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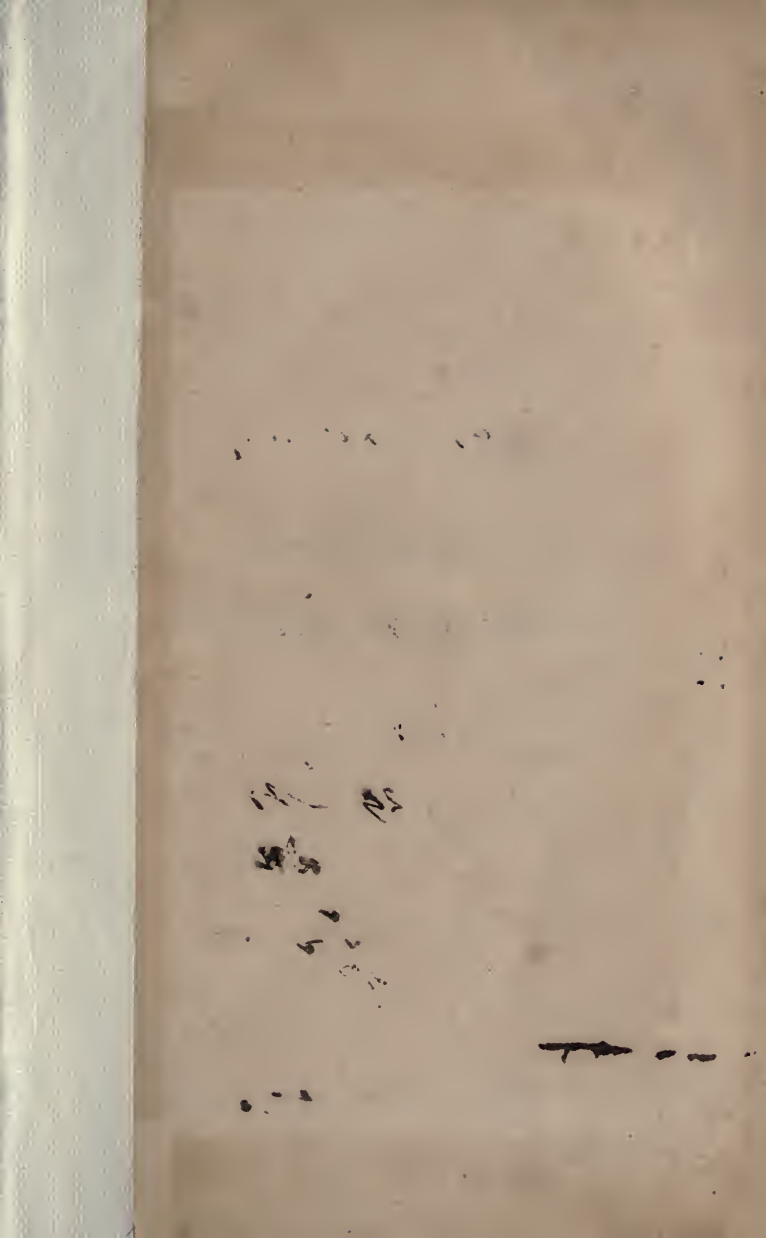


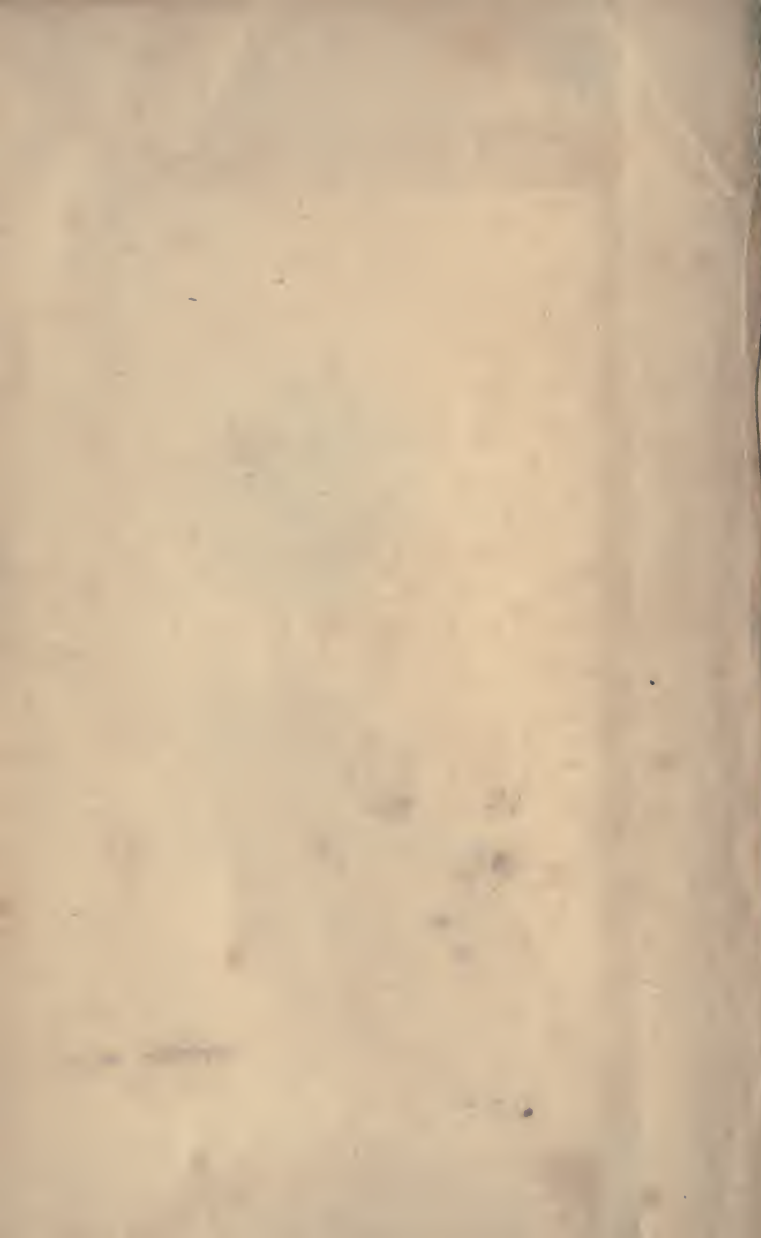
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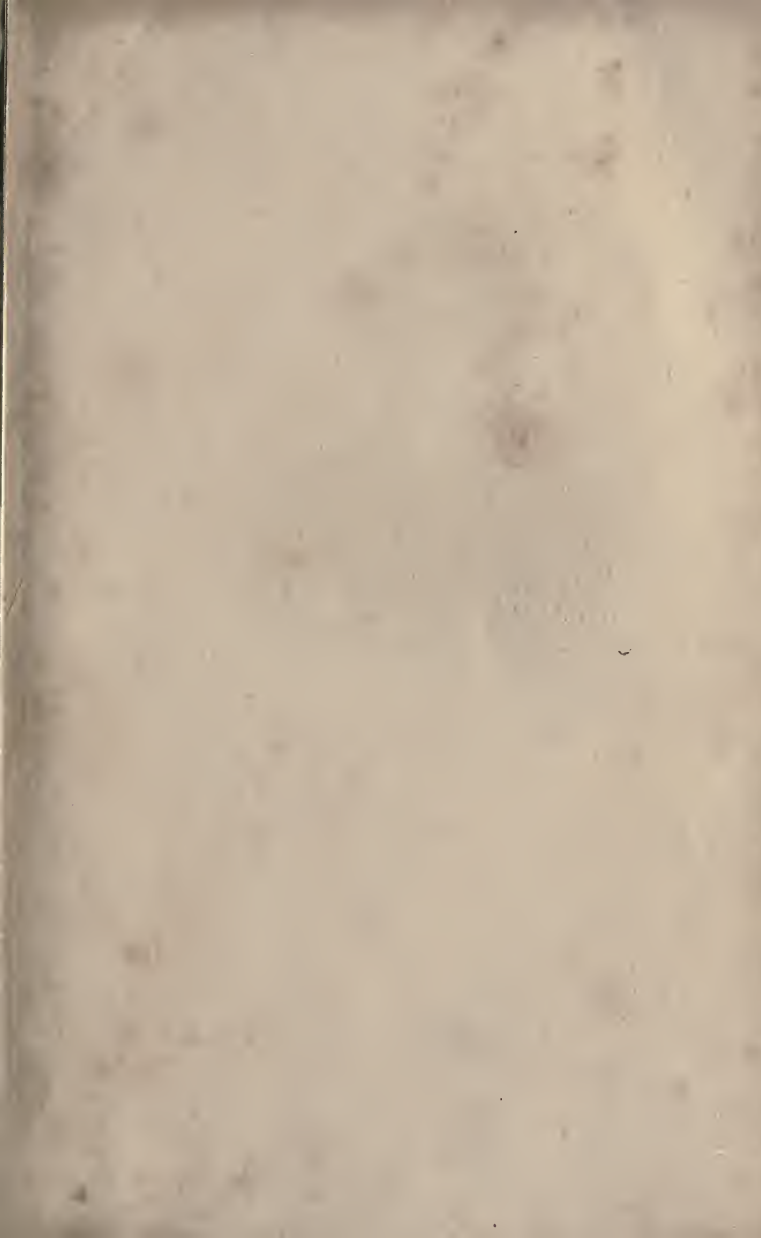




JACQUEMONT'S
LETTERS FROM INDIA.



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Victor Jacquemont.

London, Published by Edward Curzon, 20, Dukes Street.

A
JOURNEY IN INDIA,

BY
VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

VOL. I.



LONDON.

EDWARD PIERCE, HOLLES STREET.

1835.



LETTERS FROM INDIA;

DESCRIBING

A JOURNEY

IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS OF INDIA, TIBET, LAHORE,
AND CASHMEER,

DURING THE YEARS 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831.

UNDERTAKEN BY ORDER OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT,

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT,

Travelling Naturalist to the Museum of Natural History, Paris.

Second Edition.

VERY CAREFULLY CORRECTED AND REVISED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

EDWARD CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.

1835.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON,
MEMBER OF THE KING'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,
F.R.S., F.A.S., F.L.S.,

THESE VOLUMES
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

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NOTICE.



THE success of the First Edition of this Work has induced the Publisher to give the present in a cheaper form, so as to render the information it contains regarding a portion of the British empire, yet but little known to the Public at large, accessible to every class of readers. As some censure has been very properly cast upon certain allusions to religion made by Jacquemont, in the confidential intercourse of friendship, and without the remotest view to publication, all such offensive passages, and a few more of details not strictly delicate, have been expunged from the present Edition. The translation has also been carefully revised and

NOTICE.

much of it re-translated by a literary gentleman, known to be well acquainted with the French language. The Publisher anxiously trusts that his endeavour to place these interesting letters before the public in an unobjectionable form, and at one-third of the Price usually charged for such works, will meet with sufficient encouragement to indemnify him for the considerable outlay he has incurred to do justice to the undertaking.

INTRODUCTION.

IN giving an English translation of Victor Jacquemont's Letters to his family and friends, during his travels in India, we shall endeavour to supply an omission in the French edition of the Work, by stating a few particulars of the life of this interesting young victim to science, prior to his departure for those shores where he found a premature grave.

We shall also add those documents which we consider necessary to complete his correspondence.

Victor Jacquemont was born at Paris in 1801. His father, a man held in the highest estimation, is a philosopher of the Tracy school, and a writer of no ordinary power on those psychological speculations to which a long intercourse of friendship with Destutt de Tracy had probably directed his mind. He has two sons besides Victor: the elder in the army, the younger a merchant at Hayti. The three brothers received an excellent education; such a one, in short, as may be given in the public institutions of France, where

instruction is not limited to a knowledge of the ancient classics, but combines with them that practical and scientific information which renders a man a useful member of society.

At a very early age Victor Jacquemont evinced a strong attachment to natural history, which was probably strengthened by his acquaintance with the late Baron Cuvier. His intimacy with the Tracy family, and especially with Victor de Tracy, for many years past one of the most distinguished members of the French legislature, made him an ideologist, though the natural bent of his mind led him rather to investigate facts than to unravel the perplexities of metaphysics. And it is a singular contradiction, that at the very time he was pursuing his researches in natural science, doubting every thing until proved by the test of his senses, he indulged, when yielding to the confidence of friendship, in all the hypothetic ratiocination of the Tracy philosophy.

This exercise of his mind, and the opinions he imbibed from it, probably induced him, soon after he left school, to become a member of one of those societies, so numerous in France, where metaphysical politics are debated, and lead to wild and impracticable theories which mar every generous exertion for rational improvement. The tendency of these societies is to place the art of government among the exact sciences. They would establish it upon rules and principles as unchangeable as the law of the Medes and Persians, and applicable

INTRODUCTION.

to all nations under the sun, without taking into consideration that government must necessarily be founded upon expediency,—that it is an assumption of power by a few for the benefit of all,—and that such power cannot be yoked to abstract philosophy. They appear not aware that no practical form of government was ever founded upon abstract principles; but that all are formed and consolidated by circumstances, and the experience of events, to meet the wants of any one community, which may differ from those of another community. The only true science of government is practice; the only power to constitute it is the majority; the only test of its efficacy is a fair trial; the only way to improve it is to make its blemishes physically apparent, and then eradicate them by degrees, and not overthrow the whole fabric to build up another equally bad, perhaps worse. But these metaphysical statesmen have one form of constitution—we should say a thousand, but each is *the one*—adapted to all nations; one coat to fit a hundred individuals;—they have, we repeat, a thousand systems—each the best and only good one—founded upon their own Utopian notions of pure republicanism, without ever dreaming that man is by nature so imperfect—almost always swimming in so strong a current of infirmities and passions of the most fearful kind, that a republic like theirs, founded solely upon human forbearance and virtue, would be swept away ere its foundations were well laid. Each individual in the mass of society loves himself best; his country, his

fellow-citizens, hold but a secondary place in his regard; and, unless he can divest himself of the feelings of his species, he will naturally seek to overturn a power which has no other strength to maintain itself but the strength of opinion, whenever that power clashes with his personal interests.

Though Jacquemont imbibed freely the false theories of this visionary republicanism, though he indulged in the wildest metaphysico-political dreams, he was, nevertheless, not tainted to an irremediable extent. His unbiassed good sense led him to separate the practicable from the absurd; and in his remarks upon the rule of our Asiatic empire, he gives views of a very high order, which our statesmen would do well to examine.

Whilst very young, Victor Jacquemont undertook a voyage to Hayti, where his brother was settled, whence he proceeded to the United States, and made a short stay there. In both these countries his talent for scientific observation was displayed in a remarkable degree; and it is this probably which, on his return to France, justified his appointment in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. Baron Cuvier now became his avowed patron, and to this great naturalist Victor Jacquemont owed his selection by the Council of the Museum to fulfil the scientific mission to the East, which led to the correspondence here published.

He was instructed to investigate the natural history of India in all its branches, and collect materials wherewith to enrich the Museum, and promote the progress

of science. Though the French government was not quite so liberal as could be desired in supplying him with the means of accomplishing his object, he succeeded, nevertheless, in an extraordinary manner. The present letters, written to his confidential friends and relatives, and never intended for publication, give a very lively description of the manners of the natives in the different countries through which he travelled, but are almost wholly free from scientific details. The results of his scientific labours are confined to his Journal, which will soon be published, and contains a most valuable account of the natural history of those parts of Asia which he visited.

Victor Jacquemont, in pursuance of his mission, arrived in London in 1828, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction from Baron Cuvier to the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, through whose kind assistance he was enabled to overcome the various difficulties with which he found himself beset at the very commencement of his undertaking.

To Sir Alexander Johnston, who is indefatigable in the promotion of science, and ever ready to bring forward men of talent, Jacquemont was further indebted for his flattering reception from the Royal Asiatic Society, and for letters of introduction to the most influential men in India. Sir Alexander personally recommended him to the attention and kindness of the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, Mr. Lushington, Governor of Madras, the late Sir John Malcolm, Governor of

Bombay, and Sir Edward Owen, commanding the British naval force in India; and also obtained for him, from the President of the Board of Control, letters to all the principal personages in the East India Company's dominions. The kindness he afterwards experienced from the individuals to whom these letters were addressed is explained in his correspondence, and in a manner that does him the greatest credit.

Shortly after Jacquemont's arrival in London, he was allowed, under the auspices of Sir Alexander Johnston, to attend the meetings of the Asiatic Society, and those of its Committee of Correspondence, of which Sir Alexander is chairman. Two resolutions are to be found in the minutes of the Asiatic Society, which, as they refer especially to Victor Jacquemont, and to the object of his mission, are entitled to a place here.

Extract from the Minutes of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, June 19th 1828.

“ It was resolved:—

“ That this Committee, having been informed of the scientific object for which Monsieur Victor Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History of Paris, is sent by that institution to India, is of opinion that the attainment of that object is of the greatest importance to natural history; and therefore recommend to the Council to assist him by every means

in its power in the prosecution of his scientific inquiries in India, and that C. Moreau, Esq., be requested to communicate this resolution to the Directors of the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris."

Extract from the Minutes of the Council of the Royal Asiatic Society, June 28th 1828.

"The Committee of Correspondence having recommended to the Council, assisting M. Victor Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History of Paris, in his scientific researches in India,

"It was resolved:—

"That the Council furnish M. Jacquemont with letters of introduction to the literary societies in India, and recommend him for election as a foreign member of this Society."

Jacquemont, on receiving intimation of these resolutions, wrote the following letter to the president of the Asiatic Society.

"London, June 26th 1828."

"MR. PRESIDENT,—Allow me to express to the Royal Asiatic Society the gratitude I feel for the resolution in my favour adopted at its last meeting of the 19th of June. I have no doubt that a recommendation by the Asiatic Society to such of its members as reside in India, will prove of the greatest use to me in the

scientific voyage I am about to undertake to that country. I shall endeavour worthily to justify this favour, by arduously employing the advantages I shall derive from it, in extending and multiplying my researches in natural history. The reception I have met with from the Asiatic Society is sufficient proof to me that science belongs to all countries; and I also know that, by labouring to make the natural history of some parts of the immense British empire in the East better known, I shall co-operate in the object to which the labours of the Society tend. I am likewise convinced that by the success of my undertaking I can give better testimony of the noble assistance afforded me by the Royal Asiatic Society. By promoting the general interests of science, which are those of every enlightened man, I shall be proud, Mr. President, to be able more particularly to pay my debt of gratitude to the institution over which you preside. I am about to spend several years in exploring the Malabar coast, and especially the mountains adjacent. Perhaps the Asiatic Society would feel more particularly interested in the verification of some obscure or contested points relating to the physical history of those regions. Among such of its members as have resided there, some perhaps may set a great value upon information which they had no opportunity of obtaining, and which would complete or confirm their general knowledge of the country. In this case, may I beg that the Asiatic Society will have the goodness to let me know its wishes, which I shall

endeavour to meet by associating them with my habitual researches.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ VICTOR JACQUEMONT.”

The two resolutions were communicated to the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris, and the Directors of that institution wrote two letters on the occasion : one to Sir Alexander Johnston, the other to the President of the Asiatic Society. We insert both.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ALEXANDER
JOHNSTON, &c. &c. &c.

Paris, July 11th 1828.

“ SIR,—M. Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Museum, has informed us of the interest with which you have received him, and the inappreciable advantages for which he is indebted to your kindness.

“ The voyage which M. Jacquemont is about to undertake, and in which your advice and recommendations will be so useful to him, being intended for the advantage of the Museum of Natural History, we are under a real obligation to you, and we hasten to express our gratitude.

“ We have the honour to be, &c.

“ DESFONTAINES, Director.

“ L. CORDIER.

“ A. DE JUNIER, Secretary.”

“ TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC
SOCIETY, LONDON.

“ *Paris, August 8th 1828.*

“ MR. PRESIDENT,—The secretary of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, has made known to us the resolution of the Committee, adopted at its meeting of the 19th ultimo, in favour of M. Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Museum.

“ We appreciate this favour to its fullest extent, as well as the favourable effects which it cannot fail to produce upon the success of M. Jacquemont’s undertaking.

“ We beg of you, Mr. President, to have the goodness to convey to the Royal Asiatic Society, and to its Foreign Committee, the expression of our gratitude, and to accept personally our best thanks.

“ We have the honour to be, &c.

“ DESFONTAINES, Director.

“ A. DE JUNIER, Secretary.”

About this time Sir Alexander Johnston, in his speech, after reading to the Asiatic Society the report of the Committee of Correspondence, alluded to Jacquemont in the following terms:—

“ The English and French governments, equally anxious to promote scientific inquiries in India, have recently aided each other in the attainment of this great object: France, by the appointment of M. Jacquemont,

an eminent naturalist, to proceed to India, and to remain there for seven years upon a public salary, for the purpose of investigating the natural history of that country; England, by affording M. Jacquemont, in every part of British India, the most ready and most efficient assistance. Both nations, by completely divesting themselves of the national jealousy which has so long prevailed between them, have set a bright example to all other nations, of the cordial and unreserved manner in which all countries ought to co-operate, according to the means which they respectively possess, in promoting those researches which are calculated to extend the limits of scientific and literary knowledge."

After encountering various delays and objections, Victor Jacquemont at length obtained his credentials from the Board of Merchant Kings, in Leadenhall-street, who there govern a vast empire ten thousand miles off, and a hundred millions of subjects whom they have never seen. The enterprising man of science then "girded up his loins," and took his departure for the shores of British India.

In allusion to the feelings and opinions which actuated Victor Jacquemont, when he set out upon his long and wearisome travels, we cannot do better than insert the following extract, together with a letter from Jacquemont to Sir John Malcolm, from a very clever article on the correspondence of the young naturalist, which appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for February 1834:—

“ At the period when Jacquemont prepared to undertake his important task, there were certain opinions received as aphorisms by the liberal politicians of France, to which he had yielded implicit faith. It was held to be a self-evident truth, that intense selfishness characterised the policy of England in public, and the conduct of the English in private ; that insular arrogance rendered us the tyrants rather than the masters of the sea, made us reserved towards all foreigners, inspired us with a haughty jealousy always disagreeable and frequently offensive ; that in India our dominion was a nuisance which ought to be abated, but that its duration depended on the will of Russia, the speedy appearance of whose forces at the passes of the Indian Caucasus was ‘ a consummation devoutly to be wished, and speedily to be obtained.’ Full of these notions, Jacquemont arrived in England. The treatment which he received from Sir Alexander Johnston and other members of the Asiatic Society, was well calculated to remove his prejudices ; but on the other hand, the difficulties and delays he experienced in obtaining his passport from the lords of Leadenhall-street, counterbalanced the impressions produced by the kindness of his scientific friends. For this, Jacquemont was probably as much to blame as the Directors. They could scarcely have imagined that a single Frenchman, even though his tall gaunt figure reminded them of the last of the knights-errant, would contest with them the empire of India ; still less would they have mistaken his packing cases for parks of artil-

lery, or his dissecting knives for a supply of military weapons. They probably doubted the object of his mission—regarding him either as a Russian emissary, or the bearer of some secret treaty to Runjeet Sing and the rulers of the Afghans: he perhaps was less explanatory than he should have been, especially with persons to whom scientific missions are by no means familiar. Jacquemont manifestly felt that his objects, if not suspected, were liable to suspicion; this appears evident in the letter he addressed from London to Sir John Malcolm, which we insert entire, as it has not yet been published.

““TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM, &c.

“ ‘ It is in the name of science, and under the auspices of Sir A. Johnston, that I take the liberty of writing to Sir John Malcolm, without having the honour of his personal acquaintance. The accomplishment of a scientific tour through India has been intrusted to me by the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris, and I am about to undertake it. The researches to which my attention must be directed, relate exclusively to natural history;—true, that it is not the species of study and labour by which Sir J. Malcolm has so much aided in making India known to the literati of Europe; but all branches of human knowledge are closely connected, and in the eyes of those who lose not sight of their noblest aim, their moral tendency, lead equally to the

same end,—at a time more or less near,—their useful application to the promotion of the happiness of the human race. I hope, then, that General Malcolm will grant the precious aid of his enlightened counsel and generous support to an unknown stranger, who awaits them with respect, and will receive them with gratitude.

“ ‘ A French ship will convey me to Pondicherry, where I shall arrive in January 1829. There I intend to make no delay. The surrounding territory, and generally all that part of Coromandel, have been often visited by naturalists. I shall therefore proceed without delay from Pondicherry to Madras, and thence by sea to Calcutta. Calcutta being the chief seat of the British power, it is there I must expect to meet men of learning, to visit collections, to learn what is already known, and to find out what are the matters that remain uninvestigated. I reckon for this purpose on a residence of from two to three months in that city, of which I will take advantage to commence the necessary study of Hindústani and Persian.

“ ‘ My desire at first was to proceed from Calcutta to Delhi, which I knew to be very easy, and thence by the route which Forster followed in 1783, with the caravans that go to Cashmeer, into that valley itself, or to the Upper Indus at Attock. I would have devoted two or three years to the exploring the upper tributaries of this river, visiting Pèchàwar, Cabul, and other places, where the rapid journey of Elphinstone did not permit him to make collections in natural history ; and

finally I would have returned to the European settlements, down the banks of the Lind, by Moultan to Tatta or Hyderabad, where I expected it would be possible to embark for Bombay.

“ ‘ I did not hide from myself the difficulties of such a tour ; Elphinstone’s narrative pointed them out clearly enough ; but though the obstacles seemed sufficiently great, they did not appear insurmountable ; and I hoped that I should be the first to explore this virgin country, as yet unreached by science.

“ ‘ The information I have received in London compels me to renounce this hope ; the accounts agree too generally in proving to me the habitual state of anarchy and *brigandage* among the Afghans ; and security is necessary for a traveller who must form large collections. It would be of little use to escape with life, if, after several years of labour and research, he should be plundered, and lose all the results of his toils.

“ ‘ Sir J. Malcolm, whose high office in the part of the British empire bordering on these countries, must give him better information of their internal condition than any one else can possess, would perhaps favour me with his opinion respecting the hopes first entertained of the possibility of visiting them.

“ ‘ If I must renounce them, I have determined to devote all my time and all my resources to exploring the coasts of Malabar and the long chain of the Western Ghauts. This territory, naturally circum-

scribed, forms a kind of geographical unity, favourable under many points of view to the studies of a naturalist. The establishment to which I belong, possesses in its immense collections a very small number of natural productions belonging to this part of India. It has also been greatly neglected hitherto by the English naturalists. The geological museums in London, sufficiently rich already in collections from Nepaul and the Himalaya, are absolutely destitute of specimens from the rocks of Malabar. The zoology, with the exception of that belonging to the coast, is but little known, and the voluminous works we have on the Flora of this country, such as the Hortus Malabaricus of Rheede, bear all the marks of the imperfect state of botany at the time they were written, and no longer satisfy the demands of this science.

“ ‘ Finally: there is one circumstance that induces me to adopt this resolution, already nearly fixed, namely, that it will make me begin the painful and laborious part of my journey through the provinces governed by Sir J. Malcolm, and that it will permit me to enjoy the advantages of his noble protection.

“ ‘ Giving up my visit to Cabul, should I, in my route from Calcutta to Bombay, take the road by Delhi or Agra, or should I not rather take a more direct line to the south of this great curve ?

“ ‘ These are the doubts that I respectfully submit to the consideration of Sir John Malcolm. Sir A. Johnston leads me to hope that the general will kindly solve

them, and guide me by his counsel through this vast country. The kind and dear Johnston adds, that the slowness of my voyage from France to Pondicherry (slowness occasioned by a projected delay of some weeks at the isle of Bourbon) will doubtless permit me to receive Sir J. Malcolm's reply, if he would be so kind as to send it under cover to the French governor.

“ ‘ In addressing myself to the elevated and generous mind of the historian of India, I must not forget that Sir J. Malcolm holds an official station, and has duties to perform. I would not trespass on his kindness, had I not the honour to inform him that I have obtained an official passport from the Honourable Court of Directors, granting me free passage through all the territories of the Company. The innocent character of my pursuits would perhaps ensure me sufficient protection from the Company's officers; but I was anxious to have the special and formal assent of the Court of Directors, and it was granted me on the 25th of this month. I entreat Sir J. Malcolm to add his consent.

‘ VICTOR JACQUEMONT,

‘ Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of
Natural History.

‘ *London, June 30, 1828.*’

“ A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived, than there is between the sober formality of this letter, and the lively sketches of life and manners addressed by the young naturalist to his family and friends. He left

Europe with high hopes, unconquerable spirits, and a love of adventure almost Quixotic, but with an affectionate heart that clung fondly to his family circle,

‘And dragged at each remove a lengthening chain.’

These feelings, combined with no ordinary graphic powers, lend an irresistible charm to his little narratives; they are dashed off with an ease and freedom such as is rarely seen; their *vis comica* frequently reminds us of Cruikshank; like that admirable artist, he extracts fun from everything, even from subjects apparently the most hopeless; like him, too, he has a moral in every jest, not the less effective because it is incidental. In the letters now published, Jacquemont rarely alludes to his scientific pursuits; consequently they have not anticipated the interest which all the naturalists of Europe must feel in the publication of the valuable manuscripts which he sent to the Museum of Natural History of Paris; duplicates of which were forwarded by the French ministry to our government. It is on these of course, whenever they appear, that his future reputation as a naturalist must mainly depend. The chief value of the present collection rests on the account it gives of our Indian possessions, the effects of our government on the native population, the result of recent efforts to diffuse the elements of civilisation, and the future prospects of Hindústan. On behalf of England, Jacquemont is a witness above suspicion; his prejudices, which never wholly disappeared, were all

against the British government; and it is sometimes amusing to see how slowly and reluctantly, in the early part of his career, he yielded to the strong evidence of facts, while in some of his more recent letters he rallies his correspondents unmercifully for repeating opinions, which he had himself entertained a few months before.

“The process of Jacquemont’s conversion began at the first English settlement he visited, the Cape of Good Hope: there he discovered how honestly the British government had acted in the abolition of the slave trade, and how other powers had connived at its continuance. For this connivance, indeed, he makes rather a lame apology; but ‘liberal’ as he was, we shall too often see that Jacquemont was willing to sacrifice justice to expediency.”

Jacquemont, during his arduous duties, never forgot the kindness shown him by Sir Alexander Johnston, to whom he wrote from Benares, but, unfortunately, the letter miscarried. He again wrote from the Ladak territory, in 1830, and this letter arrived safe. It contains an excellent, though rapid, sketch of his journey to the Himalaya, and we insert it here as necessary to complete Jacquemont’s correspondence. It is rather surprising that the French editor omitted it, as we know that he must have been aware of its existence, because Sir Alexander Johnston was in communication with Jacquemont’s family before these letters were published at Paris.

*“ Camp, under the Fort of Dankár, in Ladak,
Sept. 3rd 1830.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I rely on your kindness to excuse my long silence, since the time I left Benares, whence I had the pleasure to acquaint you with the successful beginning of my journey. After a long interval of eight months, I avail myself of an opportunity to India, to trace shortly (as impending business obliges me) my journey since quitting the Holy City.

“ I went to Delhi by the circuitous route I pointed out to you, making a very long turn to the South-west almost to the banks of the Nerbuddah, over the table land, and across the hills of Bundlecund,—a province lately surveyed by Captain Jas. Franklin, and geologically described by him in the ‘ Asiatic Researches ;’ and I was fortunate enough to meet, in several, with phenomena of super-position that had escaped him in his explorations, and which will enable me to lay down another exposition of the geological structure of that country.

“ From Delhi I went to the westward, through the protected Sikh country, to the banks of the Caggar, an inconsiderable stream, that vanishes in the sandy desert of Bickaneer, before it reaches the Sutledge. I was then engaged in a grand hunting-party, which I expected would have been fruitful to my geological collections, but it proved interesting to me only as

showing me, in a fortnight, more of Eastern display and Asiatic manners than I had yet seen in a twelve-month. The hot winds were then threatening to invade the plains every day. I repaired to the hills, which I entered by the valley of Dheya. During about two months I travelled from the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna to the north-western limits of the British dominions on the banks of the Sutledge. Tacking, if I may be allowed that expression, between the snowy barrier of the Himalaya and its lower branches, I arrived at Simlah in the middle of June.

“ It would have been impossible to experience a greater degree of hospitality than I have been welcomed with from your countrymen, during my long march from Calcutta to the latter place. The numerous letters of introduction Lord William Bentinck gave me, when my departure from Bengal left him no other way to evince his extreme kindness to me; those for which I was indebted to many of my acquaintance in the Indian metropolis; and, above all, to a gentlemen with whom I became a friend,—Colonel Fagan, the adjutant-general of the army,—all these I might have lost, and still, I am sure, have been equally entitled to eulogise British hospitality. Even the last European station I reached, Simlah, is like the beginning of my journey,—like Calcutta,—amongst the most hospitable, the one I shall ever remember most gratefully. Whilst I was rapidly forgetting, at Captain Kennedy’s (the political agent in that district), the privations and

fatigues of my first journey through the hills, he was busily employed in preparing, and I dare say ensuring, the success of my journey over the Himalaya, by all the means his situation afforded him.

“It is now upwards of two months since I commenced travelling to the northward of the southern or Indian range of the Himalaya. I am no longer within the vast limits of British influence. I am but two day’s march distant from the Ladak village, where I shall close my reconnoitings to the north, as it would prove very difficult, if not dangerous, to go further. Information that I got from the natives gives me reason to hope that I shall find there some strata swarming with organic remains, which will afford me the means of determining the geological age of that immensely developed limestone-formation, that constitutes the mighty Tartar ranges of the Himalaya, superior in height to the granitic peaks of the southern chain.

“Lately, whilst engaged in similar researches on the frontiers of Chinese Tartary, I had the good luck to meet with the very object of my inquiry, and also to find Chinese vigilance at fault, insomuch that no obstacle was thrown in my way. I had then to cross twice two passes, that were considerably more than eighteen thousand feet of absolute elevation, whilst the passes across the outer Himalaya scarcely average sixteen thousand feet.

“My observations on the skirts of the Himalaya, along the plains of Hindostan, are quite confirmatory

of my friend M. Elie de Beaumont's views respecting the late period at which that mighty range sprung from the earth. As to the geological age of its granitic base (a question wholly distinct from the consideration of its rising up), I think that my observations in the different parts of the Himalaya, but particularly in the upper valley of the Sutledge, will prove also to a certainty, contrary to the still prevailing opinion, that it belongs to one of the latest primitive formations.

“ In ten days I hope to re-enter the Tartar Hangrang-pergunnah, under British controul, and before two months hence to return to Simlah. I shall then, without delay, proceed down to the plains, and resume the prosecution of my journey towards Bombay. I am in perfectly good health, and have suffered nothing from six months' exposure to the sun, during my circuitous journey from Calcutta to the hills.”

The remainder of this letter relates merely to private matters. We, however, insert the postscript, giving an account of a singular Hungarian enthusiast, whom Jacquemont met in Kanawer, and to whom he more than once alludes in his correspondence.

“ P.S. I will add a few lines on a subject acceptable, I presume, to your warm interest in the East. You have, no doubt, heard of M. Alexander Csoma de Kőrös, a Hungarian enthusiast for Oriental philology, who has travelled through many parts of Asia during the last ten years. I saw him at Kanum, where he has

resided for four years, supported by a small subsistence granted to him by the government of Bengal, to enable him to prosecute his investigation of the Tibetan language. M. Csoma has performed his task, and is about to leave Tibet, and to proceed to Calcutta. His energetic exertions and his depressed fortunes inspired me with a great interest for him; but I fear that disappointment awaits him at Calcutta, the government, in the present circumstances, being probably unable to afford him any pecuniary remuneration.

“ M. Csoma will carry to Calcutta the result of his long labours, consisting of two voluminous and beautifully-neat manuscripts, quite ready for the press; one is a grammar, the other a vocabulary, of the Tibetan language, both written in English. The species of information obtainable through these new instruments of knowledge, is not, probably, of a nature to make them useful to the Indian government; and I do not believe that the circumstances of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta will enable them to undertake the publication of M. Csoma's works. I have, therefore, spoken to him of the illustrious Society in which you take so eminent a concern *, as being, in my opinion, the public body whose learned patronage is more likely to become the promoter of his labours.

* The Asiatic Society, to whom this letter was communicated by Sir Alexander Johnston, authorised Jacquemont to treat with his Hungarian friend for these manuscripts.

“ How M. Csoma de Kōrōs has performed his task, no one can decide, since he is the only person proficient in the Tibetan language. But a conjecture, and a most favourable one, may be made. M. Csoma has never been in England, and has never had an opportunity of speaking English ; yet he is thoroughly acquainted with your language. Most European tongues seem to be equally familiar to him, although he has had no opportunity of a practical acquaintance with them. Moreover, for the last ten years he has been entirely deprived of European intercourse, travelling throughout Asia in the character of a poor native, without any books, &c. ; whilst he has spent four years in reading, with a learned lama of Ladak, hundreds and hundreds of Tibetan books preserved in the temple of Kanum. The medium of communication between him and his teacher, was the vernacular jargon of the Zeád, or Tartar tribes.”

Jacquemont was most kindly received and assisted by all to whom he had letters of introduction, and by many others with whom he became acquainted in the different residencies of India. He speaks of Lord and Lady William Bentinck in the most glowing terms, as he does, indeed, of all his India friends. The following is a letter which he wrote, in English, to Mr. Lushington, Governor of Madras, a short time before his death ; it belongs to this collection, as part of his correspondence from India, though never before published.

“ *Tanna, Island of Sulsette, September 26th 1832.* ”

“ SIR,—I hasten to express my profound gratitude for the kindness which you have honoured me with in favouring me with such a number of valuable introductions to the officers of your government. I have just had the honour of receiving them, enclosed in your letter of the 10th instant.

“ With respect to the guard you are kindly pleased also to grant to me, if required, I beg leave to state, that the smallest,—a naick and four, was amply sufficient, in most of my travels through the Bengal provinces; and that it was only to go through the Rajpoot states, and insecure Bheel tracts, that a havildar, a naick and twelve were offered to me, and recommended by the Bengal and Bombay officers. In the well-settled provinces of your government, I trust a naick and four, or, at the utmost, a naick and six, will leave nothing more to desire to me for the perfect protection of my baggage.

“ I shall not fail to do my best to travel the road you are so kind as to recommend to me, from Mysore to the Neilgherries; and I feel very grateful for your pointing out to me, amidst the troubles and cares of high office, such interesting particulars.

“ With the expression of my fervent hopes to be able of testifying *vivâ voce* to you, in the Neilgherries, the deep sense I entertain of your kindness, I beg you will accept the assurance of my profound respect.

“ I have the honour, &c.

“ VICTOR JACQUEMONT.”

To this we add an extract from a letter enclosing the above, written by Mr. Lushington to Sir Alexander Johnston, dated Madras, October 10th 1832.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of introduction, given so long ago to Monsieur Jacquemont, only reached me the other day. He very prudently kept it until he was approaching our territories; and you will see, from the enclosed copy of his letter to me, that he is entirely satisfied with the arrangements made for his comfort, and for the furtherance of the important objects of his researches.”

After encountering the greatest difficulties and privations in his arduous labours, the fruits of which have greatly enriched the science of Natural History, and will soon be made public, Jacquemont was attacked with that bane of Indian climes, the liver complaint. He was then at Tanna, a town and fortress in the island of Salsette, where, pursuing his researches in the pestilential atmosphere of this unhealthy island, under a burning sun, and in the most dangerous season of the year, he imbibed the seeds of the disease which terminated his life. On his arrival at Bombay, extremely unwell, his powerful constitution gave way, his complaint assumed a fatal character, and he expired on the 7th of December 1832, after lingering more than a month in the greatest agony.

Victor Jacquemont was deeply and generally lamented

in India. He had acquired many friends there. His amiable manners, his strength and simplicity of mind, his great power of intellect, and above all, his warmth and sincerity of heart, made him beloved by all who knew him. Though at first somewhat cold and stately, and extremely reserved, this soon wore off in the intimacy of friendship; for his nature was warm and affectionate, and, as is evident from his letters, he found delight in the outpourings of his attachments. Among his friends, he was an entertaining companion, lively to excess, and sparkling with wit. With great depth and rapidity of discernment, he granted his friendship to those only who were able to comprehend and appreciate his mind. To strangers or casual acquaintances he was distant and uncommunicative. Not that he acted thus from reflection,—he was, perhaps, not aware of the feeling: it was mere instinct, an impulse identic with his nature, and totally free from any imagined superiority. But it was apparent to every one who saw him; and it may account for the character given of him by some who had casually met him, of being the most frigid and least communicative of men.

In person Victor Jacquemont was very tall, and had rather an awkward gait. But genius beamed from his fine countenance, and in its expression might be read the workings of a superior mind.

We shall conclude this Introduction with a letter from Sir Alexander Johnston to M. Jacquemont, the elder, Victor's father, who resides at Paris. It was

written subsequently to the death of the young naturalist, and in consequence of an application to Sir Alexander Johnston for any documents he might possess, throwing light upon Victor Jacquemont's proceedings in England, prior to his departure for India.

! " TO MONSIEUR JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

" DEAR SIR,—As I understand from Mr. Sharp that the letters which the late M. Jacquemont wrote from different parts of India, to his friends in France, are soon to be published, and that you are anxious, in order to prefix them to those letters, to procure from me any documents I may possess, explanatory of his proceedings while he was in England previously to his departure for India, I have the pleasure to send you copies of two reports, in which I, as chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, thought it necessary to call the attention of the society to him and to his mission; and also copies of the following documents:—

" No. I. Copy of the resolution relative to M. Jacquemont, passed, on my motion, by the Committee of Correspondence, on the 18th of June 1828.

" No. II. Copy of the resolution relative to M. Jacquemont, passed, on my motion, by the Council of the Asiatic Society, on the 28th of June 1828.

“ No. III. Copy of a letter from M. Jacquemont to the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, acknowledging the receipt of the resolution No. II.

“ No. IV. Copy of a letter, of the 11th of July 1828, from the Directors of the Museum at Paris to me, thanking me for the assistance which I had given M. Jacquemont.

“ No. V. Copy of a letter, dated Bombay, September 26th 1832, from M. Jacquemont to Mr. Lushington, thanking him for the preparations which had been made for his reception within the Madras territories, in consequence of the letter which I had given him for Mr. Lushington.

“ No. VI. Copy of a letter from Mr. Lushington to me, enclosing the letter No. V, for the purpose of showing me that M. Jacquemont was satisfied with the preparations which had been made for his reception at Madras.

“ On M. Jacquemont's arrival in England, he brought me a letter from the late Baron Cuvier, who spoke of him in the highest terms of praise. I was convinced, after a very short acquaintance with him, that he merited in every respect the character which the Baron had given him, and that he was peculiarly well qualified for the important mission upon which he was about to proceed to India. I, consequently, as one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, and Chairman of their Committee of Correspondence, felt it to be my duty to take every measure,

in public and in private, to forward his object and that of the French government. He was, on my proposal, invited to attend all the meetings of the society, and those of the Committee of Correspondence; to make use, whenever he pleased, of their library and their museum; and finally, as a mark of the highest respect which the society could show him, he was unanimously elected one of their foreign members.

“ He, on his part, took every opportunity to evince to the society his readiness to adopt any suggestions which they might offer him with respect to his researches, and to assure them of his anxiety to obtain for them every information they might require from him in India. He devoted himself with the greatest assiduity to the examination of all the different works, inscriptions, and other documents relative to India, which are preserved in the library of the Asiatic Society, and in that of the East India Company. He was indefatigable in acquiring a practical knowledge of every mechanical art which could be of use to him in preserving such specimens in natural history as he might collect during his travels; and by the whole of his conduct while he remained in England, he gained the admiration and esteem of all those who felt any interest, or took any part in inquiries relative to the natural history, the geology, and the geography of India. On his departure from England, the President of the Asiatic Society, who was then also the President of the Board

of Control of Indian Affairs, at my request gave him letters of introduction to all the governors of the East India Company's possessions in India. I myself recommended him in the strongest terms to the protection and particular attentions of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General of British India, of Sir John Malcolm, the Governor of Bombay, of Mr. Lushington, the Governor of Madras, and of Sir Edward Owen, the commander-in-chief of the British navy in the Indian seas; to the three first, that they might afford him every assistance in their power, while he was within the limits of their respective governments; to the last, that he might, by means of the different ships of war, which might be from time to time returning to England, be enabled to send such collections as he might make, with safety and without delay, to the Museum at Paris.

“ The scientific object for which the French government sent M. Jacquemont to India; the liberality* with which the government was at the expense of his mission; the reputation of the men who advised the measure; the talents, the acquirements, and the zeal of

* We cannot say much in favour of this liberality. The allowance made to Jacquemont was so small, that without the presents from Runjeet Sing, and other native princes, and the assistance afforded him by the different governments in India, it is doubtful whether he would have been able to accomplish the object of his mission.—Ed.

the man who was chosen by them to carry it into effect; the cordiality with which Great Britain and France co-operated upon the occasion; the frankness and good sense with which M. Jacquemont himself conciliated the public functionaries in England and in India; the ardour with which he prosecuted his undertaking; the intrepidity with which he encountered and overcame every difficulty; the disinterestedness with which he sacrificed his comfort and his health to the performance of his duty; the calmness and the resignation with which he met his premature death at Bombay, and the universal regret which must be felt for his loss by every man of science in France, in England, and in India, are circumstances which must render every fact connected with the life of such a man interesting to the public, and peculiarly gratifying to the friends of science throughout Europe.

“ I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

“ ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.”

We have only to add that the documents, so kindly sent by Sir Alexander Johnston, were not used in the French edition of Jacquemont's letters. It was intended to insert them in a memoir of the author, to be prefixed to the correspondence; but from some mismanagement of the editor, this memoir was not ready when it should have been. The curiosity and interest of the French public had been highly excited, and the demand for the work was so urgent, that there was not time to

prepare the memoir, which was necessarily omitted. It is a question whether, in any future edition, this omission will be supplied: for the letters alone are said to excite sufficient interest without any such addition. But this is a question to be settled between the French public and the publisher.

A JOURNEY IN INDIA, &c.

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Brest, August 24th 1828, one o'clock.

ON the fourth day after my departure from Paris I arrived here, my dear Porphyre, without hindrance, or more fatigue than I had anticipated. I have called upon M. Poultier, who commands the *Zélée*,—he is a lieutenant in the navy, about your age, and of a prepossessing countenance. He paid me every attention, and to-morrow he is to take me on board to see the vessel which is to be my future dwelling: I say *future*, because we shall not sail for a week to come, M. de Melay not being yet arrived.

What pleased me more with M. Poultier, was his telling me that, on our way to Rio Janeiro, we should make a short stay at Madeira. Short, however, as it may be, it will be a piece of good fortune for a man of my profession, and will, moreover, considerably reduce the number of our salt beef dinners. Between each of the four places at which we shall touch, namely, the

Canaries, the Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Island of Bourbon, we shall, certainly, never be longer than a month at sea; and for such short passages we can always lay in sufficient fresh provisions, live stock, fruit, and vegetables. This is a pleasant prospect.

The king, as they tell me here, does not provide me with a bed on board ship, but gives me fifty francs to purchase one—that is to say, a cot with three thin mattresses, and sheets. This sum is nearly sufficient, and the bedding will remain my property. From this day forward, I am a member of the officers' mess, and his aforesaid majesty pays for my breakfast and dinner, if I choose to take them.

I am content. To tell you that my satisfaction is not grave and serious would be useless. There is a conflict within me. Reflection must combat the liveliest of my instinctive emotions; and in truth, if it does not overpower, it at least keeps them silent. It was high time indeed, five days ago, that six o'clock should strike, when you saw me to the carriage—for my feelings were nigh overcoming me; yet, two years ago, when I took leave of you at Havre, it was with much more anguish and sorrow. I had then, my dear brother, reached the summit of misfortune. Every day since has been more lucky to me; and now in looking forward to the future, I see an acclivity before me, more or less rugged, but which in the end will necessarily lead me to an honourable and satisfactory station. It is to you, my dear Porphyre, that I am indebted for this new progression of happiness. You are the cause of all I shall be and may accomplish. I now regret nothing of the past.

Shall I tell you the truth, my dear brother? The week which may probably elapse before I quit France, I prefer passing here alone, far from you and our father. I should have been much to be pitied, even during the last moments of my stay in Paris, if I had not been so overwhelmed with business relative to my departure, that I could not find leisure to ponder with you over our approaching separation. My father would have seen me sad and pensive, and I should have made him the same; instead of which, we had no time to think beforehand of the moment of our parting. Thus, notwithstanding all the delay of my departure, that moment surprised us almost unexpectedly;—we scarcely said good-bye.

To-morrow, I shall write to our father. I thank him kindly for the two long lines which he wrote on the margin of your letter. I leave him as he saw me depart, if not with pleasure, at least with security. Adieu!—I embrace you with all my heart.

TO CAPTAIN NARJOT, OF THE ENGINEERS, BREST.

Brest, Saturday Evening, August 23rd 1828.

YOU will see, my good friend, that I shall soon request you, who know this place, to hire me a house for six months. This morning, while I was multiplying myself by four, in order to be, at the same time, here at my inn, at the post-office, at the observatory, and on board ship, writing, countermanding, going backwards and forwards in all haste, for fear of arriving too late, it was quietly decided that the wind had not yet suffi-

ciently veered round to carry us out of the roads; and as to-morrow is Sunday, and of course a holiday, we shall not be impious enough to sail on that day. Thus our departure is adjourned till Monday without fail, very early in the morning, so that to-morrow night I must sleep on board.

Then on Monday, you will see that the wind will be perhaps so much reduced, that there will be scarcely any left, and we shall still be unable to sail. This is monstrous!—and is it not also a little ridiculous? The Americans do not make so much ado: they sail invariably on the day fixed. Thus, on a certain 3rd of November 1826, I left Havre in a ship called the *Cadmus*, in the very midst of a storm or squall, which detained every other vessel in harbour, and let us off with the loss of our main-sail.

I have discovered, that, among the officers, there is one termed an auxiliary lieutenant: that is to say, the captain of a merchant vessel, pressed, for a time, into the king's service. Though still young, he has been, among other places, three times in India. He is simple and artless, and will be useful to me. Persons of his class know a variety of things without being aware of it, and many interesting little facts may be gathered from them. By interrogating them with a little address, information may be obtained which they alone can give, because it can be acquired only by individuals in their precise situation, and not by us "happy few."

Is it not the same thing whether a painful object meets our eyes, or an idea of sadness clouds our mind? Imagination and memory form a little magic lantern

which makes us melancholy or cheerful, according as it associates things with our recollections. Thus, without rising from our chair, and without any perceptible change in the external things around us, we are by turns, passively and irresistibly, either calm, or in boisterous spirits, or else taciturn, gloomy, and stupid. Others, who, with eyes in their heads, cannot perceive these little internal commotions, see only their effects, which are inequalities of temper, and unhesitatingly impute them to a bad disposition. You know too that M. Fortin, our skilful engineer, makes scales, which, on being charged with the weight of a kilogramme*, enclosed in a glass-case, and placed in a well-closed room, will move fearfully up and down, if a hackney-coach but roll along the street. The "happy few," my good friend, are machines equally subtle, and still more delicate and easy to be acted upon. The grocer, who weighs his articles in rude scales, always tending to be in equilibrio, seeing those of Fortin tremble at the passage of a carriage, would not divine the cause of their motion, and, like *some others*, would condemn them, as bad and fantastic. Well then! the true reason why, yesterday evening, you found neither me nor the hot water to your taste, is, that I at least was in a very serious mood—serious to ennui—in short, I was in the worst possible state. In such a case, the best thing a man can do, is to go to bed: others gain by it, in not seeing him when disagreeable, and he escapes perhaps with dreaming sometimes of annoyances, such as a pair of slippers too short, or any other bedevilment.

* About two pounds and a quarter English avoirdupois.—Tr.

All my unlearned friends tell me, that I shall return very wise, doubtless, but quite worn out, and crushed by the stones and animals with which my thoughts will have lived on very intimate terms for many years. If such be the case, my good friend, beware of a *fiasco* for the two or three volumes, learned or not, to which you have promised to subscribe, and which I wish to render amusing—a quality too much despised.

Yet, when I tell you, that *all* my friends utter this sad prediction, I say too much: some two or three pretend the reverse. These love me most, and know me best, it is true; and they are the only ones who have had any specimen of my abilities in prose writing. Now, it is quite natural, that their too tender friendship should blind them: we shall, however, see. If they are wrong, I will take to writing sermons; and, in that grave style, I hope to have my revenge. I assure you, my good friend, that, at least four times a year, I regret not being a priest or a missionary. I meet or hear no such men, without envying them their high and noble duties, or without feeling disgust at the stupidity with which these duties are performed by the most famous among them. I do not except from this severe judgment even their defunct men of celebrity. Amid what you will term my slander, which is nothing but my exclusive love of positive honesty and sincerity, I protest that I can display great unction, though it is not my habitual practice, because unction is only useful on occasions.

Good night,—adieu, my kind friend! Preserve some remembrance of the moments which chance has allowed us to pass together. Perhaps it will bring us together again. I should be glad if this occurred in a

political assembly, for I am sure we should be near neighbours in it. We would there employ the tenderness of our souls for the advantage of humanity; and unless we possessed those extraordinary endowments which, by our writings, would give us great authority over our contemporaries, we should place our sole ambition in the performance of those public duties for which our particular talents qualify us. Adieu,—Adieu!

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

*On board the Zélée, at sea, between Madeira and Teneriffe.
Wednesday, September 10th 1828.*

MY dear and excellent father! Yesterday, according to the vulgar mode of computation, was a fortnight since I left Brest, the Zélée having sailed on Tuesday, the 26th of August. Ever since the day after our departure, we have had contrary winds, which have blown almost constantly, though without violence. Thus, if we have not made much way, we have not encountered much fatigue. I need not say that my health has not been disturbed, for a single instant, by change of element; and, what is singular, another passenger quite unused to the sea, has felt scarcely anything, and the others have hardly been put to the test. The young surgeon of the vessel, who, though not unused to the sea, paid the customary tribute the first week, and M. de Melay, who has paid and will pay for all, are the only two who have suffered. I knew the latter had not a *sea stomach*: but, in this respect, he has exceeded

my expectations. I wonder how, with such natural antipathy to pitching and rolling, he can have remained a sailor. Had I been in his place, I should have changed my profession thirty years ago.

Contrary winds are not the sole cause of our slow progress. A great deal may be attributed to the vessel. She is very good and very solid—an excellent sea boat, as they say; she has a thousand good qualities, each more valuable than the other, but—she sails badly. The captain himself is forced to allow this, and, therefore, you may rely upon its truth. But, after all, what is it to me? We shall perhaps reach Pondicherry a month later than I calculated upon! Well then, the first year of my travels, which ought evidently to be the most burthensome, will be a little shortened by it. This is almost an advantage. M. de Melay messes with the captain, a young lieutenant in the navy, but lately the comrade of two of his officers. They have had the charity to admit into their mess, and to place in a cabin at a distance from the officers' berth, the Apostolic Prefect of Pondicherry. Though this is but a trifling service to him, it is, however, a great one to us. His presence would have placed us under perpetual restraint; and with all our attempts at modesty and our endeavours to throw off the guise of sailors, God knows to what tribulations his ears might not have exposed him among us.

There are eleven of us at the officers' mess; five are officers, all younger than myself, with the exception of a poor old junior lieutenant, who seems to possess much professional merit, but makes no noise, and will necessarily remain a junior lieutenant all his life. The others

are a young navy surgeon, a commissary, myself, M. de Sallabery, M. Goudot, and a young man from Rochelle going to join a relative in India.

The captain's age, his comparatively low rank in the service, the circumstance of his having been the comrade of several of his officers, and his goodnature,—all contribute to our having less of tiresome etiquette than on board any other ship of war. Nothing could suit me better.

In the gun-room, appropriated to the officers and passengers, I live without any bustle; beyond it all is pleasant and agreeable. M. de Melay and myself are becoming more and more intimate every day. Sometimes we walk for hours on deck, chatting *de omni re scibili*. Though I thought him a man of talent, I find him even more so than I had supposed. He has a fund of fact and anecdote, and is not destitute of imagination; he is a good critic; he excels in argument, and his style in conversation is beautifully correct, without being heavy. I may truly say, that his presence here is a piece of good luck for me; and in me he certainly finds some resource.

However indifferent you know me to be in such matters, yet, as the length of the voyage renders them, for a time, less contemptible, I must tell you, that we have very good breakfasts and dinners. Excellent bread is baked on board every day. The wine is pretty good, and we have fresh mutton, pork, fowl, fresh and dry vegetables; so that we can hardly perceive that we are not on shore. Sunday and Thursday are holidays, as at school; and on those days, our ordinary meal is so much improved, as to become quite luxurious.

September 11th.

As the *Zélée*, after landing M. de Melay at Pondicherry, is to make hydrographical researches on the Eastern coast of Africa, she is provided with several chronometers, and the young officers, yet little acquainted with the manner of working the longitude by them, are constantly occupied. There is not much labour on board, yet more than I should have thought. I am seldom a solitary reader or writer on the great green cloth that covers our mess table. At night, a handsome lamp, suspended from the deck above, throws its light upon us, and gives to our gun-room the appearance of a handsome study. I hold long sittings there, and always feel satisfied with myself at the close of each, for I work with pleasure and facility. I vary my reading, in order to rest from one subject by applying to another. I have an excellent Persian grammar, and a tolerably good vocabulary of that language; with it therefore I have begun. Hindostanee will come next; it is already half known by one who understands Persian. With what I shall have learned from books by the time I reach India, I flatter myself that I shall soon be able to speak it fluently, if incorrectly.

