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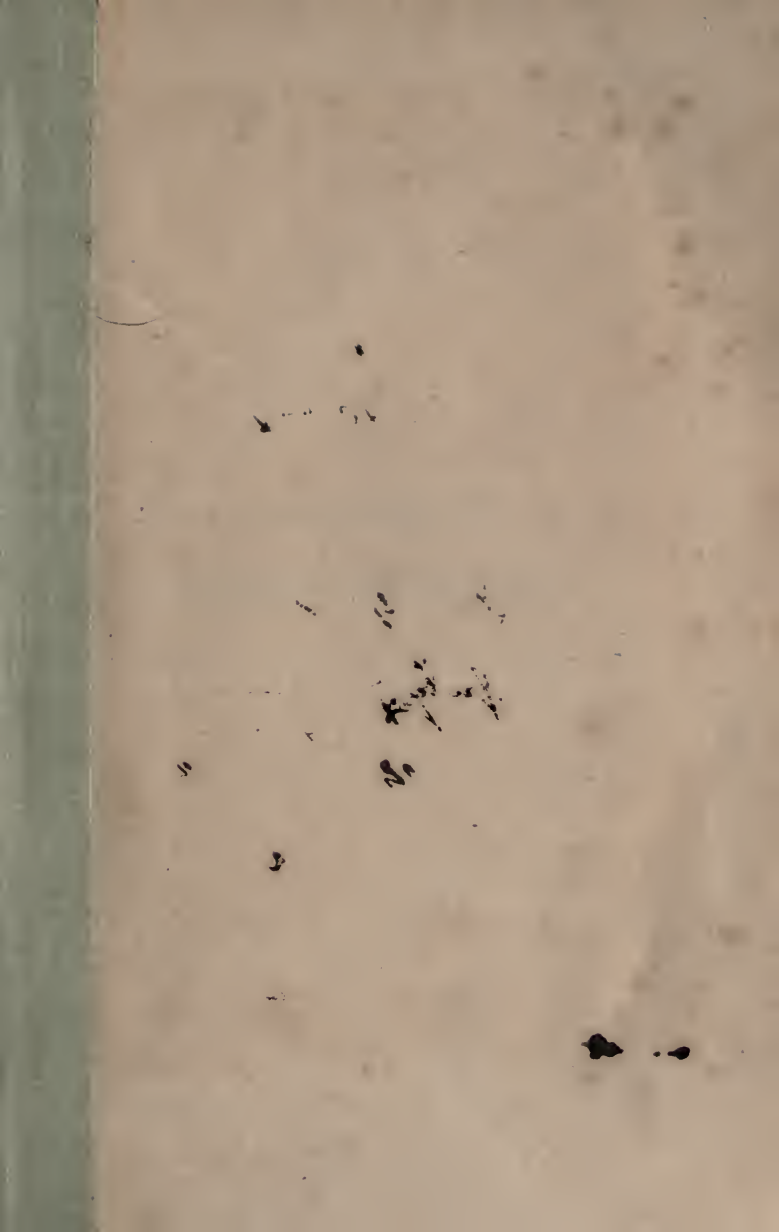


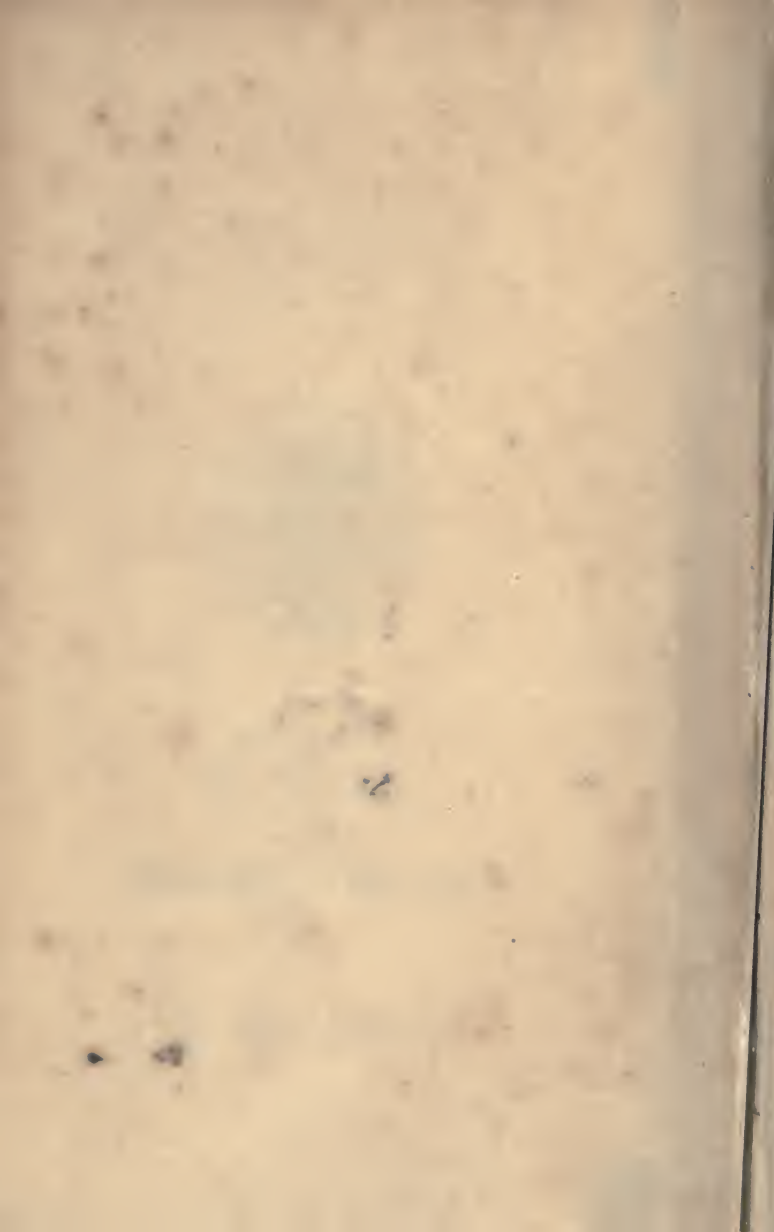
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JACQUEMONT'S
LETTERS FROM INDIA.





Elephant riding Bangalore.

London, published by James Agnew, 10, Pall Mall Street.

A
JOURNEY IN INDIA,
BY
VICTOR JACQUEMONT.
VOL. II.



W. G. & A. H. del.

The meeting of Jacquemont and the Nawaab of Ferozepore.

LONDON:
EDWARD CHURTON, 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 II.

LONDON:

EDWARD CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.

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LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

A JOURNEY IN INDIA, &c.

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

TO MADAME FANNY DE PEREY, PARIS.

*Loodheeana, February 22nd 1831, on the
banks of the Sutledge.*

MY DEAR FANNY,—It is long since I wrote to you; but really if you knew the extent of my correspondence, you would not be surprised at receiving so few of my letters.

Lord William Bentinck has just sent me the French papers of the months of July and August 1830; they contain the latest news I have received from Europe. These papers acquaint me with the change of situation of some of my friends, besides many other things; but I would willingly exchange all this news for a few lines from Porphyre or my father.

There are two ex-majesties here, who preserve the title, and before whom I did not appear without taking off my shoes. These are Shah Zem an and Shah Shoudjah his brother, formerly kings of Cabul, Afghanistan, and Cashmeer. They were great sovereigns twenty

years ago. The British Government sent them a magnificent embassy, and sought their alliance, at the period when the presence of General Gardanne at Teheran raised some suspicion in the cabinet of Calcutta with regard to the views, generally not very pacific, of your friend, the great man, as Courier used to say. Mr. Elphinstone, the British Ambassador, disputed for a fortnight with the grand master of the ceremonies, and the chamberlains of Shah Shoudjah, concerning the etiquette of his presentation. The King agreed at last to receive from Mr. Elphinstone only thirty-nine bows; whilst he himself would appear an instant at the window, the Ambassador remaining with his whole suite in the court-yard, at a distance of three or four hundred paces.

His ex-majesty has the most magnificent black beard I ever saw; and I found him a very gracious personage. A pensioner on British generosity, to which in truth he has no claim, Shah Shoudjah lives here in freedom, but under the surveillance of the British political agent, my present host. By this officer I was taken to a private audience of the Shah, with whom I spent an hour conversing about Cashmeer, whither I am going. He formerly waged war against it, from Cabul, his country—from his mountains, of which he spoke with affecting eloquence. Do you remember that the women at Paris broke open the doors of the hotel Sinet, to see the Tunis envoy's handsome secretary? I know not what they would do if Shah Shoudjah went to Paris: the national guard would not be sufficient to maintain public order, he is so handsome! The old Emperor, Shah Zeman, has had his eyes put out. He spends his time in devotion, which however does not prevent his having a

large harem. He related to me his pilgrimage to Mecca, which he undertook after his misfortunes, and subsequently to his blindness. There is a numerous colony of Cashmeerians here, who manufacture shawls similar to those of their own country, but generally of inferior quality. Were I richer I would bring you a couple, or rather from Cashmeer, where I shall be in two months; but I must not think of it.

I am well, very well. Adieu, my dear friend.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Loodheeana, on the banks of the Sutledge,
February 23rd 1831.*

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—If you knew how I write in the open air, often upon my knee, a tomb, or any thing else I can find, you would not be surprised at the want of coherence in my letters.

On the 16th instant, I wrote from this place a short letter to our father. I have paid off all arrears of correspondence before I cross the Sutledge, which alone separates me from the Punjab; but I have apprised those to whom I write, that when I reach the opposite bank,—silence! I answer no one.

Lord William has just sent me the *Constitutionnels* for the months of July and August, up to the 26th. My head is still confused with them. I am a royalist to excess, although certain things here and there do not quite please me. In other respects, it is quite delightful. We are all honourable now: for instance, our father is an honourable metaphysician, you are an

honourable captain, I am an honourable traveller, Frederic is an honourable merchant ; in short, were we nothing that we are, we should be honourable married men, or at least honourable bachelors. That strange Hungarian original, whom I met in Tibet, wrote to me one day in English on an immense sheet of paper : “ Sir, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the letter which you did me the honour to write to me yesterday, and I have the honour to be, &c. &c.” I sent him to the devil with his *honour*, and replied with *friendship*, that he was out of his senses. What should I say to *la grande nation*, which collectively is the honourable French people ? What a farce !—Adieu ; I shall perhaps write to you again to-morrow. William Fraser sends me word from Delhi that his affairs with the powers at Calcutta are taking a bad turn, and that he despairs of joining me in the Punjab. I am sorry for it.

An English ship is going, for the first time, up the Indus and the Ravee, to convey to Lahore a present of Norman and Flemish horses, which the king of Great Britain is sending to Runjeet Sing. On the other hand, my arrival at Loodheeana is known at Lahore and at Umbritsir ; and the report prevalent in the *bazaar* (literally, in the market, which corresponds with the talk of the cafés and streets with us) is, that my arrival at the same time as the British envoy conceals some design. I am represented as a sort of secret minister from the king of France, deputed to the Rajah. As a traveller of my species does not answer the description of any these people have seen before, I am exposed to all sorts of absurd interpretations. Kennedy

writes me that his petty Rajahs, whom I saw last year, take it for granted that I am one of the Governor-general's aides-de-camp. Well! there is no great harm in that. Runjeet knows very well who I am. M. Allard writes me from Lahore that his Rajah (Runjeet) talks of the pleasure he shall have in seeing me—flummery—he is a perfect old fox. Adieu, till to-morrow. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. ACHILLE CHAPER.

*Loodheecana, on the banks of the Sutledge,
February 24th 1830.*

I OFTEN think of you, my friend, but seldom write to you, because, at the distance which divides us, the ordinary dimensions of a letter would not satisfy me, and I have not leisure to converse with you at sufficient length to make you acquainted with my internal and external existence. I recollect, however, that I wrote to you last summer from Tibet. Have you received my letter? I re-entered India on the 4th of October, through the eternal snows of the Himalaya, and resumed my researches on its southern slope. On the 15th of November, I left the mountains. A month after I returned to Delhi, where I was detained till the end of January. Now I am journeying towards Cashmeer. To-morrow, or next day, I shall cross the Sutledge; and although I shall enter a country absolutely independent of the British power, and even deemed hostile to it, I shall not lose all the advantages of British protection. A sort of court coquetry with the Governor-

general, induces Runjeet Sing to allow me to enter his dominions ; a favour which the cabinet of Calcutta had hitherto invariably refused to ask of this prince for every other traveller. In the Punjab, therefore, I shall not only be perfectly safe, but meet with kindness and distinction. The Rajah sends his prime minister's son to meet me. I shall let them do as they please till I get to Lahore ; but there I shall beg Runjeet Sing to release me from these tiresome honours, and allow me to pursue my journey *incog.* with only one of his household servants, who will serve as my guide, and command respect in case of need.

My intention is to visit not only Cashmeer, but all the unknown part of the Himalaya, extending from the Sutledge to the Indus, and to re-enter India through Tibet. On my return from this expedition, I shall have completed half of a general work which will embrace the whole Himalaya from the Indus to the Burrampooter ; and my most ardent desire would be to continue this work, which two years will suffice to finish. I have written to the Minister of the Interior to inform him of my project, and request the means of executing it. I think it would do some honour to the spirit of scientific enterprise of our nation. A chain of fortuitous circumstances offers me numerous advantages to favour its accomplishment, and such as no other traveller could expect. Every thing helps me, even my French nationality. It is doubtful whether Runjeet Sing's jealous mistrust would have allowed him to grant to a British traveller that which he grants me ; and, again, the personal kindness of the Governor-general is extended over me throughout the provinces subject to his authority. Add to this, a condition which is generally wanting in this country to

those who lead the laborious and active life that I do—perfect health; lastly, a correct knowledge of the two languages, Hindostanee and English. I prefer concentrating my labours on a space so magnificently marked out by nature, to scattering or losing myself in the vastness of all Asia. If my plan is well received, I shall give up all thoughts of seeing Persia and Asia Minor. I am now sufficiently well informed about those countries, to be convinced that the journey in the Himalaya, which I am now performing, promises better results than any other.

I do not suffer from the solitariness of my life. Whatever consolation or happiness I may have found in friendship, when I was with my friends, it is only since my lot has cast me so far from them, that I have adequately appreciated all the delights of that feeling. I am not alone! If your thoughts follow me they will sometimes meet me. Ah! how often I have secretly conversed with you since we parted. Since that day I have received but one letter from you, which I keep by me, with several others to which I attach equal value; and when I am annoyed, I re-peruse these letters always with renewed pleasure. I have a great deal to praise in the men of this country (I mean the British). I almost always find some sympathy in them, and sometimes a lively one. I have seen few who are not cordially disposed towards me, and whom the world would not call my friends; and I give this sacred name to two men, whom I did not know till I came to this country. They have won my heart and given me theirs. I cannot tell what it is in them that has captivated me. They are both twenty years older than myself, and both un-

happy—one from his situation, the other from his temper of mind.

I would speak to you of the scenes that surround me ; but their interest disappears in my eyes, before the grandeur of the scene now beheld in France. It was in descending from the Himalaya into the plains of India that I received from a Calcutta newspaper the first intimation of those great events. Since that time, other vessels have arrived from Europe, which have brought a continuation of the particulars ; and a messenger of the Governor-general, who is now near Delhi, has just delivered to me the series of *Constitutionnels* for July and August.

The reading of these papers has left a painful impression on my mind : the fatigue of having lived a month in twenty hours—and such a month too ! Shall I confess to you that the particulars of the reality have destroyed the brilliant vision which I had formed of a still purer and greater glory ?

The ordinances of the 25th of July attacked the rights of the whole nation. But their attack was more direct upon certain classes : the richer and better informed, who had the exclusive privilege of the electoral right, and whose affluent circumstances and education made them enjoy, in a greater degree, the blessings of the liberty of the press. It was therefore the duty of the richer and more enlightened classes to be the first in this contest ! Nevertheless it appears to me that during the three days they kept behind the people. I have read the lists of killed, and have found but one name that I know.

— This is not enough ! a single name is not sufficient !

It is the people who have achieved the revolution—the people rather than we; and yet it was rather our duty to achieve it than that of the people. It was against us rather than against the people that war had been declared.

The courage and moderation of the people are admirable; but the triumph would have been still more glorious, had it been won by other hands, by ours. It would then have borne a stamp of political morality.

Among the victims, I see a great number of poor mechanics, inhabitants of the Faubourgs. The killed and wounded indicate sufficiently to what classes the majority of the combatants belonged. Among them were unhappy mechanics, destitute of all political education, and who doubtless could not even read. The liberty of the press should not have stood in need of the support of such defenders. I honour their courage—I bless it, since it has probably saved us from a civil war at least; but, if I am not strangely mistaken about the deplorable ignorance that still afflicts the lower ranks of society, it was unreflecting hatred only which armed the people against the Government.

After this great victory, I dreamt of a new era in political honesty, a new species of intercourse between nations, and a new eloquence for the tribune and the press—I created a Utopia! The *Constitutionnel* has miserably overturned these fine speculations. It still speaks of the *necessities* of the *times*. What means this jargon? We continue to wallow in the puddle of parliamentary cant, and this corrupt mode of expression is but the symbol of not very pure ideas.

I know not the fate of M. Victor de Tracy's motion,

on the abolition of capital punishment. If it is rejected, and the ministers of the 25th of July are condemned and executed, they will inspire the small number of sincere men belonging to their party with the same interest which we have for the memory of those noble youths who died for freedom in 1822. God forbid that I should compare the two!—but both have fallen victims to a defeat, after an attack upon the law. The martyrs of freedom had in their favour the internal feeling, the confidence in the justice of their cause, in the morality of their action, and assuredly that was not the motive of * * *’s rashness. But M. de Polignac’s life has been uniform: it is absurdly consequent upon the principle of absolute Government in France vested in a single family. Possibly he thought he was acting for the best;—but as he has violated the law, let him be punished. I hate, but have some pity for him. Let us beware of saying: “Blood for blood!”

Popular insurrections have begun in the Netherlands; but their debut is not glorious. This, however, arises from the cowardice of the middle classes, who have taken no part in the movement. The future prospects of Spain seem melancholy. The vanguard of Spanish civilisation consists of scarcely a few thousand men; and this little force is four or five centuries in advance of the rest of the nation, which remains too far behind them, to understand their motives or to support them. It is the same with Italy.

At Delhi, I resumed the tricolour cockade. The ancient capital of Timur, which has been for twenty-eight years in possession of the British, is occupied by a strong European garrison. It is also the seat of a vast

political, judicial, and civil Residency. On the 30th of December last, all the officers of the British Government joined in inviting me to a patriotic dinner in commemoration of the French revolution. The thunder of British cannon accompanied our cheers for the victory of freedom. Strange music for the descendant of Timur, who could hear it from his palace! For my own part I never heard any that awoke in me such enthusiasm.

Adieu, my dear and amiable friend; I must return to Loodheeana, from which my thoughts were already very far. I have notes and collections to arrange, workshops to visit, and a thousand other things to do besides. Adieu—speak of me to my friends with the feelings which you know I entertain for them. Adieu.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

*Loodheeana, on the banks of the Sutledge,
February 25th 1831.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—Maharajah Runjeet Sing is an old fox, compared to whom the most skilful of our diplomatists is a simpleton. At Loodheeana I expected to find the passports which had been promised me by his minister at Delhi, but they were not yet come. Runjeet had written to the British political agent residing at Loodheeana (my present host); and though all the while protesting how great his pleasure would be in seeing me, he was attempting to begin over again an affair already concluded, and to gain time with me. I

might have cut the matter short, and gone on ; but as we every day expected a fresh messenger from him, I waited in patience. This messenger is at last arrived. The Rajah, or to speak more politely, the Maharajah, sends the son of his prime minister to receive me on the frontier, that is at Falur, on the farther bank of the Sutledge. Runjeet himself has marked my stages to his capital, where I shall entreat him to deliver me from these importunate honours. Umbritsir, the sacred city of the Sikhs, lies on my road ; my travelling companion will do the honours there. As the country from this place to Lahore is nothing but a great plain, cultivated in a uniform manner, I shall not have much to see, and shall avail myself of this circumstance to live as much as possible with my spy. I say spy, because one of his duties is to despatch a messenger every evening to the Rajah, to acquaint him with what I have been doing during the day ;—whether I have gone on foot, or on horseback, or on an elephant ; whether I have hunted or made drawings ; whether I am satisfied or otherwise, &c. &c. I know not what particulars he may favour the Rajah with. You may fancy me on the road to Lahore, starting at day-break on horseback, with my young companion prancing away near me, and a respectable troop of horse following us, the elephants in the rear, and some servants on foot. At each halt, the chief men in the place will come to pay their respects to me, being introduced by the minister's son ; and their respects are never unattended with rupees. They will be very agreeably surprised at seeing me touch their offering, without pocketing it. On the road I shall go

on conversing with my companion, he in Persian, I in Hindostanee, but which will grow more and more Persian every day.

I here increase my furniture by a chair and a carpet, as I have a thousand visits to expect from people who are of sufficient rank to sit in my presence, and not to walk on the ground barefooted. M. Allard writes to me frequently, that he is anxious to see me; and for my own part I feel very much disposed to like him. There is another European at Lahore, named Ventura, an Italian, who has served in our armies, and enjoys, on this side of the water, a great reputation for skill and bravery. He commands Runjeet's infantry—M. Allard being at the head of the cavalry. His letters give me a notion that he has literary knowledge and taste.

You can ask at the library of the Institute for the "Account of Kaubul by Elphinstone." In it you will find a great deal of information about the country to which I am going; for Mr. Elphinstone returned from his embassy to Peshawer, through the country of the Sikhs, of which, at that time, Runjeet was far from being in entire possession.

The two ex-majesties of Cabul, who are here, received me with less ceremony than one of them, Shah Shoudjah, imposed on Mr. Elphinstone, twenty-two years ago. These Afghans are magnificent men. I paid Shah Shoudjah a very long visit, because he delighted me by relating the wonders of his mountains of Cabul and his ex-paradise of Cashmeer.

Morning, 26th.

I have this moment received the following lines from M. Allard.

“ Maharajah has just ordered the son of the Fakheer Ezis El Din, to start with thirty horsemen and meet you. We hope, therefore, to embrace you soon. The young Fakheer, Shah Ezis El Din, sets out at the same time as these few words ; but the horseman who will be the bearer of them will be two days before him on the road, in order that you may be in readiness to cross the Sutledge when this young nobleman arrives at Falur,” &c.

I hold myself ready, therefore, to start the day after to-morrow, and these lines are the last I shall write to you from British India. M. Allard has an agent here who speaks Hindostanee and Persian equally well: I shall take him to Lahore with me, in order to perfect myself in the pronunciation of the occasional devilish Arabic consonants, which are more rare in Hindostanee than in Persian, and of a less guttural sound. I hope to write to you from Lahore in less than a fortnight, and give you a good account of Runjeet.

There was a little ice this morning, but it is the last cold of winter, and the sun is already very hot at ten o'clock.

I have still the same horse which has carried me from Calcutta to the foot of the Himalaya. He continues to justify the reputation of bad temper given to sorrels. But I am grown more cunning than he, and since I left Benares he has not thrown me once.

Judges of horse-flesh invent theories in which I do not at all believe. They say that an Arab of ordinary size would have some trouble in carrying a man of my weight. Well, my *tattoo* is much under the size of an Arab; he often does hard work, and was never behind hand; not once has his foot slipped since he has had the honour of carrying my majesty; he is never ill—never lame—never galled. I consider, myself, moreover, a very good horseman; of a species, however, which I confess, is not very classical. I am quite used to my long beard, and I know of nothing more comfortable. I really believe that we are wrong in depriving ourselves of this ornament, which, if you like, you may call natural; and that many a toothach proceeds from the nakedness of our jaws.

Lord W. Bentinck, and Lord Dalhousie, the commander-in-chief, are, at present, the one at Meerut, the other at Kurnal, on their way to Semla. The baggage of the former is carried by a hundred and three elephants, thirteen hundred camels, and eight hundred wagons drawn by bullocks. Two regiments, one of cavalry, the other infantry, serve as his escort; yet I am going to Lahore with only one wagon and a couple of camels.

No French ships have arrived since the *Gange*, which left Bourdeaux on the 11th of August; there have been no departures either. I presume, therefore, that the enormous quantity of letters which I have written for six weeks past, and sent to Chandernagore under cover to Sir E. Ryan, who is to forward them to M. Joseph Cordier, have reached that place, but are not yet on their way to Europe.

It is impossible to talk of politics, for I should never leave off. In a list of prefects, I see Dunoyer and Chaper side by side. I am writing to both.

Adieu, my dear father: speak of me kindly to those of my friends to whom I have not had time to write. I have health, courage, and hope. Write me very long letters, and make Porphyre follow your example.

TO. M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

*Camp near Jullundur, in the Punjab,
March 4th 1831.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—The day before yesterday I took leave of my amiable host of Loodheeana, Captain Wade, mounted my elephant, and, surrounded by a troop of Sikh cavalry, crossed the Sutledge. A squadron drawn up on the right bank of the river received me, on my landing, with military honours, and escorted me to my tent, near which it remained under arms, till the arrival of my Mehmandar*, Fakheer Shah El Din, who soon came, accompanied by several officers. Wade had given me a lesson in Sikh etiquette, and I repeated it without difficulty. The young Fakheer took the greatest interest in the conversation: he used the most suppliant forms to put into my hands a heavy bag of money, whilst a number of his attendants marched past my tent, depositing at the door a large basket of fruit, and a jar of cream or preserves. This was a present from the Rajah. I begged Shah El Din to write to his Highness, and express my thanks, giving

* A Persian word, literally, the guardian of hospitality. Author's Note.

him to understand, however, that I expected no less from his hospitality.

In the evening, I enjoyed myself in a more quiet way. I made a long excursion upon the level banks of the Sutledge, without being attended by the importunate honours which I dreaded. No inquisitive face came to spoil the landscape; and I felt as free as on the banks of the Niagara. On my return to the camp, my Mehar's secretary having come to receive orders for the morrow, I appointed the hour of departure, and fixed the place for the next encampment. I performed the journey on an elephant, and alone, according to my taste. This solitude, however, is comparative; for I was not without half a dozen servants on foot, and as many horsemen. But in the East, such is the grandeur of *Self*, that it easily absorbs a dozen men and horses.

Fakheer Shah El Din, as I had not invited him to travel in company with me, marched two or three miles in the rear with the squadron. Soon after I reached the camp, I received a message from him, requesting to know when it would be convenient for me to see him. He soon arrived with his compliments of the day before, another bag of money, and provisions of all kinds. In the evening I paid him a visit, a civility which he had a right to expect from me, but perhaps not so early. He exhausted himself in the superlatives of Persian gratitude. I soon withdrew, as I had come, to the sound of trumpets. Were it not for my long beard, which continually tells me that I am a grave personage, my seriousness would not have been proof against this music; but I kept my countenance till my return to my

camp, when I shut myself up in my tent, in order to laugh at the sublime part I am playing, and again take possession of my own identity. In India, it is the custom in speaking of one's self to say *we*,—a form of no great modesty; but since I have passed the Sutledge, I speak of myself only in the third person, as follows: the Sahib (that is the lord), is not tired—the lord is charmed at seeing your lordship—express the lord's respects to the king—the lord invites your lordship to mount the lord's elephant, &c. There are more *lords* in a quarter of an hour in my Sikh conversation, than in all Racine's tragedies.

Fakheer Shah El Din came yesterday to ask how I was, and offer his compliments in the usual form; that is to say, with another bag of money, the superlatives of yesterday, and provisions *ad infinitum*. He presented to me, at the same time, the Governor of the city, a venerable grey-beard of the old school, who related to me the war between Lord Lake and the Mahrattas, when they took refuge in the Punjab. The Governor had an endless retinue; and to turn my visiters out politely, I proposed to my Mehmandar to take a ride through the city on my elephant. I told the grey-beard that I was in despair at being unable to have him for a companion.

I am just returned. Never did any one receive so discordant a serenade as the clatter with which the Jullindur musicians are now regaling me. Through my cloth walls I do not miss a single note, and I am not yet Alcibiades enough to take pleasure in such music. I spend the time in writing to you, because I could not

do better, whilst waiting for this din to cease ; and, as the musicians play by the king's orders, the least I can do is to bear the infliction patiently.

But, you will say, what is there in the bags that you are collecting?—a hundred and one rupees, or about two hundred and fifty francs. If Runjeet Sing thinks himself obliged to treat his friends after this fashion, I can easily understand why he is reluctant to receive visits. I ask myself where this attention on his part will end? At Lahore, perhaps ; but certainly not before. Now, as there are six days' journey from hence to Lahore, I shall collect, before I arrive there, six hundred and six rupees, to add to the three hundred and three which I have condescended to pocket since the day before yesterday. Till now I had always detested the slowness of travelling in India, but Runjeet Sing has arguments which would reconcile me to the speed of a tortoise. Here am I become as covetous as if I were rich. It is from a refinement of avarice that I regret not having more of those large Spanish doubloons which I brought to Calcutta ; I would have offered them to him as a *nuzzer*, on the day of my presentation, whereas I shall be obliged to give him some Indian pieces of gold, to which he will pay but little attention.

I know not whether it is an optical illusion, but the Punjab and its inhabitants please me much. Perhaps, you will say that it is because I see them through a shower of gold. But the unsophisticated Sikhs of this country have a simplicity and open honesty of manner, which a European relishes the more, after two years' residence or travelling in India. Their fanaticism is

extinct, and such is their tolerance, that Runjeet's Grand Vizier (my Mehmandar's father) is a Mussulmaun; so are his two brothers; and yet all are equally in the good graces of the Sikh monarch.

Lord William will soon be at Semla. Runjeet will send my Mehmandar's father to compliment him. Wade will conduct the Sikh Ambassador from Loodheeana to Semla, and will afterwards come to Lahore, bearing in return the Governor-general's compliments to the Rajah. I received another letter from Lord William before I left Loodheeana; he promised me the French papers for September; and I expect to receive them at Lahore, with letters from you; for I know that a Bordeaux ship which sailed in September, is just arrived in Bengal. So adieu till then, if I do not resume this gossip before, to speak to you Umbritsir, of the holy city of the Sikhs, through which I shall soon pass.

Lahore, 12th March.

I skip the holy city to arrive the quicker at Lahore. Yesterday, at two leagues from the latter city, I met M. Allard and two other French officers, MM. Ventura and Court, who were coming to meet me in a calash and four. We all alighted, and I gave M. Allard a fervent embrace. He introduced me to his brother officers, and we all got into the carriage. An hour after, having crossed a wild country, covered, like the environs of Delhi, with the ruins of Mogul grandeur, we alighted at the entrance of a delicious oasis, consisting of a large parterre of carnations, irises, and roses, with walks of orange trees and jasmine, bordered with basins, in which a multitude of little fountains were playing. In the centre

of this beautiful garden was a little palace, furnished with extreme luxury and elegance. This is my abode. Breakfast served up on plate awaited us in the hall. I spent the day in wandering with my new friends through the walks of the garden, and suffering myself to be stifled with their caresses. You may imagine the excess of our curiosity on both sides. Night, however, came very quickly, and we were obliged to part; for M. Allard's residence and that of M. Court are more than two leagues from my habitation, and people scarcely ever travel at night in the environs of Lahore. I remained alone in the enchantment of my new residence, which is quite like the fairy palaces of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

In the evening, my Mehmandar, who had informed the King of my arrival, came to bring me his Majesty's congratulations and presents. The latter consisted of exquisite grapes from Cabul, delicious pomegranates from the same country, a collection of the choicest fruits, and, lastly, a purse of five hundred rupees. A splendid dinner was served up by torch-light, by a host of servants richly clad in silk. I had the courage to take as usual only bread, milk, and fruit. I ought to be grateful to this regimen for permitting me to reach Umbritsir on horseback, without the least inconvenience.

This morning I was awakened by M. Allard and M. Ventura, who were going to the King, from whom they had received, at midnight, a summons to attend him this morning. You must know that I enjoy (I know not how) such celebrity at Lahore, that every body longs to see me, and Runjeet is not the least among

the curious. It is to enjoy a foretaste of this pleasure that he desires a visit from these gentlemen at so unusual an hour. He knows that they spent the day with me yesterday; and he will be fully acquainted with me by the time I am presented to him, which, no doubt, I shall be to-day, or to-morrow at the furthest. Adieu! I leave you, that I may *Persianize* a little more the insolent compliments I intend paying him, and those which I shall not refuse myself in his presence. M. Allard said just now that I knew everything—that I had seen everything—that I was acquainted with the whole earth; and such being the persuasion of the respectable public of Lahore, I shall take very high ground even with the King. Too much honour cannot be paid to a man like me—that is the point whence I must start.

Lahore, March 16th.

I have several times spent a couple of hours in conversing with Runjeet "*de omni re scribili et quibusdam aliis.*" His conversation is like a nightmare. He is almost the first *inquisitive* Indian I have seen; and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation. He has asked me a hundred thousand questions about India, the British, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general and the next, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a myriad of others of the same kind. He is like all people of rank in the East, an imaginary invalid; and as he has a numerous collection of the greatest beauties of Cashmeer, and the means of paying for a better dinner than any one else in this country, he is generally annoyed that he cannot drink like a fish without being drunk, or eat like an elephant and escape

a surfeit. We conversed minutely about his complaints, but the words were well wrapped up on either side. The day before yesterday, in full court, that is in the open field, on a fine Persian carpet upon which we were seated, surrounded by some thousands of soldiers, he sent for five young girls from his harem whom he made to sit down before me, and concerning whom he asked my opinion. I had the candour to say that I thought them very pretty, which was not a tenth part of what I thought of them. He made them sing, *mezza voce*, a little Sikh air, which their pretty faces made me think agreeable; and he told me that he had a whole regiment of them, whom sometimes he ordered to mount on horseback for his amusement. He promised to afford me an opportunity of seeing them.

The four Frenchmen (two of them by the way are Italians,) who are at the head of his armies, which they have trained very well in the European discipline, often excite his suspicions, although he has had ten years' experience of their good faith, honesty, and attachment to himself. He sometimes suspects that they are Englishmen or Russians; and the poor fellows, whom, however, he pays very well, and does not use badly, are compelled to be very circumspect, in order to preserve his confidence. I spoke to him so as to keep up the semi-officiality of the British character which I had brought with me. It is of all titles the best in the estimation of a pagan like Runjeet. I eulogised the strength, honesty, and pacific policy of the Government of Calcutta; and Runjeet, when I had done, said, that the Governor-general and he were but two hearts in one body. In sum, he pleases me extremely; and when

I am not at court, he lavishes the highest encomiums on me. Yesterday, in my absence, he lauded me as a demi-god, and greatly amused himself at the expense of one of his courtiers, who wanted to bring me some remedy of his own for a cold in my head, which makes me sneeze very violently and frequently.

Yesterday morning, I had a prescription written in Persian, which I sent to the Rajah with some very innocent drugs,—for he has had me beset day and night to obtain them. Observe, however, that he will take care not to use them himself, but will amuse himself with making his friends and servants take them. Tomorrow he will tell me a hundred lies about their effects, and will ask me for more.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the reports in the city about my interviews with the king. The latter takes care to inform me of them, and is the first to laugh at them with me, though I have no doubt he takes me for a spy. He appears, however, perfectly satisfied as to my nationality. When I left him, after my first audience, he exclaimed, that I certainly was not an Englishman. An Englishman, he said, would not have changed his posture twenty times; he would have made no gestures while talking; he would not have spoken in such a variety of tones, high and low; he would not have laughed at proper times, &c.

I may go to Cashmeer, and anywhere else, I please—the king will have an eye to my safety everywhere. I shall enjoy the same security as in the British territory.

This pattern of an Asiatic king is, however no saint:—far from it. He is bound by neither law nor honour, when his interests do not enjoin him to be just or faith-

ful; but he is not naturally cruel. He cuts off the nose, ears, and a hand of every very great criminal; but he never puts any to death. He is passionately fond of horses, even to madness; and he is carrying on a murderous and expensive war against a neighbouring province, in order to obtain a horse which has been refused him either as a gift or a purchase. He has great bravery, a somewhat rare quality among the princes of the East; and although he has always succeeded in his military undertakings, it is by perfidious treaties and negociations alone, that from a simple country gentleman he has become absolute king of the Punjab, Cashmeer, &c., and is better obeyed by his subjects than the Mogul Emperors when in the zenith of their power. A Sikh by profession; a sceptic in reality, he every year pays his devotions at Umbritsir, and, what is very singular, at the shrines of several Mohammedan saints; yet these pilgrimages offend none of the puritans of his own sect.

He is a shameless scoundrel, and cares not a bit more about it than Henry III formerly did among us. It is true that between the Indus and the Sutledge, being a scoundrel is not even a peccadillo.

He is about to quit Lahore; and has directed M. Ventura to proceed to Multaun with ten thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon, for the purpose of collecting the tribute from the distant provinces of his empire. M. Allard will no doubt soon be sent on an expedition of the same kind. Runjeet will find some analogous occupation for himself; for he is a Bonaparte in miniature, and cannot remain in one place. In a few days we shall decamp from Lahore. At my audience of leave, I shall receive some fresh presents, and a dress of honour, which

will be a very handsome dressing-gown, made of Cashmeer shawls. I intend this latter for you, my dear father, in your great days of *Real Essences*. My military chest is grown very weighty with his Highness's rupees. I have now means to defray my expenses to Cashmeer and to remain there four months, without further curtailment of my credit at Calcutta. At all events, M. Allard has opened an unlimited one for me in Cashmeer. Then, in order to return to Semla, I shall have to cross some districts of Kanawer, the King of which, as you know, is one of my friends, and will willingly lend me some hundreds of rupees, if any unforeseen accident should make me enter his dominions short of money. Like a man of foresight, I wrote to Kennedy, and Murray (the political agent at Umbala), to let all the mountain Rajahs under their controul know that, in six months, I shall come and knock at some of their doors. It is probable that he of Belaspore will be the first whom I shall honour with my company.

Yesterday, our countrymen, my hosts, gave me a splendid fête at my palace—for palace it is—with accompaniment of dancing and singing Cashmeerian girls, &c., one of whom, in any country, would have passed for very pretty, if not even for very beautiful.

M. de Lafayette's flag has been lucky in this country. M. Allard, eight years ago, adopted it in the armies under his command. The Sikhs are a good sort of people, but no conjurers: Runjeet alone knows that it was Bonaparte's flag, and he is fond of persuading himself that he resembles this hero.

I have just received a letter from the Jardin des Plantes, and it is the first! Its date is the 19th of

May 1830. It acknowledges the receipt of my Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5; approves of what I have done, and propose to do; and informs me that from the 1st of January 1830, my salary has been increased two thousand francs. It is, moreover, written in very kind and obliging terms, and signed "Cuvier, Cordier, Jussieu." It was forwarded to me by Messrs. Eyriès, brothers, merchants at Havre, who remind me that they are the agents of the Jardin, and offer me their services if they can be useful to me. They would have done much better if they had sent me a letter of credit for two thousand francs a year on some good Calcutta house, since the Jardin appears to have made no arrangement with M. Delessert for him to send me supplementary credits. However, I know that the money is at my disposal somewhere, and that it belongs to me wherever it is; and I shall surely find some means of getting at it in case of need. I have to-day answered the letter from these gentlemen, and also that of Messrs. Eyriès.

For four months, at least, from the present time, it will be difficult for me to write to you; so do not be uneasy if, after the present letter, you have to wait half a year. Be assured that I am going into the terrestrial paradise with a good stock of health. In less than a month I shall breathe the salubrious air of the mountains, whence I shall not descend into the plains of Hindostan till the beginning of winter. Adieu, then, my dear father, adieu! The only thing that vexes me is to be deprived of hearing from you for so long a period. I embrace you and Porphyre with all my heart.

Lahore, March 18th, Evening.

To-day I had my audience of leave of Runjeet Sing, to which I was conducted by M. Allard, and I spent a couple of hours in conversing, for the last time, with that extraordinary man. He gave me the khelat or dress of honour, and that too of the most distinguished kind: it cost five thousand rupees, or twelve thousand francs. It consists of a pair of magnificent Cashmeer shawls, *lie de vin*; two other less beautiful Cashmeer shawls, and seven pieces of silk stuff or muslin, the latter of extraordinary beauty: eleven articles in all, which number is the most honourable. Added to this, was an ornament, made in the fashion of the country, of badly-cut precious stones.

In addition to the value of this present, I was presented with a purse of eleven hundred rupees; this, together with the sums before received, makes two thousand four hundred, which is more than a year's salary from the Jardin.

Nor is this all. The King is going to give me some people to take care of me; horse and foot soldiers to watch over my safety; one of his secretaries, in order that I may write to him occasionally; camels to carry my tents and all my baggage to the foot of the mountains; and, lastly, carriers to do it, when the beasts of burthen can advance no further. Lastly—for there will be *lastlys* till to-morrow,—at the salt mines, where I shall arrive in ten days, I shall receive a purse of five hundred rupees, and at Cashmeer, one of two thousand.

Lastly, to conclude; if anything takes my fancy at

Cashmeer, the King has recommended me to inform him of it, in order that he may satisfy my wish.

Of course we parted very good friends. What I was afraid of, was being detained longer at Lahore, or in the Punjab; and in fact, the minister came to ask me if it would be agreeable to me to accompany the king in a hunting excursion, on which he is going in a few days; and the question was asked too in a manner which solicited an affirmative reply. But, from the very first, I took very high ground with Runjeet: I answered unceremoniously in the negative, and the diplomatist insisted no further. M. Allard, who was several times condemned to the honour which the king destined for me, congratulates me extremely upon my escape.

Runjeet asked me if I should continue to wear the European dress. I told him I should, since he honoured it so much. I shall not leave it off until I return from Cashmeer to Semla, if I return through Independent Tartary.

It is now M. Allard's turn. He is making an inventory of my household goods and stable; and without my being able to decline it, he has been making such additions as he judged necessary for my convenience. I shall carry away with me a charming recollection of Lahore.

I wish you could assist me in returning M. Allard's kindness. He has a younger brother, about my own age, who has served in France. He sent for him, fifteen months ago, to enter into the Maharajah's service, and take his own place at some future period; but the climate was so adverse to him from the very first year, that M. Allard sent him home this winter. This young

man is now at Calcutta, on the eve of sailing for France. What will become of him there? As a claim to the favour of Government, I think he might put forward the honourable distinction of his brother's services at the extremity of Asia; and of the celebrity he has given to our nation among a people to whom we were almost entirely unknown. I shall write to our friends to recommend him, and Porphyre must help him as much as he can.

Adieu, my dear father! It is midnight; I am falling asleep. My next will be from Cashmeer.

Put Runjeet's Cashmeer shawls forward, in order to help in winning those charitable (female) souls, who would wish their name to fill up the blank in a certain notarial act, which you gave me at parting. Adieu! I embrace you.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Lahore, March 21st 1831.

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—There is such a principle of inaction in a caravan, that if it stops ten days anywhere, it cannot resume its march without great difficulty. Thus you see I am still at Lahore, though on the 18th I received my audience of leave from the king. But, on the day of departure, a number of little matters always occur; and to necessitate farther delay, there is baggage to arrange, divide, and load differently, if new means of transport are employed—workmen who promise, but keep their word no better than ours in Europe; and many things besides. However, I shall

review my little army to-morrow, and the day after shall cross the river.

If you have read my letter to my father, I hope you are satisfied with Runjeet Sing. I have just turned his purses of rupees into a bill at sight for two thousand five hundred rupees upon Cashmeer, whither I likewise carry a royal mandate for two thousand more. I empty my treasury for fear of accidents ; since, in ten days, and while on my journey, I shall receive another five hundred rupees from the king.

If you reckon properly, you will see that all this amounts to five thousand rupees, or about twelve thousand five hundred francs, which I intend to reserve and send to Calcutta, where it will accumulate at the rate of eight per cent. per annum.

I cannot tell you, my friend, with what pleasure I receive this money, because it is the first of which I have had the free disposal. I consider myself but the steward of my allowance from the Jardin. These twelve thousand five hundred francs are a wind-fall, and this *terne* in the lottery, without having purchased a ticket, is quite delightful. Having sadly curtailed your fortune, my dear Porphyre, by my voyage to America, I must repair the breach with his Highness's rupees ; or if you prefer it, in case you marry, you must let me present your wife's *corbeille*. I shall put my *khelat* into it, and this will gain you a fine reputation for conjugal munificence. But in six weeks, you will attain the terrible age of forty, which is rather late to take the leap. So let me restore you your shares in the ship General Foy, and keep my superb shawls, to tempt the

infinitely beautiful, good, amiable, and rich young ladies who may not have any aversion towards me.

Have I not seen in the English papers, that our late Spanish funds had resuscitated from the nominal 7 or nothing, to 25? It would be singular if you were to sell them at 40! After all, it would still be a bad speculation, for, since the 24th of March 1824, of mystifying memory, we have received no interest for that money; but as, at that very time, I thought it lost, I think that, in finding it again, we have a gratuitous gain.

My new Mehmandar is a most desirable man. He is the man of business of the King's favourite; which favourite is a very great Sikh lord, who possesses the sovereignty of the greater part of the Himalaya mountains, of which Runjeet has political possession. It is exactly as if I had the king's favourite with me. He will let me want for nothing, and will not leave me till I quit Runjeet's dominions. I think of remaining two or three months in the valley of Cashmeer.

I have a sufficient escort of cavalry to have nothing to fear from the *Akhalis*, or immortals, a species of fanatics or armed beggars, who are the more dangerous, as their sacred character renders them very respectable, at the same time that their indolent life forces them to rob for subsistence.

On the road from Paishawer to Cashmeer, another fanatic, a Seyd, that is to say, a pretended descendant from the Prophet, is playing the devil at the head of ten or twelve thousand banditti of the same species with himself; and it is probable that Runjeet, whom he has

provoked for several years, will, at no distant period, determine upon vigorously giving him chase. But I shall always stay in the rear of the line of military operations. If the Seyd caught me, he would cut my throat on the spot, for the glory of God.

I am rather losing sight of our politics. It is no great harm, for they seem to me all going wrong.

I yesterday received a farewell letter from Calcutta, from that distinguished and amiable man, whom I chanced to meet in the Himalaya, Mr. Inglis, a very rich merchant from Canton, who is on his return thither to play at losing or winning millions. He promises to write to me frequently from that country, with which he is admirably acquainted. He is almost my friend. If, in a couple of years, Marlot receives a chest of Chinese plants, addressed to me, he must not be surprised; for I have given his address to Mr. Robert Inglis, who has promised me a present of that description.

Adieu, my dear friend. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Camp at Pindée Daden Khan, among groves of pomegranate and orange trees in blossom, under great mulberry trees.

April 6th 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am wrong in writing to you this evening: for business, of which I have sufficient, ought to precede pleasure. But I am so bruised, from a late severe fall from my horse, that I grant myself this pleasure as the whim of an invalid. I left Lahore

on the 25th of March, and on the 30th I arrived on the banks of the Chenaub or Acesines, at Ramnaghur. On the first of April I crossed this river, opposite to Khadabad, fifteen miles west of Ramnaghur. Rajah Gulab Sing, whom the king had commanded to receive me at Pindee Daden Khan, had come three days' march to meet me. Next to Runjeet Sing, he is the greatest lord in the Punjab. As I suppose you are tired of the honours with which I am received, I will spare you all the particulars of Sikh politeness observed during the morning. In the evening, I paid the Rajah a visit of ceremony in his camp, where he was expecting me, amid the pomp of his little court. We embraced for about a quarter of an hour, enough literally to stifle each other, raising one another from the ground, by turns; and as I found him a good creature, who from the very first understood my Hindostanee, which I have strangely *Persianized* and *Punjabized*, during the last month, I remained conversing with him till night.

Next day, at the following halt, the Rajah returned my visit, and added to the presents which he had made me the evening before, in the King's name, a double-barrelled gun, manufactured in the mountains, after an English pattern. I should have preferred one of their long matchlocks, as a curiosity; but he considered this double-barrelled gun a master-piece of Himalayan skill,—you will, however, see some day that it is not a very brilliant specimen. Yesterday morning we crossed the Jelum, or Hydaspes, and encamped here. I spent the evening with my friend the *Rose-water Lion*, (for such is the signification of Gul-ab Sing: Gul, rose; ab, water; Sing, lion). He is a soldier of fortune, a

species of usurper. I am persuaded that the legitimate Rajah of Jummoo, Kangra, and other mountain principalities, which Runjeet has transferred to Gulab Sing, would please me less. Gulab is a lion in war, and by no means a rose-water *pétit-maitre*. He is about forty years of age, very handsome, and has the plainest, mildest, and most elegant manners. He took me this morning to see some salt mines, situated about three leagues off, in the mountains. We set out at break of day, with a delightful temperature. As I had barometers with me, I regulated our march according to the slowest pace of my horse, and did not pass over a single new plant. Every stone which appeared at all suspicious was also examined; and my Punjabee eloquence, on botany and geology, was such, that my companion, delighted with knowing the Sanscrit-Feringee name of so many plants, (their Latin names it was that I was telling him,) set to work herborising with me, and to him I am indebted for more than one plant which had escaped my observation. A European must be a very stupid person, who cannot attach an Oriental by his conversation, unless he has to do with a stupid one. Europe, in the most common details of its civilisation, is a mine of wonder to these people. They will listen to you all day with pleasure, if you are disposed to exhibit those treasures free from rounded periods or a figurative style. Two arm-chairs were carried on before us; and when we passed near a tree, or I had bundles of plants to tie up, the Rajah and I sat down. If we halted during ever so short a time, Gulab Sing would make a couple of secretaries dismount, seat themselves behind us, and write down hastily every word I uttered.

Thus am I taken down in short-hand, like Cousin's metaphysics!—but I am more positive. These people love more than anything else, to be informed on the political statistics of Europe, of which they have no notion. The population, the strength of our armies, the taxes, the produce of each branch of public revenue, the axioms of our civil and criminal law, and lastly, the great results of the application of sciences to manufactures, are to them matters of intense interest. I have no need to employ any quackery to do justice to the character which the Governor-general directed should be given of me to Runjeet Sing's envoy at Delhi: I have only to state the commonest truths.

On our arrival at the mines, Gulab Sing appeared very uneasy, and began to tell me long stories about the catastrophes which often occur there; and that the miners were sometimes buried alive by the falling in of the mine;—then again about the heat, bad smell, dirtiness, winding paths, &c.,—reserving for his climax that no gentleman had ever descended into such a filthy place. Nevertheless, he asked me what my pleasure was.

“To leave you here and go down alone,” I replied.

“But if the stones should fall upon you, and I not be with you, what could I say to the King?” exclaimed the good man.

It appears that he is answerable for me with his head, all the time I am under his care. He accompanied me, therefore, not into one mine, but into several, and forgot that it was derogatory. I taught him, on the spot, a little geology; and that I may continue the lesson, he will accompany me to-morrow to another part of the

mountains. To my great satisfaction, he has this moment sent me word that a road has been discovered by which I may go the whole way on horseback. This is lucky for me, as I am too much bruised to walk. A week ago I met with an accident, which might have been more serious, for my horse fell backwards in rearing, and I was under him; but I escaped with being only buried in the mud. To-day the same catastrophe was about to happen upon sharp stones; but I disengaged myself and fell back alone.

You must recollect, my dear father, having often affectionately pointed out to me the unpleasant asperity of my manners, and their repulsive stiffness? I fully admitted these unfortunate defects in my character. But within these last few years, and since I have left France, the blemish alluded to must have become a good deal modified to my advantage; for I have received so many proofs of regard from so many different people, that I must attribute part of them at least to those very qualities, the absence of which formerly vexed you so much on my account. Chance would not be so constantly in my favour: there must be some good management on my part, which is nothing but a wish to please, produced, without my knowledge, by a more kindly disposition now become habitual to me. Yesterday, one of my servants robbed me: it was the one who acts as my treasurer, because he can read and write, and because I thought him honester than the others. He pocketed a few rupees which I had ordered him to give to some boatmen. By accident I obtained evidence of his roguery. Instead of putting myself in a passion, and perhaps giving him a horse-

whipping, as I should probably have done not more than a year ago, I spoke very mildly to him; and though I punished him with a fine in favour of the people whom he had intended to rob, and refused him leave of absence which he had requested of me, I made him do what I verily believe no Indian ever did before — confess his fault and his repentance.

