumbered hosts his hands and feet invade ;  
 Restless and wounded through the livelong night, 255

Gladly he viewed the morning's dawning light,  
 And as the glass his altered features shews,  
 His puffed up cheeks conceal his Roman nose ;

A new inoculation for the mumps,  
 Which put our youthful hero in the dumps. 260

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But as the Muse to nobler themes inclines,  
 This Griff must claim but few more of our lines ;  
 Vain were the task to hunt him through his grief,  
 His pain of mind and body (past belief) ;

As vain in lengthened numbers to declare, 265  
 The different scenes in which he bore a share ;

So, as the Muse and I both deem it better,  
 I'll just transcribe his story from a letter—

A four years' journal rather—pretty long,  
 But I can cut it down to suit my song. 270

He first begins with scenes on board the ship,  
 His tales on that head, therefore, I shall skip ;

But what this youth on India's shores befel,  
 Let his own rhymes and flowing verses tell—

I briefly stating that, for thirty days, 275  
 He courted, gambled, went to balls and plays ;

Spent all his money, borrowed, fought a duel,  
 Got slightly scratched, and ordered water-gruel.

And now you have him in his well-stored boat,  
 On the broad Hooghly's sacred stream afloat ;        280  
 A clumsy craft, with eighteen oars supplied,  
 With three broad sails and lengthened "ghoon" beside;  
 There as he sat and smoked and took his glass,  
 Toasting a new-found friend, or blue-eyed lass,  
 He had been happy, could he but forget        285  
 He left Calcutta *head and ears in debt*.  
 "Dear Tom, as McKintosh of ours intends  
 To visit England and his Scottish friends,  
 I think of asking him my love fraternal  
 To offer you, and with it this my journal.        290  
 I will not think that all that I have written  
 May to a woman's eye seem quite befitting ;  
 Parts may be dull, too,—skip them, I'll forgive you ;  
 Parts may be witty,—praise them, I'll believe you.  
 I left Calcutta when the young monsoon        295  
 Tempered with gentle rains the heat of June ;  
 Towards Benares, with an Eastern gale,  
 I slipped my moorings and prepared to sail ;  
 Soon passed the gilded towers of Serampore,  
 And the cantonment on the other shore ;        300  
 Neither of these the slightest notice claim,  
 Each boasts a swampy shore and rhymeless name ;  
 Now, further up, where Hooghly's streams divide  
 No more, but centre in the Ganges' tide,  
 My careful Mhanjee consecrated fire,        305  
 And thus, in concert with a three-stringed lyre,  
 The mighty stream addressed :—' Oh, sacred flood !  
 'The wide world's wonder and our country's good !  
 'Grant that our fragile barque, we humbly crave,  
 'May float uninjured on thy mighty wave ;        310  
 'So shall our incense gratitude bespeak,  
 'When once again our distant homes we seek.'  
 He spoke,—the music ceased,—while, here and there,  
 The sacred embers mingle in the air ;

Them as the waves receive, a sudden cry                    315  
 Of Pagan tumult rends the vaulted sky.  
 Such is the custom, ere the bold and brave  
 Launch forth their vessels on the Ganges' wave.  
 How different now the scene ! the labouring eye  
 By telescopic aid can scarce descry                    320  
 The further bank, for, rushing to the main,  
 The mighty waters inundate the plain ;  
 Waves after waves in wild confusion burst,  
 O'er fields half perished by a nine months' thirst.  
 Fiercely they roll, no easy matter now,                    325  
 Through the strong surge to guide the delving prow ;  
 A faulty eye, or illy practised hand,  
 Would dash the fragile vessel on the strand ;  
 Or, rounding broadside to, the maddened surge  
 Would burst o'er all, a roaring funeral dirge.                    330  
 And here, dear Tom, I'll venture to relate  
 A case in point, poor Brown's unhappy fate :—  
 He was impatient that the Mhanjee moored  
 His boat, which lay by pegs and ropes secured ;

Line 334.—The boats generally used by officers navigating the Ganges are called Budgerows. The accommodation they afford is very good, consisting of two apartments, the foremost being in boats of the largest class, fourteen feet by nine, and seven feet between decks; the after cabin or dormitory is somewhat smaller, and towards the stern lower. Ventilation and light are admitted through standing Venetian blinds, which extend from aft to the fore-bulkhead. By a judicious management of these the passenger may generally exclude all unpleasant glare from the water, and direct a pleasant current of air through his apartment. Budgerows, according to their tonnage, are furnished with from ten to eighteen oars; these, however, are very clumsy affairs, and indeed are only made use of when the tide is favourable, or when crossing the river; in other cases, unless the wind should be fair, the tow-rope, called a "Ghoon," is brought into play—one end being made fast inboard, and the other being passed through a block at the mast-head, the ghoon is handed out to the party ashore, each man of which carries a stout bamboo, about a yard long, to one end of which is fixed a fathom or so of stray line; these stray lines are then bent on to the ghoon, and each man placing his bamboo on the shoulder furthest from the river, and grasping the lower end of it with

Vain were the tales they told of danger near,           335  
 His eyes deceived him, or he thought it fear ;  
 His sword with rapid blows the ropes divides,  
 The vessel swung unruly on the tides ;  
 Rapid she left the shore, and thrice in vain  
 The crew pulled stoutly for that shore again ;       340  
 Thrice, 'overwhelmed beneath the water's force,  
 They vainly tried to keep her to her course ;  
 Then came the fatal wave, and, in a breath,  
 All but one Dhandee met a watery death ;  
 He for an hour contrived the bursting wave       345  
 With nimble arms and nervous strength to brave,

both hands, pressing it towards his chest, all step out in a measured time, which they preserve very exactly, causing the passenger to be sensible of a succession of gentle tugs. When the river must be crossed, the trackers are called in, and the oars applied to. As the stream in the rains is extremely strong, the bow only is shewn to it, and it requires energy and skill to prevent the boat presenting a broadside, as in such case she would be swept miles down the river before she could gain the opposite bank. At the best of times ground must be lost in crossing a river, of the breadth and rapidity of which it is difficult for a stranger to form an opinion. This affair of crossing the river is not unattended with danger when it is undertaken by men accustomed to the operation, but the liability to accident is very much increased when the passenger chooses to consider he knows more about the matter than the Mhanjee or head-boatman. It was late one evening when I moored opposite, though at least nine miles from Patna ; just ahead was another Budgerow, and its passenger and I made out a supper together. Next morning, when I awoke, I was surprised to hear no movement on board, and speedily turned out to know why the boat was still moored. One of my servants could speak English, and he represented to me that the Mhanjee protested that it was impossible to cross, owing to the strength of the wind. " But it is fair," said I, " call him down." The man came, and, through my interpreter, informed me that crossing was out of the question, and that if we attempted it we should be swallowed up in mid-channel, if not before. As I was paying this man by the week, I thought it probable he was delaying purposely, so I stepped forward to my friend in the other boat, who pointedly recommended me to leave the management of the boat to the Mhanjee, and come and breakfast with him. But I was too young at that time to be advised, and too ignorant to be prudent ; so on my return to the boat I insisted on the moorings being taken up, and the crossing attempted. All hands at this

Till, cast on shore, he sought a neigh'ring town,  
And told the mournful fate of Captain Brown."