On board a man of war, there are many noises not heard on board a merchant vessel. The working of the ship is commanded with a horribly shrill whistle; some manœuvres which return periodically several times a day, are performed to the sound of the drum. In fine weather, the afternoon is occupied with exercising the great guns, and now and then the marines are drilled. At first, all this was abominable; but I am so used to it now, that I

scarcely perceive it. I know not whether it is from the goodness of the crew, or from the indulgence of the officers, but for the last fortnight I have not seen a man punished. All, who are not occupied in working the ship, laugh and amuse themselves. The sight of these poor ill-dressed devils, whose rest is constantly broken, has nothing distressing in it. They are, however, well fed, to keep them in health and good humour: each man has a bottle of wine per diem, and one meal with fine new bread. The young doctor has nothing to do. I tell you all these things, because I attach importance to them, though they may appear trifling to you. Care-worn countenances, and corporal punishments, would make me melancholy, and disgust me with my floating prison.

In my letter from Brest, I informed you that we should touch at Madeira. M. de Melay, however, has changed his mind. The uncertainty of our relations with Dom Miguel, and the fear of perhaps encountering the Brazilians and Portuguese in deadly strife with each other, has made us pass that island on our right, and sail for Teneriffe. I do not lose by this. Teneriffe with its peak and its volcano, is one of the most beautiful places in the world. If the weather were quite clear to-day, we should already see the summit of the peak, for we are only forty-two leagues distant from it. We shall there find admirable grapes, oranges, and lemons, and shall lay in a good store of the latter to serve us for lemonade till we reach Rio de Janeiro.

If we are circumspect with the Brazilians and Portuguese, we are haughty enough, I promise you, with

poor merchant vessels. On Sunday last (7th), about noon, as I was engaged with M. de Melay, the captain came and informed him that a strange sail, which had kept very near us ever since the morning, was approaching still nearer; that the stranger had a suspicious appearance, and he thought it right to clear for action. In less than five minutes, each man was armed with a musket, a cutlass, a pistol, and an axe—matches were placed near the guns—every man was at his post—and, instead of waiting for the stranger, we put the ship about, and stood towards him. It was blowing very fresh, and for once the Zélée distinguished herself, and sailed well. Upon this the stranger, which was in fact sailing towards us with a threatening appearance, turned tail; but we gave chase. Seeing that we gained on him, he at last had the tardy politeness to hoist British colours; we then hoisted ours, together with our pendant (the distinctive mark of a man-of-war), backing it, as they say, with a shotted gun, which caused serious reflections in the crew of the strange vessel. She brought to, and we ran close up along side of her. She proved to be an English ship, the General Wolfe, of Bristol. Our captain wished to speak her in English—a singular pretension on his part. For want of a single person, among ten officers, able to speak a word of that language, I was requested to take the speaking trumpet, and had the glory of telling the poor terrified devils, that the next time they presumed to bear down upon us without showing their colours, we would sink them with a broadside. I ought to tell you, that, to the great credit of my moderation, I omitted translating through the speaking trumpet certain emphatic expletives used

by the captain. It would have been rather a violation of etiquette.

This little scene was quite a novelty to me; the real preparation for battle, without any broken limbs, interested me much. I scarcely, however, understand a sea-fight the better for it.

This, my dear father, becomes true tittle-tattle, and I must end it. Shall I do so, however, without adding anything more?—without telling you how many times a day, during my short moments of solitude and leisure, I detect myself thinking of you and Porphyre? Yet it is without sadness. I enjoy these tender recollections, much more than I regret our separation. Time passes so rapidly that I already see its termination, and I expect that you will say to me in five years, when I return: “What! already!” and this will be the best thing to say on both sides.

My barometers, and other instruments, are in excellent order. You will see them again in five years. Everything in my trunks and chests, also arrived safe. For the last four days, on reaching the latitude of Cadiz, I have adopted linen clothes, which I shall not again leave off; for the winds here bring us the heated atmosphere of the tropics. This is the climate which I love. I feel myself caressed by this genial air, and, although my long thin body can scarcely be compared to a rose-bud, I feel that I am beginning to bloom.

There is not much chance of my finding, on my arrival at Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, a vessel sailing immediately for France, or England. At all events, I should be ready, as you perceive, to avail myself of it; but I think I shall have time to add a short postscript

from thence. I have written to you, this time, without reserve ; for the future, I shall have nothing to do, but entertain you with any little changes that may have taken place in my situation.

Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, Tuesday, Sept. 16th 1828.

We put in here on Saturday morning (13th). We sail again to-morrow morning. In this short interval, I have taken care to run about sufficiently to see many things and many people too. A French ship of war is quite a phenomenon here. They pay us every possible attention :—yesterday, for instance, we were at a ball. I danced with a charming Spanish lady, who spoke English. The ball was given by some rich merchants, who, twenty years ago, entertained M. Cordier in this island. *La grande nation* has here been represented in black, from head to foot. There were many present who could speak English and French, so that I was amply compensated for the little drudgery of the dance. I say drudgery, because these handsome Spanish women have not a word to say for themselves. To-night, we are to have it over again, and the whole city will be present. At midnight, every one retires, wrapped in a large black cloak of oil-cloth. The ship's boats are ready to receive us at the quay. We jump in with address, at the risk of tumbling into the sea, for there is always a great swell here ; and, by the grace of God, we reach the *Zélée*, which is at anchor in the roads. The return on board forms a strange contrast with the scene we have just left.

We are taking in stores of lemons, oranges, and some tropical fruits found here in abundance. The

fact is, we are to be forty days at sea, before we reach Rio.

Adieu, my dear father! I embrace you and Porphyre, to whom my next letter will be addressed. I am wonderfully well. Every thing is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds. Remembrance to all.

TO M^{LL}E. ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT-PAUL, ARRAS.

At sea, on board the Zélée, lat. 4° N., lon. 22° 35' W. from Greenwich, Saturday Evening, Oct. 11th 1828.

IT is night, and every one around me is asleep except one officer, and half of the crew, who are keeping watch upon deck. I am alone, in a tolerably capacious and elegant cabin, seated at a large table covered with a green cloth, and lighted by a lamp hanging above the middle of it. This is my hour for work, when I require silence and solitude. I came hither to write; it was to have been on matters of natural philosophy; but instead of the MS. which I was seeking in my portfolio, chance, and a delightful chance too, made me extricate from the beautiful disorder reigning there, your letter of July last. I began to reperuse it, my dear cousin, and I congratulated myself on having brought it from Paris, to answer it at Brest if I had time. I recollect that I did so; but I must have done it very stupidly. I was very much out of humour in that town, because I was always uncertain whether or not I should sleep there the next night, and was fearful of being kept there a month by contrary winds.

I believe, my dear Zoe, that although we greatly

differ on very important points, we have yet many feelings and affections in common. Though more of a materialist than a spiritualist, I nevertheless hold matter—positive reality—in but slight estimation. I allow an immense importance, in a moral sense—that is to say, in the art of seeking happiness—to that which many narrow-minded people laugh at as chimerical. The pleasures of the imagination are not less real than those of the senses; and its sufferings are not less acute than sensual pain. It is assuredly not from our senses that we receive enjoyment, but from what you term our soul—from our faculty of feeling, when this is excited, and subjected, in a manner which we call happy, to the physical modifications of our senses placed in relation with external objects. We constantly receive pleasure and pain through a very different channel; they reach us directly, without our being able to perceive the slightest modification of our organs, preceding the sense of them which we experience. There is but one thing certain in all this—sensation. It is simple in its nature, whatever may be the variety of its objects, the means by which it is produced, or its causes. But a truce to metaphysics, more especially, as I was about indiscreetly to reveal to you those famous *real essences*. This would be disposing of my father's property, and managing it very ill, no doubt. If I marry, in India, the daughter of some nabob with a few millions, I will spend one of them, on my return, in publishing the two hundred and eighty volumes of paternal eloquence, and you will there see what sensation is. Nevertheless, my dear friend, I consider you very fortunate in entertaining those opinions, concerning which we differ.

There is a class of enjoyments, quite independent of the material interior of our existence; and by them alone can we equalise happiness among mankind; for that which results from satisfying mere physical wants, will always be naturally bad, and very unjustly divided.

Think you that pleasures destitute of material reality, are unknown to those whom you term materialists? Are not the most exclusive of them subject to the laws of sympathy? Whether it be a mechanical result of their organisation, or a faculty of the mind, is of little importance—in all of them it is a feeling which makes them share the affections of other men, not only those affections the signs of which they see, but all those likewise of which they become conscious without the aid, without the physical impression, of their senses. There are even atheists who have a worship, and a very useful one too: the worship of humanity. I know more than one of this description. To themselves, they are stoics, to others, angels of charity and indulgence.

You impute to physiology, pretensions which it does not entertain. It is not physiologists who have pretended to explain the most secret mysteries of the intellect; metaphysicians only are capable of such impertinence. A few ill-informed physicians, I admit, have believed that they could explain the functions of organic life, by the simple laws of physics and chemistry. But even that is impossible. However admirable chemistry may have become, during the last half score of years—and mark, there are not in France six physicians, even among the juniors, who are aware of the height to which this science has risen—it is quite insufficient to account for such strange phenomena.

There is a something in them, of which it is perfectly allowable for reason to form an immaterial and immortal principle.

The French philosophers of the last century and of the present, who have been termed sensualists, and are very generally supposed to be materialists—I mean Condillac, Cabanis and M. de Tracy—have seen, it is true, in the senses and intellect of man, only one of the faculties of his organisation; but they never asserted that the laws of inert matter, the laws of physics and chemistry, presided exclusively over organic life. Be that however as it may, my dear friend, the life of the shapeless lichen which grows on every thing that will afford it support and a little moisture, is physiologically quite as inexplicable as that of the most perfect of animals, man;—every thing that has life, is equally incomprehensible. In this respect, nothing is either more or less so. Seneca, following Epicurus, whose philosophical principles he adopted, explains the sensibility of organised beings, by the “*anima mundi*” (the soul of the world), as the mechanical motions of the heavenly bodies have been since explained by *attraction*. This “*anima mundi*” pleases me much, precisely on account of its being so vague and indefinite a term. I see in it something resembling a reason, but not clear enough not to be rejected as absurd, if it is not at once adopted as true.

I might have talked this stuff to you, at our fireside at Paris, just as well as here; yet there is nothing so much out of the common, as the place where I now am. We are to-day, October 13th, at a short distance from the equator, after having been nearly fifty days at sea;

and we have the prospect of another month ere we reach Rio Janeiro. You, who have read Lord Byron's works, must think the sea marvellously beautiful. I feel none of its poetry. I see, but without admiration, the sun rise and set every day. He illuminates only a monotonous and lifeless horizon, which has nothing in it to excite the mind, any more than the monastic sort of life has which we are forced to lead on board ship. I read, write, and work a good deal; but I should like a little society, for I find but few resources in that of the young officers on board. They are excellent young men, ill-informed, though perfectly kind, gentle, and good-natured; and in my intercourse with them, I find all I could wish, except amusement. I should be quite at a loss in this respect, were it not for the governor of Pondicherry, M. de Melay, who is a very clever man. We quite coquette with each other, though we have few infidelities to apprehend; for, except in each other, we find on board but little amusement and but few resources. You may say if you like, my dear cousin, that I have concluded with a piece of outrageous impertinence, and you would be right, were you any one else. But, methinks we know each other well enough to state, without reserve or false modesty, the good and evil that we think.

On our voyage hither, we put in for four days at Teneriffe, and I wrote from that place to my father; so that he will have been but a short time without hearing from me. Teneriffe was an object of quite novel interest to me; for it is a Spanish country, and I had never seen one. I made a long trip to the mountains mounted on an ass—do not suppose that these asses are

like ours:—I met camels on my way—a stamp of locality; but at a ball in the evening at the house of a rich inhabitant of Santa Cruz, who had invited the officers of the *Zélée*, I had on black clothes as at Paris, and all the men were dressed, like myself, in the newest fashions from London and Paris. Few of the women had any thing Andalusian in their dress: on the contrary they wore “*robes à gigot*,” and we danced French quadrilles to Rossini’s most popular airs. Then there was *écarté* in the next room. Farewell to the stamp of locality! The whole world is tending to assume the same appearance, stupid, rather melancholy, and very vulgar. I shall be out of humour with it many a time, before I return to Europe.

Adieu, my dear Zoe, write to me whenever you think it will afford you pleasure; never mind where your letters may find me, only send them to my father. Tell all our friends about you, that I retain a delightful recollection of the two hours which I spent at Barly.

Rio Janeiro, just arrived, October 28th.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Saturday, October 18th 1828, at sea, Lat. 6° South,
Lon. 27° 35' West from Greenwich.*

I TRUST, my dear Porphyre, that before the arrival of this letter, which will be forwarded from Rio, our father will have received my first to him, dated from Teneriffe, where we arrived on the 13th of September, and remained till the 17th. A ship was soon to sail for Marseilles, and the Consul promised to avail himself of the opportunity. Thus, you cannot have been two

months without having obtained some token of life from me. Since our departure from Teneriffe, till within these few days, our voyage has been much impeded by calms and contrary winds. The trade winds, which we had a right to depend upon to carry us into the vicinity of the equator, have, to the great surprise of the sailors, almost entirely failed us. Last year, during my voyage to and from Saint Domingo, I saw them equally neglectful of their post; therefore I was very little surprised at their absence this time, and the less so, as I never had much faith in the theory which accounts for their constantly blowing from the same quarter. I make, however, many little observations on rain and fine weather, which do not exactly coincide with certain notions on meteorology, formerly admitted on trust, but which had always appeared to me satisfactory. The calms commenced about 18° north. The sky was then generally clouded, and every day brought us some drops of rain, followed sometimes by an hour or two of squall which drove us on a few miles. Thus, with much trouble, we slowly reached the fifth degree of latitude. There we were delayed several days, constantly manœuvring to no purpose, till last Monday, when the South-East wind awoke from its slumber, and taking us a-beam, brought us in two days to the line, which we crossed at full gallop—a trim we have kept up night and day ever since, and which, if we can maintain it so long, will carry us to Rio in eleven days. With a young captain of thirty, you may suppose that crossing the line does not take place without the accustomed ceremonies. A sailor—the greatest rascal of the set, and the most sanctified in looks—said mass after his

own fashion,—with a surplice and altar got up for the occasion. He gave us a most ridiculous sermon, after which the uninitiated were gravely shaved with a wooden razor four feet long. This ceremony being over, the officers among themselves aft, and the ship's company forward, threw buckets of water into each other's faces during an hour. The fire-engine also played successfully, drenching at the mast-heads the fugitives who had escaped from the tumult upon deck. We then went below to change our clothes, and on regaining the deck we found every thing in its usual order, the little previous saturnalia having left no trace behind. In the evening, the captain gave us a splendid dinner; we had green peas, truffled partridges, and other dainties. M. de Melay, a little excited by the noise and the so-called liqueurs of Madame Anfoux, sang drinking songs, then some of the gayest of Beranger's, and we concluded with the most genuine sea songs in the world. The poor priest, who was next to me, was near making his escape to avoid the choruses. I confess, I never heard the like. The crew, who during this time—three hours at table—had received double rations and some other liquid indulgences, were in high glee. They were allowed to come and dance on the quarter deck; and as there were no fiddlers among the seamen, they accompanied themselves with their voices, in tunes that would have scared the devil, and in words abominable enough to bring the whole infernal host to carry off the singers. The poor priest went to prayers, in his little cabin, without being able to prevent these horrible sounds from reaching him. It is impossible for a priest to live on board ship. Accordingly, in spite of the regulation

which gives a chaplain to each ship of the line and frigate, none will accept the office; for, if they would avoid being constant witnesses of the most fearful blasphemy, they must live in the hold.

Most of the provisions we brought from Brest being spoiled, we have been obliged to throw them overboard. Hence our fare is right royal: we live on the king's salt beef and pork, dried kidney beans, and sour krout. While you are doubtless eating grapes at breakfast and dinner, a piece of salt beef brings my meals to an abrupt close. But you have already cold and rain—I enjoy a delightful temperature. I am surprised at its mildness, for it does not exceed about 26 centigrade (79 Fahrenheit). Then, in another fortnight, perhaps sooner, I shall make amends at Rio with oranges, pine apples, plantains, and other tropical fruits, which I do not like less than our own, and which are in greater variety. At Teneriffe, we already found plantains, which, fortunately for those who are fond of them, every body does not like. The grape of that country resembles in size that of the land of promise, but it is far from being equal to ours, even the worst in the neighbourhood of Paris. Good day, for the present, my friend. You have had enough of gossip, considering I say nothing. It seems just as if we were only twenty leagues asunder. I chat for the sole pleasure of chatting with you. I reserve for Rio, the bit of blank paper that still remains.

P.S. From Rio, where we are casting anchor, just as a merchantman is getting under weigh for France. In good health, all well. We shall stay here a week at least, and I will write before we leave.

October 28th 1828.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

*Rio, November 6th 1828, on board the Zélée,
in the Roads.*

I ARRIVED here on the 28th of October. The same evening, I despatched a letter to Porphyre, it being the first I have written to him since I left Brest. With regard to myself, my dear father, it is one o'clock in the morning, I am dreadfully sleepy and tired; and, although wonderfully well, I must leave you and go to bed. This place is magnificent—I have never seen any thing so beautiful; but as we sail the day after to-morrow, I have much to look after. Send the inclosed to J. Taschereau. I embrace you with all my heart, and Porphyre also.

Adieu! Adieu!

November 14th.

This day week, at noon, during the finest weather in the world, in getting out of the roadstead, which is immense, we ran foul of a merchant vessel at anchor. I think that if I had even tried to do it, clumsy as I am, I should not have succeeded in this difficult feat. Nobody was hurt, but plenty of masts and sides were broken and driven in. The tax-payers in France will pay the piper on this occasion. We have been under repair ever since. To-morrow we go to sea again, span new, and smarter than ever.

Every one has been prodigiously merry at the expense of the Zélée—I as well as the rest. Besides, I am very glad to know, by experience, what running foul is.

Within this week, I have discovered the three young Taunays. One is an artist, and professor of painting at

the Imperial Academy; another, major of cavalry in the imperial army; the third, chancellor of the consulship. This evening, I am going to see an animal extremely rare in America—an emperor. I shall avail myself of the same opportunity to see *l'Italiana in Algeri*, for it is at the opera that I am to enjoy the sight of this excellent imperial groom. I have only time to dress for dinner, and I leave you without further ceremony, and with my kindest wishes.

TO M. ACHILLE CHAPER, PARIS.

On board the Zélée, at sea, between Rio Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, Wednesday, December 10th 1828.

I DO not wait till we reach the Cape before I write to you, my dear friend, for I am ignorant of the time—probably very short—that we shall stay there, and I shall have leisure only for the stones, plants, things, and (if possible) the men of that country. Besides, what could I write to you thence, which I cannot equally well write to you now? We have now passed over half the distance from France to India: but we left the former more than three months and a half since. The ship sails badly, and we have frequently had contrary winds and calms. At Rio Janeiro, which we have lately quitted, having made a previous stay at Teneriffe, we got damaged in our first attempt to leave; this obliged us to put in again to refit, and on this account we remained there three weeks instead of one. I consoled myself for the delay, by the opportunity it afforded me of knowing something of a country I shall not see

again, and for which nature had done all, but which man has spoiled, irretrievably ruined! I have spoken to you of Saint Domingo: undoubtedly not in very favourable terms; but, in my opinion, Saint Domingo has made a greater advance in civilisation than Brazil. I here saw, for the first time, negro slavery, on an immense scale, forming the key-stone of society. In twenty days, I saw several vessels arrive from the coast of Africa, laden with these miserable creatures, afflicted with dreadful diseases, crowded together on landing, penned in like animals; and side by side with these horrors, the most refined luxuries of European civilisation. The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, feel not the contempt, the physical repugnance towards negroes, which few English or French can resist. They have not instituted against them, that system of refined humiliation adopted by the colonists of Jamaica and the Leeward Islands; though they are not less violent and merciless masters. Under their whip, the negroes live a few years, and then die without leaving children. The disposition of this unhappy race of men must be very mild, innocent, and timid, for vengeance and crime not to be more common at Rio, than they are. The masters, with their polished, and even elegant, European manners, are, in many respects, as much debased by slavery as the brutified negroes. I saw them with each a golden key on his coat, with their diamonds, and their ribands, and their titles, and their ignorance, baseness, and dishonesty,—and I was disgusted. I sought a middle class—laborious, thrifty, honest, and respectable,—but I found none. Below this gilt-edged rabble, I found only black slaves, or free men of colour, who are slave-owners, and the

worst of all. Is this a nation? And is it not the exact counterpart of all the new independent states dismembered from Spanish America? The Spanish and Portuguese races are not more progressive in the New World than in the Old. They possess freedom only in name. But what is freedom?—an end or a means? You will see, my friend, what tropical America will become with her freedom: she will be what she was before—a country without inhabitants, or riches, because she is without labour. Labour and economy constitute the first requisite; freedom is valuable only when employed in working, and laying by. An admirable use is made of it in the United States; because the English race, by whom the whole of the North of the New World was peopled, is eminently industrious. I have told you, how the North Americans crushed us French by free competition. What will their neighbours, the Mexican Spaniards, do by the side of them?

The colonial despotism which still exists in Canada, though much tempered, cramps the English population in the development of its industry and advance towards improvement, and becomes an obstacle to its increase and strength. In Brazil, the oppression and the vexatious measures maintained by the monarchical form of government, but feebly defend the country against a contrary principle of decay and weakness.

In Brazil, all labour is performed by negro slaves. Stop the slave trade, abolish slavery, and there will be no work done. Shoot or depose the emperor Don Pedro, dismember his monarchy into several confederated republics,—and anarchy will break forth every where; it will favour a rebellion of the blacks, and the whites

will, in many places, be massacred. There is no escaping from this alternative, except by maintaining the present order of things. This is most melancholy!

Perhaps you may have learnt, ere you receive this letter, that Bolivar has made himself a king: I wish it may be so, for the sake of his country. Our friends will exclaim "treason!"—people will cruelly repent having compared him to Washington, because he will have violated the name of a vain and worthless freedom; they will not understand, that a despotic chief is a thousand times preferable to the frightful anarchy which now desolates the new American republics. Freedom is a superfluity for nations in want of food and laws.

I spend very quietly the time occupied by my long voyage. The best understanding subsists among the inhabitants of this floating prison. But life here is very dull and monotonous. I have lived upon prose since I have been on board: it is the sea system, and I must submit to it. If you imagine that there is any poetry in the life of a sailor, you are greatly mistaken. Nothing is more like a convent than a ship of war. Each day resembles the preceding one; each hour brings periodically the same task. There is no care for external objects, and within, a profound reliance upon the return of breakfast in the morning, and dinner in the evening. One is sure, when night comes, to find one's bed made, and a change of linen on awaking in the morning. Such uniformity might serve as the frame-work of a studious life: but the people here take good care not to make it so. The day drags on, and is wasted in words and trifles.

I intermingle with my scientific readings, the study

of Persian, which I find only difficult. As for the agreeable, it is very limited in my little travelling library, being confined to three small volumes: Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, in Latin; Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, and *Tristram Shandy*. But the latter is my solid dish. I like Sterne infinitely: his eccentricity pleases me. Are we not so constituted? Do we not, without knowing why, pass in an instant from one idea to another? In this work I can always find a page in unison with the actual state of my heart, or the caprice of my mind. No one, assuredly, has carried the elliptical style to such lengths as Sterne, for he has left whole chapters in blank. To a fool, this is a complete mystification, and one which he does not find very piquant, because it is very easy. But are such blank pages really wordless riddles? Why not seek to fill them up? This to me, particularly on board ship, is Sterne's greatest merit; for when I have read a score of lines, as I am walking on deck, and the ship gives a lurch, I can put the book into my pocket, and continue my walk with pleasure; for I have matter for thought. Moore's pretty tales have not the same power of pleasing me; and as for my three ancients, they come, within my taste, far behind my modern English.

Chaper, what a revolution is there in my existence! During the six years we have known and loved each other, what vicissitudes have we not encountered—how many things have we not talked of! Sometimes in those rare moments when I am allowed to be alone, fantastic images of happiness and pain rise before me in the dim obscurity of the past, and I know not whether I am dreaming or awake: for some moments I remain

dazzled, and when I again open my eyes, I perceive that I was only recollecting, whilst I thought I was dreaming. Yet, my friend, the memory of those penetrating impressions which once thrilled my very soul, is becoming gradually effaced. The mind alone has memory. It recalls exactly the facts it knew of—the ideas it conceived. It recalls, even when it has ceased to judge them. The heart has not this faculty: it is without memory—it knows only its present feelings. If it appears to recal past feelings, it is because they are not yet extinct, but still present. Do not you think so?

Do not you think so?—as if we were not a thousand leagues apart!—as if I knew whether this letter will ever reach you, and when? And even then—can I expect your answer in less than a year?—and where shall I be then? Oh, my friend, how has my youth been thwarted!—what a life of wandering is mine! Yet, do not imagine that I regret having reached the term to which the chain of circumstances has brought me. I would change nothing in the direction my life has taken since my departure for the United States. However great my sacrifice in tearing myself, for so long a period, from my old father and my friends, the firm hope of seeing them again makes me endure it with cheerfulness. We shall meet again, my friend, still young, yet grown old from the agitation of our youth—we shall meet again, in the calm strength of manhood. Shall we find more happiness in that tranquil state? I hope so.

It will, doubtless, be very difficult for me to write to you; but you will henceforth always know where to find me,—if not on the map, at least in life. You will,

in thought, easily fill up the intervals of mine, of which I may leave you in ignorance. You see me now following a straight line; you have only to prolong it to find me.

Adieu, my friend! be happy.

*Cape of Good Hope,
Tuesday, December 18th 1828.*

We arrived here a week ago with splendid weather. It has lasted the whole week, which I have spent here, comfortably and agreeably on shore, and living in a beautiful spot. I am surrounded by so many interesting objects, that I know not how to examine the whole. I have seen as many as possible, and of every possible kind.

Adieu, my good friend! I have not time to write any more.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

On board the Zélée at sea, December 11th 1828.

It is very true, my good friend, that were I to pass another year at sea, I might be afflicted with the dreadful complaint with which our friend Dr. Stendhal threatened me. Though I do not require a large establishment to work, I cannot do it without some accommodation; a little quiet is moreover necessary. Béranger may reckon upon a dozen leaden bullets in his head, if, on my return to France, they take it into their heads to make me a *rey netto* *. Figure to yourself, my dear friend,

* An absolute king.

some fifty officers and sailors, singing together, each in his own key, and without even sticking to that, what we liberals call the *odes* of that great poet. This abominable Dutch concert, the first materials of which Béranger has supplied, gives me a horror of him.

The young officers with whom I live, were, at the age of sixteen, having just left Angoulême*, taken into the service of the constitutional monarchy. They were shipped off without being allowed even to visit their families; and they have now been from eight to ten years at sea, without being able to obtain more than a few months' leave of absence. This makes them tolerably good sailors, who do not run against people in the street, nor overturn them against a post or into a ditch; but you will admit that this system is not adapted to make them agreeable men. They all know perfectly well how to take the sun's meridian altitude, or a lunar distance, and they can calculate, methodically, from these observations, and from those of the chronometer, their exact situation at sea—all things of little difficulty; but they have not the most superficial notions of astronomy, mechanics, or general physics. Not one distinctly knows the difference between a thermometer and a barometer. Several have remained three years in the Mediterranean, constantly in harbour, in the Levant, the Archipelago, or Italy; others have passed a year in Chesapeake bay; yet not one knows a word of either Italian or English. This is monstrous, and I am not yet used to it.

* The naval college at Angoulême.—Tr.

The best understanding, however, subsists here; and that is saying a great deal. I play at chess with them; and chat with them upon the only subject they understand—their profession. My curiosity on maritime affairs surprised them at first; but they satisfy it with a good grace, and without remark. If you have any interest at head quarters, pray get me appointed, on my return to France, minister of marine: I promise you I should make a capital one.

The *Zélée* is a log; she sails very badly. The best proof of this is, the little way we have made since the 26th of August, the day of our departure from Brest. For although we remained only four days at Teneriffe, and twenty-one at Rio Janeiro, we are now scarcely nearer to the Cape than to Brazil. This is child's play compared to the first voyage I made in winter, from France to the United States. I must suppose my debut at sea to have been one of the warmest: for I have since heard people complain of little gusts of wind, which, on my first voyage, occurred every day. Hence, I am more sceptical than ever about storms; and unless at Bourbon I see a hurricane blow a few ships into splinters, nothing will drive this idea from my head*.

Brazil is the abomination of desolation. Imagine some hundreds of viscounts and marquesses, with each a gold key on his coat, besides five or six medals in gold, silver, or diamonds, of all sizes and colours. These men are ignorant, cowardly, and basely subservient to the emperor's pleasure. Under them, there is no middle

* Jacquemont completely changed his opinion concerning the non-existence of storms, Bourbon having afforded him one of the most splendid, but awful sights of this description.

class of respectability, nothing but a rabble of retainers and rogues, pretty nearly white ; and then a formidable number of negro slaves almost naked, who live a few years and die, without leaving children. They are driven to labour with the whip ; a small portion of their labour feeds them, and provides them with a waistcloth or a pair of trousers ; the remainder pays for the carriages, cambric shirts, and silk stockings of the three hundred marquesses. If Don Pedro were deposed, all the provinces would separate, and form federative republics. Anarchy would burst forth everywhere ; it would soon be followed by rebellions of the negroes, and European rule in Brazil would speedily cease. If the emperor were kept, but the slave trade abolished, all labour would be at an end, and there would be no income for any body. All must leave the country if they would not starve ; and you would see the three hundred fashionables, with their stars and gold keys, arrive at the hells of Paris, Cadiz and London. The *statu quo* is the only thing possible. The emperor, though mightily captivated with the constitutional theories of M. Constant, is convinced of this, and governs accordingly. He lives from day to day, not caring for the future. Don Miguel is much beloved at Rio Janeiro, because it was he who consummated the separation of Brazil from Portugal.

The few political journals here are edited by foreigners, mostly French. The emperor cannot grant the liberty of the press to his subjects, his *macaucos*, as he calls them—for he often tells them that they are mischievous apes. He has established it by law, but the manners of the country are opposed to it. Several journalists have been knocked on the head, in the streets, at night, for

telling the truth. This disgusted the rest, and they now say nothing. Besides, no one would cover his expenses.

Scenes of violence are frequent. I was near being struck by a pistol shot, fired by a robber at his pursuers, whilst attempting to escape. He was taken, pinioned, and conveyed to the palace guard-house in the emperor's vestibule. There he was tried quite after the Turkish fashion. The police officers and privates debated whether they should release, beat, or kill him. The officers looked calmly on, smoking their cigars, with their hands behind their backs. After being beaten with such severity that one of his arms was broken, he was imprisoned. The same evening, I saw a black beat another to such a degree, that he killed him on the spot. It was a father who had killed his son, the latter having previously attempted to murder his parent. The homicide was not even apprehended. Besides, the law scarcely ever applies the capital punishment, even to slaves; and when by chance there is an execution, a general consternation prevails throughout the city. The devotees have mass performed on that day for the salvation of the culprit. Almost all crimes and misdemeanors lead indifferently to the galleys; and these are frightful. No regular distribution of provisions is ever made in the prisons. The prisoners live entirely on alms: when these fail, they are starved to death, unless the chancellor sends them some bananas.

The Brazilian navy consists of two ships of the line and a few fine frigates, manned with tolerably good foreign crews; but so badly commanded by native officers, that, in a few hours, the smallest French,

English, American, or Dutch squadron would not leave a plank of them above water.

Admiral Roussin, by a threat of destroying the whole, obtained from the government a promise to restore all that had been taken from French commerce in La Plata. But violence will be necessary to obtain payment of this indemnity.

For a long time past, the Americans have kept only a sloop of war on the Rio station, and yet no slight has ever been shown to them. Though not liked, they are feared; and this because they are always in rude earnest. The commander of the American sloop, the other day, threatened the Brazilian admiral to sink him and his whole squadron, if he dared to overhaul American ships forcing the blockade, which he, as an American officer, would never acknowledge.

I think, my friend, that France is rapidly returning to the state of disrespect, which she *enjoyed* in foreign countries, about the year 1760, in the time of Alfieri's youth. We are laughed at everywhere; it would be no worse, even if we did not annually expend fifty-eight millions of francs upon our navy, and two hundred millions upon our army.

At Rio, we maintain our reputation as hair-dressers, and dancing masters. The Rue Vivienne of this country, called Rua d'Ouvidor, is peopled by Parisian milliners, tailors, and hair-dressers.

There is a fine theatre at Rio, where an execrable Italian company, with a still more execrable orchestra, murder Rossini three times a week. I saw "L'Italiana in Algieri." The upper circles of society here find it as tedious as ours do at Paris, and, I believe, a thousand

times more so, but they encounter it because it is the fashion. Those leaders of the ton, who dwell in the vicinity of the city, arrive at eight o'clock in the evening in post chaises. The postilion unyokes the two mules, which feed on the grass of the square during the performance; at eleven they are again put to the vehicle, and he resumes his seat, ready to take home his master. The emperor is always present. The ballet at Rio is in the taste of that of Brest, or Draguignan; but it is by far the most pleasing part of the performance.

You are well aware that unfortunately all I know of Naples is derived from pictures and panoramas; you will most likely therefore not acknowledge in me a judge of its beauty. Nevertheless I must tell you that the roadstead at Rio appears to me still more beautiful than that of Naples. The virgin forest of M. de Clarac is not thick enough; the sky is seen among the trees, and this ought not to be. Enormous parasitical plants, with the scientific names of which I do not bore you, but the foliage of which resembles the noble leaves of the pine-apple, and their flowers those of the iris, but variegated with a thousand colours, grow upon the trees like our mistletoe. A thousand different species of creepers climb, and hang in festoons over the flowery masses, interlacing them in a thousand different ways. If you wished to pluck one, you would bring down a whole forest. Then, in the environs of Naples, I, as a botanist, can find only sixty species of trees, both great and small, seven or eight of which at most are common. About Rio I find a thousand very common: hence a prodigious variety of foliage, form,

and colour. M. de Clarac's engraving does not give these rich details.

I think, my good friend, that you will not forget me during my long absence, and that, though far away, you will give me proofs of your existence and friendship. I shall be dreadfully alone in India! Letters from Paris have already become very valuable to me! What will they be two years hence? You know that, in spite of my rather grave profession of savant, I still have a tolerable relish for trifles;—let me have some, for this is a commodity I shall not find among the British in India.

To finish with a *bonne bouche*,—I have here a very clever and amiable man, who is a prisoner on board like myself: I mean the governor of Pondicherry. I became acquainted with him at St. Domingo, under the roof of my brother, the American. We secure each other from ennui. He has seen much, has forgotten nothing, and talks to me with candour and elegance of what he knows. Though a captain in the navy, he has nothing of the sailor about him. I shall regret leaving him at Pondicherry. He lately lent me Simond's excellent "*Voyage en Angleterre*," which I was barbarian enough to know only by name. I say "Amen!" to almost every page in this book—one of the most amusing I ever read. M. Simond, whose authority the Baron de Stendhal assuredly respects, has, notwithstanding his taste for the arts, put storms in their proper place. This passage in his book was a little triumph for me.

Adieu, my dear friend!—kind remembrance to all about you whom we used to meet together. My pro-

fession of traveller will perhaps parch me up some day ; but, at present, I have still a feeling heart. I do not love you all less at a distance, than near at hand.

Yours ever.

Closed at the Cape of Good Hope, December 28th.— I arrived here on the 20th. It is no less a vessel than the Astrolabe* which brings you this. The day after to-morrow I sail for Bourbon. All well !

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

On board the Zélée, at sea, December 18th 1828.

I WROTE to you for the first time from Teneriffe on the 18th of September, and afterwards, on the 6th of November, a few lines from Rio Janeiro. I also wrote to Porphyre from Rio, on the 28th of October. You have, therefore, my dear father, long known of my pleasant passage from France to the Canaries, and thence have inferred the happy continuation of my sea voyage. The slow sailing of the Zélée will make it very tedious. We are to-day fifteen hundred leagues from the Cape of Good Hope, and it is the eightieth day of our navigation since our departure from Brest : namely, nineteen from Brest to Teneriffe, forty-one from Teneriffe to Rio, and thirty-one from Rio to this part of the broad ocean. It will take us twenty-five days or

* The Astrolabe, commanded by M. d'Urville, was then on her return from a voyage of discovery, and also from searches relative to the shipwreck and fate of La Peyrouse.

a month more before we reach to Bourbon, and six weeks more before we get to Pondicherry; for we shall have the north-east monsoon almost in our teeth.

My life on board is a little tedious, but very quiet. Our dinner and breakfast are not much like those we had before we reached the Canaries. Dried vegetables, salt meat, and cheese, constitute our usual first and second course and dessert. The whole is hard, tough, and bad-looking. It would be rather unwholesome if we indulged too much in such fare; but as this kind of food, though highly spiced, stimulates the appetite but little, we eat only just enough to silence hunger; and our health is better than in the Rue de l'Université, where man, in a state of society, eats too much every day. My experience, since I left Rio, confirms my notions on this point.

For a fortnight past, we have enjoyed the cool temperature of our own September. We have resumed our cloth clothes. In the morning we enjoy the warmth of the bed; during the rest of the day, we have fine weather and a beautiful sea. We proceed slowly, but without fatigue. The chess-men stand upon the table without falling. I prefer this motion of the vessel to one more violent, which would shake us. M. de Melay was silly enough to catch cold on our departure from Rio, and is only now recovering. We shall remain some days longer at the Cape, in order that he may get well on shore. I shall enjoy life there; for notwithstanding the extreme salubrity of salt meat and dried vegetables, taken in small quantities, I am in want of the green. Cape Town being a British town of Dutch origin, all its inhabitants, like those of New York, keep

boarding-houses. It will cost me a dollar and half a day, for which sum I shall have the pleasure of lying between well-stretched sheets, upon a bed longer than myself. There is nothing like privation for making people delicate and voluptuous. Look at Porphyre with his eider-down: if he had not been to Moscow, I am persuaded he would have remained content, like ourselves, with a triple blanket.

There is a total absence of incident on board—nay a perfect understanding among us all. It is a *rinforzando* of reciprocal goodwill. M. de Melay, however, is the one who most deserves my thanks; for the goodwill of the others only makes my life void of anything unpleasant, whilst his makes many of its moments agreeable. The sphere of subjects upon which we converse widens every day; for we often make little discoveries, which suddenly bring us in contact. They come within the scope of scientific knowledge common to both; or else they are identical opinions on subjects which we do not see in the same light as the multitude.

We talk of the future, and of Paris. His lot is to reside there on his return from India with his little fortune, and his pension as a flag-officer, which cannot fail him. You may easily suppose, that we have spoken of the places we shall have to pass through, before we return to that incomparable Paris. His way is by sea, which is also mine; but to me it is the most important object: it is my end, and not my means.

After running foul, on first weighing anchor at Rio, of a ship at anchor, and ten days after, being refitted and sailing again in earnest, we were for five or six minutes within pistol-shot of some rocks against which

the current was driving us, whilst the wind did not allow us to pass them. Had it not been for the thousand crowns in my trunk, my barometers, and other unreplaceable articles, I should have looked upon the matter with indifference—for I could easily have saved myself by swimming. The boats'-crews of rowers, who were towing us out of this dangerous passage, redoubled their exertions, and we at length passed.

A fortnight ago we had a hard gale which lasted two days. Every one cried out against it; although it was nothing but what was our daily fare from Havre to New York, on board the *Cadmus*, of rolling and pitching memory. It is lucky for me that my first voyage was so rough; for since that period I never can admit that it is bad weather.

From time to time, I spend an hour or two in writing down everything that strikes me. I yesterday made the trial of reading a little manuscript of prose, written these two months, and forgotten. It was not always tedious, which is a great deal; for I have not the fault of being in love with my own works. In India I shall set down everything, in order that I may select when I return.

*Cape of Good Hope,
Sunday, December 28th 1828.*

We arrived here a week ago, with the finest weather in the world. It has lasted the whole week. I have thrived greatly. I live on shore, and eat fruit—the fruits of Europe, which begin to be dear to me, and those of the tropics, of which I am never tired. I have walked about a great deal, asked a number of questions, and seen many things. Two days after my arrival,

M. d'Urville, who, as you may recollect, my dear father, formerly brought me the plants of Greece, and begged some others of me, has just cast anchor at the Cape, with his immense treasures. We are constantly together. I have just spent the whole day on board the *Astrolabe*, which he commands. He is a very clever man, and I like him exceedingly. I here saw one of the anchors and guns belonging to *La Peyrouse*, which, with immense trouble and danger, D'Urville raised from the bottom of the sea, on the reefs of *Vanikoro*. His vessel is dreadfully shattered; and many of his men have been killed, or have died. But, on these hard conditions, he has succeeded beyond all sea voyagers. He sails in two days, as we do—but for *Toulon*. He will bring you this letter, which, but for him, I should have sent you by M. Séguier. I am in excellent health, and am just going to bed; for at four in the morning, M. d'Urville is to knock at my door, and we are to make a very close inspection of the giant *Adamastor*. Yesterday I walked twelve leagues in the mountains, in search of stones and strata. I passed near *Great Constantia*, where I found M. de Melay, who introduced me to the proprietor of the celebrated vineyard of that name; and after my twelve leagues on foot, I refreshed myself very magnificently with some truly authentic glasses of that rare *Constantia* wine, as also with a seat in M. de Melay's carriage, in order that I might return quietly by the high road, having nothing more to do among the mountains. The weather is very hot, but breezy. I am perfectly well.

Adieu, my dear father, and *Porphyre* also.

On my arrival I received your letter containing a page from Porphyre; two letters from M. de Humboldt, one for myself, and the other to introduce me to Lord William Bentinck; and some ludicrous and amiable phrases of Koreff's.

In Lord Bentinck's place, I should look very cross at any one who brought me so many letters to read, as I have letters addressed to him.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS:

On board the Zélée, at sea, Monday, Jan. 12th 1829, between the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of Bourbon.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—One of the first letters which I wrote after I left Europe was for you; the other was for my father and brother. You were included with them in my last thoughts, when I left my native country. Since that period, I have lost no opportunity, from Rio Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, at which we successively touched, of writing to my family, through whom you have, no doubt, heard of me. One of the greatest benefits I derived from my voyage to America, was the more intimate acquaintance which it caused you to make with persons who, for so many reasons, are dear to me. It has enabled you to know better my father and my excellent brother Porphyre. By thus knowing them better, you necessarily love them more for their own sakes as well as mine.—I who owe so much to them both, though far from them, find intense delight in the tender feelings which they entertain towards me. I will not quit Bourbon without

sending you, from that place, some words of remembrance, and I therefore set to work beforehand. I avail myself of a calm day to visit you in thought, but I am surrounded by strangers, and people indifferent to me; I am interrupted with unpleasant noises; I cannot isolate myself amid this tumult, and there is a delicacy of friendship which restrains my secret outpourings, and leaves me before this paper with an overflowing heart, unable to say to you those kind things which the presence of a third person prevents me from expressing. In your presence, I have frequently felt the same embarrassment, when we were not alone: I could then only squeeze your hand as I departed—but that pressure said everything:—now we are more than two thousand leagues asunder.

I remained twenty days at Rio Janeiro. A lucky chance brought me in contact with some of our countrymen, of a character unfortunately too rare among the greater number of Frenchmen who seek their fortunes in foreign lands. I soon became intimate with one of them, a son of Taunay the painter, an artist, like his father, but a philosophical artist. He and his brothers, who do not follow the same profession that he does, have been settled in Brazil these six years. They conversed with me in a very interesting manner respecting what I was desirous of knowing about that country, where my short stay did not allow me seriously to study its natural history. All that man has done there is detestable. There is no *nation* in Brazil: the population of the empire is composed of negro slaves, who die without children, and whose numbers require therefore to be constantly renewed; and some hundreds of Portu-

guese, decorated with titles and ribands, dressed, in spite of the climate, in the Parisian fashion, but displaying meanness and ignorance which could not be found in Europe, united in the same individual. The emperor, who undisguisedly despises his subjects, and is better a hundred times over than the aristocracy of birth and riches by whom he is surrounded, is nevertheless not far above his courtiers. He can drive extremely well through the narrow and crowded streets of Rio, without running against either posts or human beings; but he is coarse in his tastes, often brutal in his manners and conversation;—and yet he is one of the most distinguished men of his country.

The political bond, which forms a single monarchical state of the different provinces of this immense empire, is very weak. The whole policy of the emperor consists, as he himself says, in preventing it from falling to pieces before his death. As he gives no external strength to the territories which he unites under his rule—and this is fully proved by the issue of the war with Buenos Ayres—the remote provinces, those of the North in particular, Bahia and Pernambuco, are always ready to throw off the yoke of a power, seated four or five hundred leagues off—a distance doubled at least by the want of roads—and which pretends to govern them, without affording them protection. We shall therefore infallibly witness a new shock of republics in this beautiful part of South America. They will not go far, I think. The primitive matter of future existence is absolutely wanting in them. They will be involved in anarchy; and insurrections of the negroes, frightful quarrels, the extermination perhaps of the whites—the

inevitable consequence of a violent emancipation of the slaves—will soon follow as a matter of course. Labour will end with slavery, and want devour the remains of the population.

The abolition of the slave trade, which, in the words of the treaties, is to take place in a year, but which the form of the Brazilian coast will always protect from the vigilance of the British cruisers, would be the abolition of the empire. At Rio I had a close view of this horrible traffic carried on upon an immense scale. From the sight of this human wretchedness, I have retained a feeling of horror which will scarcely ever be effaced from my mind. Nevertheless, he who will have the end, will also find the means. You may truly affirm, that slavery is the *sine quâ non* condition of the existence of Brazil, as well as of European rule in all parts of America situated between the tropics, without being much elevated above the level of the sea.

With reference to ourselves, in particular, if Cayenne and Bourbon have for a few years felt a little prosperity, it is solely owing to the governments of those colonies having connived at, not to say openly protected, the landing of cargoes of slaves. Were I in your place, my friend, in the station which you occupy, I would employ my power in the suppression of such crimes. You do not fear extreme measures in good. Say, then, that the general voice of public opinion accuses the administration of these colonies of a criminal connivance at the slave trade. Say you are convinced that they can prosper only by this traffic; that they could not even support themselves without a continued importation of negroes; and that their actual

prosperity is the strongest condemnation of their governments. If these latter were honest, and prevented the importation of slaves, the number would gradually diminish, and these colonies, instead of prospering, would fall into decay. The law, which prohibits the slave trade, has condemned the sugar islands to perish. They do not perish : far from it, they are flourishing ! Therefore the law is not carried into execution.

Its application would, however, be very easy. There is a pretence to enforce it with cruisers on the coast of Africa, and about the places where slavers usually attempt to land the negroes they bring. This method is expensive and inadequate. Suppress all cruisers against the traffic ; but appoint in each colony a civil officer, whose duty shall be to settle the civil condition of the slaves. Let each slave-owner be obliged to keep a book, in which all his slaves are inscribed, with their names, exact description, and families. This officer shall go from one plantation to another, without previous notice. On his arrival, he shall do as our military sub-intendants do in the army : he shall inspect the slaves, and make the owner account for the possession of each. Apply to delinquents, unable to explain how they came by any slave in their possession, the penalties awarded against the accomplices of slave dealers, and the traffic would, from that moment, absolutely cease ; and if a slave ship were to land negroes on the estate of any colonist, you would see the latter eager to denounce him to the authorities, for fear the civil officer should arrive at his house just at the time, render him responsible, and proceed against him as an accomplice.

The colonies must perish: the law prohibiting the slave trade has decreed it:—but they must fall slowly; they must perish from exhaustion:—in the first place, to avoid the scenes of carnage which would inevitably follow the premature emancipation of the negroes; and in the next, to make the loss of this description of property, in the actual possession of the colonists, fall on two or three generations of whites instead of one.

The colonists are certainly not a very interesting class; yet humanity should rejoice that there are means of withdrawing from them, only gradually, their iniquitous property. However ill-acquired their riches may be, however contemptible such wealth may appear in a human point of view, the law which makes them masters of the descendants of their actual slaves, does not condemn them to sudden ruin, but to gradual decay. It will leave to their families the time and means of re-entering French society.

January 26th, at sea, near Bourbon.

This afflicting question of slavery constantly recurs to my mind. Had you, like me, seen the sales of slaves at Rio, you would be unceasingly tormented by the recollection of them.

The colossal extension of the British power is a blessing. There are doubtless many iniquities, many odious falsehoods in the national and colonial government of that nation, but it proscribes atrocities everywhere. The war which it wages against the slave trade is sincere. At the Cape of Good Hope, since the

British have been masters there, not a slave has been imported. The extreme caution they are obliged to use with regard to the interests of the Dutch colonists, who form the great majority of the population of that colony, has not yet allowed them to introduce into the colonial law clauses for redemption from slavery, and for the enfranchisement of the children of actual slaves; but they impose such charges and conditions upon slavery, that the keeping of slaves becomes too expensive to yield a profit on the price they cost their masters. Thus, slave labour has become too costly to be lucrative, and the personal interest of the colonists makes them not much regret this horrible species of property.

A somewhat singular meeting at the Cape was that with a naval officer of my acquaintance, called D'Urville, who put in there at the same time we did, on his return to Europe, after being three years occupied in physical and geographical researches among the Polynesian islands. He will obtain celebrity by his labours. He gave me news from New Holland, New Guinea, and New Zealand; I gave him news from Paris. This exchange was to our mutual liking. There is a town in Van Diemen's Land, where three journals are published. The roads in its neighbourhood are Mac-Adamised; there are inns at which you may dine sumptuously for a guinea; learned and literary societies, such as they are,—and no slaves. And we know not the name of this place! That great British nation invades the whole universe.

Adieu, dear and excellent friend! I leave you, because, on one side, I am consulted about a hit at back-

gammon, and in the other ear, I am asked the meaning of an English word. These annoyances are odious to me. In India, no doubt, I shall have opportunities of writing you long letters; but in a few lines written during my solitary journeyings, you will find more of myself. Adieu—I embrace you tenderly.

Saint Denis, Isle of Bourbon, February 1st 1829, Sunday night

I am here for six and thirty hours. I here found your letter, from Paray, dated September 8th, which contains one from Madame Victor, and another from Madame de Perey. I am indebted to you for many soft emotions, in a place full of immense interest, but only mental interest, and where the mind knows no rest.

Chance made me live, for twelve hours, with some slave dealers. It was without my knowledge. Chance, afterwards, caused me to be received with the noblest hospitality by some very rich planters of this colony. I am now enjoying a short period of magnificence; but in a few days, the privations on board ship will return. Such is the life I shall lead for several years to come—luxury to-day, want to-morrow. What matters it at my age? What food for thought in this infinite variety of scenes, presented by man and by nature!

You, my friend, who know me, are aware whether there is anything in me that can lead to enjoyment in waking dreams. Those melancholy recollections of times and places, which you recal to my mind, and with which the thought of you is associated, make me shudder. These images force me, for a few moments,

to lose sight of the present, of my actual life, penetrate into the past, and seize on it again. I walk about on your lawn, on your heath, under your birches. I saunter on the margin of your pond. I have your arm linked in mine. The strangeness of the scene now before me, checks and destroys the illusion; and I resume my actual life, in which my thoughts are exercised only on real and positive objects.

I measure, count, calculate, and estimate the value of things capable only of moral appreciation. In the morning, I am in the country among the rocks, with a compass in my pocket, and a hammer in my hand; in the evening, I throw off my linen clothes and straw hat, and resign myself to my black cloth dress, to see the lords of this place. They are generally intellectual, and I learn a thousand things from them.

Adieu, my dear friend. It is very late, and I wish to be up by sun-rise. I am alone, in the middle of a garden, in a pavilion hidden by jasmine and lemon trees. The fragrance which they exhale in these warm, moist nights, passes through the Venetian blinds, and makes me feel sleepy. But the musquitoes enter along with these perfumes, and contend against their drowsy influence. I enjoy and suffer at the same time. This is better than not feeling at all. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

On board the Zélée, at sea, Monday, Jan. 12th 1829.

MY dear father, I wrote my No. 3, from the Cape of Good Hope; I began it at sea during my passage from Brazil to the Cape, and closed it on the 28th of December, on the *terra firma* of Africa. That letter, which I entrusted to M. d'Urville, commander of the expedition of the *Astrolabe*, to forward to you on his arrival at Toulon, where his vessel is to be paid off, will have informed you of the very agreeable, but very slow continuation of our voyage from Rio Janeiro; the pleasantness of our short stay at the Cape of Good Hope; and the fortunate chance by which I there received the first packet you have sent me since my departure. The Madagascar, which like ourselves had touched at that colony, took charge of it for M. de Meilay, under cover to whom it was addressed. I found in it your No. 1, that of Porphyre, and M. de Humboldt's letters.

We left the Cape of Good Hope on the 30th of December. I spent the whole of the preceding day in making, with D'Urville, a last excursion to the mountains overlooking the town; and I was unable to return on board, in the roads, until the very morning of our departure. The kindness of the officers, who had promised me a boat to come ashore for me and my luggage, enabled me to enjoy, to the last moment, the pleasure and convenience of *terra firma*. The week I

spent there, has singularly refreshed and rested me. Not, however, that I remained idle in the shade; but I drank milk, of which I had not tasted a drop since I left Brest. I ate fruit, and fed upon fresh and succulent food. The evening meal made me forget the fatigues of the day, which some hours of slumber in an immovable bed, longer than myself, had entirely removed by the morning when I awoke. When a man can thus recruit his strength, he may use a great deal of it without becoming poor.

I again found myself, without displeasure, in my floating prison. The day before our departure it was peopled with a number of new inhabitants, of very pleasant society. They consist of some thirty large sheep, which Porphyre would certainly tax with smelling of wool; but we do not find fault here. We have moreover, or rather we had, two hundred fowls, and a profusion of vegetables;—so that twice a day, we might upon a stretch, forget that we are at sea. The whole crew partake of these dainties; hence the general health on board is excellent. For ourselves, who are the aristocracy of this little community, they will last till we reach the Island of Bourbon.

Two days after our departure, we encountered off the Cape of Tempests, and as we doubled it, the gale, rendered a matter of course by poetical tradition. It drowned a few of our fowls, and that was all. You know that decidedly there are no storms. The longer I am afloat, the more I am convinced that storms are only a happy fiction of poets. The word is hardly known to seamen, who never use it. The superlative

of the species, speaking prosaically—that is, sticking to truth—is a very strong wind: it breaks a mast or two, and drowns nobody. It is not terrible to look at; it is only *vexagenous* (engendering vexation), disagreeable, and ugly. It is very seldom picturesque.

Nevertheless, we had a slight specimen of the picturesque three days after our pretended tempest. It was in the evening; the night was clear enough, but there was no moon. It was nine o'clock. We had on deck only half the crew; these keep watch whilst the others sleep. A ship which we had seen the whole afternoon astern of us, sailing in a slightly different direction, at a distance of two leagues, changed her course to bear down upon us; and the advantage of the wind permitted her to near us rapidly. This suspicious manoeuvre made us clear for action, which was done promptly and in silence. The stranger, having come within hail, spoke to us. We thought the hail was in English, and the captain desired me to listen, and reply. Behold me, then, mounted on the poop, my ear to the wind, stationed in the first tier of boxes, to receive the cannon-shot, if there were to be any. The stranger, of whose strength we could not judge from his position, but which all the officers asserted to be a ship of war, asked us in English,—What ship ours was?—to which I replied, that he was very impudent to think of asking such a question—and must immediately tell us who he was. He spoke again, without our being able to understand each other; but his attitude became more and more hostile. We thought that he meditated boarding. Immediately, a turn of the helm placed us so that we could fire with advantage. We then gave him a broadside of round

and grape shot; and then directly, while all the guns were being reloaded, so worked the ship that our second broadside should not be waited for. But the stranger seemed stopped. I remounted the poop, and thence, with a gigantic speaking trumpet, the only one of real use, ordered him to bring to, and an officer to come on board, or we should continue our fire. We did not at first hear the reply, but we saw him executing the submissive manœuvre we had commanded. We waited patiently for the stranger's boat, which, however, did not come. As people are not very patient, when they have sixteen guns ready to pour forth their contents, without any more trouble than saying "Fire!" the captain and M. de Melay, who now thought the stranger a pirate, and owed him a grudge for the trouble he had given, begged me to repeat the threat of complete destruction if the boat was not immediately sent. So I sacrificed my larynx to play the stentor, and with success. People from the stranger soon arrived. I proceeded, with the captain, to interrogate the prisoner, which was done in the most pacific manner in the world, at least to all appearance. However, the captain and M. de Melay desired that his vessel should be searched. I communicated to him, therefore, our intended visit. One of our boats was lowered; there was a heavy sea; and the lieutenant of the *Zélée* was directed to board the vessel, and examine her in detail. But as he could not speak English, I was wanted again. I complied with a good grace—nor did my compliance seem attended with the least danger, for I believed in the truth of the Englishman's deposition. We were nevertheless on our guard. Our boat's crew were armed; and at our feet,

in the boat, lay a number of loaded pistols. The officer and four sailors belonging to the stranger were detained during our absence, and were, besides, hostages for our safety. After struggling for ten minutes against the sea, our boat ran alongside of the stranger, which we immediately perceived to be a merchantman. We were received with the greatest politeness, by people of very good appearance, but extremely terrified.

The vessel was from Liverpool, bound to India, with a cargo of goods and three passengers. Since her departure from Europe she had spoken no other vessel; and seeing our ship so near, had borne down to say "Good night!" and exchange longitudes. Having taken us in the night for a merchantman, she had approached without fear. Our shot had broken a yard, and had passed through one of the vessel's courses. Fortunately no one was killed.