Good night; for if I go on, I know not where this scandalous trumpeting of myself will stop, and you would very properly take a dislike to me for it. Moreover, I have great need to stretch myself in bed.

*Jellalpore, on the right bank of the Hydaspes,
April 11th 1831.*

God be praised! my dear father, without forgetting the blessings due to M. Augustin Taboureau, M. Cordier of Chandernagore, Captain Wade of Loodheeana, and M. Allard, the junction of whose good offices have just caused me to receive, upon the banks of the Hydaspes, your No. 15, with the other letters which accompanied it, and Beaumont's book, all under the same cover. Lord William Bentinck had contributed a small contingent of *Constitutionnels*, and several other Indian friends the expression of their kind remembrances. This is quite a festival; so I have just ordered a whole day's halt, in order to celebrate it. Half of it I shall spend in writing, and the remainder in again rummaging the low mountains at the foot of which I am encamped.

I began to despair of this packet, No. 15, which had allowed itself to be overtaken by the two following, 16 and 17; and I cannot account for its tardy

arrival. The chain of our correspondence has so many links that some frequently escape me; and it is always a little mystery to me how each is got over in succession.

Though late, your letter is not less welcome. I owe to its perusal a nervous agitation of pleasure, which sleep, in the stillness of the night, will alone remove. I should have to write twenty pages to reply to it: for it calls up a crowd of thoughts which I should like to communicate to you, and which would not be less pleasant for you to receive; only day-light lasts but sixteen hours.

You remind me of the beginning of my journey; my first marches from Calcutta to Benares. I survey myself from head to foot, in search of what is admirable in me,—but I cannot find it. I call to recollection the silence and monotony of those first marches, and do not perceive the wonders that you see in them! Nothing appears so simple and natural to me as to botanise and geologise on the banks of the Hydaspes, and gallop through the desert with my long-bearded escort. The sequel of my journey has in reserve a *crescendo* for your surprise; for if your enchantment were to begin with *forte*, none would remain to celebrate my arrival at Lahore. You should begin with *piano*.

You guessed rightly of me at Benares. I spent last summer with the Lamas, and now I am very near Cashmeer, where I shall spend this. There are four roads to it from the Punjabee side,—that of Jummoo, that of Bembur, that of Murpore and Prounch; and lastly, to the North, that of Mozufferabad. It would have suited my geological convenience to take the latter, whence I might have made an excursion into

Hindoo Cosh; but a chief of Afghan fanatics, Seyd Ahmed by name, has occupied it for some months, and Runjeet Sing, who might crush him by a decided measure, is content to act without energy, and simply confine him to a mountainous district. Ahmed plunders and burns the few villages in it, and, were I to fall into his hands, would serve me worse than he would a Mussulmaun. I regret being obliged to forego this route, which, moreover, the King, in his anxiety about me, for he considers himself answerable to the British Government for my safety, would not have allowed me to take.

The day before yesterday I quitted the Rajah Gulab Sing, delighted with him, as he was with me. An express will leave my camp every day, to inform him how I get on; and I promised to write to him sometimes, with my own hand, in Persian, which appeared to give him extreme pleasure. We are sufficient friends, and he is good-natured enough to excuse some omissions of etiquette, to which I shall be exposed in not borrowing the hand of a secretary. My safety, the attentions lavished upon me in this country, and the facilities afforded to me in travelling, all depend upon the respect attached to my name; and this I must neglect no means of maintaining and increasing. Gulab Sing can neither read nor write; and he holds these vulgar talents in but little esteem, when possessed by a man of the middle class, whose trade and means of livelihood they are: but in a lord, and what is more, in a Feringhee lord, he considers them an admirable accomplishment.

I shall go as far as Mirpore with my ten camels, that is to say, with the King's camels. There, mules will be

substituted for them to carry my baggage, which I shall lighten a little; and at Prounch, carriers will supersede the mules. I have none of the trouble of these arrangements. My Mehmandar Sheik Bodder Bochs, having the King's firmans, provides everything. Fowls, kids, butter, milk, eggs, and flour are brought to my camp from the villages. Since my departure from Loodheeana, my cook has never given me any bill. After I have feasted, there is always enough left for my people to enjoy themselves like Kings. Wade sends me word from Loodheeana, that Runjeet has written to him about me, and stated that of all the European lords he had seen, no one pleased him so much. This he certainly proves by his attentions to me.

M. Ventura is marching towards Multaun, with ten thousand men, to receive the tribute due from the southern provinces of the Punjab. M. Allard thought for a moment that the Maharajah would send him into the mountains against Seyd Ahmed. He is encamped on the banks of the Acesines; and he flattered himself at first that we should perhaps meet in Cashmeer; but his messenger of this evening destroys that hope. He has behaved admirably towards me; every day I discover some new attention of his, in things which he has performed without my knowledge. As the people of my escort belong to a body of cavalry under his command, in which the promotions depend entirely upon him, you may suppose that I am well guarded. The Lieutenant of my troop has a good chance of being made Captain (resseldar), if he brings to his general a satisfactory certificate from me; and this he certainly shall have:

I have the Rajah's firmans for the protection of the

collections which I shall send from Cashmeer to Lood-heeana as soon as I have made them; and Wade will forward them, with the same protection, to Delhi.

I do not know by what road I shall return from Cashmeer; but I shall write to you more than once before I think of returning, and always apprise you of my intended marches, the moment I have determined upon them.

My purse, a very base object no doubt, but, as they would say in Haiti, "very necessary *metal* for travelling," is excellently well lined. I take a thousand rupees with me (one hundred louis), and shall receive four thousand more in Cashmeer. This sum total is the amount of Runjeet Sing's present to me, being just two years of my absurd salary from the *Jardin*, before the addition, of two thousand francs, made since 1830. I have about six thousand francs in my banker's hands, at Calcutta; and to this I must add the aforesaid supplement for the years 1830 and 1831, making in the whole ten thousand francs.

I am not afraid of being robbed. Besides my having six sentinels in my camp during the night, each district through which I pass is responsible for all that may happen to me whilst I am in it. Everything, even the course of the seasons, is favourable to me. In ordinary years, already at this period, the south-west monsoon dries up the Punjab with its burning heat. Bernier, in the beginning of March 1663, wrote, every morning, that he should no doubt die in the course of the day; but this year, storms, more frequent than usual at this season, often clear the atmosphere. It is yet only very warm; and in five days I shall enter the mountains at

Mirpore, when I shall not care for the summer monsoon.

You speak contemptuously of European thunder and storms, compared to those of India. It is true, that in the Himalaya, they are terrific; and, as a sample, I received one this morning, which was felt as a giant in the vicinity of that great chain. It was nevertheless in Europe, and in the Alps, at the foot of Mont Blanc, that I witnessed the finest sight of this kind. Elie de Beaumont was of the party, and assuredly has not forgotten it.

To prove my filial piety, I have just changed my clothes, and am drinking your health in a glass of punch, which will not injure mine. I do this to obviate the bad effects of wet, of which I got plenty this morning, as I galloped three hours in the deluge to get over this stage. On such occasions, the strength of my horse, a pretended Persian, reconciles me to the defects of his temper. I have several times thought of cashiering him on account of his vices; but, since I left Benares, in spite of all his malice, he has not succeeded in throwing me once. He himself has never stumbled nor fallen lame; and it is likely that he will carry me as long as I travel on land, except in Cashmeer, where his sudden starts, shying, and obstinacy might end in a leap with me over some precipice. In Cashmeer, I shall purchase, at any price, the best ghounte in Tibet—(*ghounte* is the name of the wonderful race of mountain horses). This creature will serve me not only during the present campaign, but also during that which I shall make in the Himalaya East of the Ganges, if the Minister of the Interior

approves of the plan which I have explained to him in my memorial. If not, I shall make a present of the animal to Kennedy, or to Lord and Lady William Bentinck; and it will be no vulgar present.

There are few people I have known in India, with whom I do not keep up some kind of correspondence. I write to them less frequently than I could desire; but I have no leisure, and the number is very great! I am the only one of our nation enjoying the attentions of this little British community, transplanted into India for the purpose of governing it. My passing through any place necessarily forms a little event, of which each preserves a remembrance; whilst these changes of scene, being constantly renewed, do not leave a durable impression of faces upon my memory. There are, nevertheless, many that I shall not forget. My preceding letter will have sufficiently informed you concerning them.

You speak very modestly of your *Real Essences*! What can be more real than what you owe to them?—the innocent amusement of the last twenty years! The working part of the community would no doubt deny their utility, being stupid enough not to comprehend how the possession of an idea or feeling can be source of enjoyment, quite as much as, and more than a coat of M. Ternaux's finest cloth, and that the greatest utility in life is pleasure. So, continue to distil those precious *essences*.

Lord William's *Constitutionnels* have informed me of the new composition of the Council of State, by M. de Broglie, whom I am disposed to quarrel with because he has not appointed M. Amédée Taboureaux a coun-

sellor. Taschereau and he shall always have a few lines from me, with which they must be satisfied; for, once more, the day is only sixteen or eighteen hours long. Adieu, my dear father: the share of others would be too short were I to make yours longer. Take care of yourself: do not make an octogenarian of yourself before your time, which will come of itself soon enough. Write to Frederick for my sake; and tell him all this, for I think he will hardly come to Paris to read my letters.

Adieu! I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

*On the banks of the Hydaspes, at Jellalpore,
April 11th 1831.*

How many things have I to tell you, my dear friend! first, about myself—then about your own people, whose heroism, patriotism and immortal glory the English papers and the *Constitutionnel* have related to me. The month of July 1830, has completely removed from us the contemptible character which our nation—*la grande nation*—was rapidly assuming in the eyes of others. It is very fortunate for me that I am among the Sikhs and the Afghans, for had I remained longer on the other side of the Sutledge, where the British reign, I should have been surfeited with dinners. To tell you the truth, I was prodigiously in fashion among them, before the great *amende honorable* of the 28th of July; but since that

period I have been absolutely the rage. I was the only animal of my species,—that is to say, the only French gentleman, whom they could get hold of: and I was bound to pay for the whole nation, because I was its sole representative. I was obliged to eat like an ogre, drink like a fish, talk like an advocate, and make speeches, in season, out of season, and in all seasons:—*Gentlemen, the deep emotion which I feel, &c. &c.*: then comes, the *inadequacy* of your very humble servant to do justice to such an eloquent, &c. &c.—But, thank God, as I have not the stomach of an alderman, I am released, till my return to Semla in six months, when I shall begin again, with renewed vigour. Meantime, I am picking up plants and stones in the Pentrapotamis,—which appears to me infinitely more classical than the Punjab—and am going to Cashmeer, where I shall spend the whole summer in the like innocent occupations. Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore, has had the good sense to fall in love with me, upon honourable terms, however,—a circumstance to be remarked; for when these Sikh gentlemen are in love, it is in general not in a very virtuous manner. He proclaims me the wisest of Feringhee lords—a demi-god: he pays me the most flattering attentions,—surrounds me during my journey with the most complete protection,—provides, for my use, camels, mules, carriers, breakfasts, dinners,—and, not satisfied with this, he sometimes sends me monstrous bags of money, which in this country is considered the greatest mark of politeness.

There is no want of local character here. The British, who have no political influence in this country, and are totally excluded from it, have not been able to efface

the stamp of locality as they have done in India. Had I leisure, I would tell you what this singular court of Runjeet Sing's is, and the in-door and out-door mode of life of these Sikhs, in their different conditions; but, my dear friend, I have other fish to fry, and a geological paper begun, which I must finish upon the spot. The time will come, I hope, when we shall be able to spend a couple of evenings in the week together, and you will lose nothing for having waited till my return. You will say that I imitate Baron Stendhal, and his tender remembrance of 'Timotheus, "the most fiery of his charioteers;" but I shall have to parade before you a multitude of camels, saddle-horses, elephants, and brilliant escorts of cavalry, forming my lordship's cortege. However, I promised you not to tell any lies: if you accuse me of doing so, I shall say that it is from envy.

At Lahore, I lived in a little palace of the Arabian Night's Entertainments. A battalion of infantry was on duty near me; the drums saluted me whenever I put my head out of doors; and when I walked in the cool of the evening, in the alleys of my garden, fountains played around me by thousands! A most splendid fête was given to me, with an accompaniment of Cashmeerian dancing girls, as a matter of course; and, although their eyes were daubed round with black and white, my taste is depraved enough to have thought them only the more beautiful.

I have a long beard,—a red one, I admit; but in other respects I have preserved my European dress. The dogs bark vigorously at so unusual a figure; the children pay me back, with interest, the vexation which I inflicted,

some twenty years ago, with other blackguards of my own age, upon the poor devils of Turks whom I met in the streets. These urchins are never tired of looking at me; but I move about with my atmosphere of servants and horsemen, who are perfectly accustomed to my proceedings, and keep at a distance, in the background, all who exhibit indiscreet astonishment. Some days ago, I gave a lesson in botany and geology to the Rajah Gulab Sing, successor to the *late* Taxiles; and as it is allowed that I am an admirable man, the pearl of sages, every one feels the greatest veneration for plants and stones. Adieu! I have talked so much about myself, that there is nothing left for you. What became of you during the uproar? Write to me, my dear friend: you owe it to my sincere friendship. I embrace you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

*Camp near Jellalpore, on the banks of the
Hydaspes, April 10th 1831.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I wrote to you from the British frontier of the Sutledge, at the end of February. On the 2nd of March I entered on the Sikh territory, where I was welcomed in the most distinguished manner. My father, to whom I wrote from Lahore, has no doubt told you of my flattering reception by Runjeet Sing, the high protection with which he surrounds me, and the *solid* proofs of kindness which he lavishes upon me. The hospitality of the King of the Punjab makes his care of my personal health vie with his own magnifi-

cence. He supplies funds for all my expenses, and I enjoy the utmost liberty of locomotion.

I regret much, my friend, that I have not leisure to relieve my mind by conversing with you, as you do with me. But I have a great number of letters to write,—such an arrear of business already, and the day is so short, that I must for this once refuse myself the pleasure of writing at great length.

The *Constitutionnel*, which I have just read on the banks of the Hydaspes, has interested me exceedingly. Newspapers are excellent things. I have the pleasure of reading your speeches here without your knowing it. Every word you utter in the tribune reaches me. Is not this just the same as if I heard you? How often do I thus feel myself brought near to you?

My English papers go much further than my *Constitutionnels*, and from them I think I can make out that your motion for the abolition of capital punishment has passed both Chambers, and that the King has joyfully given his assent to it. I long to see a confirmation of it, with full particulars, in our papers, and to read the proclamation of this glorious triumph which you have just achieved.

A thousand thanks to you for not forgetting our dear Paray. How fully do I admit all the attractions which that beautiful spot must have for you. I acknowledge to myself that, in your place, I should no doubt have done as you did; and, while I made war upon the furzes, have sought to preserve that mild and melancholy character in the scenery which pleases us both.

We shall meet there again some day, I hope, and again thread together its grassy avenues, in the cool

morning air. We will then recal the years of our separation ; and the scenes of Asia will be more vividly pourtrayed in my memory, when contrasted with the bland and mild character of the peaceful Paray.

— Does not your friendship blind you with regard to the true interest which my letters may possess ? My father seems delighted with the first two I wrote him after my departure from Calcutta, on my road to Chandernagore and Benares, and which he sent to you to read the very day you concluded your letter to me. If the sincerity of his testimony is not doubtful, its worth is at least very suspicious ; and I confess, my dear friend, that such is the case with your own, and from the self-same reason. I know not what difference may exist between my journals and my letters,—but I have sometimes tried the experiment of reperusing the former after a long interval, and I did not judge of myself so highly as you do. Nevertheless, I cannot write them with greater negligence or precipitation than I do letters : for of the latter, for instance, I have written to-day fifty-four pages in this small size, after three hours' hard riding this morning to get over my stage ; and the evening is still long. The compliment you pay me would be, in truth, the most agreeable of all, if it came from others not prejudiced in my favour as you are. Where plants and stones only are to be talked about, there is no occasion to be amusing ; but beyond the technical details of science, to entertain is, I admit, the first requisite in writing. What but pleasure can be the object of a Parisian in seeking, in a book upon India, to become acquainted with its social and political institutions, and in reading a description of the features under which

nature shows itself there? If the book which teaches him all this is a bad one, he is wrong to lay it aside;—for after all he is seeking only for amusement.

Science has philosophical eminences which it is not impossible to render accessible, or at least visible, to minds unfamiliar with them. My ambition would be to intermingle natural philosophy and the higher branches of natural history, with pictures of political history, and sketches of Indian manners. But how could I manage this without being dull and heavy on the one hand, or forgetting on the other the rigid simplicity of style in which matters of science ought to be treated? Could I master the difficulty, I should have nothing to do beyond this work, than to write a series of special, and absolutely technical, papers.

This will form one of the subjects of our first conversations on my return. But think of it; and do not wait until I come back before you give me your advice. Adieu! my dear and excellent friend.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Camp at Jellalpore, on the banks of the Hydaspes,
April 11th 1831.*

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—Packet No. 15, which I thought lost, as I received Nos. 16 and 17 four months ago, came to hand this morning, with Beaumont's book. I have read the few acres of manuscript which were so carefully inclosed in it, and also the additions made by several of my Indian friends. Having written the ten letters which you will find in company with this, you may suppose that I have done enough for one day.

nevertheless, I must finish my letter-writing at once, in order to devote to-morrow entirely to my minerals. This is all the worse for you, because, coming last, you must have the smallest share.

You were perfectly right to object to the publication of any portion of my letters. It is impossible for them not to have been too hastily written to please any but my friends. I think my father has completely yielded to your objections against such premature if not ill-judged publication.

In my letters of to-day, I have endeavoured to forget what you tell me about your exchanging letters with each other. This thought would have stopped my pen, or at least have prevented it from running carelessly over the paper and blackening fifty-eight pages a day, as I have done. I like very well to chat *tête-à-tête*, but when there is a third party it is a very different thing. It is precisely the same with writing. To speak as I think, and without humbug, I must persuade myself that my letter will be read by the person only to whom I write.

But you ask me, modestly enough, for a word or two of friendship and gossip. The latter is not a tune always at command, and I cannot play it to-day; but when I feel myself in the vein, I will think of you, and as I have always pen, ink, and paper at hand, you shall be served to your heart's content.

Cambessèdes is an excellent fellow, to whom, when you see him, you would do well to say a hundred kind things from me. I shall write to him from Cashmeer in less than a month.

I am dreadfully sleepy. Adieu, then, my dear brother! I love and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp at Nur, near a village in the woods, among the mountains, on the road to Cashmeer,—April 20th 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is almost as much as I can do to refrain from swearing upon paper; but I shall make up for it in the open air. The fact is, peripateticism exposes its votaries to such a complication of annoyances, that they have often a good mind to seat themselves upon the first stone, cross their arms, and curse heaven and earth. For the last five days, I have been continually and very justifiably in a devil of a temper, or rather in a positive fury. This has taken place since my entrance into the mountains. I was to have found a number of mules and carriers, which the King ordered for me long since; but the power of a sovereign in Asia decreases at least as the cube of the distance from the place where he may be. Thus, at Soukshainpore, my last halt in the plains upon the banks of the Jelum, the people said they cared very little for the King's orders, and received only those of his eldest son. The Thanadar (mayor or commandant) took refuge in his mud fort, with a few wretches armed with matchlocks, and threatened to fire at my caravan, if I persisted in demanding that to which I was entitled. The surrounding villages paid for the rebellion of the chief town. My people paid them a marauding visit, and, after seizing my share, helped themselves pretty plentifully.

At Mirpore, where I was to have found the mules and carriers, nothing was ready. I wanted forty of the

latter ; they were to have come every day, but after waiting three days, not one came. I rated my Mehmandar and the lieutenant of my escort, accused them of indifference and laziness ; but they imputed the cause to the total insubordination of the petty mountain chiefs, and the constant rebellion of their wretched subjects. When my people talked too loud, those of Mirpore, who had also their mud citadel, threatened to retire within it and shut the gates. If my friend Gulab Sing had not been six days' march off, I would immediately have written and requested him to send three or four hundred regular infantry, in order to make an example, by inflicting a hundred lashes upon the gentlemen of the staff at Mirpore ; but I should have been obliged to stay there twelve days, and the place was entirely devoid of interest. The thermometer, besides, rose every day to 94°. Yesterday morning, therefore, having assembled thirty carriers, I had them loaded with the most indispensable part of my baggage, and off I started, leaving my two officers in the rear, to get out of the business as they might, and see to the forwarding of the remainder. Having reached, before all my people, the banks of a river where I meant to encamp, I found nothing to receive me but a burning sun. The poor devils arrived at last, one after the other, at intervals of a quarter of an hour, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I breakfasted. I had now entered the dominions of Gulab Sing. Wonders of all kinds were promised to me. The chiefs of a neighbouring fort came to make their salaam. According to their account, it rained mules and carriers in their mountains. However, nothing fell in the night, but oxide of hydrogen in

immeasurable quantities; and my yesterday's assemblage of carriers, far from increasing by the rain, melted in it like salt. This morning, when I asked if any others had arrived, I was informed that those of yesterday had decamped. I forthwith despatched my twenty mountaineer soldiers, ten only of whom had arrived the evening before, in search of them; but if the carriers were not made of salt, the soldiers were made of sugar—not a vestige of them was to be seen after the rain. The remainder of my caravan, dragged on by asses obtained by force, were dreadfully fatigued. I took your spy-glass, and swept the horizon in search of some village whither to wend our way, or rather to make a treaty,—for it was carriers that I wanted; but not the slightest trace of smoke could I discern, except on the opposite side of the torrent, which the storm of the night had rendered impassable. However, a score of my Cashmeerians were at last unearthed, who had hid themselves in the high grass. Leaving my fat Mehmandar behind me to play Prometheus, and create men in the desert, for the conveyance of the other half of my baggage which was lying on the bank of the torrent like the fragments of a shipwreck, I pushed forward, followed by a small column, carrying with me the most necessary part. I am now writing at my breakfast, although it is not yet noon; and I enjoy my meal thus early from the circumstance of having made so many circuits, and climbed so much, right and left, in the mountains, that I arrived after the first division of my people. Here I may wait. My cook has forty eggs, flour and rice in proportion; and around the village are some fields of green corn for horses. I have

a tent, a chair, table, ink, pens, and paper, as you perceive. The situation is high enough not to be very warm; and I leave my rear-guard to the care of Providence. As for the mountain soldiers, with their matchlocks, and their swords, and their bucklers, some came hither, as a sample, and told me that they had eaten nothing since the day before yesterday; that is to say, since they have been what they call on duty, near my person. I drove them away like dogs; and the spokesman does not know how near he was getting a few kicks on the nether end of his person. To every symmetrical mind, but to a naturalist in particular, who recognises himself only by means of method, and by logical and ingenious classifications, the general *sauve qui peut*, and the *va comme je te pousse*, in this country, with reference to both men and things, are truly confounding. Last year, when I left Semla, on my way to Tibet, I asked Kennedy for only two of his Gorkhas. These two men being broken-in to European discipline, drilled my carriers like a ship's crew; and the latter often amounted to sixty. A single one would have sufficed. Why have I not such a detachment now? They would do more business, and save me more trouble, than all the rabble of horse and foot with which I am encumbered. Kennedy, indeed, offered me some; but it was contrary to rule, and, as it appeared to me, he would, had I accepted his kind offer, have run the risk of committing himself with the Government. Besides, the King might have taken offence at my invading his territory with soldiers in the British service.

To fill up the measure this morning,—and mark I know not what may have happened to my rear-guard,

which is perhaps where it was yesterday, waiting, like the emigrants at the camp of Villejuif, in March 1815, for men to enable them to advance,—well! to fill up the measure, I was obliged to prove my insolubility in water, in order to reach this place without loss of any portion of my person; for I was caught in a couple of deluges on the way. The tickets on a bag full of minerals were reduced to a sop, and I shall have to find out their former order. Then, two of my horsemen's horses fell down a precipice, whence they were recovered very lame; my own has lost his shoes. This is not to be borne. The water for drinking is nothing but mud; it is a kind of chocolate, very disagreeable even to an Indian traveller, who, after two years' of running about like me, ought not to be very nice in his potations. Adieu, my dear brother, I am going to take a little walk near my tent, and give myself the satisfaction of swearing like a roll of drums. When you escorted parks of artillery, with bullocks, through the mud of Poland, you perhaps experienced a slight tinge of the annoyance which now excruciates me. Nevertheless, one must have a good head, if not a good heart, against temptation. Be patient;—untie, but break not; put down, but do not throw. Heavens! how rank the butter was in my omelette! such a smack of stinking cheese! How hot the sun is shining between the two acts of the deluge; and I am under a thin cloth, where the air is stifling! This is a letter, at least, which my father, if you give it him to read, will not be tempted to communicate to all our friends. I will conclude, in Indian, with a *bhan choute!* an oath compared to which all ours are but very little boys. Adieu!

20th, Evening, at dinner.

My vexation had not attained its zenith this morning, when I blotted a long sheet of hieroglyphics for you. But the sun is brighter after the storm : the reprimand which I gave my Mehmandar had a good effect. Here he comes with all the remainder of my baggage, and twelve Cashmeerians besides, whom he made prisoners in this village, the inhabitants of which thought themselves secure from my people's attacks because the torrent was impassable ; but my Mehmandar crossed it, as he told me, upon skins filled with air, and, with four soldiers, took by storm the twelve poor devils whom he brings with him. Meanwhile, the Vizier of a neighbouring petty mountain chief brought me ten men of his own growth, so that I am swimming in abundance. However, as I pay them, which they did not expect, having been apprehended in the king's name, and to be paid by him, the band about me are in excellent spirits.

It is a horrible thing to want the necessary hands ; since, when there are not sufficient, those that have been seized become useless. Thus, I keep a number, which cost me four or five hundred francs a month, in order to have a good reputation, and to be able everywhere to get volunteers, who are always the best carriers, as well as the best soldiers. If I were to make use of the royal privilege which I enjoy, the peasants would forsake their villages at my approach, and my people find nothing to eat. This morning, as I was rambling at some distance from the road, among some very rough hills covered with thick wood, I discovered three men

concealed. Though in search of a very different thing, I thought them a good prize, and therefore said to one of my men, "Seize them!" They were peasants belonging to the neighbouring village, and had run away to escape the effect of domiciliary visits. They looked very foolish at being thus dislodged by chance. I promised them that they should be paid, instead of being ill-used, and they went gloomily enough to join the main body of my forces. Having never before seen a European, they put but little faith in my gilded words.

The horizon, without metaphor,—that is to say, the sky above the mountains and plains,—has also cleared up. I feel myself quite alive, and in a humour to finish the perusal of Beaumont's book this evening. Since I have been twice only just missed by the lightning, I prefer every kind of cracker to Father Jupiter's, in the Himalaya at least, where they are loaded with ball, and not badly pointed. It lightened enough to singe my beard, and the fluid seemed every instant to strike some of the trees under which I was encamped. I was also in the same tent in which, last year, in the Dhoon, two of my people, who were changing my linen, were struck to the ground, and for a moment paralysed, by the fall of the lightning upon a neighbouring tree. I recollect that at sea I had no greater affection for thunder and lightning. When you are alone in a storm, with an accompaniment of this music, whether on ship-board or encamped in a desert, your chances of being hit seem much greater, because you are the only one that Jupiter can aim at; and, although he is not very skilful, the most awkward have their lucky hits.

Abuse my infamous writing if you like; I will not

be angry with you. However, you must excuse it, as well as this Cashmeer paper, because in writing so badly on this slippery paper the pen follows the thought, and never remains behind; and the *metal* (St. Domingo style) most valuable to me, is time. You will at least see, in the disorder of these long letters, that although I am some thousand miles from you, the thought of you is not less vividly present to my mind, and that one of the most agreeable illusions of my solitude is to recal your image to my mind, and converse with you exactly as if you were present.

Adieu! On account of the rain, with which I have been so completely soaked this morning, I shall allow myself a cigar after dinner; but it will be whilst I am reading Elie de Beaumont's work.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Camp at Berali, in a small plain in the middle of the mountains, on the road to Cashmeer,—April 22nd 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I had promised myself never to believe in adventures; but I have been compelled to yield to evidence, and you will be converted too.

The Indians and Persians term Cashmeer the terrestrial paradise. If the road leading to the other is very narrow and difficult, it is the same with that to Cashmeer in every sense of the expression.

It was at Soukshainpore, on the banks of the Hydaspes, at the foot of the mountains, that the first shadows appeared in the picture of my ambulatory prosperity.

The chief of this little town, which is a fief of one of

the king's sons, refused to obey Runjeet Sing's firmans for supplying my camp with the necessary provisions. He shut himself up in his mud fort, with a few wretches armed with matchlocks, and threatened to fire at my horsemen, if they insisted any further upon obedience.

I wrote immediately to the King at Umbritsir, to complain of this contempt for his authority, so prejudicial to the hospitality which he meant to show me. My cavalry spread through the surrounding villages; and I saw them return from their foraging excursion pretty heavily laden. This is according to rule.

Next day, 16th instant, I entered the Himalaya with my camels, and encamped at Mirpore, where a numerous body of mules was to be assembled, ready to supply the place of my camels, which were incapable of proceeding further into the mountains.

Instead of mules, I found at Mirpore a hundred rascals, with their matchlocks and little mud fort, indifferent enough to the Rajah's commands, for which they would have cared still less had not my friend Gulab Sing been encamped at the distance of a few days' march, with three thousand regular troops. Ten times a day did messages and promises of mules and carriers pass between my Mehmandar and the chief; but for two days all this was without effect. On the evening of the third day, a score of Cashmeerian porters arrived. This was half the requisite number; but I was so enraged at being kept in a horribly hot place, entirely devoid of interest, that on the 19th I loaded these twenty men with the most necessary part of my baggage, and pushed on, leaving my Mehmandar behind with the rest, after reprimanding him a little for his cowardice.

Towards the middle of the day, I reached the banks of a torrent, near which I meant to encamp; but my little rear-guard did not arrive till long after; and I breakfasted at sunset. It was night before the rear-guard appeared, in the most pitiable condition. Sheikh Bodder Bochs, my Mehmandar, and Mirza, the lieutenant of my escort, had seized half a dozen poor devils and a troop of asses. These had brought the remainder of my baggage.

A dreadful storm lasted the whole night; and, as a scalded cat dreads cold water, and hot water still more, I recollected that, last year, in the Dhoon of Dehra, on the pinnacles of Missouri, the thundering god did not aim badly, supposing that he was firing at me; and hearing the crackling of the trees around, and seeing my tent almost constantly illuminated by the flashes, I confess I should have preferred a calm night,—moonlight, of course.

It seems, however, that Jupiter fired only blank cartridges that night; for his terrible racket neither killed nor paralysed any one.

But the torrents of rain, which served as fuel to this conflagration of the skies, melted my asses, horses, soldiers, and carriers, as if they had been sugar.

At sunrise, I found only my escort, among whom there is a kind of discipline. But the rain had benumbed them, like serpents buried in the snow; and their poor horses looked as if they were made of wood, they were so stiff. This little chosen band, however, by degrees got into motion, literally disinterred some of my foot soldiers, and assisted by the latter succeeded in picking up, right and left, the twenty Cashmeerians of

the day before. All the rest of the party had entirely disappeared.

I again reprimanded Bodder Bochs, and this time severely; and, wishing him the art of Prometheus, to improvise twenty carriers in a desert, I pushed on, followed, as on the preceding evening, by only the most necessary part of my baggage.

The road was extremely difficult; we were obliged to alight incessantly; and, in spite of every precaution, the horses belonging to two of my escort fell over a precipice, whence they were rescued very much bruised, and very lame. For my own part, I was constantly on foot, hammer in hand. I frequently quitted the path, which was only a low and narrow gap in a jungle very thick with thorny shrubs, to gain some neighbouring eminence, and determine with my compass the direction of the strata beneath my feet. Armed servants followed me even in the smallest of these deviations; prudence required this. In one of these excursions, I discovered three men concealed: and, cocking my piece and bringing it to my shoulder, the three suspicious characters proved by their terror the excess of my circumspection. They were poor peasants belonging to a neighbouring village, who had sought refuge in the fastnesses of the wood to avoid meeting my little army, which chance had brought near them. They gained nothing by it: I had them seized and conducted to the road, promising that they should be paid for their trouble. They were, so far, an addition to my means of conveyance.

Nur is the name of a wretched hamlet at some height in the mountains; it was my second halting place. I arrived late, wet to the skin. Bodder Bochs was not

long in coming up, with the rear-guard and some prisoners. He had crossed the torrent in the morning on skins filled with air. On the other side of the stream, the inhabitants of a considerable village were sleeping in security. During the first moment of surprise, he carried off some thirty men.

I now thought myself rid of my troubles ; but in the evening famine appeared in my camp. All my people came to tell me that they were hungry, and that there was nothing to eat in the neighbouring jungles. This was the fault of the Mehmandar, who had not told them to take provisions with them. I recommended them to wait till next day, and commanded the soldiers to watch them well during the night.

But there was another deluge that night ; and the soldiers, who did not consider themselves insoluble in water, deserted their post in quest of shelter. Thus a deficiency was again found yesterday morning in the number of my carriers. I acted as on the preceding day, and set out with a small troop. The distance was greater than usual, and the road very bad even for a Tibetan walker. Nevertheless, I arrived without accident to myself or my escort, at Nekhi, a still more wretched village than that of the evening before. My horse had lost his shoes, and was very lame. I did not fret much about this, because the nature of the road forced me to walk.

Night approached, and I was a little surprised at not seeing my Mehmandar ; the more so, as the rest of my baggage, sent on by him, had joined the camp. At length one of his servants arrived, breathless, to tell me that his master had fallen and broken his arm.

Contrary to the Asiatic rule of not advancing a step towards an inferior, I seized the stick of one of my Cashmeerians, and followed by several of my servants and horsemen, descended from the mountain to assist the wounded man. They told me he was lying in a valley three leagues from the camp; but at the risk of falls and sprains without number I walked three hours before I found him. His excessive cowardice disgusted me, and made me almost regret coming in such a hurry, if not so far. This pusillanimity in a frame of brawn and muscle appeared only the more prominent. It was impossible for me to examine his wound properly: my presence served only to prevent him from making himself ill with drinking bad arrack, to keep up his sinking spirits he said. I had the bottle broken. The night promised to be fine; so I left the wounded man stretched on a bed, in the middle of a pine forest, surrounded by a score of servants and soldiers, to take care of him. I returned very late to the camp, by the very doubtful light of an exceedingly new moon, and through frightful roads. However, I made all my people take the same precautions as myself: we dragged ourselves along without accident, for half an hour, close to immense walls, along vertical escarpments.

Exhausted with fatigue, and by an abundant perspiration during a fifteen hours' march, I had no appetite for supper. A little bad punch was made for me; and as I had entirely abandoned the use of fermented liquors for the last four months, it sent me to sleep immediately, if it did not intoxicate me without my knowledge during my slumber.

This morning—for this is the grand day—nobody

failed when summoned—I mean those of my band. They passed the ridge of the mountain at sunrise in good humour, to breakfast at the first halt; for we were to reach this place, Berali, the first village after Mirpore.

I walked on, following my lame horse, in bad humour with the rocks, on account of their nature and the direction of their strata, thinking about my sick Mehmandar, the difficulty of conveying him to this village, through such frightful roads, the impossibility of his accompanying me on my journey, and the annoyance of applying to the King for another, &c. On a sudden, I found myself with my rear-guard, at the foot of a tall hill, with nearly vertical sides, and a flat summit, on the edge of which I observed a fortress. I was informed that it belonged to the King, and was garrisoned with three or four hundred soldiers, under the command of a royal governor. In fact, I soon saw some men of very suspicious appearance, armed with matchlocks, swords, and bucklers, coming down the hill by the only path that led to the summit, and consequently the only one which it was possible to pass.

Having made their salaams, they stated they came by their master's orders to show me the road, and look to the safety of my baggage. Their master, they added, was waiting for me in the plain by which the mountain is crowned, to pay his respects to me, and offer me a *nuzzer* (a present from an inferior to a superior). In this account there was nothing at all improbable; and, after an hour's painful climbing, I reached the top, in the rear of my escort. It was a very pretty, smooth grass plot. The fort rose in the middle, on a mound,

and greatly contributed to the picturesque effect of the landscape. Numerous groups of soldiers appeared in their oriental accoutrements, and imparted to this picture all the local character which the gentlemen of the *Globe* could desire. I found my caravan reposing under an immense banyan tree, the only tree in this singular place. I ordered them to continue their march. My servants informed me that they were not allowed to proceed, and that the people of the fort detained them.

Meanwhile, a great number of the latter had approached me: they crowded round my horse, which I had again mounted; but curiosity seemed their only motive, and they made way at my bidding. However, the crowd had so greatly increased, that the men of my escort seemed lost in it. Impatient at this delay, I commanded them to bring the Governor before me as speedily as possible. He soon came, surrounded by a fresh body of soldiers, much worse-looking than the preceding. He was so wretchedly clad, that I was obliged to ask Mirza which of these ragged vagabonds was the chief. From respect to the King, whose officer he is, I dismounted to receive his compliments, as he was himself on foot. He presented me with a kid, which my purveyor carried off. I could scarcely wait until he had ended his speech before I expressed my indignation at his refusal to allow my caravan to proceed. I spoke too with great vehemence, asking if it was true he had dared to give such an order. Neal Sing (for that was the name of this bandit) appeared a little disconcerted at my violence; and, without replying to my question, offered me as many soldiers as I wished, to guard my baggage. I told him that he and

I being the only inhabitants of this desert, I had no need of his soldiers; and the only thing I required of him was to make them fall back and allow my people to proceed. He gave me to understand that such an order on his part would not be obeyed, and again entreated me to take a guard from his troops. I now thought it prudent to accept his offer.

My situation, however, was evidently that of a prisoner. My Jemidhar Mirza spoke only with joined hands to Neal Sing, who gave himself airs in proportion. The brigand at length, after a long list of the injuries the king had inflicted upon him, and which Thean Sing, Runjeet's minister (the brother of my friend Gulab Sing) had advised, declared to me with clasped hands,—mark this—and in the humblest and most submissive language, that having, in the possession of my person, the means of forcing the King to grant him redress, he should keep me prisoner until justice was done him; and that I, my escort, and my baggage, should serve as hostages and sureties.

The man grew warm with the recital of his misfortunes, which, he said, were the reward of his fidelity. Gulab Sing wished to make him surrender the fortress intrusted to him by the king. It was on account of his having constantly defended it against that lord, that Thean Sing, being near the King's person, had rendered the monarch's orders for his pay of no avail. He had for three years received nothing; he had no better dress than the rags he wore; his soldiers lived upon the grass of the fields and the leaves of the trees.

I saw, with a secret—aye! a very secret—displeasure, the effect of his eloquence upon the famished and armed

multitude into whose power I had fallen. A general clamour arose, frequently above the voice of the chief; and the conclusion of his speech was drowned in this menacing applause. Each, as he listened, examined the lighted match of his gun, and knocked off the ashes. Several of the soldiers attempted to speak after their chief had done; but I imperiously commanded this rabble to be silent, and I then heard nothing but slight murmurs, which the chief himself was not afraid to suppress. The calm indifference which I affected, and the unstudied loftiness of my language, struck these wretches with awe. My contempt overpowered them. They certainly had never heard any of their Rajahs talk of themselves, as I did, in the third person. Runjeet Sing is the only one who does so in the Punjab; and while I paid myself these compliments, I spoke to them as to mere servants. By this manœuvre I succeeded in separating the greater number from their chief, whom I treated with the same familiarity, but with a tone of kindness and protection. I led him under the shade of the banyan-tree I have mentioned, to converse more privately with him. I made him sit humbly upon the ground, whilst I had one of my chairs prepared for myself. He seemed eager to enter upon business; but I called out to my Mehmandar to bring me a glass of *eau sucré*, which was a long time preparing. Then, complaining of heat, I ordered another of my servants to hold a parasol over my head, and a third to fan me with a plume of peacock's feathers. I took all my little comforts, not only without abating any part of them, but, I assure you, adding largely to them; leaving Neal Sing on the ground, in all his humility, to reflect in

silence upon the enormity of the crime he was about to commit, and its consequences to himself. I then explained to him under whose auspices I visited the country, and the terrible vengeance which the king would not fail to inflict for any offence I might receive in his dominions, because he would be naturally anxious to convince the British Government that it was not done with his participation.

Neal Sing protested that he had entertained no criminal intentions towards me. He had no doubt, he said, that the moment the king knew I was in his hands he would obtain my release, by the payment of what had been so long due. I replied, that, after offering such an insult to Runjeet Sing, he could never hope to obtain a sincere pardon; but that sooner or later some cruel chastisement would be inflicted upon him. I affected to say these things, not in a menacing tone, but as if I was speaking to him for his own interest. This artifice was not unsuccessful. Neal Sing proposed to set me free, and to retain only my baggage. I declined his proposal, giving him reasons for so doing, calculated to make him still more conscious of the immeasurable distance between us. I travel without my tents—my furniture—my books—my clothes!—I, who change my dress twice a day! The proposal was as absurd as it was inadmissible! I looked at my watch, told my purveyor it was breakfast-time, and ordered him to get it ready immediately. I knew very well that nothing was ready; nor could anything have been ready, since all my followers were detained as prisoners by Neal Sing's people, before whom my servants took care not to open a single package. I ordered some milk to

be brought. My servant, at his wits'-end, asked me where he was to get it.

“Don't you hear,” said I to Neal Sing, “that the lord wishes to have some milk? Send immediately to the neighbouring villages, that some may be brought without delay.”

The brigand was a little confounded by this policy of mine; and in his hesitation he despatched some of his band in quest of the required beverage. I saw them go; and when they had gone a hundred paces, I called them back, and told my butler to explain to them that it was cow's milk, and not buffalo's or goat's, that I wanted, and that they must see the animal milked.

In this way, I accustomed Neal Sing's men to obey me in trifling things, in order to facilitate the settlement of the principal business about which I had yet to treat with them. I also delayed this settlement by a number of artifices, as I perceived that the species of truce which I had brought about favoured my interests, by the ascendancy which Neal Sing allowed me to assume over him. When I thought the moment favourable, I proposed to make him a present, and give him the support of my interest with the King.—He had shown me so many good royal bills, that a slip of paper more, written by my hand, would appear no great addition to his wealth; I therefore offered something more solid. He demanded two thousand rupees. Some of his band, who were collected around us, shouted: “No! no! ten thousand!” This only produced on my part an epithet of contempt, which none dared to resent, and which seemed so greatly to humiliate them in the eyes of the

rest, that none afterwards ventured to interrupt my conversation with their chief.

“Neither ten thousand, nor two, nor even one;” I replied, and for the very good reason that I had them not; “but, in consideration of your wretched position, I will give you five hundred rupees.”

“Five hundred rupees!” he exclaimed “what good would such a sum do us? We are four hundred of us, who have been starving these three years. You must give two thousand rupees, or remain a prisoner.”

Without appearing to notice his alternative, I shrugged up my shoulders at the absurdity of the demand, and offered to allow my treasurer to convince him of it. He readily accepted the proposal to see my treasure counted. I reproved him for it with haughtiness, severity, and contempt, as if what I said could be otherwise than true.

“The Asiatics,” I said to him, “are wretches who would perjure themselves for a rupee; but have not you heard what the word of a Christian lord is?”

He made excuses with clasped hands, protesting that he believed me, but repeating that five hundred rupees would not be sufficient for his people.

I now changed the place of our conference. Perceiving a little shady valley, I ordered Neal Sing to accompany me thither, and we would continue it. I took great care to be constantly wanting something out of my trunks, in order that all my baggage might follow me, and to prove to the wretches who surrounded me, that there was a limit to the rebellion of their chief, and that I did not consider myself at all their prisoner. I stopped twenty times to look at some

plant, examine it with a magnifying glass, have it gathered, and put into a book, by one of my servants whose business this was. Neal Sing had to answer my questions about the names and uses of such plants. These delays and this haughtiness of manner, put the mob of mountain soldiers out of humour; but they were silent.

I had, however, much bettered my situation. The man, who held me prisoner, and was master of my life, allowed me to offer him my protection. He complained that he had never been able to let the King know his grievances, because Thean Sing intercepted his letters. He begged me to write to M. Allard, to request that he would deliver them. I immediately seized the opportunity and wrote to this kind friend, relating my adventure, and regretting that I could not acquaint him with its termination. Neal Sing received my letter with every token of respect. Politeness of bearing is something in a robber. The idea of keeping me prisoner was gradually abandoned, although I firmly repeated that I had not a thousand rupees. I demanded information concerning the roads, and distances; I asked how far it was to the next village (where I am now), and what resources it offered for a caravan, which had been starving for eight-and-forty hours. I succeeded in getting my tents and pantry sent forward; and I manœuvred so as to save even the five hundred rupees which I had at first offered, while the knife was at my throat. But I now perceived the popularity of the chief decline so much among his men, that to prevent an explosion, which would have been the signal for plundering my baggage, perhaps, also, that of a good many shots, I anticipated

the tempest, and, with my grandest air of dignity, ordered my treasurer to count out five hundred rupees to Neal Sing.

The rest of my adventure is merely comic. The robber in chief assured me that he would not touch the money, unless I declared it was my good pleasure to give it to him. He almost made me laugh at the humility of his protestations. He would henceforth be my servant, because *he should have tasted of my salt* (a popular figure in all the Indian languages). Were it not for his excessive poverty, he would have made me a *nuzzer* (offering) very superior to a kid; but I, who treated him so generously, well knew his submission to all my desires, and how poor he was. My servant only had to take a few rupees from a bag, and put them into a larger one, in order to make up five hundred. He gave this bag to Neal Sing, who, with an humble and suppliant air, begged me to condescend to touch the money and his hand when he received it, in order to prove to him that the present was the pure effect of my goodness, and of my satisfaction at his services. I consented, but with my left hand; and when the robber felt the finger with which I touched the bag, press lightly on his hand, he prostrated himself, and said that he was the most faithful, the most grateful, and the most devoted of my followers, and that if I permitted him to take that name, the most attached of my friends. He then said a few words to Mirza, to extort a few rupees from him; and my poor devil of a lieutenant, with his hands joined, and a very piteous look, excused himself on the score of poverty. I restored the Jemidhar's confidence, by telling the robber imperiously that if he had

eaten of my salt, Mirza had also eaten of my salt. I made them shake hands to cement this theatrical friendship, and then commanded my caravan to resume its march to Berali! Neal Sing offered me fifty of his banditti for an escort, which I prudently refused. I asked him for five only, and ordered him (for in words I was the master, and had scarcely ever ceased being so) to send back all the others into the fortress. In taking leave of me, which may be interpreted restoring me to freedom, he asked me, in a low voice, for a bottle of wine, which I had the good faith to send him, after having promised it. I thought, however, that it would be too ridiculous to have a bottle of my old port emptied to my health by so arrant a knave; so I sent him one of Delhi arrack, which serves me instead of spirits of wine.

The five brigands he had given me, appeared very uneasy at finding themselves in a minority. They escaped at the turning of a mountain, and, joining some others who had secretly left the fort, stole the lean kid which one of my attendants was driving before him, and which would most assuredly have been the dearest meat I ever tasted.

This village is exposed to Neal Sing's attacks, when famine drives him from his forest fastnesses; and it might be possible that the scent of my rupees, though they know that I have not three hundred left, attracted some of his band to-night. But my men are on their guard, and capable of beating off, if they have courage enough, which I doubt, any attack not made by Neal Sing's whole body. I am writing to you with pistols on the table, others under my pillow, and my gun leaning against the bed. I have no doubt that bringing down

two men at the first shot would make an impression upon the others, unless they form, as they did this morning, an overwhelming majority.

To-morrow I shall encamp near a small town; my safety will then be complete till I reach Cashmeer. My caravan will be re-victualled there, and I shall despatch messengers by another road to inform the King of my adventure, and demand satisfaction; likewise to acquaint M. Allard with its favourable issue. Woe to the most devoted of my servants, the most attached of my friends, if Runjeet Sing commissions M. Allard to chastise his insolence! He has a good chance of being hanged on the banyan-tree, which witnessed his treason, and it would be the greatest service M. Allard could render him: for if he delivered him up to the king, Runjeet would only preserve his life, if it resisted the most horrible mutilations. I therefore trust M. Allard will do Neal this kindness. It is true I solemnly declared that I was delighted at giving him five hundred rupees, and it is also true that I was delighted at getting off for that sum. But my delight, as you may easily imagine, is only relative.

I suppose this evening (ten o'clock) that Bodder Bochs, having got wind of my adventure, will not thrust himself into the wasp's nest. But there is no other road for him, and the want of provisions will make it impossible for him to return to Mirpore. Neal Sing will make him pay dearly for his welcome, if he catches him, for Bodder is the confidant of Thean Sing, to whom Neal attributes his misfortunes. He appears to me, besides, to be but an indifferent character, and not worth regretting as a Mehmandar.

I hope, my dear father, that I shall not have to add to this letter, already long enough, other stories of the same kind. If, however, you are henceforward obliged to admit that such things as adventures really exist, you see to how little, after all, they may be reduced. This one has cost me fifty louis, but the Rajah has given me five hundred. I am therefore playing upon velvet. I have no fault to find with myself in this matter: no human prudence could have avoided it. Violence would have cost the lives of some of the brigands, without giving one of my people the least chance of escape. I could therefore only play the diplomatist; and I esteem myself very fortunate in getting out of the scrape, and saving, at the same time, a bill at sight on Cashmeer for two hundred louis, besides the King's khelat,—and observing forms so completely, that I believe verily the Marquis of —, the Duke of —, and the Prince of —, my old schoolfellows, but now very able, high and mighty lords, formed of the stuff they make ambassadors of, (which appears comical enough,) could not have done better. At some future time, when I am with you, and have returned to the monotonous round of sedentary European life, I shall have more pleasure in recalling these diplomatic recollections of my youth, than their aforesaid lordships in recalling their embassies. I envy them nothing. The strolling life, some of the vicissitudes of which I have here related you, has also, in the present, pleasures which are unknown at Paris. I allow my imagination to yield to such pleasures while my mind is continually employed upon real objects of study. Add to this, some philosophy—for which I do not think myself much

obliged to our friend Seneca—good health, and a pair of excellent legs;—and believe me, mine is the more enviable condition. Adieu!

April 23rd. Camp at Koteli.

Well, I am at last rid of Neal Sing, and have nothing more to fear from his nocturnal attacks! Why was it not written above that I should arrive a day later in his domains? He would then have robbed me this morning; but I should now make him refund, and give him a hundred lashes, as a token of my gratitude for his good and loyal services. I will explain how. This morning, at a short distance from Berali, I met the army on its return from Cashmeer; and as it was impossible for two horses, and sometimes even for two men on foot, to go abreast in these paths cut on the verge of precipices, I sat myself down in the shade by the road side, and reviewed two or three thousand men, who defiled before me. Their commander, Sheik Nur Muhammed, alighted from his horse, and advanced respectfully towards me, offering me some rupees as a nuzzer. I made him sit down upon the grass by my side without ceremony, and remained more than an hour conversing with him. I related to him my mishap of yesterday; and before I rose wrote all the essential particulars to M. Allard, in order that he might lay them before the king as soon as possible. Sheik Nur Muhammed promised to deliver this letter to M. Allard, whose camp he will reach in six days. On his march he will ascertain whether Neal Sing has laid hands on my Mehmandar, in which case he will besiege him in his fortress. Nur Muhammed further proposed

to besiege the bandit at all events, in order that the latter might be punished as quickly as possible; but I dissuaded him from this, because I am anxious to give precedence to the King in the satisfaction I expect. To have had the pleasure of witnessing the punishment, I should no doubt have accepted Nur Muhammed's polite offer, had I met him yesterday.