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

" Now, as the shades of night the world enshroud,  
We sought the cliff-like bank and there 'lugaowed.' 350  
Two ropes ahead the careful crew belay  
To pegs deep driven in adhesive clay ;  
These guard the vessel from the foaming stream—  
Two more they fasten to the inner beam ;  
And yet astern they veer away two more, 355  
And bind the vessel to the sheltering shore.

were much excited, but I was not to be quieted, and in short we left the friendly bank. I saw the principal sail set, and then retired to my sleeping-room. In about half an hour, however, I was roused out of that by a wave, which, breaking against the side of the boat, sent a handsome allowance of spray into my bed. I was soon upon deck, and by no means gratified at finding the boat in a regular sea, caused by the wind blowing against the stream. Round-bottomed and top-hampered, a Budgerow is a poor sea-boat, and I began to think I had been a little too rash ; we were going on, however, which was something ; the boat did not seem to me, nevertheless, to be making the way she ought, so I determined to set the top-sail, but where were the crew ? There were only two on board, one helping the Mhanjee to steer, the other close by my side, and as for my interpreter, he had, like another Jonah, gone down into the sides of the ship, to be out of sight of such turbulent water as he had never seen in his life before. I went to him to get his assistance, but failed—" If I go up I tumble overboard, and master lose good servant." He was *not* a good servant—he ate both my pots of raspberry jam (Hoffman's), robbed me of half my month's pay, and walked off with a thorough-bred English spaniel, for which I had given an hundred rupees. Leaving him (who so shortly after left me), I went to the Mhanjee, and endeavoured to make him comprehend my wishes, and succeeded ; but he negatived them by shaking his head, and pointing over the stern ; on looking over it I discovered the missing portions of my crew, some crouching, others standing on the rudder, which, in Budgerows, forms an angle of about twenty-five with the vessel ;—*why* they were there I am not at liberty to guess at this moment, and cannot say whether it was through the persuasion that their weight kept the rudder efficient, and so reduced the chance of the vessel's broaching to, an accident which, in such a sea, would have been fatal ; or whether they considered me a Jonas, and would not stay on board with me—

While hardly yet the dawn illumes the skies,  
 My sleep is broken by the Dhandees' cries ;  
 Then, as we left our berth, I would repair  
 High on the poop, and court the morning air ;      360  
 And when the sun its fiery radiance shed,  
 Again would seek for shelter in my bed.  
 Breakfast at nine—my tiffin came at one,  
 And dinner entered at the setting sun.  
 Oft in the twilight I would take a walk,      365  
 (If no strong rain the useful effort baulk) ;  
 Beside old Gunga's stream I loved to roam,  
 My feet in Asia, but my heart at home.

*there* they were, nor would one of them budge for all that I could say. Nevertheless, I was determined the topsail should be set, so I shinned up to loose it myself. I need scarcely say the gaskets were not passed "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," but, in time, I got all ready for "letting fall," which I did, and at the moment the wind got under the broad brim of my Solah hat, and away it went, lost to me and my heirs for ever. "Ah!" thought I, "there you go, true summer friend as you are, off and away when your connection is in a difficulty!" The noise the sail made, and the great chance there appeared of its speedily following my hat, brought some of the rudder-ites on deck; the topsail was sheeted home and hoisted, and from that moment the boat was easier in the motion, more rapid in her progress, and we soon got into the deep water and long swell off Patna, wherein little danger was to be apprehended, and in three hours from the time we started we were all snug at the opium agent's ghaut, or landing-place. But this was to be a day of adventures. I was eating my breakfast when a note addressed to Mr. — was put into my hand by a Chup-rassy of the opium agent; these were its contents:—"Sir C. O'Reilly is glad Mr. — could cross over to-day, and is commissioned by Lady O'Reilly to beg Mr. — will come up as soon as he can make it convenient. Sir Charles O'Reilly has sent a palanquin." Indian hospitality for ever thought I! and seizing a pen, I replied as follows:—"Cornet Anthony Sabre presents his compliments to Sir Charles and Lady O'Reilly, and will be proud to wait upon them immediately." I found the house full of guests, and the Baronet and his lady apparently well pleased to add one more to the number, as *he* undoubtedly was to make it. There was a lively little spinster there, who, I could not help observing, whenever our eyes met, had some difficulty in preventing a laugh. I don't know why, but I did not half like this, and being *very young*, I watched an opportunity and asked her why she was disposed to laugh at

Thus passed two months, and now Benares' towers  
 Spread their dark shadows to the further shores, 370  
 The Hindu's holy city!—one whose name  
 Has filled all India with its sacred fame;  
 At whose pure altars, each revolving year,  
 Millions of pilgrims from afar appear;  
 One drop of water from the sacred wave, 375  
 Once in that holy stream their forms to lave,  
 Is for three years of penance, toil, and grief,  
 In their deluded minds a full relief.  
 Where can you find in our enlightened coast,  
 Where true religion forms our constant boast, 380

me? She immediately addressed the hostess, saying, "Lady O'Reilly, Mr. Sabre wishes to know why I laugh at him; may I tell him?"—"Oh, certainly, if you like."—"Well then, now Mr. Sabre, stand out there and let me examine you—you're to true answer make, mind;—were you ever mistaken for a Colonel?"—"No." "A Major?"—"No." "A Captain then?"—"Not that I am aware of." "*A piano-forte tuner?*"—"Certainly *not*," said I, not especially pleased at the question;—my answer, perhaps the tone of it, precipitated the whole company into a regular fit of laughter, on the subsiding of which, Lady O'Reilly informed me that she had been daily expecting a tuner from Calcutta, and concluded, from seeing a boat "lugaowing" at Sir Charles's private landing-place, a mile or more from Patna, that it contained the man; and had, therefore, begged Sir Charles to summon him up without delay—but as neither of them knew the name of the tuner, I was quite right to attribute the invitation as if purposely designed for myself, and she begged to congratulate herself on the mistake, &c., &c., &c. When I returned to my boat at night, I began to reflect that it might be as well not to meet my friend the tuner, (for I had no doubt *he* occupied the boat on the other side of the river,) at Sir Charles's, and so, although I now had a genuine invitation to stay in his hospitable mansion, and learn all about the growth and culture of opium, I determined to proceed on my voyage next morning, before this knight of the tuning fork, who I had mistaken for a gentleman, could get across. I therefore addressed a note to Sir Charles, excusing myself to him, and enclosed a few lines to the little lively spinster, cautioning her not to laugh *at* the real man of pedals and wire, for fear he should imagine she was smiling *upon* him, and presume accordingly—a thing by the way he would likely enough do, judging of what I have seen of his brethren, who come about in the neighbourhood of Mudditon.



*One* who from home a foreign shore will seek,  
 His body humbled and his spirit meek,  
 Knowing no motive but religious zeal,  
 Torment his body for his spirit's weal ?  
 We pity these poor Pagans, spurn their ways,        385  
 Yet their *devotion* well deserves our praise.  
 But to proceed :—next day, my voyage o'er,  
 I found myself and boat at Sultanpore ;  
 I landed, was received, and asked to dine,  
 My host, in fact, declared his house was mine.        390  
 Next day he took me, in a morning drive,  
 To make obeisance due to Colonel Clive,  
 Who nodded as I entered, rather stiff,  
 So it appeared to me, at least, a Griff ;  
 Asked how I rode, then said it was a rule        395  
 For youths like me, at first, to go to school ;  
 Hoped that three months would find me in the ranks,  
 I hoped so too, and tendered him my thanks ;  
 Another nod permitted us to go,  
 And, not unwillingly, I made my bow."        400  
       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Here I must beg to clip my young friend's letter—  
 He merely says his horse was a bone-setter ;  
 That full six months the Riding-Master tried,  
 By various means, to teach him how to ride ;