The harsh part of our expedition was terminated in an instant. The innocence of the accused was evident from their weakness. I pretended to read the papers of the Nancy, and told the captain that he had been guilty of extreme imprudence in approaching an unknown ship at night; that, it was very fortunate, as it had turned out, that none of his crew were killed; and that we should return on board our own ship, and send him his men. The poor devil confessed his fault with all due humility, and made a thousand excuses for the shot we had fired at him; and, it was impossible for us to leave him without taking something to drink. The passengers, who were of very respectable appearance, and for whom our arrival was a pledge of the termination of that horrible music, had

received us with the most vehement goodwill. They would have been hurt if we had refused to allow them to uncork a bottle for us. The steward was called, who asked me respectfully what I would like to have. I replied, with a disdainful air, "A glass of champagne." The cork flew to the ceiling, and our glasses were filled. I recommended my companion only to moisten his lips, in order to make these people believe that we had two or three feet of the same wine in our hold. In this respect I preached to them from example, although the champagne was excellent, and I was very thirsty from shouting so long. We then took leave, after a little admonition which I gave the English captain, whose passengers seemed to be very angry with him on account of the danger to which his imprudence had exposed them. We were lowered into our boat with a thousand precautions, and amid wishes for all kinds of prosperity. We were no less polite. At midnight, we returned on board our own ship, where they were under no apprehensions about us. Having dismissed the five hostages, who first passed under the fire of my English eloquence, we pursued our course.

But in the tumult of clearing for action, a man had been badly wounded; yesterday he was obliged to make up his mind to lose his fore-arm. Our young doctor had never performed any operations any more than myself; and this was a grand affair for him. I had the pleasure of being very useful to him, by first encouraging him, and then assisting him at the critical moment. I tied the arteries. Tell Jules Cloquet, that instead of tying only three, the radial, the cubital, and the interosseous, I tied five, without hurrying any more than if

I had been operating upon a dead body ; and if you, my dear father, or Porphyre, say again that Victor is awkward with his hands, I will send you a certificate to the contrary, written upon stamped paper, and signed by twenty witnesses. I agree so thoroughly with these witnesses, that, for the sake of the patient, I regret I did not perform the operation myself. In spite of all I did to encourage the doctor—a good sort of young man of twenty-three, tolerably well versed in ordinary anatomy, and the minor operations of surgery, but nothing more—his hand shook at the beginning of the operation, and it was not till some minutes had elapsed that he completely recovered ; but the limb was then amputated, and I think badly enough. Tell Cloquet that I should have kept more skin to cover the stump. I shall not close this letter at Bourbon, without letting you know the result of the operation, and I will then tell you, whether I should have been right or wrong in keeping more skin. I reckon confidently that when Frederick is minister of marine, an office of which he is very desirous, he will make me at least a knight of the Legion of Honour, for the services I am performing on board the king's vessels.

M. de Melay is more and more amiable : he is of immense resource to me. His conversation, though extremely graceful and elegant, does not the less abound with thought and fact. Our backgammon sometimes leads to a revolution between us, but never produces coldness. He is of a gay temper. As we are always inclined to discover merit in those who find merit in us, you will hence, no doubt, conclude that M. de Melay is sensible of my lordship's attractions.

January 27th, at sea, morning.

We shall see the island of Bourbon this afternoon, and shall very probably go on shore there to-morrow. Unfortunately it will not be for more than six days. We shall, then, have reached the beginning of the end: but it will be long and hot.

During our passage to Rio Janeiro, the sea voyage somewhat impaired my health. From the Canaries, especially, to Brazil, the salt provisions heated me a great deal, and I slept badly. This indisposition has entirely left me, and I have been very well ever since we quitted the Cape of Good Hope. They say I am growing fat; perhaps this appearance is caused by my whiskers, which I have allowed to grow for the last two months; but I certainly feel myself full of vigour.

I reserve the small space I have left for Bourbon itself. Good-bye, my dear father. Porphyre must have received my first letter. I think of both of you without sadness, because I see your existence flowing quietly on. We are all happy in being so constituted. The affection we bear to each other would prove only a reciprocal misfortune, if this feeling had with us the form which it often assumes. We are each of us well where we are; we are satisfied with our situation in life, be it what it may. Methinks that, at a distance, I enjoy your satisfaction, as you share in my contentment.

When I can have an hour's silence and solitude, I easily quit the ground on which I stand, and transport myself to your presence. I lose all thoughts of the

enormous distance which separates us. Of course you also pay me similar visits, which are full of delight. Adieu.

Bourbon, February 3rd.

I have been here three days, in the handsome and elegant mansion of a rich colonist, a friend of Madame Ramond's. He has a son-in-law of forty-five, an old naval officer, amiable, witty, and well informed. All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. I sleep little, but eat heartily; I work a great deal, and am extremely well pleased here. I learn twenty things every hour. Adieu, my dear father: I embrace you and Porphyre. This letter will go off this evening.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*St. Denis, Island of Bourbon,
Tuesday, February 10th 1829.*

I WRITE to you, my dear friend, amid public consternation. The present, you know, is the summer season in this country, but it is also the dangerous season, that of those frightful rains and hurricanes which devastate the islands situated within the tropics. The weather, since our arrival, had always been rather threatening: a whole day had seldom passed without a squall. It had, however, become fine again. During the last four days of the past week, which I had employed in making a

very interesting excursion to the North-East part of the island, I was caught only in one heavy shower. Being informed, on my return here on Saturday evening, that the Zélée's departure was postponed till Tuesday, this day, I regretted not having prolonged my journey; but yesterday, at sunrise, the sea became tremendous, a ground swell of unusual violence beat upon the coast, and destroyed the boats and light craft moored close in shore. A signal was made for every vessel at anchor in the roads to weigh immediately. All cut their cables, leaving one or two anchors behind, and stood out to sea, taking advantage of the South-East breeze, which was fortunately strong enough, and without which they would have been dashed to pieces on the coast. I went two leagues from hence to an estate belonging to my host, in front of which there is also a small roadstead, where European vessels take their sugar on board. They had all sailed at eight o'clock in the morning.

It was a tolerably fine day. I spent it in galloping through the cane and other plantations on the estate of M. Martin de Flacourt, my host, whose son, a man of my own age, obligingly acted as my *cicerone*. We returned to the town at four o'clock, to dine. We followed in our carriage, from Sainte Marie to St. Denis; the swell had increased but little since the morning. It had, however, driven back several small streams, which our cabriolet had easily passed in the morning, and they had become by no means pleasant to cross. We heard of some fresh accidents on our arrival. A small vessel from St. Paul had capsized, and eight negroes were drowned. The Zélée, in getting under weigh,

shipped three enormous seas. When the signal was made for standing out to sea, there were only two officers on board—the lieutenant of the watch and a midshipman.

The wind, which had been only fresh and steady during the day, began in the evening to blow in sudden and violent squalls, and the swell increased. It demolished some advanced works which served to protect the landing-place. A hurricane was apprehended; and every thing either moored, or left to its own weight, was hauled on shore, as far as possible from the water's edge. The rain poured down in torrents.

At two in the morning the hurricane began.

As, during the previous week, I had been constantly galloping about in the day-time, sitting up late, talking, *mundanizing*, or writing, I had an arrear of sleep to pay off,—so much so, that the dreadful shocks upon the houses were lost upon me. I awoke as if nothing had happened, when, at six o'clock, the negro who waits upon me, came into my room with the morning cup of coffee, and pulled me by the legs. The roaring of the sea, the whistling of the wind, and the creaking and shaking of my pavilion, stunned me a little. I was, however, soon up. I went to the harbour—at least what they call the harbour. I found a crowd of inhabitants collected to contemplate the disasters of the night, and those of each breaker and each fresh gust of wind. The pier had been carried away, and much despatch was used in emptying the warehouses which it protected. An indiscreetly curious person received a stone on his head, and was carried off, bleeding, in a palanquin. He was scarcely noticed. Every one was too busily employed in thinking

of his sugar, his cloves, and his coffee, to care much for his neighbour's limbs.

The sky is loaded with rain, which is falling in torrents. Nevertheless, the wind is increasing, and the sea is rising higher and higher upon the coast. By not staying on board of the *Zélée*, I have missed an opportunity of seeing, or rather being in, a storm at sea. The sea has never before risen so high here, and we must go back to the year 1806 for an equally violent hurricane. The one of that year was much more terrific: it was a hurricane like those whose velocity is reckoned in the "*Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*" at forty-five metres per second*. Here, these tempests are provided against; the houses are built very low; and therefore offer but slight resistance to the wind. None have yet been blown down; perhaps this may occur by and by. Nevertheless, I consider myself perfectly secure in my pretty pavilion. Neither do my hosts, whose principal habitation is a story higher than the ground floor, fear being blown into the garden. Their house, it is true, is the handsomest in the town; and I know many in which I should not like to sleep to-night. All are built of wood—for earthquakes must also be provided against. But there are different kinds of wood: good and bad. M. de Flacourt's house, and the pavilion in which he has placed me, are built of large pieces of a red wood as beautiful and as heavy as mahogany, but harder; so that I say to the wind, "Blow on. I defy you!"

Good-by, my friend: for all this is not a reason why

* Very nearly a hundred and forty English feet.

I should not dine, and I am reminded that it is three o'clock. Adieu!

February 11th.

Two small schooners, which had been drawn on shore for repairs, and were lying more than thirty feet above the water's edge, were carried by a sea to the roof of a warehouse, which they broke through. Guns were torn from their places. In the evening I returned to the sea-shore; it was covered with fragments, which the waves sometimes carried away to throw back again: anchors, timbers, and enormous stones. Several houses had been demolished. One part of the town, in danger from the progress of the inundation, was deserted. The night commenced fearfully: the wind still blew with the same fury, and the rain was dreadful.

The wind, however, has ceased, and the crisis is over. The sea is less terrible than it was yesterday, and can add nothing to the damage, an estimate of which is going to be made. The shipping will not be able to return to their anchorage for five or six days. I know not how they will be able to take in their cargoes afterwards. This is an iron-bound coast. The landing-places have been destroyed, and it will take time to repair them. The *Zélée*, which had taken in all her stores, and, being a King's ship, passes before the rest, will be able to sail the first; but, like the others, she will have to get up her anchors. We shall therefore be here ten days longer. Perhaps she has suffered damage; in that case we must go to the Isle of France to refit.

So far as regards me personally, I should be consoled for this delay, if meanwhile I could travel through the

island; but it is impossible to proceed half a league from the town without finding an impracticable torrent. The roads are mud fields, and the deluge of rain continues without intermission.

There were twenty merchant vessels at anchor abreast of Saint Denis, and at least an equal number must have been in the other roadsteads of the island. Several stood out to sea without officers on board. There will certainly be some lost.

Ships of war must have this justice done them, that, if they get more damage in roads than merchant vessels, fewer serious accidents occur to them at sea. I therefore rather regret that I was not on board the *Zélée* when the signal for sailing was made. I, who deny the existence of tempests, might perhaps have found reasons for changing my opinion.

If, which cannot be, she should not return,—if she is lost, I must make up my mind to return to Europe, for I brought on shore only a small trunk containing a coat and six shirts. My letters are on board, so is my money, and all my means of travelling in India. But I must not think of such a thing.

Adieu! I will write again to you from my floating prison.

Monday, February 18th.

The *Zélée* returned three days since, with the loss of her top-gallant masts, one anchor, and all her boats. Part of her nettings have been carried away, several ports are driven in, and she has been almost swamped. There were three feet of water between decks, which they were obliged to let run into the hold in order to pump

it out. It is probable that my clothes, which I left on board, are damaged or lost. The provisions taken in here, are spoiled.

Notwithstanding this damage, she sailed again the day after her arrival to cruise round the island, in order to assist any vessels in distress that she might fall in with. As I have no taste for horrors, I had no wish to re-embark in this short cruise, during which she will undoubtedly encounter some. Two crews, contending against death upon the wrecks of their ships, have already been brought in by merchant vessels which had been more fortunate in weathering the gale. It is known, moreover, that there are at least ten ships in the offing entirely dismasted, perhaps without provisions, and almost without crews. The hurricane was felt at the Isle of France: the ships at anchor there were obliged to put to sea. These also must be assisted.

The only two officers on board the *Zélée* remained sixty hours on deck, without sleeping. Not a life has been lost, nor any one seriously hurt; but all on board fully expected to perish.

The damage sustained by the *Zélée* does not affect her strength. On her return to her anchorage she will renew her provisions, purchase boats from the merchant vessels, which have saved theirs, get up her spare top-gallant masts, repair her bulwarks, and we shall again proceed to sea in three or four days. It will not be necessary to touch at the Isle of France, for M. de Melay will send her to refit at Calcutta, whither she will take me.

The hurricane of the 10th of February has caused more disasters than any remembered by the oldest inha-

bitants of the island. The sea had never run so high. M. de Melay, who has often been stationed in that classical region of hurricanes, the Leeward Islands, never beheld anything equal to this. My host's son-in-law, who is also an old naval officer, told me that he never before witnessed such a "feast of the winds." I have therefore been favoured.

As I had serious apprehensions concerning the fate of the *Zélée*, I am quite consoled for the possible, even probable, loss of my black coat, waistcoat, and trousers. My letters for India were carefully enclosed in parchment, and a month ago I took them from my trunks and placed them in the highest of a chest of drawers which shuts well, and stands in the purser's cabin. He will have taken care of them, with his own papers. My barometers were in the captain's cabin, which the two officers inhabited during their campaign, because it was the least exposed to the irruptions of the sea. Thus, my mind is at rest about those instruments. I know that the books I most value are safe. My guns alone remained to be wetted, which they no doubt have been, for they must have had a foot deep of water over them, although stowed away between decks. With reference to my fears, these probable losses are a considerable profit.

The old sky, as sailors term it—the beautiful blue sky, has reappeared for several days past; the breeze is gentle; the sun alone, of all things in nature, commits excesses. But this excessive heat at Bourbon is not unhealthy; it is not even debilitating. On Saturday last I walked ten leagues in the mountains, and rode four on a restive mule. I was caught in two

showers, passed ten or a dozen rivulets or streams without taking off my clothes, and returned without fatigue. I wished to go as far as Saint-Paul, from which I was but half a league distant ; but my progress was arrested by a torrent, said to be fordable ever since the preceding evening, but which I found frightful.

I yield very quietly to the practice followed in this country of taking three or four cups of coffee a day. I defend myself only against the good cheer of an opulent house, that of my host. Man in a state of society eats too much : you know my system on this point. I am more and more attached to it, from personal experience, as well as from the observation of others. I am fortifying myself in a devout love of abstemiousness, which, I have no doubt, will make me enjoy perfect health in India, amid hepatitis, fever, dropsy, and diseases without number, which afflict the rich English, who commit excesses at table seven hundred and twenty times a year.

The slaves here, who work like horses, and have for the most part an appearance of health, with a most certain reality of strength, eat nothing but rice and coarsely ground maize boiled together in water. It is not every master who adds to his slave's ration, on a Sunday, a small bit of putrefied salt-fish. Now we whites, who expend no muscular strength, eat five, perhaps ten times more nourishing food than these poor blacks do ; consequently we digest badly what we eat, and are lean, or else loaded with an undue quantity of fat. The negroes are all in good condition. There is neither leanness nor obesity among them.

Coffee, and highly spiced rice, as it is eaten here,

and also prepared in India, do not heat me. This new regimen agrees with my digestive system, no less than with my head.

Good-by, my friend. This is the hour of the day (half past eight) when the thermometer rises abruptly from 26° or 27° centigrade, up to 30° and 31°. I leave you, because the servants are about to shut my windows, which are all wide open. Then I have my call to make upon M. de Melay, at the government house, in search of news; and then to breakfast. You, no doubt, are warming yourself in this disagreeable month of February; or you are at this moment buttoning up to prepare for your walk to your office. I pity you, and think myself lucky that I perspire, when I am dreaming of the miseries of cold weather.

February 24th, morning.

The *Zélée* is returned; she will sail to-morrow, and I must go on board to-day. I have only time to take leave of you. My books and barometers have suffered no injury.

The *Zélée* has found nothing; nevertheless there are still twenty-three vessels concerning whose fate great apprehensions are entertained.

Adieu, my friend,—I embrace my father and yourself.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS*.

Saint Denis, Isle of Bourbon, Feb. 24th 1828.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I received here the kind note which you wrote to me from Paray, a month after my departure. Let me, I entreat, hear frequently from you.

What diverse aspects, what varied forms of human existence, do I not see while in search of plants and stones! What food for thought, in the long intervals of solitary life which I shall often have to go through, and in which, from taste, I have already begun to fancy myself!

What beautiful objects you would have to paint, if your eyes beheld what mine now look upon! One is never tired of admiring the noble elegance and magnificence of nature in the tropics. But, in my moments of sadness, I regret the touching grace of the weeping birches of Paray, scattered about the flowery heath. I cannot recollect, without emotion, those long and narrow meadows which penetrate and are lost in the thick foliage of the woods. Take care not to let your husband ravage, as you call it, with his agriculture, all your picturesque views, in order that my memory may know each spot on my return, and that I may find you both with the same beauties around you.

* This letter, and all bearing the same address, were written by Jacquemont in English. Madame Victor de Tracy was kind enough to translate them.—ED.

Not having the original English of our author at hand, we have been compelled to translate Madame de Tracy's French back again into English.—TR.

What pleases me most in my recollections of Europe, is the human figures in our landscapes. Here we have only naked and brutified negroes. I cannot get used to them.

To-morrow, I shall no longer look upon these scenes of wretchedness; to-morrow, I shall bid adieu to pictures of slavery. But shall I not find them again in India, under another name? I know not. Before two months are past I shall know, and will tell you.

Adieu,—continue my friend. I am so far off that it seems to me almost as if I were dead. But this is no reason you should forget me. Adieu!

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Pondichery, Sunday, April 26th 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I arrived here a fortnight ago; and to-morrow, at day-break, shall re-embark in the *Zélée*, for Calcutta, which I shall reach in a week. I will write at length from thence. I have now only time to tell you of the excessive astonishment and interest excited in me by every object I see in this old world of Asia. Men are not wanting to me either, and I have the pleasing satisfaction of convincing myself every day, that persons worthy of being loved are everywhere to be found*. In a few interviews, of an hour or two

* Jacquemont says elsewhere, "There exists between tender and generous minds, in all countries, a kind of natural and holy freemasonry, which leads them to discover and acknowledge each other through the external differences of age, language, and nationality."—ED.

in all, I have become almost intimate with the *Procureur Général* of this colony. I had never seen him before, nor even heard of him by name; but the day after our arrival, at the installation of M. de Melay, I heard him say, with the truest emotion, things so noble and beautiful, that I went up to him without any introduction, and without making myself known except by the expression of my feelings, which agreed so well with his own; and it is not without regret that, on leaving this place, I shall separate from him. This man's generosity rendered the line marked out for him by ministerial prudence and reserve, incompatible with his principles; and, though bereft of fortune, I saw him sacrifice his office with an indifference I might well admire. He returns to France, where he will undoubtedly assume an eminent political station. You will perhaps meet him; his name is Moiroud*.

I have had another piece of good fortune: I found an old school-fellow here, who has been useful to me. He is chief engineer of bridges and roads in this little country, of which he did me the honours.

Adieu, my dear friend. How many things we shall have to talk of four years hence!

* M. Moiroud, on his return to France, was attached to the council of state as *maître de requêtes*, and to the law faculty at Paris as adjunct professor. In 1832, he terminated a life which mental affliction had rendered insupportable.—Ed.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Calcutta, September 1st 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I know not whether my letters have been more fortunate in their carriage than yours ; but I wrote to you from Teneriffe, the Island of Bourbon, Pondichery, and from hence a short time after my arrival ; and since I left France, I have received but a single letter from you, dated from Paray, and written shortly after my departure from Brest. It reached me at Bourbon in the month of February last, during my prolonged stay at that island. Yet my father, from whom, after a very long interval, I have just heard, tells me that he has forwarded several letters from you. I have every reason to believe that they are at the bottom of the Ganges, with many others.

In acquainting you with my arrival here, I was still struck with the disagreeable and almost horrible impression produced on me by my recent navigation through the mouths of the Ganges. This river, at certain seasons of the year, is nothing but a sea of mud, agitated by furious winds, and intersected by rapid currents. When the strength of the tide conspires with the efforts of wind and current, no anchor can hold, no cable resist. After touching several times upon banks, and being unable to steer with certainty through the narrow channels alone navigable in the midst of this immense surface of water, we let fall our anchors, and in less than half an hour they were lost. The hurricane at Bourbon having deprived us of all our boats, we had no means of getting on shore, if our vessel, which had

grounded on a bank and was lashed by a furious sea, went to pieces. Besides, what shore were we to reach? Saugur island: the lowest and most hideous of this vast Delta—the classic region of tigers? This critical situation lasted a whole night, during which I acted as interpreter between the British pilot and the officers. But what frequently occurs, happened to us: we were only *near* remaining there; so that, after all, we did not remain any more than if we had never run on shore at all.

I am now reconciled to the sacred river of the Hindoos. I have been living for six weeks in a delightful spot on its banks, crossing it twice a day to visit the botanical garden opposite to which I resided with hosts whom I left this morning.

The flattering and kind reception, which I met with on my arrival, continues. The honourable introductions which I brought have thrown all respectable houses open to me. I chose those in which I thought I should be most at liberty to pursue my studies without interruption; and such has been the foresight of my friends, that there is not, in this country, a single man I have seen with pleasure and profit, to whom I had not letters of introduction from Europe.

People do not come hither to live, and enjoy life: they come—and this is the case in all states of society here—to gain something for the enjoyment of life elsewhere. There is no such a thing as a man of leisure at Calcutta. The Governor-general has the most to do; next to him the Chief Justice; after these, the Advocate-general, and so on. Scarcely among any other class of men are any to be found, whose taste for study can enable them to

steal a few moments of leisure from the duties of their station. All who are not highly gifted in intellect soon lose their energy, and yield to base indolence. Immediately below the higher ranks, you find the most vulgar and common rabble. Yet, for so small a body of Europeans, there are journals without number, both political and literary; there are also learned societies, or societies calling themselves such, of every denomination—Craniological, Phrenological, Horticultural, Literary, Medical, Wernerian, and I know not how many besides—whose members scarcely yield either in science or appetite to similar institutions in the United States. I could not hesitate between such *savans* as these, and very eminent men, although devoted to studies quite different from my own. Thus, as I sent you word, my first host was Mr. Pearson, Advocate-general of Bengal, the only lawyer who ever came from England with a great reputation already established. He is a man of at least your age, full of intellect and good-humour, and a liberal, like ourselves—which, in English, means a radical. I know not what confidence I inspire these people with, but they open their hearts to me on points about which they are afraid to speak to each other even after years of acquaintance. They have the most favourable prepossessions with regard to the reason, liberality, and independence found in the opinions of a Frenchman. In the country, where I have been living six weeks with Sir Edward Ryan, one of the judges, I was next door, or rather next garden, neighbour to the Chief Justice, a man of the highest talent in his difficult profession of English Judge—a profession assuredly of the gravest cast, with also the gravest appearance.

Well! he was the first to inform me, that Lady Ryan was very strict; and that, notwithstanding the good humour and want of strictness of the Knight himself, I might find Sunday a very dull day with them. He therefore invited me to take refuge with him on that day, at least to dine, take a walk, and play a game at chess in the evening, whilst his wife gave us some music. You may imagine, my dear friend, that I learned many things, during those delightful evenings, from a man who has for the last eight years administered justice in India, either at Madras or in Bengal. He wished me to see a criminal trial of natives; and I am indebted to him for the honour, here deemed very great, of having sat for two days on the *King's Bench* with the Supreme Court.

The office of crown-prosecutor is not considered odious in England, as it is in France. My present host, Mr. Pearson, who holds that office, is certainly, from the nature of his duties, better informed than any one else, concerning the character of the natives; and from the facts which he relates to me, and the opinions he expresses, as well as from the decisions of Sir Charles Grey, the Chief Justice, a thousand interesting matters, with which my own observation alone could not have supplied me, have been made known to me relative to the inhabitants of this singular country. In India, the creature man is a very singular being. He, who having determined upon dying, throws himself before the sacred car to be crushed by its wheels, jumps up at the moment of being touched by them, and runs away, because a European passing on horseback gallops towards him whip in hand! Here, are to be seen united in the same individual, the greatest contempt for death, the greatest

indifference, the greatest insensibility to physical pain and the most excessive cowardice. Instances are frequent of the most atrocious cruelty, combined with habits of charity; nothing is so contradictory, so whimsical, so mad, as this people.

But the man who, perhaps, does most honour to Europe in Asia, is he who governs it. Lord W. Bentinck, upon the throne of the Great Mogul, thinks and acts like a Pennsylvanian Quaker. You may easily imagine that there are people who talk loudly of the dissolution of the empire and of the world's end, when they behold the temporary ruler of Asia riding on horseback, in a plain coat, or walking out in the country, with his umbrella under his arm. Like you, he has mixed in scenes of tumult and bloodshed; like you, he has preserved pure and unsullied that flower of humanity which the habits of a military life so often wither, leaving in its stead nothing but good-nature. Having been tried also by the most corrupting of professions, that of diplomatist, he has issued from the ordeal with the upright mind, and the simple and sincere language of a Franklin, convinced that there is no cleverness in appearing worse than one is. I was his guest *en famille* for a week in the country, and shall always remember with pleasure and emotion the long conversations I had with him in the evenings. I seemed to be talking with a friend like yourself; and when I considered the immense power of this excellent man, I rejoiced for the sake of humanity.

Lady William is very amiable and very witty. I derived very great pleasure from conversing with her in my native language.

Thus then, so far as agreeable society goes, I have

all I wish; and although I had already experienced British liberality towards foreigners, I met with more here than I had ventured to hope. You will even find that I have derived real and positive advantages from this trifling success. I had postponed, till my arrival at Calcutta, several branches of study requisite for the undertaking of my journey, and for which I expected to find greater facilities here than at Paris. My views have been promoted with all possible assistance: the walls of my immense sitting-room are covered with maps of all kinds, geographical and geological, and in my migrations from town to the country and back again, every thing has followed me. I have read, pen in hand, all that has been published at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and have often been obliged to have recourse to compilations from England, which contain interesting papers on this country. Thus, I have acquired an exact knowledge of all that has been said about it, with reference to that which interests me more especially, and have fixed the point whence I shall myself start in commencing my researches.

In the midst of this mass of business, a *pundit* from Benares came every day, in town, to pass an hour in teaching me Hindostanee. During my voyage, I had thoroughly studied Sir William Jones's excellent Persian Grammar. This has been useful to me for acquiring Hindostanee, which, as you know, is nothing but a sort of compromise between the language of the conquerors of India and that of the conquered—a contemptible shapeless medley of Persian and Sanscrit. I regret being obliged to devote so much time to such a study; but what should I do if I were compelled to

speak to people only through the medium of an interpreter? So I do not spare myself. It is a difficult study. You, of course, when at Constantinople, learned a little Turkish. You know the detestable system of writing adopted by the Mohammedan nations of Asia—a sort of short-hand, so difficult to read, that the natives themselves can never do it readily. Then again, the whole vocabulary is entirely new to us, with the exception of some Sanscrit words which we have obtained through the medium of the Latin, the Greek, and the Gothic idiom of the Franks. Add to these difficulties, that of hearing nasal sounds which scarcely differ in anything from a balked sneeze, and of forming gutturals taken second-hand from the Arabs, which require throats of rusty iron, parched with thirst, and you will have Hindostanee. When, by hard study, you have mastered these difficulties, you have acquired after all, nothing but a contemptible *patois* without any literature—the language of traders and brokers, and of the guard-house, as its name imports (*urdu zaban*, the language of camps), which will be neither useful nor agreeable out of the country in which it is spoken.

The botanical garden at Calcutta is an immense and magnificent establishment, in which are cultivated numerous vegetable productions of British India, and of some neighbouring territories, especially Nepal, that singular country, whose sloping mountains send into the bay of Bengal and Cambaya the waters which drop from their eternal snows, and nourish a vegetation very similar, in some points, to that of the Alps and the Caucasus. A Danish botanist, of ordinary talents, but who passes here for the first in the world, is the

director of this establishment; and he certainly has the best income of any *savant* in existence. Being on a two years' leave of absence, he has left the garden under the charge of a member of council, who has kindly given me free range of it, affording me at the same time the best possible means of working well and quickly. In six weeks, I have been able to form acquaintance with the whole vegetable host of India, collected together in a small space. A very expensive and complete botanical library, annexed to the superb habitation of the absent director, serves as my head-quarters.

In this beautiful spot, I have gradually accustomed myself to the sun of this country. Undoubtedly it is powerful, and certainly raises unwholesome exhalations from a soil which is nothing but mud imperfectly dried, and is full of remains of insects and worms; but I believe that the danger of exposure to it is much exaggerated. Though I flatter myself that I have been very prudent, still, according to the Indians, I ought to be dead before this. It is true that, in the opinion of the medical men who have most experience in this country, and whose great skill I willingly admit, my constitution is wonderfully adapted to the climate. I arrived in the hot season; it ceased only with the deluge of rain which is still falling, and, between the intervals of which, the temperature rises exceedingly. It is the most unhealthy season, and they who are not attacked with decided fever, are for the most part languishing and debilitated. It is a universal custom here, to poison one's self with mercury, as Louis XIV, and, of course, his whole court, did with cassia and jalap. I have not experienced the slightest febrile sensation. I spend the

night in sleeping well, and this is the time which others, who ought to be accustomed to it, pass in complaints of the intolerable heat. At day-break, fresh from repose, I glide to my table and books, or else into the country. I go out long before sun-rise, when others are just beginning to fall asleep. This happy state of health is certainly owing to some little good management. My secret is abstemiousness: I recommend it to every body, and show its success; but others think the remedy worse than the evil, and every one about me goes on taking his three meals a day, and religiously abstains from all mixture of water with the strongest wines of Spain and Portugal. Then, in the cool of the evening, they mount on horseback, and young and old gallop about for an hour like automatons, without any object. They return home bathed in perspiration; and, to prepare for an easy and comfortable night, they sit down to dinner, which lasts a couple of hours, and from which they rise only to go to bed. There is a great deal of stupidity at the bottom of this exhibition of manliness which the English think themselves bound to make; it forms a very ridiculous contrast with the cumbrous multitude of sumptuous articles necessary for their comfort.

If I had the same wants and exigencies, I should certainly have to abandon my undertaking, for I should be certain of never combining the means of execution. Were I to follow the example of the English, and take with me, on my journey, a bed, a table, a couch, and a bottle-case, I could scarcely expect to find means for my equipment. Besides, I could never reconcile any vigorous labour with an existence so

encumbered with pretended material conveniences, and enjoyments, but which I find the most tiresome and disagreeable in the world. To whatever simplicity (privation, these people would call it) I reduce myself, I shall nevertheless require a retinue which in Europe would appear tolerably splendid. But the units of labour, intellect and strength, have not the same value here as in our own country. An ox weighs scarcely three hundred pounds, and drags two hundred weight, but not very far. Each domestic performs during the day only a few hours of the most detestably executed service. The latter have, like all their countrymen, that insurmountable power which is the attribute of weakness: I mean indolence. One must give way to this obstacle, and, to obtain the smallest action, must consent to maintain a troop of these wretched creatures.

In my uncertainty, my dear friend, respecting the steps you are taking in my behalf, I have refrained from beginning any researches which might lead me into expenses beyond the only funds of which I am certain—those I have in hand. This prudent reserve appears but too well founded, since up to the 1st of April, present year, nothing had been decided in my favour. I have just written a long letter on this subject to the directors of the Jardin des Plantes, and to the private friends I have among them, in order that they may determine upon the means of setting me afloat in a permanent manner. If, contrary to all my hopes, nothing is done for me by the time you receive this letter, may I beg, my friend, that you will look around you for everything that might promote the

success of my application ; and may I also ask of your friendship to do all you may consider compatible with your situation. You may say that it would be a pity to lose the valuable opportunity of which I may become the instrument. Intimate as I now am with all the most influential men of this country, their kindness and support will follow me, afford me great facilities of seeing and knowing, and multiply immensely my own means of action, so soon as the latter are sufficient to allow me to begin.

What I have hitherto done through prudence and necessity, I ought to have done under any circumstances. It was the proper commencement of my undertaking if I would render it successful. Before setting forth to travel through this vast country, it was right I should gain some knowledge of men and things. The slenderness of my means has hitherto done me no prejudice, but I shall most certainly miscarry if it continues.

Do not fancy that these vexatious difficulties, and this anxiety about the future, assail me unawares, or affect me severely. When I left Europe for these distant climes, I was prepared for accidents, obstacles, and misfortunes : I knew that such things were incidental to a traveller's life, which I nevertheless embraced, because I knew it to be also mingled with pleasures, emotions, and enjoyments, which a sedentary life does not admit of, and because I flattered myself that, with courage and perseverance, I might here acquire what would, on my return, place me in an honourable station in the world. Now, my mind,

though sometimes painfully preoccupied, preserves, nevertheless, its habitual freedom, which renders work easy and light. I feel myself in full progress; and with such feeling a man is never unhappy.

In looking after my interests, you may assert that, if from the most ill-judged parsimony my salary is not raised to 15,000 francs, I shall be obliged to renounce the undertaking, and that all it has already cost will be lost at the moment of reaping the fruit, but without reaping any. To do things by halves, is not doing them at all.

I must conclude this already very long letter, for time presses, and I have not yet written to my family, who, I know, entertain a just sense of my situation, being aware of the good and evil belonging to it, and relying upon my perseverance. Occupied for the last three days in writing to Europe, and returning in thought to all that is dear to me, I have been much affected. I must now take leave of you, my dear and excellent friend, to repress an emotion ready to burst forth. But, believe me, never have I so strongly felt how dear you are to me—never have I so exquisitely enjoyed the pleasure of being loved. How little, when compared to ours, is that friendship which unites the men of this country, who call each other friends! I am speaking of the English; and yet I cannot but praise their kindness—it is extreme towards me. I sometimes tell those to whom I am best known, and whom I esteem the most, that, in banishing from their manners every strong expression of tenderness, they deprive themselves of one of the greatest pleasures within their reach; and that many of them shut their hearts entirely against it.

I say this, my dear friend, to those who I know will agree with me, after a moment of pensive silence and sad reflection.

I am often surprised at pleasing men so different from myself, and whose thoughts rest on objects so remote from those which mine visit when I set them free. They would scarcely expect to find anything but lead in the head of a man who goes breaking stones on his road; and saving a very small number of exceptions, the most remarkable of which they do not admit, botany, in their opinion, is only a puerile and ridiculous study. The revolution which, in France, has drawn men of science from their closets to mingle in the world, has yet to take place in England, where they are as far from it as they formerly were among us. I am in high estimation for having read some of Shakspeare's tragedies, some of Byron's poetry, and some of Scott's novels; for having seen and admired some of Reynolds' pictures, and for having heard of one Mozart and one Rossini, who composed very beautiful music. They think it strange that I should question them concerning the trade of this country, its internal administration, and the mechanism of the different public services which the local government performs; yet this desire of knowledge is very agreeable to them, since it enables every one to talk of what he knows best, and because I thus wage war, without premeditation, against the insipid conversation of their long dinners. They think me gay; not perceiving that I only excite their interest whilst I am gaining information. The truth is, my dear friend, that, without being melancholy, I am not a bit gayer than you have ever seen me; but this comparative

seriousness is gaiety to them, as to us their gravity is a dull and gloomy silence.

Adieu.—What feelings and thoughts within me press upon each other in order to reach you! but I cannot give them utterance. I will tell you all these things when I return.

I have written to M. de Broglie to thank him for his letter of introduction to Lord W. Bentinck; express my gratitude to him when you have an opportunity.

My father and Porphyre will tell you how my affairs stand. If you wish to have the direct testimony of one of the professors at the *Jardin*, I have a friend there, who is very amiable and clever; you may write to him without ceremony, and concert measures with him.

Pray speak of me to your family, and apologise for my not writing, on account of the number and variety of my occupations.

Madame Victor must have received a few lines from Bourbon. Adieu, my friend.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS*.

Calcutta, September 3rd 1829.

MY DEAR FATHER,—After remaining six months without letters, I have just received some. Your No. 3

* Between the former letter to M. Jacquemont the elder and the present, there must be one which never came to hand. In it Jacquemont mentions his arrival in Calcutta, and the manner of his reception there. Its contents, however, are partly repeated in the letter immediately following, and in that to M. Jacquemont senior, dated August 26th 1830.—ED.

came first ; next day, I received No. 1 ; as for No. 2, which must enclose letters from M. Victor, Dunoyer, Mérimée, &c. &c. &c., I would wager that it is at the bottom of the Ganges, with a hundred Arab horses; which a Madras ship recently wrecked on the shoals was bringing hither—an accident which you know was near occurring to myself, and which is much less rare than I thought. There was great talk, two months ago, of storms in the Bay of Bengal ; I am therefore apprehensive that I have sustained other losses. I hope my letters have had a more fortunate voyage than yours. As I received none, I did not feel disposed to write any ; and instead of looking towards Europe, I absorbed my mind with the things of Asia. Since I wrote to you, the kindness of the Governor-general and Lady William Bentinck has been unremitting. I spent a week with them in the country. After a few visits, I found Lady William, as I must have told you in my first letter, a very amiable and distinguished person. She treats me in the kindest manner, and I am always welcomed by her when I appear at her residence. As I told you before, she was the second person I saw in Calcutta, and her husband the third. I was introduced to him by her without any more etiquette than if they were here in a private station.

I have this moment returned from a visit to them, which I had left you to pay. I had not seen them for a whole fortnight, having remained six weeks in the country. I was obliged to stay to *tiffin* (lunch), as it was on the table ; and this leaves me but little time to write to you.

Lord William is an old soldier, who has a holy horror

of war, thinks and speaks in a straightforward manner, and, upon the throne of the Great Mogul, somewhat resembles a Pennsylvanian quaker. You may easily imagine that such a character has seduced me. I know not whether he is influenced by the sincere respect with which he perceives that he has inspired me—but his kindness to me is unbounded.

As at Barrackpore, when I was his guest there, whenever I dine with him during his residence in town, he voluntarily allows himself to be made prisoner by me in a corner of the drawing-room, where we converse the whole evening in a low voice. He talks to me of India, I repay him in American coin; and when the clock strikes half-past ten, the signal of a general *good night*, we seem to part mutually satisfied with each other.

He laughed much, when I told him what dilatoriness I experienced last year, in London, from the Court of Directors, when I applied for my passport; and the mistrust with which some old drivellers in that country used to look upon me. “Why!” said he, “have I not two hundred and fifty thousand men to march against you?”

He is a liberal; they call that a radical in English—a term which sounds worse in the ears of good English society than that of *sans-culotte* in ours. In this point I agree with him, as with the excellent M. de la Harpe, of whom he often reminds me.

Had I been without letters of introduction, the flattering marks of distinction which I have received from the Governor-general would have served me for an introduction every where; but my packet was so well filled, that of all the men I have seen here with pleasure and

advantage, there is not one to whom I did not bring one or more letters.

In a social sense, my situation is the most agreeable I could desire. In society, I find food for my vanity, and interest for my mind. I learn many things which direct observation could not teach me, and I form acquaintance with men of influence, whose support and good offices may be materially useful to me.

Madame Lebreton will tell you of my last moves: you will know from her, that I left my host, Mr. Pearson, to go and live in the country opposite to the Botanic Garden, at the house of Sir Edward Ryan, one of the judges. He is younger than Porphyre, good, like him, and, notwithstanding his judgeship, a great lover of science. I have brushed up his memory, and made him acquainted with modern improvements—and I have done so, in our evening talk, with our elbows on the table, and without loss of time to myself. A solid and elegant boat took me every morning across the Ganges to the garden, where I remained at work all day, assisted by an admirable botanical library. At ten in the evening, the hour for going to bed, in this house, which the state of Lady Ryan's health rendered quiet, silent, and quite favourable for study, I used to go and pay a neighbourly visit without ceremony to the Chief Justice of India, Sir Charles Grey, to chat over a game at chess, about India, where he has administered justice for the last eight years; while his wife, the prettiest and most graceful person in the world, gave us some music. This amiable family, too, will help to shorten my letter, for I am to dine with them. Sir Charles Grey is, perhaps, the cleverest man in the country. His office is very

high: he holds the second in rank in India. Our hooked atoms caught together easily. I find him extremely gay, and what surprises me most is, always hearing people speak of his icy gravity. The fact is, that a Frenchman has much greater facility than an Englishman in obtaining an Englishman's friendship—the two latter are like bodies similarly electrified, which repel each other. We are decidedly much more amiable and affectionate than the English; and I perceive that all who are worth anything are pleased with my manners.

I have often heard Frederick say, that stiffness with the English was requisite to make one's self respected by them. This is true of the ordinary English, but I am convinced that I please here only because my manners are perfectly natural. I show myself such as you know me to be; and it is only in a numerous, and consequently a mixed company, that I spin out my speech, and render myself heavy, after their fashion. When I am sure of my little auditory, I speak by the shortest cut, and spare both them and myself the bore of speechifying, in which, however, I am now quite an adept.

One with another, the people I frequent, have a salary of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand francs a year, and they spend it. You will ask how I manage among them! It requires only address. I am a traveller—which is an excuse for not spending anything. I seldom hire a carriage; I am in excellent quarters, and have both water and land carriage at my command. The Governor-general one day lent me his yacht and his steam-boat: the hire of the boat alone would have cost me a thousand francs; but I have no bravado—I do not boast of being rich. Those I

visit are not people to esteem me the less on that account. They now know me; I have talked politics to some, metaphysics to others, and to all on subjects interesting to them. I am not to them a superficial drawing-room acquaintance—I am more and better than that. The freedom I enjoy among them, and which entirely overthrows all the etiquette that separates them from those of their countrymen who are not their intimate friends, is founded upon esteem and respect. My being a foreigner serves me in this respect.

After all, my dear father, I dare say you imagine that your great boy has become a sort of dandy, quite a pet from one end of Asia to the other, and perhaps already ogling some heiress. No, indeed, far from it. I will now tell you what I have been doing in other respects.

No sooner had I arrived than I made the anticipated discovery that to limit my salary to six thousand francs a year was absurd. I wrote my conviction to the *Jardin*, begging those gentlemen to concert upon affording me the means of executing what they expect of me. During my residence in town, I wished to make the best use of my stay for the furtherance of my views. The necessity of understanding the language first presented itself. That low jargon, the Hindostanee, is difficult, and will be of no use to me on my return to Europe; besides, it is not the language of the people here. I cannot speak it to my servants—two of whom, at fifteen francs a month, are stupid Bengalees, who fan me, carry my letters, brush, clean, &c. &c.; and the third, a Tamul of Madras, speaks it but imperfectly, mixing it with his own and with Bengalee; so that it is only with

my moonshee or pundit from Benares that I can study and speak it. It would be lamentable to be dependent on a domestic interpreter during my journey; I already know what an evil it would be, as I at present need my Tamul—whose name is Samy—to help me with the Bengalees. This man will nevertheless be useful to me, because he is intelligent; and as he calls himself a Christian, he can give me a glass of water occasionally to prevent me from dying of thirst, which the other true Hindoos would not do. Besides the necessity of knowing Hindostance, I have found that of reading a good number of quartos published here or in England, about this country, in order to be well acquainted beforehand with all that has been said, and thereby advance as far as possible the point from which I shall start in my own researches. I declare I have got through more quartos than Frederick has been able to discover quadron women, during his eight years' residence in Hayti. Duodecimos? They are positively null. Doubtless the rich have a better library in this small form; but they do not lend their books, nor even suffer their friends to see them, much less strangers. I have, therefore, had no intercourse, except with the quartos of the Asiatic Society, and with those of some acquaintances. These works are very serious, and mostly in double columns, small print. I do not get on very fast, but I do not spare myself.

From a number of bad papers upon geology, I have been able to make out tolerably well where to lay the blue, red, yellow, and green, on the map of India. By confronting, correcting, and rectifying these suspicious and incoherent accounts, one by the other, I have fre-

quently found the objects described, which have been dug out of the dust for me: and which have taught me more than was learnt from them by the persons who had collected and described them. In this manner I have worked for a dozen hours without stopping, waking my drowsy fanners twenty times. It was in the evening, or I know not when, but always, I think, without prejudice to my occupations, that I paid or received visits. I returned them by a note of a line or two, when it would have been inconvenient to make them in person, stating that I was at leisure only at dinner time, thus offering myself to be left or taken; and faith they took me. I have told you elsewhere how I had selected my places; the evenings, which were a relaxation, a pleasure to me, were at the same time a new study. Those I spent at Mr. Pearson's were among the most agreeable, and the most instructive—I mean, in India.

I have thus studied both the language and the country. I improve daily, preparing vigorously for the future, and in more than one way; for my ingenious economy (in spite of my three servants—an admirable proof of it) did not permit me to spend near five hundred francs a month. So that up to this day I have not broken in upon my credit of six thousand francs, which I might have received on the first of January this year; and my banker will owe me twelve thousand francs on the 1st of January 1830. Had I been desirous of associating the smallest practical researches in natural history with these studies, (the season prevented them in Bengal), they would have made me lose an enormous quantity of time; and, however small the scale on

which I might have carried on such researches, I should have required an establishment that could not have been kept up with five hundred francs a month.

I stated all this to the Museum, with the *why* and the *how*. Thereupon Sir Edward Ryan came and told me that he should be very happy if I would become his guest. He mentioned the proximity of the Botanical Garden, the convenience of his boat to take me thither at all hours, the silence and seclusion of his house, &c. I remained at Mr. Pearson's until I had finished the business in which I was then engaged, and I afterwards went to the knight's, a distance of five miles, on the banks of the river. I there did my best, going to town only to dine with the Governør-general, and twice to witness a criminal trial of natives, a truly memorable circumstance, as I had the honour of being seated with the three judges on the *King's Bench*,—an act of extreme politeness on the part of the Chief Justice, which has caused me to be taken for a kind of judge myself by the rabble of Calcutta, who are constant in their attendance at the court, and gains me salaams wherever I go. I took to Sir Edward Ryan's, at Garden Reach, some other books which I had to get through; and while inuring myself, during my residence with him, to what is most pernicious in the climate of India, my readings were wonderfully combined with my botanical studies, which I carried on vigorously at the Company's garden; making in six weeks an honourable acquaintance with the *multam sine nomine plebem* of Indian vegetation, collected together into a small space, and sparing myself a great deal of useless trouble in my

future excursions. Very frequently I did not breakfast till noon ; and in the midst of a frightful luxury, whilst others drank nothing but hock at a louis a bottle, I made many meals on rice and *eau sucrée*, rendering my hours for eating subordinate to my studies.

Night approaches, my dear father, and I must leave you. Perhaps when I rise in the morning I shall learn that a fresh delay of the ship which is to convey this to you leaves me still some hours to write to you : I desire more than I expect it. I have written, within five days, a hundred and twenty pages of letters.

There will soon be another opportunity of sending to France direct, and I shall avail myself of it. You will learn from my letters to Madam Lebreton, Victor de Tracy, and Dunoyer, many things which I have not had time to tell you. Ask them to communicate what they think will interest you. Rely upon my courage and perseverance. My prudence has been known to you ever since I first left you to travel. My health is excellent.

I embrace Porphyre very tenderly. He loves me well, and I return it. Adieu, my dear friends ; adieu, we must part. My heart is swelling. I resume the pen to you to tell you to be at ease, and happy on my account, for I am full of strength, vigour, and resources.

Money matters will be arranged ; and when intelligence reaches me of an addition to my means, they will have been further increased by my prudent savings, and I shall be in every respect admirably prepared for putting them into use.

The delays which have hitherto taken place have not cramped me in the least. Under any circumstances I

should have done that with which prudence led me to begin. I have no uneasiness about the future; and, besides, I naturally expected that there would be some in a traveller's life. There will be even misery and privations; I reckon upon all this, and when these evils come they will not take me unawares. But, on the other hand, there are lively pleasures, and deep emotions which will never be effaced, and the remembrance of that will form the delight of my life. Adieu, for it is very late. I leave you for pleasure, to dine in a palace, in the middle of a beautiful garden, with a pleasant, amiable, learned, and clever man, very kind to me, and a pretty woman, the only one who speaks French besides Lady William Bentinck: I mean Sir Charles and Lady Grey. I shall be welcomed and almost caressed *à la Française*.

But it is two leagues from this place, and I have but half an hour. Adieu!

TO M. FREDERIC JACQUEMONT, SAINT DOMINGO.

Calcutta, November 5th, 1829.

IF I have a good memory, my dear Frederic, I have not written to you since I left Rio Janeiro. I am mistaken—my journal reminds me that I wrote to you from Bourbon. You must, however, have heard of me through my father and Porphyre. Let me continue my story in a few words. Like people who do not travel rapidly, we sailed, without mishap, from Bourbon

to Pondichery in forty days. At Pondichery, I was the guest of the new governor, with whom I had become intimate during our voyage, although ten days prior to our arrival we solemnly declared we would never more play at *trictrac* together. When I had taken rest, and was refitted inside and out as well by the good cheer of this "*roi d'Yvetot*," as by the comforts of his noble and extensive mansion, I came hither in the *Zélée* with the governor of Chandernagore, who had been acting provisionally for M. de Melay until his arrival. At Pondichery I found our old schoolfellow Ravourdin, engineer of bridges and roads. We saw a good deal of each other, and I think with mutual pleasure. We talked much of you. You know how well I was recommended here: no European, I think, ever presented himself with so respectable a mass of introductions.

After losing, at the mouth of the Ganges, all the anchors we had left, and being, during a whole night, near running aground, and perhaps perishing, we moored at last before what they call the City of Palaces, but which is nothing more than a city of large houses. I was kept in the first house I entered *; it belonged to the Advocate-general of this presidency, one of the three or four Europeans who make the most money, and spend the most in this country (four or five hundred thousand francs a year). He is distinguished beyond every other for his profound knowledge in his profession, and out of it by his wit and learning. He is

* The particulars of his arrival in Calcutta will be found in his letter dated August 26th, 1830, in which he repeats them to his father, who had not received his first letter.—Ed.

a radical besides, a good man, and a lively companion. I could not have made a better hit. The second person I saw was Lady William Bentinck. Half an hour afterwards, she introduced me to her husband, without etiquette or ceremony, and I was obliged to stay tiffin (a light meal at half-past one) with them, and then promise to return and partake of a family dinner. Next day, in a hired carriage, I paid, in the town, which is immense, and in the beautiful country-houses near it, some fifteen visits at least, to judges, members of council, physicians, and merchants, some of whom are very rich. The first days were thus spent in gaining a footing, becoming acquainted with faces, names, and the people themselves; then, when I had discovered and settled the use of which each might be to me, or the pleasure he might afford me, I set to work; that is to say, I borrowed maps, prints, manuscripts, books, &c. Notwithstanding the extreme heat (it was May, the hottest month in the year), I began to work vigorously at the tedious task of searching, taking notes, and so forth; cramming myself, morning and evening, with what has been done before, in order to go further if I can. Observe, I beg, that there is not a young cadet, much less a young writer, in the Company's service, who does not drive his cabriolet, and yet I allowed myself but very seldom that expensive luxury. A humble palanquin, which is the *ne plus ultra* of humility in this country, was my sole equipage, when my host's carriage was engaged. I do not think my mind better constituted than that of any body else, but my vanity has not once suffered on account of my poverty; and yet I am poor, very poor. What could I have desired

more than I obtained—attentions, kindness, and flattering marks of distinction? Nothing. My manners, which I left natural, and did not make stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the common class of English, have had the good fortune to please. I spoke on every subject to the best of my ability, and without affectation. Some, perhaps, liked me on that account; all showed me marks of esteem; and none offended me. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and universally agreeable intercourse with the English. I forgot that I knew the language but very little:—I spoke it like a Frenchman. People were pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity, and my unaffected manners. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title from Paris: and no modesty can prevent me from saying, that on my personal account alone was everybody kind and hospitable. Wherever I went, I tried to pay in ready coin, by giving some interest and a little diversity to the tiresome monotony of English life—talking, in fact, when I thought the company fit to relish that pleasure so little known among the English.

I have a great veneration for the character of Lord William Bentinck; this he no doubt perceives. He is an old soldier, abhorring war; a patriot without reserve, though the son of an English duke; and, in spite of his wielding the powers of Great Mogul, he is an honest man after my own heart, plain and sincere; in short, he won my regard—and as no people are so amiable as those who love us, Lord William showed me great kindness. I have passed more than one evening

with him talking politics in a retired corner of his lady's drawing-room, just as I do with two or three friends at Paris. I was happy to see so much power in such pure hands.

Three weeks after my arrival, I was drawn from the studies in which I was already deeply engaged, by an invitation from my lord and his lady to go with them into the country. They have a palace on the banks of the Ganges, five leagues from hence. Round it, in an admirable park, are scattered, as if to add dignity to the landscape, several large cottages, each containing a suite of elegant apartments. I remained here a week with a friend, whom I owe to Lord William, a Spanish refugee (Colonel Hezeta). He has sought refuge here under the protection of his general, whose friend he is; for he formerly served in Spain under Lord William. His character is somewhat like that of Dunoyer's, with some physical resemblance. At this country residence, for a week was I overwhelmed with attentions. There was no Lady William Bentinck for any one but myself. She would make me mount an elephant for the first time, with her; and then for a whole week she had no other companion in her walks but myself. I spent several long days with her *tête-à-tête*, talking about Mozart, Rossini, painting, Madame de Staël; happiness and misery; love, in reference to both—about all things, in short, which require, if not intimacy, at least a great deal of confidence and reciprocal esteem, especially on the part of a female—an Englishwoman too, devout and strict, and a young man, a bachelor, and a Frenchman. We never conversed on insignificant matters. Lady William Bentinck, who has lived a good deal on

the continent, especially at Paris, found pleasure in conversing with a Frenchman; and as she is a very intellectual woman, she took great delight in it, for she excels in conversation. This is truly all very strange, and it sometimes makes me think that I am tolerably original. Things of this sort used sometimes to happen to Yorick; but I look at myself and find no resemblance between me and that sentimental hero.

The rainy season commenced while I was at Barrackpore (at the Governor General's country-house), and the temperature became a little cooler. I continued my labours after my arrival in town, having returned to my kind host, Mr. Attorney-general Pearson; but I soon after accepted an invitation from one of the two judges (150,000 francs a year, and a retiring pension for life of 36,000 francs after ten years' service), who lives a good league from the city, but below it, also on the river banks, and opposite to the most magnificent botanical garden in the world. I remained six weeks at his house, crossing the river every morning to study a little botany: being lord and master of this garden, the superintendent of which (a tolerably good Danish botanist with 72,000 francs a year, and a superb house, &c.) is now in England. I was settled in the magnificent library which the Company purchased for him; and there, assisted by all the multiplied means of labour, I studied the plants of India which I had gathered in the garden. I have discovered that I possess a talent of which I was not aware, that of drawing! Astonished at my success with plants, I tried the human figure, and here my surprise was still greater. You shall see all this some day. Each head cost me ten minutes or

a quarter of an hour. I shall bring back with me some hundreds. The friend at whose house I resided, at Garden-reach, notwithstanding the gravity and importance of his office, is a young man of thirty-six, married at twenty; he has ten children in England. His name is Sir Edward Ryan. I wish you to know persons to whom I am indebted for so much kindness. He has some knowledge of the physical and natural sciences. I treated him as a man of thirty-six, not as one of his grave pursuits, and we are now sufficiently intimate to live very pleasantly together. Next door to him resides the Chief Justice of India (200,000 francs a year, and 52,000 francs for life after ten years' service), a stout man of forty-five, considered the gravest man in all India, where he holds the second rank, and whom I found to be the pleasantest companion in the world. He, like Mr. Pearson in his profession, and like him out of it, has the longest and best furnished head in the country. I caused a revolution at his house, by introducing the custom of chance visits in the evening after dinner, for the sake of conversation, or a game at chess, while his wife, a handsome, clever, and amiable lady, amused us with music. Nothing is more whimsical than my connexion with this family. I was made much of and caressed by them when alone, and always distinguished in the most flattering manner when they had company. Sir Charles Grey, that pearl of judges, is consulted by the Governor-general on the politics of the country, although his duties are purely judicial. He views India from a higher point than any other man. I gained a great deal by frequenting his house. He dared to give me coffee on the chess-table, and I

dared to ask his lady to sing some Italian airs which I heard her sing a hundred times in the best style. It was at the hour when the whole British population of Calcutta was asleep either in beds or upon sofas, that we thus pleasantly whiled away a couple of hours. Till seven in the evening I worked like a horse, and so did he. On returning dirty and wet from the garden, I frequently found a horse bridled and saddled waiting for me, and before I washed and dressed, I had half an hour's, or three quarters of an hour's gallop; every day visiting some new place, and taking a close view of the life of those singular beings, the Indians. Thus was my life well filled with labour, physical enjoyment, worthy pleasures, and corporeal activity. It suited my health extremely well. I there learned to walk in the sun without absolutely expiring; but I dined moderately and drank only Bordeaux wine, whilst the most abstemious took an ample portion of Sherry, Burgundy, Claret, Port, and Champagne;—and that daily. I found Lady Grey so beautiful, although she is really not so, that it was very judicious on the part of Mr. Pearson, to recal me, that I might accompany him and his family to finish the rainy season and the vacation at another house of his near Barrackpore. I took with me a Persian and Hindostanee master, whom I made duly earn the hundred francs a month which he cost me. He has enabled me, for two hundred francs, to speak tolerably well, to understand in the same degree, and to write (and to read some little of the current writing of) that most widely disseminated language the Hindostanee, which is a mixture of Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic. During this last residence in the country, I

paid a visit to the Governor of Chandernagore, an old retired sailor, and an excellent man, with whom I came from Pondichery in the *Zélée*. I was but three leagues from Chandernagore.