The force he commands is returning to Lahore very discontented. The last Soubah of Cashmeer, who raised these men, treated them generously, and they are aware that they shall be badly paid by the King. They are, moreover, irritated against him on account of the gross injustice he committed towards their former chief. Had it not been for a few companies formerly disciplined, and intermingled with the irregular Sikhs, my baggage would probably have been plundered; but the moment I met the Sheik, this ferocious mob were silent, presenting arms as they passed me.

By the road side, I saw the body of a man hanging to a tree, apparently executed that morning. I asked who he was, and why he had been hanged, but every passer-by seemed indifferent to the matter, and appeared no better informed than I was. In the East, a poor man's life is considered of very trifling importance.

One must have travelled in the Punjab to know of what immense benefit to humanity the English dominion in India is, and from what wretchedness it saves eighty millions of souls. In the Punjab an enormous fraction of the people subsist only by their guns. These are perhaps the most worthless of all the inhabitants; but, in strict justice, they would have a right only to be hanged. I cannot witness the frightful evils of

the present system of governing these people without ardently desiring to see the British extend their frontiers from the Sutledge to the Indus, and the Russians occupy the other bank of that river. It is generally believed that it would be the period of a dreadful conflict between those two great powers, which would decide the fate of Asia to the West of the Irady; but I think on the contrary, that not till then would peace reign throughout those vast regions. European civilisation *deserves* to invade the universe. For want of the civilisation of the West, its rule alone is still of immense benefit to the nations of the other parts of the globe, and it is probably the only one which the religious institutions of the East will permit us to confer upon Asia.

May 1st. Camp at Kohutah, valley of the Betar.

I have made but little progress during the last week. Both man and beast had great need of rest at Koteli, where nothing could be obtained capable of speedily recruiting their strength. On the 27th, I arrived at Prounch, in a pitiable state, spitting blood. I cut the disorder short by a bold manœuvre. I made some of my men fish for leeches in the neighbouring streams, and applied sixty-five to my chest and epigastrium. To repair this great loss of blood, I had two sheep a day killed, and ate as much mutton as I possibly could. I now perfectly recovered. It was no doubt a cold, brought on by my forced march, and which had struck on my chest. There is no help for it: there are marches in which I have to cross four torrents of icy water, above my waist, and I may think myself lucky if I escape being drowned.

The threatening horizon with which I was surrounded at Koteli, has very much cleared up. The day after to-morrow I shall cross the chain which separates the valley of Cashmeer from the mountains.

At Ouri, a short distance from hence, there is a fortress belonging to the King; but it is too near the great centre of authority, Cashmeer, for the Killadar (Governor) to take the same liberties with me that Neal ing did. Besides, I am penniless.

I wrote to the king from Koteli, relating my adventure, and demanding satisfaction. In a fortnight I shall have his reply.

I also wrote to Wade, whom Lord William Bentinck is about to despatch on a mission to Lahore, to return to the Rajah the compliments of which the latter sent him a whole cargo at Semla. It is necessary for my safety in my future excursions that the brigand should receive an exemplary chastisement.

Cashmeer, May 13th 1831.

Here I am at last, and have been for several days past. The Prounch pass, though still encumbered with snow, was but child's play to me. Last year, in Tibet, I ascended several times to nearly double that height.

I found, to be sure, on the road, people who cared very little for the King's orders; but their disobedience raised no considerable obstacle. I arrived here on the 8th. The Governor, being informed of my approach, sent his boat and officers to receive me two leagues from the city, and escort me to the garden prepared for my residence. It is planted with lilacs and rose-trees not yet in flower, and with immense planes. In one of the angles stands a little bungalow, looking upon the lake.

In this I have taken up my abode. My attendants are at hand, in my tents, pitched under the large trees. They are hastily erecting huts for my cavalry and horses.

If the Governor of Cashmeer had been a great lord, I should not have hesitated to pay him the first visit. But he is a man of low extraction, who only holds the office for a time. I therefore refused to show him this deference. For a *parvenu* he was very tractable. It was agreed, at once, that our interview should take place the next day, at Shalibag, the Trianon of the old Mogul Emperors. It is a little palace, now deserted, but still delightful from its situation and its magnificent groves. It is two leagues from my house, on the other side of the lake. The Governor sent his barge, with a numerous guard, which made quite a flotilla, and I went to Shalibag on board my flag ship. The Governor had ordered festivities for my arrival. The fountains were playing in the gardens, which were crowded; the Sikh troops, in their magnificent and picturesque uniforms, occupied every avenue. My presence alone was wanting for the dancing and music to begin. The Governor rubbed his long beard upon my left shoulder, whilst I rubbed mine upon his right. We sat close to each other upon chairs; the vice-regal court sat round us upon the carpet; and, after exchanging the usual compliments, the rejoicings commenced.

The insipid interlude of songs and dancing, which the Orientals can look at with pleasure from morning till night, is called *nautch*. It is graceful nowhere but at Delhi. The Cashmeerian beauties had nothing in their eyes to compensate for the monotony of their

dancing and singing. They were browner, that is to say blacker, than the chorusses and corps de ballet of Lahore, Umbritsir, Loodheeana, and Delhi. I remained as long as I found pleasure in it, looking at the fantastic architecture of the palace, the variety and splendour of the warlike figures grouped around me, the colossal size of the trees, the green sward, the waterfalls, and in the distance the blue mountains with their white summits. After half an hour's stay, I took leave of the Governor, and returned home in the same order in which I had set out.

My bungalow had but very flimsy walls, being closed only by Venetian blinds, elegantly carved, and with infinite art. It was open to every wind, and to the inquiring gaze of Cashmeerian idlers, who came by thousands, in their little boats, to look at me, as they would at a wild beast through the bars of his cage. I have had it lined inside with canvass, which shelters me tolerably from the wind, and completely screens me from public curiosity. The Governor has sent me a numerous guard of a half regular corps under his more especial command. There are sentinels all round the garden, and indiscreet persons who approach it get their share of blows. I was obliged to give orders to this effect: I should not be respected without it. This pretty spot will serve as my residence, or rather head-quarters, for the next five months. Its situation is very central, being in the middle of this country. I shall leave the heaviest part of my baggage there, and make a series of excursions round it, in my boat, on horseback, or on foot, according to the nature of the places I have to visit. The King's munificence allows me to incur the

expenses necessary for forming considerable zoological collections. I think that in five months the baggage I have already will be doubled.

I was not without some fears, on coming here. For several years past, an Afghan fanatic, Seyd Ahmed, has been threatening Cashmeer; but the day before yesterday the fort fired a royal salute, and the Governor sent me word that Sheer Sing, one of the King's sons, had just given him battle, near Mozufferabad, and he and his whole army had been destroyed. Public report adds that Sheer Sing is coming here as viceroy. Although I have good reason to be satisfied with the attentions of the present Governor, I am anxious for the Prince's arrival. He is a great friend of M. Allard's, and cannot fail to treat me well. His authority will be much more powerful in this country than that of the present chief, and he will be able to protect me much more effectually in my excursions. However, every one knows at present that I am not to be trifled with. A royal firman arrived the day before yesterday, announcing that the King being informed of my adventure at Toluchee has driven Neal Sing away, ruined him, and ordered his nose and ears to be cut off if he shows himself at Lahore. The same firman enjoins the Governor to send me immediately five hundred rupees, evidently intended by the king, as a restitution of the sum which Neal Sing extorted from me. The manner in which Runjeet speaks of me in this firman evinces great esteem and real kindness, and has produced a wonderful effect here. In a few days I shall write to the Rajah and thank him.

As I dreaded the cruelty with which the King's ven-

geance threatened to treat Neal Sing, I took the liberty, in the letter in which I informed him of my adventure, to designate the punishment which I wished should be inflicted upon the culprit. I related how the latter had mystified me in forcing me to declare that it was my good pleasure to give him five hundred rupees; and I requested that Runjeet would make him disgorge the money for the benefit of the poor; that five hundred lashes should then be given to him, he being compelled to declare that it was his will and pleasure to be flogged. If Runjeet was in good humour the day he received my letter, he no doubt laughed at the joke; and Neal Sing will receive the punishment in question, of his own free will, and for his own enjoyment.

I mentioned to you a man hanged at Koteli. A dozen were suspended from trees near my camp, on the banks of the river. When the Governor visited me, he told me, with an air of indifference, that in the first year of his government he had hanged two hundred, but that now, one here and there was sufficient to keep the country in order. Now mark that *the country* is a wretched and almost desert province. For my part, if I had to govern it, I should begin by putting in irons the Governor and his three hundred soldiers, who are the greatest thieves of all, and I would make them work in the formation of a good road. They now live in idleness upon the labour of the poor peasants: they should continue to subsist on the same rice, but then they should earn it.

The cleverness and roguery of the Cashmeerians are proverbial in the East. Crowds of pretended people of quality come and offer me their services as *ciceroni*.

They know every thing, they have been every where; and when I question them closely, I discover that their knowledge is only a witty imposture. Some, however, have been recommended to me by M. Allard, and I frequently receive their visits. I have an hour's lesson in Persian every morning from one who is of Mogul extraction. As for the pundits, who are all of the Brahminee caste, their ignorance is extreme; there is not one of my Hindoo servants who does not consider himself of superior caste to them. They eat every thing but beef, and drink arrack. In India none but the most infamous castes do this.

It is not possible for me to return by Ladak, as was my intention: the journey would be too dangerous. When I leave Cashmeer, my scientific baggage will be too valuable to be risked in the desert. From Prounch to this place I had an escort of fifty men; but this is not sufficient:—in the event of an untoward encounter, I should require five hundred—an army. I shall no doubt return to Semla, by way of Kishtewar, Shumba, and the Kolloo country, or else by Rajur, Jummoo, and Belaspore. I shall contrive it so that every petty prince through whose dominions I may have to pass shall receive a firman from Runjeet Sing, to inform him beforehand of my arrival. But half of this journey lies through the territories of the Rajah Gulab Sing, whose regal residence is at Jummoo, where I shall have nothing to fear. Nevertheless, of whatever kind be the weather, it will be a fine day when I recross the Sutledge.

My health is now perfectly good; it cannot be otherwise in so healthy a climate. In a month hence, I shall eat cherries from my own garden—then apricots,

peaches, and almonds—then apples and pears—and, lastly, grapes. I walk every evening under a superb vine arbour, the vines of which, though still young, are two feet in circumference. I never before saw any like them. I am also promised delicious melons, and even water melons. This latter promise is also that of a very hot summer; but it resembles ours in the South of France—the productions are the same. We have now the same weather as at Paris, but finer, and more settled.

At Sharunpore I saw a hundred Cashmeerian plants, brought into India by native merchants. Half of them grow also in the Himalaya, to the East of the Sutledge. Having determined the mean altitude at which each grows, I made a conjecture, of remarkable accuracy, concerning the absolute elevation of Cashmeer. I supposed it to be five or six thousand English feet. Now, some barometrical observations made since my arrival, but which I have yet been able to calculate only approximately, by comparing the meridian means for the month of May, at Calcutta, Bombay, and Sharunpore, give me an elevation of five thousand three hundred and fifty feet.

I have just discovered that my cook was a long time in the service of an English physician, a great epicure, and I have given him *carte-blanche* for the exercise of his talents. As the raw material is not scarce here, I almost feast since this discovery. These good dinners, that I boast of so much, are, however, guiltless of bread or wine. The aqueous regimen, to which necessity has condemned me, often makes me long, like a pregnant woman, for a bottle of light wine. I have much better

servants than I had last year—especially the head one, who acts as my treasurer. I could not touch a piece of money in this country without forfeiting all claim to respect ; and it was very fortunate for me to find among my attendants a trust-worthy servant, to keep, open, and shut my purse, keeping an account of every thing received and disbursed. I have also double the number that I had during my first campaign in the Himalaya. This is a heavy expense, but unavoidable. After all, the number does not exceed fourteen. Now, M. Allard has a hundred and fifty,—and they are not sufficient for him.

I yesterday heard from this gentleman, who sent me letters from India, Loodheeana, and Delhi, all of very old dates, his messenger having been lost a week in the snow. I am informed from Delhi of the retirement of the Wellington cabinet, and have received a Bombay Gazette, from which I learn the insurrection at Warsaw, but not a word about the affairs of France. In my ignorance of the way in which matters may go on, I rejoice at the elevation of Mr. Brougham and Earl Grey to the ministry. It seems to me a pledge of friendship between France and Great Britain, and this good understanding appears the necessary condition of the peace of Europe. It remains to be seen whether the Duke of Wellington will not be able to secure a majority in the House of Lords against the Whig ministry, which may oblige it to quit the field, or at least to contend for freedom without advantage.

I shall soon write to the *Jardin* a letter which will be agreeable to M. Cuvier, for it will promise him all the fishes of Cashmeer. This will make a hundred

jumps ere it reaches you ; I know not whether it will still find M. Cordier at Chandernagore ready to forward it. For three months past I have known nothing of what is going on in *French India*, as we have the ridiculous impertinence to term it. I cannot conclude without adding a melancholy reflection—it is, that your last letters were dated the 22nd July 1830. Thus I was ten months without letters ! It is a very long time ! Adieu ! my dear father, adieu ! I would place the same confidence in you that you justly do in me :—but I am thirty, and you—are more than double. Is it not thirteen days since Porphyre reached forty ?—And Frederic talks of his grey hairs ! Well, be it so ! Let us all grow old together, and try who can do so the fastest.

Though I have not the *maladie du pays*, still when my thoughts turn towards it and you, it is not without strong emotion. The remoteness of my situation would be mere commonplace to a man formed like the multitude, who love without passion. But you, my dear father, and those who know me as you do, can alone conceive all the sadness of my soul at times, when it is uneasy about the objects of its affection.

I shall not write to Porphyre to-day ; this letter is for him, as well as for you ; but I find in my portfolio a few pages addressed to Frederic, from I know not where. I enclose them : forward them to him. Adieu once more.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Cashmeer, May 14th 1831.

IF I did not think, my dear Porphyre, that a despatch weighing a kilogramme * would be heavy enough for the Honourable Company, I should have added a few sheets to the monstrous packet of manuscript which I despatched yesterday under cover to Sir Edward Ryan, at Calcutta, to be forwarded to Chandernagore, and thence to our father. But the post-office people would have exclaimed against the abuse of franking;—I therefore divide my letters into two volumes. This, intended for you, will, I hope, join the other at Chandernagore, and proceed with it. I have detailed at great length to our father all the accidents of my wanderings. After all, there is no danger : quite the reverse. This country is a land of beggars, scoundrels, and robbers ; but I am prudent. Nothing is so common as for them to kill a man in order to rob him of an old pair of breeches worthy twenty or four-and-twenty sous, half a rupee. The whole population are armed with swords, in the use of which they are said to be very dexterous. Each of the men I meet on the roads, carries a long match-lock upon his shoulder—but is not very formidable, in my opinion.

It is possible I may see M. Allard again in the mountains. The mother of a brood of little mountain Rajahs has just died, leaving nine lacs of rupees (two million two hundred and fifty thousand francs). Her children

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

are fighting about this inheritance; and Runjeet has just sent M. Allard to the spot to remove all cause of quarrel—that is, to carry away the nine lacs.

The day on which I arrived here, the 8th, the Governor sent me as a nuzzer, ten sheep, forty fowls, two hundred eggs, several sacks of barley, rice, flour, and sugar, and some native brandy distilled from the wine which they make here. This spirit resembles a mixture of bad *anisette* with indifferent *kirschen-wasser*. All this I distributed to my suite; but the King has just sent a fresh order, that my table is to be constantly supplied at his expense, a favour which I accept only for form's sake, but which is essential for form's sake. I should almost fare well had I bread and wine only, but my old Semla port, so much admired by the English, is stronger than brandy, and I keep it for cold and rainy days, in the mountains. I am very well; the colour of my hands disagrees with that of my arms, but I look well. At Delhi, I allowed myself the luxury of a looking-glass, and I look at myself in it once a month. I confess I am frightfully thin.

Know that I have never seen any where such hideous women as in Cashmeer. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common rank—those one sees in the streets and fields,—for those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty, are sold at eight years of age, and conveyed into the Punjab and to India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred francs—most commonly fifty or sixty. All female servants

in the Punjab are slaves; and, in spite of the exertions of the British to abolish this practice, it prevails also in the North of India. These women are treated tolerably well, and their condition is scarcely worse than that of their mistresses in the harem. The wives of Shah Shoudjah el Molauk, the old King of Cabul, whom I saw at Loodheana, are cruelly kicked about by their guardian eunuchs: their servants are certainly less ill-used.

Every day innumerable bands of girls present themselves at my garden gate. An Asiatic nobleman in my place would always have forty of them singing and dancing around him; but I preserve my European character entire both in manners and dress, because it inspires respect.

Some of the Cashmeerian politicians whisper that I am come to examine the state of the country, and its resources,—and to treat with Runjeet Sing concerning its cession to the British government. Others maintain that I am come to farm it from Runjeet, as viceroy, for so much a year, which I shall agree to pay the Maharajah. You may therefore guess that I weigh all my words in order to give no cause for such silly reports. I stick to my *ilom*—my science. With the Mussulmauns, who visit me, I talk about the Koran, which I call the holy Koran, and about Mohammed (his name be praised!) and about all their religious matters. The soi-disant Pundits, or Hindoo doctors, who at first came by hundreds, I made ashamed of their ignorance of the *Shastras*, and of their relaxed discipline. Here, every man who is a little less ignorant, and openly less of a rogue than the rest, is looked upon as a saint; and the

respectable public of Cashmeer take me for a very saintly Christian.

The season for the arrival of the Bordeaux ships at Calcutta is fast approaching. If they bring me any letters, I can receive them here in a month. I shall work with fresh ardour after I have received them. It is also very long since I have seen an English newspaper; and this makes me feel the more keenly the privations of a comparatively sedentary situation. Adieu, for to-day.

Cashmeer, May 20th.

I add only a few words, to tell you that Runjeet Sing is an admirable man—which I hope you already think, and indeed have long thought. An officer of his household arrived this morning, after a fortnight's journey from Umbritsir, where the King is at present encamped. He brings me a very gracious royal firman. Runjeet writes to me that he has received my letter from Koteli, that is to say, my complaint against Neal Sing—and that the Rajah Gulab Sing, who had much earlier intelligence of the affair, did not hesitate to arrest that brigand;—that having him thus in his power, on the day my complaint arrived, he immediately pronounced judgment (and in a manner that proved his tact): he ordered none of the usual cruelties or barbarous mutilations, but had the culprit put in chains and imprisoned in a fortress, where he will remain until I solicit his pardon. This, my friend, is what none but Runjeet would have done. He knows that his penal code is repugnant to us Europeans, and he punishes this man as he would have been punished in a European country.

The five hundred rupees which were sent to me by the Governor, on the day of my arrival here, without prejudice to the two thousand which Runjeet had long ago decreed me, were an additional act of kindness of the Rajah ; and not, as I then thought, a restitution of the money of which I had been plundered by Neal Sing. Runjeet, in his letter of to-day, informs me that he has ordered his Vizier to make that restitution in his name. Every thing, therefore, is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds. The King, besides, enjoins me to make myself at home in Cashmeer. "That country is yours," he writes : "take up your abode in whichever of my gardens pleases you best. Command, and you shall be obeyed." I leave you, in order to make a boating excursion upon the lake and the river. I have the state boat of the late magnificent Governor, with thirty rowers in my monthly pay. Guess the monthly pay of a rower—two francs forty-six centimes—so that I shall have to give thirty rupees a month to these thirty men. But as my situation compels me to be generous, I give them forty, and presents likewise whenever I get out of the boat. What delights me is, that I am drilling two men who promise a good deal for my zoological preparations : the one is a hunter by profession, the other an embroiderer, with slim fingers. I will make them a bridge of gold, to determine them to accompany me to India, where I have yet found no one, even of the lowest class, who would undertake this business, even for gold. Good-by, my friend : I regret much that you cannot be of the party : but gun, nets, and books of plants will ; and I shall not therefore return empty-handed. The worst is, that I must display a certain

state and pomp. My little court follows me in these excursions, seated in two rows, like onions, on each side of my arm-chair. At first they started when I fired over their heads. Now they can stand fire; but they continue to be surprised when I pull off my coat, and turn up my shirt sleeves to my shoulders, to lay hold of plants floating in the water. Adieu!

Cashmeer, May 29th.

At last, my letter will go this evening, with several others, one of which is for the Jardin des Plantes. I have received messenger after messenger from M. Allard, which is very friendly on his part, considering the great distance that separates us,—about a hundred and fifty leagues. They have brought me only letters from India, newspapers ditto. M. Cordier writes to me that he expects a vessel from France immediately. May it bring me letters from Paris. Adieu, my dear brother: I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M^{LLE}. ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Cashmeer, May 16th 1831.

MY DEAR ZOE,—Living as I have done for the last three months, among Orientals, who, each after his own fashion, treat me to some horrible jargon or other, it seems as if I had lost a portion of the treasure of my English eloquence. This is the reason why I write to you to-day in French. I dread the severity of your

criticism; but I do not well know what I should gain by writing to you in our own language; for I seem also, from want of practice, to have grown awkward in its use.

A few days ago, I sent my father a sort of volume, journal, or bulletin (call it whatever you please), which he will forward to you; in which case, before you receive this note, you will be acquainted with a small part of the difficulties against which I have had to contend, with prudence if not courage, since my entrance into the mountains dividing Cashmeer from the Punjab. I was purified from all my past sins, for three weeks in that purgatory, before I was admitted into the terrestrial paradise. But God and his prophet Mohammed be praised! (as I often have the politeness to say to the Mussulmauns who surround me) my days of trial are past. I now enjoy the fruits of my perseverance, a virtue which carries one a great way; since, in spite of the repugnance of the British Government to favour this pretty episode in my travels, and the originally still greater repugnance of Runjeet Sing to allow it—in spite also of the more or less decided rebellion of the mountain chiefs against the Rajah's commands respecting me—here have I been, for the last week, settled in a handsome bungalow, on the banks of this agreeable lake (which Moore, however, has by far too much embellished, according to the lying custom of the gentlemen of Parnassus), in the midst of a garden planted with trees of our own country, and in which I gather roses during my morning's walk. Though at the gates of a great city, I seem encamped in a solitary plain; and this is not the only advantage I derive from the situa-

tion of my garden. It is raised ten feet above the surrounding plain, a circumstance of importance in this terrestrial paradise, where there is no lack of robbers. Besides, a good guard is kept up around me. On the day of my arrival, the Governor sent me a company of Sikh infantry, which is on duty near my excellency. Two of the horsemen of my escort superintend all the details; and a gentleman of my chamber, at six rupees a month, stands all day long at my door, and shows six rupees' worth of judgment in selections for admission from among applicants of all kinds. The rogue has been strutting about, ever since yesterday, in a dress worth more than all the money he has legally received since he has been in my service. It is a custom in the East, that no one can approach a man of higher rank than himself, without paying both master and men. The British in India discourage this practice as much as possible; but in Cashmeer, which the European conventions which we term honour and probity, have not yet reached, if I were to punish my chamberlain for receiving an income from his key (this is figurative, for I have not so much as a door to my house), Cashmeerian public opinion would stigmatise me as an unjust and capricious lord. The rogue will thus keep his fine dress and silk turban, but I have given him a strict injunction to stop there, *on pain of punishment*, as his worship the mayor would say.

Extraordinary culinary talents have suddenly appeared in my cook and butler; but unless I have travelled fifteen or twenty leagues on foot or on horseback, I have no appetite in the evening for a good dinner, if I

have not Locke, or Sterne, or some other of the illustrious dead, to bear me company at table.

Lalla Rookh, whose Persian name you will never be able to pronounce unless you choke yourself on purpose with a fish-bone, in order to utter correctly the Persian *kh*, forms part of my library ; but I am tired of it. A page of this style would perhaps please ; but thirty (and all his tales are longer) make one sick. Thus the finest music pleases for two hours and half, but fatigues and wears you out, if prolonged beyond. Also one of Lamartine's harmonious reveries may please during an hour of idleness, but it is impossible to read in succession ten or twelve of his best poems. In like manner Chateaubriand amuses by his picturesque style, as far as the second column of a newspaper ; but he is tiresome even in a pamphlet, and intolerable in a romance. Without knowing much of the matter, however, you intended, when you learnt English, to read Lalla Rookh. Know, then, that my first interview with the Governor of Cashmeer took place in the very gardens and palace in which she was received by the king of Bucharria. This Governor, after our first meeting on neutral ground, came yesterday to pay me a visit at my own house. He has all the appearance of a fool ; but he possesses the very rare virtue in this country, of obedience to his sovereign, and executes punctually all the kind orders of the King in my favour. I have every reason to be satisfied with him.

It was very lucky for me that I met a scoundrel bold enough to stop and extort money from me. The prompt example which Runjeet has made of this brigand, who

was no less than Governor of a royal fortress, has produced a moral effect most useful for my safety in this country. Every one now perceives the danger of an unbridled passion for my rupees. There were three hundred in my box when I left Loodheeana; there are now five thousand. I boast of this as I should of playing a game at chess well and winning it, because it is a difficulty overcome. There was a great, an immense one to overcome, I assure you, in my not being confined, as it were, to the sea-coast of India, upon which the vessel in which I came landed me. I sometimes reflect with real pleasure, upon the wisdom and prudence of my commencement. I modestly began with having only one servant; then two; then a palanquin; then six other domestics, and a horse. I set out from Calcutta with a single tent, and that but an indifferent one; I had neither chair nor table;—and by degrees I have increased my household to forty servants, (without mentioning my thirty rowers,) three tents, two horses, and all the rest in proportion. Still, there is as much prudence in my actual establishment, and the same proportion between what I have and what I ought to have, as there was in my wretched outfit from Calcutta to Benares. When I return to India, whether I enter it by Loodheeana or descend the mountains from Semla, what a difference there will be between the reception which awaits me there and the profound solitude of my situation at the commencement of my journey! There is now on the other side of the Sutledge an enormous mass of kindness, which even in my absence exhibits itself in a thousand ingenious ways. This flatters me much, I must confess; for, being neither a

Duke nor a *millionnaire*, and falling as it were from the clouds among the people who at present show this extreme respect and true friendly kindness towards me, I owe it all to myself—I am the real architect of my fortunes. I do not here allude to the five thousand rupees in my strong box, but to the honourable reputation I enjoy.

But, you will say, where is the local character in all this?—and is there none in Cashmeer? To which I reply, that in the East its shades are but little varied. I know of no country upon earth where so many witches could be enlisted for Macbeth, if, instead of three, Shakspeare had collected a hundred thousand, on the heath of—I do not remember the name. The men are a remarkably handsome race, and the ugliness of the women is explained by the continual exportation of every pretty Cashmeerian face to the Punjab and India, to stock the harems of Mussulmauns, Sikhs, and Hindoos. That Prince of Sanscrit scholars, Mr. Wilson, of Calcutta, has taken the trouble to translate some old chronicles of the Cashmeerian monarchy, before the invasion of the Moguls, during the reign of Akbar. They reckon seven or eight hundred Kings, which is little for the country, where, in everything relating to times past, ciphers cost the superlative disposition of their historians nothing. Whatever these old histories may say, there can be no doubt that the population of Cashmeer, originally Buddhist, like that of the Punjab, and like it also afterwards Brahmin,—that is to say Hindoo,—had, for a long period, chiefs of their own religious faith, and under their sway enjoyed absolute political independence—the defence of which nature rendered very easy, by means

of the enormous mountains with which she has surrounded the country on every side. Of this long period, only some vague recollections remain among those now termed the *litterati*, and here and there a few ruins. In their massive structure, and style of ornament, these latter possess a Hindoo character. There are still some traces of public works dating from the same period. Islamism has done nothing but destroy. The Emperors of Delhi built only kiosks and cascades. The Mogul government was a masterpiece of absolute monarchy: all the revenues of the state went to the civil list, which neither erected bridges nor dug canals, but built palaces, tombs, and mosques. The Afghans, during the last century, having deprived the Moguls of that conquest, and the Sikhs having driven the Afghans from it, a general plunder followed each new conquest; and during the intervals of peace, anarchy and oppression did their best against labour and industry. The country is now therefore so completely ruined that the poor Cashmeerians seem in despair, and have become the most indolent of men. If a man must starve, he had better do so at his ease, than bent under the weight of labour. In Cashmeer, there is scarcely more chance of getting a supper for him who tills, spins, or rows all day, than for him who, being rendered desperate, sleeps all day under the shade of a plane-tree. A few thousand stupid and brutal Sikhs, with swords by their sides, or pistols in their belts, drive this ingenious and numerous, but timid people, before them, like a flock of sheep.

The southern slope of the Himalaya at all heights preserves something of the Indian character. The division of the seasons, to the limit of perpetual snow, is

the same as in the plains of India. The summer solstice brings rain every year, which falls without interruption till the autumnal equinox. Hence, there is a peculiar character in the vegetation, which is different from that of the Alps and Pyrenees, not being exposed to the same influence. Cashmeer being on the northern side of a lofty snowy chain, is separated by this high barrier from the climate of India, and has one of its own, very similar to that of Lombardy. The wild and cultivated vegetable productions, taking into account the law according to which the temperature decreases from the equator to the pole, speak so precise a language to any one who can interpret it, concerning the height of places, that, although in the complete ignorance before my journey of the height of this celebrated valley, I had fixed it at between five and six thousand English feet, from a small number of plants which I had seen brought from it by merchants. Now, my own observations make it about five thousand one hundred and fifty feet. It was with the most lively satisfaction, that I saw the final logarithm of my calculation transform itself into this number. The Italian poplar, and the plane-tree, are predominant in the cultivated tracts. The plane-tree is colossal, the vine in the gardens gigantic. The forests are composed of cedars, and different varieties of firs and pines, absolutely similar, in general, to those of Europe. In a more elevated zone, are birches, which seem to me not different from ours. The lotus appears on the surface of still water; the flowering rush and water trefoil, with which you are no doubt acquainted, and the elegance of which you must have admired in the humble ditches of Arras and

its environs, rise above it, associated with the same kind of rushes and osiers. All this is strangely European; but if I took it into my head to write an epistle to Liberty, I should not begin like Voltaire:—

Mon lac est le premier, &c.

Voltaire had no taste for objects of nature or the fine arts. For any one who has a grain of it, his Lake Lemman was one of the last to mention. That of Cashmeer would cut but a poor figure by the side of the Lago Maggiore in Lombardy, or those of Thun and Brientz in Bernese Oberland. There is one in the North of the United States, which, without the sublimity of the latter, possesses all their grace, and quite a peculiar character of loveliness,—I mean Lake George, on which I spent a delightful day, on my return from Canada to Albany. If I could tell what I feel,—if I could copy on paper the perfect images which I see in my mind,—what delightful pictures I should make of those places whither chance has by turns directed me. I have felt their charms so vividly—so profoundly! Sometimes they awakened emotions of pleasure so tumultuous that I could preserve but a recollection as confused as themselves;—for instance, such as I felt when I galloped for the first time through a tropical forest in Haiti. But there is so perfect a calm in the cold landscape of North America, that the impressions it excites, when it possesses any attraction or beauty, are peaceful and serious. I regret having suffered the time to pass when I could perhaps have described faithfully the different forms of happiness of which I dreamt in the valleys of New Jersey, on the banks of Lake

George, and in the desert forests of Tonnawanta. I am no longer under the spell of illusions which gave life to those day dreams; the vivid lustre of those flowers is faded, and their fragrance evaporated. After all, the world, as it really is, is a sad affair. There is a feeling which makes one see it other than it is, however cruel the consequences may be of the optical errors to which it leads. I nevertheless am often in doubt whether we are not always indebted to it for more pleasure than pain.

Enough, however.—You will say that Sterne's sentimental traveller does not make more turnings in his journeys than I do, and you will be right. But it is thus I love to write,—leaving to my pen the apparent free will of its turnings and windings upon my paper. I shall stay several months, not *at* but *in* Cashmeer, and will write to you again before I leave that country. I may even now tell you that I shall not return to India through Tibet; part of that journey would expose me to so many dangers, that a very strong escort would not be sufficient to insure my safety,—I should require a little army. Adieu, my dear Zoé; my table is covered with minerals, which I must look over, and give an account of. I leave you, to resume a paper on geology, which is nearly complete. Adieu! Think of me, and write to me.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Cashmeer, May 26th 1831.

TO-DAY, my dear father, you will have only my smallest size. Porphyre, as a compensation, will receive

some yards of bad Cashmeer paper, blotted with my worst writing of a month past, together with a little addition of a more recent date. I received yesterday a messenger from M. Allard, who brought me several letters from India, and one from his master. I shall not let him return without a good load. M. Cordier writes me from Chandernagore, under date of April 22nd, that he has just put on board the Jean-Henri, bound to Havre, all that I had sent to him for you from Lahore, up to the 11th of March, the day on which the King granted me my audience to take leave. I am happy to think that the good news which I sent you on that day is perhaps by this time near the Cape of Good Hope. Kennedy writes to me from Semla that M. de Polignac and his colleagues have been condemned to imprisonment for life. Another friend at Kotta, in Rajpootana, of which he is *de facto* King, under the modest title of Political Agent, writes to me in haste to announce that Lord Grey has taken the Duke of Wellington's place, as if my Delhi friends had not informed me of it a week ago. But Wade, the political agent of Loodheeana, and the principal channel of my correspondence with India and Europe, being at Semla for the purpose of introducing Runjeet Sing's embassy to the Governor-general, I get no papers—and that is the devil! Moreover, he is no doubt to-day at Adenanaghur, between the Ravee and the Beyah, in the Punjab, complimenting Runjeet Sing, in the name of the Governor-general; and I think he has brought me some papers from Semla, which I may receive in a fortnight, through M. Allard. At any other time I would wait very patiently; but it seems to me that under present circumstances in Europe, each

day may bring to pass such great events that so prolonged an ignorance of them is truly painful.

Kennedy also sends me word that in the autumn, Mr. Toby Prinsep, one of my Calcutta acquaintances, (the Secretary of State,) will be sent on a political mission to Runjeet. I am puzzling my brains to no purpose to guess its object, which must be very important, to be confided to none but the Secretary himself.

I am in no slight degree curious to know the questions which Lord William will ask me about this country, when he again sees me at Semla. My prudence here is extreme. I must measure my very words; for everything that I say or do is reported to the King, and, beyond him, through his ukbars, to all the political officers in India. I ought also to tell you that I have received, from Runjeet, the letter which I expected, touching my affair at Toluchee: it is very gracious, and has turned my adventure into quite a piece of good luck. M. Allard, though at a distance, continues to behave in the most admirable manner towards me. How friendly it was in this kind-hearted man to hunt me out ten months ago, and send me his first letter on the frontiers of China! Nothing is so uncertain as his future prospects. Perhaps he may never return to France; and he may do so before me,—in which case, receive him cordially, and without ceremony; let him drink your oldest wine, and Porphyre must pilot him about! How fortunate have I been since my departure from France! What excellent people have I met at Rio Janeiro, Bourbon,—India,—everywhere in short: If a misanthropist travelled with me, he would soon be

cured of his disorder. I am writing to the Jardin, to promise M. Cuvier the fishes of the lakes of Cashmeer, and a very creditable number of the animals of this country. They will owe this to Runjeet Sing, for if I had only had their wings to fly with, I should not have taken so lofty a flight. I have huntsmen whom I send out on all sides, and one among them is so clever that he will soon be able to prepare zoological specimens. I pay this man eight times more than he earns, and I hope, by further increasing his salary, to prevail upon him, in the hope of making a little fortune in a year, to accompany me to India. When I want fish, I shall only have to choose among my most intelligent boatmen, and their being sent on extra duty will be no loss to them. The Governor has given me the use of the boat belonging to the late viceroy. Thirty hands are requisite to man it; add to this, twenty carriers for the most necessary part of my baggage, in my excursions across the mountains; and fifteen servants besides;—total not much less than eighty individuals, who cause a heavy expense, obliged, as I am, to pay magnificently, that is to say, double or triple the value of things. I now almost fancy that British India is Europe—a man there is able, to a certain extent, to regulate his expenses by his means; but here, in this virgin Asia, you must leave the country if you cannot be magnificent when necessary. Runjeet Sing, in fact, will have paid the expenses of my campaign; but there will scarcely be any surplus, unless he displays some new coquetry towards me, on my return.

A Sikh lord, returning from the battle of Mozuffera-bad, in which the Seyd fell, has interrupted me by a

visit. His animated recitals having interested me much, and I kept him a long time. He was an old greybeard, singed by the fire of many battles.

“ I never had so much pleasure in a battle,” he said : “ the Seyd’s people fought like tigers ; they killed us three hundred men, and wounded four hundred ; but we did not leave one of them free or alive. Such sport ! ”

Adieu ! I have written at greater length than I at first supposed I should. I love and embrace you with all my heart.

A propos—M. Cordier, of Chandernagore, has sent me word that he has forwarded to you a Calcutta journal containing my Delhi speech. At Loodheeana I saw in the same paper this piece of eloquence of mine ; but it was so badly printed, and the punctuation so bad, that it had no common sense, nor indeed any other sense. It is true, that, being rather indisposed, I was not able to gain inspiration by drinking a bottle of Port or Madeira ; and water, coloured with bad claret, seldom fills the sails of English eloquence, either my own or other people’s. Nevertheless, I think, that, notwithstanding the *intensity of his feelings*, the *gentleman* was not so incoherent in his speech—since speech there was.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Cashmeer, May 26th 1831.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It is so long since I received any letters from Europe, that I begin to lose patience, and feel myself much more melancholy than I have hitherto

been, on account of the frightful distance which separates us, and the profound solitude of my situation.

This dearth of news happens at the very moment when I am devoured by impatience to receive some; for up to the present time, when I have thought of my friends, I could fancy what you were all doing, and where each was, according to the different seasons of the year. But this revolution, with all the particulars and results of which I am not yet acquainted, has snapped asunder the thread of my conjectures. My thoughts are lost in space while seeking you, and the recollection of you escapes me in the circle of a new political world. My wishes will perhaps hasten the arrival of the letters I so much desire.

To withdraw my attention from you, I will speak about myself. My journey across the Punjab was very fortunate and interesting; but when I penetrated into the passes which separate that country from the kingdom of Cashmeer, I encountered a multitude of obstacles upon which I had not reckoned. The state of disorder reigning in those mountains was something new to me, and led to a sort of adventure which has proved useful to me. I felt the emotions of a little melodrama, of which I was the hero; and virtue triumphed over crime, which is something moral, and does not always happen.

This valley of Cashmeer, the fame of which has extended far and wide, most probably has no other claim to such celebrity than the frequent visits paid to it by the Great Mogul's court, usually shut up within the burning walls of Delhi or Agra, in a very naked country, parched up by a cloudless sun. The lakes are poor

things in comparison with those of the Alps, and of all the palaces built by the Mogul Emperors upon their banks, that of Shalimar, the most celebrated of all, is the only one left standing. I was received there by the Governor, who did his best to welcome and dazzle me. The place pleased me much, on account of its limpid water and magnificent groves. But how many towns on the banks of Lago Maggiore surpass Shalimar in beauty! The appearance of these mountains, like that of the Himalaya, is rather grand than beautiful; they are magnificent outlines, and no more. Nature has done nothing to adorn the interior—there is an immense border, inclosing nothing. We here find none of those picturesque details which make the Alps so attractive, so long a novelty.

I have pitched my tent in a royal garden, on the banks of a transparent lake. This garden is filled with roses in bloom; but they are small, and have but little fragrance. What beautiful plants have I found, and how often have I thought of your Flora of the Bourbonnais! I hope you continue your labours, and that you really go beyond those artists who make the flowers larger than nature, in order to render them more beautiful. You were right in saying that reflection much more than practice insures perfection in art. I think I have become a painter, since I have viewed nature so much with its effects of light and shade. Were I the manager of a theatre, or of a strolling company performing Macbeth, I should have but little trouble in finding witches: for I meet multitudes every day. This may assist your imagination in forming an idea of the women in this part of the world. I have, it is true, no

taste for brown or gloomy beauties ; I do not like stormy faces, like Lord Byron ; and I have never felt any pleasure in looking at a female face, if it was not white, gentle, delicate, and noble. Yet I have met in India and the Punjab, from time to time, very handsome women in their particular style of beauty ; but Cashmeer has not yet shown me a single one of these exceptions. I am sorry to find my experience so contradictory to the accounts given by the small number of European travellers who have visited these regions before me. If things are not dreadfully altered since Mr. Foster was here, in disguise, fifty years ago, he must have embellished the truth furiously, which poets alone ought to be allowed to do. I strongly believe that everything, then under the arbitrary government of the Afghans, was similar to what it is at present, under the despotic and capricious dominion of my friend Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore. India is no longer the poorest country in the world to me : Cashmeer exceeds all imaginable poverty.

On arriving here, I was not without some apprehension of being a good deal disturbed in my peaceful studies, by the not very agreeable visit of a celebrated Mussulmaun, who during two years had waged a desperate war against Runjeet Sing, in the neighbouring provinces, constantly threatening to invade Cashmeer. But he has just been killed in battle, and is gone to continue his mode of life Mohammed's paradise. I shall probably spend the whole summer in this country, in peaceful occupations, and in making excursions. When the periodical rains have ceased in the Himalaya, I shall return to Semla, where, comparatively speaking, I shall

find all the luxury and comforts of Europe, with the exception of Rossini's operas! I wish I could hear you sing "*O patria!*" I expect to find you unchanged in our joint opinion that Madame Pasta has carried taste and expression in singing to the highest possible perfection. Try and make your daughters fond of music—a taste for music is a piece of good fortune.

Adieu! I take leave of you with these melodious recollections; and to-morrow I shall write to your husband, in order again to try to forget my wish of hearing from you.

TO M. DE TRACY, PEER OF FRANCE, PARIS.

Cashmeer, May 28th 1831.

DEAR SIR,—If I did not know that the greater number of my letters to my father were communicated by him to his friends, I should not have allowed more than two years to elapse without writing to you. But in the wandering and laborious life I have led since my departure from Europe, so many material cases absorb that valuable portion of my time devoted to study, and so many interesting objects every day dispute the short hours of repose which remain after a frequently very long march, that I have always deferred till the present moment telling you with what delight I call to mind, in my present solitude, the affection of which you have given me so many proofs. The recollection of my early years often recurs to me; and it is never without emotion that I think of the truly paternal attentions which I then had the happiness of receiving from you. I shall

show my gratitude all my life by feeling towards you as a son.

I am no doubt indebted, for many enjoyments, to the three years which have so rapidly passed since my departure. Study has been a constant source of serious pleasure to me. The great variety of natural scenery, existing between the South of India and the mountains of Tibet beyond the Himalaya, could not fail to make other and more lively impressions upon me. In short, during this long journey, through such strange regions, and among such strange nations, I have from time to time discovered an oasis of European civilisation. At such a distance from Europe there are neither English nor French: we are all of the same country—all Europeans. My own countrymen could not have given me a kinder reception than I met with during the short stay I made at a great number of British stations. My being a foreigner was the ground upon which this hospitality was exercised towards me,—at first with ceremonious eagerness; but, from the second day, a friendly cordiality almost always controlled its formality. Thus in the course of my travels I have become acquainted with a number of excellent people, to whom I am sincerely attached, and who, I think, will always recollect with equal pleasure the chance that brought us mutually acquainted. Finally, till within the last six months, I was always fortunate enough to receive letters pretty regularly from my family and yours. More than once have I been indebted to this correspondence for the agreeable illusion of being for a moment transported back to Europe. So much for pleasure;—but I have also found various causes of care and vexation.

At first, the excessive slowness and continual disappointments of my everlasting voyage to India, made it appear still more tedious, although I ought rather to have rejoiced at the lengthened stay I made in countries which I shall never have another opportunity of seeing. At Rio Janeiro, I was able to form some notion of the state of equinoctial America. At the Cape of Good Hope, I had an opportunity of admiring the wisdom and humanity of the British colonial institutions. In our paltry island of Bourbon, I was able to ascertain the infamy and absurdity of our own. Nothing on this score now remained for me except to see, at Pondichery, the ridicule and folly of our system. I was detained a fortnight at this latter colony. It was longer than sufficed for my purpose, but not long enough seriously to begin my labours ;—I was therefore in haste to reach Bengal.

How deplorable is the condition of the human species in this vast East ! The British Government in India, though it calls for some reforms, deserves nevertheless immense praise. Its government is a great blessing to the provinces under its rule ; and I have been fully convinced of this ever since I have been travelling in the country I am now in, which has remained independent : that is to say, a place of atrocious violence, and constant robbery and murder. Human society in the East is fundamentally defective. The first of its elements, a family, scarcely exists. In the upper classes, which afford an example to those below them, polygamy impedes the affection of a father for his children, on account of their numbers, and awakens jealousy and fierce hatred among brothers. The wife is an impure creature,

whom her husband scarcely considers of the same species with himself. Children, as they grow up, soon imbibe this abominable contempt for their mother, from whom it drives them as soon as they can dispense with her services. Can sympathy, when banished from the domestic hearth, feed a more ardent flame beyond it? The men are acquainted with friendship only after the ancient fashion.

Domestic morals in India, which are the greatest source of wretchedness in that country, seem to me incapable of improvement so long as Asia preserves its present religious institutions. Perhaps the belief that these cannot be assailed, has obtained too much ground. All direct attempts at religious conversion made by the British, in Bengal especially, have entirely failed. The Indians, upon whom the experiment has been made, would in no case exchange Mohammed or Brahma for Christ and the Trinity; but, within the last few years, the Government has wisely (and courageously too; for it requires courage in the Company to provoke the stupid and hypocritical wrath of Parliament), withdrawn its support from the missionaries, and opened gratuitous schools at Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, whither it attracts, by every influential means in its power, children of the middle ranks, to instruct them in the languages and sciences of Europe, without talking to them about our own vain controversies.

I have visited these schools, at Calcutta in particular, where they have the greatest number of pupils; and I have conversed with many young people of the higher classes, Brahmins and Mussulmauns, whose European

education had naturally converted them from Mohammed and Brahma to reason. Several of them, indeed, complained that this treasure made them but the more miserable, because it cut them off from the rest of their nation, and made them conceive and desire happiness under forms interdicted by their caste. None of them have yet had courage to leap over this barrier.

Nevertheless, if there be any hope of ever civilising the East, it must be by these means alone. The British Government would accelerate its action immensely, by substituting, in courts of justice and in all public transactions, the English language for the Persian introduced by the Mogul conquerors. A knowledge of the latter has never been possessed by the mass of the people, but has continued only in certain hereditary professions. Ten years would suffice to effect this change: for the Indians require English much more than they do Persian, which is of no use to those acquainted with it, except in the routine of their occupations; whereas English would prove a key to the whole circle of European knowledge.

Narrow-minded individuals, foes to this generous project are not wanting; but I have no doubt that, in a few years, it will be adopted by the Government. It will spread the light of Europe throughout the country, and qualify it some day to govern itself.

I could have wished, my dear Sir, to have forgotten France when I left it. The uncertainty of its fate, since the revolution, and amid the threatening symptoms of European politics, is a too frequent source of anxiety to me; and it is the more keenly felt, because, since that

period, I have received no letters either from your family or from my own. I seek refuge in study ; but melancholy thoughts often divert my attention.

Adieu, Sir. Permit me to repeat that neither time nor distance will ever weaken my feelings of tender and respectful attachment,

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Cashmeer, May 23th 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was about to despatch an express to India, with several letters for that country and Europe, when one reached me from Lahore, bringing me, from M. Allard, several recent Calcutta and Bombay papers, with letters from Delhi. I stopped my messenger, until I had read my packet ; and though I have already written to most of you, I shall not allow the man to start without burthening him with a few more lines for you. My letter to Madame Victor renders it unnecessary to speak of myself ; and if you are at Paris, my father will no doubt give you a still longer piece of egotism to read. If he does, it will be a great act of humility on his part ; for my correspondence with him ought to please nobody but himself. As, in my absence, I am the *hobby-horse* of his affections, all paper blackened by my pen is welcome to him, whatever figures may be on it ; I am therefore quite at my ease, and write to him by the yard. My Indian gazettes are a confused and ill-joined mosaic of extracts from a multitude of English papers. Dates must be revised, blanks filled up by induction, and proper names guessed.

at; all of which is very difficult. I have had the patience to retouch this work, in order to bring out the primitive sketch, which is still very imperfect. I know only that Lord Grey and Mr. Brougham have succeeded the Wellington administration, and that they take office under circumstances the most alarming for the internal peace of Great Britain; that the plague is ravaging Russia; that Poland is in full insurrection; that the Belgians and Dutch are carrying on a war of extermination: that Germany is in a ferment; that despotism and liberty are almost equally powerless in Spain; and that, in short, war is in preparation on all sides. My papers tell me almost nothing about our own country. They report the insignificant examination of the ex-ministers, and an uninteresting session of the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, by which I know that the former was still in existence in the month of December, and that the latter had not been dissolved. They also tell me of an order of the day by M. Lafayette, which proves that the population of the *fau-bourgs* gives the national guard plenty of work; and lastly, they give me two lists of new ministers, who agree only in the dismissal of their predecessors. I confess that I can make nothing of the association of names which I find together in these lists.

Do you remember the autumn of 1822 at Paray? It was at that period our friendship was formed. Having grown up into man's estate, I became acquainted with you. You were ill;—during the last fortnight of my stay with you, I spent part of the day in your room. What a recollection shall I always preserve of those long and pleasant conversations! You were elected

deputy a month after ; and I remember that my father, at that time, expressed some doubt of your success as a legislator. He thought that the inflexible uprightness of your principles would induce you to take a direction in which no one would follow you, and which many would not even comprehend. This was, I have no doubt, the feeling of most of your friends ; my father was not the only one to express it to me—your family had the same fears. Notwithstanding the number of incredulous people, I had the most perfect confidence in you. I told my father, when I heard of your election, that sooner or later you would reach the point to which parliamentary influence leads ; and this perhaps at no very remote period. I do not wish it for your own sake ; but I ardently desire it for the sake of morality.

Your motion for the abolition of capital punishment produced the immediate effect which I expected. It has not contributed to render you popular, in the low sense of the word (and there is a very low sense attached to the word) ; but this impure wave of popular wrath will pass away, and popularity come afterwards, as a halo round your triumph. You recollect the explosion with which your speech on the Bisson affair was received. You never feared to attack those vulgar idols. At first, the common herd did not understand you, nor indeed could they. In the beginning of your attempt, your opinions must have appeared to them *isolated*. A stranger to all coteries, and intrigues, you allowed the connected links of your public conduct to escape them. It is, however, evident that during the last two years many people have perceived that all your parliamentary acts are to be found in the prolongation of the same straight line,

Tell me, my dear friend, is it not so?—is it not just what we long ago predicted together with certainty.

Notwithstanding the considerable armaments apparently preparing in all countries, I have a confident hope that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed. I do not think the Governor-general of India shares my confidence on this head; for he is about to send a splendid embassy to Runjeet Sing, which certainly is not a matter of ordinary courtesy. Its object can only be to strengthen the bonds of amity between the two governments, and enlighten Runjeet as to his true interests, which are closely connected with those of the Company in the event of an aggression by Russia. Nothing, in fact, is more practicable than the march of a large European army, with all its *matériel*, from Toplis to Delhi. It would even have the choice of three different roads, by which it might debouch in three columns upon India. And such is the stupidity of the Indian princes, that they would either forsake the British Government, or act against it, the moment a Russian army crossed the Sutledge. Yet what other nation in Europe would have left the vanquished in India so fair a portion? But the Asiatic nations will always remain in their nonage; they are not to be taught by experience.—Turkey and Persia will force Russia to occupy their last village, as the Indian princes have compelled the Company to absorb them all into its power, one after the other. They have all succumbed, in the rashest and most stupid attempts against the Colossus, which would have left them in peace, had they not madly provoked it. Thirty years ago, the British, after having driven the Mahrattas from Delhi, found, imprisoned in the

fort, a blind old man, whose long life had been but an uninterrupted series of misfortunes. This was Shah Allum, the descendant of Timur. He had never reigned but by name. The British have left him his vain title, and pay him all the honours formerly enjoyed by the Mogul Emperors. They pay him a splendid annual pension (four millions of francs); and they further guarantee to his family, his title, honours, dignities, and advantages. After all this, what use do you think he once made of the guns which they gave him for form sake to fire a salute whenever he leaves his palace? He fired them one day at the British troops. In less than five minutes the imperial palace was attacked, and the guns retaken. Such are Indian princes! They are like children, who cannot be trusted with a razor in their hands; and this is the case, not with the princes alone, but with the whole population, which is utterly destitute of reason and moral sense. I make no difference in this respect between Mussulmauns and Hindoos: both are equally uncivilisable—at least so long as they preserve their religion.