Line 404.—Ladies and gentlemen acquiring the art of horsemanship in this country, may suppose the riding schools in India resemble the very complete and convenient establishments in which *they* are in the habit of receiving instruction ; but such is not the case. Formerly a square was marked out by flags in rear of the regimental parade, which at Nusseerabad was a flat piece of rock, and there the Light Cavalry recruit, officer, or trooper, took his first lesson in equitation. A fall there was ludicrous to others as it always *is*, but far from a joke to him who got it. Within the last twenty years, Government has erected riding schools at some of the Cavalry stations, if four walls without a roof merit the name. The light Cavalry troopers are *born* riders, and I have often been edified and delighted at witnessing their immovable position, and cool col-

His hopes and pupil daily rose to fall,                         405  
 Both were the laughing-stock of great and small.  
 Then he goes on to say, he often made  
 Undue prostrations at a dress parade ;

lected manner on animals—horses, doubtless, but wild beasts to all intents and purposes. I remember the time when a full third of the horses wore muzzles when the regiment was out at exercise—no steadiness could have been preserved without this precaution; for unless they had been hampered with such an instrument, those brutes would have assuredly fastened on one of their fellows or his rider. Some of these horses were wont to confine their incivilities to their own species; but there were plenty of others who had an insatiable hatred to mankind; and to fall from the back of one of these was tantamount to running into the mouth of a lion. At field exercise, so many native grooms per troop attend on the ground, each carrying a long bamboo, with an iron hook affixed to the end of it purposely to catch loose horses. A man in the second troop of my regiment was clawed off his steed by his rear rank horse, and in an instant was seized at the wrist by the animal he had been riding. The grooms came to the rescue, and beat the brute off, but did not succeed in hooking him; he made one or two circles round the regiment, and then dashed in at his rider and seized him again, and would doubtless have dispatched him, had not he been hooked by a couple of grooms, and beaten off his hold by hearty blows from the others. I fancy I see and hear him yet, as he was led away to the stables, with his long tail curling up over his back, and he snorting and roaring like a mad bull. As for the trooper, he was for some time an inmate of the hospital, owing to the injuries he had received; and what made it worse for him was, that while under its roof his pay was under stoppages, which it must be allowed was a hard rule upon him. The man was in the execution of his duty; he is gravelled by a blow on his head from *one* horse, and is pulled out of the jaws of *another*, is carried to the hospital half dead, and is mulcted in a portion of his pay till the surgeon pronounces him all ready to be used up. The English reader will perceive that a loose horse in India is justly an object of suspicion. Such an animal, of my own knowledge (though not one and the same animal), has torn off the head of a washerman's wife; this brute was never caught, a party was ordered out and he was shot—kicked a friend of mine and his wife out of their gig, and nearly killed their horse—and effected a complete reconciliation between two gentlemen, who, formerly excellent friends, were at variance. I shall give that story at length. These gentlemen, who I have said were formerly excellent friends, had from some cause with which I am unacquainted, become estranged—so much so, that they disdained to know each other when they met by any chance. One evening the General's orderly, by some means,

And Colonel Clive approved not these misdeeds,  
 But said he'd send him to the Invalids. 410  
 He speaks of horses, fiddlers, dancing women,  
 And other things which are not quite beseeing ;

parted company with his horse, who, swinging his head from side to side, and with main and tail erect, came galloping, neighing the while, straight up the public drive, whereon at the moment various ladies and gentlemen were taking recreation—his approach raised a simultaneous cry of "*sauve qui peut*," and in a very briefspace he was the only occupant of the fashionable "prado"—its usual gay throngers were nowhere : yes, one gentleman who had turned into the nearest "compound," and had galloped his gig up to the Bungalow within it, was hastily lifting his half-fainting wife from the carriage to the house ; the owner of the house was assisting him—and whose *was* the house? It was one the charioteer five minutes before would have refused to enter—the property of a man with whom he had dissolved acquaintance. Let that which took place beneath its roof that evening be as secret as it was sacred. From that moment, for many years, I know, and up to the present moment, I believe, that friendship then renewed has never been weakened, but the contrary. Colonel Clive, in the text, considers Cornet Sage should be able to sit a rear and a plunge, before he could be deemed fit to fall in with his troop on parade ; that is no undue requirement—it is the very lowest mark in the standard of Light Cavalry horsemanship. Although I was by no means acquainted with the whole body of officers in that most effective arm of the service, in fact not with one-third of them, yet I am certain I could name several who were competent to ride every horse in their respective troops, and this to any one who *knows* the nature and habits of Light Cavalry troop-horses is sufficient to entitle an officer to be termed a determined and first-rate equestrian. The fact is these officers go out young, receive rude but perfect instruction in their so-called schools, have seldom any preconceived equestrian habits to be overcome, and rapidly acquire a good seat ; ever afterwards they are constantly in the saddle, and use a variety of horses. But let the *cause* be what it may, the *fact* is indisputable that the Light Cavalry officers (I am speaking about Bengal especially) are, as a body, superb horsemen. There *will* be exceptions of course—physical defects may render the Cavalry officer inefficient, and at one time of my life I used, when we were out at exercise, to look out for the Captain of my squadron's being on the ground, as a *sequitur* to a particular manoeuvre. I don't think he ever disappointed me. He was one of the most amiable of men, but not a horseman.—At that period we were commanded by a gentleman, who, I rather think, astonished the Surrey Hunt, when he was on furlough ; the story as told me was to this effect :—the gallant gentleman,

He writes in anger, too, of certain wags,  
 Far more at home than he upon their nags,  
 Who humbugged him to go with them and scour 415  
 The juicy canes, and rouse the savage boar ;

then a Captain, now a Major-General, appeared in 1816 in the same kind of hunting dress he wore in 1796, before he went to India, which excited much observation and some mirth—Who is he? &c., &c., &c. As the fox went away, our gallant commander *took up his stirrups*, and crossing them over his horse's withers, rode up to one of the field, who probably considered himself a top-sawyer, and quietly saying "Follow me!" joined in the pursuit. The run chanced to be over one of the most difficult lines of a difficult country. The invitation, given to one, was compulsory on the rest—*all* followed the Captain, who obtained the brush, and elicited the admiration of those who were near enough to see how a Bengal cavalry officer could go across a country. But to return to my squadron officer;—finding he could not manage at all under such a rapid commander, he resigned, and is now in charge of a parish near London, useful to and beloved by a numerous congregation.

Line 416.—Wild boar hunting in India is, undoubtedly, the grandest and most exciting of all sports. It is ridiculous, when comparing it to tiger shooting, to talk about the latter as being only a fit amusement for fat natives and women; the nature of the game you are after precludes the idea of his destruction being *invariably* child's play, or effected without some degree of danger, to say nothing of the chance (no imaginary one) of being shot by a friend, rather nervous or so—or of the inconvenience and risk arising from the turning and bolting of an unsteady elephant. Tiger shooting, in fact, can be made to rank higher than hog hunting, as, for instance, when the amusement is taken on *foot*, as it was wont to be by Colonel G—W—n. and Captain G—r, and some others; but, in the usual way, when the sportsman is mounted on an animal itself more than a match for the game, elevated fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground, boxed in, in a kind of fortress, with two or three ready-loaded guns at his command, and a man behind to reload, there cannot be any violent danger, the elephant being steady. The Colonel alluded to above told me, in addition to all this, that he never knew a tiger *spring* at a howdah, though he had frequently shot them clinging to the ropes and housings; on the other hand, Major N—y, of the Light Cavalry, informed me he once shot a panther who had leapt all fours on to his elephant's head; but he added that he was in a kind of ravine at the time, though utterly unable to say whether the panther had taken his leap from vantage-ground or not. Hog hunting requires those indulging in it to