Nothing would have been wanting to my satisfaction, which would have been complete, but for those confounded money-matters. I was in continual hopes of receiving the news that the negociation, set on foot at the time of my departure, was concluded, and that I should have nine thousand francs a year more. With the slender means now at my disposal, I did not dare to press forward in this vast country. I have been obliged to write, to remonstrate, and to insist; but all this to Paris, and I cannot hope for an answer till after a lapse of six months. Strict economy has, however, enabled me to live hitherto upon the funds I brought from France, and I am about to commence the coming year with two years' allowance, that is to say, with twelve thousand, perhaps fourteen thousand francs. Whatever *unusual* moderation I may adopt in travelling, this will not take me very far, or support me for a long period, if I have the foresight to add the expense of returning. I have been compelled by this untoward circumstance to modify my original plan. If I were to proceed straight to Bombay now, I should arrive there with too little money to carry on my researches in that quarter with any effect. I therefore economise my resources, and reconciling pecuniary prudence with the wants of effective exploration, as much as they can be brought to agree, am going to set out from hence across the country to Benares, thence to Agra and Delhi, making some circuits, in order to see certain rocks, and

reach the highest mountains in the world. These I shall ascend in April, and spend the summer on them. Thence, according to the turn which my pecuniary affairs may have taken in the meanwhile, I shall descend upon Bombay the following winter—or—or—truly, if no amelioration is to be expected in this matter, I shall remain in the mountains as long as they continue inhabitable for a poor devil like me.

In another week I shall begin this journey of six hundred leagues to the North-West. A bamboo cart, drawn by oxen, will carry my baggage. A bullock will be laden with the smallest tent in India. Your humble servant, devoted to white horses, will ride upon an old steed of that colour, which has cost him only a thousand francs (a good horse costs from 3000 to 3500 francs), at the head of his six servants: one carrying a gun, a second a skin of water, a third the kitchen and pantry, a fourth the horse's breakfast, &c., without counting the people with the oxen.

A British captain of infantry would have five and twenty instead of six; namely—in addition to those I have—one for his pipe, one for the *chaise-percée*, without which no Englishman in India travels, seven or eight to pitch his tent—which would be very large, very heavy, and very comfortable—three or four cooks, a washerman, and a sweeper, &c.; then a constant relay of twelve men to carry his palanquin, in which he may stretch himself when he is tired of riding on horseback. Your poor Victor is going to do something new, with the miserable plainness of his travelling establishment; but you know, my dear Frederick, that he has a pride of his own, and, if poverty allows him, notwithstanding,

to employ himself upon plants, stones, and animals, he will bear it easily. Besides, he travels with letters from the Governor-general of India; this is some little satisfaction, and is occasionally very useful in his situation. Besides, it is not possessed by many colonels at 52,000 francs a year, and civilians at 60,000, who formed the *crowd*, where he was, and still will be, distinguished. I say, *will be*, for precisely at the same time that I do, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, a large part of their establishment, and several of the high officers of the government, set out by nearly the same route, for the extreme north-western frontier, nearly eighty leagues north of Delhi, to spend the summer in a climate similar to that of Switzerland, and producing the same fruits. In their progress they intend visiting the various parts of their empire. Lord William has exactly a thousand times more people than I, having six thousand servants, of all kinds. He is escorted, besides, by a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and the company of the body-guard. I shall see him in the month of April, in a wooden-house, which he has had built, six hundred feet above the level of the sea. I shall be a little higher still,—ten thousand feet above any European establishment; but in very peaceful regions. You will ask, no doubt, how a man who is so favoured a friend of the Great Mogul as I am, can be reduced to travel at the head of six beggars on a worn-out hack, without palanquin, or *chaise-percée*? Here is my reply:—because the present Great Mogul has introduced very rigorous, and, in this country, very unpopular measures of economy; and a sinecure, which was possible under other governments, is no longer so. If, moreover, I had

some temporary mission from the Indian government, while I raised my income to 30,000 francs, for a few months, I should descend prodigiously from my social position. I should enter the ranks and be stationed at the bottom; whereas, in my native poverty, I am something apart—not classed according to money, and apt to class myself according to my personal good and amiable qualities. By the vulgar method, that of splendid carriages, grand dinners, and extravagant houses, I should require at least a hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should probably remain below it.

Let us now talk of dangers. I have obtained statistical accounts of the army, which inform me that the average deaths, one year with another, are one officer in thirty-one and a half in the Madras army, and one in twenty-eight in that of Bengal. This is no great matter, as you perceive. It is true, they do not lead the life of hardship which I am about to do, and they do not walk in the sun, &c.; but, as a set-off, they drink a bottle or two of beer and one of wine every day, not to mention grog; and I shall drink nothing but water mixed with a little drop of European or native brandy. I possess one of the best syringes in India; but I conceal it, lest my moral reputation should suffer. It is for want of *lavemens*, that the English in India for the most part die. I have, moreover, an ample provision of quinine against intermittent fevers, and all that is necessary against cholera, which is very rare where I am going. The tigers seldom say any thing to those who do not speak to them;—bears the same.

The most formidable animal is the elephant, but he is excessively scarce in the countries through which I shall pass. After all, I am resolved never to speak to these animals except to whisper in their ear, and never to fire but when sure of hitting. On horseback, I shall always have a brace of pistols ready; and my *syce*, or groom, who follows me, running on foot six hundred leagues, at the rate of six, seven, or eight leagues a day, and my grass cutter, are always at my heels like shadows—one with my carbine, the other with my gun. All this makes five balls, weighing together a quarter of a pound. Some robbers or brigands have certainly appeared in that direction, but they have the stupidity to rob only their brethren, the natives, whom they kill, without mercy, for a few rupees; I have never been able to discover a single instance of a European having been killed by them. The people here are dreadful cowards, and the English impatient. In this respect, I have been obliged to adopt the disagreeable manner of the latter. The domestic service is so divided, and each servant does so little, except the special object of his engagement, that an almost military exactness is required of him, by means of severity equally military. This is natural enough. I have one man who has nothing to do but bring me water. I shall want him on my journey, because, although there are two men attached to my cavalry (the aforesaid hack), the poor beast would die of thirst if it were not for the water-carrier. The man who cuts grass for her food, and he who dresses and saddles her, cannot draw water at a tank. True, I pay my waterer, who also gives me drink, only ten francs a month; but when I find this man, who has

almost nothing in the world to do, negligent in his office, you may imagine what a kick I am inclined to bestow upon him: and so of the rest. Would you believe that I have but two plates, yet I must have a man to wash them on my journey? So if they are not clean, woe to him! By an unusual artifice, I have accumulated on a single head the attributes of cook and waiter at table. At table! As if I were going to have a table! An English ensign, when on a march, has one in his tent, as well as chairs: for my part I shall eat kneeling or standing.

Hitherto I have received letters from our family pretty regularly. My father assures me, and the rest confirm it, that he is perfectly well in mind and body. He has a confidence in me, which I also place in him. This is a happy feeling on both sides. Adieu, my dear Frederick: no doubt for a long period. Kind regards to all about you—if you are still in your island, the remembrance of which sometimes affects me. I do not know what I am soon to see, but it is only beyond the tropic that I expect to find scenes of grandeur in India. They will consist of inaccessible peaks, eternal snows, masses of oaks and pines—nothing equinoctial. Since I left Haiti, I have seen great things in the tropics; Rio Janeiro, which is admirable; and Bourbon, which is only an enormous mountain, crested with a volcano. But with the verdant hills of Marquisant; with the noble rampart of palm forests that rises over them, and separates the two seas; with the cocoa-nut tree, whose summit hung over the court of your modest dwelling—are associated recollections of the heart, which will make me always consider Saint Domingo the finest part

of the equatorial world. I left there the first fruits of my admiration. Since then, when I see things worthy of being admired, I seem to admire them but coldly: I have not yet been touched or affected by them! Adieu! my dear friend:—the whole diameter of the earth separates us, but my heart is with you.

20th. I set out instantly.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Calcutta, Sunday, November 8th 1829.

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—I spent the rainy season, fifteen miles north of Calcutta, at Mr. Pearson's country house, principally occupied in studying Hindostanee, which I now speak, understand, and write tolerably well. I availed myself of a few rainless days to pay a visit to the microscopic governor of Chandernagore, my fellow passenger in the *Zélée* from Pondichery, of which he was the acting governor until M. de Melay's arrival. He is a very obliging man, and no one could be kinder to me.

I have accustomed myself to walking, getting wet, and going in the sun without dying on the spot, taking with me my *moonshee*, or master, from whom I have gained more information in the presence of things and people than before a writing table. The Hindostanee, you know, is a rude medley of Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit. In the parts of India where Sanscrit was formerly the vulgar tongue, it still prevails in the Hindostanee spoken there: in those, on the contrary,

which are geographically situated in the neighbourhood of Arabia and Persia, the Hindostanee is scarcely anything but very corrupted Persian. I have preferred this kind of corruption, in order that I might be understood both by the people of India and by those of Persia.

The intelligence on money matters which I have successively received, since my arrival in Bengal, gave me food for reflection during my studious retirement at Titaghur. I calculated the expense of different journeys, without any oriental pomp, as you may easily imagine, and I was obliged to remain at home.

The rains are becoming less frequent; and the fine season (winter) is approaching. It is necessary to avail myself of it, and make up my mind to something. I have adopted the only plan which can be executed with the funds at my disposal.

In a few days, I shall set out for Benares; thence, without delay, I shall go on to Delhi, and from Delhi to the frontiers of the empire, among the highest mountains in the world.

I shall reach these in April or May, and shall hire, in a neighbourhood which may appear good for forming collections, the house, hut, cabin, or perhaps cottage, of some mountaineer, in a spot elevated, no doubt, ten or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. There I shall stay till winter.

I shall then descend with all that I have collected during the summer; and, according to the credit I may have at Calcutta, shall proceed to Bombay, or remain in the mountains a little lower down, to ransack another valley next season, if I think I shall find sufficient there to make it worth my while.

I shall thus have come to India, crossed the line twice, to live in a smoky hut among eternal snows. If, as I hope, I find anything new in this place, I shall not complain of my abode. These wilds have been travelled over by a great many English, and I have reason to believe that their Flora is sufficiently well known, although, no doubt, they have left something to be done on a close inspection. By most, the preference has been given to geology; but as all learned geology from books and in India, I have no faith in their decisions.

Lastly, my friend, if what I am about to do is not the best that can be done in India, the fault is not mine; and I shall enter upon my plan with this feeling of satisfaction, that of all possibles, if there should happen to be another possible, this latter is the best.

Take your map and follow me.

Mounted on a white horse (I am predestined to have white horses), pistols in good order, &c. &c., I shall open the march, followed immediately by two poor devils, who will cost me twenty-four or thirty francs a month; one of whom, the *syce*, is properly the groom; and the other, the *gassyara*, or grass-cutter, is laden with my horse's food. Each will carry one of my guns loaded with ball or shot, according to circumstances. When I gallop they will run; this is the custom.

In divers groups round a rude car made of bamboos, drawn by two oxen, and upon which my baggage will slowly advance, will walk the grand-master of my wardrobe, or *sirdah behrah*, a *ketmadgar*, or waiter at table, and (by an ingenious combination) cook at the same

time, a *mochalchi* or plate-washer (nota benè, I have two plates), and a *beetcheti* or water-carrier.

Besides the driver of the car, another will drive, as far as Benares, an ox of burthen, carrying the smallest tent in India.

I shall travel six, seven, or eight leagues a day; living upon rice dressed in the native fashion, fowls, and milk, and drinking water mixed with French brandy so long as I have any; never any bread. I shall sleep in my tent on a mat, or in a light cot.

In thirty-five or forty days, I shall be at Benares, which is two hundred leagues from hence, passing through Bardwan, Rogonatpore, and Sasseram.

At Benares, I shall refresh myself and my people at the house of some judge or receiver-general, and shall hire camels to go to Delhi by the right bank of the Jumna, leaving it a little to see an interesting country, the Bundlecund, passing through Murzapore, Callinger, and Agra. The camels, they say, are admirable; they are hired at nine rupees (twenty-three francs) a month; and at seven rupees, when more than three beasts are taken. There is no trouble about their fodder, nor that of the people who drive them. It is the same, however, with all kinds of servants, who are paid absolutely nothing more than their wages; they get on as they can afterwards. A camel will carry three or four hundred weight. As I shall then have a stronger animal to carry my tent, I will have a better one, and the whole will be cheaper than the oxen and car from hence to Benares. But, on this first part of my route, there are no camels; and, besides, there are houses built and supported by government, but who support only the roof and four walls, in

which I shall often sleep upon my ridiculous little tent which will serve me only instead of a mattrass. I shall be better *upon* than *under it*. From Delhi to the foot of the mountains, passing through a part of the territory of the Sikhs, I shall go on with the camels; then in the mountains with mules and oxen; and at last, at the end of my journey, I shall be carried upon men's shoulders.

The road which I shall follow is very safe; and there is no particularly unhealthy place to pass. Tigers and bears, the existence of which I cannot absolutely deny, though much inclined to do so, are not common, and they seldom say anything to people who say nothing to them. If they speak first, you know that, at all events, I have five balls ready to give them an answer; and I believe that, as I am determined not to fire except muzzle to muzzle, my meeting them will not be dangerous.

Should unforeseen circumstances however make me desire any other protection than my own courage, I might have an escort. I here transcribe the passport which I yesterday received for that purpose. My father will translate it for you.

“Monsieur Victor Jacquemont, a native of France, engaged in scientific pursuits, being about to travel in Hindostan, with the permission of the honourable the Court of Directors, and of the supreme government of India, it is the desire of the Governor-general in council, that every necessary assistance and protection shall be afforded to him by the officers and authorities of the British nation; and further, that he shall receive from them any attention they may have it in their power to offer.”

This is better than the "*prions de laisser passer et circuler librement,*" &c. &c.

In addition to this general recommendation to people to whom I shall have no particular letters of introduction, Lady William Bentinck is procuring for me a great number of the latter kind, and I shall have some from herself. My London packet, of which I did not use one half at Calcutta, is nothing to what I shall carry from hence. To-morrow, I shall settle with my banker, how, while on the road, I am to draw upon him. It will be only to-morrow that I shall break in upon my credit for 1829, to pay for my horse. I have almost reached the end of the year without touching it.

Thank Colonel Lafosse for the introduction he gave me to his friend. Colonel Fagan and I are like two unfortunate lovers. A singular succession of little chances has broken off twenty appointments between us. We have seen each other but seldom,—though when we met it was like people who know they have no time to lose, and shall soon be separated. A widower overwhelmed with business—for he is adjutant-general of the army—and ill, he lives by himself, goes nowhere, and receives no visits. Nevertheless at whatever hour I call, I am welcome: we converse about European affairs, and he gives me particulars of this country. Notwithstanding his being an Irishman by birth, and an Englishman by nation, I call him a Frenchman like myself, and more of a Frenchman than many born at Paris.

I have the agreeable conviction, that there has been no indiscretion in the long use I have made of Mr. Pearson's hospitality. He pays me a thousand

attentions. When the French ships arrived a short time ago, he had people running backwards and forwards two days in search of a Perigord pie; and this morning at breakfast he made me violate my Asiatic sobriety, by the surprise of a *pâté de cailles truffées*, which is so delicious, that we shall make it last as short a time as we can. In becoming as familiar with him as it is possible to be with an Englishman, I have constantly received from him the same flattering attentions with which he greeted me on the first day. I am now a companion for him in life; I am, properly speaking, his only society, as he is mine, when I dine at home. In matters of gossip, theoretical politics, and literary taste, we agree admirably; and he appears to take much pleasure in our hour's chat after dinner, which is very profitable to me as he is a man of great information.

A small part of his knowledge and talents as an advocate brings him in 400,000 francs a year; 160,000 of which he spends nobly. His office of Advocate General only brings him in 100,000.

I could not possibly have been better billeted. What would have become of me if I had not spent twenty days in London? I well remember that I did not spare myself there. Adieu for to-day, my friend, for I scarcely spare myself any more now, leaving you to try a new horse, which has just been offered me—a young Persian horse, saddled and bridled for 250 rupees (650 francs)—though, with my white charger, I had this morning a heavy fall. Adieu!

Monday 9th.

I make you present at my departure, by writing to you in the midst of my preparations. I have cut the

connexion with my white horse, to which I bear malice for the injury it has done me; and I shall start upon the back of my new acquaintance of yesterday evening, approved of by a person well versed in horse flesh. It is a little bay horse without a blemish. The beast gives me as a guarantee that he will take me into the upper provinces, the circumstance of his having already been there once, as he was born there. His paces are good, and he gallops well when required. I have, moreover, along with the horse, the groom, a native of the upper provinces, speaking excellent Hindostanee, and who understands the *morale* and *physique* of the beast, having taken care of him for a year;—a powerful fellow, glad to return with me to his own country. I have formed, to my wish, my little escort of people accustomed to wait upon officers, and to be harshly treated by them; and I am already so much modified by the contagion of example, that I will suffer no relaxation of discipline. A man is degraded, and brutified, by living among such debased beings. I now understand and excuse Frederick's harshness—I was going to say violence, and his great readiness in planting a kick on the hinder part of one of God's images. I already feel a similar inclination.

Your reminding me of another time and another place, has come very seasonably to drive far from me all idea of suffering during the long excursion I am about to make. I am governed by the feeling most suitable to my situation. I consider myself wholly as a soldier in the field, taking the good where I find it, and enjoying it the more from anticipation of the contrast; lying down gaily on a mat in heat or cold—sometim

in rain, and at times too without a dinner, although I have two servants for my kitchen alone. After all, my caravan, the most wretched that ever traversed India, is magnificent in comparison with your equipage on your return from Minsk. I remember, my dear Porphyre, your letters of that period, as well as if they had been read to me yesterday. It was on your particular case (which was then that of a million of Frenchmen), that I formed my notions of war and a military life; and I am, no more than yourself, appalled by the complaints which you have received from some of our warriors in Greece.

I shall recollect, in my worst days, those you formerly passed frozen and famished, when scarcely twenty years old; and I shall never think myself unfortunate.

The British have habits of opulence and numberless artificial wants, which would necessarily make them wretched in the different situations I am about to be placed in. I do not speak through envy; for, from the bottom of my soul, I despise this ignoble dependence on external things. I am sure that I shall sometimes find a charm in the rather antiquated and biblical simplicity of my caravan.

Of course, in the states under the government or protection of the British, or merely in alliance with them, I preserve my European dress, which is sufficient to make a man, ever so little white, a sahib or lord.

Nevertheless, in the upper provinces, it is advisable in winter to add a shawl and girdle to the European costume. Exquisites, of course, seize this opportunity of circulating the rupees, and swathe themselves in shawls. I shall think myself sufficiently fine with a thick and very

warm silk stuff over a nankeen dressing gown: the whole perched on the aforesaid bay horse, surmounted by a pale face, with spectacles, and a large straw hat covered with black taffety, would afford Mérimée a good subject for a picture.

My banker, a correspondent of M. Delessert, is the most obliging man in the world; he has read me, for my private use, the best possible lesson on finance questions. I may draw upon him from nearly all points of my route, and thus future contingencies are provided against. On being informed of my proceedings, he will immediately let me know the increase of credit which he will be authorised to allow me.

I have said nothing about my health—behold the bulletin. I have not had the slightest touch of fever. When the excessive heat here prevented every one around me from sleeping, I slept as I used to do in winter at home. I have but little appetite, and eat little. I am very subject to cold in my head, which I shall probably avoid by wearing a turban; but here the thing is impossible;—we shall see by-and-by. When I am in my own hut, or under my own tent, without having any hosts to respect, I may perhaps adopt it. Our father will be good enough to observe that the cold extends to the nasal fossæ and frontal sinuses, but never lower. My old tendency to sore throat seems entirely gone.

Good day, my friend: I break off, to dine *tête-à-tête* at the quiet little table of my amiable invalid, Colonel Fagan.

Lord William has just lent me the French papers, which he has received from Bordeaux, up to the 17th

of July, and I have read them rapidly, and with interest. It will be the last print I shall touch of my native land. In six days, farewell to the things of Europe. But adieu ! They make wine and brandy on the frontiers of Tibet, and I shall eat grapes next autumn ; meanwhile, I shall have only plantains and bad peaches.

Barrackpore, November 21st, Saturday.

To a ship-owner, my dear Porphyre, I may say without impropriety, that yesterday evening I weighed anchor. You know how many unforeseen causes of delay there are in collecting every thing necessary for departure. But yesterday at three o'clock, seeing my cars loaded in the street, and surrounded by my little army, tolerably complete, I gave them the order to march. You sailors would have objected that it was Friday. But what could I do ? If I had waited, some of my people would have lost their fathers or brothers in the night, and been obliged to remain to-day to bury or roast them according to the Hindoo custom. In short, I should be still detained. And for how long ? God knows. At night-fall, I mounted my horse, and joined my forces on the road outside the city, and pushed them on five coss. I have ten men with me ; I think there are some good ones among them. Moreover, my cook's father follows me *en amateur* to return home. This fellow will in the end cost me four rupees a month, for I cannot do without a *Chokedar* or night-guard ; and I shall be forced to confer this dignity on him with a pike, or a sabre and buckler, according to which may be the most economical. The pike will cost half a rupee, and I fear the other will exceed the other half. My

attendants cost me about fifty rupees a month, and the two cars from hence to Benares eighty.

An engineer officer, who presides over the *matériel* of the arsenals, has given me a pike, I think at the honourable company's expense, under pretence that it was not new, because it had been used for an instant in showing it; and for a hundred and ten rupees (the price of the second class, *old repairable tents*), he delivered to me a handsome little mountain tent, which, in my conscience, I consider quite new.

Mr. Pearson, in taking leave of me yesterday, as I was mounting my horse, told me that he looked upon me as a member of his own family; and that if any unforeseen event should bring me back to Calcutta, I must have no other home but his house.

I am full of strength and resignation, happy at being on the road, and that I owe it to my own prudence. Adieu, my friend: I love you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Calcutta, November 10th 1829.

FOR the friends of local character, my dear and excellent father, there is a tolerably Asiatic appearance in this letter. Look at the edge of the Chinese and prodigiously economical paper, and tell me if that is not local character in earnest*. I have, at last, the pleasure of replying to a letter written in answer to the first of

* This letter, like several others, is written on Chinese paper, with rose-coloured edges. Jacquemont calls it economical, on account of its small size, which admits of considerable abbreviation in purely complimentary letters.—ED.

mine which went from this side of the Cape of Good Hope. You were then afraid that my successful *début* among our countrymen of Bourbon would not be maintained among persons of a different nation. But long ere this you probably know, without understanding it any more than I do myself, that the British in India have received me with a *crescendo* of flattering attentions and noble hospitality. To people whom I find agreeable, I translate my French thoughts literally; this is something new and uncommon to them, which rouses and often excites them to reply. In public, I deliver little sententious, well-rounded speeches; and as I am far from speaking English correctly, there are frequent Gallicisms in my language, which take my truisms out of the class to which they really belong, and sometimes elevate them to the dignity of new and profound truths. The oral part of libations being suppressed in this country, I have had no opportunity of improving myself in that species of eloquence in which, last year, I made so successful a *debut* in London.

You are going to scold me; but I am bound to confess to you, that I have not spoken to three young ladies. They are, in every respect, the most insignificant in the world. Besides, I have always found them silly in every country.

It is long since I have had four cups of coffee, such as I drank at Bourbon. Under this name, by an enormous abuse of language, the English inject into their stomachs the same number of cups of hot water and milk, dirtied a little with powdered charcoal. This is considered Mocha. But I accommodate myself wonderfully to these

changes of regimen, not being the worse, I think, for not having real coffee.

My letter to Porphyre will inform you of the journey I am about to commence*. With my two years' income to be expended in one, I think, taking all things into consideration, I may undertake to travel to the mountains, but not beyond. I shall wait there; and, before I trace any further progress, work hard, until the horizon as the newspapers say, grows brighter.

I shall write to you from Benares, Delhi, and Semla, where I expect to meet Lord William Bentinck in the mountains; but, as my letters will have to be jolted across India, they will no doubt reach you very irregularly; and, as I shall, myself, afterwards be secluded far from Europeans in the solitudes of the Himalaya, I shall be necessarily several months without writing to you. Put then in practice your just theories of confidence. After all, people are not glass to break, or butter to melt in the sun. Only one officer in twenty-eight dies annually in the Bengal army; and one in thirty-one and a half, in that of Madras; and they do all they can to die. What then is the chance against me? One to sixty, perhaps? Would it not be the same at Paris?

If you hear that Runjeet Sing has invaded the Company's frontiers, congratulate me upon the opportunity I shall have of seeing an Asiatic campaign *en passant*; or if the Himalaya should sink to the level of the plains of Bengal (which is not more probable than an invasion by Runjeet Sing), remember the hurricane at Bourbon;

* See the preceding letter.

and congratulate me on the sections of strata, junctions of rocks, &c. &c., which this accident will present to my view.

Friday, 10 o'clock, Evening—Calcutta, Nov. 13th 1829.

I went out on horseback at four o'clock this morning, and did not return till eight: having ridden no less than twenty miles. These are the last days of my stay here, and I must not lose an instant.

Before nine I was on my way to Garden Reach, where I was to occupy the morning in paying visits of leave-taking, and to dine in the evening with the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Grey. I breakfasted with Sir Charles Metcalf, one of the two members of council. It was he who so obligingly placed the Botanical Garden at my disposal, during my stay at Sir Edward Ryan's. Tomorrow he will send me a letter to his brother, the collector, and a judge at Delhi, where he was himself resident for a considerable period. Nothing could be more seasonable.

Those of his neighbours, to whom I was indebted for some attentions and dinners, were soon despatched. I longed to arrive at Lady Ryan's, who had done more than show me attentions. I had not seen her for six weeks; and we met again like old friends. However, I was obliged to cross the Ganges, to take leave of the Botanical Garden, and complete some arrangements there. I found the gardener ill, and unable to assist me, and I could not do without him. Another day's delay! I shall be obliged to return on Monday, accompanied by the chief of the native gardeners, a tall Brahmin with a very handsome countenance, and very intelligent. I

employed the time which the unlucky illness of the Englishman left at my disposal, in going carefully over this immense and magnificent establishment. This time I had no need of an interpreter with the Brahmin. He appeared much surprised at my recent progress in Hindostanee.

Having re-crossed the river and returned to Sir E. Ryan's, to make a third change of dress, as black as possible, with the remains of the wreck of the *Zélée*, which still does honour to Porphyre's tailor, I went to Sir Charles Grey's. We dined three together in a very un-English manner. The English of this character, and I can say the same of my host in town, never completely accustom themselves to the insipidity of their national mode of living. My departure and journey formed the sole subject of a most agreeable conversation. To such people I could jest about the smallness of my tent, and the intended patriarchal simplicity of my fare during my long pilgrimage; upon which Sir Charles Grey, who here spends three hundred thousand francs a year, said that I could not do better; and that were he not a judge and married, he would willingly accompany me on my unusual, and perhaps hard conditions, but picturesque and proper for study. As Englishwomen follow the fortunes of their husbands more than ours do, Lady Grey regretted that she could not be of the party.

Now, you know, my dear father, that I have always been very much disposed to consider Lady Grey handsome, graceful, and amiable. I setting the thing going, we all began to be affected, and sought the means of depriving my departure of this melancholy solemnity.

It was then settled, that should Lord William Bentinck, which is very probable, be prevented from undertaking his journey into the mountains in this year, Sir Charles Grey will avail himself of the preparations made for the Governor-general, and proceed in his steam vessel as far, and as rapidly as possible, in order to reach Semla before the hot weather. There he will inhabit the only comfortable house in the cantonment, that which has just been built for the accommodation of the Governor-general.

This is not unlike building castles in the air; but at table, what could we do better?—and why not? The Chief Justice is only useful, he is not necessary. He will be blamed a little for giving himself a year's holiday, without any appearance of pretext but his own good pleasure; but no one can prevent him. His high rank, which is immediately next to that of the Governor-general, renders him, on the bench, much more independent than the Governor-general on his revocable throne. Besides, the immense respect in which he is held on account of his great talents and activity, allows him to do what no one else could attempt. In this case I shall sleep in a good bed a couple of nights at least at Semla.

I reckoned upon finishing the evening quietly and alone, as we had begun it. But Lady Grey had promised to be present at some amateur theatricals in town, and we all three went together. The performance, as might be expected, was very tedious; and we passed the time in chatting, as we should have done in her drawing-room. She was very beautiful that evening; and, thinking of the fools who formed the crowd around

us, I had the weakness to rejoice at her beauty. In the morning these people gallop about on magnificent Arabs, whilst I trot almost in my dressing-gown, without boots or whip, upon my strong but nimble Persian pony. For this they despise me a little, assuredly; but in the evening you will see them make their *entrée* with some feathered owl leaning on their arm; and then I have my revenge, whilst escorting the beautiful Lady Grey. Without the happy chance of these aristocratical friendships, the place would not have been tenable by me; but, thanks to that chance, no one could have been more overwhelmed with attentions and distinction. Good night, my dear father!

Barrackpore, November 21st 1829.

The time is past, those days are gone by. Had I waited till evening, I could have written to you from my camp of—POLTAGATE.

I left Calcutta yesterday evening with my oxen and people. There were some laggards, and unfortunately the cook among the rest; but the case had been provided against, and I encountered the appetite I had gained, in riding five coss, (five short leagues,) with two biscuits and a glass of *sub-alcoholised* water. It was useless to pitch the tent, as there was a government bungalow at hand.

What a fine thing a European inn is! I furnished a room with my camp bedstead, my shaving apparatus, to which is annexed the medical department, the whole in a box for herbalising,—my guns and pistols, in a corner behind my pillow. I gave out the watch-word—*vigilance, responsibility, prison*; and directed that our

departure should take place next morning at four o'clock.

At half past four I was on my march. Everything goes on better than I expected. The ladders are coming up. I have just enjoyed the agreeable sight of my cook; and my Persian pony, which has not made its appearance, is rather in advance than in the rear. In that case, I shall find him by-and-by on the bank of the river, which I must cross, in order to pitch my tent near Chandernagore, where I shall dine to-morrow with the governor. I shall leave this letter and several others there.

So here am I started. This evening, my education, as an Indian traveller, will be complete when I go to bed (that is to say, when, without undressing, and with a pilau in my stomach, I throw myself on a cane cot in my little tent). Added to this, it is fine, mild, cloudy weather; and dressed as I am in linen, it is delightful. At night I wrap myself up in as many blankets as an Egyptian mummy.

I am offered me at this place—a military post belonging to the presidency—in consequence of particular orders from the Governor-general, a guard of sipahees without my having requested it. As my groom, and my cook's aid-de-camp, the latter of whom I hope to make something of, as a stuffer of animals, &c., walk before me with each a gun—as I have always pistols in my holsters, and as all the robbers on the high roads of Bengal could be put to flight with a rush,—I declined the useless honour, notwithstanding the good appearance it would impart to my entrance into Chandernagore

to-morrow. I am very well. Adieu, my dear father, this time in earnest. In five weeks I shall write from Benares.

I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Thursday, December 24th 1829. Camp of Huinguilis, on the Banks of the Sone. Lat. 24° 55' N. Lon. 84° 10' E. from Greenwich; 340 Miles N.W. from Calcutta, and 90 Miles E.S.E. from Benares.

THIS time, my dear father, transported beyond the seas, I am not writing to you from a little corner of Europe, but from India. I speak no more English; I eat no more bread; I sleep no longer in a house. What a difference between this strange life and my existence at Calcutta among all the refinements of European opulence, grafted upon Asiatic luxury! Scarcely more than a month ago I turned Arab, and it already appears as if I could have come into the world nowhere but in a tent. Borrow Arrowsmith's Atlas, or a map by Major Rennel, and start with me from Calcutta on the evening of the 21st of November.

I informed you from Barrackpore, where I stopped the next morning, of the total absence of incidents on my first day's march. On the second day, I arrived at Chandernagore, after crossing the Hoogly. I found my plate laid and my bed permanently made at our good governor's, the same who formerly made war on M. Duvaucel, with his thirty-two sipahees. (N. B. They had no cartridges.) He is thirty years older than

I am ; but at the moment of leaving Europe, I felt myself drawn towards him by the mass of opinions and feelings in which men of the same country partake, without nevertheless having any true or individual resemblance. However, I stood firm against all his entreaties, and stayed with him only one night, to afford rest to my men and cattle from the hurry and disorder of my departure. On the 20th, I sent them only as far as Hoogly, five miles north of Chandernagore, on the banks of the river of the same name. All the ladders had now joined, and those whom zeal had led the first day beyond my first halt, were overtaken, the day after, on the banks of the river.

At Hoogly I found my baggage arranged round a pretty bungalow, my bed made, and my first pilau ready in an unfurnished, but very clean room. I was about to attack my first mountain of rice, when a *jemadhar*, a sort of native usher, a servant of some rank, arrived from a neighbouring house—that of the collector. I understand that this functionary wished to know who I was,—so I sent him Lord W. Bentinck's passport. Immediately came a second message, an invitation to dine and sleep ; but I declined, on pretence of having an unshorn beard. The collector's steward was then despatched to me with half a dozen cooks, tables, chairs, saucepans, spits, &c., to assist mine (as the collector supposed) in preparing my dinner. In return for this, I thought I could do no less than pay him a visit ; and having only a garden to cross, I went and thanked my obliging neighbour, accepting, of his kind offers, only a chair and a table. In the evening he sent me a guard to keep watch, during the night, round my little

domain, and a *chouprassy*, a kind of armed messenger, very useful to a traveller, like the defunct janissaries in Turkey. This man, who brought me a very polite note, had orders to accompany me as far as Burdwan, forty-five miles to the North West.

This was a notable addition to my caravan, at the head of which I arrived at this city on Thursday morning, without accident. It is the seat of a civil station. There are eight Englishmen here, who judge, tax, and in one word govern, a million four hundred thousand Indians, including a Rajah, who is upon paper the richest private individual in India.

I had a letter for the poorest of these eight Englishmen, the engineer officer superintending the roads. My reception here was even kinder, if possible, than at Calcutta. To tell you why, is really impossible. Captain Vetch is a Scotchman, pious, and so forth. Moreover he is old enough to be my father. His wife, much younger than himself, is a rigid presbyterian. Are these, I ask you, happy chances for sympathy? Nevertheless, they have since written to me *con amore*;—you would be moved if you saw their letter. Being introduced by my host to the seven other Europeans, a grand dinner for the next day was got up without loss of time, at the house of the colonel of the provincial regiment. I owed my people a day's rest, and required a little myself to adjust my paraphernalia, before I entered the jungle. Captain Vetch having mentioned to me the propriety of a guard in those districts unfrequented by Europeans, I demanded one from the magistrate, to whom I sent my passport. This was immediately returned with five sipahees in full

uniform, cartridges in their cartouches, &c., who are placed under my orders, as far as the first military station, Hazarubaug, eighty leagues from Burdwan.

Since I left Burdwan, I have travelled with a military escort, and shall have this guarantee around me so long as I remain in India. Lord William did not tell me the magic effect that his firman would produce. My little guard, which it depends upon myself to increase according to circumstances, adds but little to my personal safety here, which would be nearly perfect without it; but it relieves me from the fear of being robbed. When I start in the morning with some of my men, and two of my sipahees, I am sure that my cars in the rear will arrive, and that my servants will not plunder them and run away. No obstacle will stop them: if they sink in a bog, or are stranded in the bed of a torrent—if the oxen stop at the foot of a mountain, without being able to get over it, my serjeant with his redcoats will know how to find hands to help them along. Where should I now be without my guard? Undoubtedly, drowned in the mud of some river near Burdwan. For a month past I have tasted of the sweets of absolute power—certainly a very convenient thing. Of course, I make the most temperate use of it; and you know that under a Marcus Aurelius, this most simple of all forms of government is, at the same time, the best.

When my baggage arrives at the place I have marked out for my encampment, my generalissimo, with the stiffest and most formidable manner in the world, comes to report that all is in good order; he then urges on the little operation of pitching the tent. At night he

comes to receive orders for the morrow, and to inform me that he has placed a sentinel at my canvas door. Pistols and guns consequently sleep in their holsters and cases, unless the neighbourhood is very fertile in tigers; in which case I have always something ready at hand to make, at least, a great deal of noise. You know how Porphyre has provided for this.

Let us resume our map. From Burdwan I proceeded for seven days to the North West on the left bank of the Dammhoudæurr, called also by geographers Dummoedah, Doonna, &c. (it may, however, be the exact pronunciation of its name in other parts of its course), passing through Manncore and Dignagur. There I first encountered jungles, and I confess I was very much disappointed. I had imagined a thick impenetrable forest, offering all the richness of form and colour to be found in tropical vegetation, bristling with thorny trees, interlaced with sarmentous shrubs, and climbing plants ascending to the very tops of the highest trees, and falling gracefully back, like cascades of flowers. At Rio Janeiro and Saint Domingo I had seen scattered fragments of such a picture; but here I found myself among woods still more monotonous than those of Europe, the trees rising above some stunted underwood;—and instead of the roaring of tigers in the distance, I heard the noise of the woodman's axe.

I have since viewed scenes less remote from those which my imagination had pictured. I have travelled a hundred leagues along a road, crossed by no intersecting path, bordered, shut in, walled on either side by the forest or desert plains through which it had been cut. I have penetrated into these solitudes through the

dried-up beds of torrents. As for tigers, I must believe in their existence; for I saw and touched one, which was killed at Hazarubaug six hours after my passage on the road; also on the following day I saw a leopard of the same growth. Then again, my English host at the mines of Rannigunge, on the banks of the Dummoohdah, has eighteen scars on his face, made by the scratch of a tiger. But, being naturally incredulous, I shall believe more in them, when I see but the shadow of a living one's tail. You will see, that after travelling in India like no one else, I shall return to see tigers at the Jardin des Plantes. Do not, however, be afraid that my incredulity will expose me to danger: I am always on my guard, and never walk without a gun; nor am I ever alone on my exploring expeditions.

An introduction from the proprietor of the mines of Rannigunge (banks of the Dummoohdah, twelve leagues east of Rogonatpore) to the subaltern agent who superintends the works, made me master of his house. Having slept seven nights upon a mat, I found very pleasant the sensation of sheets on my naked skin in bed. I remained thirty-six hours at Rannigunge; thirteen up to my knees in mud and cold water, a hundred feet under ground, with my hammer, compass, chemical tests, and measure at hand. This is the only coal mine that has been worked in India, and I spared no pains to make myself geologically and commercially acquainted with it. The thirteenth part of the hardships or miseries of this examination, would, no doubt, have given me a desperate cold at Calcutta; but I know, and so do you, from the experience of half a score of years, that my constitution is singularly changed by travelling;

becoming strengthened, and easily getting over a variety of things which would be serious obstacles were they to appear during a quiet and regular mode of life. At Calcutta, I continually caught cold from a change of five or six degrees in the temperature; now, at three o'clock, the thermometer is at 87° in my tent, which is not sheltered from the sun by any tree; to-morrow, at three or four o'clock in the morning, the cold will come, as it does every day, to pull me by the legs under three blankets, and the temperature will have fallen 40° ; and yet I do not catch cold.

From Rannigunge to Rogonapore, where I rejoined what they call the new military road, I travelled two days and a half through the sands of the Dummoodah; a terrible business for my oxen, though assisted by fifty people more or less benevolent, who were requested to shove the wheels. Then,—desolation of desolation!—there was no road beyond the river. You must here travel in the midst of thickets, and sometimes seize the opportunity offered by a ravine. Bless the sipahees! it was arm, leg, and head-breaking work, for both beasts and people: it is a miracle that my lantern alone perished. The children in some poor villages lost in these forests had never seen a European: they paid me back the annoyance which I must have caused some twenty years ago, to some poor devils of 'Turks whom I followed in the streets and stared at, like other little blackguards of my age.

From Rogonapore, although the engineers have displayed but little ability, the road is nevertheless always good for a horseman; and my oxen and cars rolled on gloriously. Relays of bearers are stationed along this

line, to carry travellers who go post in palanquins. I have met two within the last sixteen days. There are also bungalows to receive them, as well as those who, like me, travel by marches. These are situated about the distance from each other that oxen, camels, elephants, or servants on foot, can travel in a day: five, six, seven, and eight leagues, according to the difficulties of the road. These bungalows each contain two very neat rooms, two bedsteads, two tables, and six chairs: in fact, two families might, at a push, find accommodation in them. Three servants are attached by the administration of the post-office to each, and are particularly useful to those who travel alone, and by palanquin. I found the bungalow at Rogonapore, occupied by a collector travelling with his wife and infant child. He has an elephant, eight cars like mine, two cabriolets, a car for his child, two palanquins, six saddle and carriage horses, and sixty or eighty bearers to carry him from one bungalow to another, exclusively of at least sixty household servants. He dresses, changes his dress, and dresses again, breakfasts, *tiffs*, dines, and in the evening takes tea exactly as at Calcutta, without abating an atom. Glass and china are packed and unpacked from morning till night. He has glittering plate, clean linen four times a day, &c., &c.

I appeared in the midst of this magnificence with a ten days' beard and a foot of mud below my knee, politely requesting half of the house to which I had a right, and of which he had disposed entirely, not expecting any other tenant. The table, which seemed laid for half a dozen persons, was immediately removed on my declining to sit down, and carried into the other

room. I waited in my own, with a heap of stones and plants, till my pilau arrived. Having despatched a note to my unknown, offering him a bed in my room, for himself or any gentleman of his party, he came to thank me, telling me that he was alone with his wife, and remained some time conversing, extremely puzzled at the difference between my dress and my language. It amused me to increase his perplexity ; and I talked about all the great people at Calcutta, like one perfectly well acquainted with them, and then entered into the most general topics of conversation, such as politics and literature. Afterwards, finding him a good-natured fellow, I told him who I was : and we entered into a mutual arrangement. Like me, he was going to Benares, travelling, each day, from one bungalow to another ; and I should annoy him extremely by arriving every evening at the same quarters as himself. In the day-time he would starve me, his people not leaving a glass of milk within two leagues ; and in the evening I should deprive him of half his lodgings. He offered to stop a day, and travel after me ; but I preferred going a double stage, and getting on before him—thus gaining time, without causing any loss of it to him. So, after keeping company two days, which I required to know the style in which these gentlemen travel, I left him behind ; and though he followed me very closely, I have not heard of him since.

Having since discovered that my tent was better lighted in the evening with a wax candle, and much more cheerful than the bungalow, and that I was much more comfortable in it with my people lying round me, and my horse at the door, than inclosed within four

naked walls as cold as my canvas, I have returned to the desert fashion of encamping, which I shall continue to do in spite of all the bungalows, chauderies, serais, and caravanserais, in India. Besides, on this road, the only one on which they are decent, being reserved for Europeans, the use of them is far from gratuitous. The company ask two rupees (five francs) a day; and you cannot give less than a rupee to the servants. This is no ground of objection, nor even of remark, to the British, who are all munificently paid; but ten pounds, more or less, from Calcutta to Benares, would make an important difference to me, this sum being nearly half of what the whole journey will cost me.

Evening.

In the evening, proceeding from Rogonatpore in a West-North-West direction, I re-entered the forests, which are somewhat thinner about that place, and again crossed the Dummoedah, near Gomeah. For a week I travelled over a table land, at an elevation of four or five hundred metres—I took the level of several points—constantly ascending and descending, crossing several large torrents every day, and encamping at night in the vicinity of a few huts.

Hazarubaug, which is scarcely more than a village, is a little political residence. The British establishment consists of a resident—who is also colonel of the provincial regiment—a subaltern and a medical officer. Having a letter for the latter, I remained twenty-four hours at his house. A note, with the usual compliments, seconded by my passport, was immediately sent to the resident; the latter was sent back with a fresh escort to release that from Burdwan, and an invitation to dinner.

The two houses being contiguous, I paid a visit during the day, which was returned before dinner-time. My host was the remains of a very elegant, clever, and amiable man, ruined, but not brutified by drink.

Starting from Hazarubaug on the 17th, after a day's rest, of which my attendants stood in great need, I am now on my way to Benares, where I shall arrive on the 31st of December, or the 1st of January, after travelling a hundred leagues without stopping a single day.

The mountains are at such a distance—nearly four hundred leagues further on, and the hot winds at their foot are so dreadful—sometimes they begin to blow at the beginning of March, but usually in April—that I have no time to lose. You have read Bernier's Journey into Cashmeer, with the Padishah Aurung-Zeb. You must remember the account of his sufferings in the plains of Lahore, when he encountered the changing of the spring monsoon. You see, then, that I must leave Delhi on the 1st of March at the latest. It is unfortunate that I could not leave Calcutta ten days sooner than I did. But you know the perplexities I encountered, and the embarrassments which detained me there till the 20th of November.

The circuit I made, for the sake of examining the coal-mines of the Burdwan district, increases to two hundred leagues the distance I have already passed over. I have travelled more than half on foot, the remainder on horseback. I set out at four, five, or six o'clock in the morning, according to the phases of the moon and the nature of the country. At noon, two, three, and sometimes not till four in the evening, I arrive at the end of my day's journey, the whole of which, like a

native, I pass in the sun. Before I start in the morning, I eat by moonlight, a plate of rice and milk cooked over night and well sugared. I then put a biscuit in my pocket, and, with this ballast, I accept as a windfall, but without at all depending upon them, all the cups of milk which my cook, sent forward with a sipahee, succeeds in procuring on the road. I dine when I am ready, and when dinner is ready at the same time; if not, it waits, no matter what the hour is. The uniformity of my food fortunately compensates for the irregularity of the hours at which I take my meals. I invariably eat a chicken boiled with a pound of rice, plenty of *ghee* or native butter, detestably rancid, but to which I have become wonderfully used; and some spices, according to the fashion of the country, but very sparingly added. This is the dinner of a mussulmaun with an income of twelve hundred francs a-year. I drink two large glasses of water with a few drops of brandy, sometimes water alone. The whole, including the illegal profits of the *khansama* (for my *maitre d'hôtel* is my only cook), costs fifty francs a month, half of which is stolen. I was forgetting very unreasonably, for I am this moment drinking a large cup of it, that in the evening I sometimes take tea. In cold weather, I find this beverage very pleasant; it is also useful to keep me awake, when I have worked a great deal, and have an inclination to fall asleep.

After all, whatever may have been said of the laziness, stupidity, and mendacity of the domestics of this country, their service is very convenient and very cheap. For twelve francs a month, I have a groom, who has my horse saddled and bridled at the hour in the morning

ordered, the evening before, for our departure. This man follows me like my shadow; when I gallop, he runs:—such is the custom. If I dismount, he is at hand to lead my horse by the bridle, or to wait according to my orders; now, I mount and dismount from ten to fifty times in the course of the day. The other servant required for the horse, the *gassyara*, goes on before, and I find him at the place marked out for the evening halt, with a bundle of grass, leaves, or roots, which he has gathered for the animal's food. In adding the wages of these two men to my cavalry estimates, the maintenance of that force, costs me from forty to forty-five francs a month.

The collections of all kinds, which I go on making on the road, require care, in which I must be assisted by several servants; but this species of service is not included in any of the preceding. Thus, when I told my water-carrier to put his water-skin into one of the cars in the day-time, and walk near me with my paste-board, for drying plants, under his arm, he said that it was not his business, and that too in a very impertinent tone. I did not hesitate to give him a hearty kick immediately, otherwise another would have told me that it was not his place to carry my gun, another have refused to carry my hammer, and so on. I take good care not to order anything forbidden by their religious laws; with this exception, I exact imperiously, in addition to his own special occupation, every service that each can render. I hope that the majority will have time to become accustomed to this little revolution before we arrive at Benares, and that I shall have but few vacancies to supply in that city. I was afraid, on

leaving Calcutta, that I should soon be forsaken on the road by persons paid in advance; but not one has thought of doing so. Henceforth, with my escort, they will not dare. Moreover, at this moment I am in their debt.

I harden myself against cold as well as heat. I have, it is true, covered my whole body with flannel, but over it I wear only linen or cotton as in summer at Calcutta. Tired of constantly pulling off my stockings to cross torrents, I do not put any on, except at night to sleep in. Over my day-clothes I put on also at night, when I go to bed, a second flannel waistcoat, very thick and ample, which I keep on in the morning during the march, till the sun renders it oppressive; but the wind is sometimes so piercing, that I do not take it off. My Pondichery hat, made of date leaves, and covered with black silk, is more brilliant than ever. In the morning I pull it like a cap over my ears, and find it very warm; it assumes any shape I wish. This is an admirable invention of mine—it is light, water-proof, firm, &c.

December 25th, the other Bank of the Sone.

This is a sea of sand not less than a league in breadth; my cars have taken four hours to cross it. To animate this desert, Providence kept in reserve two elephants and thirty camels, which defiled past my caravan. By a forced march, I shall push on this evening as far as Sasseram, an ancient Indian city.

There is not a tree to shelter me. I am writing to you under a burning sun, and just now I found the river frozen. I avail myself of the moment that my horse is at his breakfast, a meal which he seldom takes,

having to submit to the same chances that decide the hours of his master. He holds out, however, against fasting in the day-time, and the cold at night; and as he does not seem to have lost condition during the last five weeks, there is no reason why he should not carry me to the world's end. The rogue justifies tolerably well the character for vice enjoyed by those of his colour, a sorrel, if there ever was one. Sometimes he throws me, when I am stupid enough to dispute with a beast without reason. In falling, I always promise, for the future, to imitate Figaro, who always gave way to fools, instead of contending with them; and then, when an opportunity offers, I forget my plans of moderation, and want the brute to pass what frightens him; hence a conflict, attended with kicking, and twenty other mischievous tricks, of which your horseman, Porphyre, will give you the names. But we always settle the matter amicably, as follows: one day he gives way, the next I yield. In spite of these rebellions, which are, however, rare, I go on reading, sleeping, and studying my plants with a magnifying glass all the time I am on horseback, and I moreover congratulate myself on my purchase.

My Hindostanee vocabulary increases daily. Far from preventing my people from speaking near me, I request them to do so, in order to break-in my ear to inflexions so different, to every one who has an ear, from those of European languages. I converse with them and the soldiers of my escort; I seek to penetrate into their existence, their feelings, their notions. I am impregnating myself with India, instead of dipping the tip of my finger into it, as many English do, who pretend to study this country. Thus, my escort will

always be very useful to me ; and the individuals composing my little caravan, both servants and soldiers, are not the least interesting subjects of observation which I meet with on the road. The British encourage the higher castes to embrace the military service. Of my five men from Hazarubaug, two are Brahmins, and the others Rajpoots ; my Burdwan serjeant was also a Brahmin.

I have given up all thoughts of comprehending anything of the Hindoo theogony. I am persuaded that it always has proved unintelligible nonsense to the Europeans who have pretended to explain it—Bernier, Sir William Jones, &c. The subordination of the castes appeared to me impossible. I tried, with my little skill as a naturalist, in classing, and I convinced myself that there is no exact coincidence between those of one part of India, and those which bear the same name in others. It is impossible to establish among them what we botanists call a critical synonymy. On my return to Europe, I shall endeavour to acquaint myself better with what will be accessible to me on this topic, without knowing Sanscrit. You have surely read Mr. Wilson's Hindoo Theatre ; it will be a novelty to me. I saw the book every day at Calcutta, and the author very frequently, and have only yet had leisure to read his excellent preface. Wilson has M. d'Arcet's place at the Mint, and several others, all sinecures, and very well paid. He is the best pensioned certainly of literary men ; he is besides the first Sanscrit scholar in the world, and moreover a man of mind and taste. He resembles Frederick the Great of Prussia prodigiously.

My solitude is far from being irksome. I am quite

certain that I shall pass my six months' seclusion in the mountains, without melancholy, though during that time I shall not behold a single European. Thoughts full of pleasure and tenderness fill the moments of my life which are unoccupied by study. Certain periods of the past seem like dreams. I sometimes cannot believe that I am he who has done this, who has been there, &c. &c. At times, I doubt my very identity, and am near suspecting, in this country of the transmigration of souls, that some other person has turned mine out of doors. The source of enthusiasm is exhausted, and when the cold keeps me awake under my bed-clothes, I contemplate the world, not as an actor, but as a critical and disinterested spectator of its different scenes. I no longer feel past things, I only recal them to mind, and so judge of what was formerly in me, as well as what is without.

Admiration of the beauties of nature has also its virginity, which is soon sullied by enjoyment. St. Domingo will always be to me the *beau idéal* of equinoctial nature. I cannot recollect without emotion the first tropical scenery which chance presented to me. Perhaps this profound impression was connected with the tone of my mind; and, if I were permitted to see them again, I might not find their beauties so affecting. I have written this to Frederick. It is also for his sake that I love the corner of the world which he inhabits.

M. de Humboldt has been happy in his description of this first impression made by the scenery near the equator. A natural philosopher ought to feel greater delight when the study of nature's details does not close his eyes to its whole. You will justly conclude from

this soliloquy that I do not blacken my paper with poetical prose. I write a great deal of all sorts, without effort, and according to my humour, the state of my stomach, and the quality of my pen. No one is always sublime, always dignified, always cheerful and smiling. After a geological description, will come a confidential page, which none but myself ought to re-peruse. I should be afraid of telling falsehoods if I wrote otherwise. Adieu, my dear father, till I reach the holy city. Tell my friends that the recollection of them follows me, and charms many moments of my solitary life; but that I have not time to write to them all the feelings of tenderness which my heart contains. I do not recommend to you to be easy concerning me, because I flatter myself that the eloquence of the two hundred leagues which I have travelled so fortunately, will render a request of that kind needless. Adieu! may you enjoy as good health as I do; and Porphyre also imitate me. I wish I could send you some sunshine, of which I have too much in the day-time, for a little of the warmth of European houses in the morning. Consult M. Azais upon the possibility of the exchange.

December 31st 1829.

This last day of the year I arrived at the holy city. I brought an introduction from Lord W. Bentinck, one from my friend at Burdwan to a very rich Rajah, whom I shall see to-morrow, and two from the Adjutant-general of the army, the friend of Colonel de Lafosse, and mine also, and the most amiable of men, to two of his excellent brother officers. The first who saw me kept me

and put me in possession of his house. After breakfast I found an elephant at my door to take me on my visits. Then the master of the mint, on whom I made my first call upon my moving mountain, a man whom I knew by correspondence, the wittiest companion in India, would not let me go alone, but said he would introduce me to each. The elephant was sent home, where his back will remain exclusively at my service during my short stay here, and I went my round of visits with the spirited mint-master in his carriage. He was expecting me as his guest, and had provided for my reception, letters from you and Porphyre, a letter from Taschereau, one from M. Victor, introducing me to Dr. * * *, another from Madame Le Breton, a long one from Miss Pearson, one from Sir Charles Metcalfe, &c., the whole directed to me at the post-office, by the obliging governor of Chandernagore, who had picked them up, some at Pondichery, others at Calcutta, and had forwarded them under official cover, postage free, to await my arrival here. I have read the whole over and over again. Add to this, that I had ridden five leagues on horseback at night, to arrive at the holy city by sunrise, and I crossed it on foot, admirably favoured with a most beautiful Provence May morning. I know not what to do with my head or my heart. I smiled on reading your fears respecting my reception in this country. We certainly should not do in France for any foreigner that which is done here for me. The London streamlet increased at Calcutta into a river, which is now growing into a sea. Half of the letters which I leave on the road bring me four times the whole number. I shall want

another camel to keep pace with this geometrical progression. Attribute the bad taste of these metaphors to an eastern sun.

I will return to you, my dear father, before I leave this place; but I must leave you for the day. Yesterday I shaved off a beard of a fortnight's growth. I resembled Robinson Crusoe, and dined in my tent with scarcely greater magnificence than he did. To-day, I shall put on black silk stockings, as if I were going to a ball at Paris or in London. I am going to dine with a dozen Europeans, who govern a portion of the British empire. Their ladies will be dressed in the Parisian fashion of six months ago. They are not vulgar nabobs, a character which exists no longer, except on the stage of the London minor theatres. In the evening I shall enjoy elegant and solid conversation. Every means will be combined to show me as much as possible of the wonders of the city during my short stay here. Trust to my star. There is certainly in this continuation of success, something besides good luck: there is a series of happy chances, which, by their repetition, have ceased to be chances. But the especial miracle is, my not having suffered in the estimation of others, on account of my poverty!

January 1st 1830.

If a thousand of my countrymen were to come into this country, with double or triple what I brought, they would probably not succeed in showing themselves anywhere. My host here, an infantry captain, exercising the functions of a military sub-intendant, has a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; and everything, you

know, is on the same scale. By a peculiar favour, I have obtained a dispensation from riches ; and my relative poverty has, on the contrary, been only a source of enjoyment to my self-love. Some of the most intimate of my acquaintance are not ignorant of it, and they accommodate themselves accordingly, the best way they can. I was seldom obliged to hire a carriage to go to dine at the Chief Justice's; when I was not next door to him, at Garden Reach, he inquired my hour, and came to fetch me. The fools who saw these attentions gave me credit, no doubt, for some mysterious virtues more worthy of esteem than the vulgar possession of a cabriolet; and they took it upon trust.

Portionless girls, who have not succeeded in getting married in England, arrive here in cargoes, for sale, on honourable terms, I mean, to the young civil and military officers, who, along with their commission and the assurance of a fortune sufficient for two, receive orders to go and be rich all alone in some village a couple of hundred leagues from Calcutta, and there govern a territory equal to several French departments. Those whose appointments are very lucrative, select any wife from the society of Calcutta that happens to suit them. Understand well, however, that the small number of families forming the circle in which I moved, are an exception to this rule. For a man like myself, India is, matrimonially speaking, the worst of countries.

There are still enormous incomes in India, but immense fortunes are hardly made there now. The daughters of those who become rich are educated in such habits of luxury, that they are marriageable only to collectors, or others of the same rank. Then the

British, who are the most matrimonial people in the world, have children by dozens, and no fortune could resist a division by such a divisor. Lastly, the young ladies of the most polished, and, at the same time, most opulent classes that I have had occasion to meet, are still more insignificant than those of any other country.