A-propos of uncivilisable people: my papers of yesterday have informed me again that from Mexico to Buenos Ayres, throughout equatorial America, in short, the people are fighting with fury. Without knowing it positively, I already supposed this to be the case. The liberation of South America from Spain is, I think, a misfortune—it was premature. Had it been delayed half a century or a century, the social progress which the mother country would have made during that period—the benefits of which progress it might have communicated to its colonies—would have qualified the inhabit-

ants for an independent and free government. Hayti, however rude its political institutions, still appears to me the pattern republic, or rather government, among all these new states. It is the only one in which the citizens are not continually cutting each other's throats.

Adieu, my dear and excellent friend, adieu! How I long to hear from you. The last letters which I received from Europe, were dated July 22nd—that is to say, ten months ago! Adieu: I love and embrace you with my whole heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Cashmeer, June 11th 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—M. Allard, writing to me a few days ago by the royal daak, (which, running night and day, goes in four days from this place to Lahore), has been so awkward as to tell me that, on the previous evening, he had despatched a messenger to me with a number of newspapers and letters from India, one packet of which is from Chandernagore. Perhaps this man may arrive to-day. How can I help thinking of him twenty times an hour? In my reply to the General, I begged him never to announce letters from Chandernagore beforehand; for the disappointment would be too cruel if they turned out to be only a few insignificant lines from that place. Having been eleven months without hearing from you, I confess that unfortunately I possess not your stoicism to put a good face upon the matter. If, among my brothers in Adam, in Cashmeer, I could find any like myself, they would see my head droop whenever I think of you, my friends, and our country.

Instead of M. Allard's messenger, one arrived this morning from—guess from whom?—from Ahmed Shah, King of Little Tibet, a very polite gentleman truly. He writes to me, that being informed of my arrival in Cashmeer, he is eager to assure me of his friendship and zeal. He places his country at my disposal; and his messenger, who is a confidential servant, as Eurybates was formerly to Agamemnon, confirms his master's respect and attachment to the British. The good man adds, that the Sikhs are a pack of scoundrels, and tells me that with one or two British regiments I might proceed a great way. To receive these confidential communications, I took care, under pretence of requiring his services as an interpreter, to send for the man whom I know to be Runjeet Sing's spy here. I made him read Shah Ahmed's firman literally, and charged him to prepare the reply, which I dictated summarily. I send him back a page of compliments; inform him that I am delighted at being so near him (fourteen days' march), since my presence in Cashmeer overwhelms him with happiness; adding, that I am not an Englishman, but only an intimate friend of the Company. As for the presents which he offers me—gold, musk, and rock crystal from his mountains, I thank him infinitely for them; but state that he will oblige me much more if he will despatch all his subjects in pursuit of the wild beasts of his dominions, and send them to me alive. I think, too, I shall ask him some questions on the geography of the countries which surround his own.

This singular communication, I have no doubt, is an answer to overtures indiscreetly made six or seven years ago to Ahmed Shah, by Mr. Moorcroft. This gentle-

man was an English physician in the Company's service. He was superintendant of the stud in India: a very lucrative employment. The Government allowed him several times leave of absence, of which he took advantage to travel to the North of the Himalaya. Central Asia was to him what the "Real Essences" are to somebody else. But the jug goes to the well so often that it gets broken at last. Mr. Moorcroft died there of putrid fever, or a dose of poison, or a gun-shot wound; which, has never yet been properly explained. He went to Ladak, and thence to Cashmeer, where he inhabited the same garden I now occupy. He thought that by jesuitically assuming a political capacity which he no more possessed than I do, he should smooth many difficulties which impeded the object of his journey; and he wrote a very ambiguous letter to Ahmed Shah, which fell into the hands of Runjeet Sing, who, in his turn, forwarded it to the British Government without complaint or comment. But a duplicate having reached Ahmed Shah, he thought the British at his door; and although for six years he might have convinced himself that they would wait very patiently until he opened it to them, he mistakes me for Mr. Moorcroft's successor, and makes overtures to me. If Runjeet Sing still entertains any suspicions of me, I trust that my candour on this occasion will completely dissipate them. I have acted without artifice, or rather without cunning; and this is evidently the most cunning way of acting. Shah Ahmed, by his poverty, is, in his desert dominions, quite secure from Sikh invasion; so I do not commit him in the least, by making this parade of my honesty of purpose.

If my Tibetan ambassador were a spy and Shah Ahmed's letter a counterfeit, Runjeet would be delightfully mystified by my taking his known spy for my secretary to undeceive the pretended Ahmed. But the cunning Sing would not dare to play me such a trick.

Not but I sometimes perceive the little snares that he lays for me. Not long ago, the Governor sent me his secretary to say that he had just received a most mortifying letter from the King. Runjeet stated in this letter that I had written to him that he (the Governor) was a fool,—that nothing went on right in Cashmeer,—that he surrounded himself with a set of asses, and left clever people unemployed. He commanded the Governor to ask me who the clever people were, and to employ all whom I might indicate. I told the secretary the truth: that I had never written any thing of the kind to the Maharajah; and that the latter no doubt was laughing at his master, or trying to stimulate his zeal by making him uneasy. The poor devil of a Governor insisted on my immediately becoming grand elector of Cashmeer. He humbly confessed that he was no better than a fool,—a very true confession. He offered to make a clear house of it. He particularly entreated that I would give him a certificate of my satisfaction; for he seemed persuaded that I had complained of him to the Maharajah; and the fate of the brigand Neal Sing has inspired the long beards here with a salutary dread of my influence over Runjeet. I refused giving him the certificate; but promised to continue informing the King that I was satisfied with the Governor, so long as the latter should continue to afford me grounds of satisfaction. As for

the office of grand elector, I showed him the absurdity of his request.

I believe that Runjeet played off this joke upon the Governor, merely to find out whether I had the slightest inclination to interfere in his affairs. But on whatever point he presents himself, he will be repulsed with the same loss.

There is nothing upright and honest in the natives of this country—they are perfidious in everything. It is ridiculous for a European to play at the same game with them—we must always be their dupes. The sublimest scoundrel of the kind with us, is, I am persuaded, but a child compared to Runjeet Sing. To put them out of countenance, we have only to be honest, as is natural to us, never to understand hints, and to speak always in a loud voice.

I am getting ready for an excursion to the frontiers. The King's spy, who is at the head of the chancery, has begged the favour of being allowed to attend me. His request shall certainly be granted; and he shall have enough of attending me at once to repay his zeal, for I think of leaving the rogue frozen upon some mountain peak.

The summer here is very hot. The Governor sends me ice every morning; and I have taught my khansama how to make very light iced punch. I finish my dessert with it; and you must admit that in so barbarous a country this is no slight luxury. But I have more lace than shirts. I shall soon have sixty-eight servants in my pay, which will make the Rajah's rupees change hands very rapidly. Every morning a sheep, a dozen

fowls, a basket of eggs, a sack of rice and flour, and all other things in proportion are brought to me; and—I have not a bit of bread to eat!

Adieu! for I am in a humour to complain; and that would be too bad. I must reserve the right of remonstrance for bad days; and perhaps I shall have more than one before we meet.

TO M. NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, CAPTAIN OF
ARTILLERY IN THE ARMY OF THE MOREA.

Cashmeer, June 12th 1831.

Do not measure, my dear George, the pleasure I have in writing to you by the smallness of the paper. I have not the luck to be a warrior, like yourself: far from it, especially in point of leisure. Business pours upon me from all quarters, and I am forced to be concise in my supplication, prayer, or request—call it which you will.

The object of the present letter is to move your bowels of compassion as my cousin-german—german and half—and to stimulate your artilleryman's laziness so far as to make you take pen, ink, and paper—the largest possible sheet of the latter—and, without preamble or circumlocution, but entering at once into the matter, tell me about the world, and how it goes on where you are—at Athens or Paris, Arras or Berlin,—no matter;—though I should prefer, for your own sake, that your chronicle was dated from Paris. Gossip above all:—it is the only true thing. Truth suffers cruelly in a wig; thus disguised, it is no longer like itself. Gossip,

then—tell me all about Greece. You have there become in a certain degree my colleague in the East. Well! tell me—Is not the credulity of the good souls of the West a blessing for us?—for in fact, if we are anxious to appear to have seen wonders, our imagination has only to invent them. But between us, no inventions if you please—honesty among thieves! Tell me, then, without exaggeration, all about Canaris, Mavrocordato, Odysseus, Mavromichaelis, and other famous Turkeaters. If you are in France, give me politics of course; but above all, forget the papers you read in the morning. If you are doing the hero of artillery *en tilbury*, or that of freedom at Berlin or Vienna, sing of your own fame, but in vile prose. I am the only animal of my species in this corner of the world, so far separated from all others; and, to turn my attention from the animals, minerals, and plants of Cashmeer, I have from time to time the Persian Chronicle of the Court of Lahore—very poor nourishment for the political genius of our family. Put yourself to a little inconvenience, then, my good friend, and with a good grace. Your letter may reach me in twelve months. It will perhaps find me in one of those situations through which I have already so often passed—in solitude so profound, that I shall be indebted to it for a pleasure much greater than the annoyance which, from your laziness, it may have caused you. Tell or write to Zoé, that for her punishment she deserves to learn Latin, as we did, in order to understand *pauca multis*.

Adieu, my dear friend. Take care of muskets, if any are fired near you, and get out of the way of bullets when you see them coming—at least if such is the

tom. I am very well, and am preparing to complete my thirtieth year, which brings us singularly near to each other. Farewell.

P.S. For local character—which you have a right to expect from a correspondent at Cashmeer—know that I am writing this to you with a reed from Kathay, and would give a thousand of them for one goose-quill.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Cashmeer, June 14th 1831.

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—For several days I have been upon thorns. A short time ago M. Allard wrote to me by the royal daak, that he had despatched a messenger to me the day before, with a monstrous packet from beyond the Sutledge, and what is more, from Chandernagore. This messenger could and ought to have been here yesterday—the day before yesterday—or even the day before that; and he is not yet arrived! To-day I was to have set out on a ten days' excursion towards the frontiers; but it is impossible to start,—anxiety keeps me here. If you give way to the blue devils as I do, during the long interruptions of our correspondence, I trust, my friend, that you may not happen to be deprived of letters from the 22nd of July to the 14th of June following; and that the fault may not be mine, if this misfortune should happen, I will write either to you or to my father more frequently than I have hitherto done. This I will do on account of the distance, which will make my letters more valuable, and at the same time increase their chance of being lost on their way.

You may have perceived that after crossing the Sutledge I had an attack of a new passion,—I mean avarice. But the numerous mortifications to which it has exposed me, have cured me of it. The people of Cashmeer have an admirable knack of borrowing money, which they never repay. In a single fortnight, eight hundred rupees have thus melted away, independently of a number of presents which I have been obliged to make. It is high time that I was again wandering through the mountains. I have at last made up my mind to resign myself to, or I have resigned myself to making up my mind to, recross the Sutledge, as poor as when I crossed it on the 2nd of March, and to consider the fruit of the Rajah's liberality, as a sort of loan, which I ought to repay by doing as much honour to it as possible in his dominions. I am, however, refitting, and shall return to India with a new wardrobe. My *fumée Navarin* coat, which has visited so many countries within the last three years,—the four quarters of the globe,—has reached a truly ominous state of maturity. It is serving as a pattern for its successor, which is to be made of black shawl, waistcoat and trowsers of the same, together with a duplicate of each. The materials of which these new clothes are made, are wonderfully adapted to the climate of India, where coats and trowsers of French cloth heat one red hot. I have, besides all this, an immense Persian dressing gown, of the same stuff. This will come into use, five months hence, at Semla, and elsewhere in the winter,—not to mention the service I hope it will some day render me at Paris. Those devils of Englishmen have the wonderful art (the secret of which lies in their riches or their debts) of procuring all the com-

modities of Europe, at the end of the world. For our single *Journal des Modes*, ten journals of the same kind are published in London. The British in India and Van Diemen's Land subscribe to them; their wives eagerly peruse them; and each family, though living whole years in a remote district, without any European witness of its existence, ruins itself in millinery and other finery, in order to be in the fashion. This is the extreme of folly. I found a small society at Semla, almost every member of which would be deemed ridiculous among us for the importance they attach to the cut of their boots, coat, or hat; and I have thought it prudent not to appear among them again except with a coat the costly materials of which will compensate for its old-fashioned cut.

But where the deuse are you, my good brother? Returned, perhaps, to Wilna? For I confess I now believe in the possibility of a war, if there be a revolution in Prussia, which appears to me inevitable. But I trust it will not last long; and that, for the last time, we shall execute justice on the kings and aristocracies of Europe. What blunders did the Chamber of Deputies commit in the first week of last August! I see by the English papers that M. de Lafayette has resigned the command of the National Guard, which proves that there is discord in the camp of our friends. But now that we have returned to the famous legal order, how can we sweep off the peers by an ordinance? Peyronnet would cry out from his prison, "Set me free, since you have infringed the new charter, as I did the old!" My greatest anxiety, however, is concerning my father's fate, deprived as he perhaps is of your company. This

is dreadful. I should have felt more when I left him, could I have foreseen the course of political probabilities since the revolution. Adieu for to-day! I am tormented with anxiety, and not fit for anything. Adieu!

Cashmeer, August 5th 1831.

Here, my dear Porphyre, I have begun the packet which I lately announced, from Vernague. In this city, I find some of its fragments, together with some other epistolary scraps; and, comforting myself with the notion that every thing of the same description is good when it comes from a distance of some thousands of leagues, I despatch this remnant to Chandernagore. I am adding an ell in this large hand for the obliging M. Augustin Taboureau. Yesterday arrived a messenger from M. Allard, who, for twenty-four hours, was considered dead. He has written only a few lines to assure me of his resurrection; but without any particulars. I therefore know not what his complaint was. At this moment there is no contagious disease in the Punjab. Public health here is perfect. I have not seen a single case of cholera, in spite of my curiosity to do so,—no more than lions and tigers,—no more than I did yellow fever in Haiti. It would seem as if the devil placed himself in my way, to prevent me from seeing.

The Calcutta Gazettes of the 4th of July apprise me of another change of ministry at home. The famous legal order always appears tottering. This vexes and grieves me. The most contradictory accounts of the fate of Poland arrive from Persia and Bombay; and my Delhi friends forward them to me. Then I see that

there is a native regent in Belgium, without any talk of a king; that there are revolutions in Italy, and still no general war.

I am very well, and work hard. During my weeks of sedentary labour, all day in my chair, I used to be unwell, and had no appetite in the evening. I have provided against this evil, by taking a good swim at sunset. It is literally a warm bath that I take. The proof of my strength is, that I swim an hour,—to be sure, without exertion, and in still water. By pursuing this plan, I sleep at night, which I could not do previously, without some equivalent fatigue. Bestir yourself in delivering the inclosed letters.

It is not merely a splendid embassy that the British Government now talk of sending to Runjeet Sing: the Governor-general desires to have a personal interview with the Maharajah. My friend Wade has returned to Lahore, to negotiate the etiquette at the meeting of the two stars of the East. They are counting steps and half steps, and regulating beforehand the insignificant sentences which are to be exchanged. This is a very serious affair; and I do not think Wade will manage it well. The high contracting parties, as they say, have irreconcilable or incompatible pretensions, which form the subject of parley at this present time. What Lord William wants of Runjeet Sing, I cannot guess,—to frighten him, perhaps, and show him how easy it would be to crush him. The colonel of one of the two regiments of British cavalry in the Calcutta presidency writes to me from Semla that he has been appointed to command, not the escort, but the army, which is to

accompany the Governor-general to his interview with Runjeet, if it take place,—or the embassy to Lahore, in the reverse case. He will take his regiment of lancers, a regiment of native cavalry, one of European infantry, two of Sipahes, and a battery of light artillery,—all selected for the occasion. I know not how the Maharajah will relish so many honours.

I laughed heartily at Cashmeer, nor did they laugh less at Semla, at the grand Oriental periods of General Lamarque, about Russia, the Balkan, the Caucasus, Persia, China, and the cruel oppression with which the “perfidious islanders” keep down a hundred millions of Indians, ripe for revolt. I wish that legal order went on as well at Paris as it does from Cape Comorin to the peaks of the Himalaya. It is enough to make one burst with laughter. I abandon, without mercy, to the ridicule of my English friends, all my countrymen who indulge in such folly. I know not whether it is that I read these things coolly after a year’s interval; but the bulletins of the army in Africa appeared to me quite as ludicrous. Our soldiers on the Atlas were *as great as Atlas himself!!!* This is Victor Hugo all over. I believe that now-a-days people laugh heartily at Napoleon’s bulletins, even their happiest claptraps. Honour to common sense!

In one of your last letters, you advise me not to return through any country at war with France. Many thanks for the advice: it is very well to be prudent among the Russians. It appears that these scoundrels have intercepted some British travellers in Persia, and sent them to cool their heels in Siberia. Make your-

self easy—I shall be prudent. Adieu! My boat is ready, and the sun sinking. Fear not that I shall drown myself. I embrace you, and my father, with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

*Vernague, at the Source of the Hydaspes,
in Cashmeer.—July 19th 1831.*

At length, my dear father, I am happy! I yesterday received your letter of the 1st and 3rd November. It was just a year since I had heard from you. The events of the revolution, with their divers and unforeseen chances, filled up this long interval, and opened my mind to a thousand cruel anxieties. God be praised!—and thanks to you, and the chain of friendly hands by means of which your letter found me in the depth of these solitudes! M. Allard's messenger travelled a hundred and fifty leagues in nine days to bring it to me from Lahore. But I have rewarded him well for his diligence. I keep him a day, in the midst of the forests in which I am encamped, and where I shall make a halt of twenty-four hours, to re-peruse your letter and that of Porphyre, after having already read them many times, run through the French papers of February which came with them from Semla, and reply to you both. But where am I to begin? The emotion of pleasure which I feel is a complete nervous fever;—my hand shakes, my thoughts are in confusion. This letter of the 1st of November is numbered 20, and I have not received

your Nos. 17, 18, and 19. But M. Cordier of Chandernagore, writes to me that, at intervals of a few days, he despatched to me three packets from France before this one; and M. Allard's express informs me that another messenger less active than himself, is on his way to Cashmeer, having left Lahore thirteen days ago. I have decided that he must be the bearer of these three packets from France, mentioned by M. Cordier; and you may judge whether this expectation is calculated to calm my anxiety.

Age engenders mistrust, if not timidity. What I most dreaded was, to learn that the political agitations of our country had deprived you of your habitual security of mind, to which you owe the happy quietude of your old age. I was afraid Porphyre might be absent from Paris, and you left alone in your uneasiness. But you have removed all my fears; and henceforth I shall always think of you with additional happiness. My nature has no tendency to hope. It is perhaps on this account that I enjoy present good more exquisitely. When it comes, I have it in all its intensity: for in my dreams of the future, I have not anticipated its enjoyment.

I shall still be badly off with twelve thousand francs a year. It is less than the pay of an infantry captain in India; and I am forced into a number of expenses foreign to the wants of an officer. My journeys, and my collections, render the necessity of this additional expense evident,—especially in the mountains, where my caravan cannot move without the help of a great number of carriers. Here, for instance, in excursions of a fortnight at a time from Cashmeer, leaving the

bulky part of my baggage in that city, and reducing the number of my followers as much as possible, I require twenty-nine men. Yet I have not to trouble myself, as in the Company's territories, about providing for the subsistence of these people, nor for that of my domestics: the Rajah does it all! How could I do it myself? I have more than a hundred men in my camp. There are some acts of service excessively repugnant to the habits of the Asiatics, whether Hindoos or Mohammedans, and which they cannot be brought to perform, except by the hope of a very considerable gain;—and even this often fails to tempt them. On my arrival in Cashmeer, I taught two Cashmeerian servants to assist me in my zoological preparations. They gained more at it in a month than they would otherwise have done in a year; and yet they have left me. One of them was a hunter;—when the people saw him killing all sorts of animals, they rose upon him, beat him, and broke his gun. I had thirty of the mutineers bastinadoed, and threatened with a more severe punishment in case of a second offence. My man was not beaten again, but he became an object of general contempt and hatred; and he told me one day that he could no longer follow a craft which rendered him so odious. The other also resigned. I can find none to take their places. In these barbarous countries, religion meddles with everything, and raises a crowd of obstacles against the curiosity and ardour of a European traveller, such as you have no conception of.

If M. Cordier is still at Chandernagore, which I think probable, I will send all my collections to him from Delhi, requesting him to re-pack them himself, with

the attention and care requisite for their voyage by sea, and also to ship them. If he is no longer there, I know of no one at Calcutta from whom I can request such a service. All the men I am acquainted with there are overwhelmed with business. I wrote long ago to this effect to the Jardin des Plantes, and I hope the gentlemen there will yield with a good grace to the necessity of waiting.

You ask me what I think of our Indian possessions. I have heard that there was a talk of purchasing from our Government, Pondichery and our other factories in India. The price was even stated: it was said to be a million sterling. I do not, however, know what steps may have been taken to realise this wish of the Company. Were I to be asked as to the propriety of accepting such an offer, I should say "Yes" a thousand times. Our microscopical establishments in India are always ridiculous, and a humiliating anomaly in the event of war. The younger M. Desbassyns wishes to give a degree of importance to Pondichery which it is not capable of acquiring. As for the consent of the inhabitants to the change of sovereignty, the British, if they desired the transfer, would purchase it with money. Our trade with India, generally ruinous to speculators who embark in it, is not capable of much extension. The productions we send thither are consumed only by the scanty number of inhabitants of European origin. They consist of Bordeaux wines, silk goods, and Bourbon coffee; and to the latter island most vessels carry back rice bought in Bengal. M. Desbassyns' establishments at Pondichery must perish, because the British provinces have natural advantages which that locality

does not possess for the same branch of industry. They have a more fertile soil, a more favourable climate, cheaper labour, and capital, which latter we want.

To what absurd tale do you allude, my dear father, when you talk about Afghans descending from Cashmeer to conquer Bengal? In the first place, there is not a single Afghan left in Cashmeer; Runjeet Sing drove them out twelve years ago, and it was no difficult task. The last King of Cabul whom I saw at Loodheeana, Shah Shoodjah el Molok, who is well acquainted with his old subjects, told me that with a regiment of English Sipahces, it would be easy for him to re-possess himself of his crown. And he spoke the truth. All these nations fight but little, and from a great distance fire their shot, which kills nobody. They then run away. If there be only a little cavalry to overtake them, or a sufficient number to surround them, they are exterminated. Should Runjeet Sing think he could prudently absent himself for some time from the Punjab, nothing would be easier for him than to re-conquer the whole of Afghanistan. Runjeet Sing's is the only power which has stood with that of the British. But the respective revenues of the two states will give you their relative resources. That of the Company amounts to twenty-six millions sterling; that of Runjeet to three; and he can only come up to this amount by excessive taxes, which often tempt his subjects to place themselves in the power of the British. The latter have nothing to fear from war, unless it be with the Russians. They might crush Runjeet in a couple of months, if they chose. The only internal danger

possible for the British power would be a partial revolt of its native army.

I have but little curiosity to cross a few Persian provinces, as I return to Europe. I think I can do more and better by prolonging my stay in India, and applying myself more particularly to the great chain of the Himalaya. I wish very much that the minister of the interior would consent to the plan I have sent him to that effect. He has, perhaps, made up his mind by this time. In a work upon the Himalaya, there would be great unity, which would be wanting in my labours, were they to embrace, at the same time, a very great extent of territory, of which I have crossed only a few lines at long intervals. To fill up this void I should be compelled to borrow from others, and my work would therefore want originality in many parts.

I told you long ago of my contempt for what is very gratuitously termed *Indian history*. Assuredly my opinion on this subject could not be changed by the traditions preserved in Cashmeer. Nevertheless, I am having a copy made of a somewhat rare book—a very modern Persian translation from a Sanscrit text, the date of which I do not know, but which I suppose to be the same whence Mr. Wilson of Calcutta has extracted for the Asiatic Researches a list of the Indian Kings of Cashmeer. The Persian translator, who lived a hundred years ago, has added to the work. I shall have an almost perfect translation when I leave the country, for I read it with my Mogul secretary as the writer who copies it, brings me the sheets. He explains in Hindostanee the passages too elaborate for my comprehen-

sion, and lies in his beard when he finds an Arabic quotation, for he does not understand Arabic any better than I do. However, the book is a wretched rhapsody: D'Eckstein all over, and worse still.

My letters from Tibet must have undeceived you long since with reference to the state of the population among whom I spent the last summer. The natives are very different beyond the Sutledge, where the influence of order, exercised by the neighbourhood of the British, has not yet reached them. There is a ferocious disposition in the Sikhs, which I sometimes perceive. Whilst I was going about the highest mountains in this country, a month ago, the two sects of Mussulmauns, mingled in a very unequal proportion in Cashmeer, were quarrelling about their religion. The Sikh guard sent to put down the quarrel, set fire to the city,—thus troubling the water for the sake of fishing in it. The two parties fought, killed, and burnt each other for twenty-four hours. It was fortunate that I had left a strong guard at home, for the plunderers came, but were received sword in hand and repulsed. I found everything at my dwelling as I had left it. On my arrival here yesterday, the chief of a neighbouring fortress, who on my passing through his territory had paid me an humble visit, sent some soldiers to me with a most insolent message. He said he would prevent me from going further. I immediately wrote him a threatening letter. He replied that he was only obeying Runjeet Sing's orders. For a moment I suspected the Rajah of treachery. Nevertheless I wrote again, telling the chief that he was an impudent liar, and that I should demand a signal revenge from Runjeet Sing. To-day, the

wretch came to beg pardon!—yet he perhaps spoke the truth in designating the Rajah as the author of the prohibition which he wished to impose upon me; but he knew that it would be disavowed by the prince, and that he should be punished for his indiscreet zeal. Baseness, perfidy, cruelty, and arrogance, are the prevailing features in the national character. Notwithstanding the reparation that has been made, I have just written to the King to have the fellow punished. I must not pardon the least want of attention: the impunity of one would be the signal of a general attack. Runjeet continues my friend, at least ostensibly. The messenger of yesterday brought me another letter from him as friendly as usual. This is the third time he has written to me since my arrival in Cashmeer. I was going to demand my passports in spite of all this friendship, when the excuses of the Governor of Islamabad arrived.

General Cartwright, my host at Delhi last winter, has written to me that he shall be summoned to Calcutta next winter, to give evidence in a criminal prosecution. He is a kind and excellent man, and has shown me much kindness. His absence will not be disadvantageous to me, as it will allow me to live with Mr. William Fraser during my third stay in the old Mogul capital. My intimacy with Mr. Fraser is quite of a different nature;—there is a good deal of resemblance between us. He is my true friend. We wished to live together; but so long as the good General Cartwright was there, there was no thinking about it. The general would never have forgiven my leaving him. He also states in his letter that the Commander-in-chief and the

Governor-general think of leaving Semla very soon; I may possibly therefore miss the latter. I should regret it much; for I have not reached the end of the obligations which I wish him to confer upon me. If my Himalaya project is approved of at Paris, Lord William will have to take the same steps in my favour with the Rajah of Catmandoo that he did with Runjeet, in order that the prince of Nepaul may remove the prohibition which he has laid upon the travelling of Europeans in his dominions. Before that period comes, the Governor-general ought to receive the thanks of our minister of the interior for what he has hitherto done towards the success of my journey. His kind intentions would be thus strongly supported, and I shall have need of all his favour to gain an entrance into Nepaul; for at the other extremity of India the Rajah of Catmandoo is the pendant to Runjeet Sing: he is powerful, and suspicious of the British. The quickness of my visit to the one after leaving the dominions of the other, may, I have no doubt, appear singular to the Calcutta diplomatists, who are not very bright, though they fancy themselves so clever. They will remark that such was not at all my purpose when I left Bengal, as I then announced my intention of proceeding almost in a direct line to Bombay. I foresaw their objections, when I wrote my memorial to the minister, and took care to inform Sir C. Grey of it. The Chief Justice has therefore been long aware of the alteration in my plans, and will, when necessary, make it known to Sir Charles Metcalfe.

The Mogul Emperors were quite stage kings. The monuments of their grandeur were scarcely superior to

theatrical decorations. Akbar, Jehanguire, Shah Jehan, and Aurung-Zeb, reigned in the seventeenth century. They expended immense treasures upon Cashmeer, their new conquest. Nothing remains of their extravagant magnificence, but gigantic trees. Their palaces have fallen into decay, and are almost everywhere effaced. Yet the old buildings dedicated to the Indian worship are still standing. Their number, and the immense labour bestowed upon them, bear witness to a very long period of indigenious Rajahs before the introduction of Islamism in the eleventh century.

I have hitherto seen no reason to surrender my own experience to the Oriental proverb about the beauty of the Cashmeerian women ; and I despair of ever doing so. The number of sick who come to me is endless. A crowd of poor and diseased people gather round my tent, like a gayer one round our theatres. Unfortunately almost all are incurable. There is blindness of all descriptions, and a host of wretches worn down with the most dreadful diseases, which they owe to us. I give alms to those whom I cannot relieve with medicine ; and I derive pleasure from the thought that some do not leave me without a feeling of gratitude.

I am sorry that M. Cordier of the museum, who has so strongly supported my interests, has not found time to tell me himself of the new obligations he has conferred upon me. Very shortly I shall write to thank him, and, at the same time, shall make up for the silence which, since my departure, I blame myself for having maintained towards Madame Cordier.

My Calcutta banker has written to me lately about the annnal settlement of our accounts. The result is,

that on the 30th of April 1831, he had a balance in my favour of two thousand six hundred rupees. I shall not want any of this money before I return to British India, having still about as much in Cashmeer, arising from the Rajah's presents. I have moreover a right to depend upon the supplement of two thousand francs from the Jardin for the years 1830 and 1831, and also four thousand francs from the interior for those two years. This would make a sum total of twelve thousand francs more than my banker thinks I have. With that, and the two thousand six hundred rupees I have at Calcutta, I can proceed next year in any direction whatever. My ambition would be to bring back with me to Europe the sum for which I am indebted to the Rajah alone: that is to say, about fourteen thousand francs. This I consider my own property, whilst I look upon the funds from the Jardin and the Minister of the Interior, as having been placed in my hands as a steward, to employ them in the furtherance of my undertaking. I am obliged to the Rajah for much more than these fourteen thousand francs; for since my departure from Lahore, the heavy expense of all my means of conveyance has been almost wholly at his charge. To this I ought also to add the whole expense of my subsistence, to which he does not allow me to contribute. I shall have eaten at his expense four or five hundred sheep, many thousand fowls, and many things besides, ere I get among the British again. Do not suppose that I am a bit the fatter for it. People do not gain flesh at my trade: there are too many fatigues attending it. Besides, my health is not very good; it often experiences little derangements, which I should not

perceive if they came at longer intervals, but the constant repetition of them is sometimes annoying. I suspect that in this European climate, the absolute and lengthened privation of spirituous liquors is prejudicial to my stomach; and if my approaching campaign is to be carried on in the mountains, I will try and have, every day, a glass of wine to drink with my evening meal. I shall refresh myself at Kennedy's at Semla, in the month of October or November.

The cholera, which you mention, is not unknown in Cashmeer. It has appeared there twice since the Sikh conquest, and the Cashmeerians do not fail to attribute its importation to their new masters. But if this disease is resisted at first, and immediately encountered with the violent remedies discovered by experience, it is not very dangerous in India. You know that the good and learned physician, whose friendly advice I received at Calcutta, did not let me depart without supplying me with those remedies prepared by himself;—the box follows me like my shadow. Be easy therefore on this score. In general do not believe in any disagreeable newspaper reports, such as sedition among the troops, revolts, wars, contagious disorders, &c. &c. : these things are but little known in the world which I inhabit. I think a man must be rather stupid to allow himself to die at thirty; and I have the vanity to believe that I shall not commit such a piece of folly for a long time to come. I take a close view of the thing, and do not act rashly—I am not so careless as all that. Porphyre confirms what you tell me, and what I very sincerely believed without the corroboration of his testimony—that your health is excellent. Is not this a time to

live, when there is so much to be seen? Although you may have exaggerated a little the consequences of the principle of immortality which you find in your experience of life, that is to say, in the very fact of your great age, I think with you that this experience may serve to redeem a part of its original cost. Cerebral activity is certainly a principle of longevity. See what an age most men celebrated for intellectual labours, have attained.

Adieu! dear and excellent father! Your letter has restored to me the tranquillity I had lost. I am about to work with an ardour which has never relaxed, and with a freedom of thought of which I have for some time been in want. I shall now do everything better and quicker. Kind regard to all friends: they will understand that in a short halt in the midst of woods, I can only repeat my greetings to them collectively. Adieu! I embrace you with all my heart.

19th, Evening.

General Allard's second messenger is just arrived with all that I was expecting from you. I have fifty letters to read; for there are a score from India, and all very long ones:—a charming one from Lady William Bentinck, and one from my friend Colonel Fagan, whom Porphyre cannot know without liking him.

TO M^{LLE}. ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS:

Mountains of Cashmeer, July 20th 1831.

YESTERDAY after writing to you, my dear Zoé, I received, with fifty others at the same time, your long

letter written immediately after the revolution, and resumed at different intervals. It is quite a volume. You must feel that it is impossible for me to answer every part of it; but it shall remain a couple of months in my portfolio. I will read it over more than once, and my thoughts will reply to it, doubt it not, in my solitary marches, or during my sleepless nights when the mountain storm keeps me awake in my tent. Permit me to tell you only, my good cousin, that you have not sufficient confidence in me. Open the "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes," where you will see, in the tables of mortality, that the fatal chances are almost null at our age. I firmly believe that though I roam about the world, I increase them only by an absolutely insignificant fraction. I was formerly near being crushed to death on the Alps, by an avalanche of stones; I was also near being drowned in the Niagara, and swam during a quarter of an hour without any hope of reaching the bank; in fine, I have had many other narrow escapes;—but life is made up of such things, and we often very closely miss losing it, before we lose it in reality. I am beginning to compare myself to an old china vase, brittle in its nature, and easily broken, but hardened by accidents, and accustomed to fall without breaking. Never, therefore, couple gloomy apprehensions with the thought of me. You would do much better, if you continue to grant me the favour of thinking about me, to try to imagine the beautiful scenery with which I am surrounded in this pretended Paradise of India.

You tell me that my friends regret my absence on my own account; I have received the same information from several of them, but without understanding what

they would have been desirous of doing with me. I think that if I had been at Paris, I should not have remained a passive spectator of the three great days. Supposing I had escaped with life, what new claim in my profession should I have acquired by the share I might have taken in those military events? None. My friends know very well that I have no fortune, and that I require a professional income above all things. Now I ask myself and you, of what use is a man like me out of his especial sphere? The answer, I confess, embarrasses me. They tell I should have been appointed a prefect;—but, conscious of my incapacity to fill the office, I should have declined it. One of my friends, it is true, a scientific man like myself, holds such an appointment. Formerly he worked in iron; but his trade of smith brought to his attention a multitude of affairs into which he could not fail of acquiring an insight. He had also been mayor of a small commune, and was quite a Minos compared to me. And in fact I am told, that, placed as he is in one of the most delicate of these offices, he gives entire satisfaction to persons of the most opposite politics. But does not diplomacy require some preparatory studies?—is there not a routine to be learnt, except indeed in the more elevated stations? I do not think my friends would ever have thought of getting me appointed minister to the United States. A deputyship then was the only thing; and all talk to me about it. But this does not provide one's bread and butter;—so I go on working hard and steadily, doing my best, let what will come afterwards. I do not deny that, if an unforeseen chance called me to the legislature, some day, I should rejoice

at it ;—I will even confess that I have long wished it. I think I know how to play, in a public assembly, a part which, without requiring great talents, would elicit general assent and esteem, and would perhaps even give the actor some influence. In friendly tête-à-tête, or in very limited circles, I have had the good fortune, more than once, to exercise the art of persuasion upon men who would not have been supposed to take advice from me. Although perhaps peremptory, stiff, and disagreeable with strangers, during the last years of my stay with my father, I was quite different in the outpourings of friendship. It seems that since my voyage to the United States, that is to say, since the fatal period which I have mentioned, my individuality has become remarkably modified and improved. I possess a greater stock of benevolence. It appears to me that I often exercise, towards the indifferent, some of that art of indulgence, good-nature, and persuasion, which they formerly could not discern in me. Art of good-nature and indulgence !—will you not laugh at the contradiction? But, my dear Zoé, I know many men in whose hearts these feelings live, and who, notwithstanding, have never been able to express them. Timidity, false shame, and sometimes vanity, are what stops their expression. Now I am not timid—perhaps even in the opinion of some I am not over-modest, though in the sincerity of my heart I feel that I am modest, but free from false modesty. The uninterrupted chain of benevolence which I have found to guide and support me during the last four years, has perhaps often been unwittingly linked by myself. That which I have everywhere found in my very numerous

personal friendships, I might perhaps also find in public intercourse with a greater number of men at the same time. Shall I tell you that I often hope so?

Meanwhile, I am endeavouring to unravel the confusion in the rocks of the Himalaya, and to separate the truth from their ambiguous testimony concerning the revolutions that have occurred in this part of the globe. I am likewise describing new plants, and seeking to discover the internal form of existence of the singular race of men around me,—each at its proper time.

I am not writing to you in English, from horror of the *you*, which I should nevertheless be obliged to use on pain of not writing to you in English. The *thou* is printed and sung, but never spoken nor written. No relationship nor degree of attachment admits it: the most tender father, the most impassioned lover or husband, has no other form of address than *you*. A mother says *you* to the child in the cradle.

The studies you are pursuing will, in many respects, give you a much more extensive knowledge of the English language than I possess. When we meet I hope I shall be able to serve as a master, to teach you what alone you could not guess at: I mean the capricious pronunciation of that language; and perhaps to show you how to distinguish its double vocabulary, the one part being German or Saxon, the other Latin. Shakspeare uses the former, and Milton also. Pope is exclusively Roman; it is the modern tendency. All languages are gradually approximating, by becoming every day more and more Latinised.

Your choice of the book which you are translating:

surprises me. Each of Sterne's thoughts is almost always an equivocal reticence. It is true that in his "Sentimental Journey" this is always decent. "Tristram Shandy," which I however confess to be one of my favourite books, is, to my great regret, often very coarse. The only excuse for these indecencies is perhaps their enormity, which renders the idea which they convey scarcely comprehensible. We men are little affected by these things; social conventions allow us to adopt manners so different from those imposed upon women! We are almost divested of modesty.

I regret the more, now that I know its subject, the loss of your letter written during the winter of 1829. You must begin it over again. In respect of thought, I do not know you;—let me become fully acquainted with you, and be assured that I shall respect all your opinions, however different from my own. Adieu, my dear cousin!

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Isle of Planes, in the Lake of Cashmeer
August 8th 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—If you could see me to-day, you would scarcely recognise me. I should perhaps appear to you an indolent Asiatic. Within the last few days, the excessive heat has broken down my European energy. I have deserted my garden, which is like a hot-house, and am come upon the lake in search of a breath of air. But even here, at the foot of the mountains, the same calm prevails in the atmosphere. I

envy India its hot winds. I had brought materials with me for working; but I must first try to live, which has been a very laborious task these last few days. Such overpowering heats are rare in Cashmeer; they only come when the periodical summer rains entirely fail, which has been the case this year. The rivers, from which the country derives its subsistence, have been dry for a month past. This is a public calamity. The people wanted the Mollahs to pray in the mosques for rain, but the sky was so unpromising that the Mollahs, expecting but little success from these supplications, made the Sikh Governor, for a long time, forbid that the prayers should be offered up. Yesterday, seeing some stormy clouds about the peak of the mountains, they had the prohibition removed, and the inhabitants of the country hastened from all quarters to a village which I can see from this place, and where they preserve a hair of Mohammed's beard. If there really be such a thing as faith, or true piety, in the world, it is among the Mussulmauns; but the poor wretches will not reap an ear of rice the more for it. The Dervishes, who are the least devout of the faithful, should have come to me and consulted my barometer as to the probable change of weather. The threatening clouds of yesterday dispersed during the night, as I had foreseen, and with a sort of Christian folly foretold. The hot weather has returned to the set-fair of the infernal regions.

The water of the lake is so warm that when I plunge into it, I seem to derive no advantage from the change of element. I must remain a considerable time in it before I feel any coolness. The only place fit for bathing

is very deep, and requires the faculty of swimming. I am grown very skilful in that exercise, and can keep it up a long time; nevertheless it is laborious in still water, and when I get into the boat again, my strength is scarcely recruited.

The sun has not spared me: with the exception of my hands and face, which have long been hardened and blackened, my whole body is of the brightest crimson. The friction of the lightest clothing is torture to me. I have left off my European dress, and avail myself of the conventions of Oriental fashions, which are not very troublesome. A servant stands near me with a huge fan, and, from time to time, administers an artificial tempest, which alone makes me feel that life is an agreeable thing.

Bernier, whose travels I think you have read, speaks of this little island, which is a toy of the Mogul Emperors. It is completely overshadowed by two enormous plane trees, the only ones remaining out of four planted by Shah Jehan. This tells you how small it is. The palace is nothing but a large hall, open to all the winds of heaven when it is their good pleasure to blow. The arches are supported by columns—in a fantastic style, the spoil of some ancient pagoda. Shahlimar, with its fine avenue of poplars, stands opposite. Nichat Bagh, with its fine shady groves, appears like a large black spot at the foot of the yellow-coloured mountains. Opposite to it is Saifkan Bagh, now nothing but a forest of gigantic planes. The little mosque, to which the devout Mussulmauns of India and Persia flock to adore *Azrette Boll*, literally *his Excellency the hair* of their prophet's beard, shows the gilded pinnacle of its

minaret above a group of the same kind of trees. In the back-ground is the throne of Solomon, who was a great traveller according to the Cashmeerian chronicle.

The panorama which surrounds me, calls forth a crowd of recollections;—the inhabitants of Cashmeer look upon it all their lives and it alleviates their misery. I confess that I am still too much of a European to find any charm in it. The figures in an Oriental landscape are picturesque from their costume, but the entire system of morals is very prosaic. In the different ranks of society, the external form of material existence, varies as much as among us, if not more so; but internal life is the same everywhere. There are seldom any passions here to give it relief. With the constant seclusion of the women, their degradation, their impurity, and their plurality, love is rare, as you may easily suppose. Friendship among brothers is scarcely less so: the respect due from the younger to the elder, checks so familiar a feeling. Violent hatred seldom produces anything but degrading crimes; and since the introduction of Islamism, I do not believe that the morals of the people have ever differed much from what they are at present. With us morals create institutions; but the Koran is very different from the Gospel:—it is the book of general law. What variations could morals undergo when modelled upon this immutable law?

I have just made a very extraordinary discovery: I am thirty years of age to-day! The *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* informs us that it is probably half the journey of life; yet it seems as if I were born but yesterday, and these thirty years which have slipped away, appear as but a dream! After all, as nothing is

certain but consciousness, all the rest may perhaps be nothing but a dream. I do not suppose that the "Real Essences" will prove the contrary. I keep to this idea in the hope that the future will be a reality, and evolve with less speed.

Were it only to afford you pleasure, I would not always remain a bachelor. I subscribe to the perfect wisdom of what you wrote to me on the subject in one of your last letters. Lucilius did not receive more philosophical advice. But philosophy has little to do with the matter; it is not the sufficient reason of the affair. Matrimony is a lottery which does not admit of moderate stakes. I have at least this conviction, that the happiness or misery of the rest of my life will depend upon it,—and I am not naturally a gamester! Shall I, when I return to France, still retain the faculty of losing my senses?—and my losing my own senses is not all—it is not even half of the miracle to be performed: I shall have to inspire another with the same madness;—and what talisman shall I bring back with me from Asia to work this charm? I shall return to you tolerably worn out for my thirty odd years, without personal attractions, or youth in manners or mind: I ask you who would notice me? Certainly, a man at my age has left behind him more than half his chances of pleasing. Our customs do not allow that degree of familiarity among young people which alone could make me known and enable me to inspire a deep attachment. In the world, as seen by young ladies, what can they perceive either in the men who pass before them, or even in those who are pointed out to them? Again, here am I thirty years of age, without ever having yet discovered a girl who was not a

mere child. I am fraternally, even paternally, disposed towards them—in short everything which I should not be. They have always returned this feeling! The young English lady, whose fate interested you for a moment, has written to me since she left India. All her letters are quite filial. At Calcutta she saw me exclusively in her father's company, whilst a number of young men, some however not so young as myself, occasionally partook of the hospitality of her family. She has taken me at my word. Have I grown younger since?

The surest way to give a real existence to your castles in the air, would be to carry off, from Cashmeer, one of those beauties said to be so common in Mohammedan families of rank. It would be no difficult matter to negotiate such a thing. But you would find your daughter-in-law so singular an animal in every respect, that you would soon make a present of her to the Jardin des Plantes, where I admit that she would be much more in her place than with you. There is a deeper tinge in the women here, than in the St. Domingo half-castes. You might say that beyond a certain limit there could be no coquetry in being brown;—but such is not the opinion in Cashmeer, for the darkest blacken one half of their faces and bedaub the other with white, red, and yellow. I beg pardon of the fine ladies of the West, but this bedaubing is very becoming: it gives the eyes an expression which justifies all the good and bad verses of the Arabian and Persian poets, upon the eyes of their mistresses.

A gentle breeze is rising, and the sun is just setting behind the mountains. Adieu then, my dear father,

for this is the hour of my deliverance. I shall throw myself into the water, which will certainly be a very poetical act in the enchanted lake of Cashmeer. But when will the time come when I can bathe in prose in the Seine at Paris? My escort suffer from the heat a great deal more than I do. As they lie on the turf at the edge of the lake, they look like fish out of water. They curse with all their heart the little strength I have left. As they are no flatterers, my Sikh officer will tell me that I am no less Secunder-Beg than an Aflatoune; and the intelligent Mogul who acts as my secretary and cicerone, will exclaim, "God is great," and that I am Rustum.

Closed on the 16th of August, as I am mounting my horse for my last excursion into Cashmeer. This will occupy five and twenty days. I have only time to embrace you and Porphyre.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Camp in the desert mountains which divide Cashmeer
from Tibet, August 26th 1831.*

THE wind blows furiously, my dear Porphyre; and it will blow much harder to-morrow on the heights I am going to visit. The cold seizes me here by the feet, at night, as it did last year in Kanawer, and keeps me awake in bed to philosophise upon the atmospheric tides of lofty mountain chains. To-night I was indulging in other reflections; I was thinking about the possibility of a visit of Little Tibetans, who sometimes come a distance of a hundred leagues to plunder a caravan or a

paltry village, carrying off men, women, and children. However, I am well guarded. The chief of this valley, which is about twenty leagues long, has left his castle to accompany me, and his cavalcade increases mine considerably. He is a poor devil, nearly starved to death by the extortions of the Viceroys of Cashmeer. When he is hard pressed, he sometimes rebels, and wages war against Runjeet Sing, holding out for six months together, with his two hundred matchlocks, against the whole Sikh army. I did him the honour of paying him a visit, during which I condescended to drink a cup of tea whilst he dined with my cicerone and Mogul factotum, and the Mussulmaun commander of my escort of lancers. In honour of me, he is turning his country topsy-turvy. He has sent his army to campaign in the forests, and I hope they will bring me some game for the Museum. All this courtesy is interested: it is not from pure love of my Platonic and Socratic wisdom; for my friend Rossoul Mallick hopes through my influence with Runjeet to get released from some heavy arrears due to the treasury of Lahore—*nous verrons*. All the people in this country are not Neal Sings. For instance, my friend the saint at Cashmeer, Mohammed Shah Sahib, being informed of the plan of my excursion, sent one of his deputy saints to Rossoul Mallick to act as my quarter-master; and the good-natured man, who does not know how cold it is here sends me water-melons to refresh me. A good bottle of wine would be much more seasonable. After all, the liquid crystal of the fountain is but a stupid drink. I shall need a great deal of virtue not to get tipsy, like the English, when I am Kennedy's guest again. Tea comes to Cashmeer by

caravans, across Chinese Tartary and Tibet. I know not why the caravan tea has any reputation with us; here it is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking, with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste. All this produces a muddy reddish liquid of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable according to others. I am of the latter opinion. In Kanawer, it is made in another way: after the tea is boiled an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goats' flesh. This makes a detestable ragout, which they call tea. I make mine according to the paternal custom; that is to say, hot water and sugar without any milk; and after taking it, I stretch myself on my bed. It throws me into a perspiration, during which I quickly fall asleep. My Cashmeerian *courta*, which is a very bad conductor of caloric, preserves till two or three in the morning that with which I thus charge myself in the evening. This *courta* would be a riddle to you, if I did not tell you that it is a very thick Cashmeerian robe, a present from Mahommed Shah Sahib. I have likewise discovered that a soft shawl, wrapped round my head and neck, is far more comfortable than my round English felt hat and black silk cravat; and I allow myself this comfort, which cost me nothing, for I have a great number of shawls.

If our friends could get M. Allard's silver cross changed into a gold one, I believe this distinction would make me perfectly happy. I think a reward due to those who, at a distance from Europe, have borne the name of Frenchmen with honour. I shall write soon to

that effect to the proper quarter. His name is mentioned with respect throughout the whole of British India, and in this country he gets what is better than respect: there is but one voice with regard to his justice and humanity, as well as his wisdom. If we could be the instrument of the reward of his services in the Punjab, we should thus in some degree acquit the obligation which he has imposed upon me. Do you think it difficult to convert a knight of the legion of honour into an officer of the same order for certain reasons that might be adduced*? Adieu, for to-day; I embrace you. It is night, and dinner-time. The people at Semla are perhaps at this moment drinking my health; for the English take care of their absent friends in that way, or rather take care of themselves under the pretence of absent friends. Woe to those who, like myself, have nothing but spring water to return the compliment! Adieu again, my dear brother; I embrace you with all my heart.

Safapore, Valley of Cashmeer, September 1st.

Here I am returned from the mountains, in every respect delighted with my excursion:—no, I must except the stones. It is a devil of a job sometimes to distinguish between primary and secondary limestones; I have here and there some doubts about them: But I have brought some new plants, and, what is of more consequence, two new animals, or at least one; and this latter is a very respectable quadruped, a species of marmot. My friend Rossoul Mallick's sub-brigands,

* M. Allard was appointed an officer of the legion of honour, November 5th, 1832.—Ed.

brought me a bear and a species of chamois, the latter perhaps new; but the rogues, in spite of my strongest injunctions, had so mutilated the animals that I could make nothing of them. As I was in a discovering vein, I found out a lake here which nobody has spoken of, and which is the lake of lakes in Cashmeer, being the only deep one. I am encamped on its strand. I had splendid weather when I wanted it—that is to say, when I was in the midst of my excursion at the highest point of the rivers Hydaspes and Indus, between Cashmeer and Tibet. Rossoul Mallick has shown me great kindness throughout; and I have repaid him with good advice about his eating opium like bread, as he does. This morning a letter came from the excellent M. Allard. He announces that the interview between Runjeet Sing and Lord William Bentinck will take place upon the left bank of the Sutledge, in a little Sikh district under the Rajah's domination. He tells me likewise that the Rajah has expressed a wish to see me, to converse about the atmosphere, water, and soil of Cashmeer, and other things besides. This he states in a manner which does not allow me to decline a second visit to Lahore or Umbritsir. He adds that if this circuit thwarts my mountain projects, it is also necessary for their accomplishment. The country of Koolloo, through which I wish to enter the British Himalaya, is difficult of access; it will therefore be useful for me to go to court and acquire a fresh stock of influence, so that I may travel with facility. "Moreover," adds M. Allard, "the Rajah no doubt intends to fill your pockets as he has done your strong box." I have therefore just written to the King to tell him that I am now

carrying on my last campaign in the mountains, which will be terminated in about twelve days, and that in ten or twelve more I shall leave this country to appear in his sublime presence, according to his desire. I shall present him with a map, which I have drawn up from numerous bearings taken with the compass, and laid down upon a large scale, with the names of the places in Persian characters, and the mountains in horizontal projection, so that he may understand them; and I trust that my second visit to this singular personage will not be less agreeable than the first, without speaking of purse or pocket.