Well nigh at this disport he lost his life,  
 (To abler men with ample danger rife,  
 For full at him the mad and wounded boar,  
 With grinded tusks and savage fury tore ;                    420  
 His horse, untaught to meet the fierce attack,  
 Upreared and cast him on the monster's back ;  
 Had not some skilful hand then cast a spear,  
 The Griffin's journal would have ended here ;  
 As 'twas he suffered fright, and something worse,    425  
 For the wild boar destroyed his only horse ;  
 He in revenge assailed the breathless swine,  
 And vowed on wild boar chops that day to dine.  
 This youth, I mentioned, had his hopes high wrought,  
 (And, doubtless, so his fond old father thought,)    430  
 That sundry letters which he had obtained  
 Would have some splendid staff appointment gained ;

have a firm seat, light hand, good eye, strong arm, and stout heart. The horse should be acquainted with the sport, fast, active, well on his haunches, and not above fourteen-and-half hands; the game himself, a four-year-old boar, and all the better if known to have made good his charge on a previous day, at the expense of a horse or two. Let a party of four get round about a sugar-cane "Kate" soon after daylight; see where the worst riding ground is, and, reining their horses back into the angles of the plantation, watch *that*, for he is almost sure to travel where it is roughest; put beaters and dogs in at the other side; encourage *them* to make a noise, but do you be as silent as the grave. "He's at home!" "What luck!" "We found and killed here yesterday." "What a glorious country!" Snap go the canes—out he comes. "Let him go; he's near enough to change his mind!" Now then, off! Hurrah for the first spear! What a pace! Jackson has it—no, missed him. Yes, Jackson threw his spear, but he was justified; his horse was blown; he has wheeled to the left, and, like Hector, has lost his spear. "Look out—here he comes!" He *was* coming; he bore straight for Sims, whose nag, all ready, rose beautifully to him; his thirsty tusk missed its grim design, and its grisly owner received a spear wound down his chine and shoulder, which rolled him over; Sims wheels to the left, and, ere the boar had scrambled on his feet, Gordon charged home, and as his horse rose in his leap, jabbed a spear through the wild boar's heart, and stopped his grunting for ever.

One to Sir Edward Paget, from his brother,  
 One to Lord Amherst,—Metcalf, too, another ;  
 And he preserved them by him, as directed, 435  
 Till candidates a vacancy expected,  
 Then each to each he carefully addressed,  
 In language suited to his first request.  
 Expectant triumph glistens in his eyes,  
 In soothing dreams he nightly grasps his prize ; 440  
 In the *Gazette* his fancied honours reads,  
 "Fort Adjutant and Paymaster of Invalids ;"  
 Plans, since he *is* to eminence preferr'd,  
 'Twont do with army subs too much to herd ;  
 No, a new list 'tis needful to prepare, 445  
 And *mouths of higher rank* his dinner share.  
 How much he chuckled that the Colonel's wife  
 Would play the worldly mother to the life—  
 With what unflinching firmness he'd withstand,  
 Her proffered arm each evening at the "band ;" 450  
 And inly vows, as sure as he's alive,  
 He slightly will astonish Colonel Clive ;—  
 "A stingy hound ! next time I go to dine,  
 "I'll drink two bottles of his dearest wine !  
 "I'll sport my "Raggy" at his full-dress ball, 455  
 "Curse country dances and for waltzes call ;  
 "Call myself *we*,—laugh loud, and drop the 'Colonel,'  
 "'Clive' him—'twill put him in a rage infernal ;  
 "Express my wonder that, for thirty years,  
 "His name on regimental rolls appears ; 460  
 "And so pretend I think it very hard,  
 "Merit like his has met with no reward !  
 "If, at Brigade, the General ever sends  
 "Me with an order to my best of friends,  
 "As, 'Give my compliments to Colonel C., 465  
 "'To form in line upon the infantry'—  
 "I'll make the wording *mine*,—thus, 'Move by threes  
 "To the right flank,'—I'll drop the 'if you please ;'

“ The old curmudgeon properly will stare,  
 “ While I ride off and bow with *such* an air !” 470  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
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Alnaschar dreamt that frequent happy sales  
 Had turned his china cups to silken bales ;  
 Those bales to gold—till widely-spreading Fame  
 Coupled with boundless wealth Alnaschar’s name.  
 And still he dreamt, proud vizier Ally Khan 475  
 Tendered in guest-like form the Kulleean,  
 Proposed his daughter, Persia’s fairest flower,  
 Should hail with joy his house, her wedding bower :  
 Alnaschar then determined, in his sleep,  
 His spouse in due obedience to keep ; 480  
 Should she attempt to proffer an embrace,  
 His knuckles, not a kiss, should greet her face ;  
 And as the cause with tears she sought to know,  
 He’d spurn her from him with insulting toe.  
 Unhappy dreamer ! these unmanly kicks 485  
 Thy fragile fortune thrust against the bricks !  
 He wakes, in fancy, at the maiden’s cries,  
 And naught save glittering ruin meets his eyes !  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
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And thus our hero, on his couch or chair,  
 Builds up on high his castles in the air ; 490  
 But soon some missives by the Eastern daw  
 His ardent hopes and expectations baulk :—  
 “ Sir Edward,” thus his Secretary wrote,  
 “ Had to provide for officers of note ;  
 “ And much regretted that he could not grant 495  
 “ The trifling favour which he seemed to want.”  
 Next came Lord Amherst’s seal-bedizened letter,  
 Which certainly his prospects did not better ;  
 Civil and short, conclusive but polite,  
 But Metcalf’s answer bade his hopes “ good night.” 500

Sir Charles observed, "that even *had* his wishes  
 "Tended to let him share the loaves and fishes—  
 "Which they did *not*—he could not think of tasking  
 "His independence *quite* so far as asking  
 "The smallest favour for a youth who knew 505  
 "So little what to courtesy was due,  
 "As to detain, as from its date appears,  
 "His friend's epistle upwards of three years."  
 These disappointments weighed him down with grief,  
 No friend on earth had he to give relief ; 510  
 "Tout au contraire," for in so small a "station,"  
 Lord Amherst surely seldom had occasion  
 To write, and thus to all the corps was shown  
 The wings on which his golden hopes had flown.  
 And, in addition to that food for woe, 515  
 He got a letter from his own C. O.,  
 Desiring him, accoutred, to repair  
 To the mess bungalow, and meet him there ;  
 When, all assembled, with uncovered head,  
 And standing up, these lines the Colonel read :— 520  
 "Army Head-quarters, Camp, Karunta Dee,  
 "Sir, I'm directed by the C. in C.  
 "To forward copy one from Cornet Sage,  
 "With his remarks upon the other page ;  
 "And you will please to hold a convocation 525  
 "Of all your officers now at the station,  
 "And reprimand the Cornet ; and explain—  
 "Although it gives his Excellency pain  
 "Thus publicly to censure youth, he deems it wise  
 "At once to open Cornet Sage's eyes : 530  
 "His application for a staff employ,  
 "Proceeding as it did from such a boy,  
 "Was of itself not easy of digestion,  
 "Calling Sir Edward's justice into question ;  
 "But more than that, he must remark meanwhile, 535  
 "It was irregular in form and style ;