Miss Pearson is the only girl I have met worthy of the consideration of a man of sense. The poor girl, whom I left very ill at my departure from Calcutta, writes to me that she is dying. I must direct to England the letter which I wrote to her on my journey. The physicians are sending her thither without delay ; and her mother accompanies her. I am afraid my letter will arrive too late. But whatever happens, and if chance brings us again together under the same roof, we shall never be to each other different from what we are at present. Although possessed of intelligence above her twenty years, and of a very serious turn of mind, she did not seem to perceive that I was a young man ; and sometimes she would talk to me of matters of feeling, just as she would have done to some old friend of her father's, or her own.

It gives me pain, my dear father, to overthrow your castles in the air. But, were I to suffer you to go on building, without disturbance, you would at last believe in them, as in the famous system raised upon the ruins of all others (style of the *Real Essences*), and would look at me with displeasure on my return were I not followed by the family of king Priam.

How have your letters delighted me ! They have wiped out the surprise and ill-humour which the news

of the ministry of La Bourdonnaye, Mangin, and Co. raised on my arrival at the holy city. I cannot answer those nine pages, which are worth fifty, for my letter would be endless. Your tenderness for me raises illusions which I cannot share, but with which I am much affected. Your reliance upon my firmness is a great blessing to me. Whatever evil may happen to me, you will know that I am provided with defensive armour, consisting in a whimsical principle of internal satisfaction, and simplicity of taste, belonging not to my age nor to my education; a sort of savage pride which will console me in bad times, should any come. There are a thousand degrees of misfortune above the possibility of which I am henceforth placed.

During the last days of my stay in Calcutta I did not neglect writing to almost every body. I must now forego that correspondence, in which all that I ought to reserve for myself would evaporate. Adieu, my dear father; my next letter will be from Delhi, in two months. I embrace you, Porphyre, and the eternally absent Frederick, with all my heart: it is all that I can do now.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT
PAUL-ARRAS.

Camp of Moneah, Monday, December 28th 1829.

Do not look in the map, my dear Zoé, for the place whence your cousin is now writing to you. It is nothing but a clump of trees near a wretched hamlet.

I, who have a tent to sleep in, can do without their shelter, which is however very necessary for my people who sleep around me in the open air. Although scarcely beyond the 25th degree of latitude, the clearness of the sky, and the north wind which drives down upon the plains of India the icy air of the summits of the Himalaya, make the nights very cold; and although under a double roof of cloth, I lay more warmly clad than in the day time, and, wrapped in a triple blanket, I often wake quite chilled. Yet at noon, the temperature often rises to 86°.

I have travelled two hundred leagues in forty days, without perceiving that I am in want of any thing. At four o'clock in the morning, I eat half a pound of rice, boiled in milk and sweetened with sugar; I drink milk on my road, when my servants succeed in procuring it. I sometimes see a hundred cows put in requisition for a single glass; and my cook's zeal would set fire to the village to warm it, if I did not prefer it cold. I encamp at two, three, four, or five in the evening; I then invariably dine on a hen, pullet, or cock, some bird or other, in short, made into a pilau, with a pound of rice. I drink, with my meal, one or two large glasses of water, often very bad, and I throw myself upon my cane cot, when sleep closes my eyes before my paper.

Having left Bengal, the country in which the rivers having no slope to run into the sea, their waters stagnate and fill the atmosphere with noxious vapours, I no longer fear the sun, but expose myself to it like the natives. I journey more on foot than on horseback, and being turned out of my road by a thousand objects, I travel every day double the distance that my heavy

baggage does. In these reconnoiterings, I am neither unarmed nor alone. I have composed a vanguard of four of my men, more active than the rest, and who follow me like my shadow. I every day feel myself full of new strength. No Englishman ever thought of living as I do, and for this very reason, that those are dead who attempted to expose themselves to the same physical influences. They laugh at my milk, my *eau sucrée*, my two meals separated by an interval of thirteen hours, and my abstinence from spirituous liquors. They would cross themselves (were they not heretics, who call the holy sign of the cross superstitious) if they knew that, notwithstanding all my abstinence, I am often obliged, in order to avoid gastro-enteritis, to—— (Well! how shall I say it). In short, you understand: I am not, like themselves, afflicted with hydrophobia; and it is my turn to laugh when they are buried, pickled in champagne, or preserved in brandy and mercury, which their doctors give them by the half pound.

At Benares, where I shall arrive in three days, I shall substitute half a dozen camels for my cars, and my caravan will then be a little more picturesque. I nevertheless assure you, that it is picturesque even now. What gives it rather a European, but infinitely respectable appearance, is the scarlet uniform of a little escort of sipahees, which I renew every sixty or eighty leagues, and shall keep as long as I am in India. It makes me absolute master of the places through which I pass, adds a great deal if not to my safety, at least to my confidence of security. My generalissimo is a serjeant of the highest distinction, who stiffens himself like a post into the attitude of the soldier without arms at whatever

distance he catches sight of me, and leads all my people in true military style. He is a Brahmin, if you please ; as was likewise the one I had before. A sentinel, relieved every two hours, guards my little camp at night, and now and then awakens me with a shot at some suspicious-looking rover. In the hundred leagues of forest which I have just traversed, notwithstanding this guard at night, I had always at hand something to make a great deal of noise in the tigers' ears, in case of a visit from them ; but I saw none.

Carrying on, at the same time, several kinds of research—applying myself in the midst of the studies and mechanical cares which they require, to perfect myself in the language of the country, the only one which I speak at present—engaged in a correspondence with several of my new Bengal friends—my long solitary days glide rapidly away. My being shut out from all communication with Europeans does not bear hard upon me. You know that from Benares I shall cross Bundelcund (a mountainous province between the Nerbudda and the Jumna) to Agra, Delhi, and hence to the Himalaya Mountains, to spend five or six months of the summer in some place almost as much above the level of the sea as the summit of Mont Blanc, and where I shall remain during the whole time without seeing a man of my own colour. From the short experiment I have just made since I left Calcutta to become an Arab, I know that this long and studious seclusion, entirely separated from the men and affairs of Europe, will not be painful to me.

How different is my present life, my dear cousin, from that I led at Calcutta, where I spent the leisure

which study left me, in noble and serious pleasures, but the most exquisite of European civilisation. I had the happiness to please all that I met of those people whose esteem and good will I cared about possessing.

Now I am in the desert, I cannot recal those days without emotion. Whatever may happen to me in this country, there are men in it of whose friendship I am sure to die possessed. It follows and protects me powerfully in my long pilgrimage. The Adjutant-general of the army, a man from whom I parted with a swelling heart and tearful eye, and who felt for me the same sympathy which drew me towards him, has given me numerous letters of introduction (twenty-four) for such of his friends and brother officers as may be stationed on my proposed route. Every one at Calcutta contributed to increase my packet; and Lord W. Bentinck made the magnificent addition to it of nine private letters. He had previously given me a passport in an unusual form, but so protecting, so friendly, that it has undoubtedly rendered his personal introductions useless, and I experience considerable embarrassment in showing it: for it is a formal summons made by the Governor-general, to all officers in India, civil and military, to afford me the best quarters on my arrival at their residence. They would not have done as much for any Englishman. It was the same in London. There is certainly some national pride in this profusion of kindness to a foreigner, but it is of a noble kind; and I enjoy it as an individual and a Frenchman.

The amiable man with whom I had the advantage to share the tedium of the sea for six months, sends me word from his little Indian kingdom, that he shall not

fail to treat to his best wine every Englishman that knocks at his door in Pondichery; and this on my account. At the great distance I am from the southern extremity of India, it is agreeable to find on the map a little corner of friendly land.

Adieu, my dear Zoé! While writing to you, sleep does not come to close my eyes; but it is eleven o'clock at night, and I have given orders for our departure at four: I must therefore wind up for the day. If you expect from me a *piquant* traveller's letter, you will be disappointed; for I have not said a word about the men, nor the monuments, nor the scenes of nature, in the countries through which I am passing. But I have talked to you of things nearer to myself; and I flatter myself that your friendship will lead you to see a proof of mine, in the artless confessions of my self-love. It is a weakness which I do not mind confessing to you; but confide it only to those who you know love me as much as you do.

I am, besides, too much occupied by divers pursuits, and too positive researches, to see in a very prominent light the picturesque interest of objects. Not that a minute and critical examination of the productions and phenomena of nature closes my eyes against their collective pictorial effect; but the source of the charm, and of the rapture, which I heretofore experienced on beholding their beauties, is dried up. It is henceforth with my mind, and my taste, that I shall complacently contemplate a landscape or a graceful group. Yet, in the spring, I shall behold the loftiest mountains in the world, and shall spend a summer, half a year, amid their eternal snow and ice. Perhaps their desolate grandeur

will find my sensibility more excitable. It will be a recovery of a melancholy faculty, but still better than insensibility.

Adieu, Zoé! I do not know when I shall write to you, and fear I shall be able to do so but seldom; but I shall often think of you, when on my Persian steed; and this is the most oriental thing that I can do for you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

*Camp at Sunniput, between Delhi and Panniput,
March 1830.*

YOUR letter of the 29th of June 1829, after a journey in India, compared to which mine will always remain a joke, reached me some days since at Delhi. You will easily imagine, my dear friend, the pleasure it gave me, when I tell you that for two months and half past, I have had no news from Europe. Whilst I was at Benares, a few lines of yours were brought to me from Calcutta by a young physician, to whom I was compelled to give a most negative reply concerning the advantages held out to him for the practice of his profession in that city. There is but one Frenchman at Calcutta, and he is in excellent health. That is not the place for Doctor * * *. As for the British, who in general have very bad health, he will not suit them. They require a doctor of their own nation, by whom they are sure of being understood, and who is not afraid of killing them, according to the fashion of science in their country, with calomel, opium, &c. &c.

I have not seen any European newspapers of later date than the beginning of September; so that I only just know about the change of ministry, a theme on which others would perhaps compose some tolerably gloomy variations, but which appears to me more laughable than dangerous. I recollect a time when these gentry might have risked a *coup d'état*; but now-a-days they have more interest than any one in observing the law, and will not dare, by raising themselves above it, to forego the protection it affords them. The drawing-room spirit prevalent in the chamber of deputies, and among its leading members, never raised in me a doubt of your success at the *tribune*, provided you were not recalled from it too soon, as happened to you the first time. The feelings to which you address yourself, exist in the hearts of all well-born men. Good sense is a thing, too, which nature has made common; and by speaking as you do, to those principles of emotion and of action, you cannot fail to obtain an influence which will be always on the increase. The liberal public did not at all like the remonstrances of its best friends; it did not at all understand being found fault with, nor even contradicted; and whoever deserved to gain its confidence and gratitude, was only slighted, after suffering imprisonment. Would Courier have been more fortunate? I doubt it. Nevertheless, your success makes, in the style of your *able* and honourable friends, a *precedent*, or, in French, an antecedent, subversive of the worship of popularity, which is not one of the least ignoble forms of servility. You will open the door to others; this is what we want—new men! What good can be done with such *able* old sinners as Baron ———.

and others of the same stamp, at present our friends? I see them, from hence, esteem you (I hope so for their sakes), but smile at your want of parliamentary tactics; and when you are rewarded with public favour, grow vexed, and complain that you spoil the trade, by proving that it does not require so much acuteness to succeed. Tell me, my dear friend, is it not so? I am laughing at this idea, without respect for Mohammed, in the mosque which serves as my lodging to-day. Tell me what the people of Moulins and its neighbourhood say of you. Do not those who have seen you at work there, warring, without metaphor, upon heather, marshes, intermittent fevers, rot in sheep, &c., in one word, upon the causes of moral and physical evil, unanimously appreciate you? If, when you answer these lines, you add to the chronicle which I ask of you, the number of your sheep at Paray, that of your ploughs, and the surface and quality of your sown land, the misty charm of distance will make me find these things delicious, concerning yourself and our country.

On my side, I dare not tell you any thing of this country. During the four months since I left Calcutta, with a tent and ten bullocks, I have travelled nearly fourteen hundred miles (six hundred leagues); and during this long journey, so many new objects have caught my observation, my mind and imagination have been exercised on so many different subjects, that, unless to write you a volume, I must not begin. Let it be sufficient for you to know that I have experienced nothing but satisfaction. In the vicissitudes of a somewhat adventurous life, one certainly the most picturesque that can be *lived* in India, I have had good days and no

evil ones. The numerous and powerful connexions I formed at Calcutta, some of which ripened into friendship, render me, in these distant provinces, a man of the country, and one of the best informed. Welcomed, though an entire stranger, because I always bring the very best introductions, I am soon after caressed for my own sake, because I am furnished with articles of exchange for every one. I gain a great deal of information during my halts in *Europeanised* places, by making the judge talk of the moral condition of the millions of Hindoos and Mussulmauns subject to him ; the collector of the taxes, of the very varied system of territorial property, and of the natural produce : each, in fact, concerning the subject with which he is best acquainted. If I meet with a good Persian scholar, a man of critical sagacity, I seek to rectify, from his knowledge, the little I have drawn from suspicious national sources.

The variety of my studies, and also of my exercises, sometimes on horseback, oftener on foot, sometimes on an elephant, or in a litter, prevents me from feeling fatigue. I have never enjoyed more steady health ; my Brahminic diet contends against the fatal influence of the climate.

After St. Domingo and Rio Janeiro, nature's magnificence in Bengal is of tiresome monotony. The immense mountainous forests of Behar, which I afterwards crossed between the Dummoadah and the Ganges, have more variety ; but here the magnificence of the tropics has already disappeared. I discerned no trace of it in the mountains of Boggilcund and Bundlecund, through which I travelled with much fatigue in the month of January. The plains of this latter province,

and the Doab or immense Delta which divides the Ganges from the Jumna, have no marked character. But on crossing the Jumna at Agra, and proceeding afterwards North-North-West towards the desert which borders the left bank of the Indus, you find the aspect of the country strongly marked by its configuration, and the vegetation by which it is covered. It is almost Persia: salt or saltpetre in a sandy soil, dust in the atmosphere, stunted and thorny vegetation, &c. Without departing from the route marked out for me by my researches in natural history, I have seen the most celebrated cities of India: Sasseram, Benares, Mirzapore, Callinger, Kulpy, Agra, Mutra, Bindrabund, and Delhi. Benares and Delhi are the great Hindoo and Mussulmaun capitals; and I was guided through both by the best informed men. In order that I might see all that could be shown at Delhi, the political resident there made known to the imperial shadow, which the British Government pensions magnificently, his desire that I should be presented to his Majesty; and the old emperor held a *darbar*, last Wednesday, for the ceremony. You, my dear friend, have no doubt been the victim of this honorific masquerade at Constantinople, and know what virtue it requires not to laugh at one's own face, if one has the ill luck to encounter it in a looking-glass. However, I was created *sahib Bahadur*, or lord victorious in war: which I consider equal to baron. For a hundred louis, I might have been the star of light, or the light of the age, or the abyss of science, &c.

The small retinue of Mohammed Akber Rhazi have a small share of their master's pension of four millions of francs, and live upon boiled rice and superb titles.

To-morrow I shall pitch my tent at Panniput, the field in which the fate of India has been so many times changed. Thence I shall enter the country of the independent Sikhs and proceed to Kithul, where I shall be joined by several obliging persons, who intend getting up a grand lion hunt for me. This is what I could never see upon the back of my galloway, with my eight servants, my little escort, and my bullocks; but the camp of my amiable huntsmen, which I take with me, with my own establishment, which is lost in it, consists of a dozen strong Arab horses, four elephants, which are to be joined by seven others, a multitude of camels, and a hundred domestics and horsemen. From Kithul they will conduct me to the foot of the mountains at the spot where the Ganges falls into the plains. The chief of this not insignificant expedition is almost viceroy over these provinces, under the title of Assistant to the Resident of Delhi; he is therefore a most desirable companion for me. The British are so rich that no obstacle can stop them. I shall find them every where on the first and second *stories* of the mountains. They have even reached the other declivity of the Himalaya, and have built two houses there, one of which I count upon occupying for three or four months. On my road, I shall have an opportunity of making some fine geological investigations in the thickness of the central chain of the Himalaya, opened by the river Sutledge. An abode of several months in the lofty valley of this river, on the other declivity of the mountains, on a site elevated about ten thousand feet above the sea, ought, for my collections of natural history, to afford objects, if not varied, at least very new. I shall push my excur-

sions as far as the Chinese frontier. Eleven years ago, one of my Calcutta friends, an engineer officer, went thus far on a geographical expedition, and since that period, several other inquisitive people have followed his example. But I think I shall be the first of my profession to take this journey. Mr. Moorcroft's notes on the Natural History of Lake Mansarower are so vague, that they are of no value to science, which will henceforth have greater pretensions. I promise myself much from this journey in the Himalaya. The cold, which I do not bear well, has, no doubt, plenty of sufferings in store for me; but I have no mercy on my body, inasmuch as the fatigues to which I expose it cannot radically alter the state of my health. I write a great deal, and yet I find that I do not write enough; but time fails me, though I do not lose any. Since leaving Benares, I have come to an admirable arrangement with my horse; he suffers me to read on his back during the whole journey, provided I do not thwart him in his whims. The *classicists* in horsemanship would hiss me outrageously, if they saw me. The magnificent English, who, in respect to horses, are extremely tenacious, consider this pace very negligent; but as they know the value of time, especially to a traveller of my description, my character as a gentleman does not suffer.

19th, *Camp at Haberi.*

As a means of rest, after a journey of fourteen leagues since this morning, without stopping, and a laborious day in my tent, with a temperature of 90°, I have just given myself, now when I can breathe, the pleasure of re-perusing your letter. My dear friend, I have often been

of the opinion which you state to me, that it is not so very difficult to speak to men, from the pulpit or the tribune. When the first awkwardness of a novel situation is dispelled,—is not such a situation, on the contrary, calculated to inspire talent? There is a certain literary perfection, out of season in those two places; and it is one which the audience cannot fail to remark and admire. But such speeches are heard and judged of exactly as a literary composition, or exercise; therefore those who make them commit an enormous blunder. All the English preachers whom I have heard, good or bad, pronounce the *th* so admirably, that in my judgment they have the effect of teachers of English giving a lesson. The purest delivery is not the best, if it is not the most expressive. Good night: at this moment you are no doubt reading the budget at your fire-side in your little room. We shall meet there again.

Closed in the Sikh country at Kithul, without a minute to spare to add another word.

March 22nd.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Delhi, March 10th 1830.

MY dear father,—Leaving Benares on the 6th of January, I followed the left bank of the Ganges, till I came opposite to Mirzapore, where I crossed the river; and provided with purvannas (firmans, or local passports) by the magistrate of Mirzapore, (to whom Lord William Bentinck had recommended me,) for the independent rajahs of Boggilcund and Bundlecund, I struck off from the direct road to the Himalaya mountains, and

entered those provinces in which I knew I should find much mineralogical and geological interest. I went on to Rewah (W. S. W. from Benares), where I received a polite message from the Rajah; thence to Punnah, a place celebrated for its diamond mines; and after wandering about on the lofty platform of Bundelcund for fifteen days, I again descended with considerable trouble to Adjygur, the residence of another Rajah. There I was obliged to give my people and cattle some rest, as they were exhausted by their long march across the mountains. A happy chance made me find objects full of interest during my short compulsory stay there. Again entering the plains at Callinger, I was no longer under the necessity of being separated from my baggage, and bivouacking among curious savages without breaking my fast, as I had been obliged to do several times in the mountains. My little tent has always followed me since the 1st of February. At Bandah, a civil and military station, and chief town of British Bundelcund, I renewed my crew, sent back my escort to Mirzapore, and, being newly equipped, resumed the road to the upper provinces, after a halt of only twenty-four hours. I went to Hammerpore, at the conflux of the Betwa and the Jumna, thence to Kalpy, on the right bank of the latter river, which I here crossed to enter the Doab, a territory situated between the two rivers (*Dô âb, duo aqua*, in Sanscrit) Jumna and Ganges.

The winter had ended on the 1st of February at Bandah; the nights had ceased to be cool, the days became very hot. I continued, however, to travel in the day-time, confiding in my regimen, which I had gradually brought to the simplicity of that of the natives.

Some violent thunder storms disconcerted me a little in the Doab. Porphyre knows what rain is, when there is no house to afford shelter. At different distances, an old mosque or a Hindoo temple served me as a place of refuge ; but more frequently I had only a tree for shelter, and that too was sometimes stripped of its foliage.

I arrived at Agra on Saturday the 21st of February. This was the first great Moslemin city I had seen : it is full of memorials of the recent grandeur of the family of Timur. I remained there three days, which were days of rest to my people, who stood in great need of rest ; but they were days of extreme fatigue to me—for, besides the care I bestowed on my collections, I tired three horses a day. British hospitality is generally admirable. Men overwhelmed with business were my guides through the different places I visited ; not only did they lend me their elephants, their carriages, and their horses, but they always accompanied me through the ruins. There are several of them to whom I am truly attached, and the recollection of whom will always be gratifying to me. The numerous and admirable introductions with which I am provided by Lord William Bentinck for his civil pro-consuls, and by the adjutant-general of the army, Colonel Fagan, for his brother officers and friends, have procured me the most flattering reception every where. I must have had very bad luck indeed, not to be convinced in the evening that I was thus welcomed for my own sake. I feel and think in my own way, and express myself with *naïveté* in a style which I am always told is correct, but which is sometimes unusual, strange, and often picturesque. This manner immediately forces English stiffness to unbend. I make

(*bonnes gens*) Frenchmen of all the English with whom I stay twenty-four hours.

Mutra and Bendrabund are two great Hindoo cities, insulated in the midst of an entirely Mohammedan country. I saw them both on my way from Agra.

Come we at length to Delhi, the most hospitable part of India. Do you know what had well nigh happened to me this morning? I was near being made "the light of the world," or "the wisdom of the state," or "the ornament of the country," &c.; but, fortunately, I escaped with the fear only. The explanation will make you laugh. The Great Mogul, Shah Mohammed Akbar Rhize Badshah, to whom the political resident had addressed a petition praying for my presentation to his majesty, very graciously held a *darbar* (a court) to receive me. Being conducted to the presence by the resident, with tolerable pomp, a regiment of infantry, a strong escort of cavalry, an army of domestics and ushers, the whole completed by a troop of richly caparisoned elephants, I paid my duty to the Emperor, who was pleased to confer on me a *khelat* or dress of honour, which was put on with great ceremony, under the inspection of the prime minister; and, accoutred like Taddeo in Kaimakan, (if you recollect the "Italiana in Algieri,") I re-appeared at court. The Emperor then (mark, if you please, that he is descended in a direct line from Timur or Tamerlane) with his imperial hands fastened a couple of jewelled ornaments to my hat (a white one), previously disguised into a turban by his vizier. I kept my countenance excellently well during this imperial farce, seeing there are no looking-glasses in the throne room, and that, in my masquerade, I could

behold only my long legs in black pantaloons appearing from under my Turkish dressing-gown. The Emperor inquired if there was a king in France, and if English was spoken there. He had never seen a Frenchman, except General Perron, formerly his guard, when he was kept prisoner by the Mahrattas; and he appeared to pay infinite attention to the droll figure I cut, with my five feet eight inches * of stature without much thickness, my long hair, my spectacles, and my oriental costume over my black dress. In half an hour he dismissed his court, and I retired in procession with the Resident. The drums beat, as I passed before the troops with my dressing-gown of worked muslin. Why were you not present to enjoy the honours conferred upon your posterity?

Of course I found Shah Mohammed Akbar Rhize Badshah, a venerable old man, and the most adorable of princes. But, jesting apart, he has a fine face, a handsome white beard, and the expression of a man long unfortunate. The British have left him all the honours of the throne, and console him, for the loss of power, with an annual pension of four million of francs. Do not tell this to my friends, the local character gentry, and you will see them discover at the carnival in 1833 or 34, that my oriental disguise is very badly imitated; then I will tell them what their so called badly imitated dress really is. The Resident translated "Victor Jacquemont, travelling naturalist," &c. &c., *Mister Jakmont, sahib bahadur*; which signifies, "M. Jacquemont, lord victorious in war:" it was thus the grand master of the ceremonies proclaimed me.

* About six feet two inches, English measure.—Tr.

This lord victorious in battles is occupied here in any thing but war. He is poisoning with arsenic and mercury the collections he has formed during the five or six hundred leagues which he has just travelled; and is packing them up in order to leave them here during his journey to the Himalaya. There is no want of variety of situations in my wandering life. Here I never go out either in a carriage, a palanquin, or on an elephant, without a brilliant escort of cavalry. This is the effect of my host's politeness. I am the sole inhabitant of a sumptuous house, surrounded by magnificent gardens. If I dine out, it is with the general, or another great lord; and I do not fall off. Nevertheless, it is probable that I shall spend three months of the summer in a smoky hut, horribly dirty, on the other side of the Himalaya; and God knows how I shall get there, for it is very high and very far from hence. Whatever may occur, remember that in my past vicissitudes from Calcutta to Delhi, I have not felt the slightest indisposition, and (a prosaic circumstance of the first order) have had the admirable talent of not exceeding my estimate of expenses.

Next Saturday, the 13th, I shall resume my solitary and perambulatory life. I shall go and encamp fifty leagues hence to the North-West, in the country of the Sikhs, near a city called Kitkul. The first assistant to the Resident will arrive at my camp on the 20th, with an immense escort of men, horses, and elephants; and, joining our unequal fortunes, we shall march together to the place where the Ganges escapes from the mountains. The object of my future companion is to hunt wild hogs and tigers. To procure this pleasure, he is

going to spend 10,000 francs in a month or six weeks ; but he has sixty thousand francs a year. He is a bachelor about my own age, and likely from his talents to rise to a high station in this country. I shall have one of the best informed companions concerning the things of this country, and opportunity of seeing and sharing in sports which will naturally turn to the advantage of my collections. Mr. Trevelyan pretends to be infinitely flattered at my allowing him to be my companion. These people will make a coxcomb of me, if you do not think that I am one already. Nevertheless, I do not fall upon them treacherously ; I do not tell them that I am rich or noble ; I do not put on my cravat better than they do at Paris ; my coat is old fashioned, and, after nearly two years of existence, eight months of navigation, and submersion during a fortnight after the hurricane at Bourbon, is tolerably rusty. In spite of all this, there is no distinction which they do not lavish upon me.

Do not be afraid of the Sikhs ; they are crafty thieves, but I am not suffered to go among them without a strong escort. When Mr. Trevelyan unites his little army to mine, we shall travel like conquerors. As for the danger of lion and tiger hunts, I have often put this question :—How many English gentlemen have been eaten, while hunting, since the time of Mr. Hastings ? Answer :—Not one.

Panniput, March 17th.

I am writing to you to-day from the field of battle, where the fate of India has been so often decided.

You will perhaps laugh at this celebrity, which is

new to you. Panniput, or Lilliput, is, perhaps, all the same to you; but you must change, my dear father, on this point, and become a little of an Indian for my sake. Is not D'Eckstein* at hand to instruct you? I would give you a less sublime introduction to the history of this country; but I know of none except that by Mill, and his five enormous volumes would justly frighten you. Well—come—you will believe *in me*, if you do not believe me.

The Delhians, with whom you ought to be in love, have accompanied me two days' march from their homes. I followed their fashion with a good grace: that is to say, I showed myself as indifferent as they were, to the mishaps of my head and limbs, while hunting wild hogs with them. Fortunately, I had no fall, which happened solely because they gave me the best Arab horse of our whole cavalry. Falls from horse-back come immediately after chronic hepatitis and cholera morbus, in the scale of causes of death in this country. A few broken legs, and shattered shoulders, are so much a matter of course in Indian hunting, that it is never undertaken without a surgeon. As for hunting lions and tigers, it is (for the gentlemen I mean) a most harmless amusement, since the game is never looked for on horseback, but only on elephant-back. Each hunter, like a witness in an English court of justice, is perched in a strong and lofty box, fastened upon the animal's back. He has a little park of artillery near him: namely, a couple of carbines and a brace of

* *Le Catholique*, a monthly publication, edited at that time by Baron d'Eckstein, often contained papers on the literature and religion of the Hindoos.—Ed.

pistols. It sometimes happens, but very seldom, that the tiger, when at bay, leaps upon the elephant's head; but this does not concern us—it is the business of the conductor (mahout), who is paid twenty-five francs a month, to run the risk of such accidents. In case of death, the latter has at least the satisfaction of a complete revenge, for the elephant does not play the clarionet unconcernedly with his trunk, when he has a tiger for his head dress;—he does his best, and the hunter assists him, with a ball point blank. The mahout is, you see, a sort of responsible editor. There is another poor devil behind you, whose duty it is to carry a parasol over your head. His condition is still worse than that of the mahout; for when the elephant is frightened, and flies from the tiger, which then charges him and springs upon his back, the true employment of this man is to be devoured in the gentleman's stead. India is the Utopia of social order for people of condition: in Europe the poor carry the rich upon their shoulders, but it is only figuratively; here, it is literally. Instead of workers and consumers, or governed and governors—the subtle distinction of European politics—in India there are only the carried and the carrying, which is much clearer.

In this key I should never finish. I return then to myself. On the eve of my departure from Delhi, the 12th, I received a packet, returned from Loodheeana on the banks of the Sutledge, to Runjeet Sing's outposts. It contained a letter from Porphyre (July 29th, 1829), a note from you too short to be counted anything, and a letter from Victor de Tracy. The whole had come by sea, to the good governor of Chander-

nagore, who spares no pains to seize my property wherever he finds it. He will forward this to you by the same road, and also another, written yesterday, to the Jardin des Plantes.

A Catholic Bishop resides at Agra. Although I did not know even his name, I was so much in fashion, that I did not hesitate to despatch a very polite note in Italian, to request the favour of being allowed to pay my respects to him. Confounded by the superlatively Italian politeness of his reply, I hastened to his *palace*. This episcopal palace is a small mosque in ruins, which the government has given up to him. He there lives in great poverty. I found him dining at noon with excellent appetite and a very slender dinner; ruddy, active, jovial, fat, he had the finest face and most splendid grey beard I ever beheld. The British, who cannot believe that so poor a priest can be a Bishop, content themselves with calling him *padri*, a mangled Portuguese word applied in Hindostanee to every kind of Christian and Mussulmaun priest; and the *Monsignore* by which I called him, seemed to delight him the more as I had an English companion with me. The good prelate, without pride or embarrassment, pressed us to share his dinner; and though we declined, we were forced to take wine with him. He confessed that his wine was good for nothing, and told us that the vintage of his native village in Tuscany cost fifty times less, and was a hundred times better. I asked him the extent of his diocese—the number of his flock. “*La caldaja*,” said he, “*e molto grande; ma—la carne, molto poca.*” As, in saying this, he pursued with his iron fork, the remains of a poor fricassee, lost in an

immense pewter dish, I found in his reply an *à-propos*, which his Italian pantomime rendered the more expressive, and which made me burst into a fit of laughter. The Englishman, who, by the bye, was a Scotchman and a saint, said—"What is it?"—seeing the bishop laugh as heartily at the joke as I did. I explained it to him. He did not laugh at all, but, on leaving the house, observed that it was very unbecoming in a priest, to speak so of Christian souls.

I have no chance of meeting Sir Charles Grey in the mountains, this summer. He has just been travelling for two months in a palanquin, in the provinces I am now in, and has seen that part of the mountains which the snow does cover; this is all he will be able to do. Lady Grey, meanwhile, has remained in tedious solitude at Calcutta, where she has not, like her husband, the pastime of trying people. I found I had been announced by Sir Charles Grey at Agra, Mutra, and Delhi; he thus served as my quarter-master general. The Calcutta newspapers, which Lord William Bentinck leaves as free as those in England, have been very severe upon the Chief Justice for this little gratification of his curiosity. I felt so disposed to become too great an admirer of Lady G——, that it was perhaps better our fine projects of November last should be reduced to this journey of the knight's.

About the 1st of April I shall be at Hurdwar, a small town situated on the banks of the Ganges, as it issues from the mountains. This is the period of a celebrated fair, held every year, where I shall see Chinese, Tibetans, Tartars, Cashmerians, Usbecks, Afghans, Persians, &c. There I shall purchase warm

clothing for myself and servants. I shall also see there three or four people I want ; and, as an object of curiosity, I shall visit the old Begum Sumro, who waged war, more than sixty years ago, with the Mahrattas, and had the best cavalry of the period in India. Her origin is not very well known ; but she is generally considered to have been a slave, brought either from Persia or Georgia. I shall not have to regret not having seen her principality of Serdahna, whither I should not have gone but on her account. The resident of Delhi has given me letters to her. Some sixty years ago, she married an Italian adventurer in the service of Shah Allum, and has since passed, I know not why, for a Christian and a Catholic. Would she not be an excellent match for me, if I were to inherit her sovereignty? I will think about it on my way to Hurdwar.

I shall enter the Himalaya by the valley of Dhoon, above Hurdwar and Sharunpore. Dehra is the seat of the local government. A Major Young *reigns* there, with the title of Assistant to the Resident of Delhi, and Commander of the Mountain Militia. Thence I shall go to Subhatoo, the capital of a like establishment, whither I shall also carry numerous letters to its chief, two of which are letters of credit. From Subhatoo I shall go on to Kotgur, on the second platform of the Himalaya, near the Sutledge ; and thence, either by a hanging path above the precipitous banks of that river, or by a gorge across the eternal snows of the central chain, I shall cross this chain and enter a little country called Kanawer, politically independent of China ; but which, from its geographical situation to the North of the Himalaya and from its

climate, belongs to Tibet. Its productions must be nearly the same as those of Tibet, and for the most part unknown, if not very varied, which its hyperborean winter renders improbable. Captain Herbert, who discovered the way to this country in 1819, is the only man of information that has visited it. He travelled through it merely as a geographer, with a repeating circle and a chronometer. Since then, some inquisitive people have gone thither empty-handed, and have built two houses, one of which I hope to occupy. If any first comers have anticipated me this year, I shall build myself a hut or a shed, or agree with a villager for the hire of his. Such, my dear father, will, I suppose, be my abode during four months. I shall live at the height of nine or ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a country where the summers resemble those of Hungary, and the winters those of Lapland. The nights; however, will always be cold: eternal snows will shut in every part of my horizon. The principality of Kanawer is independent of the British; but I shall enjoy the same security in these mountains as at Delhi or Calcutta. The last British authority resides at Kotgur. All my letters will be addressed to me there, and the Commandant of Kotgur will forward them to me by express.

Meanwhile, before I go to freeze at such a height, the spring is come to broil me in the plains. Fortunately I take with me to Kithul the camp belonging to my Delhi friends. They have immense double, and quadruple tents, which I pitch in advance of me on the road, so as to find a shelter when I arrive at my quarters at ten or eleven in the morning. I must leave off (it is

ten o'clock) to lie down in mine, that in which I am writing to you; at midnight it will be struck, taken to pieces, rolled up, placed upon camels, and then take the van; and as I do not set out till four in the morning, I shall find it pitched to-morrow on my arrival. Good night; the wind is very high. Oh! what fine things houses are! If you knew how disagreeable it is to be caught in one's bed like a net, in a tent overturned by the wind! Adieu.

Closed at Kithul, in the Sikh territory.

March 22nd.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Camp of Cursali, at the head of the Valley of the Jumna,
near its source, 2615 metres above Calcutta—*

May 15th 1830.

THOUGH it is a long time since I wrote to you, my dear brother, still I cannot believe my journal, which, after "Chandernagore, November 21st, 1829, a long letter to Porphyre, No. 2," is silent about you. If I really have not written to you since, I have often thought of you; and you have so frequently accompanied me in my solitude, that I am completely under the illusion of being the most faithful of correspondents. The last letter to our father, No. 10, written at Delhi, travelled with me as far as Kithul, in the country of the independent Sikhs, to the north-west of the British possessions, until the 22nd of March, on which day it took the road to Delhi, and thence to Calcutta, commencing its long and adventurous journey in the

cartouche of a Sikh horseman sent forward purposely *en estafette*.

Next day, I mounted my horse at sunrise, with the amiable people to whose good fortune my very slender one was allied for a fortnight, and during three days we galloped enough to kill our horses. As a matter of course, my faithful Persian galloway, notwithstanding his modish appearance, came in fresher than my companions' superb Arabs, each of which cost five or six thousand francs. We now found another set of tents; and, in front of our encampment, the Rajah of Patiala's seventeen elephants, and four hundred horses, drawn up in line of battle. An elegant and simple breakfast served-up on our arrival, without abating a single useless fork, was quickly despatched; and immediately after each mounted his elephant. They were polite enough to make me get upon the Rajah's, with its royal seat of velvet and tinsel. We took our station in the centre of the line formed by the multitude of these animals, most of them without riders, or else carrying the ministers (wakils) of the neighbouring Rajahs deputed to our young friend the sub-resident of Delhi. Our cavalry deployed on the wings of this imposing line; and with the Rajah's two drums in front beating the royal march, we entered the desert.

This consists of vast, sandy, salt plains, covered with thorny shrubs, interspersed with large trees here and there, or else grassy steppes. No obstacles can stop elephants: they laboriously tear down the trees which they cannot pass, and the branches which would strike the hunter upon their back. Being stopped for a moment by the forest, our cavalry was sometimes obliged

to fall back, but it afterwards passed through the large opening which we made. Wherever it could act freely, it formed on each side into a semi-circle, beat the surrounding space to a great distance, and drove in front of the elephants all the game in the plain. There were six of us, and we killed hares and partridges by hundreds. A hyena and many wild hogs passing under our fire, were wounded, *as the hunters say*; for they escaped from our horsemen, who went in pursuit of them. We saw flocks of antelopes and nyghaus, but without being able to get within shot of them. There was not even the shadow of a lion; but with hopes for the next day, we returned at nightfall to our encampment. I was in raptures with the strangeness of this novel scene. I saw more of the East that day, than during the whole year I had been in India.

On our return, we bathed and dressed. The bath was a skin of cold water, which a servant spouts with force over the chest and shoulders; the dress was made of the lightest cotton cloth. We then had dinner in an immense tent, lighted up like a ball room. The bottles fell before us, as the hares and partridges had done during the day. I, the only unworthy one, was present at both hunt and banquet; nevertheless, I did my best. Water was excluded; and the weak-headed and timid drank claret instead—which does not reckon as wine. Champagne even is considered only an agreeable mean proportion between water and wine; this latter name being reserved solely for the wines of Spain and Portugal. The solid part of the dinner equalled the liquid in elegance and perfection. And that nothing might be wanting during the revel, which lasted till midnight,

at the dessert some Persian actors entered, whose extravagant burlesque obliged us to leave the table, and throw ourselves flat on our backs upon the carpet, in order to laugh with less danger. These being dismissed, the dancing girls entered; they sing and dance alternately; and nothing is more monotonous than their dancing, except their singing. This latter is not without art, and it is said that the loud tones, heard at intervals above a feeble and plaintive murmur, which is scarcely audible, are peculiarly pleasing to those who have forgotten the melody and measure of European music. I am not yet Indian enough for this; but the dancing of these women is already to me the most graceful and seductive in the world. The entrechats and the pirouettes practised at the Opera appear to me as bad as the gambols of South Sea savages and the stupid dancing of negroes. These nautch-girls are most celebrated in the North of Hindostan.

Next morning, at five o'clock, the head servant awoke me as on the preceding day, bringing me a large, clear, smoking cup of Mocha coffee, made on purpose *for our French friend*. Ballasted with their cup of tea, *my English friends* were already mounted. We galloped forward ten leagues, and found, on our arrival, as on the day before, everything and all the people quite ready. During the coolness of the night, our elephants had brought the set of tents, kitchen apparatus, &c., &c., and our whole encampment had marched forward. Having rested and taken refreshment, we found after breakfast the same order of battle as before. We again hunted the whole day, began again on the next, and thus continued for a whole week. At last,

after we had beaten all the covers in the country, exhausted and ruined the few villages scattered over it, and worn out the Sikh cavalry, we returned home, taking with us only a troop of cavalry and the elephants which were to serve in the tiger-hunt, at the foot of the mountains. My joyous and magnificent friends accompanied me as far as Sharunpore, a small town in which the Government maintains a wretched botanical garden. The director of this garden, who is also the physician of the station, was very useful to me. At his house I made my new preparations for travelling, leaving under his care my heavy baggage and my collections formed since my departure from Delhi. Taking only what was strictly necessary, I bade farewell to the plains, on the 12th of April, two days after the shifting of the monsoon, and the commencement of the south-west winds, which bring a temperature of 95° during the day, and of 92° and 93° at night. I went as far as Dehra in the Dhoon, with cars and bullocks, which I there dismissed. I sent back my poor pony to Sharunpore to be kept in the botanist's stable. In his stead, I provided myself with a long and strong bamboo, and having carefully visited the first platform of the mountains, whilst, in my camp, basket-makers, harness-makers, and workmen of all kinds were making preparations for my journey to places accessible only to man, I ascended the second platform of the Himalaya on the 24th of April. No traveller was ever seen with so simple a retinue as I have. Thirty-six carriers are sufficient for me, at the expense of nearly 400 francs a month. It is true, that I have been able to reduce the number of my servants to five, even although I have added a gardener to them.

I have, besides, an escort of five Gorkha soldiers, commanded by a chosen havildar, who perfectly understands how to make my men get on. Thus, including myself, my party amounts to forty-six. You perhaps may consider this a royal cortège. Nevertheless, I have a very bad dinner every day, deeming myself hitherto very fortunate that I have not yet to go without. This meal consists of boiled rice, a quarter of insipid and tough kid, and water from the nearest torrent. I drink brandy only at day-break to warm me; a few drops are sufficient. I sleep upon a very hard bed, without a mattrass. My tent is very slight; the icy wind, which at night falls from the snowy tops of the mountain, blows through it in gusts, and freezes me, though I have my clothes on under my blankets. Storms, of a violence and continuance quite unknown before in the mountains at this season of the year, have assailed me ever since the day after I began my ascent. This vein of adversity is not yet exhausted: every day brings, at noon, a little storm of hail and rain. At Dehra, the lightning struck a tree under which my little tent was pitched. Two of my people were in it with me, and both were for some instants paralysed in the left side. On the heights of Missouri, which overhang the valley of Dehra, the space around me was strewed with the splinters of a blasted rock; and, chilled with cold and wet, I made my anxious and slender meal.

Here, the influence of elevation entirely effaces that of the latitude, 31° , with regard to the climate and its productions. I am encamped under a grove of wild apricot trees, which are only just coming into leaf. The

carpet of my tent is, without metaphor, enamelled with flowers; they consist of strawberry plants, which are found everywhere here among the grass. The wind brings me the smoke of a large fire, around which my mountaineers are sleeping or rather dozing. Its odour is agreeable; for they are burning either a cedar or a pine. Most of our forest trees, or species so allied to them that a botanist alone can perceive the difference, prevail in the middle zone of the Himalaya, associated with some others foreign to us, but which nevertheless have their representatives in the plains of North America.

My sight has certainly grown shorter within the last year. I take off my spectacles only to read and write, and even with them I do not see far enough to make use of my carbine. The range of my gun is just that of my eyes; so I have left my carbine at Sharunpore. You must compliment your friend of St. Etienne; his guns are excellent.

In the inventory of my person, this is the only deficiency I feel. A year's residence in the plains has not affected my constitution. I have again found, in the mountains, the legs I had in the Alps. I suffer from cold, just in the same degree that I was formerly incommoded by heat; but these contrary extremes affect only my temper, without touching my health. My policy of insurance against cholera, dysentery, and jungle, the three great diseases of India, never leaves me; but I expect not to open it till I get to Paris, and not to require it till then. This policy of insurance is a little box, containing the violent remedies proper for resisting an attack, with excellent instructions for their use, which the cleverest physician at Calcutta was good

enough to write for me. When I recollect his attentions, I cannot help retracing the uninterrupted series of kindness, and flattering distinction, which I have not ceased to meet with, since my arrival in this country. I have often been almost affected at the true cordiality of my reception. In this respect, nothing has been wanting: old and young, great and small, overwhelm me with attentions. The oddest thing of all is, that my fortune has been the same, even among the most fashionable. Although I have just travelled seven or eight hundred leagues on horseback, without whip or spur, the officers of the most dashing corps in the British army, in which the major, in order to become lieutenant-colonel, pays 240,000 francs, &c., &c., are my sworn brothers; and when I descend from the mountains, in October or November, I shall find a relay of horses prepared by their disinterested care, to convey me in one day, without stopping, from Sharunpore to Meerut, a seven days' march (fifty leagues).

It is late; I must bid you good night, my dear brother. Good night, and adieu, for a time. Tomorrow I shall go up to the sources of the Jumna: they are, I believe, two thousand metres above this place, the last inhabited part of the valley; which makes six thousand feet, or twelve thousand steps of a staircase a hundred and fifty times the height of ours. Adieu!—adieu!

Camp of Rana, May 20th.

Again under apricot trees, but two days' march below my last station; and though the height of this still exceeds two thousand metres, the sun is nevertheless very hot now, and I am just arrived, exhausted

with fatigue, and sick, from the change of regimen to which I have been forced from necessity, in these lofty mountains. For the last six months, the foundation of my breakfast (if my slender morning meal merits that name), and my dinner, has been rice. Here, I can get nothing but wheat and barley. I fancied myself well stocked with my usual provender; and as I have little desire to put my nose into my cook's den of iniquities (I mean the provision basket), I took the blockhead at his word, and a deficiency of rice was soon declared. But my Gorkha havildar, who is my lieutenant-general, by violating the domiciles of the few inhabitants of this lofty valley, found a few baskets of potatoes. I had a fine feast—although I ate them plain boiled with salt, as Buonaparte did artichokes. But if you have your Paul Louis Courier present in your memory, you will recollect that he who was not then called the Duke of—I know not what—exclaimed, “Great man! admirable in everything!” Although, relatively, I am a very great lord here, no one paid me this compliment; and the passing from dried to green vegetables had the same baneful effect upon me, which you felt eighteen years ago, on the banks of the Niemen, when you were walking from precaution, and leading your horse by the bridle. Nevertheless, the weather was very fine; and at the foot of the lofty pinnacles where I was encamped, it was too valuable a circumstance not to be immediately taken advantage of. I ascended them twice, at the interval of a day,—having been stopped, on the first occasion, by the superstition, and stupid cowardice of my men, much below the point which I had purposed reaching. I should in like manner have been

thwarted in my second expedition, if, to my former promises encouraging them to follow, I had not added threats of chastisement, to be inflicted on those who refused to advance. One only, my gardener, the most stupid and timid of the Hindoos, remained faithful to me. The rest of the band, seated, in the sun, upon a rock that pierced the mantle of snow on which we had been walking for two hours, became perfectly mutinous, and called my poor gardener to them. I did not wait until his fidelity gave way; and although it is no joke to climb over soft snow, some hundred feet above a certain level, when the rarefaction of the air renders respiration quick and laborious, and exhausts a man at the end of thirty paces, I slightly bent my knees, and, supporting myself with my two hands and my long and strong bamboo, which, when I made it plough up the snow deeper, moderated my velocity as I required it, darted like an eagle upon the rock of revolt, where the bamboo played another part. The traitor whose voice I had recognised calling to the gardener, paid for all, and very dearly too. The least weakness on my part—a half measure—would have been the most dangerous of measures. The culprit being besides the most active, the most robust, and habitually the most evil intentioned of all, I thrashed him so heartily from the first, that he would not have been able to reply had he made the attempt. As these poor devils, notwithstanding their piteous and humble condition, are of high caste, and essentially military, I really did not know how the others would take this lesson. Rajpoots, and mountaineers though they are, they took it like true Hindoos; that is, by joining hands, and asking pardon. The one

who had been beaten, having recovered from his stunning, put himself at the head of the file, holding the end of a long rope, which the others took in their hands, like a rail, for fear there should be crevices under the snow. Fastened in this way, with my botanical aid-de-camp, I marched along on the flank of the column like a true shepherd's dog—a toilsome matter in such places—exhausting all the tropes of my Hindostanee rhetoric to stimulate the fainting spirits of my followers. Had it not been for the snow, there is not one of these people who, though loaded with a weight of a hundred pounds, would not have travelled over the worst paths of these mountains, three times as far as I could do in the same time. But they are not used to these deserts of snow. Having left their accustomed roads, and the snow concealing entirely from them the often fatal danger of a false step, their instinct of progression expires before these snowy declivities, which require neither address nor courage, for there is no danger in a fall. I fell down frequently; all I had to do was to shake my clothes. I wished to ascertain the height at which all vegetation ceases. I saw it on the point of expiring; but the delays of my march, and its extreme slowness, obliged me to think of returning before I had reached the last crests of rock which peered above the snow, and probably form the limit of the vegetable zone. In returning from Kanawer (Kannaaur) this opportunity will not be wanting; but I should have liked to determine this point in different parts of the central chain of the Himalaya.

Do not blame too much my violence with the people of my escort. Between the hammer and the anvil, be-

tween contempt and servile respect, there is no neutral situation possible. You do not thrash people for not calling you "your lordship," "your highness," "your majesty:" now it is the rule in India for the natives never to address the most insignificant English gentleman but by these titles, the same which they give to their Rajahs, to their Nawaubs, and to the Emperor of Delhi. An ill-tempered fellow on the road, having this morning called me *you* instead of *your highness*, I was forced to give him a very severe lesson in politeness. I had fully as much right to do so as the Parisian philanthropist would have in boxing the ears of a rustic for *thee* and *thouing* him. I must be the more jealous about etiquette, as the simplicity of my equipment, the hard life I lead, the privations and fatigues I endure with my people, my dress of common stuff proper for this kind of life, and everything in me and about me, tempt the natives to depart from it. "My lord," therefore, is not sufficient for me; I must have "your majesty," or, at least, "your highness."

You would no doubt laugh at his majesty, if you were to appear before him, in his dress of white bear's skin and with his long mustachios, an ornament which has a very imposing effect upon the scarcely bearded inhabitants of the Himalaya. Fortunately I have no looking-glass to settle the question, and I fancy that the reddish reflection, which I perceive on looking down, is merely the effect of a false light.

In more than one disagreeable particular, my dear Porphyre, do my little misfortunes follow your Moscow miseries at a respectful distance. The horrible filthiness of the mountaineers, against which I cannot defend my-

self, is one of the evils I have the greatest difficulty in submitting to. I hope I shall not become used to it. The storm has just moderated the heat. A military therapeutic experiment has had full success. A boiling hot infusion of teapot, for want of tea, edulcorated with equal parts of brandy, set me on my legs again. They are bringing me a kid, which will, at length, interrupt my Brahminical diet. In the style of the *Constitutionnel*, the clouds which covered, &c. &c., are dissipated, and I catch sight of the dawn of a curry on the fire, made with Cayenne pepper, absolutely uneatable for a Parisian, although not very hot for me, and which will completely replace me in my saddle. Without it, I should be unhorsed.

This (evil be to him that evil thinks) reminds me of a pharmaceutical episode (in this very modest country I know not what decent name to give it) of my journey among the Sikhs. One morning I was awakened by the cry of "thieves!" Day had scarcely dawned, after a dark night. Servants, soldiers, horse and foot, were all roused. A robber had slipped into my tent, which is very small, by cutting a large entrance with his sword, and passing under my bed, which is very low. He stole at random from among the objects lying on the ground. My pistols and watch were almost in his way; but, being, no doubt, disturbed in his operations, by some noise or false alarm, he had no time to choose; and he made off, carrying away with him what was under his hand, namely, my powder flask and shaving apparatus. Being disturbed in his flight, he abandoned the least valuable part of his booty, the razor strop, shaving box, a phial of nitric acid, &c., &c. These

articles were found on the road to the neighbouring village. The shining of the pewter in the twilight made the Sikh believe that he had stolen some precious vessel; whereas he had taken only a ——. The plenipotentiaries of the Sikh Rajahs immediately waited upon me to request the value and description of the stolen articles, that they might direct a search for them everywhere, or, in the event of not finding them, pay me the value at the expense of the freeholders of the place. As they understood but ill my description of the article I most regretted, I illustrated it by a full-sized drawing, of which I was preparing to make copies for distribution among the inquirers, when the noise attracted my English friends. My drawing threw them into consternation; they blushed to the white of their eyes, and were heartily vexed with me, that, having the unfortunate custom of using a ———, I did not take more care to keep it secret. I told them gravely that it was a matter of life and death to me.—“ Ah, death a thousand times over rather than keep one,” they exclaimed altogether. “ No!” I replied, “ a thousand ——— rather than a single headach?” Then followed a serious eulogium upon that admirable remedy, and a medical satire upon calomel, jalap, &c., which the English have the folly to consider its efficacious equivalents. My speech was no doubt eloquent; for the Rajah himself was immediately written to, to request him to rummage all the huts, and beat all the bushes in his paltry empire, to find the stolen article, and, if he chanced to recover it, to send it to me under safe escort, wherever I might happen to be. I do not despair of seeing a party of Sikh cavalry bring it back to me at

Paris, a few years hence, on a velvet cushion. Meanwhile my English friends, reconciled to the reason of the thing, had the politeness to overcome their scruples, and to send messengers for a substitute, to the directors of the neighbouring military hospitals. They succeeded in procuring me one, which I suppose to be of venerable antiquity, and the first attempt of the kind. Our father and you would both laugh if you could see it. The report of this accident has given me the most perfect reputation, not of immorality precisely, but of being an *esprit fort*, somewhat disposed to cynicism. Adieu, dear Porphyre; I was quite melancholy when I came to you, exhausted and ill; and now punch and this gossip with you have revived, and almost made me merry. I leave you to do honour to my aforesaid English friends. In my isolated situation, and in this remote spot, I feel the inestimable value of health, and I take every care of it that circumstances will allow. Rely on my prudence, moderation, and address; rely also upon my luck (for there is something else besides good management in it) to see me return some day without the loss of a hair. Adieu.

*Encampment in a forest below the summit of Kedar-Kanta,
May 27th, evening, at a height of 3200 metres*.*

You are the sole confidant of my sufferings, my kind brother, since it is you who hear all my complaints. I was well enough to continue my march, trusting that my return to my habitual regimen would completely

* The French metre is about three feet and a quarter English measure.—TR.

cure me; and, having arrived yesterday at the top of the valley of the Boddia, I left this morning its highest habitations to come and encamp in this solitude, in order to climb the neighbouring peaks to-morrow, and cross to the other side, into a valley parallel with this. I arrived, overcome with fatigue, after a march of only seven hours. Nevertheless I had collected ample materials for work, which I began without delay—besides, my bed is so hard that I rest just as well in my chair—but on a sudden I was seized with such excruciating pains in my bowels that I became almost delirious. The spot was ill chosen for sickness. Behind me the nearest habitations are seven hours' march; in front they are two days', and my people have only provisions enough for this interval; so that I must either advance or go back;—and to find what? This is the reverse of the medal. On the side of health it is magnificent; but on the side of illness it is very bad, and there is no woman who cannot bear acute suffering better than I can. I scarcely know what pain is, except by very rare cramps, a fit of fever eight years ago, and my torture of to-day; and an idea has struck me to make an end of it, and get rid of the evil at once. I must observe a strict regimen. What my legs will be to-morrow I know not. But night, which is come, brings counsel.—Adieu, then; it is so cold and wet in my tent, that from prudence I leave you, in order to put my bed-clothes between the atmosphere and my body. The scoundrels of Sikhs are perhaps the cause of my indisposition. Good night. Oh, how fortunate you are to live in a house.

Camp of Adjalta, June 4th.

Quite alive, I assure you. If I were paid at the rate of six thousand francs for it (and would to God I were so), I would explain to you in the most satisfactory manner how, by the influence of air and water, from being ill as I was, I am restored to health. The fact however is, that without having had a single day of perfect rest, I am now the best in condition of my whole caravan. Such is the state of the case—for there is not a day passes that I have not to ascend and descend twelve or fifteen hundred metres, without reckoning parentheses. I have substituted, as my beverage, milk for water, and I drink two bottles of it without scruple every evening at my dinner. It is a sort of antidote to the essence of fire, which forms the sauce of my eternal curry. It costs me three sous a day more, and a little use of arbitrary power. I ascend to the mountain in search of cows (observe, that to-day I am encamped at the height of two thousand three hundred metres—yesterday, two thousand six hundred), and before the door of my tent a dozen are brought to obtain this small quantity of milk. I pay magnificently—three sous did I say?—it is half as much again as the milk is worth; but they must make haste, and the arrival of this liquid coincides with the last touch of my cook. Nothing, besides, is so easy as to be arbitrary when one has only to say, like Monsieur de Foucauld, “seize him!”—I imitate this officer of gendarmes with a wonderful word of the Hindostanee jargon, before which the “seize him” turns pale—*pacarau!* and my Gorkha seapoys would seize the devil and Monsieur de

Foucauld himself. Besides, the people of this country seem to think there is a degree of honour in being so treated. Those you want do not stir from home unless you despatch a soldier to them in form. What a useful thing arbitrary rule is; but what a villanous country that which requires it! I cannot think of my own country without a feeling of admiration and affection.

Semla, June 22nd 1833.

I have just given my father such a broadside of writing, that, unless I quit the subject of my own affairs, I am at the end of my news. Since the essential is told, let me amuse myself; I have been quite disagreeable enough in the preceding pages.

So you, too, my dear Porphyre, are taken with the Afghans; and, not yet satisfied, you have a predilection also for Kabulians, Kandaharians, and others, after the fashion of Messrs. of the *Courrier* and Co. Oh! oh! No one is a prophet in his own country.

Those two heroes, the two brothers, Mohammed Khan and Purdile Khan, have no more effect at Delhi than the Duke of Saxe-Schwerin, or him of Anhalt-Cobalt, who may, however, be very great princes, but incognito.