After all, everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds. With my minerals, plants, beasts and fishes, I should not be able to zig-zag along the Himalaya as far as the Sutledge. I shall leave these things at Jummoo, the capital of my friend Gulab Sing, who has just written to me. The road from hence across the mountains is tolerably good—I mean for pedestrians and horses. At Jummoo I shall find my tent, which, thanks to M. Allard, and the Rajah's camels, has been sent from Loodheeana. At this period the Rajah will probably be at Umbritsir. I shall stay at Jummoo six or seven days, and shall doubtless not quit Umbritsir until the Rajah sets out on his journey to the Sutledge. I shall escort my precious baggage so far, and then leave the care of its conveyance as far as Loodheeana, to M. Allard and the Rajah's camels. Equipping myself lightly, I shall again enter the mountains near Mundis (Mundeenugur) where there are some salt-mines which I am very desirous of seeing. I shall take care to avoid a district situated between Jummoo and that province,

in which vast forests of bamboo cause dreadful fevers after the autumn. The lower region of the mountains which I wish to visit on leaving Umbritsir, will not be too cold in the month of November. On the first of December I shall certainly cross the Sutledge. I have no time to write to my father. I am writing to you between a basket of grapes as large as those of the Land of Promise, and some excellent pears. I am, moreover, in perfect health. Adieu, my dear friend; I embrace and love you with all my heart. My next will, no doubt, be either from Lahore or from Umbritsir.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Pergunnah in Cammeradge, in the mountains of Cashmeer, on the banks of the Pohur, Sept. 6th 1831. (forwarded from Sopur (Sampore) Sept. 11th 1831).

MY DEAR FATHER,—A few days since, I wrote to Porphyre, on my return from the mountains, through which it is necessary to pass in going from this country to Ladak; and if my letter proceeds safely through the hands of * * * * (but the list would be too long, so I will omit it,) and if on reaching Chandernagore it finds a ship ready to sail for France, you will already know when you receive this that I have had every reason to be satisfied with the commencement of my last excursion in Cashmeer. Since then, I have had additional zoological good fortune, followed it is true by reverses of the same species. Rossoul Mallick, faithful to his promise, turned his mountains and glaciers upside down to find animals for me, and his Afghan greybeards have several times followed me into the plains to bring me in

their game, consisting of monstrous bears, and latterly of an apparently new species of panther. A journey of twenty leagues under the sun in the thirty-fourth degree of latitude, unfortunately rendered this game so high that, after infinite trouble to make something of it, I was obliged, not without considerable regret, to throw it all away. Thus, I have misspent much time and money. The cause of this is, first, the distance between the different places; next, the sun; and lastly, the rain, which is taking its revenge for the unusual dryness of the summer at the expense of the beauty of the autumn.

From Safapore, where I was encamped when I closed my letter to Porphyre, I went to the extremity of lake Vooller or Ooller, at Bondehpore. While I was there, dissecting large birds, beasts, and fishes, I was informed of the arrival in my camp of a vakeel or messenger from the King of Little Tibet, also of a neighbouring mountain chief, at open war with the Governor of Cashmeer. The former I was told brought my lordship presents from the King his master; the latter came only to pay his respects;—he had two hundred mountaineers with him, which much displeased me. Nevertheless, I put a good face upon the matter, and commanded them to wait at a distance, until I was ready to grant an audience to the vizier from Tibet, and to the Cashmeerian chief. Having resumed my European dress, and majestically seated myself in my chair, under a sort of canopy hastily set up, mats were stretched upon the ground, and near me a privileged carpet. My people formed a line on either side, most of them so ragged that you never saw the like in the streets of Paris; and when I was satisfied

with the arrangement of my court, the Mussulmaun officer of my court went in quest of the Tibetan Vizier. In figure and costume this plenipotentiary was a commonplace melo-dramatic brigand. He repaid me all the salaams which I formerly made to the Great Mogul, and presented on his knees the King's letter, written in Persian, and filled with roses, narcissuses, and basil, in perpetual bloom in the garden of his friendship for me, which occupied the whole of his Majesty's heart. Ahmed Shah had received my reply to his first communication; he now wrote to me that, in order to please me, he had ordered a general battue throughout his mountains; and that, notwithstanding the season being so unfavourable to hunting, forty-two animals had been taken alive, but most of them wounded; but that all had died a few days after their capture, with the exception of the two which he sent me. His letter enumerated the articles which he offered me under the title of a *khelat* or *dress of honour*. This dress, consisted of three large lumps of rock crystal, eight immense sacks of dried fruit, two young live antelopes, and a piece of the stuff in which his Tibetan Majesty is himself clad, made of the tender hair of this species of antelope. He described his envoy as having been for thirty years his Vizier, his confidant, and a second himself. Aga Sheragh Ali Sha* (for I would not refuse this singular diplomatic personage any of his titles) was not long in informing me that a confidential mission had been intrusted to him; and as he saw that I was surrounded by spies, he told me that he wished to consult me about a complaint of the Rajah's.

* Aga, chief; Sheragh, torch; Ali, sublime; Shah, King, in Persian.
—*Note by the Author.*

I begged him to state the case at once; he replied that the disease was of a nature to be mentioned only in private. This manœuvre to get rid of all the witnesses to our conversation was not badly imagined. But when he came to acquit himself of his mission, he had eaten so large a quantity of opium, that he could tell me nothing, but that his master was passionately in love with the British (whom he has never seen, and who are at a distance of three hundred leagues from his paltry dominions), and that he was their most obedient servant, his country theirs, and so forth. I replied that I felt a strong inclination for Ahmed Shah, and that with all the tulips, narcissuses, and bunches of roses in the world, I was his unalterable friend.

Two men of the Ambassador's suite had been frozen to death during the journey; another had his arm broken; and a horse had fallen down a precipice. But Sheragh Ali Shah felt so much revived by the sunshine of my presence as to have no doubt that had he but brought his dead with him, I should have raised them. In fact he gave me local character to my heart's content.

The Cashmeerian chieftain was next introduced. He was a man about my own age, very handsome, and with a very mild though haughty countenance. I should have loved him with all my heart, but for the two hundred vagabonds by whom he was attended. However, in spite of this appendage to his person, he pleased me much. From motives of prudence, I soon let him know my kind intentions towards him. I told him that I was a friend of the oppressed and a promoter of peace; that I deplored the state of war and perpe-

tual uneasiness in which he lived ; and that if he would promise henceforth to remain at peace, I would beg Runjeet Sing to liberate his wife and his daughter, who were captives at Cashmeer. He stated his misfortunes to me in full ; they affected me much, and I certainly will keep my word when I see Runjeet Sing again. But I am convinced that the best way for him to have obtained the freedom of his wife and daughter, would have been to have carried me prisoner into the mountains. I consider it an act of very great kindness on his part that he left me to be the uncertain instrument of their freedom, instead of making me the assured pledge of it, as he might have done. My design at first was to have visited his mountains, but I judged it imprudent to prolong the proof of his justice ; and I yesterday determined upon continuing my journey round the lake, without entering the valleys which extend to it from the mountains. Dellavur Mallick (that is my new friend's name) accompanied me to the bank of a wide torrent which forms the boundary of his contested dominions. In my anxiety for his safety, I should not have allowed him to come further, and was about to prohibit his doing so, when he dismounted to take leave of me. He told me, smiling, that there were no guns truer, nor of longer range, than those of two mountaineers who always marched by his side ; nor was there a sharper sword or swifter horse than his own. I shall never forget his countenance : it was so handsome, good, and picturesque. Walter Scott could not imagine any thing better.

As for Aga Sheragh Ali Shah, he is not at all like a hero of romance ; but he is an adventurer, whose stories

would be amusing, if the fumes of opium did not obscure them so much. He is a native of Bombay, no doubt of Parsee descent; for he is a Sheeah in religion, has a white skin and is of low extraction. My Indian servants have found out that he was formerly of their own condition. After having changed his many times, and travelled from Persia to China, he was retained in Little Tibet by the present Rajah, who has actually made him his favourite and minister. He is well known at Cashmeer as the principal personage in that country, and moreover as a very good man, but too much of a busy-body. The individual first sent by Ahmed Shah, came back with Sheragh Ali, whose head servant he is. This man is infinitely better adapted for diplomatic craft than his master, and I think the Rajah only sent his incomparable Aga Sheragh Ali Shah, to do me honour and add more lustre to his mission; and that Nassim Khan, the servant, will come and make his report when he perceives me alone; for this morning, as he was walking near my house, he showed me in the scabbard of his sword a small corner of a letter, folded after the fashion of Ahmed Shah's diplomatic despatches.

It is impossible for me to comprehend what these people want with the British, whose agent they evidently persist in considering me. Ahmed Shah is unique in his way—a pattern, though not a citizen King. He is very much beloved by his subjects, and dreaded by his neighbours. He freed himself some years ago from a kind of tribute (almost nominal it is true) which Little Tibet used to pay to China. His poverty, and the horrible mountains which divide his country from Cashmeer, secure him completely from

the ambition of Runjeet Sing. After all, in spite of my diplomatic genius, I cannot make out what he wants! Meanwhile, the individuals composing his embassy gallop or run among my suite, and have already learnt to gather plants and collect insects. But whether the secret mission of the embassy is fulfilled or not, when the horseman arrives from Cashmeer, whither I have sent him for three hundred rupees, the *sublime torch* of the Little Tibetan empire will receive his present and dismissal at the same time. I have already replied to Ahmed Shah, repaying him with interest, in his own coin, and with all the flowers in his garden of friendship. I am now going to write to Runjeet Sing to inform him of all; because, if he gets into an ill-humour with Ahmed Shah, he has absolutely no means of injuring him. I shall not, either, conceal anything from Lord William Bentinck, because I am convinced that the political character ridiculously assumed by Mr. Moorcroft in these regions, where he secretly gave out that he was the precursor of British conquest, has been loudly and sincerely disavowed by the British Government. Ahmed Shah, who reigns after the devil's own fashion, knows nothing of this denial. There can be no doubt that Mr. Moorcroft made direct overtures to him; and now he persists in believing me an Englishman, and that, like Mr. Moorcroft, I have other objects of curiosity besides the minerals and animals of his country. Mr. Moorcroft's conduct was highly reprehensible: he brought a slur upon British honour among the Asiatics.

For my own part, as I am perfectly innocent of Ahmed Shah's mistake, and as I at first did all I could to clear it up, I am easily consoled for his not

wishing to be undeceived, since without it he would not have acted as my zoological auxiliary. His lumps of crystal have no scientific value; but in Cashmeer, they make vases of it very much esteemed in the East, and I hope to take coffee with you out of his Little Tibetan Majesty's cups. I am having an immense dressing-gown made of his royal stuff, which possesses a softness very superior to that of the Cashmeer shawl. In this I shall do honour to Ahmed Shah's munificence, and in it you will talk excellent metaphysics in winter,—for I intend it for you on my return. I shall have one left, less admirably beautiful, but such as no natural or moral philosopher ever wore: it is a present from my friend Mohammed Shah, the saint of Cashmeer. I regret that I cannot keep for you one of the sacks of dried apricots from Ahmed Shah's garden. It is a pity to see them devoured by my people, whose jaws are little used to such articles. They are exquisite. All this will cost me twenty-five louis for an *obligato* present to the Ambassador; but I shall not regret them if my two animals, which are very young, live long enough clearly to show the character of their species. After all, I have hitherto been playing upon velvet, for I have more than a hundred louis left out of Runjeet Sing's rupees.

It would be absolutely impossible for a European with my pursuits to travel in this country under any other conditions than those with which I entered it. I remember certain advice kindly given to me by *peuplé* who had seen a little corner of the East. Nothing was easier, according to them, than to cross the whole of Asia with heavy baggage. They talked about caravans of merchants, and such things—but it is all pure fudge.

Merchants, it is true, go almost every where: from Cashmeer to Teheran, and even to Mashed, they go through Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, Bushir, Shiraz, &c. &c., without passing through Cabulistan, and for a very good reason. The petty eastern despots use a sort of discretion in robbing these merchants, because they shall see them again. If some of the profits of their trading are left to them, they become to the chiefs through whose territories they pass, like the miser's goose that laid golden eggs; and few are fools enough to kill it. But he who passes without intending to return, is stripped to his last rag; and European travellers of course can claim no exclusive privileges. They have but two alternatives: either to travel as beggars, like M. Alexander Csoma de Koros, in the dress of the country they are traversing, or else to be attended by a respectable force, or to obtain the credit of having one when they cannot in reality obtain it. Now, I started on horseback from Calcutta in the evening of the 20th of November 1829, without the slightest immediate protection; at Hoogly, two stages forward, I obtained a sort of janissary; whose place was supplied at Burdwan by a corporal and four men. I was quite a snow-ball till I arrived on the banks of the Sutledge with a serjeant and twelve men, where I found fifty in readiness to receive me. Although, since that time, I have always had nearly the same number, it has sometimes been too little, and would have been so everywhere but for the long arms of the powers whose friend I am believed to be. There has been, however, more luck than address in my ambulating fortunes. For instance, had not chance brought to my camp at the same time, a few days ago,

both the King of Little Tibet's envoy and the mountain chief of whom I have spoken, the latter would probably have either plundered or carried me off prisoner. But in throwing off the yoke of Cashmeer, he has become the vassal of Ahmed Shah: he could not therefore venture to injure me before the face of that Prince's minister. To go further back,—the excellent M. Allard, hearing of me, sent me offers of service all the way from Lahore to the frontiers of China. Without him I should never have come hither, although without Lord William it would have been equally impossible. My success required a connected series of acts of kindness; and one of them was produced by mere chance.

Justice in one who has power to be unjust, is a miracle in these regions;—at first it is a riddle to the inhabitants, but they are not long in solving and appreciating it. Throughout the whole viceroyalty of Cashmeer, there is no tribunal to settle private disputes upon a basis of equity. For a month past, people have come, and from a distance too, to beg me to be their arbitrator. They talk of my *adawlut* (justice), which pleases me infinitely. With respect to wisdom, you must know that I have had promotion: Runjeet now calls me *Aristotiles*, in addition to my old titles of Aflatoon and Bocrat (Socrates).

My health has been perfect for the last two months. I am still as thin as ever, but am more hardy and tough. As a proof of strength, I can tell you that I have several times swam an hour and half in still water, without resting, and without fatigue. I think I could keep up this exercise during four or five hours. This is a great

deal more than Leander did. I do not yet know how to set about breaking five hundred heads with an ass's jaw-bone; but the secret of my strength is the same as Samson's. Who would here cut the fatal lock from my head? I should like to see a chorus of Cashmeerian women dwelling in the country, make their entrance on the stage of one of our theatres, before lovers of Exotics. Night is coming on, and my servant has put in his claim for half of my table (which is very small) to place my frugal dinner upon. Adieu, then—while writing so familiarly to you about such trifles, I seem only to be separated from you by the bridges; and this is a delightful illusion which gives all the serenity of mind necessary for serious occupation. Adieu, once more, adieu!

Baramoola, 8th in morning.

Autumn is come with its chilly nights and cold mornings. It is the same as ours in favourable seasons, except the sun, which, in the middle of the day, is much hotter, and still nearly vertical. Yesterday evening, I dismissed the Vizier, who is gone back to Little Tibet with all his suite. Immediately after his departure I wrote a long letter to Runjeet Sing, giving him an account of the circumstance. I think my letter will amuse him; at all events, I am sure that at least a portion of its contents will be very much to his taste.

I had forgotten until now to acknowledge the receipt of young Robinet's note. I received it at the source of the Hydaspes seven weeks ago. It has given me a very high opinion of the young man. But what is to be done with him here? I could not however be a bit

more useful to him at Calcutta. I know few belonging to the commercial circles of that great city: being, strictly speaking, acquainted only with Mr. James Calder, a rich Scotch merchant devoted to the sciences. The commercial houses of the others are constituted like his. The clerks in them destined to rise are nephews or cousins sent for from Europe when very young, that is to say, at sixteen or eighteen. The others are native Hindoos or Portuguese, a mixed breed between the old Portuguese conquerors and the Indians. All children born in India of Europeans in easy circumstances are sent, at six or seven years of age, to England for education. There is only one French house at Calcutta, that of M. Bonaffé; and this the English look upon as nothing, it being of very small importance. I know no example of a Frenchman having made a fortune in India by the means intended to be pursued by M. Robinet. A certain number have come to Calcutta with a small venture in goods, and perhaps with some honesty. After having been ruined by bankruptcy, robbery, or a law-suit, they are detained in India by the impossibility of paying for their passage to Europe. They live upon the profits of a small clandestine and fraudulent brokerage. I know of their existence only from their names appearing in the police reports, which are inserted in the newspapers. I should therefore advise the young gentleman not to think any more of this country. Having been consulted from Calcutta by a young French physician, recommended to me by M. Victor de Tracy, concerning his chances of success were he to practise in that city, I immediately replied from Bernares, where I then was, that the best thing he could

do was to leave Calcutta as soon as possible. Tell M. Robinet, moreover, that what I have seen in other foreign countries of our countrymen, who go thither to make fortunes, has convinced me that the great majority of them are very unfortunate at New York; and that it is the same thing at Rio Janeiro and Bourbon. I advise him to prefer the mediocrity of his present condition to the very improbable chance of a better fortune at a distance from his native country.

Sampore in Cashmeer, Sept. 10th.

Yesterday evening, I received an express from the King, with a direct request to repair to him. I might have required pressing, but that would not have looked well; and, although I am annoyed at leaving Cashmeer a fortnight sooner than I had at first determined upon, I have informed his Sikh Majesty that in ten days I shall resume my route towards the Punjab. I shall have to travel rapidly to join Runjeet Sing at Umbritsir, before he leaves it for Ropur. Look for this village on the left bank of the Sutledge, at the foot of the mountains near Belaspore. It is the place fixed upon for the interview between the Rajah and the Governor-general, which will take place, with the greatest possible pomp, on the 25th of October. Wade and Kennedy ask me if I shall be present there. Certainly not. A poor devil of an *Aflatoune*, a *Bocrat*, an *Aristotelis*, like me, would be stifled by the clouds of dust raised by the contact of two such great personages. Then this eastern magnificence is, after all, nothing but a display of rich dresses, where a man is reckoned good for nothing but to set off drapery, or to button splendid cos-

tumes upon. I shall therefore leave the Rajah's court, and re-enter the mountains near Koolloo, in order to visit the iron and salt mines at Mondî; and shall thus, on my return to Semla, have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with your favourite Belaspore. Lord William renews, through Kennedy, all kinds of offers of services to facilitate my progress in my next campaign, whichever way it tend. I shall go from hence to Umbritsir, through the pass of Pyr, viâ Punjal, Radjouri, and Jammoo, where I shall again see the Rajah Gulab Sing, who received me so well at Pin Daden Khan in the month of April last. I am perfectly well, but over head and ears in business, and can write to nobody to-day. Adien, my dear father; I embrace you and Porphyre with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Djamon (Jummoo in the English maps,) October 3rd 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have at length quitted the mountains. I left Cashmeer on the 19th of September. The stupid Sikh at present in possession of the privilege of plundering that unhappy country (on pain no doubt of disgorging into Runjeet Sing's treasury at the end of his government) came the day before, to pay his visit of leave. He brought me, on the part of the king, a khelat; or dress of honour, of the value of fifteen hundred rupees (four thousand francs). After his visit, I went to pay one to my neighbour Mohammed Shah Sahib, whose birth, reputation for wisdom, and sanctity, allowed me to do him that honour without derogating.

There is no sort of attention which I did not receive from this excellent man. On leaving him, I was almost obliged to get into a passion with him, in order to make him keep a horse and some porcelain vases which he wished to make me accept. I would take nothing but a very plain though handsome cup, out of which I shall have great pleasure in drinking coffee some day at Paris. There are good people everywhere, and it is my luck to meet with them at every place where I make any stay. It will be delightful to me to call them to mind hereafter.

Although I had fixed the day of my departure a week before hand, Sheik Bodder Bochs, my Mehmandar, was not ready. Though this man is no worse than the other Sikh officers, I hate him more, because, from the time he has been with me, I am better acquainted with him. He bought six women at Cashmeer, three of whom he married before the Mollah. It was the difficulty of conveying these fair ones beyond the mountains which detained him in the city. He asked me for a day's respite—I was inexorable; and on the 19th, as I had at first determined, I mounted my horse at day-break, and took the road to the South. My caravan was much more numerous than on my arrival. Sixty soldiers formed my escort; fifty mountaineer carriers bore my baggage, and a few captive animals were led in the rear. A confidential officer of my friend Mohammed Shah rode behind me; the Mogul, who had served as my secretary and cicerone during my stay, accompanied me also. The day before, I made him a present of five and twenty louis, the well-earned reward of his good services. The poor fellow, to whom justice was quite a novelty,

and who, I think, was sincerely attached to me, would have followed me anywhere. He hopes, and with some degree of probability, that if I present and recommend him to Runjeet Sing, I shall make his fortune. Bodder Bochs having assured me he would join my camp at the second stage, I left with him, from forgetfulness, all Runjeet Sing's firmans. But he has not appeared either at the second or the third night's bivouac, and I doubt whether I shall set eyes on him before I reach Umbrisir. There was perhaps a degree of rashness on my part in throwing myself headlong into the mountains without a Mehmandar; but I thought that, should obstacles arise, I might show Runjeet Sing's last letter, in which he presses me to go to him. This ensurer of respect, however, remained quite useless in my secretary's pocket. It has turned out that some pervanahs or firmans, addressed by myself in my own name to the chiefs through whose territories I was to pass, have obtained for me the reception I desired. The Rajah of Radjouri, who is bed-ridden with a painful disorder, sent his eldest son to meet me; this young man brought me an apology from his father, who was unable to come himself. The Rajah lodged me in the most picturesque turret of his castle. As a sole exception, this Rajah enjoys the reputation of being just and learned. I paid him a visit without ceremony, and remained more than an hour sitting on his bed near him, talking to and comforting him. I could do no better, for I had no remedies to give him, nor did I know of any to prescribe.

I had at first resolved to descend from Radjouri to Jummo straight across the mountains; but the Rajah gave me such a frightful account of the difficulties and

insecurity of this route, that I changed my mind and came to Bimbur, where I have again entered the plains of the Punjab. But I had already found its climate at Radjouri, and even at Tunna, whither I had descended in a day and a half's march from the summit of Pyr Pendjal. This rapid and immense change of climate has not even affected my skin; but it has produced a fatal effect upon several of my people. One of my horse-men caught, at Radjouri, the terrible fever of the lower mountains, which almost always kills, after exhausting its victim for a year or two by continued suffering. My antelopes from Little Tibet died of the heat at Bimbur. That I might not follow their example, I left off my flannel, and I find that it is comparatively very pleasant to perspire in cotton clothes. It is very odd that this Indian heat (for the Punjab is India,) which every one calls so enervating, does not oppress me in the least. It fires my skin a little, as it would the skin of any one else; but I feel as cool within, and as vigorous as on the Cashmeerian mountains, if not more so. In order to reach this place from Bimbur in three stages, I was obliged to be on horseback fourteen or fifteen hours a day; and besides this, I kept watch during the night, for it would not have been safe to sleep. The tribes at the foot of the mountains in these districts could never be reduced by Runjeet Sing. They frequently pour down into the plains, in very numerous bands, imitating the exploits of Walter Scott's Scotch Highlanders, and Fauriel's Klephts, sparing only their more immediate neighbours, who, I think, go halves with them. I was fearful of being betrayed by the latter. Had I known beforehand the risks of this route, I should certainly have taken another;

for nothing is more silly for a man of my profession, than to get a gun-shot wound in a night skirmish, and thus end his days like a dog, without the smallest flower being thrown upon his grave. Yesterday, by crossing the Chinab, I left that danger in my rear. I expected to find the Rajah Gulab Sing here, having written to him to announce my approaching arrival. On reaching this place, I was therefore a little disappointed at learning that the Rajah had left his capital two days before, and was encamped at a distance of ten coss on the Umbritsir road. However, as he was to lend me a large tent, and camels, I persisted in coming hither. Gulab Sing is better obeyed at a distance than Runjeet Sing. His Vizier received me as his master's friend. All that I can desire comes to me, as it were by enchantment. Plenty is in my camp; soldiers, servants, mountain carriers—are all lodged and fed at the Rajah's expense. The poor fellows had good need to pass through this land of plenty after the privations and fatigues they have endured since we left Cashmeer. The Rajah's eldest son, who remained here to receive me in his father's absence, wished to come and see me last night on my arrival. He is a boy of fifteen, a favourite of Runjeet Sing's. I admitted him only to-day. He interested me by his charming countenance and his modesty. At this age, when children are opening into manhood, and the chance of what they will become is on the point of being decided, they always interest me extremely. I therefore promised little Gulab Sing to remain here over to-morrow, in order to spend the morning with him on an elephant's back, in visiting the environs of Jummo,

and preaching morality to him without his perceiving it. The day after to-morrow, on the road to Umbritsir I shall repay to the father the visit I received from the son. Gulab Sing, who expected me by the direct road from Radjouri, sent one of his Viziers with a palanquin and bearers, and a small army to meet me. The young Rajah presented me with a purse of three hundred and fifty rupees. Eight months ago I should have thought this proceeding very brutal. Being now well acquainted with the manners of the country, I should on the contrary have been offended if he had come empty-handed, as also if he had not left his shoes at the door of my tent. I am become quite insensible to the pleasure of winning in the lottery of Punjab politeness, because money on this side of the Sutledge goes as fast as it comes,—perhaps still faster.

Yesterday I made a duplicate of my map of Cashmeer, on which I write all the names in Persian. This is the present I intend for Runjeet Sing.

As I was descending the Pyr Pendjal, I received an express from Runjeet, who brought me, with a letter from the King, a packet from Semla, containing one from Lord William Bentinck, in reply to the thanks I had expressed to him for the reception which his powerful recommendation had obtained for me from Runjeet. Lord William wishes to leave all the merit of my success to myself.

I transcribe his letter instead of sending it you, because his writing is rather illegible, and, being in English, I think you are not familiar enough with that language to be able to make it out.

“ *Semla, Sept. 5th 1831.*”

“ My dear Sir,—I have not acknowledged the receipt of your last letter, for which I beg to apologise. It gives me great pleasure to find that your accueil by Runjeet Sing has been satisfactory. It must be mainly due to your own address. You have the *singular* merit of having *at once* (veni, vidi, vici) conquered the distrust of that most wary politician. You must have suffered great fatigue and privation in the course of your present expedition. The thanks and applause of the scientific world will be your best reward.—I was in hopes Captain Kennedy had sent you our last intelligence from Europe, but I find that he made you but a partial report. I send you therefore a copy of what has been received from Bombay. I have also seen a letter from a friend of mine, but not addressed to me, who left Paris the second week in April.—He gives a favourable account of the stability of things in France, of which my correspondent remarks a less favourable opinion generally prevailed in England. We expect daily a ship which was to leave England on the 11th of May.

“ We have also still to come the *Circassian*, that left England in the beginning of April, and which contains the missing French papers, which shall be forwarded to you as soon as received.—Lady William desires me to present her kind remembrances to you. I shall always be happy to afford you every assistance in my power.

“ I remain with much respect and esteem,

“ Dear Sir, your faithful servant,

“ W. C. BENTINCK.”

Lord William sent with this letter a manuscript copy of a Russian newspaper, which came by way of Persia, informing us of the great news of the dissolution of the British Parliament, and the *statu quo* of the armed peace of Europe. Is it not strange that I should be better informed about European affairs, though alone in the midst of the mountains of Cashmeer, than the inhabitants of Calcutta on the same day? However, the politics of Europe have for some time interested me less—they hang fire too long.

This evening I delivered a decision, which has gained me the reputation of a Suliman, (Solomon,) at Jummo. My secretary came to complain that one of the soldiers of the escort had stolen his shawl. I did what the meanest scribe in India or the Punjab never condescends to do in such a case: I went to the spot, thirty paces from my tent; there I interrogated the witnesses and the defendant, and was easily convinced of the latter's guilt. The commander immediately inquired if it was my pleasure that he should be hanged, or have his nose and ears cut off. I gave orders that to-morrow, during my absence, before all my assembled troop, a man of the lowest caste should break in pieces the prisoner's sword and gun, and inflict upon him a hundred blows with a stick. After this my servant will give him a month's pay, in order that he may leave the country, from which he will be ignominiously driven. I am afraid the rascal will immediately purchase a sword with the five rupees he will receive after his punishment, and turn highway-robber; but if he does, Gulab Sing's police has a good chance of catching him before long, and my responsibility ends there. There are no

prisons in this country; I shall suggest to Gulab Sing the idea of establishing some in his dominions, and substituting forced labour for the cruel mutilations so frequently inflicted by Eastern justice. Good night, my dear father. The remainder at Umbritsir.

Jummoo, 4th, evening.

This is to thank you, my dear father, for your excellent and charming letter of last February, No. 24, which a messenger from M. Allard has just brought me, together with one from Porphyre, a packet of very recent Calcutta papers, and a letter from my banker, who has received authority from MM. Delessert and Delaroche, to increase my annual credit six thousand francs for this year, and three thousand for 1830—thus making an increase of nine thousand francs for this year, and extending it to twelve thousand for 1832 and 1833. Thus I have for the present year the fifteen thousand francs I wished.

Your No. 23 is still wanting, which makes some passages in your No. 24 obscure. I trust that my letters from Upper Kanawer, and from the Spiti or Tibet, reached you a short time after those from Semla and Chini; and that the continuation of my correspondence up to this day has confirmed your faith in my good luck. Finding me so near Leh or Ladak—for it is all one on the map—you expressed a wish that I should extend my expedition thither. You have been a little disappointed thus in seeing me return to the high valley of the Spiti without having been there; but you would have pitied me for the cold and hunger I should have had to suffer, if I had persisted in going to Ladak—not

to speak of obstacles of a different description. Pinkerton, whom you were going to read under the heads "Chinese Tartary and Tibet," has no doubt given you an idea of the Lamas (pronounce the word *lomm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m*) and terrible Tartars, very different from reality. You seemed to regret much that I could not see Cashmeer. I hope I have acted like a dutiful son!—have I not? If you had known all the difficulties of that expedition, you would never have thought of my undertaking it, and would have believed it absolutely impracticable. Many of my English friends, well able to estimate these difficulties, Kennedy for instance, when he knew that I was at Lahore, still did not believe that I should succeed in getting to Cashmeer. I do not know the modern traveller of whom you speak, who has given the Cashmeerians so bad a character. Forster is the only one who has visited Cashmeer since Bernier; he was there fifty years before me, but in disguise; and no one before I went thither wore the dress or bore the character of a European. Cashmeer is nevertheless very near to British India, two hundred leagues distant at most, and its celebrity has constantly excited the ambition of British travellers. I am forgetting Mr. Moorcroft, who died miserably a short time after he left it.

I laughed a great deal at your conjectures about the means I should be obliged to employ to raise the money necessary for my last year's campaign. The Great Mogul is not so great as you imagine. He does not tie a trinket worth a thousand crowns to any one's hat. Being reduced to the condition of a species of stage King, he takes care to dress in mere stage trumpery those whom he honours with a *khelat*. But Runjeet

Sing does things in a different manner. I am truly ashamed of the enormous bale of Cashmeer shawls with which my baggage has been increased during the last seven months; though if my money should happen to run short during the remainder of my journey, they would prove an important resource. I really do not yet know what I shall do with them. I should like to be able to take them with me to Europe, with my animals, plants and minerals; they would serve as presents which I should like to make to the wives of my friends. But how could I get them through the custom-house?

My letters last winter expressed the enthusiasm with which the revolution inspired me, and the bitter regret I have sometimes felt at having been so far from France at that memorable period. Since then my opinion concerning those great events has much changed. It has been modified, like your own, in proportion as I saw so many base, absurd, and disgraceful consequences proceed from so noble a principle. I perceive that many individuals talk in the tribune, of the events of the great week, as being their handy-work, as if they had fired a musket in the streets with the working mechanics, and as if it was not by the muskets of these mechanics alone that the revolution was achieved. The hostile tone of all parties in the chamber is a deplorable error. Shall I tell you, my dear father, that I sometimes regret not being a deputy? I know not whether I am strangely deceiving myself; but it appears to me that an honest man would not speak in vain, who undertook the part of mediator, without art or craft, by simply showing his grief at these bitter dissensions between men so long

united, and pointing out the misfortunes with which they threaten the country. The artifices of logic in what is termed the eloquence of the tribune, are too far-fetched : they almost always wound the self-love of those against whom they are exercised. Too great pains are taken to convince, and not sufficient to persuade. Some aim at oratorical display ; I wish they would aim at touching the feelings. This is what I should try to do, if I were a deputy at the present juncture. Can what is easy in a *tête-à-tête*, or in a small company, be so very difficult in a numerous assembly? Mistakes and differences may arise between honourable men ; but they must be very blind, and their advisers very bad, if these quarrels are not soon terminated by a sincere reconciliation, and the mutual friendship and esteem of the parties rendered firmer than ever. All parties have wrongs to complain of from one another, and these wrongs are daily aggravated by the deplorable obstinacy with which each confines himself to his own peculiar views. Rather than be the impotent witness of these fatal dissensions in our own country, I prefer being at the extremity of Asia, removed from them by space and thought.

On my return to British India, it shall be my first care to write a long letter to the Jardin des Plantes, concerning the results of my expedition to Cashmeer. I never had less leisure than since I crossed the Sutledge. I have necessarily had a multitude of relations with the people of the country through which I passed, such as no other European traveller could, even if he wished it, have any opportunity of forming with those of British India. This has been the occasion of many hours stolen

from my work. Sometimes I had measures of safety to take; sometimes visits to receive and attentions to show. I cannot pass silently and *incognito*. Yesterday, for instance, I could not excuse myself from losing a couple of hours with the young Rajah in visiting the neighbourhood of his capital. Had I been on horse-back alone, I could have made the survey in less than an hour. To-day I am encamped near his father, Gulab Sing. While I was peaceably jogging along the plain, on my way hither from Jummoo (nine coss) looking through my spectacles at every plant within my reach, which I held close to my nose in order to discover the new ones, one of Gulab Sing's officers came to meet and compliment me in his master's name. I am resting a little, waiting for my breakfast. It is past noon, and I have been six hours on horse back. Then comes the ceremony of the *moulakat* or visit of the Rajah, who will condescend to come first. I shall have to return his visit. If he leaves me late, it will be almost impossible to do so to-day. In India it is quite a different thing. Many a British officer has served fifteen years in India, and travelled all over the Peninsula, without having had any intercourse with the people of the country, except such of them as are his attendants. Such a line of conduct, which is exceedingly common in the European community inhabiting and governing India, would be highly improper to effect that which I am on the point of doing: I mean making my way in a country where all is not open before me. My caravan has now re-entered India, and marching silently along the roads, will have all the appearance of a funeral, in

which I shall act the corpse; and I shall certainly find the change very agreeable.

A-propos of death and funerals—the plague is making dreadful ravages in Persia, especially in the southern and coast provinces of the gulf. Very severe sanitary regulations have been adopted at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, against Arab vessels coming from Busheer, Muscat and Jodda. This terrible disease has never yet appeared in India. The cholera morbus reigns with fury at Benares, as well as at Patna, Dynapore, and other towns on the banks of the Ganges, lower down.

In one of your former letters you regretted that I had not taken out a physician's diploma, that I might add the weight of that dignity to any report on the frightful malady of which India is the classic seat. But truly I should be very much embarrassed, quite as much as Pariset was to discourse pertinently about the plague in Egypt, and for the same reason,—for hitherto I have neither seen nor had an opportunity of seeing, a single case of cholera morbus. At St. Domingo, and in the United States, I met with the same disappointment with respect to the yellow fever. I strongly suspect that this will be my lot with the plague.

I have just learned from the Calcutta papers, the death of a Piedmontese traveller, called the Count di Vidua, who, for two years, travelled through India in a palanquin, proceeded thence to China, and afterwards to the Moluccas, on his way to New Holland. He was, I imagine, a mere tourist, with a more decided taste for heaps of stones and old bits of brick, than for any other kind of observation. He had the awkwardness, I was

going to say folly, to fall into a boiling bog, whence the hot mineral springs of Java arise, and was scalded to death. From his mode of conduct in every respect, according to the information given to me, I could have wagered that the Count would never see Turin again. The fatal curiosity that cost Pliny his life is excusable; and he certainly died in a most picturesque manner for a natural philosopher. But for a poor devil of an Italian antiquary to go and get boiled in Java—what business had he there?

I am going to make arrangements with M. Cordier of Chandernagore about the forwarding of my collections to France. During the winter, they will be conveyed, down the Jumna and the Ganges, from Delhi to Chandernagore. I think it better to trust to the improbable chance of shipwreck, than to a certainty of the accidents incidental to land carriage.

Porphyre makes you forget all your philosophy: you would have him lose his identity. "*Trahit sua quemque voluptas,*" and his *voluptas* is to be unsociable. Few are of as innocent a kind as his; and if, as times go, every one like him would shut himself up at home, either from ill-temper, taste, or modesty, public affairs would be all the better for it. The gentle and gay disposition of his mind, is a proof that he would gain nothing by changing his ways; besides, men seldom change much at forty; and however extraordinary it may seem, Porphyre has passed this formidable period of life. When, after dinner, we all take a walk together to the Tuileries, our group will not be that of father Horace, as it was ten years ago at the Luxemburg.

*Djessur, or Jusser, on the banks of the Ravee,
or Hydraotes, October 8th.*

My dear father, what I am now writing, is a journal, and not a letter. The Rajah paid me his visit three days ago, and, as I expected, rather late. We talked about his mountains, Cashmeer, the immortality of the soul, steam-engines, then the soul again, the universe, and many other matters. Gulab Sing was so pleased with these physics and metaphysics, that we kept it up pretty late in the night by the light of my Excellency's torches and candles, which furnished the Rajpoot philosopher with more than one comparison and thought. I decidedly like that man; and my reason for it is that he seems to like me. The Rajah earnestly besought me to spend a whole day with him, and I consented on condition that I should march during the night in order to make up for this loss of time. The day before yesterday, in the morning, I went to him just as he was getting out of bed, and we remained conversing until we were informed that the preparations for the chase were complete—for it was a settled thing that we should hunt together. Two towers had been built, in a neighbouring forest, with the branches and foliage of trees. We each took our station in one of them, while the cavalry, entering the wood on all sides, drove the game towards us. I killed a wild hog. I must have been born with very little taste for the chase, for this did not give me the slightest pleasure, although it was my first success with wild hogs. The Rajah's Brahminee cooks, who were on horse-back, *improvised* a Rajpoot breakfast out of the produce of our sport. It was really

excellent, and was served up in two broad baskets, filled with little dishes made of leaves. Runjeet Sing himself has no other table-service.

Our Mussulmaun people, our horsemen, and some of the Hindoos, took to their heels when they saw the roasted hog, which they hold in as great abhorrence as the domestic pig. This abhorrence is shared by the Rajpoots of Hindostan. I spent the day in the Rajah's camp, where tents had been prepared for me. It was at a short distance from our hunting ground. Gulab Sing sent me his presents thither; they consisted of an excellent and beautiful white horse, caparisoned in the most splendid manner after the Sikh fashion, and a khelat consisting of Cashmeer shawls, and so forth. I went to take leave of him; he found, as he had done the day before, so much pleasure in my visit, that I should be there now, had he not himself, at the approach of night, made me start. I reached Zafferval in the middle of the night; and I was there agreeably surprised by meeting a European, the first I had seen for seven months. An old Italian artillery officer, a friend of M. Allard's, and who, like him, has been several years in Runjeet's service, received me at Zafferval, where he was himself encamped. He is Governor of this province. He paid me many friendly and flattering attentions, and told me a multitude of things which a traveller could never discover in this country. I was obliged to spend the whole of yesterday with him. This evening, he accompanied me on horseback seven coss from our camp, and I afterwards proceeded alone as far as the banks of the Ravee, which my caravan has just crossed. I shall cross it to-morrow at day-break, with my light troops, and the day after

to-morrow shall be at Umbritsir with the good M. Allard.

The Italian told me too much. Had he known me beforehand, and been desirous of inspiring me with friendship, he would have kept me in ignorance of the means necessary to enforce obedience in this dreadful country. Gulab Sing no doubt does still worse ; but his father did the same. I shall feel real pleasure in continuing my tour through India, on Gulab Sing's horse ; because he did not give it to me merely from etiquette, but evidently as a token of remembrance. Is not this familiar friendship with a half-savage of the Himalaya, very curious ? I should scarcely have dreamt of it when I landed at Calcutta two years ago. I believe that this luck in travelling proceeds, on both sides of the Sutledge, from the same principle. I have preserved entire the nationality and individuality of my thoughts. With the English I did not become stiff like themselves ; with the Asiatics I avoid the cold complimentary style habitual to them. I translate my French ideas and personal feelings into the language of both :—in short, I retain my identity, as much as I can, under the fetters of a foreign idiom.

You ask whether the Indian Chief Justice Sir Charles Grey, is any relation to Earl Grey, the British prime minister. He is, but opposed to him in politics. Sir C. Grey is about to retire, after his ten years of judicial service, which give him a right to a pension for life of 50,000 francs (2000*l.*) It is said that Mr. Pearson will succeed him. It is natural that Lord Brougham should dispose of the vacancy in favour of the latter, who is his intimate friend. Moreover, Mr. Pearson's age,

reputation, and knowledge of Indian judicial affairs, acquired since he has filled the office of Advocate-general, entitle him to this high dignity.—Good night.

At Captain Wade's Camp, between the Beas and the Sutledge, October 19th.

I remained a week at Umbritsir, with the excellent M. Allard. The second day after my arrival, I had an audience of Runjeet Sing, without witnesses. Guess what he offered me?—the vice-royalty of Cashmeer! I ridiculed both him and his proposal, which was, no doubt, only a stratagem to know my mind. He pleased me still more than when I passed through Lahore—of course because he caressed me more. I found that I had changed my title at the Sikh court, and that instead of *Jackman Sahib Bahadur*, I was now known by every one as the *Aflatoune el Zeman*. Captain Wade, with two other officers of my acquaintance, arrived at Umbritsir three days subsequent to my arrival. He came, on the part of the Governor-general, to accompany Runjeet Sing through his dominions to Rooper, on the left bank of the Sutledge, the place appointed for the interview of the two potentates. I met him again with great pleasure. It was the festival of the Unloosed, and I saw Asia in all its picturesque pomp. Wade invited me to join him, and since that day I partake of all the privileges of the British commission. On the eve of the festival, the king had the kindness to have me shown the famous tank of Umbritsir. In its centre is the golden temple, in which they preserve the *Grant*, or sacred book of the Sikhs. The fanaticism and madness of the Akhalis or religious warriors, who always crowd into this sacred place, would prove of almost certain

danger to any European visitant, if he had not a strong guard. Such a protection was not wanting on the present occasion. I went to the temple on an elephant, with a strong escort of Sikh cavalry, the animal on which I was mounted pushing the formidable Akhalis to the right and left, without hurting any of them ; and the temple was occupied by a regiment of Sikh infantry. In its precincts I paid a visit to an old man, celebrated for his sanctity. He expected me, as did likewise the Governor of the city, an equally respectable old man, who was there by the King's order, to conduct me through the temple. The Governor took me by the hand, and led me all over it. Had he let go my hand, the Akhalis would no doubt have done me some ill turn ; but I was sacred while held by old Dessa Sing. At night-fall, the temple, being lighted with lamps, presented the image of Pandemonium, I humbly offered the *Grant* a nuzzer of three hundred rupees, being part of what the King had made me a present of the day before ; and I received a small khelat in return. The Unloosed is a Hindoo festival, and the greatest of all. The Sikhs celebrate it with still greater noise and splendour than their ancestors and Hindoo brethren. On that day, Runjeet reviewed his army. I seated myself with Wade, by the King's side, in a magnificent tent, pitched on a platform in the middle of the plain of Umbritsir. All the chiefs of the Sikh court came to do homage to the King, and the army defiled past us. It resembled a good deal the armies described by the historians and poets of antiquity ; and this once the reality far exceeded my expectations.

Next day (the day before yesterday), the King struck

his tents at day-break, and departed with Captain Wade. I could not leave M. Allard soon enough to join the royal cavalry on the road, and did not reach Wade's tents till the evening. From this time forth I shall not leave them, in order that I may not be lost in the horrible crowd from which the King appears to flee, and which is in reality following him contrary to his wish. The Aflatoune el Zeman, yesterday morning, on an elephant, walking side by side with that of Runjeet Sing, discoursed to him like an oracle. As there was not the smallest plant to be picked up in the sandy and burning plains which we were crossing, I did not regret not being able to stop when I pleased. Nevertheless, fancying I saw one to-day, I made my elephant kneel down without ceremony, and descended from its back to have a nearer view of a plant which I recognised, and neglected on being better acquainted with it. Every body stopped with me. You see what privileges an Aflatoune enjoys.

I ought not to forget to tell you that I received at Umbritsir two long and friendly letters from Mr. Pearson and M. de Melay. The former sends me word that he shortly expects his daughter, whose health is completely restored, and who is returning, without Mrs. Pearson, to bear him company at Calcutta for the rest of the time he has to remain there.

*Hatteli, in the mountains between the Beas
and the Sutledge, October 28th.*

In the evening of the 21st, I took my final leave of Runjeet Sing at Ooshearpore. During the morning's march, while on horseback near him, we chatted about

my intended journey to Mondî, which I am at present performing; and he had the candour (a rare virtue with him) to confess that the wretched Rajah of Mondî was the most refractory of his mountain Rajpoot vassals. He is always obliged to send an army of eight or ten thousand men every year, in spring, to receive the slender tribute of a hundred thousand rupees. Nevertheless, he gave me hopes that, with a little address, his firmans to the Rajah, and the assistance of an old Sikh officer, a trusty man, whom he added to my escort, I might succeed in my undertaking. Our last interview was long and very friendly. Runjeet lavished a thousand caresses on me; he took my hand and shook it several times at my well-aimed broadsides of flattery, in which, without affectation, I infused a degree of feeling. I was embarrassed with his exclusive attentions, on account of his neglect of the British officer commanding Wade's escort, who was visiting him with me. But, with the Asiatics, the British are so awkward and unsociable, that I am not surprised at this. They have only *yes* and *no* to say for themselves, and Runjeet likes to be amused. It was quite dark when I left the King, with all sorts of wishes for his glory and prosperity in this world and the next, and taking away with me a magnificent *khelat* in exchange for my gilded words. On returning to my hut, I found that, in addition, the Rajah had sent me a present of five hundred rupees. Wade, with whom I afterwards supped for the last time, gave me a firman after his own fashion for the Rajah of Mondî, who being near the British frontier, will, I trust, act up to its tenour.

It required, I assure you, all my love of minerals to

make me leave the pleasure and security which I found in his society, and again risk myself alone in the mountains. I expected to encounter some difficulties, and have not been mistaken. From the third day of my journey I had to traverse the pontifical states of the Punjab, a small mountainous district, inhabited and governed by a centenarian, the spiritual chief of the Sikhs, who not long since, in a fit of rage against his eldest son—an ambitious youth of eighty—got upon his legs, and without a word of warning, cut off this son's head with a single blow of his sword. From motives of policy, Runjeet pays this terrible old fellow every mark of deference. I thought I should appease the Cerberus by throwing him a cake of a hundred rupees. But I was obliged to pass his fortress without being allowed to enter it, lest it should be defiled; and while I was encamped a few leagues further on, near the last village on his frontier, an order came for me to evacuate his Holiness's territory forthwith. As his heralds were terrible Akhalis, carrying long guns and matches ready lighted, I did not require to be told twice. I therefore pitched my tent in a valley separated from his dominions by a small chain of mountains. I here thought myself in a friendly country, because I was in the vicinity of one of the fortresses belonging to Sheer Sing, Runjeet's son; but the next morning, as I was about to mount my horse in order to continue my route my old Sikh officer Kadja Sing, pointed out to me, with an air of embarrassment, a score of vagabonds posted in front of my camp, with their matchlocks shouldered, barring my passage. My horsemen proposed breaking through them by charging with their

lances ; a silly proposal, which I rejected, with a shrug of my shoulders. Instead of such an act of violence, I wrapped myself in my splendid dressing gown of white-flowered Cashmeer shawl, seated myself composedly in my arm-chair, and coolly prepared to smoke my cigar and drink a drop of brandy, as a preservative against the mountain fever. In this commodious attitude I played off a little diplomacy with the enemy. Eight months ago this adventure would have puzzled me very much ; but being now well acquainted with these customs, I perceived that this was only one of the most vulgar common-places of Punjabee manners. Some day or other by the fireside I will give you the particulars of this negociation ; suffice it for you at present to know, that, after a long conference with my two officers, the hostile chief consented to approach me, and I complimented him on his vigilance, ordering him to call his people, upon whom I bestowed the like eulogiums. I then, to their great amazement, bestrode my white horse, with a majestic and patronising air, bidding them adieu with a slight wave of my hand. They answered with a most respectful salaam, stammering forth some excuses (I do not yet know what for) and witnessed my departure, as confounded as so many geese, while my baggage passed forward. I came hither in three days, marching like a conqueror. Here, however, I was obliged to stop, in order to treat with the Rajah of Mondi, who, I think, will this evening reply to my despatches. His capital is fifteen leagues distant, and thither I have had to send Runjeet and Wade's firmans, together with one which I had the impudence to write to him myself. Belaspore is only fourteen leagues off,

The Rajah of that place being informed, I know not how, of my approach, has sent me an officer of his miserable court and twenty soldiers. His Vizier will receive me six leagues from his capital on this side of the Sutledge; so that if I fail with respect to Mondi, which, in a geological sense, would be a subject of much regret, I have at least secured a good line of retreat direct upon Belaspore. I confess I shall cross the Sutledge again with pleasure; though I do not mean to say, knowing, as I now do, the certain difficulties and possible dangers of a journey beyond that river, that I would not, if necessary, begin again this year's campaign. If, however, a friend of mine undertook the journey, I confess that, till his return into the heart of the British possessions, I should sometimes think of him with anxiety. Is this courage or presumption on my part? I know not; but I think I can trace a little superstition in my feeling of security. I trust to my address in getting out of a scrape, and to my fortunate star for not getting into any very bad one; but I should not have the same confidence in the good luck and presence of mind of any one dear to me. After all, what I have just done (for henceforth all danger is past) has been attempted by only one before me. This is Mr. Moorcroft, and he lost his life in the country, some say from fever, others, from poison. But at Cashmeer I ascertained positively, that he and one of his companions had been miserably killed with sword and matchlock.

I have certainly exhausted, in the Punjab and the mountains, all my chances of adventure in India, and I am glad of it. For a flying traveller, an adventure might

afford a very interesting diversion ; but for a poor devil of my calling, who is not in want of work, it is a very inconvenient addition.

I experience an agreeable feeling of satisfaction, when I look back upon the road over which I have already travelled with so much success and good fortune. I have now executed half my task, and that portion of it, too, which, so far as human obstacles extend, presented the greatest difficulties. With the exception of the first summer, when I was roasted at Calcutta, I can scarcely do otherwise than admire the climate of the different places in which I have lived ; for during the winter I travelled in the plains, and in summer among the mountains. This will not be the case in future. I must prepare for a terrible sweating next summer at Bombay, and then, as I journey towards Cape Comorin, winter will be quite imperceptible. But I think that my fibres, which have been hardened in the Himalaya, will be but slowly affected by the enervating influence of the damp heat upon the Malabar coast. I shall take care of myself. I shall purchase shade at the rate of twenty francs a month, by means of a very large parasol, which I intend to have made at Delhi, and which a servant, walking or running by my horse's side, will constantly hold over my head. I shall buy another large double tent, in order that when I dismount every day I may always find one ready for me. If, notwithstanding all this, the heat oppresses me, I will, in order to cool myself in imagination at least, think of the scenes of ice and snow which I witnessed upon the lofty peaks of the Himalaya. Adieu !