"And he concluded, begging Colonel Clive—  
 "Ordering him, in fact—in future to contrive  
 "That no request be to Head-quarters sent  
 "Which common sense and custom should prevent." 540  
 The Colonel ceased to read, but yet a while  
 His mouth seemed conscious of a scornful smile ;  
 And as the rest he bade their quarters seek,  
 One word with Cornet Sage he wished to speak :—  
 "I am surprised," he said, "you should have thought 545  
 "That army honours are by interest bought ;  
 "And equally concerned you knew no better  
 "Than to send up *direct* Sir Edward's letter ;  
 "And you perceive thereby the C. in C.,  
 "Through folly such as yours reflects on me. 550  
 "And now I tell you, Sir, with much concern,  
 "Most of your duty you have yet to learn ;  
 "And as you aim at getting on the Staff,  
 "(Really the bare idea makes me laugh,)  
 "I must endeavour now, by extra care, 555  
 "You for some high appointment to prepare ;  
 "And you, no doubt, will readily embrace  
 "What may assist you on a little space.  
 "First, then, I'm sure you will not learn with sorrow  
 "You'll be in orders for the 'school' to-morrow ; 560  
 "In the sword-exercise, as you evince no skill,  
 "You will henceforth attend the evening drill ;

Line 546.—Promotion in the Indian army is slow ; all the regiments there, like our magnificent marine battalion, are *gradation* corps. "A bloody war and a sickly season" have before now been given as a toast ; "if I die, it is *some* consolation to my junior—he *necessarily* gets a step." I shall not say more on this head, but transcribe a portion of a letter written by a senior Cornet of a regiment to his father :—"Congratulate me ! you may now address me as Lieutenant ; we were out hunting jackalls this morning, and had glorious sport ; one of our Lieutenants, in taking a mud wall, had his horse fall on him, and he never spoke afterwards. Poor fellow ! I had rather it had been some one else ; but it hoists me out of the list of Jolly Cornets, so I mustn't complain."

" And should improvement, as I hope, appear,  
 " In fact, when you can sit a plunge or rear,  
 " The Adjutant will let me know, and then 565  
 " You'll join the ranks upon parade again.  
 " And I would certainly this much advise,  
 " Don't early thus your rank and sphere despise ;  
 " Nor all at once ambitiously attempt  
 " From your apprenticeship to be exempt. 570  
 " Excuse this seeming useless, stern address,  
 " And let me see you cheerful at the Mess ;  
 " Your brother officers will, perhaps, be witty—  
 " Youths, in such case, *are* rather scant of pity :  
 " What if they ' set the table in a roar,' 575  
 " Laugh you with them, the joke will soon be o'er.  
 " I quite forgot this card from Mrs. Clive,  
 " I hope you'll come, our dinner hour's at five ;  
 " And I believe the ladies will propose  
 " With a small jig the evening to close." 580  
 He ceased, and turned. The youth, astonished, mute,  
 By instinct only paid the due salute.  
 At length these words a gloomy silence broke :—  
 " Fool that I was ! ('twas to himself he spoke :)  
 " What said the hoary veteran to my boast, 585  
 " Made the first hour I trod this hateful coast ?  
 " I should have known that a whole list of names  
 " Of wounded heroes urged their better claims.  
 " Avaunt, then, grief ! let sorrow have an end—  
 " I now perceive the Colonel is my friend ; 590  
 " I feel his duty makes him seem severe,  
 " Yet he finds words my wounded heart to cheer."  
     \*       \*       \*       \*       •       •  
     \*       •       \*       \*       \*       \*

" And now, dear Tom," ('tis thus his journal ends),  
 " Remember me to all inquiring friends,  
 " And do not mention aught these lines unfold 595  
 " A cautious judgment should preserve untold ;

" Why should my ills another's peace invade,  
 " By my own pen in mournful terms pourtrayed ?  
 " Why should another know my star is set,  
 " And deeply buried in a sea of debt ?                    600  
 " No ! let them dream that on this distant shore,  
 " Each day adds golden increase to my store.  
 " May better fortune smile, dear Tom, on you,  
 " And, with this heartfelt prayer, I say adieu !"  
     \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*  
     \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Years rolled away, and still no fortune cheered            605  
 That breast, so long by disappointment seared ;  
 Health failed ; he drooped ; while, half unstrung,  
 The cords of life by weakened fibres hung ;  
 No mother's hand supports his throbbing head,  
 Or smooths the pillow of the exile's bed ;                    610  
 Nor does the sad affection of a friend  
 Mourn his approaching and untimely end ;  
 No gentle sister closed his death-fixed eye,  
 No kindred ear received his last drawn sigh ;  
 No ! all alone he died ! and on his bier                    615  
 No friend, lamenting, dropped the hallowed tear ;  
 The aspiring youths below him in the corps,  
 Gaining a step, rejoiced he was no more.  
 Still, to his breathless body custom gave  
 The usual honours o'er his narrow grave ;                    620  
 Three rolling volleys o'er his senseless clay  
 Formed his loud dirge, a soldier's funeral lay ;  
 There in the grave, and speedily forgot,  
 Alike his corpse and memory may rot.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRISTOL MIRROR.

Mudditon, 28th Feb., 1846.

SIR,—Herewith I send you the copy of what I cannot but esteem an excellent letter from our Major to a young friend of his. Those disturbances which the Major foresaw have broken out, and I am happy to say the name of the young officer, to whom the letter I now forward was addressed, does not appear in the list of killed or wounded in the late sanguinary conflicts with the invaders of our Indian territory.

I do not perceive any other of my late friend's manuscripts which would interest your readers, so I shall not have to trespass any more on your indulgence. Thanking you, Sir, for having allowed me so much space in your excellent journal,

I remain,

Your faithful servant,

GEO. TRAFFORD.

## HINTS.

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Mudditon, 8th March, 1845.

My dear young Friend,—Your father has requested me to refer to my experience of military life in India, and throw together a few hints respecting it, for your benefit, who, I am happy to learn, have received a Bengal cavalry cadetship. My respect for your excellent parent, and the relationship in which I stand to you as your godfather, render me very willing to comply with his request, and the more so still, because in a postscript he gives me to understand that you moved him to make it. You are about to enter a very fine service, and at a very auspicious moment. Every successive mail from India gives us assurance that work will be ere long cut out for the army; and I hope to live long enough to see your name mentioned with credit in some of those actions which are certainly impending on our North-Western frontier. The apathy with which our countrymen at home were wont to view individuals and matters connected with India, is rapidly passing away. The recent events in Afghanistan—the Chinese war—and other greater matters, have set people thinking and reading: and you now occasionally meet a man who *knows* the difference between the Burrampooter and the Ganges, and can geographically disprove the identity of Bombay with Madras. I remember being in company with an Oxfordshire Squire, shortly before I first went out to India, who asked me to what part I was going? I told him Bengal. “The deuce you

are!" was his reply. "Why your father certainly told me you were going to Calcutta!" This gentleman ought to have a mate, so I shall associate him with a woman whose lodgings I occupied at Ryde. I met her one morning on the stairs, dressed up beyond her common, and wearing that kind of air some people assume on the eve of a journey. "Top of the morning to you, Mrs. Double-charge," said I, "Where are you bound to, to-day?" "I am going on the *continent*; can I do anything for you, Sir?" "Nothing, thank you, Mrs. D——, but how long shall you be away?" "I can't precisely say, Sir; but I hope to take *the four o'clock boat back*—but if not, my little girl can do you a chop." This Vectisian knew of no island but that of the Wight. I repeat, then, the apathy, the result of ignorance, with which Indian matters were generally viewed by our countrymen at home is passing away;—full justice has been done to Pollock, Nott, Sale, Mayne, and others, and will be done to you, who, although you may not, like poor unheard of Fitzgerald, have a chance, through the exercise of a "generous and devoted disobedience" to convert defeat into victory, and rescue an army by a charge, yet will infallibly find yourself opportunities of earning laurels in Hindustan fit to be entwined with those won by your gallant father on the banks of the Douro and at Salamanca.