The Company's army consists of three hundred thousand men—thirty thousand of which are king's troops, and seven or eight thousand entirely European corps in the company's service, such as almost the whole artillery; and the native army is commanded by numerous European officers and non-commissioned officers. It is disciplined and drilled quite as well as the king's army, dressed like it, fights very nearly equal to it, and is

commanded by officers in whom it has the greatest and justest confidence. In a country like this, intersected by deserts, and in which the richest provinces, with the exception of Bengal which is extremely distant from Erzerum, could not support the smallest army, the least body of troops, in order not to starve or die of thirst, would have to be attended by an immense number of elephants, camels, and waggons. The company have three thousand elephants, forty thousand camels, and *materiel* of all kinds in proportion;—and it is always ready to take the field. Ask yourself, then, if, from this place Semla, a distance of seven leagues from Runjeet Sing, I have not reason to scoff at him indefinitely, as well as at all the Afghans, Kandaharians, Kabulians, the brothers Mohammed and Purdile, the *heroes*, and lastly at all the various vagabonds, brigands, and mendicants, both horse and foot, who flourish on the right bank of the Indus.

If you can find a discreet and inoffensive mode of insinuating this information, tell Messrs. of the *Courrier* not to believe easily in heroes, which are a sort of animals more rare in this country than elsewhere, and generally exotic everywhere.

If I had more money, I would go to Cashmeer, which belongs to Runjeet Sing. The resident of Delhi, whom I would request to ask him for a passport, would write to him immediately, and receive forthwith the desired firman. Perhaps it is not to be regretted that pecuniary prudence prevents so interesting a journey, because Runjeet Sing may die one of these days. He is not young; and on the day of his death there will be war betwixt his two sons; and a pacific naturalist is

sure of being plundered, if not worse—how shall I say it?—the Sikhs are such Turks in this respect.

M. Allard is quite the Soliman Bey of Runjeet Sing. He comes from time to time to Loodheeana (upon the banks of the Sutledge) to visit the British officers on that station, established beyond the precincts of the Company's territory, among the independent Sikhs in the dominions of my friend the Rajah of Pattiala, who has not yet sent me back my syringe. He is well paid (a hundred thousand francs, like a general officer on this side the river), but he is half a prisoner. Runjeet Sing takes great care to make him spend the whole of his income every year, in order to destroy all desire of leaving him. He pursues the same policy towards his other European officers, upon whom he only half relies. A M. Mevius, a Prussian, who commanded one of his cavalry regiments, having very lately excited a revolt in his corps, by the application of the German process of the whip to his Sikhs, was obliged to take refuge in the tent of the king himself (Runjeet Sing) to escape from the fury of his men. Runjeet saved his life, but refused to retain him in his service. Upon this sharp words ensued on both sides, and at last Runjeet, dismissing him, exclaimed with an oath: "Germans, French, English, those European rascals are all alike!"

I ought to have left an enormous blank for the oath, which is very short in Hindostanee, but so energetic that it would require a whole line to express it in our language

The British Government has a strong interest in Runjeet's preserving his sovereignty, Before the establishment of his power, parties of cavalry used constantly

to cross the Sutledge, and plunder the independent Sikhs on the left bank, the friends and protégés of the Company. These it was necessary to succour; and, unless the fugitive aggressors were pursued on the other side of the river, no satisfaction or reparation was possible—the petty princes of the Punjab being too weak to be responsible for the robberies committed by their subjects. If such a thing were to happen now-a-days, the political Resident at Delhi would send Runjeet a long bill, with an immediate demand of the value of the crops and cattle plundered, and moreover a respectable number of the culprits, in order to have them hanged with all due ceremony. Runjeet would care very little for their hanging, but the payment of the rupees would concern him much; he therefore takes care that nothing of the kind shall happen. There has been no example of it since the establishment of his authority.

Although my host is the political agent who exercises control over the only Tartar and Tibetan states to which the British power extends, we have never heard of the anonymous savant who is travelling through Tibet with an escort of twelve hundred cossacks, and other mounted *canaille* of the same description*. The twelve hundred horses of these twelve hundred cossacks would run a great chance of starving in that part of Tibet which extends to the foot of the Himalaya on the northern side. I am not without some fear as to the means of feeding the only steed which I reckon upon the pleasure of riding in Kanawer.

* Jacquemont here contradicts an article in a French paper, concerning which his brother had questioned him.

My friend of the artillery, with his thousand foot Gorkhas, is so much master in these mountains, that, during the last nine years since his arrival, he has not had occasion to resort to force. He deposes the kings in his neighbourhood when they kill too many of their subjects. He also imprisons and fines them; and he has merely to make a report to the Resident of Delhi, under whom he is politically placed. The Hindoo-Tartar Rajah of Bissahir takes great care to inform him of all that passes on the other side of the mountains where he resides, and I have reason to believe that the savant in question, with his twelve hundred cossacks, must have stopped at some months' march from this frontier.

You appear to me pretty confident about the Afghans, and you begin with a very pleasant reflection about a pie; to which I am happy to be able to answer that I have the prospect of eating here in four months, a Strasburg *pâté de foie gras*, and also a Perigord *pâté de foie gras*, which are not inferior to the Boulogne *pâté de becasses* when in season. The Bordeaux vessels bring them every year to Calcutta, where they arrive as fresh as at Paris; and your colleague the artilleryman, my host at present, has just written to the capital, in order that he may regale me with both at our next meeting. Since we are talking of pies, I will tell you that upon the peaks of Missouri, in the mountains of the Himalaya, another artilleryman, the general of the former, a grey-haired old bachelor, whom you would love to distraction if you knew him, made me taste—taste! I devoured a *pâté de lièvre truffé* and a quantity of Perigord *pâtés de perdrix-rogues truffées*. The proceeding of both is

very simple : the one on account of his high rank in the army, and the other on account of his office, have an income of a hundred thousand francs a year, which diminishes distances in a singular manner, and exercises the action of a sucking-pump upon all the good things of Europe, raising them to a height of seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Why are you not the captain of artillery *aux pâtés de foie gras* ? In your absence, however, know that the *treacherous islander*, your compeer, drank your health yesterday with me, and (do not tell our father or Taschereau) it was not with *vin de Tours*.

June 25th.

I close this packet with announcing to you that I set out the day after to-morrow for Kanawer. Adieu.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Semlah, Semla, Simla, Simlah, ad libitum, June 21st 1830.

My last letters were addressed to you, the one from Benares, called in my memorandum *enormous*; the other commenced at Delhi and closed at Kithul, in the Sikh country, on the 22d of March. Under this same cover, Porphyre will receive a sort of journal of my progress from Kithul to the centre of the Himalaya, which almost renders my mentioning it to you unnecessary.

This place, like Mont-d'or or Bagnères, is the resort of the rich, the idle, and the sick. The officer entrusted with the military, political, judicial, and financial service

of this extremity of the British empire, acquired only fifteen years ago, bethought himself, nine years since, of leaving his palace in the plain, during the heats of a terrible summer, and pitching his tent under the shade of the cedar trees. He was alone in the desert; some friends came to visit him there. The situation, and climate, appeared to them admirable. Some hundreds of mountaineers were summoned, who felled the trees around, squared them rudely, and, assisted by workmen from the plains, in one month built a spacious house. Each guest wished also to have one; and now there are upwards of sixty scattered over the peaks of the mountains or on their declivities. Thus a considerable village has arisen, as it were by enchantment, in the centre of the space which they occupy. Beautiful roads have been cut through the rock; and at a distance of seven hundred leagues from Calcutta, and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the luxury of the Indian capital has established itself, and fashion maintains its tyrannical sway.

Porphyre has a right to be jealous of my host. He is an artillery captain of his own age, and, like him, of long standing in his rank. He has a hundred thousand francs a year, and commands a regiment of Highland chasseurs, the best corps in the army. He performs the duties of receiver-general, and administers justice, with the same independence as the Grand Turk, to his own subjects, as well as to those of the neighbouring Rajahs, whether Hindoos, Tartars, or Tibetans. He imprisons, fines, and even hangs them whenever he thinks proper.

This first of all artillery captains in the world is an amiable bachelor, whom the duties of his viceregal office

occupy one hour after breakfast, and who passes the rest of his time in loading me with kindness. Some mutual friends having informed him of my design of visiting Semla, he had expected me for a month past. He passes for the stiffest of dandies, the most formal and vainest of the princes of the earth! I find nothing of all this—it is impossible to be a better fellow. We gallop an hour or two in the morning on the magnificent roads which he has made, often joining some elegant cavalcade, in which I meet many of my Calcutta acquaintances. On our return we have an elegant and *recherché* breakfast. Then I have the entire and free disposal of my day, and that of my host, whenever I think proper to request it, to view men and things. At sun-set fresh horses are at the door, and we take another ride, to enlist the most friendly and lively of the rich idlers and imaginary invalids whom we may chance to meet. They are people of the same kind as my host, bachelors and soldiers, but soldiers employed in all kinds of departments—the most interesting people in India to me. We sit down to a magnificent dinner at half-past seven, and rise at eleven. I drink Hock, Claret, and Champagne only, and Malmsey at dessert; the others, alleging the coldness of the climate, stick to Port, Sherry, and Madeira. I do not recollect having tasted water for the last seven days. Nevertheless there is no excess, but great cheerfulness every evening. I cannot tell you how delightful this appears to me, after the dryness, insipidity, hardness, and brevity of my solitary dinners in the mountains, during two months. And I have not one arrear to pay off. Having the approaching prospect of four months of misery on the other side of the Himalaya, I take my

revenge by anticipation. I arrived here so much exhausted by fatigue and the consequences of an obstinate indisposition, that I thought I would avail myself of the period of my stay, to recruit my health; but my host's cook cured me in four-and-twenty hours.

Do you not see Semla on your map? It is a little to the North of the 31° of latitude, a little to the East of the 77° of longitude, and a few leagues from the Sutledge. Is it not curious to dine in silk stockings at such a place, to drink a bottle of Hock, and another of Champagne every evening—besides delicious Mocha coffee—and to receive the Calcutta papers every morning?

The King of Bissahir's vizier, whose master is the greatest of my host's allies, is here at present. Captain Kennedy (that is my host's name) has introduced us to each other; and I am assured of receiving from the Rajah all sorts of attention, on the other side of the Himalaya. One of his officers will follow me everywhere, and I shall take with me from hence a couple of Ghorka carabiniers belonging to my host's regiment, the most active and clever of them, and one of his *chourassis* (a sort of usher or janissary) who has already visited that country, having gone thither with his master some years ago.

The people on this side of the mountains are dreadfully afraid of their neighbours on the other. It is rather difficult to procure carriers for the baggage, and constitutionally it would be impossible to make a single servant follow one thither; but Captain Kennedy has obligingly offered to imprison any of mine who refuse to accompany me; and although they declare that they

prefer being hanged on this side the mountains to being free in Kanawer, I think that by availing myself, in one or two instances, of my host's kindness, I shall make the rest determine upon going with me. What the simpletons fear I know not:—but it is no longer India on the other side; there are no more castes; instead of Brahmins there are Lamas. Besides, in my suite there will be perfect security. The Rajah of Bissahir knows very well, that if any harm happened to me he should suffer for it, and he will take great care of the *Francis sahib captânne Kindi sahibké dôste*, which means “the French lord, friend of the great General Kennedy.”

June 22nd.

Yesterday was the solstice, and the periodical rains which that period brings, invade all the southern slopes of the Himalaya, notwithstanding their distance from the tropic. Several days have already elapsed since this disagreeable change of weather took place; I can scarcely see well enough to write, so thick are the moist clouds in which we are enclosed. Nevertheless I shall be obliged to march a fortnight before I reach the Tibetan valleys, where it never rains. This will be the worst part of my journey.

A few lines in answer to your two letters. I cannot help smiling at your fears, arising from the news of an insurrection of the Company's troops at the time of my arrival in India. What must you not have thought, when you saw the *Half Batta* affair in the English papers! You must have believed that the army was in full mutiny, and Lord William Bentinck compelled to embark for Europe, with his council—the natives

availing themselves of the quarrel between the Europeans, and arming on all sides against them.—Now to me this monstrous ignorance of Asiatic affairs in Europe is the height of the unimaginable, for an enormous mass of correspondence is constantly exchanged between the two countries; the fluctuation of travellers between them is no less so; and, lastly, though the Government of India is despotic on principle, and ought to be so, it is in fact as free as any in Europe. There is no preventive censorship exercised against periodicals, which are numerous; first, at Calcutta—the “John Bull;” second, “the Hurkuru” (which signifies in Hindostanee the Messenger); third, “the East India Gazette;” “the Government Gazette;” “the Literary Gazette,” &c., &c. without mentioning the journals published in Bengalee and Hindostanee. From the contradictory reports of these different papers, nothing would be more easy, as it appears to me, than to get at the true state of affairs. All of them go to England, and yet the mass of the British public is as ignorant about Indian matters, as we are in France. Some of the little newspaper scraps which you forwarded to me, to inform me that the Afghans had sent an embassy to the Russian general at Erzerum, and that the king of Lahore, Runjeet Sing, was well disposed towards the Russians, have excited the mirth of my Indian friends. Here we are precisely a day’s march from Runjeet Sing, and in fine weather we can see a considerable part of his dominions:—now, we are as supremely indifferent to him as to the emperor of Japan. The forces maintained by the Company on the north-west frontier, at Delhi, Kurnal, Meerut, Agra, Mutra, and Loodheeana, would be sufficient to invade the whole of the Punjab

without any movement of troops in the interior of India. Runjeet Sing might risk a battle behind his actual line of defence, the Sutledge, but he would afford the British a precious opportunity of annihilating him in half an hour. As for the Afghans, "a warlike nation," says your estimable journal, "which has so many times invaded India, and can bring thirty thousand cavalry into the field," this is saying a little too much: the days of Mahmood, and Ghirni, and Timur, are past. The Afghans are very inferior to the Sikhs, and are, at most, just strong enough to do battle from time to time with Runjeet Sing.

This latter disciplines his little army in the European fashion, and almost all his officers are French. Their chief is a M. Allard, of whom a great deal of good is said on this side of the Sutledge. A month ago, three young French officers, one of whom is a younger brother of M. Allard's, passed through this place on their way from Calcutta to enter Runjeet Sing's service. Not only did the local government allow them free passage, but they also received many attentions on their long journey. Lord William Bentinck regrets that the Russians were blockheads enough not to take Constantinople; and, though they were to occupy the whole of the Turkish empire, he would not feel himself in less security at Calcutta, or even at Delhi or Semla, than he does at present.

Runjeet Sing, to maintain his little army (from thirty to forty thousand men) upon a European footing, is obliged to grind his country with imposts, which are ruining it. Several of his provinces are calling for the British; and I do not doubt that some day or other

(but not for some years to come) the Company will extend the limits of its empire from the Sutledge to the Indus. It is not a hundred years since the Punjab was dismembered from it, after the invasion of Nadir Shah, and this country naturally forms a part of it. The religion is nearly the same, the language also scarcely differs, and the course of the seasons is the same. But the British will make this conquest only at the last extremity. All that they have added to their territory, for the last fifty years, beyond Bengal and Bahar, beyond the empire which Colonel Clive had formed, has only diminished their revenues. Not one of the acquired provinces pays the expenses of its government and military occupation. The Madras presidency, taken in the lump, is annually deficient; Bombay is still further from covering its expenses. It is the revenue of Bengal and Bahar, principally of the former, which, after making up the deficiency of the north-west provinces recently annexed to the presidency of Calcutta, I mean Bundelcund, Agra, Delhi, &c., sets the finances of the two secondary presidencies afloat. In France, we consider a hypocritical farce the excuse of *necessity* alleged by the British for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions: nothing, however, is more true; and certainly no European government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company.

Your map, in four sheets, is not the same as mine. But I know it is a very good one; and you will be able to follow me step by step, except in the mountains. Since you love this country for my sake, and desire to become acquainted with it, summon all your courage, and ask at the Library of the Institute, or at the Royal

Library, for the five octavo volumes of Mill's History of India. It is beyond all comparison the best work on that country. Perhaps the two quarto volumes of Dr. Heber, the late bishop of Calcutta, might amuse you more, but they would give you very little information: they are regular milk and water! Those parts of the Deccan left blank in the map, and marked "unexplored countries," annoy you. You are afraid that I should have to cross them. Be of good cheer. Should it so happen, I shall take a strong escort; besides, the danger to be encountered there is that of dying of hunger and thirst, or of ataxic fever, rather than that of being attacked by parties of marauders. But there is no interest in visiting these countries. They are deserts without water, covered with wretched forests, through which a few hovels are scattered at great distances. At the beginning of my journey, I saw a good specimen of this between Rogonapore and Sheergottee. In many parts of India every one is certain of death who passes through those terrible places between September and January; and the danger is the same to the natives as to Europeans. Rely on my prudence, and my complete submission to the exigencies of places and seasons.

The learned or literary societies of the United States are about on a par with those of India. As societies, the latter are below every thing that can be conceived in ignorance, folly, and puerility. However, there are necessarily some men of merit in each; in that of Calcutta particularly,—Horace Wilson, for instance, the first Sanscrit scholar in the world, a linguist, a scholar, a savant, and a poet, at the same time. Read his Hindoo Theatre: this book cannot be wanting at the Royal

Library. I wrote yesterday to my old host, Sir Edward Ryan, and my amiable neighbour, Sir Charles Grey, Chief Justice of India, and explained to the latter why I sent no paper to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. I concluded my chapter of grievances against it, with the very circumstance of his being its president without having any right to be even a member, and as a proof of the society itself being absurd. The very great talents of Sir C. Grey will find employment in politics. His short hours of leisure are for European literature; and he cares as little for the history and antiquities of this country as you do. I have the same contempt for them. The Sanscrit leads to nothing but Sanscrit. The mechanism of this language is wonderfully complicated, and nevertheless they say it is admirable. But it is like one of those machines which never leave museums, and are more ingenious than useful. It has served only for the manufacture of theology, metaphysics, history intermingled with theology, and other stuff of the same kind: triple nonsense for the makers and the consumers—for foreign consumers especially—nonsense = $\frac{1}{0}$. The Arabic is not exempt from these evils. The allegorical mysticism of the Orientals has penetrated even into the elementary notions which they have acquired of the physical and mathematical sciences; and the intermixture of Brahminic fables with the planetary motions and principles of physics, complicates with singular difficulties the understanding of them.

The fashion of Sanscrit and literary Orientalism in general, will last nevertheless; for those who may have spent or lost fifteen or twenty years in learning Arabic or Sanscrit, will not have the candour to admit that

they possess a useless piece of knowledge. D'Eckstein is, I think, very right to go on as if he understood them ; and the trash which he gives, *se non è vero è ben trovato*. Try some of Schlegel, who is honest and conscientious, and see if there is much difference. Try also some of Cousin. Is there not a family likeness between the absurd at Benares, and that in Germany ?

Let us now proceed to your second letter. Here come back your Afghans—then the probable war between Great Britain and Russia, occasioned by the hostile designs of the latter upon India ; then the sedition of the Indian army, &c. All this is broad farce at Semla. Porphyre's moustaches are something new ; but I flatter myself that mine owe them nothing. They are an ornament which ecclesiastics almost alone, in the north of India, dispense with ; but they are particularly appropriate to the country in which I am now travelling.

I am much surprised that the *Jardin* had not received a letter from me, on the 9th of November 1829, the date of your letter ; for I wrote to those gentlemen from the Cape of Good Hope, on the 27th December 1828, by Captain d'Urville, who arrived in France in the month of March or April 1829. I also wrote to them from Bourbon after the hurricane ; and I have already received news of other letters written at the same time and sent by the same ship, having reached Europe. What surprises me no less, is their silence respecting me. I wrote to them from Kithul, and I also write to them to-day, that my credits expiring in the year 1831 inclusive, if new ones do not soon arrive for the year following, and supplementary ones for the present year, to enable me to go on to the next, I shall be obliged to start for

Europe from Bombay by the shortest and least expensive route. Whatever may happen, do not be anything more than vexed at it; but entertain no fear that I shall allow myself imprudently to be wrecked upon the shores of India, by the unforeseen retirement of the wave which has carried me thither. My confidence being restored in that respect, I do not suffer myself to be turned from my present studies by any uneasiness about the future.

What need had you of the testimony of V * * *, to be convinced of the extravagant absurdity of a scientific journey into equinoctial America, Mexico in particular? One had need be French, to be so completely ignorant of external affairs. M. de Humboldt was very fortunate in the period which he chose for his great voyage; and the social confusion of the countries which he visited, is a literary god-sent for him, since he drives away new observers, and secures a sort of monopoly for his works on America. Besides he had to describe the finest part of the world.

With regard to the picturesque, India is very poorly gifted. Can it be, I have sometimes asked myself, that the source of admiration in me is exhausted? I have passionately admired scenes of nature at St. Domingo, and afterwards in Brazil. The evil is not in me; the fault is in the objects in the country.

The English papers are filled with complaints of the excessive coldness of the winter throughout Europe. I am more disturbed about it on your account, than by the changes of ministry on account of the prosperity of our native country. I think there is no government capable of doing much harm in France

henceforth. The "Association Bretonne" was invented nearly two hundred years ago, by Hampden. The invention will remain with the English. Its adoption among us, if adhered to, appears to me, as well as to yourself, a complete revolution.

A letter by M. Jomard, translated in the English papers, informs us that the Pacha of Egypt has availed himself of Courier's advice to the King of Spain, and given himself the productive amusement of a little representation. But I am afraid he will scandalise our liberal friends, by shooting from time to time some of the members of the opposition, unless he associates with them some rivals of the counter-opposition, in order to prevent jealousy. However, this is the way to begin: and until Bolivar becomes a king, or, remaining president (never mind the name), has the power of acting in this same way, every one will murder his neighbour, as may suit his own convenience. This right must be limited to a single person; and though he should be half mad, like Christophe, public order would still gain by the immoderate and often absurd manner in which he might exercise it.

I thank you for M. Humboldt's letter to M. Arago, and for the report upon the labours of Beaumont.

I leave here, with my regal artilleryman, all the collection I have formed since my entrance into the mountains; and I shall quit him, in a couple of days, to proceed by Kotgur, Rampore, and Seran, along the banks of the Sutledge, through one of the hottest valleys in India. I shall be carried in a sort of arm-chair. At Seran, the summer residence of the Rajah of Bissahir, I shall re-enter the mountains, where I shall

dismiss my bearers, and probably substitute in their place a *ghounte*, or mountain horse, of wonderful strength and activity, though of small size. My suite will then be reduced to fifty persons, at an expense of seven or eight hundred francs a month, and it is only by reducing my personal baggage to what is strictly necessary (and in truth, all that is necessary is not among it), that I can proceed with so few people. In the autumn, I shall return by the Barunda Pass, across the central chain of the Himalaya, either to this place, or directly to Subhatoo (Sabatoo, Subatoo), Captain Kennedy's winter residence, if he is already come down to it, sending my baggage on before me; and from Subhatoo I shall go to Sharunpore, without the mountains, where I shall renew my travelling establishment for the plains. I have left a considerable part of my baggage and collections there. The whole will be despatched to Delhi, which I have constituted my first depôt; and when I see my waggons start for Sharunpore, instead of marching slowly after them, to bring up the file, across a province entirely destitute of interest, I shall gallop in a single day to Meerut, where I shall rest for several days from the fatigue, privations, and miseries of all kinds which I may have endured. I do not know Meerut; but I have a number of acquaintances, almost friends, there. Perhaps, I shall have some leisure in Kanawer, and may find an opportunity of writing to you; however, that is not probable. Expect, therefore, after this, a long interval of silence. Long as it may last, be assured I shall then be in a country as salubrious as Europe, eating apples and grapes, drinking the wine of the country, which is execrable, and lastly:

Sachez, sachez,
Que les Tartares,
Ne sont barbares,
Qu'avec leurs ennemis.

Adieu, adieu ; I love and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Semla in the Himalaya, June 23rd 1830.

MY last letter was addressed to you from Kithul, in the country of the Sikhs, dated March 2nd. I spent a fortnight there running after lions, which we went in search of nearly to the confines of the desert of Bika-neer, but without seeing a single one. In this short space of time, for want of lions, I saw more of the East than in the whole year which had elapsed since my arrival in India.

On the 12th April I entered the lower valleys of the Himalaya, and on the 23rd I ascended the peaks of the secondary chain. Amid the extreme disorder of the mountains, often very lofty, which cover so large a space to the South of the line of its eternal snows, I proceeded as far as those above the sources of the Jumna. I also approached the sources of the Ganges. Thence, by the most tortuous paths, I came hither, near the banks of the Sutledge, but six thousand feet above its waters.

For two months, I have been living amid scenery resembling, in wildness and extreme desolateness, that of the North of the Upper Alps, and having the same inclement sky. Though I have suffered many fatigues and privations, I think myself sufficiently rewarded by the interest which all that I have seen affords me. But

this is a purely scientific interest : the landscape is poor and monotonous. In the highest mountains in the world there is necessarily grandeur ; but it is grandeur without beauty.

My health has suffered a little from the want of some articles most necessary to life. The numerous suite, which I cannot do without in a country inaccessible to beasts of burthen, and where all my baggage must be carried on men's backs, did not permit me to remain in any village a sufficient time to take the rest that would have recruited me. My people would soon have exhausted the resources of the most considerable. Here, however, I have again found the abundance, luxury and riches of European civilisation. After two months of wretchedness and absolute isolation, without seeing a single European, I cannot describe the charm of this transition. My health is perfectly restored ; and this is necessary for the journey I am going to undertake through the eternal snows of the Himalaya, a barrier but lately considered insurmountable. I shall pass the summer in Kanawer, a country at once Hindoo, Tartar, and Tibetan, where I shall escape from the solstitial rains, and which hitherto has been scarcely visited at all. Its climate is extremely severe. British protection will accompany me thither, and leave me exposed to no other dangers than those resulting from the country and climate. I shall not return to India for four months.

As I am hurried by different cares incidental to the preparations for this journey, I must confine my letter to the above lines. Perhaps I shall have more leisure on the frontiers of China ; and if at the same time I have

an opportunity of sending a letter for you to India, you shall receive one longer than the present. The European newspapers, which I found here after having been so long deprived of them, interest me exceedingly ; perhaps they would alarm others. But I have a happy confidence in the strength of the party favourable to reason. I do not believe that any Government would henceforth be able to do much harm in France. Nevertheless, I should like the English journals to bring to me the *denouement* that must take place on the 2nd of March : for the meeting of the Chambers must necessarily bring one.

My correspondence has become very irregular since I left Benares. For the space of five months I have received no news from Europe, and I shall have to wait the same length of time before any reaches me. What a melancholy prospect ! Write to me without delay, in order that I may find a letter from you on my arrival at Bombay, next spring. I love you with all my heart.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Semla, June 24th 1830.

DEAR MADAM,—Although this place (an unknown desert nine years ago) is situated at the extreme limits of the British dominions, thirteen hundred miles from Calcutta, at a greater height above the sea than St. Bernard and Mount Cenis ; although the roads to it seem impracticable, except for mules and men stimulated by curiosity ; although it must be reached by a march of several days through a thousand difficulties :—never-

theless your countrywomen* come here and spend whole months during the summer, thereby avoiding the insupportable heat of the plains. Braving the wild and sterile solitude of the desert, they mount their horses every morning and evening in very elegant costumes, adorned with ribands, and without the omission of a single pin. They could not be better dressed in Hyde Park. Sometimes this amuses me; at other times it is detestable. It is a discord; and you well know how variable is the effect which contrasts produce upon our nature.

I have just travelled during two months among mountains, without meeting a single European. I have lost my small stock of English, and am afraid you will find too great a mixture of Hindostanee in this letter to understand it easily. For want of French, English pleases my ear as well as my own language, which for a long time I have had no occasion to use except in writing—it is therefore grown like Latin to me.

I am going to pass a very cold summer. I shall cross a range of mountains fringed with snow, to arrive at those which are the highest in the world. You would laugh a good deal if you saw my disguise, and would make a caricature of me still more amusing than that in which you represented my tall figure on one of the little Bourbon ponies, the beast and myself with flowing hair. I resemble a white bear, enveloped in thick woollen coverings; my head thrust into several silk caps, my legs concealed in thick gaiters, and my face ornamented with a pair of very long mustachios.

* Madame Victor de Tracy is an Englishwoman. —Tr.

This latter part of my costume is altogether indispensable; it is the *dustour*, a tyrant infinitely more absolute in this part of the world than fashion is in England. This powerful Persian word is as much superior to *fashion* as this latter is to *mode*. The individuals of my escort have the ideal figures of banditti, such as one dreams of. We have no fault to find with each other in this respect.

I have lately travelled through strange scenes of wild and savage solitude, and I flatter myself that I shall see some still more curious when I reach the frontiers of Chinese Tartary. As for danger—that proceeding from the hand of man—none exists; for man is so scarce in these deserts, that my numerous escort shield me from being carried off, and give me the appearance of a conqueror.

After so many marches and counter-marches, after encountering the perils of the ocean, the burning sun of India, and the snows of the Himalaya, what may I not yet behold before I return to my native country?

After all these things, with what delight shall I enjoy the calm scenery of Paray!—with what delightful feeling of repose shall I walk about those peaceful grounds!—Sometimes I think I am dreaming: I seem to be already a hundred years old. You will never grow old. Adieu, I embrace your husband with my whole soul. God bless you both.

TO M. ACHILLE CHAPER, PARIS.

Semla, in the Himalaya, June 25th 1830.

It is more than a year since I wrote to you, my dear friend ; and, if I well remember, I then sent you only a few lines, to inform you that I had reached the term of my long voyage, and was receiving from every one most distinguished in India for rank, intellect, and learning, a reception which, by the flattering excess of its kindness, confounded all the hopes I had conceived of the noble pride of the British. Since then, I have often been inclined to give you an account of my wandering life, and confide to you the emotions excited in me by the sight of so many new objects,—making you the partaker of my pleasures, and my associate in the fleeting troubles which interrupt them:—but I had always too much to say ; and being checked by the shortness of my rare moments of leisure, I found it more convenient not to write at all, than to do it with the restraint imposed by want of time. In your journeys to Paris, you have, no doubt, sometimes seen my father, and from him you must have learnt at least that I am alive, and moreover content. I have seen Benares, Agra, Delhi, and have travelled to the North-west of that city, beyond the frontiers of the British possessions, into the country of the Sikhs, and scarcely stopped till I reached the margin of the desert of Bikaner. Thence returning to the East, I entered the Himalaya. On the 12th of April I visited the sources of the Jumna ; I also approached those of the Ganges, and ascended considerably above them, on the eternal snows of the colossal chain which separates India from Tibet.

This latter part of my journey kept me for two months from all European society.

With this severe climate resembling that of the Upper Alps, among their most rugged and desolate scenes, the remembrance of you was more frequently associated in my mind. I often recal those mantles of snow which you first taught me to climb, and the nakedness of the rocks which here and there peer through them. How many times have I not been affected by these mental pictures of our friendship, which my imagination renews so vividly! Alas! I am here alone; no friendly recollection will be linked with that which I shall preserve of these strange places, to render them dear to me! To live alone, to be solitary in feeling! Oh! my friend, it is not because I am so far from our country, lost in the icy deserts of the highest mountains of the world—that my isolation is painful to me; I should perhaps feel this cruel void quite as much amid the sweets of European society—perhaps in sight and within reach of its tumult and its pleasures, I should not suffer less—and I am not yet thirty! Let us drop the subject.

The forms of the Himalaya, the progressive elevation from the base of the mountains, heaped upon each other on the plains of Hindostan, up to the crests of ice which cover the line of their most elevated summits, and the absence of platforms, valleys, and escarpments, singularly disguises their height. I have several times encamped, at an absolute elevation of three thousand metres, habitually at 2000; however, it is always in the lowest and best sheltered places, near villages, that I make my halts. You see, then, what subtraction

must be made from the absolute height of mountains, in order to measure their relative or apparent height. The latter is still enormous; but as the eye seeks in vain to oppose horizontal to vertical lines, and as the declivities, notwithstanding their great steepness, do not shoot up all at once, but rise upon each other on planes successively more distant, there is no point from which the highest peaks can be seen under a very large visual angle. Lastly, where there is grandeur—beauty and grace are wanting. Oh! how beautiful are the Alps!

The Indian slopes of the Himalaya, which I have just visited, are pretty well known. But a very small number of travellers have crossed to the Tibet side, at least with the information requisite to study that mysterious country. In two days, my dear friend, I shall undertake this journey. The productions of nature are doubtless in no great variety in so cold a country, but I may reasonably expect that a great number are unknown to us. I reckon upon going as far as the frontiers of Chinese Tartary. The admirable protection of the British Government will secure me so far from all dangers which may proceed from man. The half-Hindoo half-Tartar Rajah, who rules the lofty valleys hollowed out of the northern base of the Himalaya, has also some dominions on the Indian side, which make him absolutely dependent upon the British power. I am forced, besides, to have a very numerous suite, nearly fifty men; and it is more to be absolute master in my camp than for any other reason, that I take an escort of Gourkha sipahees with me, of whose usefulness I had such proofs during my first excursion. You must give me absolution, my dear friend, for my

little acts of arbitrary power: without them all that I do here would be impossible. Some day or other we will philosophise and theorise upon the morality of these acts. - Adieu!—You will easily conceive how much occupation the multiplicity of my researches gives me,—and that I am overwhelmed with work. But my health has remained perfect, except in the snows at the sources of the Jumna, where cold, fatigue, and bad food, slightly injured it. I am now restored to my usual strength, which is very necessary for me, in struggling against the fatigues, privations, and miseries of all kinds which I shall have to endure on the other side of the Himalaya. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

China, in Kanaor (Kanawer), July 15th 1830.

ONLY a few words, my dear father, to avail myself of an opportunity which may not very probably occur again until my return to Semla. I left that place on the 28th of June, loaded by my host Captain Kennedy, with more attentions than I had perhaps ever yet received. He made admirable preparations for my journey into this country; and on my arrival at Seran, the summer residence of the Rajah of Bissahir, that sovereign came in all haste to pay me a visit, and make me all kinds of offers of service. I had a draught upon his treasury, the amount of which it did not suit me to receive immediately; and another upon one of his subjects who was absent. The amount of both will be paid at sight, in the Rajah's name, whenever I

think proper to demand it. His little Chancery has written to all the Chiefs in the Upper Country, and to the Lamas of Ladâk, to comply with all my wishes. I hope then to be able to penetrate as far as the platform. The Rajah, besides, has given me, as Captain Kennedy had done, the highest in rank among his servants, to serve as my interpreter, and to give orders everywhere in the name of his master, whom nobody here contradicts. My Semla janissary has, besides, some Gorkha soldiers at his orders; so that, what with persuasion and coercion, I shall be but little exposed to die of starvation, or stopped in the middle of my journey, for want of people to carry my baggage forward.

A story-teller might make something wonderful of the visit of the Rajah, with his fan in his hand, during a furious hurricane, which threatened to overturn the tent in which I was waiting to receive him and his viziers, for such is the Hindostanee and Kanaoree name of his ministers. His court and people assembled to shout "God save the King," after their own fashion. Like Louis XIV, on another occasion, I regretted the weight of my greatness, which did not permit me to return the King of Bissahir's visit; for I was very anxious to see the interior of what is termed his palace. But Kennedy had justly reproached me for spoiling his allies by such excessive condescension. It was the Rajah's place to come with all the pomp of his royalty, and to consider himself honoured at my allowing him to take a seat before me, and at my shaking hands with him. I could neither have embraced him, nor have returned his present or his visit, without derogating from my dignity.

Do not however believe, that he is a bandit of the lowest kind, in a cavern, covered with scarlet rags, with plenty of daggers, pistols, and other melo-dramatic instruments at his girdle. The Rajah of Bissahir is a legitimate king, who reigns over one degree and a half of latitude, and two or three of longitude; and although the greater part of his dominions lies buried beneath the eternal snows of the Himalaya, nine-tenths of the remainder are covered with forests, and the remaining tenth is nothing but sterile arid pastures, or naked rocks;—still he has a revenue of a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, without grinding his subjects, who are the most wretched in the world. His *nuzzer*, or offering, consisted of a bag of musk in the animal's skin, a rarity indigenious in his mountains, and which is not wanting, I hope, either in local character or in Tibetan perfume. The only thing I gave him in return was a lesson in geography, of which he stood in great need. He leaves the trouble of knowing it to his viziers, and passes his time with his Cashmeerian slaves, whom he fattens in their cage, and who probably are not very handsome:—whatever may be said, the females of Cashmeer are not generally so.

On the 11th of July, I crossed the Sutledge, or, if you do not think the name fine enough, the Hyphasis; and have been travelling ever since on its right bank, or, more correctly speaking, three, four, or sometimes five thousand feet above its right bank. The climate here begins to differ much from that on the southern side of the mountain. On this side there is nothing but wind and fog; on the other the rain falls in torrents. There are apple trees and vines in the gardens, but

unfortunately without either apples or grapes at this season of the year; that will be for my return. Budha here begins to steal the clouds of incense of which Brahma has the exclusive enjoyment on the Indian side of the Himalaya. Here also, they practise the religious precepts of Miss Frances Wright, for there is *polygamy* as in India, and *polyandry* at the same time; and this latter institution prevailing, the consequence is an excess of females, who people the convents.

I shall soon see at Kanum that extraordinary Hungarian original, M. Alexander de Csoma, of whom you have no doubt heard: he has been living for four years under the very modest name of *Secunder-Beg*, that is to say, Alexander the Great, in an Oriental garb. He is now about to throw off his sheep-skin dress, and his black lamb's-skin cap, resume his name, and proceed to Calcutta, where he will no doubt publish all his trash from the Tibetan Encyclopædia, which he has just translated. You may be sure that M. d'Eckstein will have some fault to find with it; and yet M. Csoma is the only European in the world who understands the Tibetan language. This Encyclopædia abounds in astrology, theology, alchemy, medicine, and other stuff of the same description, no doubt translated from the Sanscrit at some remote period. If M. Csoma give us ever so little of it in German, and M. d'Eckstein turns it from German into French, it will be nonsense, raised to the fourth power—an expression, the magnitude of which Porphyre will explain to you, if your algebra does not carry you so far.

I am very well. I shall find milk everywhere. I have rice for three months, sugar for the same period,

and forty-six pounds of tobacco of the finest quality, which I bought at Rampore, to make presents of to the Tartars of the Spiti. (It cost me seven francs.) On my road, when the mornings are cold, I smoke the best leaves in a little roll of paper; it is better than that sold at Paris for forty-six times the price. Since I left Semla, I have engaged a new cook, who is my steward and butler at the same time. He has the character of a terrible rogue, but he makes me fare as well as the resources of the place will admit, that is to say, very badly, but no worse—an immense amelioration in my establishment; for his predecessor was an honest man, but his works defied the sharpest appetite. The mountains here produce rhubarb—*celestial happiness!* Nor is this all:—after a three months' search, the Rajah of Pattiala, one of those whom I should embrace, and whose visits I should return—a man with a revenue of four millions—this admirable ally of the British power has written officially to my friend, the ex-sub-resident of Delhi, since promoted to the political agency of Kotah, that he has recovered my syringe. The news is in the *Akbars* (manuscript gazette) of his court: he has sent the instrument under a strong escort to the Resident of Delhi. It is deposited in the palace of the residency, and I am officially asked for instructions, either as to its being sent to me, or kept until my return. One would suppose that it was a barometer or a pneumatic machine. The letters written to me on the subject, are headed with these words in print—

POLITICAL DEPARTMENT.

I shall thus bring you back the most diplomatic and

historical syringe that has ever existed. You shall leave it to Porphyre, and it shall pass as an heir-loom from male to male. If Porphyre does not marry, he has brothers worthy of possessing such an instrument.

I fancy that Porphyre's mustachios might be thicker and of a more equal tint. Mine are irreproachable—an inch long, as thick as a postilion's queue, and of the most uniform red. They are much admired in Kanawer; but, every morning when I eat my porridge, I regret their beauty.

Whilst the political resident at Luknow, with a salary of two hundred thousand francs a year, is sweating and being stifled in his palace, I am warming myself by a fire, in a wretched little house, which cost one or two thousand francs, and which he built two years ago, merely to spend a fortnight in. What a luxury a house is, let it be ever so small or bad!

I am extremely busy, and shall stay here only until I get through my arrears of business. I close this letter, by telling you, that it will go, with my No.7, to the Jardin des Plantes. Twenty-three months have now elapsed since I left France, and I have not yet received a line from you.

Adieu, my dear father! Do not fear the revolt of the Birmans, nor the insurrections of the army, nor the great approaching collision of interests in the debates of the British parliament. It is always from the English papers that we learn we are upon a moving soil here, but I assure you there is not a firmer. As for the only real dangers, those of climate, let the treasure-trove of the Rajah of Pattiala quiet your fears. I embrace you and Porphyre with all my heart.

A MADEMOISELLE ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL.

*Camp of Tashigung, on the borders of Ladak and
Chinese Tartary, August 24th 1830.*

MY DEAR ZOE,—I had only just despatched one of my mountain servants to Semla, when a Tartar arrived from Soongnum, a great Lama village of Kanawer, and brought me, among many others, your charming letter of the 10th of February. To answer you in a proper manner would require a volume; and it would be a delightful task to write that volume, if I had some days to remain in camp unoccupied. But I am overloaded with labour of all kinds—botany, geology, and such pursuits, leave me no leisure. I must go forward, and can write you only a few lines. If your letter had reached me yesterday with a great number of others, these lines would now be on their way to India. But, at the distance we are from each other, a few weeks sooner or later matters little.

I have this moment returned from a half military excursion into the Celestial Empire, which I conducted in the most fortunate manner; for, without being obliged to commit any other hostility than a display of murderous arguments, when the Chinese made show of opposition, I examined very peaceably the object of my curiosity. I had to march five days without finding any village, and to cross two lofty chains of mountains, more than five thousand five hundred metres, or eighteen thousand English feet high, being two thousand five hundred feet higher than the summit of Mont

Blanc. I was obliged to have provisions carried with me, sufficient for the whole journey till my return, and my attendants amounted to more than sixty men. Besides a quantity of new plants, and organic remains, which I found at the enormous height of five thousand six hundred metres, a great number of interesting observations amply repaid me for the trouble and fatigue of my expedition. I am now exploring Ladak, and am going to visit some mountains, where, according to the reports of the mountaineers, I expect to observe several interesting geological phenomena. I crossed the Sutledge this morning, to follow closely the course of the Indus. Both of them are but large torrents here, being very near their sources. The Sutledge rises in the celebrated lake Mansarower; as do also the Indus, and the Barampooter, which are the two largest rivers in its immediate neighbourhood.

The Tartars of the mountains have none of the ferocity generally attributed to them; and though in my numerous suite, there are only six armed men, the *Francis sahib*, or French lord, as they call me, would drive thousands before him like a flock of sheep. They are, on the contrary, mild and peaceable people, who keep pressing round my tent to obtain a small gift of tobacco, a quantity of which I brought from India on purpose to distribute among them. When their curiosity grows troublesome, a single word disperses them. They have nothing of the servile manners of the Indians. The progress of our corruption is so rapid among the latter, that at Bekar, the Chinese town to which I laid siege, the *haadman* or commandant coming to me to complain of this violation of the territory of his most *Tea-ific*

majesty, and advancing very near me without alighting, I felt so indignant at this want of respect, that I seized the fellow by his long plaited queue, and pulled him off his horse.

Does not the second person plural, which I am obliged to make use of when writing to you, sound strange to your ears, my dear Zoé! This language is at present as familiar to me as my own; nevertheless I am not yet reconciled to the coldness of the *you*. In my opinion this is a great defect in the English language, and will always render it disagreeable to me when I address those to whom I am accustomed to speak in a more affectionate manner, in our own language.

Here is my dinner—spring water (for I preserve carefully for bad days, snow, &c. &c., my almost exhausted stock of French brandy)—very coarse cakes made of barley meal, scarcely ground—spinach, or as a substitute for it, the leaves of buckwheat, which have nearly the same taste—apricots, the only fruit in these lofty regions, but small as cherries, and without flavour;—and, as a foundation for all this, the bones of a cold leg of mutton. This is a faithful testimonial of my cook's skill; for to obtain so wretched a dinner, I must keep a cook, and also a cook's assistant, properly termed a scullion, whose duty it is to wash the two only dishes I possess.

As it would be a thing deserving of the bitterest censure to *embrace* you at the end of this letter, I must maintain my English character to the last, and sign myself, my dear Zoé, your very affectionate cousin.

What an insipid thing an English letter is. Yorick was right: "they manage it much better in France."

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp of Naho, in Hangarang, (frontiers of Ladak and Chinese Tartary), August 25th 1830.

THIS Delhi paper, more botanical than literary, blots with European ink ; I must, therefore, my dear Porphyre, give you blue instead of black and white. The place whence I am writing to you is twenty-five days' march from the last British station, and is probably one of the most lofty places inhabited upon the surface of the globe. Its height above the level of the sea is four thousand metres. As I was ascending yesterday from the banks of the Sutledge, which flows a thousand metres below me, a Tartar belonging to the Vizier of Soongnum, nimbler than myself in climbing almost vertical acclivities, overtook me, and delivered to me a packet pretty well covered with grease and dirt, but in which I found, among many others, letters from you, our father, Madame de Perey, and Zoé. These were all that came from Europe ; but from India and Africa there were a great many more. I read my father's upon the spot ; yours a thousand feet higher up ; and it was only this morning that I finished those from Africa and India. It is curious that the day before, another messenger succeeded in finding me. These messengers, although Tartars, scarcely ever run, but manage with their hands and feet to clamber up the rocks, and when they have gone thirty steps, they puff, and take breath to go another thirty. The latter messenger brought me only letters from India, but the packet was well filled. There are some which I thought proper to

answer without delay ; and yesterday morning, in raising my camp at Nanija, I despatched one of my people to Semla, (one and twenty marches,) to deliver them to Kennedy, who will forward them. You will be surprised when I inform you, that one of them is addressed to M. Allard, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Commander in Chief of the army of Runjeet Sing, Rajah of Lahore ; —the man, in short, who appeared to alarm the Company's Directors in London so dreadfully, when I went to ask them for a passport. I sent you from Semla (perhaps they were addressed to my father) some information concerning M. Allard, who enjoys the most honourable reputation among the British officers. In the packet I received the day before yesterday, I found a letter from him, addressed to me, which he sent to me at Semla. I transcribe it here, as it is of no great length.

“ Lahore, July 28th 1830.

“ SIR,—I am informed by Dr. Murray, of the arrival at Semla, of a French traveller, distinguished for his attainments and the mission with which he is charged. This news gives me the hope that an old officer may find it in his power to be serviceable to one of his countrymen, in regions so remote from the mother country. I therefore have the honour of addressing you the present letter, by one of my hurkarus ”—(a sort of footmen, chamberlains, janissaries, or what you please)—“ to offer you all that my situation at the court of the Rajah of Lahore may enable me to be useful to you in. Dispose of my services, Sir, as freely as I offer them : it will be a mark of nationality. In the meanwhile, receive the

assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour to be," &c.

This cordial offer from a stranger, who thus came in search of me on the frontiers of China, affected me, and I am sure I replied to it with some sentimental effusion. My answer is too long to be transcribed, although I have kept a copy of it. But the following is the substance of the most important part.

"To visit the plains of the Punjab,"—(a country between the Sutledge and the Indus, where Runjeet Sing is firm in his stirrups)—"would be of no great service to me; but if M. Allard could overcome the repugnance of the Rajah to allow Europeans to enter Cashmeer, and succeed in obtaining this permission for me, guaranteeing me perfect safety, I should feel under very great obligation to him. As a motive to induce the Rajah to permit my visit to the mountainous parts of his empire (Cashmeer), M. Allard may inform him that my researches will enable me, more than any other, to discover mineral masses which it might be advantageous to work."

His letter clearly shows that he considers himself sure of getting me as far as Lahore; and in fact there is no reason to doubt this. Whatever he may gain beyond, I am almost resolved to pay him a visit; for on the spot, I may possibly find means to obtain something from Runjeet Sing.

It is impossible to foresee the possible, on account of its variety. Perhaps it may amount only to zero.

This is what I shall very probably ascertain at Lahore. To reach that great city, where I shall of course be the comfortable guest of the French commander-in-chief, I have only fifteen days' march on a plain. If I am admitted by the Rajah, I cannot fail to be taken to his durbar, and there get from him a good Bukhara horse and a Cashmeer shawl, instead of the shabby thing which the Grand Mogul of Delhi sold me like a jew. In any case I shall not cross the Sutledge (that is to say, from India and Lahore, for here I cross it every week, and did so even yesterday,) without writing about it to Lord William Bentinck.

I now come to your two letters. It is indeed very extraordinary that in the month of February 1830, none of my letters from Calcutta, dated May, June, and November, should have reached you: but you promised me, in your security, to take a large share, not of my personal accidents, but of those of my letters. One of mine to M. Victor de Tracy arrived seasonably after a very long time, to show you the risks which it had run. You have, besides, indirect intelligence of me in my letter to De Mareste, written in the months of July and August from Calcutta, and yet you persist in making yourself uncomfortable. This grieves me, when I consider that still longer intervals may elapse without your hearing from or of me at all. If you would not make us mutually undergo much uneasiness, you must rely upon my dry and touchy fibres, my prudence; and—what more shall I say?—my dexterity,—and contrive to fill up the blanks of our correspondence with none but favourable ideas. I have always done so when I thought of you; however, I will confess, Porphyre,

that I long to know how our father got through that dreadful winter of unparalleled severity, as stated in the English journals.

From the Jardin, and its inhabitants, I have not received a word since the amiable letter from Jussieu and Cambessedes, which reached me at Calcutta. If the fault is theirs, the devil take them! Not a word from England. And yet Sutton Sharpe, M. Seguier, and Sir Alexander Johnson must have answered my letters. Yes, if they ever received them. How provoking! I return to yours. I agree with you about the name you give to your musical fanaticism, which is truly a slight degree of madness. You might have told me who sang to you, and what they sang, in return for your subscription to the Italian opera. This would have appeared singular to me in Tibet, which contains one or two inhabitants per square league, where they sing a great deal also, but only a single song of three words, "*Oum mani pani*," signifying, in the learned language which neither the villagers nor their Lamas understand, "Oh! diamond water-lily!" and leads the singers straight into Budha's paradise. Laugh intensely at * * * in my name; and at his accidents by flood and field. Tell him that I am several months without hearing the sound of a European voice, also that my dinner is fundamentally detestable;—and that I do not complain. A-propos of dinner: I have discovered the dish of health: this is, spinach made of the leaves of buckwheat. Coarse cakes of corn scarcely ground, second this improvement. It is wonderful. On bad days, such as when I am encamped at a height of six thousand feet, or have been obliged to cross mountains

more than eighteen thousand three hundred feet high, I have upon my dinner-table the bones of an ex-leg of mutton smoked in the Scotch fashion, which bones I shall ultimately eat up also, for they cannot be harder than the flesh upon them. Kennedy sends me word that he will treat me with truffles every day on my return to Semla. My object in the excursion which led me four times to so enormous a height (seven hundred metres higher than the summit of Mont Blanc) was some beds of shells which I presumed were there, and in fact proved to be so. I obtained at the same time many new plants. But for my five days of marching in wilds without a habitation, the lowest of my encampments being at the height of fourteen thousand feet, I was obliged to carry provender for twelve days; because the Chinese town or village, which at the beginning of my expedition it was very uncertain whether I could reach, could under no circumstances supply me with any for my return. My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility I was committing against his *Tea-ific* majesty of Peking, exceeded sixty men, six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance asleep, on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Beker so much that they fled on my approach, instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who at no great distance commands a turret of sandstone, fortified with two leather guns. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; asked him a multitude of questions without allowing him to speak.

except in reply to them ; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I had designedly assumed a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such appearance might suffice. The Bekerites had no notion of a double-barrelled, still less of a percussion gun.

The effect of the balls which I shot, one after the other, into a tree at hand, a moment or two before giving audience to the Chinese officer, and in the presence of several of his followers, produced a wonderful effect upon the subjects of the celestial empire. I gave them a little tobacco, which made them love me as much as they had before feared me. A whimsical incident immensely increased their respect for the French lord. I was exhausted with fatigue, and was, nevertheless, about to continue my march. I therefore drank the stirrup-cup, filling my spoon with brandy, to melt in it a lump of sugar. But the solution going on but slowly, I set fire to the brandy, and when the sugar was melted, after blowing upon my spoon, I swallowed this dose of punch. The Bekerites, who are no artillerymen, thought that I was drinking *fire*, and almost fancied that I was the devil. On that day I encamped as high as sixteen thousand feet. I was still on the Chinese territory, where I wished next day to determine the direction of some strata. During the night, a few horsemen came to lie in ambush near my camp. I had intimation of their arrival, and of their small number. Not caring at all for them, I commenced my examination at day break, followed by six servants at most. The Tartar-Chinese cavalry immediately got into motion,

following my steps, but at a respectful distance. I commanded one of them to approach ; and the fellow doing so without alighting to speak to me, I laid hold of him by his pig-tail and pulled him off his horse. This comes, my friend, of living a year in India ; a man seriously thinks himself insulted by every act which is not servile. I was wrong however ; for the poor devil of a Bekerite was ignorant of Indian etiquette. But I saw only one thing, the colour of his skin ; and, forgetting the difference of places, I mistook his ignorance for deliberate insult : *inde iræ*. His companions had galloped off. The poor man remounted his horse with a good deal of trouble, and joined them as quickly as he could.

Afternoon.—Here I am, in spite of my thick woollen clothes, wrapped up in blankets from head to foot. I am obliged to do this every evening, and yet I suffer from the cold. This is a strange climate : it snows moderately in winter, and there is no thaw during four months. It scarcely ever rains, but every day at three o'clock it blows a violent hurricane, which lasts far on in the night. I often awake long before day-light, frozen through my five blankets.

The good-natured vizier of Soongnum joined a little present to the packet of letters I received yesterday ; this was a small basket of bad apples. There was great feasting on the occasion. But the grapes will be ripe when I return to Soongnum, the highest spot where the vine prospers (ten thousand feet) : then I shall feast thoroughly. In my Indian packet of the day before, were some newspapers—an attention of Captain Kennedy's. I saw the speech at the opening of our Cham-

bers ; also an article in the *Globe*, entitled, “ *La France et les Bourbons en 1830.*” “ An article that has led to a criminal prosecution,” adds the English journalist, “ like many others of the same description, which daily appear in the liberal papers.” I do not know what to think about the issue of all this. Is the question only to know which of the two will be most afraid and give way ? I wish it were so ; but in truth I know not well what to think.

Supposing, what will not take place, that the direct government of the king should succeed that of the Company in India, this change would not cause the slightest shock in Asia. Our father appears to be uneasy in this crisis, about the attitude of Mahrattas and Afghans, &c. &c. (and other canaille not worth a kick). Let him know, then, that the sixty millions of Indians about whom he is so much alarmed, are ignorant of the difference between the king of *Valaïte* (Europe altogether, England, America, &c. &c., for they are no geographers) and the Company. This subtle distinction is understood only, and but indifferently too, by the superior (mercantile) classes at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. But the peasant who ploughs, the mechanic who works, and the sipahee who mounts guard, have not the slightest notion of it. The ideas entertained in France about this country are absurd. The governing talents of the British are immense ; ours, on the contrary, are very indifferent ; and we believe the former to be embarrassed whenever we see them in circumstances under which our own awkwardness would be completely at a stand still. Our father also regrets that I have not brought with me all the papers, which might assist in

proving me a Frenchman; as if it was by papers, truly, that this could be proved to people among whom, in his opinion, it might be useful to me! As if they could read the Roman characters!—as if they understood a single word of a single European language! Let him take courage; he may live till he is a hundred years old, before he learns that a general massacre of the British has taken place in India. The cold increases, my dear Porphyre, and I should never become warm in bed if I delayed any longer getting into it. I embrace you.

August 26th.

I return to you, my brother:—I have just written to our father, and have determined to despatch a messenger (of the description above mentioned) to carry the whole to Semla, whence Kennedy will forward it to Calcutta;—thence it will be despatched to Chandernagore, to the obliging care of M. Cordier, my postman for Europe. I shall take care to write to you as soon as something is decided upon about my Lahore affair; but—for Heaven's sake!—if six months elapse between the receipt of this letter and the arrival of the following, do not be uneasy, my friends. For your own information, Porphyre, do not refuse me the modest title of Esquire, which you appear sometimes to fancy that the F.R.A.S. excuses you from giving me. It is not *ad libitum*, but indispensable. The F.R.A.S. is optional.

When you speak of the excellent table kept on board of merchant ships, I would willingly reply, “*Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse.*” Do I not remember the very hostile manner in which you spoke of the passengers, their appetite, &c., and the nautical artifices of a certain

captain to raise, just at dinner time, tempests and other accidents, which rendered it necessary to adjourn the attack on a certain pie, of which the messmates of his ship, on their arrival at Port au Prince, had seen only the outworks. If there was any pie at all, it must have been a pasteboard pie, or such as they have on the stage. But it is true that all ship-owners are not captains of artillery; and it is said that the Bourdeaux gentlemen, whose ships trade to Calcutta, do the thing handsomely.

My annual credit of six thousand francs expires in 1831 inclusively. On the 1st November, on coming down from the mountains, I calculate that I shall have three thousand or two thousand five hundred francs left, in all eight thousand five hundred. This is sufficient for my journey to Lahore (if I must return without proceeding further), and from thence to Bombay, perhaps even to Pondichery, where, on my arrival, I shall have something left to pay for my passage to Europe on board of one of those excellent merchantmen, whose captain keeps so good a table. This is what I call making the best of the matter; that is to say, calculating the chance that the Museum forgets to send me a renewal of credit.

You will have to sell two or three shares in ships to pay the postage of this letter, and our father a few volumes of his "*Essences*" to some silly bookseller, to whom Taschereau is specially charged to recommend the undertaking.