Subhatoo, November 22nd 1831.

I had not yet reached the term of my adventures, when, nearly a month ago, I wrote the foregoing lines at Hatteli. To arrive at Mondi I had sentinels to force. Their opposition was inexplicable; for the Rajah had sent me a pressing and submissive invitation to his capital. He had literally given me *carte blanche* over his subjects, placing his Vizier and every body else at my disposal. I suspected this Vizier of treachery; and, as he was not attended by any great force, I had more than once a great inclination to seize and make sure of his person. At every post that I forced, deputations arrived from the city entreating me to proceed no further. These people assured me that they were sent by the Rajah; and they promised, in his name, that he would visit me next morning, at whatever distance from the city I might encamp. Thinking them all mad, I paid no attention either to their entreaties or to their remonstrances, and in the evening reached Mondi. The whole city was in an uproar: nevertheless I was received not only as a friend, but as a master. The enigma grew more and more inexplicable. At last, while I was encamped in the tents prepared for me by order of the Rajah, his uncle, an old man, visited me, and looking very piteous, told me that it was an unlucky day, and that the astrologers had discovered in the morning that if my interview with the Rajah took place that day, frightful calamities would befall the monarchy of Mondi.

This was the 1st of November. I remained several days at Mondi and in its neighbourhood, embarrassed.

with the hospitality and humility of the Rajah, and was forced to accept several nuzzers. The money I refused; but he passed the bags which he had brought over my head, and distributed their contents among the throng, which crowded round my encampment whenever he paid me a visit. I saw his mines, which are full of geognostic interest; and, after confounding great and small during several days with the depth and marvels of my knowledge, I left Mondi on the 7th, mounted on a most wretched-looking little horse, one however of the noblest race of Kooloo, a present forced upon me by the Rajah.

As I was internally blaming the expensive magnificence of my stud, now amounting to four horses, I arrived at Sooket, where my tents were pitched. The first man I met was my groom, carrying a finger of his left hand in his right. The poor fellow was covered with blood. It was Gulab Sing's stallion which had used him thus cruelly. Without hesitating longer than Candide did when Issacar and the grand inquisitor interrupted his conversation with the fair Cunegunde, I presented my gun, which I had on my shoulder, and killed the terrible animal on the spot. The evening before, I had a serious quarrel with him, and dreaded some mishap to the poor groom. I dressed the unfortunate man's wound, after executing justice upon his enemy. He will be well in a few days, but will be discharged for having lied, by declaring when he entered my service that he had been a groom before. Nevertheless, to console him for his mutilation as much as I can, he shall receive with his discharge two years' wages, amounting to a hundred rupees.

On the 9th I crossed the Sutledge—with what joy!—I cannot express it. On my landing at Belaspore, from the inflated skin which served me as a boat, it seemed to me but a step to the Rue de l'Université. The young Rajah, who, on account of some new knavery had excited an inquiry on the part of the political agent of Umbala—my friend Mr. Clerk—hastened to pay me his respects. He was in hopes of obtaining my intercession with Mr. Clerk; but he received from me a severe reprimand, and retired in confusion.

My trans-Sutledgic retinue having become useless, I dismissed the men, giving to each a reward proportioned to his services. This cost me a thousand rupees. I obtained, moreover, for my escort, the promotions which at my request M. Allard, their General, made among them: Ismael Beg received a captain's commission, and so on of the others. My Cashmeerian secretary, who had been so useful to me, was in justice the best rewarded. All expressed their gratitude, and their regret at leaving me, in a manner which affected me exceedingly. You know, my dear father, that I am not brave on such occasions: I was choked with emotion. Without waiting for each of them to say adieu, and invoke Allah and Mohammed for my happiness, I mounted my horse, and rode off with a rapidity which allowed no one to follow me.

I was galloping along the Subhatoo road towards Kennedy's residence, when one of his messengers brought me a letter, which informed me that he expected me at Semla. I hastened on, and on the third day found myself under his hospitable roof.

He was not alone. I found with him some old acquaintances, and a new one, Mr. Maddock, one of the most distinguished men in the country. He has just left the residency of Lucknow for that of Khatmandoo, for which place he ought already to have set out. Must I tell you that it was in order to become acquainted with me that, in defiance of his instructions, he remained at Kennedy's, who, he knew, was expecting me daily? The cold drove us from Semla four days ago; but Mr. Maddock will remain with us at Subhatoo as long as I stay there. For my part, it would require a great effort of courage and unsociability not to stay whilst he is there; for I am as much pleased with him as he is with me.

Nevertheless I have given the necessary orders for camels; and when they arrive at Bar, at the foot of the mountains, I shall take the road to Delhi. Lord William Bentinck, who has been detained at Kurnal by serious illness, will no doubt be still in the imperial city when I arrive there.

The excellent M. Allard has written to me since the interview at Rooper between the Governor-general and Runjeet Sing. In the British camp, he found several of my friends, who received him in the most distinguished manner. He is delighted with the honours paid to him on this side of the Sutledge, especially those which he received from Lord William. Nothing can be better calculated to increase the great respect so justly paid to him at the Sikh court. As his countryman and friend, I learn all this with true delight; and it is not without an increase of pleasure that I

think I have been of powerful use to him in this matter, notwithstanding my distance from the scene of action.

The good old General Cartwright has just been summoned to Calcutta, as a witness on a criminal trial. So this time, at Delhi, I shall be at Mr. William Fraser's service, and shall be able, without offence to any one, to spend with him the time of my stay at Delhi, where I must ship my collections on the Jumna for Paris. On the 30th or 31st of December I shall leave the imperial city, and proceed towards Bombay. Adieu, my dear father. I wish I could send you health, for I have some to spare; but I hope you have no occasion for that of other people. I am overwhelmed with business, and write this time to no one but M. Victor. A Bourdeaux ship, which sailed on the 4th of August, has been signaled in the bay of Bengal. I hope she brings me letters from you. I have none of later date than February, and they appear quite old. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M^{LLE}. ZOE NOIŽET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

*Subhatoo in the British Himalaya,
November 23rd 1831.*

MY DEAR ZOE,—If none of my former letters have been lost on their way from Cashmeer to Arras, you must have thought me almost a chatterer last summer; but for the last few months you have had no occasion to find fault with me on that account. Since my departure from the so-called terrestrial Paradise, I have had so much to do that I have entirely neglected my European letter-writing. Nevertheless, during this interval, I

have, so far as my journeyings and short moments of leisure would allow, and on my father's account, blotted down a respectable chronicle of my sayings and doings; and this I yesterday concluded abruptly enough, in order to forward it to Calcutta. I cannot speak to you of myself without repeating some part of that long epistle; and as my father will most probably send you at least a few sheets of it, this present will be very brief. I am as gay as a lark at having done what I have, and at not having it to do over again. This winter I am going to Bombay, and shall make a considerable circuit by way of Poonah, the capital of the old Mahratta monarchy. I shall remain at Bombay during the rainy season, for, while it lasts, travelling is impossible. I shall afterwards proceed to Cape Comorin, which is twenty degrees of latitude from hence: but this I think nothing of—it seems only a hop, step, and jump. I have no more human obstacles to fear: no more rascals ambuscaded in a mountain defile, with their long matchlocks and their “you cannot pass”—no more fears, no more night attacks. *Things* will perhaps incommode me still more than *men* did in my expedition beyond the Sutledge. The remainder of my Indian pilgrimage will be in a furnace and an oven by turns. Meanwhile, I enjoy what is left to me, and still give myself the pleasure of being cold here.

I have ceased to be the Plato of the world, the Socrates, the Aristotle of the age, the high and mighty lord Victor Jacquemont. I have no longer any right to cut off noses and ears, or to levy tribute. I shall never again be treated as I was by the Rajah of Mondri, who received me as if I had been Runjeet himself, or the

husband of the old lady, his neighbour, as the ignorant Indians ludicrously term the British Company. On crossing the Sutledge, I lost all my lordly privileges, and am once more plain M. Victor Jacquemont, walking about alone, when I choose to have no other escort than my walking-stick. This change keeps me in perpetual good humour. Notwithstanding the distance from the Himalaya to the good city of Paris, I feel that, by entering the territories under British rule, I am brought some hundred miles nearer to that city.

After all, my journey through the Punjab to Cashmeer, and the manner in which I was allowed to perform it, are singular enough. What congratulations, questions, and envy it calls forth!

A single day's march will bring me to the plains. I despaired of joining Lord W. Bentinck; but he has just been taken ill, which will delay his journey to Jaypore, and I may expect to see him at Delhi.

Adieu, my dear cousin. I cannot accuse *you* of gossiping; but excess is a fault in everything, especially in the pen. Make the *amende honorable* for the past and write to me in your smallest hand, on the largest sheet of paper. Adieu once more.

TO M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, PARIS.

*Subhatoe in the British Himalaya, near the Sutledge,
November 28th 1831.*

IT is a very long time since I wrote to you, my dear Prosper; but you have been still more negligent towards me.

I am certainly at the end of my adventures. They

are so rare on this side of the Sutledge, that I have scarcely any chance of meeting with more. Beyond the British possessions I found plenty of them; but as none had an unlucky termination, notwithstanding the awkward preamble of some, I do not regret having become acquainted with Oriental disagreeables of the ambulatory species.

On my return from Cashmeer, I saw at Umbritsir the festival of the Unloosed. It is certainly the most magnificent in the East. I was prudent enough to refuse the most picturesque of vice-royalties, that of Cashmeer, with an annual income of two lacs (500,000 francs),—a piece of folly according to some, and an act of extraordinary wisdom according to others; one, in short, becoming the Aflatoune el Zeman, Bocrat, Aristoune el Feringhistan, &c.

My prudent refusal has still farther exalted my reputation for wisdom. Runjeet has ever since considered me an animal quite *sui generis*, which could not be too highly honoured. If ever you fancy that, to write pretty exotic tales, it is necessary for you to cross the Rhine and the Indus, you may rely, my dear fellow, upon all my protection.

Notwithstanding the *crescendo* of Runjeet's attentions, I find it is still very pleasant to be once more among "the perfidious islanders." My present host is an amiable man, the best paid of all the captains of artillery in this sublunary world. He is more of a King of Kings than Agamemnon himself, without any Achilles to oppose him among the petty mountain Rajahs his vassals. A regiment of Gorkha sepoy insures his absolute sovereignty from the Jumna to the Sutledge.

This morning, he paid me the compliment of having a grand review, with firing, to prove to me that he knew something of his incidental profession of colonel of infantry, which I had been disputing : but he insisted upon my being on horseback in full dress of Aflatoune (a black European coat), as he had in store for me all the honours due to a general officer inspecting his corps. The whole time the review lasted, I was near falling from my horse ; and when my artillery friend had made his scoundrels perform all their antics, he concluded with a general advance towards me, his men presenting arms, and he himself saluting with his sword, and saying : “ Now Jacquemont, take off your hat and make a speech ! ” He was quizzing me, but I repaid him with interest in his own coin. With the utmost coolness, and in the tone appropriate to inspection speeches, I commenced a long rigmarole in English, without head or tail, which so upset his gravity, that he ordered the drums to beat, and dismissed the men without waiting for the conclusion. After six months of absolute solitude, every frolic does me good, even an English one. I certainly see the English, for the most part, in a more advantageous light than they exhibited themselves to you. I am particularly lucky with them. However, I have no very great reason to be vain of this success. They become so heartily tired of themselves in their distant solitary stations, that every new face is a God-send to them.

Such among them as are still bachelors, especially in India, have a style of manner which is not our *bonhomme* ; but they have much more of the *good fellow* than we have, from thirty to fifty. Two other

friends besides myself share Captain Kennedy's hospitality. One is a brother officer of his in the artillery, the other the ex-resident of Lucknow, the largest city in India. I know not how we manage it, but we are carried to bed every night bursting with laughter.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Subhatoo in the British Himalaya.

December 1st 1831.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I answer your letter of the 29th of March last, which I received only to-day. You remind me of the date of mine, which had just then reached you, a year after it was written. This mode of corresponding is indeed melancholy, recollection having ample time to be lost. But with so great a distance between us, and the impossibility of writing by question and answer, the only way to meet is to advance towards each other, and repeat this kind of journey frequently. We must not wait to receive a visit before we return it.

When you read these lines, time will have alleviated the bitterness of sorrow caused by the great and melancholy bereavement you had just suffered when you wrote. I was very young when a similar misfortune happened to me: you must remember it. I think that, from the very reason of my extreme youth, it was the more cruel. The affections of childhood are but little divided. The chances of an innocent adolescence on the very threshold of youth, had not made me acquainted with the happiness of any but filial love. This faculty of loving

still existed in its integrity, and I thought had lost all at a blow!

I do not know, but should think that when misfortune surprises us in the midst of our career, at a period when our sensibility is completely developed in all its forms and is successively exercised in each of them, it must be less terrible. There are criminals whom a barbarous chastisement rouses to indignation, hardens, and encourages to struggle against their punishment. Why do those excruciating torments of moral evil exist in the world? Is not the wounded soul sometimes hardened by a misfortune, the justice of which is incomprehensible to our intellect? Pardon me for talking to you thus, you who have wept so young: forgive me, it is better never to think of such things.

In the world with which we are acquainted, there is no vitality that is not below hope, and the happiest life that I can conceive, is that which hope does not desert for a single moment. Happy, thrice happy, those who believe and hope! Happy too the child who has been able to gild the declining years of those who watched over his youth! How greatly ought this idea to soothe and mitigate your sorrow!

Perhaps I should have done better by not writing, if I have only increased your affliction. But believe me, I shall always be afflicted when you are so. I share the happiness you enjoy in your husband, your daughters, and the qualities with which you are endowed.

Adieu, dear Madam, adieu!

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Bussee, in the Country of the protected Sikhs, twenty-four miles North of Umbala, December 5th 1831.

IN the first place, my dear brother, excuse the thickness of this paper. Let me prose ever so little, my letter will weigh two pounds; but as John Bull pays the postage from hence to Calcutta, and our highly esteemed public from thence to Paris, never mind. Besides, I have no alternative.

The excessive slowness of our correspondence is a great nuisance. The only compensation is its safety, since we have sent it through the ministry of the marine.—Let us begin with business.

I regret much that the ministerial decision of October 1830, granting me an annual increase of salary to the amount of four thousand francs, has not been rigorously carried into execution, and that its effect has been limited to the last quarter of the said year, which makes the total only nine thousand francs. Sending off my collections will cost me a great deal of money, and the campaign of 1832 will be very expensive. I have just discovered that I owe three months' wages to some of my people, and eight months' wages to others. I shall smart for this at Delhi, where I must moreover buy another horse. I have three at present. One is my pretended Persian, which brought me to this place from Calcutta—a rascal that threw me a score times before I even reached Benares, and in 1831 ate more than double his value, during the six or seven months of indolence which he enjoyed in the plains, while I was in the mountains. The second is the Rajah

of Mondî's famous ghount, excellent in his way;—but he is of no use to me on my journey to Bombay, and I therefore dismiss him too. The third is my charger, which I have ridden since I left Lahore;—he has lost his agreeable pace, continues to rear, and has become hard of mouth. Moreover, like all the horses of the Punjabee chiefs, he is accustomed to eat nothing but sugar; his keep therefore costs me double that of another,—so I shall send him back to M. Allard.

Now the least a general renewal can cost me is twelve or fifteen hundred francs, and that without being extravagant. If I select a horse from one of the Company's cavalry regiments, I shall have to pay eight hundred rupees, or two thousand one hundred francs for it, that being the price at which the officers are allowed to make a choice of this kind. Near Delhi there are two studs, which my friend Mr. William Fraser knows thoroughly, and I have therefore asked him to make the purchase for me.

I have occasioned M. Allard very numerous expenses, and, notwithstanding his pay of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, he is no richer than myself since the bankruptcy of Mr. Palmer the most celebrated banker in Asia. This gentleman failed at Calcutta twenty months ago for the moderate sum of seventy-five millions of francs. In devising therefore some means of making him a present, I have thought of sending him a lottery ticket which will cost me a hundred and twenty-eight rupees, and may win him 160,000. I should tell you that every six months, there is a lottery at Calcutta, consisting of six thousand tickets, at a hundred and twenty rupees each, regulated

in such a manner that only a twelfth of the capital deposited remains in the bank. This sum serves to cover the expense of several charitable institutions, which however is only a pretence to sanctify this sort of gambling, and induce the saints to risk their cash, which all of them do as well as those who are not saints. The number of civil and military officers throughout India is about six thousand, being as many as the tickets. There are but few of them who from the day of their arrival in India, till that of their departure from it, do not impose upon themselves this voluntary half-yearly tax of a hundred and twenty-eight rupees. Between ourselves, when I have had the ticket bought for M. Allard, I have a mind to do like the rest, and have one bought for myself out of my good friend Runjeet Sing's rupees.

But I am dreadfully puzzled, and you will certainly laugh at my embarrassment. I think myself sure of winning the great prize, 160,000 rupees, or at least the second, 80,000, that is to say 500,000 or 250,000 francs. What the deuse shall I do with the money? If I send it to you, I shall be asked on my return, where I stole all that money—what Rajah I have plundered, and so forth. I pray therefore that my number may be drawn a blank.

The only consideration which might publicly justify me, and cause me unhesitatingly to confess where I derived my income of five-and-twenty thousand francs a year, would be the origin of the one hundred and twenty-eight rupees with which the hook is to be baited; which, of course, are derived from the huge bags sent to me from time to time by Runjeet Sing. Nothing is more

of a lottery than the caprice or favour of an Asiatic prince. I have won some score thousands of francs without staking a farthing, and surely I may risk one lump to catch another. To hoard money gained in such a manner would be miserly. But enough of such folly.

Mr. Maddock was taken ill at Kennedy's while I was sharing with him the Himalaya artilleryman's hospitality, and I took possession of the patient. I purged him, gave him an emetic, and made him take quinine and lavements, (a horrible thing to an Englishman,) used sinapisms, camphor frictions, &c. &c., and soon set him on his legs again. There was no time to lose: he was seized with the mountain fever, which is almost endemic in the low, hot, and moist valley all round Subhatoo. It is a pleasure to put one's self out of the way for grateful people. If I were to go to Nepal instead of Bombay, I assure you I should meet with a splendid reception, for my ex-patient, Mr. Maddock, is Resident at the court of Khatmandoo.

I taught Kennedy, too, to cure himself, without medicine, of a complaint to which he is subject. The fact is, I think myself a better Indian physician than most of the Company's doctors. Whenever I have met with any clever ones, I have talked to them of nothing but their profession, thus benefiting by their experience; whilst, for my own part, my camp, especially this year when it was so numerous, furnished me every day with some patient or other. Be easy therefore about me, and be persuaded that if I should happen to be taken ill, I shall not drug myself with less success than others. Cholera is fabulous: I have never seen it, and am prepared to surprise the people of Paris a good deal, when

they ask me about it. When I crossed the Sutledge, I also left behind me all chance of seeing a woman burned. But as cholera is no joke in Europe, a serious word or two about that disease. It sometimes attacks the inhabitants of the great Indian cities, and makes very great havoc among the native population. Europeans are seldom its victims, especially *gentlemen*; but the soldiers of the European corps, all Irish, addicted to intoxication, are swept away by it in great numbers. You see, then, that it is no concern of mine. However, be it understood, that if it is pleased to reign in Bombay next May, I shall not dispute its residence in that city, but shall repair elsewhere at a respectful distance.

I will endeavour, when the time comes, to profit by your advice as to the propriety of returning to Europe during the summer. In truth, the thought of a Parisian winter makes me feel rather uncomfortable. Here, on the level plains of India, in the 30° of latitude, with orange and date trees, sugar canes, plantains, mangoes, and other tropical productions around me, I am writing to you by the fire-side, in a wretched hut built for the accommodation of invalids who go to Semla in search of coolness. Meanwhile, I am dressed in my disguise of a white bear of Tibet, with flannel underneath, and a long, broad girdle of shawl over it; and though it be a cloudless noon and I in a house, or rather a kind of house, I shiver at the fire-side though dressed in this manner. I walked this morning more than half the way, my feet being too cold when on horseback. This chilly constitution of mine is admirable in a poor devil who is going as far as Cape Comorin; but if it continues longer, I shall be forced at Paris to mount a

puce-colour wadded *douillette*, at the risk of being mistaken for a priest.

I left Subhatoo yesterday afternoon ; and if you look at the map, you will see that I made haste through the valley of Pinjore, which I crossed, without perceiving it, in the very teeth of the quartan ague which prevails there nearly the whole year. To make up for the time lost at Subhatoo (Mr. Maddock does not call it lost), I shall go to-morrow to Umbala. Four-and-twenty English miles, or ten post leagues is a good long day's journey in India. You would be of my opinion, and that of the generality of men on this subject, were you to see the excoriated backs of the half-starved camels that carry a portion of the baggage, the wagons and bullocks conveying the remainder ; and if you knew the necessity there is of opening, unpacking and displacing every thing in the evening, and of closing up, re-cording in the morning, &c. &c. At this season of the year such things are pleasant, as we have constantly the finest weather in the world ; but when the rain comes, it falls in torrents. You have had some specimens of it in your professional life, so I shall give you no account of these deluges.

Jobbing in indigo is ruining all the commercial houses in Calcutta. If they were to confine themselves to the profits of their commission, they would all make fortunes. I am glad to hear that Messrs. Cruttenden, Mackillop, and Co., do not gamble in that way.

My only objection to them is my knowledge of a number of debts due to them which they will never recover. Nothing is more common in India than to owe 50,000, 100,000, or even more than double that sum of rupees ; and the debtors are frequently captains

at 600 rupees a month, or surgeons at 1000 or 1200. All this proceeds from the mania of living beyond their incomes. The public notion is, that the agents at Calcutta are a pack of thieves, and that it is delightful to over-reach them. The English, so proud, so tenacious of their honour, suffer themselves to be dragged before the King's Bench at Calcutta, for debts truly shameful, and for which there can be no excuse, except in the insanity of the debtors.

This is their mode of reasoning:—

“ I am an English gentleman—that is to say, one of the most brilliant animals in the creation.

“ I have forsaken the joys of Europe, and the delights of my domestic circle; I have bid farewell to my my friends, in order to come and live in this beast of a country.

“ Ergo, in compensation for this, I have a right to eat, drink, dress, live, ride, &c. &c., in the most magnificent style. And if my income is not sufficient, I will run in debt to meet this necessity.”

To most of them, it would seem that an English gentleman who should drink water, would lose caste and become a Pariah, like a Hindoo who drinks a glass of wine, or a Mussulmaun who eats a slice of ham. I should think it must be the same in England. The gentlemen on the other side of the Channel, have need of a strong lesson of politeness from the people, in order to learn that a gentleman may eat a bad dinner without its killing him, and wear an old coat without catching the itch. However, the thing is brewing in that quarter; you and I are destined to see the shell burst. The abolition of the rotten boroughs will do no more

good there than did Catholic emancipation in Ireland. That which the Irish most wanted before everything else—especially before equality of political rights,—was potatoes to eat; and emancipation has not put a single one more into their mouths. What the English people now want is bread. They have the simplicity to believe, that a reformed parliament will give it to them: an error which they will soon rectify when they come to put their new electoral laws to the test. I would not exchange the lot of France for the next thirty years for that of England.

Lest our papers make you magnify a fly buzzing about Calcutta into a monster, let me tell you that a band of rogues, (fakheers,) beggars, and vagabonds out of employ, all Mussulmauns, have lately been plundering some villages on the left bank of the Hooghly. They have thrashed the Burkondars and Chokidars (patrol and policemen) of the district, and have increased to the number of two thousand men at least, armed with swords, pikes, bludgeons, and matchlocks. A regiment of Indian infantry was despatched against the Moolabies (a religious appellation, which the robbers have assumed), with a hundred horse, and two pieces of light artillery. They killed and took a great number in the first engagement; a second will settle the business. All this has been going on ten or twelve leagues from Calcutta.

Farewell, my dear Porphyre. What admirable things are my bad dinners—a chicken as hard as wood, coarse cakes, and water my beverage! Here am I, after two days of this frugal regimen, the same man again as before I spent a fortnight with Kennedy, who would

most infallibly have made me ill if I had remained with him any longer. The English have no conversation: they remain at table for hours after dinner in company with numerous bottles, which are kept in constant circulation. How can one help drinking? Having nothing to do, can of itself man a man drink. I smoked like a steam-engine in order to let the bottles pass without making them deviate from their elliptic orbit round our oval table. But I was obliged to do as others did. Hence, disturbed sleep, indistinct ideas next morning, and the necessity of galloping about during a couple of hours like the English, to digest the dinner of the preceding day. I have resolved, therefore, to preserve my savage manners whenever I chance to moor in any port of British civilisation, and to drink my milk or my water, and eat my cakes among guests who will laugh at my meagre fare. With what pleasure shall I desert this system, when we are all collected round our old father's little round table with the intention of doing justice to a good soup, a leg of mutton, and a few bottles that may have patience enough to wait in the cellar till my return!

Delhi, December 21st 1831.

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—At this place, where I arrived on the evening of the 16th, I found four immense packets of letters waiting for me. None of the preceding ones for the last two years are missing, and I am going to answer them as fast as I can. I send you what I have ready for you, adding only one word now as it is growing dark. Know then that I am wonderfully well; that I arrived in time to spend six and thirty

hours with Lord and Lady William; that I am delighted with them; that in ten days I shall start for Bombay, when I have shipped on the Jumna my collection, now being inclosed in tin, and hard dry wood an inch thick. I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

*Bussee, between Subhatoo and Umbala, Dec. 5th 1831,
Sent from Delhi, Jan. 10th.*

A FEW days ago, my dear father, I sent you a long letter from Subhatoo, which I began at the period of my departure from Cashmeer, continued at different times during the remainder of my journey beyond the Sutledge, and terminated at Semla, at Captain Kennedy's. Porphyre will tell you why I availed myself of the Captain's hospitality longer than I intended, or than was convenient for the continuation of my journey.

Your No. 25, of the 13th of March last, reached me on the 1st of December, at Subhatoo, and there is not one line in its three long pages which has not afforded me pleasure. It is delightful thus to pass the period of our separation to our mutual satisfaction.

You ask me at the beginning of your letter what I was doing on that day? It was the 13th of March. I had just arrived at Lahore, and was walking alone in an Arabian Night's garden, thinking of my good fortune, or giving my arm to the excellent man who invited me thither from the centre of Tibet. I then made my first appearance at the court of Runjeet Sing,

and came from this first interview much pleased with the Sikh monarch. In the elegant hall of the little palace in which I resided, I found, on my return from the Rajah, a table laid out luxuriously and tastefully, after the French fashion; and by a friendly fiction I did the honours to the very persons who had provided the banquet. A select troop of the King's Cashmeerian amazons came by his orders to amuse me with a concert and ball. The concert was execrable, oriental music being one of the most disagreeable noises I ever heard; but the slow-cadenced and voluptuous dance of Delhi and Cashmeer is one of the most agreeable that can be performed. I will also admit that the Cashmeerian *danceuses* had an inch of colour on their faces, vermilion on their lips, red and white on their cheeks, and black round their eyes. But this daubery was very pretty; it gives extraordinary lustre to the already beautiful and very large eyes of the Eastern women.

A year before, and on the same day, if I have a good memory, I was paying my devoirs to the shade of the Great Mogul at Delhi. What shall I be doing on the next 13th of March?

In casting a paternally complaisant glance at the commencement of my ambulatory grandeur at Seran, you ask me what I did with the Rajah of Bissahir's present, his bag of musk. Why, I played the republican, according to Montesquieu's notion, and exercised self-denial. The Rajah's musk stinks at the bottom of a bale of shawls, treated with as little ceremony as itself. When it is cold enough for me to put on a girdle, I take it from another uninfected bale of shawls.

M. de Melay read M. Marlès's* book, which you mention, while he was at sea; but he used to speak so ill of it every day, that I drew back in affright from the six volumes. They have confirmed you, you tell me, in your contempt of the ancient literature of India. But you inquire whether Sanscrit is sufficiently well understood for all the beauties of the mythological poetry of the Indians to be appreciated? To this I reply, that, errors excepted, Mr. Horace Wilson is the only European in India perfectly acquainted with Sanscrit. There is but one of the Brahmins at Benares who knows it better than he; and whatever may be our more recent pretensions to a knowledge of that language, and those of the Germans, not excepting even the Baron d'Eckstein, I believe that not one of the adepts in Europe knows a quarter so much as Mr. Wilson does. The latter gentleman, of course, says that the language is beautiful; that its grammatical structure is admirably logical, ingenious and perfect; and that its literature, which is exclusively poetical both in form and matter, is equally worthy of admiration.

I conceive the eulogiums lavished on the instrument to be deserved and sincere; but I suspected the honesty of those awarded to the works.

I have no doubt in my own mind that the Brahmins possessed much information to which they are now strangers. In this respect, India resembles Egypt; and the similarity between the two countries is not confined to this circumstance.

* Histoire Générale de l'Inde ancienne et moderne depuis l'An 2000 avant Jésus Christ jusqu'à nos Jours. 6 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.—ED.

You are curious to know the extent of information at present possessed by the upper classes in Central India. Without wronging them, I might anticipate the continuation of my journey, and inform you beforehand that in general they are as ignorant as the lower classes. But next year I shall no doubt have an opportunity of seeing a good many Rajpoot and Mahratta chieftains; and I will then tell you what I can make of them. From Delhi to Seringapatam, the Hindostanee is the colloquial language of their courts, as Persian is the written language of their chanceries. I now speak the former with great ease, and understand the latter tolerably well. Thus, my curiosity will be neither deaf nor dumb, when I find an opportunity, in the sequel of my journey, of exercising it on this matter.

The *Journal des Debats*, which you sent me, told me nothing that I had not previously read in the *Constitutionnel*, in the month of September, at Cashmeer.

I know neither when nor how the British sway in India will terminate; but of this I am certain, the poor Tartars will have nothing to do in accelerating its downfall. India, in a military point of view, is too civilised to have anything to dread from the mounted hordes of Turkistan, even if she had not European officers to command her armies. Look at Runjeet Sing;—he has only twenty-five thousand well-disciplined troops, and with so small a force he makes his northern neighbours tremble.

The British power in India will never perish, I think, by foreign aggression. Of physical strength, the British will always have more than could be brought against them on the Sutledge or the Indus; but their material

strength has no other foundation at present than moral strength—very powerful, it is true, but which caprice might overturn. Then all would sink at once! What event can produce this shock?—undoubtedly the re-awakening of religious feeling. This may occur to-morrow, or it may not happen for a century to come. But although much may be said on the subject, I am going, my dear father, to wish you a good night (for it is very late), and fall asleep with the same certainty you have at Paris of finding every thing in the precise situation to-morrow that it occupies to-day. Indeed, I even believe my chances of finding the morrow the same as the previous day, much greater than yours.

Adieu! I embrace and love you with all my heart.

TO M. PROSPER MERIMÉE, PARIS.

*Soneeput, thirty miles North of Delhi.
December 15th 1831.*

MY DEAR PROSPER,—Excuse this large sheet of foolscap, which is anything but select. May you never have to write on such paper with a peacock's feather. In India, such pens have all desirable local character, but beyond that, they are not worth a rush.

Great is my joy at finding myself once more among the British. On the other side of the Sutledge, especially in the mountains, there is always a chance of encountering a band of vagabonds, armed with matchlocks, who say to you, "You pass not here;" and this unlucky chance has often been my lot in the course of my journey. Upon that, my secretary would pull out

of his pocket a terrible firman of Runjeet Sing's, in which he enjoined his friends and lieges of the plain and the mountain, not only to give free passage to the Plato of the age, alias the Lord Victor Jacquemont, but also to provide hay, straw, &c. for the aforesaid lord, and to do all that he required. This sublime passport having been read, the rascals with matchlocks said, very quietly, that it was all Hebrew to them ; that not one of them understood a word of Persian ; that, besides, they were not Runjeet Sing's servants, but those of such and such a petty Jaguirdar or Zemindar (vassal chief), and that they acknowledged no commands but those of their master. With these words, knocking the ashes from their matches, they would repeat, "You pass not here !" I assure you, my dear friend, that it required no mean diplomatic talents to get on in spite of all this, and that more than one secretary of embassy would have been very much puzzled ; for, however numerous my escort, its adversaries were usually in so strong a majority, that by negotiation alone could I succeed in obtaining a passage. Once only (and that was during the expedition with which I terminated my campaign beyond the Sutledge) I judged that the strength lay on my side, and I laconically showed the matchlock-men the long and sharp lances of my cavalry. They saluted me down to the ground, and presented arms, after their fashion, as I passed. I almost regretted their civility ; it deprived me of a pretence for having a tussle with this odious body of matchlock-men, in which they would have been the losers.

On this side of the Sutledge the people are very much tamed. No one ever thinks of saying to the bearer of

a tolerably white face, that eternal "you pass not here!" so much used in the Punjab. The British have destroyed in their possessions the originality of Asiatic manners, beyond the domestic circle of each individual. They have no longer any picturesque feature, but are very convenient for use.

I gave the stones of the Himalaya a great proof of attachment, in leaving Runjeet Sing on their account three days before his interview with the Governor-general. We Indians, who do not think less of this interview than of that between Napoleon and Alexander on the Niemen, fancy that your papers will be greedy of the details with which those of Calcutta will supply them; as if the people at Paris cared about the Sutledge, Rooper, Runjeet Sing, or Lord W. Bentinck.

In order that, when you are minister for foreign affairs, you may be tolerably well acquainted with these matters, take a map of India and look quite at the top of it for the Sutledge, where it leaves the mountains. If the map is at all minute in its details, you will find on the left bank of that river, Rooper, Roopur, Rugar, Ropour, or Ropur.

In general, you may consider as belonging to the British, all the country on the left bank of the Sutledge, and lower down of the Indus, after the former river has flowed into it.

This is a bad line of military defence.

The Indus, on the contrary, especially in the middle part of its course, between Attock and Dehra Ghazi Khan, would be an excellent one.

The Russians might present themselves before it in strong force, almost without meeting any obstacle on

their route. They would march at their ease through Persia; whilst Afghanistan, which for the last twenty years has been divided into a multitude of little independent and extremely weak principalities, would be unable to arrest their progress for a single day. It is, moreover, beyond all doubt that the Afghans would spontaneously increase the numbers of any army marching to the conquest of India. To plunder India, was the former trade of the Afghans, the road to which they would joyfully resume.

Instructions have, therefore, come hither from the Honourable Court of Directors to gain by treaty with the Ameers of Sind and Runjeet Sing, the navigation of the Indus, in order to bring British troops by steam from Bombay, in case of any hostile demonstrations in Persia on the part of Russians.

The Ameers of Sind are the lords of Tatto, Hyderabad, and other places in the vicinity of the mouth of the Indus. They have been independent ever since the dissolution of the Afghan empire. For these twenty years past, Runjeet Sing has been coveting their country, and would long ago have seized it, had he not dreaded the displeasure of the British.

The Ameers have just been informed that if they do not afford every facility and protection to the commercial and military navigation of the British on the Indus, they will be left to Runjeet Sing's tender mercies. They have lost no time in replying that they are the submissive slaves of the old lady of London, and that it will be their pleasure as well as their duty to establish dock-yards for British steam-vessels, on the banks of their river.

In the event of a threat from Russia, the British would go up the river and take up a position on its left bank, consequently in Runjeet Sing's dominions.

The interview at Rooper was no doubt intended to cement more strongly the union of the two powers, flatter Runjeet's vanity with the attentions shown him by the old lady's pro-tempore husband, and induce him to form a defensive alliance with her against any indiscreet adversary coming from the North or from the West.

This time, many good hard lacs of rupees were expended without advancing the business one jot.

Runjeet will promise, sign, and swear all that is asked of him; and when the Russians come, if they ever do, which I do not think will happen very soon, he will consider himself quite as free to act according to his fancy, as we approved of his Catholic Majesty's doing after the taking of Cadiz by the hero of the Trocadero.

If he thinks that by aiding the Russians they will succeed in dislodging the British from India, he will most certainly assist them, being well persuaded that these new comers will not be able to maintain their conquest, and that then his own turn will arrive to attempt gaining possession of India. He is already rather old and infirm to accomplish such a project; but if half a score of years elapse before he commences it, he will surely fail.

If Runjeet were sincerely allied to the British, he would deprive the Russians of every chance of success. The folly of the cabinet at Calcutta consists in their

imagining that there are diplomatic means of securing the Sikh Monarch's fidelity.

The Governor-general gave him splendid fêtes, which Runjeet returned with no less magnificence. The Bombay and Calcutta newspapers for the last month speak of nothing else. This wretched trifling is transcendent policy with them. No style is noble enough for the recital of these things. The journalists thus find it impossible to depict the Sikh Prince with his most characteristic features. Not one of these papers, for instance, has dared to state that, on his second visit to Lord William Bentinck, Runjeet gravely *committed a nuisance* in a corner of the superb tent, in which he happened to be with Lord William and his whole court.

The backs of my camels are one continued wound, my bullocks are lame, and I shall be clever if with such an equipage I can breakfast the day after to-morrow at Delhi. I long to arrive there; for I have every reason to hope that I shall there find two packets of letters from France; and the last I received are dated in March.

Write and tell me all that has happened to every one of our friends since the month of July 1830. Give me also some news of the literary world, if it has not been entirely swallowed up by politics. Is M. Gerard still first painter to the King? Who is that M. Cavaignac, whom I never heard of, and who without saying, "get out of the way!" made such a splendid speech in the Cour Royale? What is become of the Scheffers, the Thierrys, the Globites and the Globulars, the Baron de Saint Lazare, the Baron de Stendhal, and a fair lady

whom you told me I frightened dreadfully one very rainy morning?

Write, my dear friend, with your largest pen, on the strongest paper, for John Bull pays postage, and, as you see, I do not stint myself in quantity.

I should like to increase this packet with a couple of pages for Madame Mérimée: but I have been gossiping too much with you. I must therefore return to my work. Tell her, however, that from the substantive *mahogany*, we have in India derived the verb *mahog-anise*, which not only expresses the alteration of complexion, but also the radical mummification of the person; and assure her that in spite of my three years' service under the rays of a tropical sun, I am not very much mahog-anised. If I were to go to London I should stand no chance of being admitted into the Oriental club, my complexion is so fresh-coloured.

P. S. Notwithstanding this fresh colour of which I here boast, I think the following a very decent proof of mahog-anisation. Four days ago I was at Kurnal, a great British military station on the Sikh frontier. I alighted at the house of a young officer of my acquaintance, whose regiment was to give a ball, next day, to the whole station. I was pressed to stay four-and-twenty hours. I was promised that I should see some very pretty girls at the ball. Now it is nearly two months since I saw a European female, and yet I continued my course, and refused to heave to. I should say at once of the prettiest English face at the ball, "what does it prove?"

Adieu my dear friend, I embrace you heartily.

TO CAPTAIN NARJOT, OF THE ENGINEERS, BREST.

Delhi, December 22nd 1831.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

WHEN you are Commander-in-chief, with a poor devil of a secretary, and a few aides-de-camp, whom, by way of pastime, you may amuse yourself with driving mad during wet weather,—then, my good friend, you will be at liberty to write as illegibly as you please. But so long as you remain a simple Captain of engineers, with the mere appendages of that rank—and, what is still worse, so long as you remain, what, alas! you appear insensibly to have become, a downright plebeian—cross your t's and dot your i's in a plain citizen-like manner: your hieroglyphics have put me in a perfect fever during a whole hour. In future, write in well-formed Roman characters.

With regard to matter, you say so much, my good friend, in your two yards of pothooks of last June, and I have so little time to devote to you to-day, that I must content myself with acknowledging the receipt of your delightful letter. Why do you not give me the same treat every three months? Your epistles now run no chance of miscarriage, except indeed by shipwreck, which, however, is scarcely heard of since the revolution, except in novels. Sea voyages are performed with so much safety, that of eight-and-twenty packets which my family have forwarded to me, only one has been lost; and I have ascertained how that happened. It was in the depths of the Ganges that

the misfortune occurred, together with thirty Arab horses, and a due proportion of Christians and faithful—I mean Mussulmauns. This occurred two years ago. Besides this, you see that it is but a six months' trip from Brest to Delhi.

On my return to the latter city, a few days ago, I found, with your letter, about fifty others, the greater part of which require answers, and some so urgently, that I must obey the call. I shall therefore be brief, if indeed it is possible for me to be so. Should I then spin out my letter do not thank me, for I solemnly assure you, that it will be contrary to my intention. As Lord W. Bentinck, whom I have been fortunate enough to meet again here, had sent me the French papers of June and July previously to my receiving my letters from the post-office, and as I had also read the English papers up to the 8th of August, your political intelligence came rather late. Nevertheless, for Brest politics, that is to say, coming from the world's end (*finisterre*, or *finis terræ*), it is so good, that I derived both entertainment and instruction from it. I experienced a great deal of difficulty in making out your abridged formula for *Henriquinquists*, which, during two days, I read *Quinquinists*, without feeling much wonder at it, considering the age of folly in which we live. I mistook these Quinquinists for some political society or club, or association composed of young physicians or apothecaries, who had succeeded in becoming an authority. Quinquinist is not bad, but Henriquinquist is excellent. Whenever my stupid Indian attendants make a more than usually gross blunder, I

will call them Henriquinquists. It will have a prodigiously good effect. I do not recollect at what time I wrote to you last, but it must be long ago.

I shall bring home with me a cargo of Cashmeer shawls, enough to make every husband tremble. During eight months I have been a man of great consequence, very rich, very magnificent, very benevolent, and consequently as poor now as before I began this singular journey. I have sometimes been a prisoner, frequently a diplomatist, and a warrior as seldom as possible; for in spite of the strong escort with which my good friend Runjeet supplied me from his own body guard, I have seldom found myself the strongest either on suspicious occasions or in hostile encounters. But I shine the most in politics. I shall be made a diplomatist of one of these days. Our men of talent would sometimes have been embarrassed in my situation. These extensive regions are closed against the curiosity of Europeans by the not injudicious jealousy of their rulers. Hitherto, every thing has gone on well for me: here I am, returned safe and sound, and, I assure you, quite alive, from Cashmeer, where the mountain range is not so high, the valley not so picturesque, the women not so beautiful, nor the men such knaves as people assert. My portfolio is filled with letters from Kings. The successor of Porus wrote to me every week. I sent him from the mountains very sorry dissertations upon natural philosophy, in order to satisfy him;—it was such science as Seneca displayed in his *quæstiones naturales*. But the King of Lahore is a better judge of horses, swords, and matchlocks than

of the sciences of Europe, and my Persian dissertations upon the four elements were fortunate enough to please him.

A six months' residence among the Mohammedans and Hindoos, has rendered me very tolerant. Religion is the favourite topic of conversation among the inhabitants of the East. It was our usual theme in the stern-cabin, or rather under the awning of my gondola, when I used to invite some fashionable long-beards to accompany me in my excursions on the lake of Cashmeer, during the hot summer evenings, in order to breathe the cool air. I have learnt to speak only in terms of respect of My Lord Mohammed, because the prophet received the same distinction from Mussulmaun guests, who invariably gave him the title of Excellency. If ever I become a devotee, I shall certainly turn Turk. There is only one thing that can be made a subject of reproach to the religion of Mohammed: the principle which condemns the female sex to a state of abjection. A respectable woman cannot, without incurring shame, learn to read and write, to dance or to sing. These talents and accomplishments are considered disreputable, and are the exclusive attributes of courtesans, who, according to the custom of this sect, are alone allowed the privilege of pleasing.

The consequence of this custom (which indeed extends over the whole of the East, from China to Constantinople) is the dissipation of married men, the coldness of domestic affection, and the description of love prevalent among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

I am occupied here in getting all the collections which I have made since my arrival in India, shipped

and sent down the Jumna. I hope to see them, in a week, properly encased in tin, and in a double cover of the driest and hardest wood, ready to proceed on their journey. I shall then bid an eternal adieu to the imperial city, and take the road to Bombay. I have now done with the scenes of snow, ice, and desolation in the Himalaya. I experienced a heaviness of heart on losing sight of those mountains where I had spent two years of my life, and which I shall never see again.

New scenes await me during the remainder of my journey—scenes of tropical climes. I shall travel by land as far as I can. From Cape Comorin I shall return to the North by the plains of Mysore and the blue mountains, the highest of the Ghauts. I shall there spend the summer of 1833, and then think of returning to Europe, though not through Persia. The politics of Europe preclude the possibility of my adopting that route; besides, it would destroy the character of my journey. I prefer remaining entirely Indian. Adieu, my good friend. I embrace you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Delhi, December 22nd 1831.

COLONEL FAGAN, who has been a protecting divinity to me in India, is about to quit this country for ever, and return to Europe. As he will probably take up his residence in France, he has requested me to introduce him to some of my friends. It is with you that I intend to begin the circle of epistolary visits which I

shall make for him and with him. Colonel Fagan, who is of Irish origin, was brought up in France. At an early age he entered the India Company's service, and was in the expedition that the British sent against us from Bombay to Egypt, and which arrived after our capitulation. He there became acquainted with M. de la Fosse, with whom he returned to France, where he remained a couple of years, during which he contracted the intimate friendship which now connects him with M. de la Fosse. Since that period Colonel Fagan has twice revisited France. This gentleman is an officer of the highest distinction. He has for many years been Adjutant-general of the Indian army, which is in fact the chief command, for the nominal Commander-in-chief is an English lord, who remains here four years only, and then returns to Europe, without understanding a word of the language, or having the slightest knowledge of the very peculiar manners of the army which he commands. Colonel Fagan commands the universal regret, esteem, respect, and affection of the army. I became acquainted with him through the introduction of M. de la Fosse, and he has proved of the greatest service to me. There is not a military station in India at which he has not some friend; and at these places I am always sure of finding the most generous hospitality.

I had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Fagan only for a short time at Calcutta; but our friendship was quickly formed, and since that period our correspondence has rendered us still more intimate. His manners and habits are noble, serious, and elegant. His opinions

upon the great questions of the moral world are the same as ours.

I have given him a letter for your father: pray introduce him. Colonel Fagan cannot but be proud to know M. de Tracy, and your father will, I am convinced, derive great pleasure from an acquaintance with so distinguished a character. Pray, my good friend, introduce him to your sisters and brothers-in-law. Is it necessary to beg of you to present him first to Madame Victor?

Adieu. It is a friend I recommend to you; I trust that on my return to France I shall find him as much yours as he is mine.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Delhi, December 23rd 1831.

YOUR letter, marked Y, is extremely brief; the *Annuaire* for 1831 arrived at the same time, after a lapse of eleven months. I do not know whither it has been travelling all this while: certainly not in India, for I have become one of the most easy of individuals to find, though at the same time the least sedentary of its inhabitants. You recommend me, on my return home, to beware of the foreign powers. Everything is settled on that score, as I have decided upon returning by sea. There are indeed examples of Englishmen having been intercepted in Persia by the Russians, and sent to Siberia, there to spend the remainder of their lives in skating. These atrocities have lately transpired, and I presume have led to energetic remonstrances from the British government.

Whenever you see my father secretly preoccupied with some thought which disturbs his quiet, try, my dear brother, to reason with him on the subject. At twenty we see things under the most glowing colours; at your age, we see them as they are; but at our father's time of life they represent themselves even more gloomily than they are in reality. Thoughts of what is to come sometimes absorb his mind; in that case reason quietly with him about the chances of the future. If you must quit him to join the army, show him the probability of a speedy termination of the war, and the certainty of your attaining high rank. As he advances in years, he concentrates all his affections in his children, and I am convinced that the thought of seeing us again happy, would make him support his solitude with resignation. During the months of May and June he thought that I was at Lahore, and he received with lively satisfaction every communication tending to prove that I was out of the British possessions. The supposition that after having visited the Punjab and Cashmeer, I should return to India, and continue my travels as I had commenced them, caused him considerable pleasure. All my letters since that period must have proved very satisfactory to him. The happiness I experienced during my journey was greatly heightened by the thought that he shared in it. I trust that, on my return, my future fate will be settled in such a manner that I shall no longer be a cause of anxiety to him.

Although the subject has much occupied my mind, I have not yet decided upon the form I shall adopt in the different things I intend to publish. I trust nevertheless I shall be able to extract from the very consider-

able mass of manuscripts which I shall bring with me, an instructive work, and at the same time one of general interest.

Apropos of the new organisation of artillery you speak of:—I must inform you that in the Indian army the foot artillery is drawn by bullocks; but they are of a particular race, very large and active, at least for bullocks. The horse artillery, in speaking of the others, never call them foot artillery, but bullock artillery, which appellation is horror and abomination to the latter.

What do you mean by your fears that any indiscreet communication of the letters I write, might awaken suspicions in the British, whose guest I am, concerning the real nature of my travels, and my intention of visiting India with the most minute research? This absurdity is most monstrous: it exceeds all belief. I entirely belong to the country. I am upon terms of familiarity with the almost all of the civil officers. It is they in general who receive me, because they rank the highest, and are of the greatest importance to me. There is never any *Monsieur* or *Sir* between us. It is “my dear Maddock,” “my dear Wade,” “my dear Kennedy,” &c., on one hand, and “my dear Jacquemont” on the other. At the Governor-general’s I am considered one of the family, and consequently relieved from the restraint of etiquette to which others are subjected. A secret agent! It is perfectly well understood by all my English friends that I shall gather other information from my travels than that relating to natural history, after I have emptied my bag of stones, and analysed my trusses of plants! Why, here, at the Resident’s table, between whom and myself the dif-

ference of age precludes very familiar intercourse, do you think that I fear to speak about the policy, the financial and judicial administration of Northern India, of which he is Viceroy? It is almost always the theme of conversation, and I am myself the promoter of it. Whenever I cannot perfectly understand some point of statistics, and feel vexed at my ignorance, I instantly write to the minister of state, and beg of him to make the necessary inquiries and calculations in his department, to ascertain what I want to know. A secret agent indeed! Could that appellation, think you, be applied to me? In truth, the supposition is the height of absurdity. Everybody in India knows who I am. I have concealed nothing, and have found people almost everywhere who inspired me with sufficient confidence to make them acquainted with my situation in the most precise manner. It is perfectly well known that I arrived here with a salary of six thousand francs a year: I at once boldly owned it; and that it was afterwards raised to eight thousand, and ultimately to twelve thousand. I make no secret of what I have received from Runjeet. In short, my dear brother, as I play an honest part, I do it in a straightforward manner. I have adopted an open and candid line of conduct with Runjeet—the most suspicious, false, and deceitful of Asiatic princes, and I believe that Runjeet himself would laugh at any one who should insinuate to him that the stones and plants of his mountains were only a pretence for investigating the rest. If ever, my dear Porphyre, they speak to you about my being a secret agent, you may boldly assert that there never was a stranger in India who enjoyed such testimonies of respect as those which

I everywhere and continually receive. It will not be a very modest assertion, but it is proper that the truth should be known.

Though much further from Great Britain than you are, I am in reality much more favourably situated for judging of the future prospects of that country, by the occasional opportunity I have of reading its public journals, and by my acquaintance with many of its natives. I consider the prospects of Great Britain to be truly alarming. I am persuaded that if the Peers are mad enough to throw out the reform bill proposed by the Commons, the present ministry will either make a *coup d'état* with the liberal party, or else resign, and then a sanguinary revolution must be the consequence. The crisis will be a fearful one, because there does not exist a country in Europe where the inequalities of the social order offer more frightful contrasts. The mother country does not extend that solicitude to her Indian possessions which they deserve.