I quite approve of your wish to go out in a ship—the single disadvantage is, that you will lose five or six weeks; as (unless the rule has been altered) your rank in the service will date from your arrival at Calcutta. But the voyage at your age, seventeen, will prove fully as beneficial to your constitution as toiling across the Desert, and perhaps a month's purgatory at Suez might prove prejudicial. At the season you will sail (the middle of May,) you will be off the Cape in the depth of winter; and the strong North-Westerly and cold winds then blowing will remove the inconveniences a first introduction within the

tropics may have caused you, and brace you up in readiness for a longer exposure to heat. The perfect regularity with which all affairs are carried on on board ship, may also impress upon you the excellency of order and punctuality. You will have more than three months' opportunity and leisure for studying the grammars and glossary of the language you will have to adopt, and a chance of forming useful acquaintances with some of your fellow-passengers. An old brother-officer of mine, Lieut.-Colonel Bridoon, is to sail with you: I enclose a few lines to him—he is an excellent officer, and I shall be very glad to hear you are posted to his regiment. For the reasons assigned above, I approve of your sailing to India by the Cape. As to the wardrobe you should prepare for the voyage, take seven dozen shirts as its *base*, always remembering it will be *cold enough off the Cape*. I should say the London outfitters may be depended on in the main; but it will be as well for you to see to matters yourself, and not to give absolute *carte-blanche*.

You will soon be able to estimate your father's kindness in affording you a cabin—it is not every parent who is so considerate: but *he* has often been in a transport, and has experienced the great disadvantage a man is under on board ship, who has no private apartment. Make it a rule that your cabin *shall* be your private apartment;—do not be asking persons to come and sit with you in it,—there is the deck or the cuddy for all common purposes;—a cabin is or should be a man's sanctum; he is not to be intruded on when he retires to it. It is at once his study, his dormitory, and his chapel. In well-ordered ships the upper deck is washed every morning—it will, however, be dry by seven o'clock, and in fine weather I counsel you to walk from that hour till breakfast time—and for an equal space after the meal; let the hours till dinner time (three o'clock) be occupied in the study of the language and history of India, and encourage the thought that your

name may shine in its future pages. I need scarcely press upon you, dear Frederick, the duty of a Christian, whether he be at sea or on shore;—remember that old saying, “No day is well begun that is not begun with prayer—no day well ended which does not end in praise.” I recommend you to drink but moderately of wine: eschew such as Port, Sherry, or Madeira, or only take *one* of them while in the cool latitudes,—a glass or two of Sauterne will carry you through the proper civilities of the table; more would only heat you and do you harm. By the same rule I should say, eat moderately; for hearty meals at sea, where only a modicum of exercise can be taken, so far from benefitting a person, are apt to render him gross, and land him in no condition to contend with the climate of India. Many a one has little known how much he was indebted to the musquitoes for sucking his blood, rendered impure from high feeding on board ship. After dinner almost everybody is on deck: your judgment is quite sufficient to point out to you those from whose conversation you could derive benefit. Tea on board is queer stuff—I never tried to drink it but twice; I would recommend you to have nothing to do with it. A biscuit and a glass of wine and water at nine o’clock will do you no harm; walk the deck afterwards for half an hour, and then dive, as all lights must be extinguished at ten. The furniture of your cabin need not consist of more than a neat mat to cover the deck, a sofa with drawers, a table with flaps and drawer, two chairs, a folding wash-hand stand, a couple of short candlesticks, well leaded at the bottom, and a swing lamp. You will sleep in a cot, which your servant will carry away when you turn out. Ship your furniture while the vessel is in the docks or river, and there and then have everything “cleeted” down—*see it done*; lock the door, and give the key to the Captain’s Steward. Take an outline chart to sea with you, and learn how to “work the time,” &c.; you cannot *tell* but that such



knowledge *might* be very useful to you hereafter. I shall only add to this part of my letter, that the excellent Bishop Heber, who dreaded the months he was about to pass on board ship would be, as it were, so many blanks in his existence, subsequently avowed that he could scarcely refer to any four continuous months of his life with equal satisfaction.

And now as respects your military accoutrements. Buckmaster, of the Strand, and Hart, of Pall Mall, *could* rig you out completely. But I am of opinion it is better to employ a Calcutta tailor, for these reasons:—you are growing, injury may be done to your clothes at sea, and it is impossible for you to tell to which regiment you will be posted; one of the cavalry corps wears black facings, the others scarlet or orange; there may, however, be a complete change in the regulations by the time you arrive, and, therefore, as there *are* good tailors in Calcutta, I should employ *them*. Buy your sword in London, and your saddlery, also your guns and pistols; Westley Richards is your man for fire-arms, and Prosser will provide your sword; Whippy is, I think, the best military saddler; you will tell him your chargers will be, *at most*, fifteen hands high. Order two Hussar saddles and bridles, and a light hunting saddle, &c., &c.; the bits and stirrups should be smeared over with a weak preparation of blue ointment, and packed in a tin box, well soldered down. Order also three suits of light horse-clothing; stipulate for their being made *entirely* of wool.

Some years ago, cadets, on landing, received accommodation at Fort William, and were put under charge of a superintendent. This practice has, I believe, been abolished, and the new arrival finds better accommodation at Spence's Hotel, an establishment which Lord William Bentinck originated, and which is conducted very well indeed. By messing with the other officers in the Hotel, your table expenses will not exceed 15*l.* a month, and

your sleeping apartment will be included under that charge. Any resident will advise you in the matter of hiring servants, and so forth ; those of Calcutta look upon "Griffins" as their legitimate prey ; if possible, avoid engaging a man who understands English. Should there be an officer at the Hotel about to embark for Europe, get the reversion of *his* domestics, if you can ; you will thereby not only secure up-country servants, but also receive a *bonâ fide* character of them. The *written* characters many Calcutta servants produce are sold in the Bazaar, on a sliding scale of so much for every falsity they contain. Do not purchase a horse in Calcutta, but make an engagement with a livery-stable-man to send a saddle-horse to your quarters every morning at daylight, and a gig of an evening, in order that you may not be the only English gentleman in Calcutta absent from the Course. See the place by all means, but do not hang about in the City of Palaces ; endeavour to get posted as soon as you can, and, when that affair is arranged, set the tailors to work, and start off to your regiment without delay. If your station is approachable by water, hire a stout boat for your heavy baggage ; *insure* it, and, leaving it to follow, go up by "Dawk" to your corps. You will be able to carry all the clothes, &c., you will want ; any servants you may have hired, if worth keeping, may come in your boat, in which all your property will be under the custody of one of the subordinates of the Insurance Company. Let me suppose you now, Fred., introduced to your Commander, brother Officers, and Riding-Master. Do I see you somewhat surprised at the appearance of the native officers and men of the regiment ? They do not much resemble those blackees you see begging about London, do they ? What would not some of our dandies have given, when moustache were cultivated, to have been the owners of the meanest pair in your regiment ! Those tall, straight, fine-looking fellows are soldiers by

*descent*; their ancestors were fighting men, and so will their posterity be. The Indian army is not recruited like ours, by men taken from the stable, the plough, or the manufactory; *its* ranks are recruited by lads who, if no opportunity of carrying arms in the Company's service were afforded them, would either take military service under a native chief, or not impossibly do a little business on their own private account. They are a high-spirited race, but very amenable to discipline, readily become attached to their European officers, and give them no trouble. Education is not much regarded by them; *ergo*, radicalism is a vice unknown in their ranks. I remember one of our Captains, who wished to promote a favourite he had, sending for the senior native officer, who stood in the way, and who the Captain hoped to persuade or bully into taking his invalid pay (a boon granted by Government after a certain period of service, and being in amount two-thirds of the full pay). When the native officer was seated, this dialogue ensued:—

Captain.—“I was looking over the long roll of the troop this morning, and I see, Subadar, you have been upwards of thirty years in the service.” Subadar.—“It has been my good fortune.” Captain.—“And now, after such long and faithful service, you are entitled to claim that honourable retirement which the liberality of Government has provided for its old and meritorious servants.”—

Subadar.—“The Invalid pension?” Captain.—“Yes.”