Adieu, my dear friend; envy me my mustachios, which are now five months old, a foot long, and of the brightest red. My cigar takes fire at them whenever;

on bad days, I smoke a moment or two in the morning to warm myself. Adieu ! I love and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

*Camp of Nákó, August 26th 1830. Long. 78° 40' ;
Lat 32°. Frontiers of Chinese Tartary.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—To write a letter every even-
in by stealth, either in Europe or India, in order gra-
dually to wipe off my correspondence, would occupy my
mind and divert it from the horrors of this hell of ice,
upon which it would otherwise have to sleep. But I
make a great sacrifice, and take a whole day of rest in
order to have done during the present day, and not again
write to anybody till my return to Semla. I am writing
to you on Indian paper, with a magnificent peacock's
feather, and indigo rubbed down. A goose quill would
be a great deal better, with some common ink, whether
indelible or not, and some of the paper of those dogs
of Christians. But what would you have ? The neces-
sities of past times have been such in this way that
those of the present impose this wretched epistotory
apparatus upon me.

I already *blued*, yesterday evening, ten or twelve
feet of this vile paper for Porphyre ; and I send you
many articles in this ukbar or gazette in reply to
several chapters of your volume letters. Until insurance
companies are established for the contents of letters, I
am perhaps wrong in risking such large packets ; but
at the distance which separates us, I cannot write short
notes. So I commit this to the care of Providence.

As it appears that my first from Calcutta was lost, I return to that place, and beg to inform you that his Most Christian Majesty's sloop of war which bore me and my fortunes, cast anchor before Fort William, on the 5th May 1829. After the customary salutes of guns, I arranged my plans of landing for the next morning; and these were executed in the following manner.

My Portuguese valet from Pondichery having called a palanquin, I took leave of the *Zélée*. I was dressed in black from head to foot. Having flung myself into the little portable house, I said to the bearers, "*Pearsonn sahibka ghaur me;*" a Hindostanee sentence, which I had been composing ever since I left Pondichery. It caused me to be set down without hesitation at the door of Mr. Pearson's magnificent house, which happened to be the one nearest to the river. A sort of Eurybates preceding me, between a double row of servants who line a wide staircase, introduced me into an immense drawing-room, where I found three ladies in full morning dress, and a man with grey hair clad in light cotton cloth, all four being fanned by a complicated machinery of hand-screens. My unknown name announced by the herald, and the simultaneous entrance of my tall black person, produced the effect of a thunder-clap; but the excessive pre-occupation of my mind, caused by the novelty, strangeness, and extraordinary appearance of every thing I had seen during the six minutes that succeeded my landing, cast a damper upon my English eloquence. Thus, at the critical moment when the spectre should have spoken, there was a dead pause. I would have given ten louis for a glass of port wine,

which would have given my sail some little wind—but it was impossible for me to get under weigh, and my début was a candid avowal of my inability to proceed. “I spoke a few words of English formerly, Sir, but I perceive I have forgotten the whole; I must, therefore, entreat you to help me!” and so the grey-haired gentleman did, and so did the three ladies, especially the two younger, and so well, that a moment after I was swimming in English like a little fish in the river. The individuals into whose presence I had been ushered, were Mr. Pearson, Mrs. Pearson, their daughter, and her governess or friend. I delivered my letters of introduction, without implicitly relying upon their virtue, because they were second or third hand; however, upon the breaking of the first seal, they caused me to be considered a welcome guest. I was asked if they were the only ones I had brought to Calcutta; a question to which I replied, by exhibiting an enormous packet which deformed my pocket, and which, being charged beforehand, like a judicious piece of firework, began on being opened with a few trifling squibs—Dr. ——— Mr. * * *, merchant, or Captain ———; then by degrees shot out the name of a judge, then that of the Chief Justice, then that of a member of council, and terminated, for the bouquet, with the name of Lady William Bentinck, and that of the Governor-general five times repeated. Each then drew a chair near mine, and overwhelmed me with questions and kind offers.

Eleven o'clock struck, and Mr. Pearson said to me: “This is the hour at which I must go to the Supreme Court. I regret exceedingly that I cannot introduce you to the persons whom you must call upon; but my

daughter will acquaint you with every thing, and my carriage is at your service." He then left me, giving me a hearty shake by the hand. Miss Pearson told me that my first visit ought to be to the government house; and, without letting me into the secret, wrote and despatched a note to Lady William Bentinck. The answer, according to etiquette, was addressed to me direct, and delivered in less than a quarter of an hour, by the aide-de-camp on duty, who gave me to understand that her ladyship was ready to receive me. I got into Mr. Pearson's carriage, and on arriving at the government house, was received by the aide-de-camp, who conducted me into Lady William's private drawing-room. She is a woman of fifty, who must have been very handsome, but she now sets up no pretensions to youth. My letter to her was from Lord Ashley, one of the members of the Indian Government in London, whom I met only once at the famous dinner of the Asiatic Society. I confessed therefore the slightness of the title of recommendation which I had brought, and it was scarcely mentioned. Lady William had already discovered that I knew several of her acquaintances at Paris. We chatted an hour and half on a multitude of subjects, till her physician, who was also her guest, entered to offer his arm to lead her to the dining-room, where the lunch was served. Lady William despatched the doctor to her husband, to inform him that she had a new acquaintance to introduce to him; and a few minutes after, I entered the refreshment room, giving her my arm. Lord William Bentinck came in at the same time by an opposite door, with the ministers and two members of council, it being a day of meeting for the council.

Lady William introduced me in the most friendly way; and I sat on the right of the Governor-general, who read his five letters rapidly during the lunch, and introduced me, when we rose from table, to every person present. I led Lady William back to her drawing-room, and did not leave her till I had promised to return and dine at eight. She taught me by heart all about the family with whom my lucky star had placed me.

On returning to the Pearsons, who were a little surprised at the length of my absence, I found the two best rooms in the house ready for me; and when I withdrew to them to congratulate myself on my happy *début*, I was pursued by a host of servants armed with fans to cool me. I had some trouble to get rid of these. At five o'clock, Mr. Pearson returned from court, paid me a long visit, and acquainted me with the forms of his material and domestic existence. I then related my adventures to him, the last incident of which, my engagement with Lady William for the evening, rather embarrassed me; but he seemed more satisfied with his acquisition than vexed at losing it for a few minutes on the first day. At six, he made me take a drive in his carriage along with himself, his wife and daughter—this being the daily recreation of the inhabitants of Calcutta during an hour at sunset. They return to dine by candle-light, after a change of dress. Mine being changed, I went to the palace in Mr. Pearson's carriage.

The company were assembled in Lady William's drawing-room. I was once more her *chevalier*, and sat next to her at dinner, that being of course the place of honour. Everything around us was royal and Asiatic.

The dinner, entirely French, was exquisite; delicious wines were served in moderation, as in France, but by tall servants with long beards, dressed in white gowns and turbans of scarlet and gold. Lord William asked me to take wine, a compliment which I immediately returned, by begging the honour of taking wine with my fair neighbour, who was conversing with me on a variety of agreeable topics, and offered to act as my Cicerone. To give our appetites time to revive for the second course, an excellent German orchestra, led by an Italian, performed, in rare perfection, several of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Rossini. The distance from which the sound proceeded, the uncertain light flickering between the columns of the neighbouring room; the brilliancy of the lights with which the table was illuminated, the beauty of the fruit which covered it in profusion, and the perfume from the flowers by which its fruit pyramids were decorated, perhaps also the champagne, made me find the music admirable. I experienced a sort of intoxication, but not a stupid intoxication. I chatted with Lady William in French, on art, literature, painting, and music, whilst, in a regular English speech, I replied to the questions of her husband concerning the internal politics of France. I did not avoid displaying, in my opinions, all that might excite disapprobation, employing, however, to express it, the most modest forms, which a lad of sixteen in England considers himself entitled to dispense with. Returning to Lady William's drawing-room to take coffee, of which I drank five or six cups without perceiving it, I found myself complimented by every one enough to turn my head. You may imagine

that I did not fail to draw the physician, who is still young, into conversation upon the novelties in physiology; for I had no opportunity, in the general conversation, of speaking on subjects connected with my own profession of naturalist, and yet I was desirous of showing, before the hour of departure, that I was one.

Next day, I knocked up my host's pair of horses, in going my round of visits, which however could not be finished till the day after. That day, I waited on the persons by whom I had been particularly noticed at the Governor-general's, and for whom I had brought no letters. You know the rest. A fortnight after, the Governor-general went to reside in the country, and I was of the party. Lady William would have me ride for the first time on an elephant with her; and she seemed sufficiently well pleased with our gossip on the top of this moving mountain, to have no other companion but myself. During our stay at Barrackpore, I worked during the day-time in the bungalow, near the palace, in which I had been placed. Sometimes after lunch, which, at two o'clock, brought together all the inmates of the palace, and at which I refrained from appearing very often, for want of courage to resist the *pâté de foie gras*, I used to go with Lady William to her drawing-room, where the afternoon slipped away very pleasantly, in general conversation. In the evening, after dinner, we had sometimes a little music, *en petit comité*; but I used to monopolise Lord William at the end of a sofa in the furthest corner of the room. He would talk to me of India, and I to him of the United States; then at half past ten, the signal for departure, I retired, taking the

arm of the friend, whom, among so many kind acquaintances I had already gained—I mean Colonel Hezeta. Often before entering the bungalow which we inhabited together, we used to stroll till midnight through the immense walks in the beautiful park at Barrackpore. He gave me an account of the two revolutions he had witnessed in his native country; the last of which had cast him upon this, without any other resource than the old friendship of Lord William. The strong mental resemblance between Hezeta and Dunoyer is very singular; and though the former has strongly marked Spanish features, the physical resemblance struck me no less.

Such, my dear father, was the manner in which I spent the first days after my arrival in India. Why have I to relate them to you a year after they are gone by? The uneasiness which the loss of my first letters gave you, concerning this period of our separation, afflicts me exceedingly. You had promised me to fill up the prolonged intervals of my correspondence, which accident might leave blank, with none but pleasing conjectures. Let your affection for me make you keep, in future at least, the promise you made in August 1828.

What a contrast between my life at Calcutta and the isolation of my present situation, inseparable as it is from fatigue, privation, and suffering! But this opposition is not without its charms. I often eat my crust with extreme pleasure, when past recollections flit through my mind. Besides, the future has still some lucky days in store for me.

Need I tell you that in the midst of the vortex which then carried me along, my life was less exempt from

care than at present. I contemplated with avidity this immense country which was open before me, and I often considered, with bitterness, whether access to it would not be closed against me by poverty. I now look back with satisfaction at the distance I have travelled; and am in nowise dispirited by the remoteness of Madras and Bombay.

What was agreeable and mild in my life then, is often recalled to my memory even in these deserts, in a manner which delights and affects me. You yourself will enjoy all the affecting testimonials of remembrance that reach me from such a distance. The British, having nothing which resembles what we call society, are almost universally destitute of that facility which we learn in it, of talking gracefully about trifles, and without dulness on serious matters. We thus have an immense advantage over them, when we can lead them to a somewhat general conversation, the subject of which is sufficiently familiar to allow us gradually to take the greatest share in it, and to regulate its form. It is to this artifice that I owe most of my success in what they call their *society*; and it is incumbent upon me to practise it, as it is on every traveller, on every man who is but a passer-by, and has only a few moments to make himself known. Although I have not succeeded in speaking their language entirely like themselves, the necessity of using this foreign idiom is, I know, far from being disadvantageous to me. I am quite confident of speaking with propriety when I think correctly.

Tell all whom it may concern, among the people in Europe, that I consider myself very much neglected by them. If those in Asia imitated them, I should not

have so much to write to-day. But perhaps I ought to lay the blame to the English post-office. What letters I do receive, continue to fall upon me like manna in the desert, as to the Hebrews of old. I believe it is the good governor of Chandernagore who generally collects and forwards my letters; then at Delhi, other collections are made by my baggage-master, the judge, or king of the city, and despatched to me under a single cover. Kennedy, at Semla, commonly adds something of his own to this mixture; and the whole arrives like anchovies preserved in butter or oil. The hydrophobia of the Kanaorees and Tartars, by making them carefully avoid, all their lives, the contact of water, collects upon the surface of my packets treasures of the conservative principle. It might rain in this country, and my letters, I can assure you, might travel with safety in the open air in the hands of the messenger.

But I shall never finish, if I do not seriously set to work to answer your letters. With regard to the chance of being devoured alive by serpents which swallow an ox without winking, as we do an egg, I think it useless now to assure you of my safety. I have not yet seen a single tiger, lion, or leopard, though I went to look for them for a fortnight among the Sikhs, assisted in my search by five companions considered clever in discovering them, a score and a half of elephants broken in to the sport, and five or six hundred horsemen. In one of the darkest of nights at the foot of the Himalaya, I discharged the two barrels of my gun in a direction in which it was said there was a leopard, in order to account for the disappearance of a goat from a flock near my tent. My escort fired at the same time, and

it is probable that there really was something like a tiger or leopard near, for the shepherd found the goat at the foot of the precipice, killed and mangled. It is very true, as Malte Brun tells you, that the Fakheers murder very cleverly at times. But I am none of their game: they seldom kill any but children, whose hands and feet they cut off, in order to steal the copper and silver bangles which the parents attach to the arms and legs of their little innocents. If I were to meet several Fakheers together, with a suspicious appearance, and had any doubt of their intention, I should begin by killing a couple of the horrible monsters upon the spot; but from Calcutta to this place, a few kicks were sufficient to drive away the most importunate of their species; and in no part of India shall I see so many of them, as I did in the woody desert and mountainous region which I crossed during the first part of my journey to Benares. They were going to Jagrena.

Mangoes and mangusteens have nothing in common but the first syllable of their name. The mango accommodates itself pretty nearly to every climate within the tropics; the cultivation of the mangusteen has succeeded scarcely anywhere except in the Moluccas, in Ava, and in Cochin China. There is a tree at Bourbon. My hosts in that island had the kindness to send a servant to a distance of twelve leagues from their house, with a note to the owner of this rarity, requesting two specimens for me. It was just in season. I found the fruit excellent, but nothing more; whereas it often happens that mangoes surpass all praise—it is therefore best to say nothing about them. Common mangoes are execrable. It is a fruit which is either

much liked, or detested;—there is no medium. A mangusteen, on the other hand, in an intermediate limit, pleases universally. Mangoes are very common at Hayti, where their quality varies between delicious and bad. At Bourbon and Calcutta I ate mangoes, which must not have a word said against them. In the North of India, and even at Benares, where the tree vegetates very luxuriantly, the fruit ripens badly.

I have no time for the scientific correspondence, the occasional publication of which my friends think likely to be of advantage to me in a professional sense. Although I do not spare myself, my time is sufficiently occupied without it. I shall therefore return with my budget to be wholly emptied. If some persons have thought me dead, I shall come to life again for them. Tell Cambassèdes this, with my kind regards, if you have occasion to see him; if not, let Mérimée, to whom this message is also addressed, deliver it to him. Besides a want of the necessary ingredient, time, there is another cause, which would discourage me were I disposed to undertake such a task: I mean the uncertain fate of my letters, and the fear of these being lost like the others, or coming to hand at only rare intervals. Appoint an attorney to convey my friendly regards to M. de Beaumont. Tell Dunoyer and M. Taboureau that I receive and return theirs, without talking of it; and the same with regard to every other friend near you.

I have not here the register which would inform me what number I am to put upon this letter. But the last, despatched a month ago, is dated from Chini in Kanawer, and the one before it from Semla, about the

20th of June. Write to me through the Navy Office, as it is so good a channel. M. Cordier, of Chandernagore, will manage, with his frank, to find me in any part of India, no matter whether it be Pondichery or Calcutta. It is an age since I heard from M. de Melay. Adieu, my dear father. I am in admirable health. Continue, as you have done, to govern your increasing years. Have patience and confidence, and we shall have much to tell each other. Adieu; I love and embrace you with all my heart.

P. S. From horror of white, I resume my peacock's quill to *blue* what remains of the page.

At Danum in Kanawer, I saw M. Csoma de Koros—Roûmi—or Alexander the Great (Secunder Beg), the Hungarian original, in short, of whom you must have heard. During the last ten years he has been travelling in Asia, under a wretched disguise, in order to discover, by a comparison of language, the tribe of which his nation is a swarm.

I am now going to Ladak, a Tartar or Tibetan country, tributary to China. The projected boundary of my course is seven marches hence towards the North. Thence I shall descend to Kanawer, and return to India by the Burunda Pass, through what the Indian and European public improperly term the great chain of the Himalaya. The Burunda Pass scarcely exceeds fifteen thousand feet in elevation. This will be mere child's play to me, who have reached, four times, an elevation of eighteen thousand three hundred, and eighteen thousand six hundred feet. Kennedy promises to come from Semla, and meet me on the Indian declivity of the mountains, and we shall travel together

during a few days, in order that he may make me acquainted with the petty mountain sovereigns subject to his political controul. Adieu.

TO M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT, ENGINEER OF MINES.

Lari, September 9th 1830. Territory of Ladak.

DEAR M. DE BEAUMONT,—I see brewing on the horizon in Kanawer, a storm of work which only awaits my return thither to burst. I therefore take advantage of my last leisure in the desert to write to you a few lines. Those fire-side geographers are fools, with their independent Tartary. The natives of this country pay tribute, on four sides; and the Rajah or Khan of Ladak, between the Sikhs of Cashmeer and the Mantchous of China, is much less at his ease than the Badshah of Persia between the Russians and the British. Fire-side geographers, however, are happy fellows!—I would willingly be a blockhead on such agreeable terms.

I found it very piquant, on the 21st of November last, to awake under a tent for the first time; but after having had no other dwelling for the last ten months, I have learned the value of a house. A place on the floor of the hostelry of Courmageur would be better than my unmattressed bed, in my little mountain tent, which the frozen night-blast threatens to upset. I do not call to mind, without regret, M. Durr's good dinners at the Union at Bex. Not that I, yielding to Asiatic luxury, have not my cook and sub-cook or scullion to provide me with good cheer; but during the five months I have spent in the Himalaya, these artists, by combining their

talents, can produce me nothing but a daily pyramid of coarse cakes made of flour with all the bran in it. Now, as one gets tired of all things in time, be they ever so nice, it is allowable to turn up my nose at the daily fare of my lordship, highness, or majesty, as they call me. But this is croaking too much; and as my health has suffered from neither cold, heat, rain, nor the miseries of an ambulatory life, you know me well enough to believe that I care little about comforts. You have doubtless heard, through Adrien de Jussieu, Cambessèdes, or Prosper Mérimée, of the admirable reception I met with at Calcutta. The season in which I arrived, and the necessity of learning the abominable jargon of the country detained me there several months; and I was successively the guest of people, the poorest of whom had a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year to spend. The law of drainage of rupees, however, gave me intervals of care even while I was thus magnificently treated. Nevertheless, as I find water enough to float between this and Paris, without fear of running aground, I shall not complain to you of such trifles. An isolated and unknown stranger, in the circumstances under which I arrived at Calcutta, would inevitably have stranded. It is to the couple of pounds weight of admirable letters of introduction with which I was provided, that I am wholly indebted for the power of writing to you from Lari, six hundred leagues from Calcutta.

Among the great number of personages that I have seen in India, there are none of our profession. Not that during my stay at Calcutta, I did not become more or less intimate with some able in this line; and, by means of the "Asiatic Researches," with their predecessors.

But with the exception of the building, the Asiatic Society of Calcutta and the Lyceum of Natural History at New York, of a meeting of which I think I gave you an account, bear the greatest resemblance to each other. Geology is there very much in fashion. It is a science much cultivated, in order to learn how to give a scientific name to the stones found in the road, during a change of residence or garrison, and picked up and placed in the palanquin. Thus, there is granite, gneiss, micaslate, claystone, sandstone (which is always new red sandstone), and limestone (which is invariably lias). I think I have mentioned all. If Mr. Pentland has found in Peru any mountains higher than the Himalaya, I would not advise him to come to India. As it is generally admitted that this "mighty range, before which the Andes sink into inferiority, is the eldest-born of the creation," I beg you will abide by what I shall tell you some day concerning the phenomena of this eldest-born of the creation; for your beautiful work on the relative periods of the elevation of mountains, of which I yet know nothing except from the sketch given by M. Arago in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, will be considered a personal insult by the geologists of Calcutta, their wives, their children, and their children's dolls. At Bombay I shall take good care not to say that I am a friend of yours. Some ten years ago, in Switzerland, a learned man of Zurich proved that the History of William Tell was a Danish legend of the eleventh century, and the people could not but yield to the evidence he produced; nevertheless, he was condemned to death for having destroyed a belief which was one of the most cherished heir-looms of the Swiss peasant. Being fortunately

absent at the time, the poor devil is now a professor in some German university. To touch the antiquity of the Himalaya is no less a sacrilege in India.

A few words concerning my route. From Calcutta I went to Benares, nearly in a straight line across low mountains, which form a very regular chain from the platform of Bundelcund to Rajomal, where they are terminated by a small escarpment above the Ganges. From Benares I proceeded to Mirzapore, and leaving this place, I spent the whole month of January in Bundelcund, upon the platform or its sides, or in the adjacent plains. To have gone from thence to Agra by an interesting route, I should have passed through Gewalior; but the material circumstances of wagons and escorts obliged me to get to the Jumna at Kulpy, and to go on from thence through the Doab to Agra, from Agra to Delhi, and from Delhi towards the desert of Bikanere, to the W. N. W., in the country of the Sikhs. I was then engaged in a hunting party, most admirably got up on my account.

This was at the end of March, and the hot winds threatened every day seriously to invade the plains in the North of India. Quitting my companions, therefore, I re-mounted my faithful Pegasus to reach the foot of the mountains by short marches, in the same manner that I had come from Calcutta to Delhi. I entered the Himalaya by the valley of Dehra, or the Dhoon of Dehra, commonly called by the English the *Valley of the Dhoon*, which means literally "the valley of the valley." It is a longitudinal valley jammed in between the foot of the Himalaya, properly so called, and the raised diluvial soil. I there bade adieu to the comforts

of the Indian traveller in the plains; changed my horse for a stick; placed my baggage upon the shoulders of five-and thirty mountaineers, and commenced the series of annoyances with which I have wearied you above. I went to the sources of the Jumna, and was near those of the Ganges; thence I returned westward to Semla, a summer station near the Sutledge. Ascending along the banks of this river, or rather on the side of the mountain overlooking them, I crossed over to the North of the Himalaya, in the country of Kanawer, the Rajah of which is tributary to the British. Here it is that Tibet begins, with regard to climate, productions, and religion. My researches carried me twice from Kanawer into the Chinese territory; and in the first of these expeditions (for they were rather military and invasive), I had to pass four times through defiles at a height of five thousand five hundred metres, and to encamp at five thousand metres. I am now on my return from an excursion towards Ladak, without perceiving that the mountains begin to diminish in altitude. The village from which I am writing to you, seated on the banks of the Spiti, a very considerable feeder of the Sutledge, is about three thousand seven hundred metres high. Three days ago I was encamped near a village in Ladak, called Ghi-journul, at an elevation of five thousand metres. On the Indian slope, I saw none above two thousand seven hundred metres. Cultivation also stops on the southern side two thousand metres lower than on the Tibetan. The temperature is not the predominant circumstance of climate which determines these differences: it is particularly the state of the sky which produces them. Covered with clouds and charged with rain on the Indian

side, it is clear and free from humidity as soon as the peak of the Himalaya is passed. Having gone from that side by the natural cut of the Sutledge, I shall return into India by one of the gorges of the Southern or Indian chain. Their mean elevation is from fifteen to sixteen thousand English feet; that is to say, three thousand feet below the mean level of the passages across the branches which cover Tibet and Tartary. As you have found that all the Alps are far from being contemporary, in like manner, it appears doubtful to me, whether the Tibetan chains of the Himalaya are of the same period of elevation as the Southern chain. I will not give you the sufficient reason of these doubts, because this letter would have no end, and my leisure has but narrow limits.

Adieu, my dear Beaumont. I shall expect your answer at Bombay. Believe in my sincere attachment.

TO M. CHARLES DUNOYER, PARIS.

Semla, in the Himalaya, October 23rd 1830.

I MUCH regret, my friend, to learn by your letter of the 1st of April, that I have lost another of a previous date, which required a special answer. Perhaps, when it has travelled several times from Europe to Asia, it will reach me at last; and then doubt not the eagerness with which I shall endeavour to satisfy your wishes. To-day I have only to thank you kindly for your friendly remembrance. I have certainly explained to you why on my departure I did not take leave of you. Notwithstanding

the pretty things that Romeo says about the pleasure of bidding good bye, I am not of Shakspeare's opinion. In every parting likely to be of some duration, there is a *perhaps* so melancholy, that I systematically avoid the pain of the last shake by the hand. Thus I show myself worthy of my father, who, you know, is a hero of stoical insensibility—I mean upon paper. He assures me, that he was as gay as possible, and quite easy about me, when he had not received a letter from me for nearly a year, and his friends thought him very uneasy. I shall be delighted if he has told the truth, without saying more; for at my present enormous distance not only from Europe, but from Calcutta and Bombay, nothing is so much a matter of chance as the arrival of my letters. That which ought to give him confidence about the future, whatever the intervals of my correspondence may be, is the fortunate experiment I have made of the climate of India, and the knowledge I have acquired of the natives, and the country generally. It is now nearly a twelve month since I left Calcutta. During this period, I have travelled twelve or fifteen hundred leagues on horseback, and nearly a thousand on foot. In Tibet, whence I am just now returning, I have made war on the Emperor of China, encamped several times at a greater height than the summit of Mont Blanc, and am all the better for it; but this is a particular case, and proves nothing against the unhealthiness of India. It is true that the British add greatly to the dangers of the climate by their freedom of living. Except when I am at their establishments, I live not only like a Brahmin, but like a Carthusian friar.

Hydrophobia in a whole nation is a frightful disease.

During my journey into Tibet, I had a small escort of Gorkhas, which would certainly have sufficed for me to conquer the whole of central Asia, if I had taken a fancy to make myself a king. These people made it a practice to drive brutally away the Lamas and other Tartar villagers, whom curiosity to see a white man had attracted round my encampment. One day, when it was less cold than usual, I undressed myself to take a bath after the Indian fashion, that is to say, to have a skin of water poured over my head and shoulders. At the splashing of this little cascade, the crowd of Tibetans pressing round me fled in a fright; and since that day I have always got rid of their importunities, by stationing my water-carrier or Mussulmaun bisti with his long black beard, who was an object of admiration to these beardless people, as sentry at the door of my little tent, with his skin well filled with water, which excited their terror. Instead of a score of Gorkhas, I need take only half a dozen apothecaries to make myself Great Khan of Tartary. You may easily think, that, when king of such a water-fearing people, I should be little tempted to use all the rights of an Asiatic prince, and would make myself a Lama, if I did not remain a Carthusian monk. A very singular trait in Tibetan manners, with which you are surely acquainted, is a plurality of husbands. All brothers born of the same mother have but one wife in common. It never happens that she has any preference for either of her husbands, which might trouble the peace of her numerous family: love and jealousy in their rudest forms are therefore feelings unknown to these people. However, the great Lama of Kanawer, whose portrait I will show

you some day, has the episcopal mitre and crosier. He is habited like our prelates; and a superficial observer would, at a distance, mistake his Tibetan or Buddhist mass for a Roman mass, and one of the most orthodox. He makes a score of genuflexions at different intervals; turns to the altar and people alternately, rings a bell, drinks out of a cup of water which an acolyte pours out for him; mumbles Paternosters to the same tune;—in short, there is disgusting resemblance in every point. Some men will see in this nothing but a corruption of Christianity. Nevertheless it is incontestable that Buddhism, now confined to the North of the Himalaya, the East of the Burampooter, and to some islands of the Indian Archipelago, preceded, in India, the worship of Brahma. It still partially existed there at the period of the invasion of the first Afghan conquerors, who proved, like the Spaniards in America, that persecution, in spite of the proverb, is no feeble engine of religious conversion. A considerable library is deposited in the temple of Kanawer. I there saw several books on theology, printed in Tibet, consisting of a Sanscrit text, with an interlineary Tibetan translation; and their date is only the century before last. The Buddhist church at that period still kept up some friendly relations with that of Brahma; and a knowledge of the sacred language of Benares, was still preserved at Teshoolombo, Tashigung, and in several other great monasteries in Tibet. The majority of Lamas do not know the meaning of the devout ejaculation which they utter from morning to night

Houm ! màni, pâni houm !
Heu ! gemma lotus heu !

But, though composed of three Tibetan words, it is evidently of Indian origin, and I prove it *botanically*. The lotus, or *λωτὸς* of the Greeks, is a plant peculiar to the lukewarm or temperate waters of India and Egypt; there is not one of its genus, or even of its species, in Tibet. Its extreme beauty, and its abundance in the tanks dug near the Indian temples, have rendered it celebrated in Hindoo legends.

But enough of this. I very much doubt the existence of the table land of Tibet. I have travelled northward to $32^{\circ} 10'$ of latitude. The snowy chain of the Indian Himalaya was to the South very far behind me, and yet the country was constantly rising before me. I had, in my caravan, people who had travelled three months' march to the North East, and six months to the East, of the furthest point which I reached. Their accounts agree too well not to be true. They represent all the countries which are unknown to me, as very similar to those I visited with them: that is to say, covered with mountains heaped up without order, ramified irregularly, and lengthened into chains, which intersect each other in every direction. The Himalaya, whose eternal snows are seen from the banks of the Ganges, even as far as Benares, and constitutes a sight so full of grandeur for the plains of India, is but an humble and modest preface to the Tibetan Alps.

My being a Frenchman, is far from disadvantageous to me: an Englishman could not have undertaken the journey which the *French lord* has just terminated so happily. The Government prohibits British subjects from approaching the Chinese frontiers. This is done to avoid the trouble of complaints to which violations of

territory might give rise. Being free from this restraint, and persuaded that my little caravan would march in these deserts like a conquering army, I fearlessly ran my chance. Several times I found, in much greater numbers than my little band, men assembled from all the villages around, to impede my progress; sometimes on the summit of a mountain, sometimes in a narrow defile which a single man might have defended against thousands, sometimes on the brink of a torrent. I never hesitated to push forward without paying attention to their injunctions; and I had very seldom occasion to use any of these good people roughly, in order to disperse their astonished companions. Notwithstanding their bold appearance before the engagement, I never saw in them any signs of resistance by open force; but they endeavoured to famish me, in order to force me back. They did not dare positively to refuse to sell me provisions, but laid a very high price on them, and the further I advanced the more they increased it. At length I adopted the resolution which I ought to have taken in the first instance. I fixed the price myself, on a very liberal scale, and warned them that, if they did not submit to it, I would plunder the village, and carry off their cattle—a threat which proved sufficient, and which I had no occasion to repeat.

From so cold a country I have not been able to bring a very large number of organic productions. My collections are, nevertheless, considerable, and contain a great number of new objects. The excessive nakedness of the mountains was favourable to geological observation; and I do not think I flatter myself when I set a pretty high value upon those I have made.

British hospitality, so far as I am concerned, is truly admirable: the most flattering attentions have always been paid to me. Here especially, I had the happiness to form, in a few days, quite a familiar acquaintance with my host, the king of kings, like Agamemnon of old, for he governs with absolute sway a number of petty mountain princes; and my residence at Semla will always call up the most agreeable recollections. During four months, I had been deprived of all European society. None of my people speak a word of English, my adopted language; and during the whole of my solitary journeying, I have heard no language spoken except the wretched mountain Hindostanee.

With your letter, my dear Dunoyer, I here found a number of others, from the same place, but of an equally old date; nevertheless, in the English newspapers, I have European news up to the 1st of June. On quitting Calcutta, I made a very secret vow to forget the things of that part of the world, or at least not to think of them so long as I remained in this. Impossible!—and here the English newspapers are insufficient to give me a satisfactory account of our political affairs. I have just stated my distress to Lord William Bentinck, who is five hundred leagues from hence, and regularly receives several French journals. He will be so good as to send them on to me, after having read them. Sometimes I fear that the king is still more of a fool than a coward, and that the end of all this will be a revolution. If we were forced to come to blows, I know very well who would remain master of the field; but I am alarmed at the immense number of good timid people always ready to give passive support to a movement of reaction.

I think the bastard system imposed on the Martignac ministry, by the composition of the chamber at that period, was rapid enough in carrying legislative ameliorations to warrant our having patience with it, at the same time that it caused the votes in parliament to be in our favour, and out of parliament brought the great body of the nation to our side. I am waiting with great impatience for news of the 3rd of June. What becomes of Algiers?—and Greece, the crown of which Prince Leopold's declaration permits no honest man decently to accept on the conditions prescribed by Wellington? Who is to be regent in England? The answer to all this is, that Calcutta is fourteen thousand miles from London, this place fifteen hundred from Calcutta; and that the post in India goes on foot, and tigers sometimes eat the letter-carriers.

Adieu, my dear friend: here is a great deal more than I should have written to you, if I had read the book written by M. Jullien (of Paris, mind!) on *the employment of time*; for I have broken in upon your leisure, and left myself but a small share to answer a little mountain of letters from all corners of the world. If you think too much is not enough, deprive posterity boldly of a page of "Real Essences," and go and spend an hour with my father, who will tell you more. Explain, I beseech you, my stoicism, to Madame Dunoyer; and if you think it will be acceptable, add some little dose of friendship to the respects which I beg her to accept. As for you, my dear Dunoyer, without any more ceremony, I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT, ENGINEER OF MINES,
PARIS.

Semla, in the Indian Himalaya, October 24th 1830.

So many people whom I have never seen before, call and write to me, *my dear Sir*, that I shall henceforth suppress the *Sir* to you, my dear Beaumont, and beg you will have the kindness to make the same reduction in my favour. People of our age, with friendship for each other, ought to call each other simply by their names. I have no reason to treat you more ceremoniously than Charpentier or Adrien de Jussieu, both of whom I did not know till after my acquaintance with you. When I return to Europe, I shall perhaps find you married, and grown ten years older by that simple fact; then the ice of our past ceremony would be very difficult to break. Let us break it, then, before it grows too thick, and do you call me Jacquemont in return for my calling you Beaumont.

The acre of scrawl which accompanies this note will prove to you that my thoughts have anticipated yours. Your letter of the 22nd February last has only this moment arrived. I wrote to you more than six weeks ago. I reckoned that by this time that long letter would have been at least at Calcutta; but I kept it here by mistake—it is very lucky that it was not lost*. It answers by anticipation several parts of yours, without excusing me, however, from returning to it.

Every one is talking of the fame which you have just

* The letter addressed to the same person, and dated September 9th of the same year, was despatched only with the present.—Ed.

acquired by your ingenious discoveries. I shall esteem myself happy if I bring back some proofs of the correctness of your views; and in spite of wild elephants, tigers, and, what is worse, of dangerous fevers, of which the forests that fringe the foot of the Himalaya are the constant abode, I shall go and collect them there. As for wild beasts, though it would be an excess of scepticism not to believe in them, I give myself but little concern about them. With regard to the Jungle typhus, I rely greatly on my dry and tough fibre and my alimentary regimen, to preserve me from it. In a fortnight I shall have finished this expedition, and shall perhaps find some leisure at Sharunpore to tell you the result.

I found, accumulated here, all my collections made during the space of six months in the Indian and Tibetan Himalaya, and am busied with the precautions necessary for their preservation. I likewise found a little mountain of European letters, formed here during my absence. I must answer on all sides; and it is almost without pleasure that I scribble these lines to you, bewildered as I am with business.

I am rejoiced to learn that you see Mérimée from time to time; I have an extreme friendship for him, with which he will also inspire you, when you know him as well as I do. I suppose he is going on acquiring an abominable reputation by his literary hardihood, whilst at bottom he is the best creature in the world. You are more fortunate: your brilliant success against the obscurity of the ancient revolutions of the globe, does not expose you to unpleasant interpretations. It is better to show only one's reason to the public, and

reserve one's imagination for friends;—this is the advantage of those who cultivate the sciences.

You have obliged me according to my taste with your friendly mosaic. There is no doubt a great deal that is ridiculous in M. de St. Simon's *industrialism*, because its exposition is exclusively dogmatical, a form without which it would appear perhaps less original, and would border upon a *truism*. But the interest which it excited, and which is also awakened by the doctrines of Mr. Owen, and the "*Méthode Universelle*" of M. Jacotot, —all these speculative and practical novelties in short, occupy too great a number of minds not to prepare considerable changes in constituting human communities. God grant that this slow but inevitable revolution may not be checked, delayed, and driven backward, by vulgar commotions of brutal force! I have cast my eye over the English papers up to the 16th of June; they are by no means encouraging with reference to the future prospects of France. The question must be settled by this time, but five months must elapse before I can learn its fortunate or deplorable solution.

Adieu, my dear Beaumont. I am ashamed of this disjointed stuff, and therefore cut it as short as possible. Thanks for my health, in champagne, at Edon's. This evening I shall make a little speech to my English hosts, and the whole company will rise and drink my toast of *absent friends*. I shall think of you as I empty my glass.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Semla, in the Indian Himalaya, August 25th 1830.

HAD you ever been deprived, for four months, of all European society, you would understand, my dear friend, the joy I experienced on my return to this place. In order that nothing might be wanting, your letter of the 12th of March was waiting for me, with several others from my family—all satisfactory; and the day after my arrival, I received another packet from botanical and geological friends, Elie de Beaumont, Adrien de Jussieu, &c. &c. I am not yet recovered from the very vulgar pleasures of sleeping under a roof, not taking my meals alone, hearing the sounds of a sister language, and receiving at the same time so much pleasant and agreeable news. I still feel a sort of nervous agitation, which does not easily allow me to remain the whole day before a writing table, and which the fatigue of my long journey across the mountains can alone subdue. This must be my excuse for the confusion in my letter.

In spite of the jealousy of the Chinese government, I have succeeded in visiting some parts of Tibet subject to its authority. An English physician, some years ago, had almost as much success in a similar undertaking; but he was destitute of the information which might have rendered it interesting in a scientific point of view. Mr. Moorcroft afterwards advanced a good way beyond the point reached by his countryman the doctor, and also beyond that where I thought it right to stop, since he visited Leio, where he died, no doubt by

poison. Previously to this journey, which proved fatal to him, Mr. Moorcroft had travelled into another part of Tibet, equally closed against strangers by the suspicious policy of the Chinese. If you have read the account of his pilgrimage to the sacred lake of Mansarower, you must have found it extremely difficult to comprehend how, for the mere purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity, he could have resolved to expose himself to the dangers of a whimsical disguise, and resign himself to the privations of all kinds which it entailed upon him. Mr. Moorcroft visited Mansarower and the eastern Kailas, in the borrowed guise of a Fakheer, dumb in consequence of a vow. In his last unfortunate expedition he wore the Persian dress, and traffic was the ostensible object of his journey. He might ask questions, but with discretion; curiosity, however, led him too far: he gave the lie to his Asiatic dress, and soon died the victim of his imprudence.

I took much higher ground with the Emperor of China: for him I did not change my dress, nor voluntarily deprive myself of all means of observation, without which my journey would have taught me nothing. I directed my caravan in a manner to avoid troublesome encounters as much as possible; and when I could not prevent them, I put a good face upon the matter, and ordered the people assembled to stop my progress, to retire immediately. Their astonishment was extreme, and they always withdrew grumbling. You may surely imagine, my dear friend, that I should not have risked a threat, if I had not the moral certainty that it would have proved sufficient to open the road to me. Perhaps these Tartars, if provoked by verbal abuse, would have shown

the determination which anger often inspires ; but I was as silent as the desert around us. It was with the most indifferent tone that my Tibetan interpreter, on their summons to retire, gave them, in reply, a similar command. I continued to advance slowly, at the pace of my horse, or Yak, followed by my men, who marched in close order, most of them carrying loads, some of them armed. My little bands wore an appearance of cool resolution, which left the Tartars to the mildness and natural timidity of their character, and I never met with any resistance but of a passive kind. One day, accompanied only by a few attendants, all unarmed, with the exception of the one who carried my gun, I fell in with a party of two hundred mountaineers, all Lamas from their dress. Though I had already experienced their circumspection many times, I confess that I had some misgivings considering the small number of my men. My interpreter being far behind, I had no means of communication but by signs. I made a very imperative one, and the mountaineers retired from the pathway ; two men only remained in it, and left me no passage. I pushed the first gently ; for a violent shock would have precipitated him down the sides of the mountain, which are too steep to hold on by ; he caught at some tufts of grass, and grumbling joined the more docile. The other, who was doubtless the hero of the band, did not stir. I removed him in the same way without showing any anger, and my people passed on after me, without obstacle. This is a correct account of my greatest battle.

Did I not know what the calling of Tartar-king is worth, I could here perform the duplicate of Dr. Francia.

With a hundred Gorkhas I would willingly undertake the conquest of Central Asia. The name of these latter is a terrible bugbear, it is true; and my tall white figure, though it has nothing very frightful, appeared truly formidable to the peaceful Lamas.

The Indian Himalaya has something in it like Europe. It is covered with forests, whose trees have a family resemblance to those of the Alpine forests: they consist of pines, firs, cedars, sycamores and oaks differently associated with each other, according to the height of the mountain. Above the limit of the forests, there is green pasturage intermingled with dwarf shrubs, willows and junipers; and this zone extends to that of eternal snow. But towards Tibet, the whole region is so elevated that on the southern declivity of the chain, the bottom of the valleys exceeds the level at which the forest stops. The vegetation, reduced to some creeping, thorny, stunted shrubs, and scanty dried grass, forms here and there blackish spots on the margin of the torrents. The sides of the mountain are covered with nothing but what the rushing waters wash down; and the immense horizon offers a uniform scene of sterility and desolation, terminating on every side with the snowy summits of the mountains.

Such is the strange peculiarity of the climate, that these Tibetan chains, when their height does not exceed twenty thousand feet, are entirely clear of snow towards the middle of summer. I have several times encamped higher than the summit of Mont-Blanc, and to the North of the 32° of latitude; and as it was always the vicinity of a stream that determined my halts, almost every day brought me an opportunity of examining, at leisure, the

rare traces of a very extraordinary vegetation. At the same elevation in the southern chain of the Himalaya, I should have been surrounded by snow.

Though my attention was principally directed to the study of the phenomena of nature, and the observation of its productions, I did not neglect that of our species, fantastically modified, as might be expected, from such peculiar circumstances of soil and climate. One of the most singular among Tartar and Tibetan customs, is polyandry. However numerous a family of brothers may be, they have only one wife in common; and it is with absolute confidence in the correctness of my information, that I consider the feeling of jealousy to be entirely unknown to this strange people, for it never disturbs the peace of their populous households. I could scarcely make myself understood when I inquired, whether the preference of the wife for any one of her husbands did not sometimes cause quarrels among the brothers. This is certainly a most ignoble compensation for polygamy, which prevails throughout the rest of the East.

The collections of natural history, which I made in the North of the Himalaya, could not be very considerable; nevertheless, the number of objects I have brought from thence exceeds my hopes, and I think that most of them are new.

My geological observations, on the southern girdle of this great chain, so far confirm the opinions which M. de Beaumont has risked concerning the period of its elevation. But in the same manner that he has shown certain parts of the Alps to have been raised at different epochs, the Tibetan Himalaya, according to

my observations, appears also of a different period (not of geognostical formation, but of elevation), from the Indian Himalaya.

As for the period of its geognostical formation, the researches I have made to determine this point, have brought to my knowledge an immense number of facts, from which I hope to deduce a very simple and satisfactory theory on the primary earths.

My professional friends are urgent that I should send them from time to time a scientific paper which they may publish as a certificate of my being alive. I am as convinced as they are of the advantage to me which would arise from such publications, but I absolutely want leisure; and if I wish to write some pages with care, pages which, at any future time, I should not regret having written, I immediately feel the want of books, which are not at hand. I would rather pass for dead than for dying, which might be concluded from feeble and neglected works. I cannot flatter myself that I shall bring home from my journey materials enough to live *upon India* during thirty years, as M. de Humboldt has done on his concerning America; and even if I could, I should not desire such a thing.

I am now ready to descend into the plains; but whether it will be to proceed to the South or to the North, I know not.

I am negotiating with the Rajah Runjeet Sing and the government of Calcutta, to obtain from the latter permission to leave their dominions by the Sutledge, and from the former that of entering his dominions. This point being gained, I shall have to run after Runjeet I know not whither, for he is waging war against

the revolted Afghans of the Upper Indus. I shall have to make a score and half of bows, give him a few louis for a Turkish dress, and remove the suspicions which he entertains of all Europeans.

How delightful it will be for us to meet again at Paray. You will have so many nice new things to show me there, and I so much to tell you! How much more should I be attached to that secluded and quiet spot, if, on returning to France, I could spend the winter with you there, free from care, re-perusing the journals of my travels, and preparing some work which might raise my name from obscurity.

A thousand thanks for the details in your long and kind letter. I keep my reflections on these novelties to myself, for my letter would be endless.

The extracts from our journals in the English papers, selected without judgment by the journalists of Calcutta, and which reach me here after this double test, give me great uneasiness concerning the issue of the absurd quarrels at present existing in France. With an august fool like ours, there are no longer any probabilities to guide one in conjectures about the future. Everything is possible; and the circle of possibilities incloses great misfortunes! I shall know in a fortnight the result of the first electoral operations, but I easily foresee it. What I cannot foresee is the consequence of a new liberal majority in the chamber of deputies.—Adieu, my friend. I wish to turn my thoughts from such melancholy and irritating subjects. Adieu! Write to me oftener; speak to your father of my filial attachment to him, and remember me kindly to the rest of your family. A few words more in reply to what you

tell me of your children. Is it not ten years ago since I began to say that Louisa would one day be very beautiful, and the same time nearly that I made for Mary the engagement which she is keeping? Adieu again; I love and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Semla, in the Indian Himalaya, October 28th 1830.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Between my European, American, Asiatic, and African correspondents, I have already written thirty-four letters (some of which will come to you), and I have not done yet, although I limit my correspondence to what is strictly necessary. I wanted to keep you for the last, but I know not when your turn may come; so then, without farther preamble, I shall answer your two letters which I found here on my return to Kanawer, on the 13th of this month. It is a weighty matter to do justice to six pages of your close and small writing. But fortunately several of my letters, written since my departure from Calcutta, must have satisfied you on many points which gave you uneasiness when you penned your No. 13. You hiss the wild elephants, tigers, lions, and serpents; and you care very little for the blanks in your map, or for the *unexplored countries* which you find sometimes on my route. If there is any other danger about which your affection alarms you on my account, tell Porphyre to show you how to work a *rule of three*; and from my success against the obstacles which your perfect security about me has drawn up in battle array, on my road, concluded

that I shall be equally fortunate against future difficulties.

I am returned from afar; I have often been very cold; I have had a hundred and eighteen very bad dinners;—but I think myself amply rewarded for these Trans-Himalayan trifles, by the interesting observations and vast collections which I have been able to make in a country perfectly new. The Tartars are a very good sort of people. It is true, that to please them, I enacted a little the heathen after their own fashion, joining without scruple in their national chorus, “Houm! mâni, pani, houm!”—and that I liberally distributed among them fifty pounds of tobacco, to enable them to smoke the calumet of peace with me. Near Ladak, however, they endeavoured to stop my progress by the excessive price they put upon the provisions of which my caravan stood in need. Their refusing them altogether, which they should have done as faithful Chinese subjects, would have been compelling me to plunder their villages, and take by force what I required; but their circumspection preserved them from such a measure. I however considered the excessive dearness of their consent as a refusal, and reduced the prices by my own authority, still leaving them very high. I added the formal threat of plunder, if my camp was not well provisioned on my own terms, and I was allowed to want nothing.

If I were not the son of so great a philosopher, insensible by inheritance to worldly greatness, I should not have returned to Semla, but have remained in Tartary, King or Khan of a few villages. Assisted by three servants, I literally took the fort of Dunker, in Spiti, which you will find somewhere astride on the 32° of latitude.

Sabhatoo, October 31st.

Were I not as candid, as the Baron de Stendhal says I am, I should not want matter for plenty of stories. I will only tell you that I believe less than ever in adventures, precipices, &c. &c. I used to repeat to Madame Micoud, when I formed the project of visiting the Alps with Hippolyte Jaubert—"people do not kill themselves." It was then only a conviction of feeling; it is now one of experience, and that too of long standing. The English doctor, who travelled without the slightest advantage, part of the journey which I have just brought to so fortunate a close, left half-a-dozen servants on the Sutledge, in Spiti, and in the snows on the summits of the Himalaya. Of this, he somewhat boasts. He says he himself experienced an excess of suffering, when he had to pass the highest gorges. I encamped, and even sojourned in places at a greater height than those over which he only passed, and felt nothing of the kind. But I drank water, and he brandy. Not one of my people (and I always had fifty with me), was seriously indisposed during this expedition of more than six months. There was not a fall, nor an accident of any kind. I learned the value of discipline on board the *Zélée* of immoveable memory; and I introduced some of it into my caravan, to prevent mishaps, or, at all events, to remedy them immediately. My people soon understood that this regulation, which at first seemed irksome to them, was made for their safety and welfare; and on my return to Semla, there was not one who did not wish to remain with me. The British treat them like dogs and beasts of burthen; and truly these poor

devils perform the labour of the latter. For some days I imitated the cold English *hauteur*, but returned afterwards to my natural character of a good-tempered fellow. I shall frequently regret my mountaineers. I shall no doubt take one or two with me into the plains. Although, since my departure from Calcutta, I have not yet been robbed by my servants, and have still two of my Bengalees, I have not more confidence in them now than the first day I hired them. The mountaineers are like poor Lafleur whom Yorick took as he passed through Montreuil, full of good will, but unable to do anything. In this country it is no great fault in a servant to be good for nothing. My *pahari* will have no other business than to carry my gun and guard my imperial treasure. This will be a sort of insurance which will cost me thirteen francs a month.

You ask me for some personal particulars about myself. What could I add to those I have so often given you since my departure from Calcutta? My Semla friends tell me that I am returned from Tibet a little stouter, and have brought back with me the appearance of perfect health. I possess it in reality. I am very brown, have large mustachios of a distressing colour, no whiskers, long hair, and a very small, light, and flexible hat of palm leaves, made at Pondichery—every two or three months it is covered with new black silk. I have not lost a single tooth. Thus, I am not a bit the worse. Having returned yesterday to the hot country, I dressed myself in white cambric muslin from head to foot; in the evening, to dine tête-à-tête with my host, notwithstanding our intimacy, I was in full dress, silk stockings and black

everywhere in lieu of the white I wore in the morning. It is my ceremonious and perhaps foppish formality in the evening that enables me to do as I like in the daytime. My Parisian tailor stands greatly in need of a successor; and I shall soon find one at Meerut. Were it not that I am ashamed of exhibiting the calves of my legs which are not so flourishing as my shoulders, I should increase my actual etiquette so far as to adopt breeches; but I am not yet sufficient of a philosopher for that. I shall be satisfied with substituting a dress coat for my black frock. The judges in Calcutta often wear trousers; so will I—the whole will be of a thick black Chinese silk stuff (economical). For the mountains, I have thick dresses of white woollen stuff. I have brought from Tibet a stuff of this kind, as soft as a Cashmeer shawl, and I now wear it. I have also had a dressing-gown made, in which I do not despair of doing metaphysics in my old age. In cool weather I wrap round my neck a large white shawl without a border, and consequently of no value. In the evening, in order not to be frozen in my tent, I have twelve ells of my superb Tibetan flannel (which cost me ten francs) rolled round my body from head to foot, and I do not then look much unlike a mummy. On a march, I never wear stockings; and in the evening, if I can keep my legs warm, I never suffer from cold feet. Formerly, no doubt, this was a morbid disposition, which is effectually cured, as well as my tendency to sore-throat. I invariably breakfast before I start. This is contrary to the custom of the British; but it is because their marches last three hours at most, and mine frequently do not end till nightfall. I set out at four or

five o'clock in the morning, ballasted for fourteen or fifteen hours, and my meal is very simple. It consists of a large cup of cow's or buffalo's milk—goat's where there is no better—with some cakes of coarsely ground wheat. These cakes are what the natives call their bread (roti). After trying them six months, I have completely given up rice. The pocr sub-lieutenant, when on a journey, drags after him a few sheep. If I wish to eat meat at dinner, I have only the very uncertain chance of getting an old cock or hen. But I do not sleep the worse for lying down after a repetition of my Brahminical breakfast. Besides, if I find honey anywhere, I have my empty bottles filled with it; this delicacy I carry about with me as a security, when milk or fowls are not to be had—for instance, when I encamp in a desert.

I have still four pint bottles of brandy left out of the twenty-four which I brought from Calcutta a year ago; but my majesty's butler has broken—that is to say drunk—about six or seven, and I have used four or five to preserve divers objects of natural history. But I have just done an admirable thing at Semla. A man died there the other day. When he was buried, his house and furniture were sold by auction;—such is the the law. But no purchasers came, there being then scarcely any body left in the mountains. I bought a basket of port wine, which connoisseurs pronounce the best in India. It cost me exactly three francs and half a bottle, and it is worth fifteen or twenty. When I have to cross the unhealthy forest I shall drink a small glass of it to your health, and this will not injure mine. Very middling Bordeaux wine costs ten francs a bottle

at Calcutta. When it reaches Delhi it is little better than vinegar. My port is proof against such a transformation. I shall endeavour to bring you a bottle to make Porphyre tipsy with, or failing in that, Frederic, without any other witnesses. My cellar is now stocked for more than a year.—Good news of my cavalry which I left at Sharunpore last April. My host there, Dr. Royle, sub-Wallich by profession, sends me word that I shall hardly know my poney again. Happily the soil is very sandy about Sharunpore, where the acquaintance will be renewed between him and his rider; for this extraordinary vigour of my old companion promises me many a fall.

Evening.

Although we are only seven Europeans in this place, I am just returned from a funeral. The deceased was a young officer, who had five or six good reasons for dying;—the brain injected, the lungs tubercled to the last degree, the liver disorganised, the peritoneum inflamed, &c. &c. I know this, for I myself opened the body, which appeared to gratify the survivors, who begged me to do it. I do not avoid mentioning this event of the day to you, because my head is always cool, I never feel any pain in my liver or bowels, and I can climb and run without being out of breath, the longest and steepest acclivities;—a proof that all parts of my lungs are in good order and perform their functions properly. With the exception of some formidable places, which no one can pass at certain seasons of the year, without exposure to almost certain death, I do not believe the climate of India to be so fatal as it is generally represented. You recommend

me to be my own physician; this I always am. My alimentary regimen is generally so mild, that when I travel or stay in suspected places, I can, by modifying it, obtain medical effects sufficient to remove any suspicion of intermittent fever which I might form. I then take a glass of brandy in the morning before going out, some spice in the evening at dinner, and before going to bed, have a little sulphur, sugar, or resin burnt in my tent. I shall henceforth add a *chillum*, or tobacco-pipe, in the oriental fashion, adopted by the great majority of Europeans. The tobacco which is stuffed into this little apparatus is mixed with different kinds of dried fruits, particularly apples, and a little conserve of roses; and the smoke, after going through a vessel full of water, reaches the mouth cool and is not at all acid. Every other mode of smoking is barbarous, in comparison to this.

But I am speaking too much of myself, although you desired to know all about me. The ignorance which prevails in England about India is inconceivable. The English papers, when they speak of it, are scarcely less absurd than our own. Never believe anything you read in them. I am perfectly well informed of the commercial and political relations between the British factory at Canton and the Chinese Government, and can assure you that there will be no war in that quarter for a long time to come. The two governments are sometimes sulky with each other, and the question then is which shall make the first step towards an accommodation. The factory orders all British vessels to remove; it then suspends its immense purchases, and consequently the receipts of the Chinese custom-

houses ; and, as a falling off in this respect would cost the viceroy of Canton his head, it is always he who has to come forward and yield the point in dispute. As for political insurrections in China, nothing is more common, as it is in every part of the East. A province revolts, and the Emperor sends a force to reduce it to subjection. His troops are very bad and seldom risk a battle ; but the hostile forces pass the time in observing each other, and the Government always succeeds in corrupting some of its enemies, who deliver up their chiefs. The heads of these are then cut off at Peking, and there is an end of the matter. But the same thing is immediately begun again in some other part of the empire. This is also the case in the Indian principalities, nominally or really independent. Look in your map, for Belaspore, near Subhatoo, upon the banks of the Sutledge. A week ago, the Rajah hung his Vizier, and is now here, because his subjects have taken the part of the killed. The Prince is come to claim the assistance of Kennedy. The latter is pursuing an inquiry, which he will submit to the resident at Delhi, who, without referring the matter to Calcutta, will, no doubt, condemn the Rajah to bestow a pension upon the family of the Vizier,—put to death without a motive,—and make him give good security not to do such a thing again. If the people of Belaspore were to persist in not receiving their petty sovereign back again, Kennedy would march a company or two of his Gorkhas, and all would return to order immediately.—We are making war in Bikaneer on the western frontier, not far from hence, which means only a hundred leagues distant. Some great feudatories of this wretched

crown, refuse tribute to their legitimate sovereign. The latter has demanded the assistance of the British; and the Resident at Delhi has just sent three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry into Bikaner. Their approach is sufficient to suppress the rebellion. The Dukes and Counts of the desert will come and arrange matters with the commander of this little expedition. They will pay the Rajah something more, in the shape of a fine, and will refund to the British Government the expense of moving its troops.