Farewell. I am dying with fatigue. Yesterday the engineers of the garrison of Delhi gave a ball to the still remaining red-coats and black-coats. I was obliged to show there my long, dark, and anything but dancing face; and the mistakes which occurred among the carriages, palanquins, and horses, kept me upon a sharp trot the greater part of the night. I did not get to bed till three o'clock in the morning, and such late hours do not at all suit me. Adieu, my dear and excellent brother. I love and embrace you from the bottom of my heart.

January 10th 1832.

My boxes are not yet ready, which is a great bore.

As there are a number of vessels always sailing from Calcutta for Havre and Bordeaux, I shall write again. There is nothing new. I work very hard, and my health is very good. Yours most affectionately.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SENIOR, PARIS.

Delhi, December 26th 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Your notions on the politics of India amuse me greatly. Your quotations, made from memory, and borrowed from M. de Marlès, about the life of Runjeet Sing, are truly delightful. But is it decorous for a son to speak thus to his father? You will, I am sure, forgive me this liberty, now that by my letters from the Punjab and Cashmeer, you ought to be better informed respecting the state of the Ultra-Sutledge and the fallibility of your oracle M. de Marlès. I possess all the materials requisite for a history of the Punjab for the last fifty years, but it would not interest any body. The biography of Runjeet Sing would perhaps be amusing; but it is replete with events which could not be written in the vulgar tongue, and must, therefore, be inserted in Latin notes. In spite of everything that is blamable in Runjeet, pray love him a little, be it only for my sake. You were alarmed lest he should make me marry, and force me, *volens volens*, to remain with him. I feel pleasure in thinking that you must have received, a long time ago, my first letters from Lahore, which have destroyed any apprehensions on that score.

But what was that war of Runjeet's which made you tremble for my safety? The Rajah of Belaspore would

be highly flattered if he knew that the troubles of his empire had caused you such alarm. If I were to visit the Himalaya again, I trust you would do me the honour to believe me absolute lord and master at Belaspore.

I have entirely lost the thread of European politics, and can no longer prophesy as formerly. Did I tell you that I predicted the events of July 1830, six months before I knew of them, to a friend at Calcutta, and that my letter, which he showed to others, gave me an extraordinary reputation? Every one now asks me what will happen in the Punjab and Cashmeer at the death of Runjeet. To this I reply, that for the present, Runjeet, notwithstanding his grey beard and attenuated frame, has not the slightest idea of dying; and if they insist on having my opinion, I shall write my *siege*, like Vertot, and mention the chiefs who will wage war in the plains, and those who will do battle on the mountains, showing the chances of each. Wade, with whom you now are acquainted, will inform me of all these things at Paris, whenever they come to pass.

I arrived on the evening of the 16th, and found here Fraser, who I thought was on a judicial circuit. He informed me that the Governor-general's camp was still under the walls of Delhi, and that during the night it would be transported to Cuttob, on the ruins of ancient Delhi, from which it is four leagues distant. I consequently got into this palanquin, and was conveyed to Cuttob, where I remained two days with Lord and Lady William, with whom I was even more delighted than during my residence at Calcutta. It is impossible to describe the flattering attentions they showed me, and the real friendly feeling they evinced towards

me. I conversed at great length with Lord William about the countries I had visited, and with Lady William about Paris and their own journey. So many things had occurred since I had parted from them at Calcutta! I drank water with great intrepidity, to the health of all those who, according to the custom of their nation, saluted me with their glasses: and this feat was not a little admired. There were several persons of my acquaintance in the Governor-general's camp: Mr. Toby Prinsep, Secretary of State; General Wittingham, who commands this division; and Mr. Metcalfe, my first host at Delhi. Lord William marches towards Rajpootana. Lord Clare, the new Governor of Bombay, comes to meet him: they are intimate acquaintances. Lord and Lady William, independently of their verbal recommendation, will both give me a letter for that nobleman. I am alone in Mr. Fraser's immense house, which is a kind of Gothic fortress, built by himself, at an immense expense, upon the very place where Timur Lenggue pitched his tent when he laid siege to Delhi. My host is at the camp with the Governor-general, whom he accompanies to the limits of his jurisdiction. I am busy the whole day, undisturbed by any noise, except that of the workmen packing up my collections, and am perfectly free from restraint. In the evening, when the weather is fine, I mount my horse; and if rainy, I take my palanquin and repair to the town, where I always dine with the Resident. This gentleman has a cultivated mind and an acute understanding: his habits are retiring, but his conversation is more varied and pleasing than that of most of his countrymen. Mr. Maddock was staying with him; and, to

make up four persons, a young diplomatist, full of wit and spirits, never fails to dine with his patron.

The Resident at Delhi receives five thousand rupees per month (or thirteen thousand francs), for table money. As he seldom has more than five or six persons at dinner, and feels himself conscientiously bound to expend this extra allowance upon the object for which it is given, you may easily imagine that the dinners I have at his house do not much resemble my ambulatory meals. I, however, completely edify our little society by my stoical abstemiousness. At ten o'clock we would wish Mr. Martin (the Resident) good night, and with Maddock and Bell (the lively and witty assistant diplomatist I have just mentioned), retire to the apartment of the latter, where, round a good fire, we talked till midnight. There was no inducement to go to bed, so cheerfully did we three spend the time together. Besides, they would not let me quit them so easily. When, however, the time came, I lighted an excellent Havannah cigar, and folding my Cashmeer morning gown round my limbs, mounted my horse, and, preceded by two men, who run before me with torches in their hands, a short gallop soon brought me to Fraser's fortress. Last night, I returned home with a heavy heart: I had shaken hands for the last time with Mr. Maddock. He departed this morning for his new kingdom of Khatmandoo, and before setting out from Delhi, he wrote me a farewell letter which has affected me much. If, instead of proceeding to Bombay and to the Ghauts, I took it into my head to go to the further end of the Himalaya in Nepaul, what assistance should I not find in Khatmandoo?

You say in one of your letters that since the British are so amiable towards me, they must be very different in India to what they are at home. There may be something in that, especially among those who inhabit the superior provinces—North of Benares : but I assume to myself the greatest part of the merit of this kind of miracle.

You also state, that you are greatly satisfied with Frederic's opinion of my English, which he says is perfect, and the language of good society. I have at present too good a knowledge of that language to accept of his fraternal compliments. I have remained during my stay among this foreign nation too completely French—I have retained too much of the individuality of my own character in my turn of thought, not to betray instantly, by my language, my foreign nationality. It sometimes vexes me, but I more frequently rejoice at it. My English is English apart, which from not being perfect is not the less good. You must forgive my impertinence. I have left off writing in English to Frederic as well as to Zoé, who has also forbidden me to write in that language, on account of the *you*, which alone can be used in English. Zoé, however, in her reprimand, has hazarded a few words in the language she condemns. Tell her I did not find one single word wrong; she appears to me to understand it already perfectly well.

You will observe, that I write by fits and starts.

I cannot conceive how the London papers could assert as you state they did, that Lord William Bentinck had arrested the Commander-in-chief. The General in command was Lord Combermere when I arrived in India;

at present the army is under Lord Dalhousie, who, after two years of service and ill-health, is going to resign the command to Sir Edward Barnes, ex-Governor of Ceylon. The Governors of Madras and Bombay are not, by right, so absolute as you imagine. The Governor of Calcutta has the power of arresting both just as he might any other European; but for these last thirty years there have been only two or three instances of arrest of Europeans. The one which created the greatest sensation was that of a Mr. Buckingham, the editor of a Calcutta paper, who was politely requested by an *acting* functionary at Calcutta, to leave the country, the peace of which he was endangering by his violent incendiary declarations. This Buckingham, who is a man of talent, is now in London preaching a crusade against the Company's government; but he does not command great respect. Lord William has hitherto arrested nobody, for which I decidedly blame him. The number of civil and military British officers in the whole of India amount to six thousand. The European army consists only of twenty thousand men—that is all. It is evident therefore that it is not by physical force that we keep under the immense population of those vast regions. The principle of our power is elsewhere: it is in the respect with which our character inspires these nations.

A European of degraded morals ought immediately to be arrested and sent to Europe. Such a man does more injury to the European character, and to the future prospects of the British power in India, than a formidable insurrection could do. At Calcutta, where there are so many Europeans of every class, the lowest Ben-

galee burgher keeps his shoes on at the Governor-general's!! At Delhi, the greatest Mogul lord takes off his in the presence of even a British ensign.

Runjeet Sing, a monarch absolutely independent, and possessing the greatest power in Asia after the British, always received me barefooted. If, in the Punjab, any native lord whatever had presented himself at my residence without leaving his shoes at the door, I would not have received him, but have written instantly to Runjeet to demand satisfaction for the insult. The idea, however, of so enormous an offence could have entered no one's head.

At Calcutta, the Indians every day see European sailors led away drunk by Indian police soldiers. They likewise see Europeans stand as culprits at the bar of the criminal court. There the powerful illusion attached to the name of a European is dispelled. In the whole of the Delta of the Ganges, which for the most part is cultivated by indigo planters, either British or half-caste—an opulent class of men, but violent and gross in their habits—the spell is also broken. In no other part is the European population so numerous in proportion to the natives; no where are the latter so timid as here; and yet there is no province where Europeans are less respected.

My excellent friend M. Allard writes to me from time to time. Since my departure from the Punjab, Runjeet Sing has presented Mirza Hede, my Persian secretary of Cashmeer, with twelve hundred francs, and a pension of one thousand francs. On dismissing him at Belaspore I gave him a farewell letter to the Maharajah. Poor Mirza writes me this in the overflowing

of his heart, and promises me that himself, his mother, his brothers, and all his family will offer up their prayers for my happiness during the rest of their lives. This really has affected me. Allard has received a very kind letter from Lord William ; he despatched it to me in order to translate it. With the translation I sent him a lottery ticket, which I wrote for to Calcutta, and which may make him gain a hundred and sixty thousand rupees, if it so please the blind goddess. This is a present of three hundred francs. I regret much that my want of means prevents me from testifying my gratitude in any better manner for the innumerable obligations I am under towards this excellent man.

Jaypoor, Ajmeer, Nusserabad, Indore, Aurungabad, and Poonah, are the most remarkable places on the road which I shall follow from hence to Bombay.

I shall proceed first to the country of the Rajpoots, then to that of the Nizam, then to that of the Mah-rattas. Jaypoor was not quiet last year ; but order has been restored. I know the resident at Ajmeer ; further, his diplomatic aide-de-camp is the son of Colonel Fagan. A son-in-law of the latter commands a considerable body of troops near Ajmeer, and so on to Bombay. As, however, these British outposts are at a great distance from each other, in the West of India, you must not be uneasy if my letters reach you only at long intervals.

It appears that I forgot last year to relate to you my visit to the Begum (the Persian for princess) Sumro, at Serdhana, near Meerut. You must know, then, that Colonel Arnold introduced me to her Highness one Sunday morning in the month of December last, while

I was at Meerut with him. I breakfasted and dined with this old witch, and was even gallant enough to kiss her hand. Like a true John Bull, I had the honour of drinking wine with her at dinner. On my return to Meerut, on the following day, I received an invitation to dine with her on Christmas day. She must be a hundred years old. She is bent in double, and her face is shrivelled like dried raisins; she is, in fine, a sort of walking mummy, who still looks after all her affairs herself, listens to two or three secretaries at once, and dictates at the same time to as many others. Only four years ago, she had some of her ministers and disgraced courtiers tied to the cannon's mouth, and fired off like shot. It is related of her, and the story is true, that about sixty or eighty years ago, she ordered that a young female slave of whom she was jealous, should be buried alive, and she gave her husband a nautch (a ball) upon this horrible tomb. Her two European husbands met with violent deaths. She was, however, as valiant as she was cruel. Some Italian monks have now gained possession of her mind, and inspired her with a tremendous fear of the devil. She has built a beautiful Catholic church at Serdhana, and a few days ago she wrote to the Government to request that, at her death, a portion of her domains may remain attached to the church to meet the expense of its service. She has addressed the Pope, asking to have a Bishop at Serdhana. However, she is not yet in her dotage.

Of the sixteen lacs of rupees which compose her revenue, she every year buries four in her gardens. These she might now give to whom she pleased, but at her death they will belong to the British Government.

Runjeet has also, within a few years, been seized with the mania of burying his money, and since this fit has come upon him, there are no bounds to his avarice.

My friends, the diplomatists of Delhi, wished to procure for me, from the Emperor, some splendid title: for instance, the pillar of science, the light of posterity, the sword of the state, high and mighty lord, &c. &c.; but the imperial chancery is worse than the commission of the seal. It spins out a dreadfully long account against those whom the Great Mogul honours with titles; so that I have given up all thoughts of the joke, and continue to live upon my Punjabee titles, which are not indeed standard ones, as you are no doubt aware that Runjeet is a soldier of fortune—in other words, a usurper.

Poor Jussieu, in his last letter, informed me that his wife was in the family way, and that he hoped to have a boy. I had begun a letter of congratulation to him at Subhatoo, which fortunately is still in my portfolio, so that I can destroy it. With his quiet and retiring habits, and the domestic tastes of his family, Jussieu must have severely felt the loss of his wife.

As I am determined to be amiable for once, I shall address a few lines to Madlle. Duvancel. There is more gallantry in this than is usual with me; for, living, as I do, secluded from female society, I become daily more bearish than even I used to be, and I always had a terrible inclination to be so. With increasing years, I have corrected myself of a few of my defects, but I am sadly afraid I shall carry this one to the grave.

We have a very extraordinary winter for this country.

The weather is rainy and windy, and yet not cold. It is fortunate that this bad weather takes place while I am stationary; for when rain falls during a march, it is most distressing: the tents become enormously heavy, the camels which carry them, slip upon the wet ground at almost every step,—and their thighs, very badly articulated in their sockets, are easily put out of joint, and frequently cannot be reset. The bullock-wagons, which carry the heavy baggage, sink into the mud. All the attendants, bullock-drivers, camel-drivers, and soldiers, look downcast and dispirited; they become deaf and dumb, and half paralysed. Thus, all is not pleasure in a wandering life.

In spite of these drawbacks, the traveller ultimately ends his journey, it is true, but always late, wet to the skin, and not exactly certain of finding a shelter, or much to eat. At all events, he arrives, resumes his toilsome labour next day, and by dint of persevering in this way, you will see me, my dear father, in the course of about thirty months, arrive in your fourth story, or third story, above the *entresol*, to use the expression employed by landlords.

January 10th.

One more word of adieu! I am still detained here by my workmen, and by a variety of trifling domestic details tedious to settle. I shall be as poor at Bombay with my twelve thousand francs, as I was during my residence at Calcutta with my primitive ration of six thousand, for everything there is exactly twice as dear as in Bengal.

In the Ganges there are half a dozen French vessels

about to sail. Each of them will bring you a packet from me.

I embrace you with all my heart.

February 13th.

My dear Father,—I intended setting out to-day after breakfast, but luckily discovered that the casks which have been made for me at a very great expense, and filled with essence of turpentine to preserve the fish, leaked considerably. My caravan was already on the move. It was a kind of rehearsal of departure; but I trust it will be the last, and that this subtle fluid, which is almost on a par with your “Essences,” will be duly imprisoned in copper vessels. This is a deuse of a thing! In the dreadful confusion of my table, it is impossible to write you a word more.

I shall certainly see Lord William again at Jaypoor, or between Jaypoor and Alwur. Adieu! I embrace you with all my heart, and Porphyre, and also Frederic, if he is still with you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Delhi, January 11th 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On my arrival in this town, I found what I expected—a long letter from you. In recalling its date to your memory, I shall perhaps remind you also of the matters which it contained. Its date is the 25th of last May, a short time before the elections.

As friendship has led you into a habit of paying

me a thousand compliments which I do not deserve, I shall, in return, begin my letter with a little act of humility. Many a man who is amiable and witty in *tête-à-tête*, is quite at a loss when a third party happens to come in. With regard to myself, I cannot feel at ease, and acquire confidence in myself,—nor have I any facility in expressing my ideas, except in the presence of those whose kindness and good-will I know I enjoy. I am too expansive, especially with my pen, to be a general favourite. When the time comes to make an author's bow to the public, instead of epistolary visits to my friends, it will be a most trying moment for me—so much so, that if I could manage not to give my name with my prose I should consider myself very fortunate. The ground of that feeling usually termed modesty, is nothing in the world but suffering vanity, with which is mingled a sort of moral delicacy. Can you, without its costing an effort, expose how you think and feel, to men whose thoughts and feelings you know to be entirely opposed to yours, which they cannot even comprehend. I have never tried to pourtray scenes of nature and human life. I write much as I go along; but my notes are disorderly. It is not sufficient that I should make a choice among them; and before I undertake the arrangement and labour they will require, I must describe a number of plants and stones, and perhaps by that time I shall acquire a facility of writing which I have hitherto been unable to attain. But what shall I ever be able to make of the immense cultivated plains of India, travelling slowly, as I do, with bullocks and camels?

It is indeed kind of you to talk to me of science, arts

and literature. Two friends, *savans* by profession, and who have nothing else to do, forward me from time to time their bulletins. These are Adrien de Jussieu, and Elie de Beaumont; but they have I believe little taste for the arts—at least the latter—and they never speak upon the subject. It is natural that the Louvre should be covered with *barricades* at the annual exhibition of pictures. In speaking of Scheffer, whose talents I esteem, as you do, more than those of any other artist, I could have wished you had mentioned whether he still wholly confines himself to painting.

The announcement of the plays at the bottom of the Paris papers had already informed me, a long time since, that the stage was entirely invaded by Robespierre, Murat, Napoleon, and even their very contemporaries, though yet living. All this is in very bad taste. In placing on the shelf, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Marquesses of our old stage, we have not been fortunate in the choice of their successors. Are then Delavigne and Lamartine entirely dismissed by these lovers of the horrible?

But this is carrying questions and answers too far. At the distance which now separates us, it is better to speak only of ourselves. Well then! I arrived here on the 16th of last month, just in time to join the Governor-general's camp a few leagues distant, as he had not long left the imperial city. I spent two delightful days with Lord and Lady William Bentinck, and returned here to ship on the Jumna all my different collections. It is a most tedious affair, and takes up much more time than I had allotted: thus it will detain me at Delhi a great deal longer than I expected. The dreadful spring of India

will overtake me before I can cross the Nerbudda. Others would perhaps not dare to undertake so late in the season the very long journey to Bombay; but my excellent constitution and great abstemiousness allow me to support with ease the excessive heat of India.

I feel exceedingly happy in the small circles of acquaintances, or, to speak more properly, of friends, whom I have gained here. My host, the Superintendent of the province, enjoys a celebrity which extends a hundred leagues around. He is a man who, delighting in the emotions of danger, goes to war as an amateur whenever there is fighting going on, and never returns without a few gun-shot wounds. But his humanity is such, that in the midst of the many scenes of carnage to which his monomania has hurried him, he has never struck a blow with his sword;—his heart fails when his arm is raised to cut his enemy down. He is half Asiatic in his habits, but in other respects a Scotch highlander, and an excellent man, with great originality of thought, a metaphysician to boot, and enjoying the best possible reputation of a country bear. I have succeeded in taming him, which does not prevent my being looked upon by certain persons as being something of a bear myself; though with others I pass, and I believe with more justice, for a perfectly sociable being. The Resident is a man of very retiring habits, and perfectly cultivated mind. In spite of the dissimilarity of our tastes and tempers, we agree admirably together, and are fond of each other's company. In short, my dear friend, I receive on all sides in this country endless marks of kindness.

I meet a great many Indians here. They are almost all Mussulmauns of Mogul extraction, the wreck of the nobility of that court. My host is the only officer of government, who, to my knowledge, keeps up any social relations with the natives. Last Sunday I paid a few visits with him to some of these long-beards. This politeness and condescension is, I fancy, blamed by the other British officers. A few days previously it was the anniversary of the nominal accession of the Emperor; and the Resident, who on that day owes an annual tribute of congratulation to this shadow of royal power, had the kindness to take me with him to the durbar.

Everything is in preparation for my journey to Rajpootana. At the fifth station from hence I shall quit the British territories, but shall not be in want of British protection with the Rajpoot princes. The Resident, whom they look upon as the successor of the Great Mogul, their former liege lord, has written to all of them, and I rely upon their hospitality. With these still independent nations there is no other protection than the friendship of their Sovereign. A traveller who cannot claim it as his safeguard, is exposed to a thousand annoyances, without mentioning the pretty certain chance he runs of being plundered. In spite of myself, therefore, I am obliged to add a Persian secretary to my little caravan, in order to decipher the abominable *chekeste* of the Rajpoot chanceries, and to carry on my correspondence when necessary. The department of foreign affairs thus makes a dreadful hole in my budget.

This secretary is a descendant from the Prophet, which is not always a recommendation; but he appears

clever, and my intention is to make him earn his five louis a month, so that on my arrival at Bombay there will be no such thing as Persian hieroglyphics for me.

There is a coolness between Runjeet Sing and us— I mean the Government. The British wish to occupy the Lower Indus, and push their trade in that direction. They will unquestionably be obliged to establish military posts on the river banks, in order to protect it. Hence the ill-temper of Runjeet, who has no means of resistance, and is forced to suffer what he cannot prevent.

That which he allowed me last year out of compliment to the Governor-general, he would no doubt refuse me now. In spite, however, of his dissatisfaction against the British, he still thinks kindly of me. I lately received a letter from him, informing me that he had just granted a pension to the native of Cashmeer who was my secretary in that country and in the Punjab. There is, however, no war; indeed there is nobody for the British to wage war against. The last quarrel with the Chinese was terminated amicably, though much more serious than any preceding. The day will however come, and no doubt we shall see it, when the British will be compelled to take by force the tea which the Chinese will refuse to sell them. It would be very easy to invade China, but I question whether it would not be difficult to keep possession of it.

Good night, my dear friend. I have spent the whole day among plants, stones, and animals; this is the reason why I do not speak of anything that relates to them. The winter here is as cold as in the South of Spain, and I leave you to go, according to the expression of the country, and *eat the air*, the fresh air which I shall

inhale no more during the remainder of my stay in India. I wish that you and yours may enjoy health equal to mine. Adieu, &c.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

Delhi, February 6th 1832.

MY DEAR DE MARESTE.—If this be not a specimen of local character, seek it elsewhere. Learn that it is even of the finest kind, and that Royal and Serene Highnesses only are treated with this paper*. But the writing commences only at the middle of the page, or even lower, to be still more stylish. During six or eight lines, a regular file firing is kept up, directed against the vanity of the correspondent. The high, the exalted, the sublime, the just, the merciful, the charitable, the generous, the mighty, the victorious, the invincible, the sage of high renown, the ornament of the universe, the pillar of the world, the great prince, the prince of princes, the king of kings, the master of the world, the arbiter of one's destinies, hail!—after this preamble, the business of the epistle is begun with protestations breathing unalterable friendship. The jasmine and the narcissus are the principal ingredients of these rose-water metaphors, nicely perfumed with this sweet essence. It is a wish as violent as the longing of a pregnant lady, to see the king of kings, and a cruel privation, to be unable to do more than pay half a visit

* This letter was written upon a large roll of paper, called by us *Chinese paper*, bespangled with particles of gold.—ED.

by means of a letter. At length, when the eloquence of the writer has become like a garden dried up by the parching winds of the desert, and in which not a single flower remains to be culled or added to the epistolary nosegay, then he thinks of saying what he has to say. However simple the business may be, it is always couched in ambiguous terms, and accompanied with innumerable reservations. He then finishes in a laconic manner, like the Indians of Cooper, with "That is all," or "I have said,"—or, if he prides himself upon the highest refinement, he ends with "after that, what could remain for me to say?"

When a virtuous woman wishes to write to her absent husband, she sends for an old priest, an intimate acquaintance of the family, and explains to him from behind a curtain what she has to communicate. The scribe, if he be sagacious, writes the despatch in the name of another person, and not of the wife—it being considered an excess of vulgarity for a wife to write directly to her husband. Thus, if she has to inform him that she is in child-bed, a little boy of six years of age is often stated to be the person afflicted. Notwithstanding this excessive delicacy of the ladies of the East, their husbands are by no means better off than their brothers of the Western world, especially in the middle and lower classes. Among the Rajpoots, whose country I am about to visit, bad spelling is as common in palaces as in cottages. Their manners resemble, to an astonishing degree, the chivalrous manners of France in the feudal times.

Read Colonel Tod's huge book.

Adieu, my dear friend. As we never write upon the

back of this paper, I must abruptly offer you my farewell wishes. May Mohammed vouchsafe you his aid, and may the all-powerful Allah preserve you! When free from the burthen of my plants, animals, and other objects of curiosity, which I am going to ship on the Jumna, for the bridge of Austerlitz, I shall take my departure hence.

TO M^{LLE} ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

*Alwur, between Jaypore and Delhi,
Tuesday, February 21st 1832.*

I DID little more, my dear Zoé, than acknowledge the receipt of your long letter, and of your little note, the date of which I do not recollect. I intended to answer you on my journey, after having quitted Delhi; but here have I been on the road for this week past, and have so much business in arrear that, for fear of giving you more time than I can really spare, I shall not re-peruse your two letters. This candour may appear something like rudeness:—but, sweet coz, what can I do? Without a little bluntness of proceeding now and then, I should never get through my labours. Do you know what occupied my thoughts this morning when returning from Ramgur on horseback?—our walk to St. Cloud, of which you reminded me in so delightful a manner in your last note. You said that you had often returned alone to walk in that charming place. Indeed I have also frequently visited it in imagination since the day we were there together. I have since that period been in places

of far superior beauty—the forests of North America in autumn, Hayti, Rio Janeiro, the Himalaya, and Cashmeer; but since I have left them I return to them less often than to St. Cloud. The temper of a traveller varies with the changes of the weather. This was a grey morning. The bullocks and camels, exposed all night to a dreadful storm, dragged themselves painfully along the wet roads. My horse, which had not escaped a single drop of this nocturnal deluge, drooped his ears, and did not obey the bridle. I was myself in a serious mood. I thought it would be melancholy to die without visiting once more together those places where we first knew each other. What happiness would it be to meet there again! How much we should have to say to each other! I have seen and felt so much since that period! You know that I am not prodigal of friendship; but I have bestowed it upon a man whom I think I have mentioned to you in one of my preceding letters: his name is William Fraser. I have just spent six weeks with him, and, thanks to his kindness, Delhi will remain one of my happiest recollections of India. How singular is my fortune with the English! These men, who appear so unmoved, who, among themselves, always remain so cold, unbend with me, in consequence of my openness. They even assume towards me an expression of kindness, in spite of themselves as it were, and probably for the first time in their lives. Your friendship for me, my dear Zoé, would make you enjoy the miracles I thus perform and without any effort. Shall I be able to bring back the secret with me to Europe?—I doubt it. I am disposed to think that when there I did not possess it.—I was little disposed to be sociable,

and I left but few friends. You were able to judge of my disposition during the short visit you paid us at Paris in 1826. It is true I was extremely unhappy at that time; but I had never been before happy for twenty-four hours in succession, and after my return from the Alps in 1824, my temper was always unequal. My voyage to America changed me and made me better; and I feel happy in being indebted for this to Porphyre.

My herbarium is a store of recollections. I commenced it at Lagrange in the month of May 1818. Every succeeding year I have added to it, not only my own gleanings, but likewise the presents of my friends. How many lively associations of thoughts and feelings does it present! Paray at different periods of my life—before I rose into manhood, during the innocent enjoyments of youth fortunately prolonged beyond the usual term, in 1818 and 1819; Paray in 1821, in the first dawn of youthful emotions; Paray in 1822, on my return from the Alps, after I had reached man's estate, was initiated into the great ideas of life, and alive to the feeling of arts and poetry; Paray in 1824, during the tumult of the passions. Hervy* at different periods. When you came to Paris my connection with Jaubert had ceased. From the bottom of my heart I accused him of weakness and almost of ingratitude towards me. But since that period I have forgiven him for separating from me, and the recollections of our former friendship have assumed their wonted charm. So much for Hervy. I will one day explain to you how I came to lose a friend to whom I was once so strongly attached. When I

* The seat of M. Jaubert, Member of the Chamber of Deputies.—ED.

knew him, he had a greater knowledge of botany than I had, and he gave a more philosophical direction to my studies in that branch of science. I still love to remember this. A kind-hearted German, with whom I became intimate in Switzerland, and who evinced towards me the friendship of a brother, enriched my herbarium with the plants of the North and the East of Europe. His name is Charpentier; and he is a first-rate geologist. Mr. Ramond, an old man, who has left some good works upon science, and was the first who explored the Pyrenees, gave me the plants of those mountains, which were unknown before his travels. Contrary to his usual demeanour towards others in general, he was very kind and amiable to me. My herbarium will often remind me of him, for I shall constantly find in it the plants of the Pyrenees ticketed in his own hand-writing. I pass over the others, my dear Zoé, to tell you that you ought to furnish your share to this depôt of recollections. I sent you some plants from Cashmeer and Tibet. For professional persons, each of these plants is worth a hundred of the plants of Barly. Your friendship, I am persuaded, does not prize them less than the dry passion of the learned. Well Zoé, you must pay your debt, if you have an opportunity. Do not fear sending me mere common plants. It is to think of you rather than to study, that I ask you for them. Besides, it was only on my return from America, that I decided upon poisoning my herbarium with corrosive sublimate; for the worms had made great havoc among the old specimens, those of the common plants which I had collected the first. Your gifts will therefore come very a-propos.

Good night, my sweet friend. I answer you playfully, as you write—what can be more agreeable? I do not speak to you at present of myself, because my father will forward to you the letters which I shall write to him from Ajmeer, and the subject of *me* will be treated as fathers will have it from their sons, that is to say, in great detail. After the atmosphere of society which I breathed at Delhi and Subhatoo, my present solitary and wandering life pleases me much. To teach you to laugh at what you call my pretended Hindostanee characters (it is you who thus name them), but which were true and good Persian, I will converse with Fraser in that language only, if ever chance brings us three together at the same table. I cannot be too modest. I can read with tolerable ease a letter in Persian not very well written, which is very difficult, and many Englishmen cannot accomplish it after a residence in India of ten and even twenty years. But I have given myself a great deal of trouble to do it, without speaking of the money I have spent. My Persian secretary costs me fifty rupees a month, and a camel; which is more than a hundred and fifty francs. This fellow has three servants. It was impossible to get one cheaper, and equally impossible to do without, obliged, as I am, to correspond with the Princes whose dominions I pass through. Who would believe this at Paris? Who would doubt it in London? Adieu, my dear Zoé. Write to me often. Remember me to George, if he is with you: let him also write to me.

TO M. JACQUEMONT SENIOR, PARIS.

*Ferospoor, S.W. of Delhi, between that city and
Jaypore, February 19th 1832. Sunday.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I treat you like a crowned head, for it is only to such that this paper, strewed with gold and silver, is sent. It is the finest manufactured at Delhi, though, by the way, it does but little credit to Indian industry. But bad as it is, the pen runs over it more glibly than over ours. You have only to sit before the table, and, if you have but a pen in your hand, in the course of half an hour you will, without any exertion, find the long sheet filled on either side.

Ferospoor is not less pleasant to the ear than your favourite Belaspore; and I find it much more so on account of its Persian origin. Feroze, in Persian, means sublime, excellent. It is the name of the pretty stone which we call turquoise—and that is not all. Two leagues from this very Ferospoor, as I was coming this morning on foot from Naguinah, with weather as delightful as our lovely April mornings, I saw a troop of horsemen advancing, headed by a fine young man whom I recognised as the Nawaub. He alighted from his horse to approach me. We embraced, like stage heroes, upon each other's shoulders, and after exchanging some expressions of Asiatic politeness, we re-mounted our horses, and he conducted me to the elegant villa whence I am now writing to you. The guns of the adjoining fort were fired as I alighted at the garden gate. When we entered the hall, breakfast was served up in the European fashion, and with all imagin-

able elegance and splendour. As the Ramazan has begun, my host, who is a Mussulmaun, could not with propriety set me the example of eating, but he did the honours of the table, in the most graceful manner. He did not insist upon my taking tea, nor partaking of the good things which covered the table. He allowed me to drink my constitutional bowl of milk and eat a few oranges only. But his politeness well knew how to avail itself of my frugality. He said to me that the most brilliant creatures of the Divinity lived only upon the honey of flowers, and that he was not surprised to see so great an Aflatoune and Aristoune as I, imitate their delicate frugality.

After breakfast I dismissed Shem Shoodden (the name of this young man); at noon I shall pay him a visit in the fort, where his little palace is situated, and where I suppose he is now breakfasting in secret on account of the Ramazan. We will then take a turn upon an elephant for a couple of hours, to see the environs of his capital, and I shall return to work for the remainder of the day.

This youth is the representative of a distinguished Mogul family, the chief of which, thirty years ago, had the good sense to join the army of Lord Lake against the Mahrattas. The British government acknowledged his services by confirming him in the possession of his principality which he had formed during those troubled times. He is like a German duke. In the event of war, he is obliged to furnish his contingent of cavalry to the British government, if required, and this contingent is in proportion to his revenue. The Grand Duke of Ferospoor is richer than many members of the

German diet: he has four lacs, or a million of francs, a year.

My well-known intimacy with Mr. William Fraser was quite sufficient to secure from the young Nawaub the polite reception he gave me; but Mr. Martin, the Resident, who is to all these Nawaubs and Rajahs what Prince Metternich is to the German dukes, had himself written, a long time previously, to announce my arrival. Such will be my good fortune as far as Bombay. I was much affected at leaving Fraser. To spare each other the pain of leave-taking, we had tacitly agreed that I should depart, and that he should let me go like a thief, without crying "stop him." But when my servant came to tell me that the camels were already gone, and my horse waiting, I forgot my stoical determination of the preceding day. Fraser's heart was as full as mine, and we quitted each other after a silent shake of the hand.

Tuesday last, the 14th instant, I encamped at Cuttob, upon the ruins of ancient Delhi. I could not succeed in banishing the melancholy impressions of my departure. In the night, one of Fraser's attendants came galloping to me with a note from his master, saying that he experienced a similar grief, and had resolved to defer his business and run after me to spend a few more days with me. I wished it more than I dared hope for it, because I knew that Fraser ought to have left Delhi five weeks before, to preside at the assizes of his district; and that, by accompanying me, he neglected the duties of his office, and exposed himself to the censure of Government. I therefore went the following day, in very low spirits, and pitched my camp at Goorgaon.

On my way thither, I met two singular characters, who came very a-propos to divert my sorrow. The first was a young officer who recollected having met me at Calcutta at Mr. Pearson's: he accosted me by name. He was coming from Agra, to get change of air for his young wife, who was unwell. I do not know how he came to fancy that I was not fanatically devout; but to make a proselyte of me, he favoured me with his history, which in no wise resembled that of the Savoyard curate. Quarrelsome, and a duellist, he had killed one of his brother officers at Calcutta, during the time I was there. All the circumstances of the duel tended to render its consequences deplorable. My young friend told me he was near losing his senses on the occasion;—he should have said that he became entirely bereft of them. He fell into the hands of priests, and of a young and rather pretty girl who was of a religious turn, and they have succeeded between them in making him one of the most zealous Christians I ever met. He had a good stock of bibles with him, and begged me so hard to accept of one, that I conferred that favour upon him. He promised me that his wife and he would pray with all their might for my conversion; and wishing him every success in his prayers, I took my leave of him until we meet again in Paradise.

As, however, I was travelling on foot, the very compact bible of this friendly zealot felt very heavy in my pocket. I soon gave it in charge to my secretary; and this descendant of the Prophet caring very little for it, put it into the geological bag, along with the stones and hammer.

On my arrival at Goorgaon, I received a visit from

the Nazer, or Hindoo judge. Forming a most extraordinary exception to the inhabitants of Northern India, he spoke English as well as I did. He also related his history to me, in which there were no men killed, but the termination of which was deserving of perdition. He was a Brahmin of high caste, but very poor, and by his handsome countenance and precocious intelligence had interested in his favour an old British officer of the highest rank, who took him to Calcutta, and gave him a European education. His masters, who were English missionaries, endeavoured to make him a Christian; but he found that the Bible was not superior to his *Shasters*, and maintained that, although his *Vedas* did not reach excellence, still they were better than the Bible, and that even they were not good enough for him.

In this manner he had become what I have heard called in Philadelphia a *frightful deist*. This Brahmin was a man of superior sense; I kept him with me until the evening, in order to make him explain the particulars of his judicial duties.

Towards the close of the day, as I was walking alone, in a sorrowful mood, in the great desert plain, where I had pitched my tent, I saw a tall white figure advancing towards me. It was Fraser. I was going to dine, and he partook of my bowl of milk and cakes. We made a princely dinner upon this simple fare, under the shelter of my little night tent, which I have carried with me to Tibet and Cashmeer, and in which I have so often cast off sleep among the most lovely and extraordinary scenes in the Himalaya, recalling to my memory that which I shall never more behold. It is impossible for me to finish this tale: the Nawaub has

sent his elephants to fetch me ; and, as the greatest test of politeness is punctuality, I go that I may not be waited for.

Sunday Evening.

The Nawaub's favourite pastime is to have his elephants beaten ; the consequence is, that they are as vicious as devils. That I might have no altercation with them this morning, I paid my visit in a calash, for Shem Shooddeen had sent me one. I returned much later than I expected, and it was only to mount my horse and set out for the neighbouring mines. Neighbouring, did I say ?—not so much in the neighbourhood either ; but I did not begrudge the distance, which was filled up in the most agreeable manner,—for I travelled through a forest of date trees, extending over a wild glen between dark and bleak mountains. The mine was, as I expected, of the same formation as the surrounding soil.

On my way back, I saw four poor little quails, sporting innocently in the beams of the setting sun. Approaching gently and treacherously, I killed them all four at one shot. They formed a great addition to my next day's dinner. Would you believe that my host has treated me with ices in the desert ? I have just given him, at his own request, a certificate of hospitality, drawn up, in due form, for Mr. Martin. He deserves it.

To return to Fraser. From Goorgaon, we walked together to Sonah, on the 16th ; on the 17th we arrived at Noh, on the frontier of his district, and of the British territory. He is as plain as myself in his habits, and we did not acquire the certainty how well we agreed in

travelling without regretting not having visited Cashmeer together. Yesterday morning, he bolted from Noh, before day-light; and although I am a very early riser, when I left my tent, I could perceive not the slightest trace of his, at the place where the previous day we had dined and spent the evening together. He will come some day and see me at Paris. How many good and amiable men do you find among the British of Northern India! I do not know why, but at Bengal it is not exactly the same thing. There is less cordiality and less intellect. This difference is proverbial in India, and not the less true because it is proverbial. Good night, my dear father: it is getting late, and I should be telling an untruth were I to state that I am not tired. I am going to bed. Good night.

Oojein in Malwa, April 3rd 1832.

I continue, my dear father, my long history of Feroz-pore. Fraser, as I mentioned, accompanied me to the British frontiers at Noh. I reckoned without my host, for I expected to have received some civilities from the Rajah of Alweer, who, on the contrary was most singularly uncivil. I paid him off for it, which I could allow myself, and indeed was in a manner obliged, to do. I encountered him as he was going to meet the Governor-general, at that time returning from Ajmeer, where there had been a kind of, I believe very useless, congress of Rajpoot princes. I received from Lord William the kindest invitation to proceed to his camp, and at the same time the means of doing so without loss of time: namely, relays of saddle horses, and horsemen stationed upon the road to serve me as guides. Leaving, there-

fore, my caravan to proceed at a bullock's pace on their route to Jaypore, I galloped off to the left, and from Rajghur, reached the Governor-general's camp at Kalakoh. This was on the Saturday morning. Lord William always halts on the Sunday. I remained two days with him, and received greater kindness than ever from him. I have written all this to M. Victor, but by mistake in English, and my writing is so bad, that I doubt if he will be able to make it out. As I find that water agrees with me, since my departure from Delhi I have resisted the temptation of Champagne and Sauterne, which wines circulate freely at Lord William's table. An excellent orchestra played the "Parisienne" during the dinner, in the middle of a desert in Rajpootana! What say you to that? To give me a notion of a Rajpootana court, Lord William took me with him to receive the visit of the Rajah of Alweer, and on the following day Lady William lent me her elephant to accompany Lord William, who returned his visit. But the poor devil of a Rajah was much disappointed, as he did not receive the *khelat*. A great number of complaints had been made against him, and, in order to punish him for his want of civility, he was refused this distinction, granted to the other Rajpoot princes. Lord William spent the best part of Sunday in talking politics with me, and of course India was the theme of our conversation. He asked me also a number of questions relative to the Punjab. We left each other perfect friends. Lady William took up all the time which the Governor-general left me, and when I quitted her she gave me a letter of introduction to the Earl of Clare, the new Governor of Bombay, who is an intimate

acquaintance of hers. A few hours' gallop brought me up to my caravan, which I found in the sand; but this gave me no uneasiness, as the baggage had been guarded, since our departure from Delhi, by a serjeant and fourteen men. I arrived at Jaypore on the 1st of March, and remained there three days to see this city and its environs. It is, without comparison, the finest city in India, and the surrounding country is extremely interesting. Thence I proceeded to Ajmeer, the prettiest place I have seen; I mean of those on the plains, for I prefer Nahun and Mundeenughur in the Himalaya. From Ajmeer I made an excursion to Beawr, the capital of Mhairwarra, a mountainous country, inhabited by a race of men aborigines of India, and following no other calling, for centuries past, than that of freebooters, exercising their depredations in the adjacent plains of Mharwar and Meywar. They have been, within the last ten years, miraculously converted to order and liberty; the latter, however, being only for the men. The husband buys his wife, the father sells his daughter, the son sells his mother. Among the women, dishonour consists not in being sold, but in being badly sold. I will show you in my portfolio a few of those tender fathers, and delicate husbands, and respectful sons. Beg of M. Victor to read or translate to you my history of Mhairwarra. It cost me eighty miles, or thirty-four leagues, in thirty-six hours, on horseback and on an elephant. I was fairly worn out on my arrival at Ajmeer. Between Delhi and Rajghur, I was fortunate enough to discover some very interesting geological phenomena. I had the same good luck at another Rajghur, situated in the mountains which separate the valley of Ajmeer

from the plain of Nussérabad, where I remained only one day to change my bullocks, my camels, and my escort. These Rajghurs must perplex you dreadfully, by their constant repetition in the map. *Ghur* signifies a fort or castle; and every lord of a village has a great propensity to give himself the title of Rajah. Thus every village has its Rajghur, and often has no other name, unless it be *rajpoor*, or *rajepoora*, or *rajkote*, or *rajekoti*; *poor*, *poorat*; *kote*, *koti*; and *naghur*, which I was nearly forgetting, have nearly the same signification as *ghur*.

I pitched my tent at the foot of Fort Chittor, celebrated in the history of India. I should have liked to have visited it, not on account of its antiquities, for which I care little, but for the sake of the stones of the mountains which it serves to defend. But I found the grapes sour: for having no express order from the court of Odeypoor to be admitted, I could not enter.

I wrote to Porphyre from Khachrode, which you will find close to this place, although I made a considerable circuit to get to it. I went to Rutlaum, from curiosity to examine, in their places, some singular stones which I had seen used at Jowra. To visit this place, I had nothing to do but get into Captain Borthwick's palanquin. This gentleman is political agent of the British government in these provinces, allied or tributaries to Malwa. You must add his name to the list, already rather long, of your Indian saints; for Captain Borthwick was excessively kind to me. I visited the quarries, which I was so justly anxious to see. I returned to Khachrode this morning, and left it again for Oogein with the minister of the young Nawaub of Jowra, whom

Captain Borthwick begged to accompany me hither, and who will be my cicerone. He is one of the most intelligent Indians I have met with; and is a Mussulmaan, as are almost all the people here of whom any good can be said.

We are very apprehensive of a revolution in England. Not that such an event would shake the British power in this country, but on account of the numerous bankruptcies which it would occasion. For my own part, I entertain fears of something worse;—indeed, I fear every thing. Our revolution appears to me much less decisive than it was a year ago, when it had allies. Wade has, with a great deal of difficulty, made Runjeet Sing consent to open the navigation of the Indus to the British. There is some fear of the Russians at the bottom of this negotiation. Near Hazarubaug and Ramghur, on the road from Calcutta to Benares, some regiments are employed in making a terrible example of the revolted Coles. Adieu.

Mundlesir, on the banks of the Nerbuddah, April 25th.

My dear father,—I passed through Indore without finding any letters from Europe, neither were there any at Mow. Thence I proceeded to Maundoo, immense and almost unknown ruins, on the border of the plain upon which the mountains of Vyndhia are seated. The heat had become excessive. I there found much to enrich my herbarium. The table, on the corner of which I am now writing to you, is covered with stones which I have brought from thence. I next went to Mheysur, on the banks of the Nerbuddah, and three days ago arrived at Mundlesir. Here dwells Captain

Sandys, a British political agent, who had the extreme kindness to send me, on the mountains of Maundoo, some horsemen and guides to show me those beautiful and extraordinary hills. I had no other introduction to him than a letter from Mr. Martin, the ex-Resident of Delhi, and at present Resident of Indore; but he is one of Mr. Martin's lieutenants. Besides that, my name is now known to everybody in India. How this has happened I know not; for I avoid appearing before the public in any manner whatever; though others, no doubt, in my situation, would act differently in order to enjoy greater respect. I shrink from every kind of publicity, and present myself to individuals only. Certain very ignorant scribblers have not the same reserve, and are continually thrusting themselves into notice. I should be little flattered to be coupled with them in any way; therefore I remain as quiet as possible. But my wandering life brings me into connexion with so many men, in a country where men (I mean from our own country) are not very numerous, that I find myself known to the greatest part of this community of Europeans. Captain Sandys loads me with kindness and attentions; and, although Mundlesir is one of the hottest places in India, I recruit myself perfectly well here. My attendants were more in want of rest than I was. They suffered more from the excessive heat during my last marches. My bullock chariots broke down in the mountains. I left half of my army, and the most intelligent of my attendants, to take care of them, and get them repaired, whilst I came on here with the camels. The rear guard has now come up. There are sick in abundance;—I physic them as well as I am able,

and successfully too. As for myself, I enjoy the immense luxury of a house. In a town life in Europe there are many admirable advantages which we enjoy without appreciating them; and, whatever my future fate may be, I think I shall always find in my European destiny sufficient to be thankful for and to attach me to life. There are a thousand things, the value of which we do not discover until we are deprived of them. Such are the luxuries of eating bread every day—sitting upon a chair—sleeping upon a mattress—drinking wine, whether good or bad. After my travels in Asia, little will, I hope, suffice for my physical comforts.

I am here in the country of the Bheels, a people aborigines of India, and robbers by profession. Their Mahratta rulers being incapable of governing them, within the last ten years the British have undertaken that task, handing over the revenues to the Mahratta sovereign. This has already operated an immense and salutary change in the manners of these savages.

I shall probably to-morrow cross the Nerbuddah, which flows at a hundred paces from hence, and enters the Bombay territory. At Ajuntah, I shall enter the dominions of the Nizam. This country, the geological structure of which is quite peculiar, has also a singular configuration; it differs entirely from every other country I have before seen in India. The Nerbuddah possesses a character of original beauty which no other river has ever displayed to me, and this beauty is of a most extraordinary kind.

This morning I received a parcel from Chandernagore, the sight of which filled me with joy. Its thickness

made me hope that I should find in it some letters from Europe. There was only one from the Jardin, announcing to me the supplement of indemnity which the minister of commerce and public works has granted to me;—namely, three thousand francs for the year 1831, and three thousand more for the current year,—total six thousand francs, which I have requested my banker to add to my credit. These gentlemen inform me that they have not yet ascertained upon whose proposal M. D'Argout granted me this indemnity. I suppose it is a reply to the demand of funds which I addressed to the minister from Kurnaul, in February, 1831. They acknowledged the receipt of two of my letters, the last of them dated from Lahore in March 1831; I hope, therefore, that at the time they wrote to me (November 21st 1831) you had also received your share of my packet from the Punjab. The last letter which has reached me from you is dated June 1831, and is already very old! Adieu, my dear father, remember me to all around you. One word more:—M. de Melay, whom I had consulted upon the means of converting a simple knight of the legion of honour into an officer of that order, begs me to send him a brief statement of M. Allard's claims. He promises to forward it to the minister, and support it with all his bureacuratic eloquence. He has no doubt, he says, of the success of our joint prose. I am therefore going to write the best in my power; and shall feel happy if I can contribute in procuring for our worthy countryman some acknowledgment for the noble manner in which he upholds the honour of the French name in the distant regions of the Punjab.

Adieu, once more, and for the last time ; and now guard against cold, heat, and damp. Farewell, my dear father ; take care of yourself for your own sake and for mine. Think of the pleasure of talking at our fireside of that burning furnace Mundlesir, and of so many other things of which I shall be full when we meet again. I love and embrace you with all my heart !

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS*.

*Camp in Malwa, between Chittor and Indore,
29th March 1832.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—About the middle of February I have left the beautiful Delhi to see it no more ; and since that time I march in a southerly direction. I border already on the tropic: the sun in mid-day appears to be almost vertical, not a cloud in the sky, and the breeze rises gently in the morning, which, when it is not yet wanted, becomes a gale of hot wind about nine o'clock ; yet this is only the beginning of the monsoon. It will be fairly set in, and rage in all its fury when I shall have to cross the valleys of the Nerbuddah and of the Taptee. I should not think so much of it, since I am doomed to it for the remainder of my travels in India, and I hope I shall get by and by accustomed to it ; but it is a hard trial for one lately from the Himalaya.

* This letter was written by Jacquemont in English, and is given *verbatim*.—TR.

I wish I were again on my way to Cashmeer, flying from the sun every day, instead of facing it as I do; how gladly would I take again the chances of the adventurous journey! But alas! the drama of human life is performed once only, and my imagination, which pictures to me such beautiful scenes of the Himalaya, makes me feel bitterly that I am dead already to the reality of their actual enjoyment. You remember Dante's lines:—

—Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria.

Well, there is no great difference between hell itself and a tent exposed to this Indian sun, so far, at least, as temperature goes; and this is true misery, and is felt the more so when one thinks of the cool shades of Cashmeer, of its streams, and of its forests.

You know already how I was detained at Delhi so much beyond my expectations. And now, suffering as I do from the excessive heat, I cannot yet say that I regret to have made so long a stay in the imperial city. There I lived with a friend; and the sweet remembrances of friendship are blended with those of the place where that friendship originated. Delhi shall ever be one of my dearest recollections of the East. My route to Jaypore led me first through a country exceedingly interesting in a geological point of view—Ferospoor and Alwur. I spent a pleasant day at the former place with the young Nawaub Shem Shooddeen Khan, whom I had met with already as a visiter at my friend Fraser's; he entertained me with the greatest hospitality. By way of compensation, the Alwur Rajah

proved very industriously uncivil towards me. Had I been an obscure traveller, I would not have taken the least notice of his want of courtesy; but, introduced as I was to his notice by the very highest British authorities, I could not but resent it for them; and, acquainted as I am, since my journey across the Sutledge, with Eastern manners, I found it little difficult to make the foolish prince apologise for his backwardness. The Governor-general was then marching from Ajmeer to Agrah; his route was almost parallel with mine, in an opposite direction. I received from his camp an exceedingly flattering invitation to join it; horses were sent to me, and stationed in the way, with horsemen to guide and escort me: and, leaving my caravan, on the 25th of February, long before day-light, I arrived before noon at the tents of the Governor-general, after many an hour of hard riding. Lord W. Bentinck was to stay two days in the place where I met him; however attentive he and Lady William had been always to me since the day of my arrival in Calcutta, never did I receive from them such a kind reception. I spent with them two days, which I shall never forget. The camp was pitched in a weary desert of Rajpootana. It appeared like a moving city. Though exceedingly averse to anything like state, Lord W. Bentinck cannot dispense altogether with the pomp by which the former Governors-general of India surrounded themselves in their journeys. Many of the chief officers of the state must accompany him to despatch the business of the various branches of the service. Every one of the heads of departments has a number of deputies and assistants. Then comes the personal state of the Governor-general, then his escort,

consisting of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, his body guards, a light battery, and after all comes an immense number of camp followers. The sight was quite new to me, and very interesting, as you may fancy. To welcome my arrival at head-quarters, my friend the Alwur Rajah arrived there also on the same day. He had been summoned, that, after paying a visit to his lordship, he might receive one in return; an attention which had been paid by the Governor-general to all the other Rajpoot princes, except to him, on a first occasion. The Rajah expected also to receive a khelat, or honorary dress, a distinction bestowed on many other chieftains of his rank. The reception afforded me an opportunity of seeing a Rajpoot court in all its gaiety and glittering. After the Asiatic exhibitions of the day, I sat in the evening by the right of Lady William Bentinck, at a large table, to a superb dinner. The party was numerous; an excellent band was in attendance in a contiguous tent; Lady William told me she had lately received from the Palais Royal *la Parisienne*, and desired it to be performed for me. What a strange course of circumstances! I felt inwardly grateful for it: I enjoyed it thoroughly. The evening before, at that time, alone in my little tent, pitched in a solitary spot at the foot of a hill, sitting to my usual meal, a plain pillau; a single candle burning on my small table, often blasted away by the wind; no noise but the loud shrieks of the jackalls about my cattle, bullocks, and camels; everything about me of the country where I was. And but for twenty-four hours what a complete change around! All the luxuries and refinements of Europe! Lord William, the next day, was able to command some

hours of leisure, which we spent together in his tent, talking of his country, of its probable destinies, glancing, too, at Europe, and concluding by exclaiming, how strange was our meeting *there*, and talking *there* of such things. He, a man from England, one of the crowd there; here the absolute ruler of Asia: I, quietly engaged in my philosophical researches amidst barbarous tribes! We smiled at the idea of deeply-laid combinations to bring in such extraordinary circumstances, which have arisen chiefly from chance and necessity. How little understood is this political phenomenon in Europe.