Subadar.—“I have eaten the Company's salt for thirty years, and should be ashamed to retire while I can serve; my arms and legs are, as yet, strong.” Captain.—“That may be true: but I am sorry to say your *eyes* are not what they were; in fact, Subadar, you had *better* take the pension—I merely say this as your friend.” Subadar.—“God is great!” (he began to see into matters;) “and you are my Captain; nevertheless, do not mention the Invalids.” Captain.—“Very well, Subadar—now listen;

here is a new Governor-General come out, and he has published an order to promote those men especially who can read and write ; where would you have been, Subadar, if such an order had been promulgated years ago ! You would have been at this moment in the ranks, for you can neither read or write." " *Write ! me write !*" exclaimed Subadar ; " am I *clerk* ? I am a *soldier*, not a *scrivener* ! Write ! this is *my pen*," slapping the hilt of his sword as he jumped up off his chair—" *this is my pen*, and many a time have I written my name with it on my enemy's head ; I *will* go to the Invalids." Fortunately for this gallant fellow he had to pass an examination before an Invaliding Committee, when, in answer to queries, he replied, " My legs and arms are strong, *but I cannot write* ! I should like to serve on, yea to die by my colours, *but I cannot write* !" The President of the Committee saw there was something behind, and *refused* the man's application for the retirement, and he was still in the regiment when I left it, five years subsequently.

If you have proceeded by Dawk to your regiment, and the Adjutant or a senior officer should offer to receive you into his house till your baggage arrived, accept such an offer. But I am utterly against what is called "chumming," *i. e.*, two officers living together under the same roof, merely for the sake of saving a few rupees of rent, or a little purchase-money. Your servants and his would *certainly* quarrel—he would very probably be partial, and so would you, and this would lead to discomfort ; besides, your tastes and his might differ—his friends might not suit you, or the reverse. I myself tried the experiment of chumming ; my friend and I were not fresh acquaintances,—we had marched together four hundred miles, he having found the camp-equipage, I the means of carriage, and we got on famously together. When we reached our station, it contained only one house for sale, which I bought, and ultimately agreed to let my

marching friend, a brother Cornet, occupy half of it, he paying me, as rent, the interest of half the purchase-money. Very soon afterwards he began to take delight in learning the fiddle, which was a great nuisance, as, there being no doors in the interior of bungalows (generally speaking), all his horrid noises distracted me. He had three or four brutes of dogs, who were eternally quarrelling, or being thrashed for their pugnacity. But these were really light evils, compared with what took place four nights in the week. Although at the time he really knew nothing of the language, he was mad after "nautches;" and as frequently as I have mentioned assembled troops of singing men and women under our roof, whose detestable concerts lasted the greater part of the night; this grew to be insupportable, but I had to make a considerable pecuniary sacrifice before I succeeded in removing him and his noisy associates from my premises.

I trust you will abstain from the indecorous practice of thrashing your servants. Griffs, who cannot speak Hindustani, get irritable with their servants who cannot speak English. It is a discreditable fact, that the practice of beating servants was carried to such an excess formerly, that the Court of Directors wrote a letter authorising the Indian Government to send home any officer guilty of cruelty to his servants, without the form of a court-martial. I am not aware that any officer has ever incurred such a penalty for his want of temper and humanity. But a circumstance which occurred at an up-country station shews that, here and there, an offender is to be met with. A certain Ensign was addicted to beating one of his servants especially; he had been more than once advised to give up the practice, but without effect. At mess one evening this servant incurred his displeasure, whereupon he threatened to punish him severely when he retired from the table. One of the Captains of the regiment, who happened to be the senior officer present,

remonstrated ; the cause of provocation, if any, was slight, and he recommended the young man to take no notice of it ; this elicited, however, only a re-assurance that he should thrash the man soundly. The Captain then alluded to the terms of the letter I have mentioned, and began to question whether he, as the senior officer present, ought not officially to interfere. An innuendo of this sort produced no good effect. The Ensign left the mess early, went home, and, most probably, thrashed his servant. At exercise the next morning the Ensign did not make his appearance, and the Adjutant rode off the ground to his quarters, to ascertain the cause. The Ensign's military career had ended ! He was found by the Adjutant lying on his bed almost decapitated, and across his legs lay the corpse of his servant, whose two hands were grasping a "tulwar," or native sword, the blade of which was buried in his throat, as though he had, after having slain his master, tried to saw off his own head.

You will find gambling carried on to a great extent in India, and possibly there may be a card-club and billiard table in your regiment ; do not on any account have anything to do with them. To say nothing of the vice of the thing, the waste of time, and the various misunderstandings which occasionally arise, judge honestly for yourself what right you have to risk your pay, or a part of it, when all is not more than sufficient to maintain you—or what satisfaction it can be to a well-ordered mind to be sensible that, by winning another man's money, you *must* be impoverishing him, and *may* be undermining his moral principle. There have been persons in the service, and so there may be yet, who love to get hold of inexperienced young officers, and fleece them. Many a young officer's "letter of credit," which his father, perhaps ill able to afford the money, had contrived to supply him with, and which was designed to complete his military

equipment, establish him in his house, &c., &c., has been applied to the payment of lessons in whist, and three-card loo. Some years ago the station of Berhampoor was infested by a person who actually used to lay in wait for young officers proceeding up the river to join. Boats, for the most part, touch there ; and when this land-shark saw one tenanted by a "Griff," he would come on board and invite him to his house, and frequently paid himself well for his satanic hospitality. It chanced that a friend of mine, an old stager, was going up the river, and very kindly franked a couple of "youngsters" in his Budgerow, which, as was customary, touched at the station of Berhampoor. The lads were on the poop amusing themselves looking at the place, when the shark came on board, and saying how uncomfortable they would find themselves at the Ghaut, invited them to eat their meals at his house, and especially their dinner that evening. Before the lads could reply, my friend, who was dressing in the after cabin of the boat, but had overheard this invitation, called out, "The youngsters are much obliged to you, Sir—I hope you will include me !" My gallant friend had heard of the shark, I must premise ; and I must further explain that he himself was the very best backgammon and piquet player in India, but was not known as such by the shark. After dinner the party sat down to whist, the seniors mated each with a Griff. They played till, one of the youngsters being drowsy, my friend begged both of them to be off to the boat, and turn in. The shark wanted, however, to play on ; being, as he said, a loser, *he* was the person who ought to decide whether or not to leave off—he should like to try another rubber, &c. "Let the lads go," said my friend, "and as for the trifle you have lost, you and I can go on playing 'Beggar-my-neighbour,' or any other game playable by two—only, I shall be off when you have won back your losings." "Can you play backgammon ?" said the shark.