The European officers of the Indian army are exceedingly dissatisfied with Lord William and the Court of Directors, on account of the reduction recently made in their pay. It is possible that a regiment may openly revolt. Twenty years ago, a sedition of this kind, originating in the same cause, broke out in the Madras Presidency: the Governor was put on board ship almost by force, and driven away. This happened at a critical period. If Runjeet Sing had then crossed the Sutledge, and the Mahrattas and Bundelcund, which were not then reduced to submission, had marched into Bengal, the British power would no doubt have re-entered the limits conquered by Lord Clive;—but the rebels at Madras soon perceived the danger, and returned of themselves to their duty, with the exception of a regiment or two, which the others immediately reduced; and the Government had the weakness not to shoot a single officer. Lord William would have been more severe; his invincible firmness is well known. A few fools only will perhaps brave it, but without the least chance of success. All the officers, however, have agreed, in their correspondence with Europe, to draw

an exaggerated picture of the exasperation of the army (that is to say, of the European officers of the army—for the privates and non-commissioned officers, who are Indians, do not take the least part in this quarrel, in which they have personally no interest), and of the danger to which it exposes the Government, in order to intimidate the Court of Directors, and obtain the revocation of the economical measures carried into execution by Lord William; but the latter, as you may easily suppose, writes also to the Directors that these dangers are imaginary, and they must therefore remain firm.

Lord William, on arriving in India, found that the expenses of the Government exceeded its receipts (six hundred millions of francs) by a twelfth, that is to say, by fifty millions. He immediately wrote to the Court of Directors a curious letter, which has just been published in England by order of Parliament. It would, he said, be the worst of measures to remain upon this footing. Either the imposts must be raised fifty millions of francs, or the expenses reduced as much. Each of these remedies offers great evils. "But," he added, "the latter is the least evil, and I shall therefore adopt it."—Great joy was manifested, on this occasion, among the natives, who were assured of having nothing more to pay; but great anger arose among the Europeans. They wished the "Dutchman" at the devil (Lord William is of Dutch origin; his great grandfather arrived in England with William, in 1688); they hope he may be drowned in the Ganges, or break his neck in the mountains, whither he is now coming—but you may be assured that they will not ship him off for London.

The Calcutta papers inform me that Rammohun Roy is about to sail for London. He is a Brahmin of Bengal, and the most learned of orientalists. He is acquainted with Greek, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and writes admirably in English. He is not a Christian, whatever people may say. The honest English execrate him, because, say they, he is a *frightful deist*. The Hindoos, of the priestly order, abhor him for the same reason. If I find him at Paris on my return, I will take him to talk metaphysics with you. When I was at Calcutta, I used to see him often.

The political hubbub in my native country often disturbs me: I catch some bits of it here and there in the Calcutta papers, in extracts from the English journals, but made without skill or judgment. Notwithstanding my scepticism, not to say my habitual incredulity, I confess that I consider inevitable a revolution more or less complete. I well know what will be the issue, which I do not dread; but I do fear the passing evils which will perhaps lead to this issue. I have lately written to Lady William to beg she will send me the French journals, after every body about her has read them. I shall thus have the *Gazette de France*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Courier Français*.

The arrival of the new Governor of Bombay vexes you. It is true that it will render useless the numerous introductions which I had brought from Europe for Sir John Malcolm. I had also some for the judges of that Presidency; but they have all died within the last two years, and their successors also. One, however—the Chief Justice—remains unscathed. He is an intimate friend of Sutton Sharpe's, and was only a

barrister at Bombay eighteen months ago. I have so admirable a letter for him from Sharpe, that I do not doubt of being perfectly well received. He is moreover a young man of four-and-thirty, and of our own school. He will introduce me to Lord Clare, whom nobody here knows.

Adieu, my dear father. I am now going to settle my account with Porphyre. It will be long, and you will find in it all that is wanting in this. Kind regards to every one. Adieu!—Once more, I am in excellent health, and next year shall get excellently well over thirty. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Sabatou, November 1st 1830. Sobatoo, Sabatoo,
Subatoo, Subhatoo, ad libitum.*

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—My last letter was very long, and accompanied one to our father of equal length—both dated from Nako in Hangarang, August 26th. It replied to two letters which had miraculously succeeded in finding me in Tibet; but it contained also a great deal more. Lest it should be lost, I repeat a portion of its contents, without which this would be unintelligible. Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore, has several French officers in his service. His Commander-in-Chief is M. Allard, formerly Aide-de-Camp to Brune, who, I think, appeared at several Asiatic courts for the purpose of obtaining a military command. He has been in Egypt and Syria, at Constantinople and Teheran; and he came at length to Lahore in 1822. Runjeet did

not engage him until he had obtained the consent of the British Government; for, according to his treaty with that Government, he is not to admit any European into his army. But British policy having changed considerably since this treaty was made, the cabinet of Calcutta informed the Rajah that they did not insist upon the execution of this clause. Since that period they have allowed several other French officers to travel, without hindrance, from Calcutta to the frontier of the Sutledge, and especially a younger brother of M. Allard, whose avowed object was to enter Runjeet Sing's service. The British Government beholds without jealousy these attempts at discipline, and at European, though French, civilisation, beyond the Sutledge; and the individual English appear to entertain great goodwill towards our countrymen in the Punjab. Of M. Allard, in particular, I have never heard them speak but with respect.

Jacquemont here gives M. Allard's letter, which the reader has seen before, then his reply, and adds—

On the 13th of October last, I found this answer at Semla.

Umbritsir, September 27th 1830.*

“SIR,—Your reply, which I expected with the greatest impatience, reached me at Amretser, where the Rajah usually collects his troops for the festival of

* Umbritzir, or Amratser, Umretsir, Amretser, &c. is a great city, between the Sutledge and Lahore; it is the holy city, the Rome of the Sikhs. (Author's note.)

the Unloosed. When I had the honour of addressing you, I flattered myself that you would receive my letter with pleasure; but I was far from expecting that it would elicit so many kind expressions from you, which I receive with gratitude, but which add nothing to the sincere wish I have of being useful to you. I shall be happy if, from my situation in this kingdom, I can facilitate the scientific discoveries which, with truly surprising courage, you are come to make in regions so full of danger. However, my good will, to which will be joined that of my good friend and brother in arms, M. Ventura*, who is not less impatient than I am to become acquainted with you, gives me the certainty of easily smoothing many difficulties for you, if you decide on crossing the Sutledge. It is true that our Rajah is not pleased to see Europeans from India visit his kingdom, particularly the province of Cashmeer; but if you could obtain letters from the Governor of Delhi, for Runjeet Sing †, or even from Captain Wade ‡, the first difficulties would be removed; and as to what remained to be done, it would be for us to provide for your safety and necessities. These are the conditions necessary for a countryman of ours, such as M. Jacquemont, to travel in the Punjab. Lord William Bentinck and Sir Charles Metcalf did not deceive you, when they assured you that a journey to Cabul was impracticable. To undertake it would be to expose yourself to almost certain

* Ventura, an Italian officer in the service of Runjeet, formerly in our army. (Author's note.)

† Runjeet, Runjeet Sing, the Rajah,—Maharajah,—one and the same person, King of Lahore. (Author's note.)

‡ Political agent at Loodheena, subordinate to the Resident at Delhi. (Author's note.)

danger. I address my letter to Dr. Murray at Lood-heeana, who will have the kindness to forward it to Captain Kennedy, in order that it may be delivered to you. I hope it will reach you soon, and induce you to continue a correspondence to which I attach the greatest value. I repeat, Sir, the offer of my services in whatever manner they may be useful, as also the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour," &c. &c.

My reply to this second letter from M. Allard was, that I had determined on paying him a visit, and putting his influence with the Rajah to the test. I wrote at the same time to Lord W. Bentinck to inform him of my intention, and tax his kindness to send me, in the form most favourable to the success of this negotiation, a letter of introduction to Runjeet. I shall have his answer in twelve days or a fortnight.

Runjeet Sing is not without some resemblance to the Pasha of Egypt. No doubt, Europeans in his service are exposed to occasional injustice, but nothing very grievous. When M. Allard has reason to complain of Runjeet, he is not afraid to look coldly on him for a month or two; and he knows how to force the despot to reconsider the measure which had justly offended or irritated him. Runjeet has a singular tact in detecting and getting rid of suspicious characters.

I have begged Lord William to call me *Lord Physician Victor Jacquemont*, and, to support the title of *hakim*, I shall carry with me a few pounds of cantharides. Mr. Elphinstone, in his embassy to Cabul, made himself adored for the Venetian pills which he there distributed.

Whatever Dr. Wallich may have done, or caused to be done, there will remain novelties sufficient to afford me a pretence for a book upon botany,—not merely a *Flora*, that is to say, a description of the different species of plants in the Himalaya; and, if I am not mistaken, the book which I have a notion of writing, not a very voluminous one, will not be devoid of interest. I shall compare the vegetation of the Himalaya with that of the Alps, the rocky mountains to the West of the Missouri, and the lofty Cordilleras of equinoctial America.

My geological observations fill, for six months past, many pages of my journals. They will permit me to produce something different from the ordinary description of works upon many parts of the Himalaya; that is to say, *a local description*. Looking at my observations as a whole, I think I shall be able to show cause against generally received notions concerning their primitive formation. I cannot deny the correctness of M. de Humboldt's observations in the Andes and in Europe; but I think a statement of mine will render his very doubtful. A book on the geology of the Himalaya, will be much more sought after in England than in France; and I presume that an English version would find a ready sale in London. I think I shall give myself the trouble of translating my work into that language, with some variations, so that the English book may not be considered a mere translation, made by a translator at so much a sheet. Perhaps I shall find something besides trouble in writing a foreign language. Even now I should have the boldness to undertake such a thing; and certainly it will be still

easier to me a few years hence. My English letter writer, of which I frequently complain, will prove very useful to me.

Eating creates appetite. If I spend some years in the Punjab, it will not be without acquiring a sufficiently perfect knowledge of the *quantity* and *quality* of Persian for the transaction of official business; and amid the political changes which the future reserves for our country, perhaps I may for a time find some advantageous employment in the East! Laugh at me, my dear Porphyre, and I will join heartily in chorus. It is amusing to build aerial castles in a smoky hut.

I have received the "*Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*" for 1829; but alone, and without any letters.

I neither eat opium nor chew betel—no European chews betel, very few eat opium. I have accepted a little present from Kennedy before our separation; this is a hookha, of which I will make you a present on my return, if it is not stolen between this and Paris. You talk to me of cigars—the hookha is not portable; it is a rather complicated apparatus, weighing three or four pounds; but the smoke you draw through it is so mild, so cool, and so perfumed, that I predict you will keep one in your old age, and I hope it will be my Himalayan one. I do not see why Sir John Malcolm's departure should vex you. No one here knows his successor, Lord Clare; but I shall arrive in Bombay no worse recommended on that account.

To-morrow Kennedy returns to Semla. I shall at the same time go down into the plains with a new acquaintance, who pleases me much: this is Mr. Fraser,

the Viceroy of Delhi, a civil, judicial, and financial officer of the highest rank. Mr. Fraser was in the Punjab with Mr. Elphinstone, to whose embassy he belonged. No man in this country is so well informed concerning the Sikhs. My meeting him is providential. The day after to-morrow he will continue his route to Delhi, and I shall return hither, whence I shall start again next day for Sharunpore, through Nahun. I am not yet accustomed to the singular attraction which I exercise upon the English, and am often astonished at its effects. I have, what is much better than the pleasures of self-love, the sincere attachment to me which many evince. At Semla I frequently saw an invalid officer, Kennedy's friend and predecessor. He left us some days ago for Hyderabad (the capital of Central India), of which he has just been appointed Viceroy. Our hearts swelled as we took leave of each other. I am very melancholy when I think that I may never see that good and amiable man again. I shall be gloriously feasted if I go to Hyderabad. The people who please me the most are military men detached from their corps, and employed for a long period in political duties, or more frequently in political, civil, judicial, financial, and military, all at once. From them I obtain the best information about the country. I seem like one of their brother officers.

P. S. Umbala, in the territory of the protected Sikhs, quite at the top of the map. February 9th 1831.

What things have happened, my friend, since the commencement of this letter! Do not be angry with me for not finishing and despatching it to you sooner.

I was waiting from day to day, in order to have some good news to send you — but none arrives from any quarter.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Delhi, January 13th 1831.

How shall I begin, my dear father? My last letter, written at Semla and Subhatoo, was dated November 1st. The most recent news from Europe for us in the Himalaya, did not go beyond June; and now I have just been reading the *Débats* of the 8th of August, and the *Gazette de France* of the 10th, and I know the whole series of events that have filled this interval.

Towards the latter end of November, when at Sharnpore, I heard the first sound of the tocsin. It was at night, after a long day's study, spent far from Europe, and I was about to lie down and sleep upon the thoughts of the day, when a messenger arrived in my camp at full gallop. He brought from a neighbouring European habitation a Calcutta Gazette, printed in an unusual form, bearing this title in large letters—

THE NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I accepted the chance at once, and bargained for freedom at the price of some thousands slain and a month of civil war. The perusal of my bulletin soon informed me that the Parisians had obtained better terms. Not that slain were wanting; but it required only three days of fighting to crush the counter-revolution at Paris. The great towns in her vicinity had done like

her ; and, although my undigested chronicle stopped at the 31st of July, without answering for even the events which it related under that date, I slept peaceably till morning, without fearing to be awakened by fresh gun-shots.

This intelligence had been brought to Calcutta by an English ship, which had sailed from Southampton on the 2nd of August. Since then another has arrived from Bourdeaux, having left that city on the 11th of August ; it entered the Ganges with the tricolour flag, which was immediately hoisted by all the other ships of our nation moored in the river. I was at Meerut, the greatest military station of the British in India, when the flood of news which she brought arrived there. Friends and strangers, all came to congratulate me on being a Frenchman ; I defy M. de Lafayette, in America, to have shaken more hands in one day than I did. My host, a cavalry colonel, the only one of his regiment that escaped at Waterloo—not without a ball through his body—wept for joy as he embraced me. Enthusiasm had put the frigid etiquette of English manners to the route ; the “*sauve qui peut*” still lasts ! I might throw my passports, and letters of introduction, into the fire, change my name, and, preserving only my French nationality, set out for Cape Comorin—there is not a European in India who would not receive me with open arms. These enjoyments are new to me ; I cannot describe them to you. All shades of political opinion among my hosts are confounded in the same feelings of admiration, love, and gratitude towards the French name ; and as I am the only one who bear it, I receive proofs of these feelings from all quarters.

All the civil and military officers of this province joined in giving me a fête on the last day of the year just ended. Of course, a constitutional, and moreover an English fête was a banquet, and you may guess that I did not escape from this enthusiasm without a speech; but I was wound up to the same pitch as my hosts, and words cost me nothing.

The following, among many others, is the best, I think, of my English improvisations. Do not forget that it came after several toasts and furious cheers in favour of France, and after plenty of bottles of Champagne.

“Gentlemen, I have no words to express to you the tumultuous feelings of happiness that excite in my heart your hearty cheers for the prosperity of my country. If any thing can console me for being so far from it, when I might have shared in the dangers and in the glory of my fellow-citizens, it is certainly the present circumstance of my sitting a guest at your banquet; it is the sublime spectacle of your enthusiastic sympathy for the righteous victory of my countrymen in a holy cause. I shall remember always with the deepest emotion this memorable, this most poetical occurrence of my life. These British acclamations for the liberty of France, resounding in this far distant land of Asia, at the gates of Delhi, will awake in my grateful heart as long as it breathes, a poetical echo of admiration.—Here I resume these glorious colours which adorn alike your breasts in this patriotic meeting, and which wave over us, mixed by your friendly hands, with the noble colours of free England. Gentlemen, let us hope they may be never divided! Too long

indeed they were opposed to each other! Both then waved over victories unparalleled hitherto in the records of history. Mournful were those victories, which proved often ruinous to the conquerors as well as to the conquered! Gentlemen, it is not as the symbol of the military glory of my nation that the tricolour is so dear to me. I am a man before I am a Frenchman; I do not cherish the recollection of a glory bought by the miseries, by the oppression of all the continental nations of Europe, and by the political servitude of France herself. I admire—but I lament that glory which united all the people of Europe in a feeling of hatred for the French name, and which finally made, twice, the deserted eagle and the independence of my country a prey to the storm of European popular revenge. The gallic cock which surmounts the tricolour banner of the 28th of July brings to me no such recollections: it is not a bird of prey, a symbol of conquest; but a national and spirited emblem of industry, of watchfulness, and of strength, also, and of undaunted courage. Iniquitously attacked by the Prussian eagle during the domestic struggles of our first revolution, it drove it fiercely back to the Rhine.—Had it stood there—had it not undergone its imperial metamorphosis, and flying over the frontier, inflicted desolation on the people of Europe for the wrongs of their kings!—Gentlemen, believe me that those feelings which I have so feebly expressed to you through a foreign language, but which live so warm in my heart, are shared in by the immense majority of the generation to which I belong, and which now assumes the political power in my country.—Be-

lieve me, that equally proud of British friendship, equally convinced that the union of France and England, the leaders of modern civilisation, would prove a blessing to both, and countenance everywhere the generous efforts of liberty, and secure throughout Europe the steps of social improvements, and promote human happiness—believe me, Gentlemen, that all my countrymen would rise with me and rapturously propose with me the toast I beg to offer: FRANCE AND ENGLAND FOR THE WORLD * !”

It, of course, costs my modesty as an author a great deal to add, that flattering murmurs several times interrupted me, and that these agreeable murmurs increased more than once into a thunder of applause—but as an impartial historian, I am forced to confess it. Do not from that, my dear father, form an unfavourable opinion of the literary good taste of my friends; but recollect the place, the circumstances, the Great Mogul near us, &c. &c. All this is still like a fairy scene to me.

I had very seasonably accustomed myself to the fire of speeches at Meerut which I chanced to visit at the time of the great military reviews, each of which was followed by a dinner given to the inspecting general officer. I could not help being at all these dinners, and they seldom terminated without a toast to the health and success of the traveller, &c. &c. “ May he sometimes forget among us that he is far from his native land,” &c. Every morning I formed new resolutions of insensibility for the evening, in order to speak better; but they always failed me at the hour of need, and yet I did not regret them: for my thanks, receiving imme-

* The above speech is in Jacquemont's own English.—Tr.

diate birth from the compliment which called them forth, were always favourably received.

I had travelled in a single day from Sharunpore to Meerut, a distance of eighty-four miles. My Meerut friends had managed for me relays of horses to the number of nine. I arrived at dusk, so little fatigued, that finding my host, Arnold, ready to mount his horse for a ride, I asked him for a tenth horse, and accompanied him at once. My intimacy with that excellent man is really an odd thing. We both live in a very different order of ideas. Our external existence has no greater resemblance. He is a brilliant, superb cavalry officer, dotingly fond of his profession and of the magnificent corps which he commands. But you know it is my fate to please the English. I suffer it to take its own course, for I really am not aware that I have any thing to do to attract this kindness.

It is three days' march, about forty miles, from Meerut to Delhi, which I galloped over with my "*fidus Achates*" between breakfast and dinner on the 15th of December last.—The evening before, I had received your letters, Nos. 16 and 17 (15 is still on its way with its companions, Beaumont's book, &c. &c.) and one from Lord William Bentinck, in reply to mine from Semla, in which I expressed my wish to visit Cashmeer, and requested his diplomatic good offices with Runjeet Sing to open the gates for me. From Lord William's letter, I hoped, on my arrival here, to find the Resident disposed to second me vigorously. But he had received only the most limited powers for that purpose; and having arrived at the residence of Delhi from that of Hyderabad, only a

fortnight previously,—being moreover but imperfectly informed concerning the relations of his court with that of Runjeet Sing, and alarmed at his own responsibility, he seemed afraid to act on my behalf even in the narrow circle which had been traced for him. I therefore again wrote to the Governor-general. The answer which I received from Lord William to my second letter, is a great proof of the esteem in which he holds me. He has authorised the Resident to do for me that which has been invariably refused to every British officer who has of late years preferred a similar request.

By order of the Governor-general, the Resident has introduced me officially to Runjeet Sing's minister accredited to him. He has explained to him, which is very difficult in Persian, what I am, the nature and object of my studies, the friendship of the British Government for me, the protection which it has afforded me while travelling in its dominions, the personal interest which the Governor-general takes in me, and his wish to see me succeed in extending my researches into the regions under the absolute sway of Runjeet Sing, &c. &c. In short, this trifling but delicate negotiation was conducted with all possible skill and success. I spare you the Persian superlative with which the Resident thought proper to honour me, in order to give the Sikh minister a high idea of my importance: I was nothing less than the well of science, the VERUM LUCENS of the Chevalier Antoine Lafont, *luisant le vrai, jaillissant la vérité**. I think, indeed, that I may

* Le ver luisant, le vrai principe du mouvement des invisibles et des visibles: par le Chevalier Ant. Lafont. Paris, 1824, 4to.—triple distilled nonsense.

certainly rely upon being graciously received by Runjeet Sing. M. Allard, his French Commander-in-chief, has already taken upon himself to send me firmans for all the officers under him who command on the frontier. He enjoins them to obey my wishes, and escort me from Loodheeana to his head-quarters at Lahore. I shall set out in a few days.

I should have regretted all my life not having availed myself of this admirable opportunity to visit a celebrated country, inaccessible to European travellers since Bernier, in 1663; for Forster saw only by means of a disguise which compelled him to look at nothing. After the despotic prince who, by terror, at present maintains order there, the anarchy which desolated it during the previous century, will certainly revive, and render impracticable every undertaking similar to that which I am about to attempt with so many probabilities of success. It is to the happy chance of the kind feelings of esteem which the Governor-general of India entertains towards me, and which I strive to keep up, that I am indebted for my present flattering prospects. No Asiatic friendship could better than this recommend me to the king of Lahore.

Lord W. Bentinck finds time to write me long letters when my interest requires it, and always in his own hand-writing, although he has secretaries, who have also their secretaries. Yet what claim have I upon him? A passport once for all, and no more. It is not the same with the gentlemen at the Jardin des Plantes, whom I had reason to think bound to me by other obligations. However strange it may appear to you, it is not less true that I have not received a single

line from them since my departure from Paris. You have announced to me some paltry additions to my salary ; but what use is my knowing this, if I am only to know it through you ? Is that an authority for me to demand a more extended credit in this country ? The only funds I dispose of here are those arising from the letter of credit which I brought with me ; and this expires with the year just commenced. Prudence would perhaps urge me to set out for the nearest seaport, instead of going to the distant regions of Cashmeer ; but I considered an urgent circumstance, the opportunity offered me of visiting them,—for a century might elapse before it could be afforded to another traveller. When this letter reaches you, I must absolutely have the means of returning remitted to me. I should like to see those people, who will perhaps blame me for undertaking this journey, exposed to the fatigues and privations which await me. The pleasures of Cashmeer ! The delights of an enchanting climate ! Oh ! many fine things might be said of it, for those who remain comfortably seated at their fire-sides at Paris ! The tales of the West concerning the East are truly absurd ! Ask Colonel Fabvier what Greece is ; and I will tell you some day what Cashmeer is.

It is not impossible I may have a companion in Mr. William Fraser, the Commissioner at Delhi, which means the head of the civil, judicial, and financial administration of that province. Mr. Fraser is a man of fifty, who, but for some eccentricities of temper, would hold a higher office than the one he occupies : he would be Resident, with two hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, instead of one hundred and fifty thousand, the

salary of his present appointment. I am acquainted with him only from having seen him for two days at Subhadoo, at Kennedy's, in the month of November last. He was on his return from the mountains, whither his health had forced him to emigrate during the frightful rainy season. He pleased me extremely, and I pleased him no less. In order to enjoy each other's company longer, we agreed to travel together during two days, each out of his way—and when we parted, we were firm friends. This man, possessed of excellent qualities and great talents, to which every body in India does justice, but who is generally considered a misanthrope, I found the most sociable person in the world. He is a thinker, who finds nothing but isolation in the intercourse of words without ideas, miscalled conversation by the society here, which he therefore very seldom frequents. He has travelled much but always alone, because, as he told me, he never met a companion to his taste. The only singularity which I can find in him, is a complete monomania for strife. When a war breaks out anywhere, he forsakes his tribunal and goes to it. He is always the first at a storming party, an amusement in which he got two good sword cuts on his arms, a pike thrust in his loins, and an arrow in his neck, which nearly killed him. At this price he has always been able to extricate himself from the actions into which he has thrust himself, without being obliged to kill a single man. This he related to me as the finest part of his history, known besides to all in this country, as is also his humanity. The emotion of danger is the most voluptuous kind of emotion to him: this is the theory of what is called his madness. Of course, with this form of courage, Mr.

Fraser is the most pacific of men. You would take him for a quaker, notwithstanding his long black beard.

I did not find him at Delhi on arriving there from Meerut. His duties during winter are ambulatory; he had been gone, ever since the 1st of December, to judge appeals in civil and criminal causes, as well as from the financial decisions of the magistrates and collectors of the different districts of his court. He is now transacting his business at Hansi. He wrote to me from thence, a few days ago, to confide to me a thought of his, which, since our separation, he tells me, has never left him: namely, to request my permission to accompany me in my journey beyond the Sutledge. The condition on which he will accept what he is pleased to term this great favour, is a sincere assurance on my part that such an arrangement is quite agreeable to me. I gave it to him with perfect sincerity; and with the same absence of flattery I told him that he was the only man of my acquaintance in India that I should desire as a travelling companion. The reason why he is so desirable a companion is, that being endowed with a superior mind, enriched by long experience in the different branches of Indian administration, he has a multitude of facts to tell me, doubts to remove, and enigmas to solve, concerning the mechanism of that singular government. His mode of life has familiarised him, more perhaps than any other European, with the customs and feelings of the natives. He has, I believe, a true and profound knowledge of their domestic existence, which few others could possess. What information may I not expect from his conversation? Hindostanee and Persian are like his mother-tongue to him; I shall therefore receive

daily instructions from him in those languages. And if at the corner of some wood, a band of ambushed rascals—I would do my best, no doubt; but a little assistance is not to be refused, and I should receive the most vigorous aid from such a companion. Although I have very little faith in the chapter of accidents, and have rendered you sufficiently incredulous, the imperturbable coolness of my friend may, perhaps, serve as a protector to your imagination against the disagreeable chance of possibility.

Mr. Fraser has asked Lord William Bentinck for leave of absence for ten months. He will, no doubt, obtain it; but the kindness of the Governor-general to him, will be confined to permitting him to absent himself from Delhi. He has reason to hope, however, that his hospitable intercourse with several Sikhs of high rank, and his name also, which is as well known on the other side of the Sutledge as on this, will insure him a kind reception from Runjeet Sing. Besides, he will leave me should his junction with my caravan appear to throw political obstacles in its way.

I forgot to tell you the conditions of our joint expenditure. In truth, I have not thought of speaking to him on the subject; it being well understood that, as I am the poorer of the two, I shall regulate them as I please. I have seven hundred francs a month to spend this year. If I think proper to stipulate that my companion shall incur no greater expense than this, he will passively submit. I might have only a hundred francs a month; and if such were the case, he would cheerfully agree, if I wished it, to limit his expenditure to this trifling sum.

The aerial castles which I had amused myself with building in Cashmeer, on receiving the first letter from M. Allard, when I was in Kanawer, are almost entirely vanished. All that I can expect from Runjeet Sing is a Turkish dress and a horse,—two things I little need, and which, in the East, are always given to persons of distinction on their first appearance at any Prince's court. Perhaps,—but that is uncertain, and not less so whether I should think proper to accept it,—Runjeet, as a mark of his royal favour, may grant me a few rupees a day at the charge of the towns and villages through which I pass. This also is done in the East. M. Allard, who is expecting me at Lahore, will there determine for me, upon all these things, each of which has more aspects than one.

My intention is to enter Cashmeer by the northern road, that which leads to Peshawar through Attock, and return through Independent Tartary, through Ladak, of which I have already seen some little, or by an infinitely more direct route which ends at Rampore, the capital of Bissahir, situated on the banks of the Sutledge, five days' march above Belaspore, a name which pleases you so much.

I shall find Semla on my road from Delhi. Lord and Lady William, Colonel Fagan, Adjutant-general of the army, and many other persons of my acquaintance, will be there to make me forget the miseries of my laborious pilgrimage in the enchanting valley, &c. &c.; not to speak of my former host Kennedy, who will expect me there at the end of September.

All my collections are here, and in a most satisfactory state of preservation. They are all so well poisoned

that they have nothing to fear from the ravages of the insects engendered by the climate; moreover they are carefully packed, and ready to take their departure for Paris. Were it not for the expense, I should perhaps make them, with the grace of God, begin their travels to-morrow, on the Jumna and the Ganges; but the cost prevents me, and it is perhaps all the better for their safety;—for after all, shipwrecks are very common on the latter river, as is proved by the high rate of insurance upon its navigation. Having resolved on leaving my collections here, until I increase them with the produce of my campaign in Cashmeer, every one offered me his house to receive them. I preferred the military store-house, where it is impossible that I shall not find them again, ten months hence, just as I place them now, unless the powder blows up—or, what is not more probable, unless the British cease to be masters of Delhi.

A few words about my journey from Subhatoo.—There are some very pretty girls there,—a remark I have very seldom had occasion to make since I have been travelling in this country. They form a little “corps de ballet,” which has to me all the appearance of being one of the regal acts of magnificence of my friend Kennedy.

I there left the King or Rajah of your favourite village, Belaspore, a very hopeful young scoundrel, who amused himself last summer by causing the first subjects he saw of his paltry empire to be trodden to death by one of his elephants; and who, being tired of his prime minister, hung him that he might have another. His subjects revolted and drove him away. The fugi-

tive Prince came and asked Kennedy for assistance to reduce them to obedience. He was far out of his reckoning. Kennedy, without ceremony, told him he deserved to be hanged; and, moreover, that he would take good care he did not hang any body else. Lord William could efface these kingdoms with a stroke of his pen.

I had seen the valley of Pinjoor, with Mr. Fraser. I therefore crossed the crests of the lower mountains from Subhatoo to Nahun; but not without accident. I was riding up a tolerably wide but very steep path. My steed, like a true mountaineer, was peaceably stepping upon the brink of the precipice, when on a sudden the ground gave way under its hind legs. The poor animal made sundry efforts with its fore feet; and after hesitating a few seconds fell backwards. A proof that I lost my presence of mind is, that I had no idea of my danger. A miracle had planted a small, thorny, stunted tree, twenty or thirty feet below me; and I found myself perched upon it, without having the slightest consciousness of the manner in which I had been carried thither. In my passage, I received only a contusion on my head, no doubt produced by the head of the horse as he fell upon me. I looked down to the valley for the remains of the poor brute, but the miracle was double: twelve or fifteen paces below me there was another tree, which had stopped him in his fall. He was waiting, like myself, for my people to go down and release him. With ropes, gentleness, and patience, in less than an hour we were both fished up again.

Nahun is the capital of Sirmur, a petty kingdom in the mountains, which for the last forty years has been

mercilessly clipped by the Sikhs, and the Gorkhas, and the British. The Rajah has, nevertheless, two hundred thousand rupees a year. His little city, one of the handsomest in India, is seated upon the brow of a mountain, which overlooks, on every side, deep, humid valleys covered with thick forests. It was in one of these gorges that I met the Rajah, who had come three miles from his residence to receive me. The moment I perceived him, I alighted from my horse; he at the same time descended from his elephant, and we advanced gravely on foot, towards each other. We embraced on either shoulder, like uncles upon the stage; and after exchanging every other form of Indian politeness usual on such occasions, the Prince invited me to mount his elephant, and climbing up after me, we took the road to Nahun. Several other elephants followed ours, carrying the Viziers and other great officers of the modest crown of Sirmur. Some fifty horsemen, armed and dressed in the most picturesque manner, pressed round us; the foot were much more numerous, and bore silver maces, banners, halberds, the fan, the royal parasol, &c. &c. I had never, till then, seen any thing so like the groups which a European imagination delights in placing in an Indian landscape.

The Rajah was a handsome young man, two and twenty years of age, elegant in his manners, like the Indians of high rank in the plains; but open, active, and communicative, like the inhabitants of the mountains. He pleased me so much, that I remained two days in his capital, spending the greatest part of that time with him. From the bungalow, which he has built for the convenience of British travellers, and which he immedi-

ately placed at my disposal, I went each morning, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, to see him in his palace. He received me there with all the pomp of his court. The morning was spent in conversation, (which was often a debate) to which we admitted those courtiers whose rank entitled them to sit upon the royal carpet, near the Prince's throne or arm chair, and mine. In the afternoon, the Rajah came, with all his cavalcade, to pay me a visit; examining all things about me, asking the use of each, and admiring the faculty of locomotion belonging to Europeans. We then remounted his elephant together, and went to take a ride about the city or its neighbourhood. At night he set me down at my own door. I liked this evening ride, because, being alone together on the elephant, we were at liberty to say every thing we pleased to each other. On these occasions, I gave him a few lectures on morals and political economy, which would assuredly have been very little to the taste of his ministers. Every year, about five or six British travellers go to Nahun, in order to seek health in the mountains. The young Rajah, notwithstanding his politeness, has never succeeded in seeing more than one or two of them, and it was only to exchange formal compliments with them. Nothing, it is true, is so rare among the natives of India as the slightest inclination to become sociable; but the British never try to discover it, nor do they cultivate it if it chance to exist. This is the reason why they remain such complete strangers to the people whom they govern. The climate of Nahun is very healthy; but at certain seasons of the year the forests in the neighbouring valleys cannot be passed through without exposure

to almost certain death. The use of tobacco, and bitter and generous wines, is recommended as a preservative. My old port from Semla flowed plentifully; and Kennedy, when I left him, made me accept a hookha to smoke after the fashion of the country. These precautions succeeded perfectly, and I returned to the plains of India in all the integrity of my mountain health.

I cannot tell you, my dear father, with what feeling of melancholy I found myself once more on the sandy and desolate plains of Hindostan. They are covered in some places with tall, yellow, withered grass; elsewhere with a poor, thorny, whitish shrub, which gives the same sad and wild aspect to the whole of India and Persia. You often pass near the ruins of a village, consisting of a mound of clay, interspersed with fragments of earthenware, and tombs scattered around. Sometimes you will pass, twice in the same day, through a considerable city, with buildings and mosques still standing, but which, though perhaps erected less than a century ago, no longer contains a single inhabitant. I reached Sharunpore by forced marches, in order to abridge this tedious part of my journey.

I have just been reperusing your last two letters, 16 and 17; both are replies to mine from Benares; so that we must wait a whole year between a question and its answer! Be it so!

You wish me to become somewhat of a Sanscrit scholar. You think that by knowing a great number of the roots of that language, its study would be easy to me. You are mistaken. In the first place, in the Hindostanee that I speak, that of the upper provinces, the

proportion of Persian is much more considerable than that of Hindostanee. I write in the Persian character; and the system of writing, which after all is but a rather illegible short-hand, is sufficiently difficult to make me, so far as I have gone, dispense with using the *Nagaree* characters, which are very like the Sanscrit. The Sanscrit syntax is very difficult.

On my return to Paris, I shall say, like the fox, "the grapes are sour," with this difference, that I shall be sincere in saying so. The Sanscrit can lead to nothing but the knowledge of itself. As for Persian, my contempt for that language is unbounded; and I am persuaded that every one who knows a little of it, and is not paid six thousand francs a year for admiring it, thinks as I do. I am availing myself of my stay here to perfect myself in it. A young Brahmin comes every evening to spend an hour with me. We do not read, as is usual, the eternal *Gulistan* of British students, but the *Persian Gazette of Calcutta*, written in vile prose, but such as is spoken. The British, who learn Persian, begin by buying lace, and often die without having a shirt. Hafez, Sadi, and other insipid and tiresome poems of the same kind, are only useless lace to us.

You ask me if I have gathered any of the beautiful white roses in the environs of Delhi? Place no confidence in those flowers which embalm the whole country. I am still in search of them, without having seen any. Malte-Brun, I perceive, has allowed himself some travellers' licences. The finest roses in the world are those of Paris. Not that fine things are wanting round Delhi, but roses are very scarce.

My manuscript is of formidable length. I often think

of the means of blending together, or skilfully separating the many different subjects which are crowded together in it. But this would be a difficult matter, and I should not be able to make the attempt until I reached Paris. We will hereafter hold a council upon it. I imagine that we now have with the Duke of Orleans a little model of a government, quite economical, if such can exist. However, I flatter myself that my friends will obtain something from it for me. I am going to forward a little memorial to support them.

I am expecting your next letters with great anxiety. I do not know the name of one of the killed at Paris; and my newspapers agree in saying that there were several thousands. Fortunately I do not see near our house any public building which can have attracted the battle to its neighbourhood.

Adieu for to-day. As I now write, my body is wrapped up in shawls and blankets, and my feet in carpets. The sun is however very hot, but the air in the shade is so cold, that there is sometimes a little ice in the morning, and the wind makes the temperature appear a great deal sharper than it really is. There are no fire-places in the houses, at least in that of my host, an old general, who is otherwise without fear, but is singularly afraid of fire in his house. To him I am indebted for a dreadful cold which is but just over. I forgot to tell you that a present has been made to me here of an assortment of medicines which I shall philanthropically distribute among the Sikhs, Cashmeerians and others, according to circumstances. Dysentery is making great ravages here, especially among the natives. One of my people was attacked, but I suc-

ceeded in saving his life. Nine out of ten die of this disease in the hands of the British medical men. The great thing in the distempers of this country is to take them in time. For my own part, I scarcely think of them, but am nevertheless always ready to give them a warm reception. Make yourself easy, therefore. You talk to me about the plague: it is unknown in India. Adieu; for you to be as well as I am, is all that I wish you.

Camp at Panniput, January 29th 1831.

Here have I begun a new campaign. Four days ago I left Delhi; to-morrow I shall be at Kurnal on the frontiers of the protected Sikhs, and about the 21st of February I shall reach Lahore. The exercise and irregularity of my travelling life, together with its frugality, have already restored me to my mountain health. Fraser returned to Delhi ten days ago; he is in doubt whether the leave of absence which he has requested will be granted to him. Yesterday I received a very friendly message from him at Samalkha, where I was encamped. With his letter there were two elephants and two trusty and good-looking servants, whose services Fraser begged me to accept as far as Umbritsir—a useful reinforcement to the two poor starved camels which carry my tents. It moreover adds singularly to the pomp of my caravan. My host, at Delhi, who was the general of the division, has also given me a strong escort. This is necessary for the security of my baggage during the night. All this nearly justifies the *bahadur*, with which the Delhi engraver has gratified me upon the plate ordered from him for my herald at arms, a servant whom I have just added to my establish-

ment, which you may easily suppose, notwithstanding this increase, to be the very worst in India. Your arithmetic will enable you to discover the cause of this inferiority.

Good night. I am encamped here in one of the most celebrated fields of battle in India. It is late; I leave you for dinner—a sad affair, nothing but an old peacock, but which cost me only a shot this morning. God preserve you from such a dish, and from brackish water to drink.

Camp at Kurnal, February 3rd 1831.

The rain has kept me here two days, and I have availed myself of them to liquidate some little of the arrears in my correspondence. I yesterday despatched a packet containing a long letter to the Jardin, and another for Madame V. de Tracy. To-day I am writing the memorial which you engaged me to draw up to serve as *corpus petitionis* to the solicitations of my friends in my behalf. I will endeavour to despatch it hence tomorrow; and, in the leisure of my march to Umbritsir, where I shall have an opportunity of another express, I shall finish paying the rest of my epistolary debts, informing you at the same time to whom I have written—for letters are sometimes lost here. Three days ago the messenger was attacked and robbed in broad daylight near Panniput. Other districts through which he must pass on his way to Calcutta are in the same state of confusion. A poor naked man running on foot laden with a bundle of letters is quite a prize to these robbers. Although I have two sentries all night close to my little tent, I think myself very fortunate in the morning when I find under my head the cushion upon which I recline, and my shirt upon my back. You

would not believe the tales of robbers that I could relate to you; and it is not very long ago that I put no faith in them myself.

Six days on foot and horseback in the open air have completely restored me to my wonted state; and I have recovered the enjoyment of my mountain health. Like a true Mussulmaun, I have made a vow of absolute abstinence from spirituous liquors, I live pretty much like the natives, and after several experiments, I find it the regimen which agrees with me best. I have a beard of three months' growth; it is three inches long. With wide calico trousers, a green dressing-gown, and a large black fur cap, I shall make a very decent Afghan, if it is thought necessary that I should undergo such a metamorphosis at Loodheeana, which would be very convenient besides. The dogs in this country bark after a Christian; the buffaloes and cows present their horns, and lower their heads before him; the horses on the road are frightened, turn their heels towards him, and kick at him if he approaches them. But the bipeds of our own species make magnificent obeisances to him. It is from love of these obeisances that Europeans in British India persist in retaining their national dress, which procures for them, as a compensation, bites, kicks, gores, &c. &c.

Adieu, my dear father; remember me kindly to my friends. Tell Porphyre that I have already three square feet of manuscript quite ready for him, and that I shall add another centiare between this and Umbala. Adieu, once more. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Delhi, January 12th 1831.

ON descending from the Himalaya in the month of November last, I learned the glorious events of July. So it is all over with divine right and legitimacy, the *granted* charter and the other absurdities of our old political system! What admiration this victory excites among our former enemies, whose guest I am in these distant regions! What nation ever awakened the concert of enthusiastic and grateful feelings which rise on all sides for the French name! What a regeneration! what glory!

It was at Delhi that I resumed the colours of liberty! What a remembrance for the rest of my days! If this great drama have a development worthy of its first scenes, it will not only produce a beneficent political revolution in the majority of European states, but it will also entirely change the political connexion between nations. Envy and hatred have been their bane hitherto: good will and good faith will henceforth preside over them.

I have just read the French papers to the 12th of August, and in the last of these journals I saw with pleasure your name in the commission appointed to report upon the propositions of M. Bérard. I do not understand the Chamber, I confess: its members seem to forget that a revolution separates them from the last session. Moderation in victory is a fine thing, but I dread the excess of a good thing.

I honour the Chamber of Deputies of November 1827, for its address to the king. The principle of

re-electing the voters for this address, being so faithfully executed, makes the Chamber of 1830 in some measure the same assembly as that of 1827: and perhaps after all we must not be surprised if, under the conditions of its existence, being elected under the double vote, and the minimum of age being forty years, it is not more vigorous. Nevertheless, it appears to me to have but little understood the immense power which the revolution of July 29th placed in its hands. A revolution is never made in legal form.

Samalkha, near Panniput, January 28th 1831.

I was unable to conclude this letter at Delhi, though detained there much longer than I expected; for I was so overwhelmed with business that I had no leisure for letter-writing. I am now taking advantage of those moments of leisure which occur on my march through a monotonous and uninteresting country.

Since the day I wrote to you from Delhi, I have seen the English papers up to the 24th of August. Though the whole of their news from France is not equally agreeable to me, I cannot but feel satisfied.

Have you not, like me, the melancholy conviction that men exist who are unfortunately born destitute of every moral feeling? What education could supply this deficiency? Abolish capital punishment if you like, but substitute perpetual imprisonment for it. If your bill passes in France, I am persuaded that it will not be long before a similar one will be proposed in England; and the influence which, in my opinion, we are called upon to exercise over the political destinies of Spain and Italy, might cause the same principle to

be adopted there. When all European governments have thus become quakers internally, war will appear a very strange and horrible thing. You are still young enough to behold the dawn of this new era.

Keep for me what you write. Some day or other I shall again be your guest at Paray ; there I shall love to trace the course of events which have taken place in our country since my absence, and to read the accomplishment of those projects about which we have so often conversed together. However elegant my little tent may be with its coloured canvas, and however comfortable it may appear to me, in the middle of a sand plain, heated by a burning sun, I would willingly desert it, I assure you, to go and chat by your fireside. But I am not taking the road thither ; and from the plan laid down for my journey, you may conclude I do not suffer from the *mal du pays*. I am going to Lahore, and Attock, to visit the banks of the Hindoo Koh, and then Cashmeer ; and I think of returning to India by Ladak, or some other province of western Tibet. I thought it incumbent upon me to visit a celebrated region, the entrance to which is closed against British travellers, by the jealousy of Runjeet Sing. You know, on the contrary, what chances of a favourable reception await me. I have neglected no means of making them more certain : my father will tell you how. He will also tell you that in this affair I have consulted zeal rather than prudence. My credit from the Jardin des Plantes expires with the present year, and I cannot expect to return to Delhi before the 1st of November next. Thus, I have no means of returning to Europe at present. But I am firmly persuaded that the Minister of the Interior will

grant me further credit as a matter of urgency, since urgency makes me require them. After my return to Europe, I should all my life regret having had an opportunity of visiting these celebrated and mysterious regions, without availing myself of it. Good night, my dear friend ; I hope to write you a few lines more from Pan-niput, where I intend to encamp I remember having written to you from that celebrated place ten months ago. I look back with satisfaction at the time which has since elapsed, because I feel that it has been well employed. Adieu.

TO MADemoisELLE ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT
PAUL, ARRAS.

Delhi, January 18th 1831.

MY DEAR ZOE,—I wish I could write you a volume : but I have scarcely time to send you a few lines. Ask my father all about me ; to him I wrote a letter without an end.

You ask me for a flower ; I send you three. One is an anemone, which I found last May among the snows at the source of the Jumna, the most sacred place on earth according to the Hindoo faith. The second is a primrose, a tolerably exact specimen of the humble stature of the Alpine plants of Tibet. Only once, did I find it blooming at a height greater than the summit of Mont-Blanc. Until the whole of my collections have reached Europe, you will be able to boast that, in that humble primrose, you possess a plant gathered at a greater elevation than any of those actually existing in

European museums. I add another rarity in the third flower, which I found in Tibet at a still greater elevation : you will recognise it as a violet. Accept a fourth, which will be the last ; it is one of the pacific trophies of my first campaign against the Emperor of China. It enamelled the ground upon which I fought his most *teatific* majesty's forces (consisting of a few horsemen, whose commander I gave myself the inexpressible satisfaction of seizing by his long plaited tail). I doubt not that your knowledge of botany extends as far as the myosotis ; but if I am mistaken, I must inform you that several species of the same genus exist in Europe, and that one of them, extremely pretty and very common on the brink of water, is called in English, the " Forget-me-not."

The field where I gathered it does not deserve to be remarked in a military point of view ; but it is seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea, being three times higher than the passes of the Alps, which Hannibal and Bonaparte have rendered so famous ; so that my victories rank considerably above the victories of those two conquerors. You are at liberty to give to these plants any specific name you please, because they are all entirely new, as well as all those I have brought from Tibet.

If we are destined not to see each other again, preserve this little flower as a remembrance, and always recollect its name—Forget-me-not.

TO THE SAME.

Camp of Panniput, January 29th 1831.

My dear Zoé, you are the favourite Sultana of my thoughts. I write to nobody so often as I do to you. This might be explained by my friendship alone; but I suspect that there is another reason: I long for female society. When I leave the deserts to stop at a British settlement, I meet those of my own sex, sometimes full of merit and learning. But nothing absolutely can be said of the European ladies one meets in India: they may be accomplished wives and mothers, but they are nothing else. They confine their reading to the *Mirror of Fashion*, a stupid periodical, principally devoted to the toilet, something like our *Journal des Modes*. They have, it is true, all the external qualities required in good society; but that is all, and their husbands seem to be perfectly satisfied with the small talents they possess. You have probably heard of the domestic life of the English; well! what you have heard is not truer than a proverb. There exists scarcely any reasonable intercourse between the husband and wife, in this so much boasted English private life. They meet at meal times, and only during the active part of that operation; for when they have done eating, the ladies are politely turned out by John Bull, who does not feel perfectly at his ease until they are gone. Then the bottle begins to circulate round the mahogany table, and if anything is to be made of an Englishman, now is the time. Meanwhile, the poor women remain in the drawing-room, amusing themselves as well as they can, till the arrival of the "lords of the creation," who some-

times keep up the circulation of the bottle so long, that when they enter the drawing-room, they find it deserted, and the lights extinguished.

People of fashion do not now remain long at table after the cloth is removed. But what can one talk about to an English lady? If she attempted to join in a serious conversation, she would be immediately set down as a blue-stocking, which is a grievous affront. You are playing a fool's part if you are not slightly acquainted with the people whom they may talk about; for things are out of the question, except those which may be collected from the *Mirror of Fashion*. God preserve me from ever having an English wife!

Thomas Moore is not only a perfumer, but a liar to boot. I am now pursuing the same route that Lalla Rookh formerly did; and I have scarcely seen a single tree since I left Delhi. I am encamped here on the celebrated field where the fate of India has been several times decided. It is a vast plain, covered with jungles, full, they say, of tigers; but I have seen only a few peacocks, one of which I shot. I am sorry I did so, because it is truly a pity to destroy so graceful a creature, and because, to colour my crime with a pretence of usefulness, I ordered my majesty's cook to make a mulgatawny of it for my dinner. Now the very worst of chickens would have been superior to it. I have not the heart to kill large animals which are inoffensive.

I managed so well with my horse and my two elephants yesterday, that I was obliged to walk the whole stage through the jungle; but I feel all the better for it. It is incredible how greatly my constitution is strengthened by a few days of a solitary, frugal, active, and wan-

dering life. My little band has a much better appearance than when I left Calcutta. I have men of the upper provinces, much taller and handsomer than the Bengalees ; and lately at Delhi I added to my establishment a sort of lackey or herald, called *chroprassy*, because, like our old uncle*, he wears a broad red belt from the right shoulder to the left side, and a large plate of copper, with a Persian inscription, signifying "M. V. Jacquemont, a very mighty lord." My name is engraved in Roman characters, which are the most imposing of all, as nobody can read them. This man superintends and directs the pitching of my tents, and the grazing of my camels. On the road he follows me, carrying my gun, and immediately seizes any person I may point out to him, even though it should be the magistrate of a village, of whom I want anything. Moreover, I have infantry of the most regular kind, consisting of a serjeant, a corporal, and eight men. Robbers are so plentiful, and so strongly protected by the indulgent justice of the British, that these my forces are not too numerous.

Adieu, my dear Zoé ; this letter is longer than I intended, for I have many others to write less agreeable than this. I hope in Cashmeer to receive a letter from you in English, in answer to mine from Tibet. I here enclose one of the emerald feathers from the egret of the poor peacock, shot this morning on that historical spot the plain of Panniput. To-morrow, I shall reach Kurnal, on the frontiers of the British dominions, and those of the protected Sikhs ; thence to Loodheeana on the banks of the Sutledge, there are eleven or twelve

* M. Noizet de St. Paul, major-general of engineers, knight commander of St. Louis.—E.D.

days' march. I hope to be at Lahore on the 20th of February, with a beard three inches long, quite prepared to look like an Afghan gentleman, and to play the part of one. Adieu, my dear Zoé. *Forget me not.*

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Loodheeana, February 16th 1831:

MY DEAR FATHER.—I arrived here the day before yesterday, and am warming and drying myself at the British political agent's, being faithful this time to my hygienic principle of a bad breakfast and an execrable dinner. I am perfectly well. All goes on capitally for my expedition into the Punjab. The Rajah will be to me, that which he often is from caprice,—very amiable. M. Allard is loudly calling for me: his horsemen are here at my orders. Nevertheless I shall stay here a few days, to learn how they make the Cashmeer shawls, of which country Loodheeana is the out-parish. My host, Captain Wade, is a clever, well-informed man, and his company is equally profitable and agreeable to me. He is the king of the frontier, and an excellent fellow. We visit together on foot the workshops of weavers and dyers; and this, like fine fellows, we do on foot, a thing of rare occurrence in India. To-morrow, or the day after, I shall be introduced to two ex-majesties, Shah-Shoudjah and his brother, each formerly, by turns, King of Cabul or Afghanistan. They both reside here as pensioners upon British charity, which owed them nothing. The eyes of one of them have been put out,—a ceremony seldom avoided by an *ex* in the East.

Adieu! I leave you to dress myself in black from head to foot, mount majestically upon an elephant, and go and dine with the Colonel in command of the garrison, who has done me the honour to give a grand dinner, on the occasion of my passing through this place. I shall have the courage to drink nothing but milk, whilst on my right and left the champagne will be pushed briskly about. But health above all things!—Good night.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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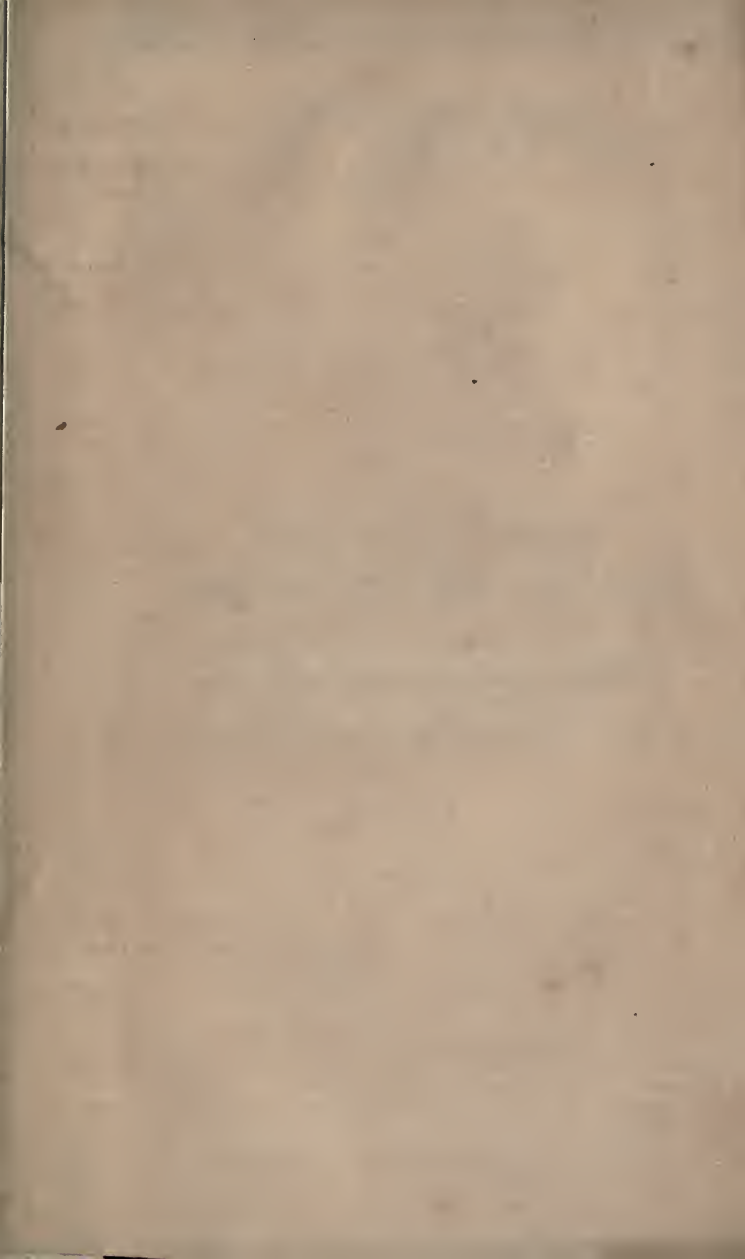
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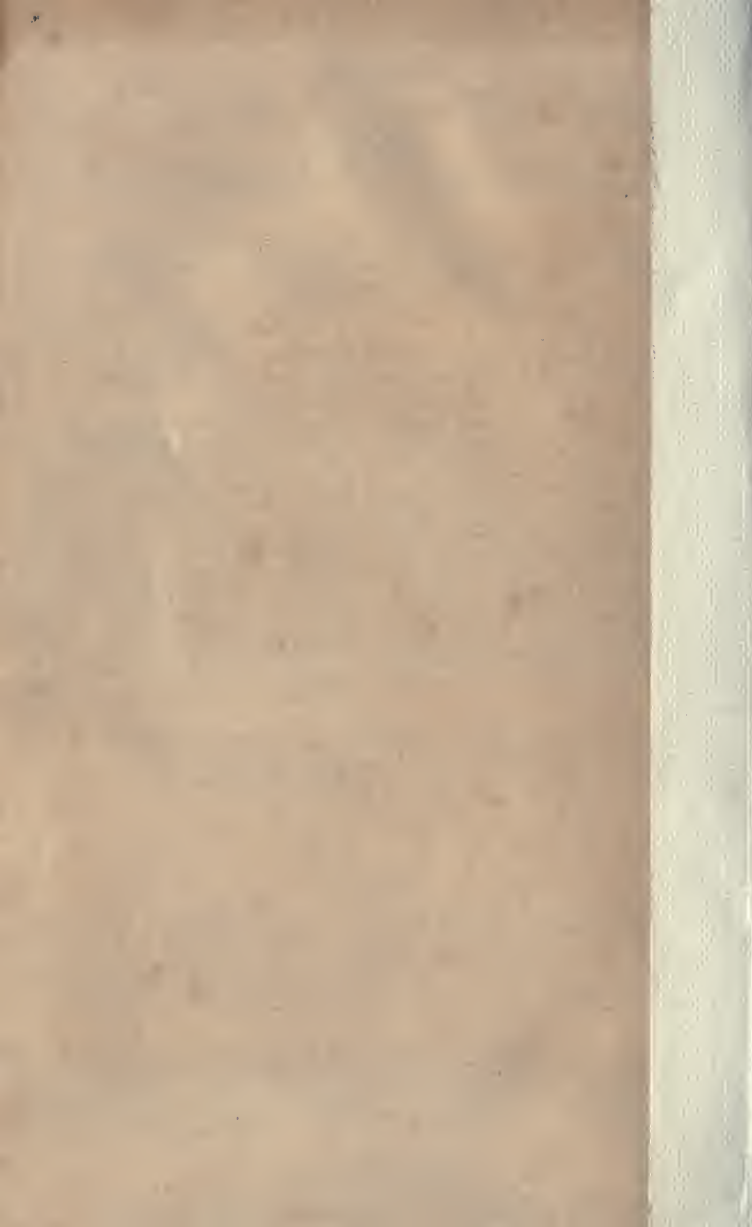
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