“Can a duck swim?” replied my friend; “if you want to win your money back, you had better not play backgammon with *me!*” “Well, then, piquet?” “I am not afraid of you there!” “Come along, then.” To it they went—at it all night—and the next morning my friend returned to the boat with the shark’s I O U for nearly a lakh of rupees, say 10,000*l.* at the present rate of exchange, but it was nearer 13,000*l.* then. After breakfast the shark came on board, and, as might have been expected, was unable to pay. He had, it appeared, 10,000 or 11,000 rupees in his agent’s hands, for which he presented my friend a cheque; he had an elephant, two double-barrelled guns, a steed, some plate, and a Bungalow, of all which my friend eased him, taking them, as the auctioneers say, “at a valuation.” Still, there was a formidable balance—how was *that* to be paid? To do the loser justice, he offered to endeavour to liquidate it by monthly instalments out of his pay; but my friend was not so inexorable—he took the 10,000 or 11,000 rupees, but waived all further demands, cancelled the I O U, but took a written declaration from his late antagonist “that he would never play for money or property with any person under the age of one-and-twenty.”

Officers in cantonments have much leisure time. The morning’s drills are over, in the warm season, at six o’clock, and it is only occasionally an officer need quit his house till half an hour before sunset—hence the temptation to all manner of idle follies. Now, I recommend you to apportion out your time, independently of all false excitement. Engage a Moonshee to instruct you in the native languages—appoint him an hour, say ten o’clock, to be with you till twelve; allowing that your acts of private devotion have been performed before breakfast, and that you breakfast at nine, you will be ready for him when he comes. Make *the most of him*, for depend upon it, a thorough knowledge of the Oriental



languages *must* some day or other prove advantageous to you, and, until then, will afford you entertainment. Do not drop your acquaintance with the dead languages; read, for instance, the testament in the original: you might also translate it, when able, into Persic or Oordû. Who can tell, perhaps a passage might arrest your preceptor's attention? Again, you are a neat draughtsman, make Indian scenery subservient to your amusement; and as most probably there will be a book-club in the corps, or, if not, certainly in the station, you will through its means be able, at a moderate expense, to become conversant with the European literature of the day. The cost of a daily newspaper is beyond the reach of a sub.'s legitimate expenditure; but, possibly, two or three others would club with you in procuring the luxury, the expense of which is eight rupees a month for the paper itself, and about a shilling per diem postage at cavalry stations. With these and similar manly and sensible occupations, aided by a good "tiffin," as you will speedily learn to designate "luncheon," occasional visitings, half an hour's private instruction in the sword exercise, &c., you will, I am satisfied, feel no inclination to hang about a billiard table, or injure your own finances, or those of another, by cards. After evening drill, those at stations usually assemble round a band; and as you are yourself a musician, or have the promise in you to become one, a military band will not fail to interest you, and sensibly recreate you after your physical expenditure at drill. An hour after sunset you will hear the mess bugles. N.B. You should never come in late to dinner, and it is a breach of etiquette to do so should the officer commanding be dining at the mess. Tea is a meal unknown in India, except in married men's houses, and as late sitting up is contrary to the practice of the country, where early rising is a matter of necessity, you will have returned to your quarters before ten, and so I may properly conclude this portion of my letter by wishing you "good night."

In the formation of your establishment you should consult economy and comfort. I subjoin a calculation, which supposes there is a mess in your regiment :—House-rent, or interest of money invested in a house, forty-five rupees ; mess, including wines, seventy rupees ; table expenses in quarters, breakfast, &c., &c., thirty rupees ; head valet and his mate, eleven rupees ; table servant and his assistant, fourteen rupees ; sweeper, four rupees ; watchman, four rupees ; tent-pitcher, six rupees ; water-carrier, five rupees ; washerman, six rupees ; two grooms, eleven rupees ; two grass-cutters, eight rupees ; keep of two horses, thirty rupees ; station expenses, viz., book-club, newspaper, &c., &c., twenty rupees ; Moonashee, thirty rupees. In the hot season you must have extra servants, making on the whole year a monthly average of twelve rupees. This makes a total of 306 rupees per month, your pay as Cornet being 309 rupees. Ordinarily this would be living too well, but your father informs me he intends to make up your pay to that of a Lieutenant, that is to say, to 360 rupees per mensem, and I have made my calculation for *you*, and not for Cornets generally. To *them* I should say, your current expenses should be so regulated as to leave twenty-five rupees free at the end of every month. (In the army, Fred., *nothing* is allowed to be *impossible*.) Your father intends, after fully equipping you, to give you credit on a Calcutta firm for 400*l*. Taking your expenses at the Presidency, boat-hire, and Dawk to your regiment, at 140*l*, your house 150*l*, and your camp equipage at 65*l*, you will set up most satisfactorily, and possess a balance in your agent's hands of 45*l* ; in addition to which, you must allow me to mount you, and I enclose you a cheque on Colville and Co., of the Loll Bazaar, for 200*l*. Call one of your chargers "Old Anthony," in remembrance of me.

Four-fifths of the regimental horses are *now* stud-bred, got by English horses out of Arab mares. If you select

one of these *at the stud*, you will have to pay 1000 rupees for him ; and should he not turn out well, you will lose at least half by him. Officers are permitted to mount themselves from the ranks at 800 rupees per each stud-bred horse, and it is from these *well-broken horses* that I would recommend you to select your chargers. Ample trial before purchase will be allowed you, and at any time before a horse so taken out of the ranks becomes ten years old, you can return him, provided the "Charger Committee" pronounce him to be as sound as when you selected him. The Paymaster will charge you ten per cent. on the purchase-money—that is to say, if you paid 800 rupees for him, and kept him twelve months, you would, on his readmission into the regiment, only receive 720 rupees. When a subaltern has selected a regimental horse, Government stops 100 rupees monthly from his pay till the purchase-money is made up. Although I advise you to mount yourself from the ranks, you are quite at liberty to do as many officers do, *viz.*, purchase Arab chargers ; but I esteem the Arab more as a hog-hunter, or pleasant hack, than as a charger, in whom blood, weight, and height should be combined. Until you shall have been dismissed the riding-school, you will not be required to muster your chargers, but will be permitted to ride "Honourable John," as a troop-horse is called ; this arrangement is doubly advantageous—it saves you about fifty rupees a month, and you can ride a fresh horse every day to and from the school.

Few young men enter the Company's service with your advantages ; with the exercise of the commonest discretion you will find yourself with your regiment with all your military appointments, camp equipage, house and horses paid for, with a small balance in your agent's hands, and your monthly receipts made, by your father's allowance, equal to those of many officers of years' standing. Do not on any account, therefore, be so imprudent

as to incur debt. You know your father's circumstances sufficiently well to be aware that it would be inconvenient to him, and unjust to others, to release you from pecuniary embarrassment. On the other hand, I can faithfully assure you that, at the rate of interest charged in India, it would be next to impossible for you to repay anything like a serious amount. The *legal* interest of India, if indeed there is any, is twelve per cent., and if your creditor should be a European, you must add to it the premium of a Life Assurance policy, somewhere about eight per cent. more; whilst if you should borrow of a native, twenty-four per cent. are the usual terms. I merely mention this to prove a point; for I feel certain that your respect for yourself, and your filial feelings, will ever preserve you from any course likely in itself to injure your self-esteem, or grieve those who love and are proud of you.

As you must, I know, go to Scotland before you sail, and I myself am a prisoner with my old complaint, I cannot dismiss the melancholy idea that we shall not meet again on earth; however that may be, I commend you to the care and mercy of God, and when the solemn trumpet shall sound, which shall summon both the old soldier and the young soldier to the presence of their Maker, that you and I may be accepted in that day is the sincere prayer of,

Dear Frederick,

Your affectionate Friend,

ANTHONY SABRE.



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