On the 27th, long before day-light, the tents were struck down. I found a horse and a couple of horsemen in waiting at the door of mine, I mounted, and trusting to the good eyes of my guides, and to the sure footing of my chargers, I rushed forward at a sharp canter, on a rough path intersected by ravines; and, changing horses and guides on my way, in a few hours I joined again my poor little wretched camp, where I could not but fancy that the whole of the two days past was a dream.

I have since seen the superb Jaypore, and the delightful Ajmeer: and, during my very short stay in the latter, I have contrived to visit Mhairwarra, the former Abruzzi of Rajpootana. It was well worth eighty miles riding in little more than twenty-four hours. I saw a country, whose inhabitants since an immemorial time had never had any other means of existence but plunder in the adjacent plains of Mharwar and Meywar, a people of murderers; now changed into a quiet, industrious, and happy people of shepherds and cultivators. No Rajpoot chiefs, no Mogul emperors, had ever been able

to subdue them; fourteen years ago everything was to be done with them; and since six or seven years, everything is done already. A single man has worked that wonderful miracle of civilisation; Major Henry Hall, the son-in-law of Colonel Fagan, of whom I have written to you at Delhi. As I know it will be gratifying to your feelings and to your opinions on the subject, I shall add, my dear friend, that Major Hall has accomplished this admirable social experiment without taking a single life.

The very worst characters of Mhairwarra he secured, confined them, or put them in irons at work on the roads. Those who had lived long by the sword without becoming notorious for wanton cruelty, he made them soldiers; they became in that capacity the keepers of their former associates, and often of their chiefs; and the rest of the population was gained to the plough. Female infanticide was a prevalent practice with the Mhairs, and generally throughout Rajpootana; and now female casualties amongst infants exceed not male casualties; a proof that the bloody practice has been abandoned, and scarcely has a man been punished for it. Major Hall did not punish the offenders, he removed the cause of the crime, and made the crime useless, even injurious to the offender; and it is never more committed.

Major Hall has shown to me, on the field, the corps which he has raised from amongst those former savages, and I have seen none in the Indian army in a higher state of discipline. He was justly proud of his good work, and spared no trouble to himself that I might see it thoroughly in the few hours I had to spend with him.

Upwards of a hundred villagers were summoned from the neighbouring villages and hamlets ; I conversed with them of their former mode of life, and of their present avocations. Most of these men had shed blood. They told me they knew not any other mode of life : it was a most miserable one by their account ; they were naked and starving. Now, poor as is the soil of their small valleys and barren their hills, every hand being set at work, there is plenty of clothes, of food ; and so sensible are they of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government, that willingly they pay to it already 500,000 francs, which they increase every year, as their national wealth admits of it.

Often I had thought that gentle means would prove inadequate to the task of breaking-in populations addicted for ages to a most unruly savage life ; such as the Greeks for instance. Yet the Klephtes were but lambs compared to the Mhairs : and the Mhairs in a few years have become an industrious, laborious, and well-behaved people. I see by the Bombay papers that M. Capo d'Istrias has been murdered : I wish Major Hall were his successor ; for, now, I have the greatest confidence in the efficiency of *gentle means*. But a peculiar talent, too, which is a gift of nature, is required in the ruler, without which the most benevolent intentions would prove useless. We know, by a Persian express, the fall of Warsaw, and the rejection of the reform bill by the Lords, with the outrages which have taken place immediately after it. Unsatisfactory as may be the state of our country, England is much worse. Things might be settled in France without collision, whilst in England it appears to me that it cannot be done without hurting

many private interests. Inequality in every thing there has grown to a monstrous degree. It must be somewhat lessened : will the gentle measures of the laws of inheritance, &c. &c. be quietly waited for ? The working classes in the large towns of England are horribly degraded by usual drunkenness. I believe that in the course of our first revolution, atrocious as it was, there was scarcely a scene more shameful for the human species than the late riot at Bristol. Thanks to that revolution of ours, there is now in France such a gradual transition between the higher and lower classes, and such an absence of lines of social demarcation, that we have nothing to fear of the calamities with which England is threatened. In England there are two classes perfectly distinct. The gentry (which includes the nobility), and the people. The natives of India have long since smartly enough made the distinction. They have two expressions only to mention a European : a *sahib logue*, a lord, a gentleman, or rather of the caste of lords or gentlemen ; and a *gora logue*, or one of the caste of the whites, a white man. The former character is much respected by them ; the latter may be dreaded, as it is indeed very often quite dreadful, but respected — never.

There are disturbances in a district of Central India, which I visited two years ago, just after leaving Calcutta. They are of a more serious nature than it was at first anticipated, yet I believe the insurrection completely put down already. It was not political at all, but called for, it appears, by the mismanagement of the local authorities. The more I know of this fabric, the more extraordinary it appears to me. No guess can

be made at its durability, it may last centuries, and may be swept away in a few months. However, this I will foretel: the British power in India will not perish by foreign aggression. Foreign aggression indeed may do much towards its destruction, but more by the spirit of rebellion it will raise every where throughout the provinces of the empire, than by the actual collision of the invaders with the British armies. *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, has been of late a maxim too little acted upon. For the sake of economy, several corps, which, it is true, were but very little useful, have been disbanded; and India is the country of the world where men are the least prone to change their profession. There are few *Major Halls*, to work the miracles he has done. Disbanded soldiers turn out robbers. There are many well organised gangs of highwaymen in these independent states, and without a strong escort I should be plundered to a certainty. Lord William will leave to his successor a more satisfactory budget, but I apprehend he will leave to him also ample occasion for many new expenses. I hear from Lahore sometimes by M. Allard. Some uneasiness is felt there regarding a claim from the English Government, supported by its diplomatic agent, to have the navigation of the Indus freely open. Runjeet Sing is very reluctant to it; but he is too wise not to submit, though reluctantly. His son, Sheer Sing, is now viceroy of Cashmeer. 'Tis a great pity he did not fill that situation a year ago, when I was there, for he is a great friend with the French officers in his father's service, and very friendly to the Europeans; besides, for a Sikh, let it be well understood, a high-feeling, noble, young man. The low villain who pressed so hard upon

the poor helpless Cashmeerians during my stay in Cashmeer is likely now brought to his accounts and severely retaliated upon. Runjeet Sing's treasury and Sheer Sing's favour with his father will benefit by it, but not the poor Cashmeerians certainly.

But what do you care about Runjeet and Sheer Sing and Cashmeer? I will speak of myself to atone for so much lunary matter. My health has been lately a little tried by the immense changes of temperature I was subject to. In the sandy deserts of Rajpootana, such is the dryness of the air, and the transparency of the sky, that, in the starry calm nights of the winter, the thermometer reaches the freezing point, owing to the principle of radiation. I marched two or three hours in that cold atmosphere every morning, and the sun early was so powerful as to raise the temperature of my tent, where I spend the afternoon, to 35 and 36 degrees* ; by and by it will be 43 and 44°†, if not more, but then the nights will be almost equally hot. I caught a very bad cold, for which I was obliged to put up three days at Nee-mutch, the last English station which I passed through, and where I was most kindly taken care of by a good old gentleman whom I had seen at Semla and at Delhi, now the superintending surgeon of the army in these quarters. I made there a new acquaintance with a Swiss family ; the gentleman having got a commission in the Company's service some twenty years ago, is now in command of a regiment, with the reputation of an excellent officer. Ten years ago he went on leave to Europe and married in his country at Berne, just at the time

* Centigrade. † Idem.

when I travelled in Switzerland. They knew some of my acquaintances in their country, and most of the places which I had visited. We spoke of them, helping each other's memory, and forgot entirely the Jura which makes France and Switzerland two distinct countries. We felt like countrymen. The simplicity of their manners was a thing which I had not witnessed since I left France: I was quite delighted with them. We spoke of the English as if foreigners to us, although we were adopted members of their society. Both husband and wife proved very accomplished persons; I have spent some happy hours with them, and not parted with them without a sincere promise to inquire after them whenever I may visit their country again, as they intend to retire there in a short time.

Adieu, my dear friend, through the bamboo screen of the door of my tent I see the sun setting behind a grove of date trees:—no such things in your Paray, but your temperate countries have their poetry also—variety makes up abundantly for magnificence. It is time for my hot spiced pillau, after which I write a couple of hours more, before sending my caravan ahead by the cool of the night. This would-be English of mine is quite French—ten times more so than when I write to an Englishman. Why this difference? I assure you without vanity that I speak and write it quite differently with the English, much more like them: perhaps because with them I think more like them, and for English feelings find more readily at hand English expressions. Whatever may be the incorrectness of my speech in their tongue, I have seldom to be ashamed of it with the English in this country, as Lady M. Bentinck is the

only person that ever offered to speak French with me. Adieu again, the blank beneath I shall fill up at Indore, whence I shall forward this to Calcutta.

* I must cease writing to you in English, as it would be impossible for me to tell you in that language that I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

Oojein, April 5th.

A few words more, my dear friend, to fill up the sheet, though I have plenty else to do. But I cannot work, liable as I am to receive numerous visits. This city is the largest and most celebrated in the dominions of Scindia, at present under the British protection. My arrival was announced in such a manner that I found a pretty little palace prepared to receive me, and the constituted and other authorities having come to make me their salaam, I answered them in my very best Hindostanee. I received from Neemutch the last of Calcutta gazettes, and this morning, on horseback, I read the sixteen immense columns of Lord Brougham's speech in the House of Lords, on the 7th of October last. What talent!—but how is the use of it perverted! It is a disagreeable kind of talent, that which disgusts the hearer instead of conciliating him. If I were a public man I would study Lord Brougham in order not to resemble him. What is the use of that cutting irony, that bitter sarcasm, that supercilious pride which he displays? What is the use of those quotations of Greek and Latin verses? The English entertain a sovereign contempt for our parliamentary debates, with regard

* The remainder of this letter was written in French.—TR.

both to form and matter. For my part, I have the same feeling, from the bottom of my soul, with regard to the forms of theirs. What is your opinion? Adieu once more. I shall remain here two days, and this letter will go from Indore. Remember me kindly to your family.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Khachrode, in Malwa, March 31st 1832.

I WRITE you a few words, my dear brother, before the arrival of my basin of milk and its accompaniment of chepatties. The moment I have swallowed my breakfast I shall begin my labours of the day. In the afternoon I shall certainly not be in such good humour, because there will be then ninety or a hundred degrees of heat in my tent, and a poor devil condemned to be baked can scarcely feel disposed for merriment. The summer has set in these six or seven days; its arrival has been something like that of a cannon-ball, which gives no notice of its approach. Thus, I am caught! You must recollect once reading in the newspapers, that Dr. Oudney was reported to have died of cold in the deserts of Africa. Well!—only a week ago, at sunrise, in the desert and sandy plains of Rajpootana, the thermometer fell almost to freezing point; in the course of the day it rose to ninety, and, under a tent exposed to the sun, to a hundred and five. The cold and hot air-baths which I was thus obliged to take, whether I would or not, gave me a bad cold, which completely destroyed

my voice for several days. On my arrival at Nee-mutch, where I stopped and remained three days at the house of an old gentleman of my acquaintance, chief physician to the army in these provinces, I wanted to cover my throat and chest with leeches; but the good man had a prejudice against leeches, and though I had not the slightest confidence in his medical talents, I politely allowed him to do as he pleased, contenting myself with a strict regimen, and expectorating ptisans. Five days ago, being almost cured, I resumed my journey. The lower G of my voice is, however, still singularly hollow and sepulchral. It is evident that my throat is always my weakest part. This little attack appears to me almost a periodical return of the one which delayed me last year at Prounch, between the Punjab and Cashmeer. It occurred a month later than this year, but under similar circumstances of temperature. Last year the attack was much more severe: I had great pain in the chest, from which I am free on the present occasion. It is true I had then undergone considerable fatigue since my arrival in the mountains of Mirpore; instead of which, this year, ever since my departure from Delhi, I have, comparatively speaking, travelled very comfortably. My marches, nevertheless, have been much longer than in any of my preceding campaigns. But I have two horses, and even three since I dismissed the moonshee (Persian secretary) whom I engaged at Delhi, and mounted upon the ghout of Koolloo, which the Rajah of Mondi gave me last November. Notwithstanding the bad state of my stud, there is always one beast able to carry me. One of the horses is lame, occasioned by the stupidity

of the farrier who shod him; the ghout has a galled back from the saddle of my moonshee not fitting him; and were it not for my faithful sorrel of Calcutta, I should be obliged to perform the remainder of my journey on foot. This creature is more vicious than ever, and, about a fortnight ago, near Ajmeer, threw me, without my knowing how it happened, upon a heap of stones, from which I rose much bruised. He had not taken such a liberty with me for two years past. I was taken in by my friend Fattah Oolla Beg Khan: the horse he sold me for four hundred and twenty-five rupees (nearly eleven hundred francs) is a poor creature quite done up. When the back of the ghout is cured, and can again bear a saddle, I shall get rid of this pest at any price. The wags of Bombay may joke as they please about my long legs, and the smallness of my horses.

It is most fortunate for me that I met the Governor-general in Rajpootana. Both his Lordship and Lady William Bentinck assured me that I might rely upon the hospitality of the Earl of Clare, Governor of Bombay, whom they knew personally before they met him at the species of Indian Congress which Lord William had lately held at Ajmeer, and where the Governor of Bombay was present, as well as a dozen Rajpoot Kings. I suppose that the Colonel Tod's excellent work has brought these latter into vogue in London, and even at Paris, and that you have heard a great deal about them. Were it not for the protection of the British government, there is not one of these proud kinglings who would not long since have become a pensioner and prisoner of Runjeet Sing. All you have

heard is pure fudge. I should only like to see two or three hundred of Runjeet's greybeards in the midst of as many thousands of these Rajpootana bullies.

In India, my dear friend, every one has the pretension of smoking the tobacco of Bhilsa. Real connoisseurs have some doubts about this; and their objections are founded upon the very limited extent of the Bhilsa territory, which you will find somewhere in the principality of Bhopal, in Central India. But what is still better, I am assured that no tobacco plant ever grew in Bhilsa, and that the far-famed tobacco of that name is nothing more than the Khachrode sent thither for sale. I am going to try it, and if I find it good I will bring you a small packet. I have not accustomed myself to smoking, but merely indulge in it now and then, and sometimes at intervals of months. Since my departure from Delhi, I drink nothing but water and milk—a regimen of my own choice, entirely *ad libitum*, which I find agree with me very well. I do not eat animal food every day, which agrees with me still better. Thanks to this abstemiousness, I suffer much less from the heat than any other European. At this season of the year, no Europeans travel; all the movements of troops have ceased since the 10th of March; every one remains quietly at home behind mats of vetiver, kept continually wet, which produces an agreeable coolness by the evaporation of the water; or under the draft of punkas or fans attached to the ceiling; or else fanned by attendants. Here they spend their time in cursing the country, drinking brandy and water, and smoking the hookha. At day-break they take a ride until sunrise; and in the evening, at sun-set, an airing in a car-

riage. This is all the exercise they have. Mine is a very different mode of life. I have stood it now for three years, and trust I shall hold out until the end. I anticipate with pleasure one thing on my return : that of bringing myself back,—which of the difficult things I have to do, is not the least—for how very few return ! At Delhi I saw several persons who confessed to me, that when I set out for Lahore fifteen months ago, they little expected to see me again.

A great number of robberies are committed in these provinces ; but on this side of the Sutledge a European is seldom or never robbed. Besides, I have a strong escort for my baggage, which, without this protection, would infallibly be plundered. I march on alone with few attendants, but these are well armed. Your guns are excellent. I lately shot an antelope at two hundred and ninety-four of my long paces, with your double-barrelled gun, and you will see by the extreme smallness of the two holes made in the skin that the ball had lost nothing of its strength. Sportsmen are not aware how far a good gun carries a ball, and in a straight line too.

Did I tell you that from Delhi I sent a Cashmeer shawl as a present to Madame Cordier ? I was apprehensive it might have been stolen at the post-office, which sometimes happens ; but I found at Ajmeer a letter from her husband, thanking me for the present, which had arrived safe at Chandernagore. It seems that there was a consultation at Chandernagore, to know what use was to be made of my present, for they had never seen a shawl of that description. M. Cordier wrote to me that his wife hesitated between a shawl and

a gown, and asked my advice. My answer will surprise him, for I voted for trowsers, according to the Cashmeer and Persian fashion. In those places, these shawls, called jamevars, are used to make the immense trowsers of the ladies.

The news of the Reform Bill having been thrown out by the British peers has caused considerable anxiety among the merchants at Calcutta. Several very large houses are already shaken.

I quitted Delhi, in possession of a pound of green tea, a thing quite unprecedented in my stock of provisions. I make use of it now and then as whim directs me, and I find it do me much good during this frightful heat. I drink my tea cold, with very little sugar, and very strong. My father would be quite alarmed if he were to see the colour, and would expect to find my nerves completely shattered; for although I take it about half as strong as the English, I yet use more tea in one day than would suffice him for a month. This beverage prevents also that excessive thirst which I could otherwise only quench with an enormous quantity of sugar and water. I wear neither stockings nor cravat, but wrap my face and head in linen when I go into the sun. Talking of tea, as I laughed at the Tibetans who throw away the water in which it has been boiled, and eat only the boiled leaves, I must not spare the Parisians, who throw away the first water poured into the teapot, which is precisely the best. Forget forty years of prejudices, and try.

I shall not bring you any Bhilsa tobacco; it may perhaps be very good, but as I have smoked scarcely anything in India but the usual mixture of tobacco with

moist sugar, dried raisins, and conserve of roses, tobacco alone, even after its fumes have passed through a bottle of water, seems so strong and pungent, that I cannot use it.

I told you that I had dismissed my moonshee: I ought to have added the reason. He was very mild, very submissive, and even very punctual; but he appeared so very unhappy at being obliged to walk, sometimes to trot, and even gallop on horseback, that the sight of him made me melancholy. He was a Seyd, or descendant from the prophet. Previously to my arrival at Jaypore I had been under the necessity of sending away another attendant of high caste,—a Brahmin, according to his own account. I am pretty well satisfied with my other servants, but their wages ruin me. Four days hence, I shall be at Indore, where I have hopes of finding letters from Europe. My last are nine months old, but through the English papers I have a little French news of the month of November; and the Hugh Lindsay steamer, which plies between Bombay and Suez, and is shortly expected at the former place, will bring us later news. I know not how matters will be settled in England. The line of demarcation between the rich and the poor is still more defined in that country than it was in France forty years ago. The people, who are so wretched and so ill-used, have become brutalised by the abuse of ardent spirits, and have sunk low in moral degradation. If there is a revolution, it will be dreadful.

Mr. Le, President of the War Committee, becomes more and more insolent towards the British at Canton. Lord W. Bentinck has lately written him a letter per-

fectly to the purpose. It was necessary to make this Chinese functionary understand that he may be insolent once too often. He took no notice of the warning, and even peremptorily refused to receive the Captain in the British Navy, commissioned by Lord William to deliver his letter, which Mr. Le would take only from the hands of a third person, and give an evasive answer also through the channel of another person of inferior rank. This will end in a war, and it will not require much to crush Mr. Le's power. The insolence of these rascals is really inconceivable. Their means of resistance amount to nothing, and they never speak of us but as the barbarians of *Europe*. This president talks of his infinite commiseration for us, poor little creatures that we are!—nothing but atoms—mere dust!

With the exception of the newspapers of Calcutta, scarcely anybody in this country thinks of the renewal of the Company's charter; and it is probable that in England, amid so many great domestic interests which are now the subjects of parliamentary debate, it is not much more thought of than it is here.

Adieu! I have written at greater length than I intended when I began, but it was long since I had chatted with you. I am going to resume my occupations, or rather to begin them. Adieu, &c.

Mundlesir, on the borders of the Nerbuddah, April 24th.

I rested at Oogein, and I am doing the same here. This is the hottest place in all India, but I am perfectly recovered. I shall be fortunate if I reach Bombay before the rains. Overcharged as I am with business, I have

only time to forward some letters which I find in my portfolio, and which were begun on the road. Adieu, my dear Porphyre.

TO M. DE TRACY, PEER OF FRANCE.

*Mundlesir, on the banks of the Nerbuddah,
in Central India, April 25th 1832.*

DEAR SIR,—Here I am returned within the tropics, among scenes far different from those of the Himalaya ; —in less varied and less beautiful. The provinces which I have traversed since my departure from Delhi are either occupied by the British, or have been visited by them ; and notwithstanding any moral observations I may have made upon their physical and natural history, they no longer possess for a European traveller that inexpressible charm belonging to a new country, which attracted me so powerfully to my researches in the valley of Cashmeer and the desert mountains of Tibet. My occupations in natural history left me no leisure for other studies. I have often regretted that I possessed neither sufficient time nor knowledge to make researches into the origin of the different nations inhabiting India. They are most probably all descended from the same branch of the human species ; having for centuries been subjected to the same circumstances of climate and regimen, the slight differences of organisation, which perhaps at first distinguished their original varieties, have disappeared, so that it is impossible at present to discover, among these nations, characteristic features peculiar to any one of them. It is by a compa-

ri-son of their domestic-habits, their religious rites, and, above all, their languages, that we must endeavour to trace and unravel the mystery of their original migrations and filiations. This task ought to be accomplished by the British, who are permanently established in India. Colonel Tod has lately attempted it with regard to the Rajpoots; and he was in a most favourable situation for these researches. But if you have read some parts of his work upon Rajpootana, I presume you have scarcely found any other ground for anthropological comparison than some forced etymologies from the Latin and Sanscrit languages. However, as I have already confessed to you, I am quite ignorant of the latter language, and only know as much of it as an Englishman who has not learnt Latin does of that language—that is to say, a few isolated words; because the vulgar Indian tongue which I speak has borrowed its vocabulary partly from the Sanscrit, and partly from the Persian, the Arabic, and the Turkish, just in the same manner that the Latin has given to the English language for the last eight centuries more than half of its existing vocabulary, which at first was exclusively Saxon and Gaelic.

Notwithstanding my ignorance of the Sanscrit, I maintain that it possesses scarcely any other than a philological interest. There have been already too many translations from this language without advantage either to science or to history, for us to expect any benefit from future translations.

It is the same thing with regard to the Tibetan, of which a learned Hungarian, M. Csoma de Koros, was preparing a dictionary and grammar in conjunction with

the Lamas of Kanum, when I visited that part of the Himalaya. I then had the honour, notwithstanding my unworthiness, to inhabit a temple celebrated in Tibet for the literary treasures it contained. M. de Koros often came thither with the Lama bishop (I say bishop, because the Tibetan priests have the mitre and crozier like our prelates). He showed me several hundred volumes, rudely printed with wooden types, in the great monasteries of Chinese Tartary. One of these works, which passed for the most admirable of all, and which at Calcutta has received the pompous appellation of "Tibetan Encyclopedia," consisted of no less than a hundred and twenty volumes. At my request, M. Csoma translated for me the titles of several, and the nineteen first volumes treat only of the attributes of the Divinity, the first of which is his *incomprehensibility*, which, in my opinion, may obviate the necessity of endeavouring to discover the others. The remainder is a medley of theology, bad medicine, astrology, fabulous legends, and metaphysics. This abominable trash has not even the merit of originality. It appears, like most of the Tibetan books, to be nothing but a translation or compilation from the Sanscrit, made a hundred and fifty years ago, when the religious persecutions by Aurung Zeb caused a great number of Brahmins from Benares to seek refuge in Tibet.

M. Csoma de Koros, when I passed through Kanum, had almost completed his philological labours, and was preparing to proceed to India, to carry thither their results, that is to say, his Tibetan Dictionary and Grammar. I asked him, if, in offering to the Orientalists the key to a new language, he did not think it

advisable to present them with some choice translations from Tibetan books, in order to give them a foretaste of the literary pleasures, or sound knowledge which they might derive from Tibetan literature. He replied in the negative, and I considered that he was right; for I fancy the titles of the principal works of the sacred library at Kanum, would be quite sufficient to effect the radical cure of even the most dreaming German enthusiast with regard to Tibetan research. The poor man has been at Calcutta for the last year, where, to his great mortification, he cannot find a single person who has the curiosity to learn the language of the Lamas. The Lord preserve us from the Tibetan language! I feel quite indignant at seeing this theological, cosmogonical and so-styled historical trash fill up the greatest part of the works which treat on India. We adopt in Europe a completely false notion of the real intellectual habits of Indian nations. We generally suppose them inclined to an ascetic and contemplative life; and, upon the faith of Pythagoras, we continue to look upon them as extremely occupied with the metamorphosis of their souls after death. I assure you, Sir, that the metempsychosis is the last of their thoughts: they plough, sow, and water their fields, reap and recommence the same round of labour; they work, eat, smoke, and sleep, without having either wish or leisure to attend to such idle nonsense, which would only make them more wretched, and the very name of which is unknown to the greater number among them.

It is only on my return to France that I shall be able to discourse leisurely with you about this singular country. If the same good fortune which has accom-

panied me since the commencement of my travels does not fail me before the end, I shall enjoy this pleasure in a couple of years. My father will, perhaps, be a little displeas'd at my not bringing him back some very profound system of Indian metaphysics; but I have at present upon the Ganges a boat which descends from Delhi to Calcutta, laden with things much more real than the "Real Essences:" these are the archives of the physical and natural history of the countries I have hitherto visited. And if these collections, which have cost me so much labour, arrive without accident at Paris, as I have every reason to hope they will, I shall find on my return, matter enough for self-congratulation at having confin'd my researches to the objects of my undertaking.

Farewell, my dear Sir; my last letters from Europe are very old, and I shortly expect fresh news. If my letter from Cashmeer is not lost—if it has reach'd you, and if, on arriving at Bombay, I find a few lines from you in reply, need I say how great my delight will be? Once more, adieu, my dear Sir; believe that I shall ever acknowledge, with the feelings of a son, the paternal affection of which I had the happiness of receiving so many proofs from you during my youth.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

*Idulabad, left bank of the Poorneah in the Deccan,
May 10th 1832.*

42—, 43—, 44—, sometimes only 40 degrees, I mean centigrades; such, my dear Porphyre, is the

average state of the atmosphere in which I exist during the day, that is to say, the temperature of my tent. Only a few months since, I was quite exhausted at a much lower temperature. I then trusted I should get accustomed to it, and I was right, for I now find myself perfectly comfortable at 43 and 44 centigrades. What say you to that? I should not like to see you here; I should prefer hearing that you had begun another promenade to Moscow. A bulky and strong man like yourself would melt here like butter; in the course of a week nothing would remain of you but skin and bone. Here is the triumph of the mathematical axis—the straight line like myself, without any other dimensions but length! This dreadful heat is in every respect inconceivable! When writing, I have no other covering than a thick white muslin turban to keep my head cool; and breeches, which, although the name is not very compatible with delicacy, (in English, at least, it is frightfully indecent,) I look upon as one of the most decent inventions which human wisdom ever thought of. With regard to jacket, waistcoat, shirt, flannel waistcoat, shoes and stockings, the devil take them all; I make a bundle of the whole, upon which I seat myself, and in the course of an hour they are wringing wet, as becomes the reservoir, or cistern of all the animal pores below the waist. It is, nevertheless, most incredible that I feel myself as cool in mind, and as light (I was again going to say cool) in body as if, instead of having 43 centigrades, we had only 14 or 15.

It is fortunate for me that the equilibrium of my fluids is perfect, for if I were obliged to take you know what, at this hour of the day in my tent, the water, by

the grace of God—(I am the only one in India who in this case says by the *grace* ; every one else would say by the *malediction* of God)—is almost at the boiling point. Now you know that animal heat is considerably less ; the remedy would therefore be too hot. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

I breakfast upon milk and plantains, that fruit of all hot countries, of which you have heard, and which resembles rancid jasmine pomatum, made very sweet. I dine upon onions fried in ghee, which is the representative of butter in India ; a kind of melted butter smelling as strong as a Turk. I drink lukewarm water with this, and in the course of the day lemonade warm or hot, because everything here is either warm or hot. I have become sufficiently Indian to like rancid butter, and on the first day of my arrival at Hayti, the 18th of February 1827, I found the plantain a delicious fruit, contrary to the opinion of many Europeans, who are quite angry with any person offering them the first taste, and after having tasted it, say that a plantain is a very unseemly jest played off upon an honest man.

I have been these four days past in the Bombay territory, the first post of which is the celebrated fortress of Asserghur. I was admirably welcomed by the commandant, and moreover found there a letter from the Governor of Bombay, informing me that he had sent to all the civil and military officers stationed upon the route I intend to take towards his capital, the necessary orders to have all my wants supplied.

Whilst I am writing to you, one of my servants is in my tent, looking for something I want out of my trunks,

and to my utter confusion has drawn out things I have not cast my eyes on for months past: I mean my dresses of honour (khelats) of the Punjab and Cashmeer. How the devil shall I make the people at the custom-house comprehend that these are my clothes, and that consequently I have a right to wear them.

This is a tolerably correct inventory of these things:—

Five pair of large Cashmeer shawls; eight odd Cashmeer shawls, large and small; five pieces of China silk and Multana silk shawls, with large gold borders; seven muslin turbans. *Nota bene*: A turban has by no means the look of a turban, when not in use; it is a piece of magnificent muslin, very narrow, from forty to sixty feet long. Two scarfs of black Cashmeer shawl, embroidered in silk and gold; seven or eight pieces of muslin, two pieces of gold brocade. &c. &c. All these things are prohibited in France. I should find it very difficult to sell them in this country for a very small part of their value, and I am particularly desirous of taking them to France, to give myself the pleasure of making presents during the remainder of my life. I should like to encase you, my dear fellow, in a beautiful and immense morning gown of Cashmeer shawl, well wadded, and I am persuaded you would find the luxury very great of indulging in such a garment.

As I am sentimentally inclined, I must tell you that I should like uncommonly to see you smoke the hookha of which my kind friend Fraser made me a present, because I am convinced you would find that this elegant little gift, which was manufactured at Delhi and given to me by the best friend I have made in India, would recal to

my remembrance Delhi, my friend, and the Himalaya, where I met him for the first time, and raise a host of agreeable recollections.

I will return to you your beautiful and excellent pocket pistols, upon which I have slept in very strange places, and where sometimes their presence under my pillow—my pillow! I wish you could see what I call by that name—has made me sleep with more security. You will find them nearly the same as when you gave them to me; but if the stocks are a little scratched, you will not like them the less;—is not this the case? Oh! how delightful will it be to find ourselves together again after so many years of absence, and of solitude to me. What delight to dine all three, or rather all four of us, at our little round table, with lights; to eat soup and drink French red wine, and to rise from table only to go into your room or my father's, leaving the others to seek their pleasure out of the house, and remaining in ours to relate our mutual adventures during our separation! I have dined alone and drunk water for such a length of time! How pleasant to live in a house after so many years spent in the open air, or under a light canvas tent admitting the rain, the wind, and the burning sun-beams! What a luxury to sleep upon a mattress! A tear starts into my eye as I think of all these enjoyments. If I recollect right, my dear brother, the last time we embraced each other we shed no tears, and it was all the better that we did not; but the next time we have that happiness, we will allow nature to resume her sway,—she can then give us nothing but enjoyment. And my father, how happy he will be!—especially if we are all three with him. What a tour I shall have

made!—London, Philadelphia, Hayti. I have seen more of America than Frederic, who scarcely quitted New York during the two years he spent in the United States. The Niagara, a forest in the Brazil, a severe winter in the United States, the peak of Teneriffe, Mont Blanc, all the lakes of the Alps, the Mediterranean, the table mountain at the Cape of Africa, a hurricane at Bourbon, the Ganges at Benares, Delhi and the Great Mogul, the source of the Jumna, one of the sources of the Indus, the Lamas, the Chinese,—lastly, Cashmeer and the highest mountains in the world:—all this have I beheld. During so many years, a life so essentially different, both in feeling and existence, to that I thought myself born to, and to which I shall return after immense travels by sea and land;—the constant habit and complete knowledge of foreign languages!—Heavens! Porphyre, when we are assembled in your little apartment, how extraordinary will all this appear to me! I shall almost doubt my own identity.

Listen to me, my dear brother! You are getting old, and, moreover, have remained too poor to think of matrimony, which, without some fortune, is but a sorry thing. I, too, shall be none of the youngest when I return, and shall most probably be one of the poorest; the probabilities, therefore, are that we shall remain bachelors. Well! we must do our best to live together. In our old age we will take our walks together, play our hit at backgammon together, and together we will now and then indulge ourselves in going to hear some good music. It would be much better if one of us could find a rich and good wife, who would become the sister of the other. We shall see! After all, why should such

a thing not occur? Adieu, my good brother! As a matter of course this foolish effusion is for yourself and my father only.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Ellora, May 22nd 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am here encamped, this morning, in a place of such celebrity, that I cannot leave it without writing you a few lines. Between the mountains of Nindhia, and those of Adjuntah, in the valleys of the Nerbuddah, and of the Tapti, I had perfectly accustomed myself to 105 and 110 degrees of heat;—nay, I had almost begun to find that this was not overpowering. The country is wild and mountainous; and my bullock wagons broke down several times during the night marches. But there is an especial Providence for broken wagons, provided you have with you a corporal and four men, who proceed to the nearest hamlet and return with a workman, and an axle-tree to replace the broken ones, and officially command the assistance of the passers by, in order to get up the overturned vehicle. The tigers also, twice spread terror through my caravan, and ate a poor devil of a peasant. He was not one of my attendants; these have not my permission to be imprudent. I do not allow them to scatter themselves upon the road, when there is the slightest danger. Both men and beasts march in a compact body, and I always form part of another small band, lightly armed, but without soldiers, trotting and galloping right and left,

and looking at every thing that appears. I need not tell you that no tiger has crossed my path. It is certainly ordained by fate that I shall not see a tiger in India. Indeed, unless a man is seated upon a good elephant, the meeting is said to be dangerous, as is proved in the instance of the poor devil of a peasant carried off the other day from the rear of my caravan. Firing at these brutes produces scarcely any effect ; a tiger receives sometimes twenty balls before he dies, and when wounded he becomes furious.

The famous fortress of Asserghur lay on my road, and it was there I entered the Bombay territory. Boorhaunpoore which you may discover a few leagues from thence on the banks of the Tapti, belongs to Scindia, the Mahratta sovereign of Gwalior. At Adjuntah, I entered the dominions of the Nizam, and at the same time the immense bed of the Godavery. On the 17th, I arrived at Aurungabad, the miserable remains of a great city, founded by Aurung Zeb. Here I was expected by the commanding officer, a Colonel in the Bengal army, who commands a division of the Nizam's troops. The Nawaub of Hyderabad has also in his pay sixteen thousand British troops commanded by British officers. This accounts for his existence as the sovereign of a great state. If he were thrown upon his own resources, and dependent on the incapacity and treason of his Mussulmaun and Hindoo officers, he would lose his crown in a few years, and his monarchy would be divided into several hundred independent lordships, continually exposed to the depredations of the Mahratta hordes.

My host, Colonel Seyer, is a man of great merit, in

his private, as his professional character. He literally crammed me with information; and when I left him, he filled my bags with books of the most valuable description. They will remain there a long time, as I have at present no leisure for reading. Coming from Bengal, where I had known so many people, I was almost a brother officer to Colonel Seyer. I was much less a stranger to him than a British officer of the Bombay or Madras army would have been, who might have come to him at the same time I did; for there is but little friendship between the officers of the three presidencies, who are jealous of each other, seldom meet, and even when they do, almost always avoid each other.

At Aurungabad I hoped to have received letters from you, but it appears that, for several months no French ship has arrived in India. Very few even come from England at this season of the year; but in a short time the arrivals will take place.

Lord Clare, Governor of Bombay, to whom I wrote a few lines from Indore, officially to inform his lordship of my arrival at his Presidency, forwarding him at the same time a copy of my passports from Calcutta, wrote to all the officers of his government, stationed on the route I intend to take, to apprise them of this great event, in order that they might make the necessary preparations on the occasion. I thus found at Aurungabad letters from these gentlemen, offering me their houses, bearers, palanquins, &c. &c. I immediately replied to the Governor and to them, stating that I felt both overwhelmed and flattered by their kind hospitality. Colonel Seyer told me, when I took leave of him, that he also had received equally kind instructions from the government of Bom-

bay, and that no doubt Lord Clare would invite me to remain with him during my stay at this place. If I am to remain but a short time, the Governor's politeness may prove very desirable to me; but if I prolong my stay, I shall look out for some kind of house which does not admit too much rain, and take possession of it like an absolute monarch;—for a traveller of my consequence ought to be at home. But I have heard so much of the unhealthiness of Bombay during the season I intend spending there, that if I can derive equal advantage from remaining at Poonah, I shall probably take up my abode at this latter place, for three months, and become housekeeper for the first time since my arrival in India—for my pretty bungalow at Cashmeer scarcely deserved the pompous name of house. I think, moreover, that Poonah will offer great attractions as the head quarters of a naturalist. If it turns out so, all will be for the best; because Bombay is very unhealthy during the rainy season, and Poonah, on the contrary, enjoys a great reputation for salubrity at that season of the year.

When I have filled my cases at Poonah, and the rains have ceased, I shall go down to Bombay, to ship them off, before I proceed to the South. I should like to be able at that period to send you my Cashmeer wardrobe, with the animals, plants, and stones for the *Jardin des Plantes*; for besides that these various matters fill two trunks, which in travelling is excessively inconvenient, I am sometimes apprehensive of being robbed of them. I own I should feel the loss most acutely, as it would deprive me of the only opportunity I could have on my return of making pretty presents

replete with *local character*. Aurungabad fell with its founder, according to the Oriental custom. It contains a Mogul mausoleum, much admired by those who have seen only the South of India; but after Lahore, Agra, Delhi, and the superb mosques of Shah Jehan, Akbar, and Jehangire, the ruins of Aurungabad are scarcely worth notice.

The most remarkable things that surround the town are the magnificent subterranean passages dug in the mountains, which extend from thence to this place, where the most celebrated are. The conclusion to which all writers on this subject have come, is that no one can tell, when, by whom, or for what purpose, these excavations were made. The Hindoos claim them as their work, asserting they were executed by one of their numerous divinities. There are no longer any Buddhists to dispute this claim; but Christians, perfectly disinterested in the discussion, decide the question in favour of the Buddhists. We believe in India, that Buddha formerly reigned in the North, his power extending even beyond the Indian Caucasus. Near Cabul there are caves and idols supposed to bear some resemblance to those of Ceylon and Ellora; but although for the last fifty years several Europeans who have acquired a perfect knowledge of the Sanscrit, have read many volumes on the subject, it has not yet been ascertained at what period Bramah superseded Buddha, in the East.

The other day I read, at Aurungabad, a review by the learned and ingenious Mr. Wilson, of the translations from the Tibetan of my friend of Kanum, M. Csoma de Kôros. These translations have a wonder-

fully soporific effect:—there are about twenty chapters upon the kind of shoes that Lamas ought to wear. Among other absurdities, in which these books abound, priests are forbidden to help themselves in passing the ford of a rapid river, by holding the tail of a cow. There is no lack of profound dissertations upon the properties of the flesh of griffins, dragons, and unicorns, and upon the admirable virtues of the horn of the winged horse. To judge of this nation by what I have seen of them, and by what the translations of M. Csoma disclose, one would suppose them a nation of madmen or idiots.

Yesterday I visited the famous fortress of Dawlatabâd. Both Hindoos and Mussulmauns attribute the building of it to some unknown divinity. For my part, I know not what to think of it.

This morning I encamped here by moonlight. I passed near the tomb of Aurung Zeb, a very wicked man, but a tolerably good king. He made roads and canals instead of building palaces. There is the same difference between him and his father Shah Jehan, as between Louis XI, and Francis I, or Louis XIV. Baber is the Henry IV. of this family of Tamerlane.

As I was carelessly riding on, without much regard to the essential conditions of my equilibrium, I was twice on the point of being thrown, by my horse starting at the sight of two hyenas which passed very quietly under his nose. I fired at the second; this did not induce it to accelerate its pace in the least, but made my frightened horse start worse than ever. I am too bad a horseman, and ride with too great a disregard to the classical rules of horsemanship to have many falls.

I sometimes totter, and that is all. This reminds me of the little quarrels I used to have with that excellent Madame Micour, because, in reply to her fears at the danger of travelling, I used coolly to reply, "Nobody kills himself."

When I was in Provence, and sometimes also in the mountains of Auvergne, where it is very hot in the month of July, Jaubert used to be angry with me, because I sometimes said "It is pleasant to be in the sun." If he were with me here, I should not be able, in spite of the 105 degrees of heat, to say otherwise,—for I have at last found out that 105 or 107 degrees of heat are very agreeable. I should drive him mad by this involuntary discovery.

This reminds me of the letters you used to write to me when I was at Grenoble or Geneva, and of the curious particulars of the precautions which your affection for me led you to recommend. You have since that period been converted to my belief, or rather to my incredulity. Although we are badly enough constituted, since our machine is so often out of order, and at last stops altogether, still we are not made of glass, thank God! Let us then take care, great care of this outward case of ours, which resembles a violin without which our soul would be but a useless bow. Do you avoid cold and damp, whilst I battle here against the contrary elements. I meant to have written to you only half a page, and I have scrawled over two pages.

Adieu, then, until my arrival at Poonah, unless I take a fancy to pay you another visit. There are few fancies in which I can indulge in these deserts, and I seldom fail to gratify myself when they do occur.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOË NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL,
ARRAS.

Camp near Ellora, in the Deccan, May 24th 1832.

As you have no opportunity at Arras of gaining any information about Asia, perhaps, my sweet friend, you are even ignorant of the name of this place of wonders. Formerly in Europe we had the plague, from time to time; now we have the cholera morbus. In like manner in India, where, for several hundreds or several thousands of years, Brahminism has been the endemic malady of the mind, Buddhism formerly made the same ravages upon the common sense of the poor Indians. Ellora, now a wretched village, was undoubtedly at that period a flourishing city, and the head-quarters of the madmen, fools, and scoundrels, who lived upon the stupid credulity of the nations of southern Asia. All the mountains towards the East are hollowed out into spacious halls, galleries, and subterraneous palaces of colossal structure, some of exquisite workmanship. I have a large volume in 4to, several in 8vo, and a great number of manuscript notices, purporting to inform me by whom these immense works were executed, how long ago, and for what purpose; but after perusing all, I know no more about these wonders than the poor Brahmins who do the honours of them, and do not fail to attribute the merit of their construction to some of the fifty thousand divinities they worship.

This morning I discovered one of these subterraneous temples, of a form entirely different from that of all the others, it being a Gothic church in miniature. Nothing is wanting: the nave, the choir, and that kind of gallery

which contains the organ in our churches—all is there. Building the pyramids of Egypt is but a trifle compared to the labour which must have been required for excavating these palaces and temples out of the solid rock. The effect is most extraordinary, but the idols always put me a little out of temper;—they give the idea of bad reasoning, and the caves of Ellora are peopled with them. An English artist, more than twenty years ago, made some beautiful drawings of these astonishing ruins*, which were engraved in London. I hope one day to explain them to you in Paris.

Curiosities here are most abundant. The day before yesterday I was encamped under the celebrated fort of Dawlutabad, which plays so conspicuous a part in the history of modern India. I am well persuaded that the engineer who built it knew less than our uncle Saint Paul does in his little finger; but Dawlutabad has a finer aspect than Lisle, and even Mons, where all the discoveries of Carnot have been put in practice. George and Porphyre, and all their brethren wholesale slayers of men, would waste their powder and shot here. One of our countrymen, however, M. de Bussy, who, about fifty years ago, was a personage of importance in India, took this impregnable fortress; not with artillery, indeed, which would have made no impression, but with the aid of that irresistible argument which made Bazile yield to the not very proper whims of Count Almaviva.

To-morrow I am going to visit the tomb of Aurung Zeb, a most abominable man, and yet a tolerably good

* The artist here alluded to is Mr. W. Daniell, R.A.—TR.

King for this country. He was, moreover, the last of his race who deserved the name of man. Since I crossed the river Nerbuddah, the heat has become very intense : 105, 107, and 110 degrees from ten o'clock to half-past three or four in the afternoon. In the valley of the Nerbuddah, the night was almost as hot as the day. The heat of the soil stings the face and eyes in the same manner that the flame from burning straw would do, if placed close to one. I have accustomed myself to it, because the French resemble dogs in this respect, and can habituate themselves to heat better than any other animal; and now that upon the elevated plain of the Deccan, there are only from 100 to 105 degrees, I find the nights almost cold. Every body else at Aurnagabad, where I spent the last few days, were under process of suffocation, and cursing their existence; but these were British, who drank one or two bottles of wine every day, and ate one or two pounds of animal food.

The rains will shortly appear, and as much will fall in six weeks as usually falls in three years and a half at Arras. This will put the sun's rays to rights. I hope to arrive at Poonah before the wet season sets in.

Since this hour yesterday, I have written the trifling number of sixty-seven pages, in which I have extracted from several manuscript papers, in English, of great interest, and my hand is quite stiff—indeed it would require less to make it so:—I shall therefore leave off for the day. Besides, without being unwell, I have not been quite right for the last two days. I sleep but little, and have no appetite; and it is anything but enlivening to have a soul pent up in a suffering body. I take leave of you,

therefore, requesting you will forgive me for not having done so before, for nothing is so tiresome as a man overcome with weariness of mind. And what am I now going to do?—throw myself upon my bed and endeavour to sleep. A man is behind me fanning me. I hear you exclaim, “what luxury, what magnificence!”—to which I reply, that the thermometer is at 105°, and I should like to see those exposed to it, who tax me with luxury. Good night, then, although it is but noon-day!

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Poonah, June 6th 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I arrived yesterday in this town, the capital of the Mahrattas, when Mahrattas existed otherwise than merely in name and form. Lord Hastings, in 1808, exercised an act of justice upon this nation, its last chief, the Peishwa, having repaid with frightful treachery the benefits conferred by the British government, whose alliance he had himself voluntarily sought. It is now one of the strongest military stations of the British in the Peninsula.

I am now on the eastern side of the Ghauts, and from the distance to the sea of Coromandel and the proximity of the sources of the Kistnah and the Godavery, you will be able to judge of the elevation of this country above the level of the sea. It is not less than six hundred metres, sufficient to produce a very sensible difference in the temperature, which is much milder here than at Bombay. The rains, which will very shortly fall, are neither so violent nor of so long a duration as

at Bombay, and on the Malabar coast. They tell me that these rains will keep me a prisoner at home during whole months. I shall therefore very probably pitch my tent here during the rainy season, or perhaps hire a house, which I shall make my head quarters for three months, and avail myself of the intervals of fine weather to make my researches in the neighbourhood. The situation of Poonah appears to me favourable for pursuits in natural history. Everything, therefore, turns out for the best.

I found here, on my arrival yesterday, a great number of letters from all parts of India, and even from the Punjab. A few days ago I received one from China, which I send to you, because it will give you better information than the Chinese politicians who write in our newspapers, concerning the present quarrel between the Company and the Viceroy of Canton. Mr. Inglis, from whom it comes, is the kind and amiable man with whom I formed an acquaintance two years ago in Kanawer, and whom I certainly mentioned to you in my letters. He is a very rich merchant of Canton, destined to take a share in the government or controul of Indian affairs in London, either as a member of the Court of Directors of the Company, or in Parliament. Let Zoé translate his letter for you, if you cannot decipher English written in so bad a hand.

The most delightful part of the treat which awaited me here, was your letter of October 1831, No. 31, written at different times, together with those of Porphyre, Frederic, the contribution by Zoé and Adelaide, and a very long and friendly epistle from M. de Mirbel. I have as usual kept you for the dessert, and having

read your letter over again in bed, I fell asleep upon it, in the best of tempers, and in the happiest manner possible.

Your numbers 29 and 30, are not yet come; but the essential is this 31. When you wrote it, you knew of my arrival at Lahore, and you conclude, as you are justified in doing from these fortunate beginnings, that I shall bring my present undertaking to a close in a manner no less satisfactory than I did my expedition beyond the Sutledge. This is good logic, and I shall not belie your expectations. Your letter delighted me by its gaiety, which I take to be the surest sign of good health. My accounts from Lahore will not have diminished your friendship for the King of that country. You ask me, what his sons are doing? He has only one of his own, named Curruk Sing, a man of thirty, (Runjeet is about fifty-two), without talents, without being in any manner distinguished, and, in my opinion, without any chance of succeeding to the entire power of his father. But this man so distrustful, this Machiavelian sovereign, is a good, forbearing kind of husband, and whenever he absented himself a few months from his capital and harem, continually engaged as he was in distant expeditions, his family multiplied in a most extraordinary manner. All his wives (he has about a dozen) were brought to bed one after the other, all giving him boys, and fine ones too, and seldom less than two at a time. Runjeet Sing either thought himself, or pretended to think himself, the father of some of these children, and has brought up one of them to enjoy great honours. This is Prince Sheer Sing. Notwithstanding his high-sounding name (literally *Lion Tiger*), Sheer

Sing is a very good young man. He very naturally execrates Curruk Sing, and will wage war against him as soon as Runjeet dies. I wish him good success. He is extremely brave, and, for a Sikh, not without humanity; but he possesses no talent. I met him at the palace, at the festival of the Unloosed, and conversed an hour with him. He knew me perfectly well as the friend of Allard, and the *Plato of the age*; he was therefore extremely civil to me. Runjeet cares no more for his legitimate eldest son, than for the equivocal younger one. His principles in politics are—"After me comes the deluge." You can form no idea of family ties in the East, especially among the higher classes. I will explain them to you some evening by your fireside. How different is this world to ours!

You ask me if Runjeet allowed me to continue my journey upon the humble and modest pony which had brought me from Calcutta to Lahore? Yes, until the festival of the Unloosed took place. On the evening of the festival, his minister, Fakheer Ezis el Din, came to the camp of the British Envoy, whom I had joined, with the Maharajah's compliments, and a horse a-piece, which he sent us as presents. They were superbly caparisoned, but vicious beasts. Wade, by the rules of the service, could accept no present from the King: he therefore had his horse registered to the *credit* of the Honourable Company, to whom I also abandoned mine. Each horse might be worth thirty francs, and the saddle three thousand. They were both sold at Loodheena, or at Delhi, for the benefit of the Company. I thought that this piece of liberality from a poor devil like myself, would come with a good grace, and so it was considered. The ex-

treme economy which I exercise towards myself, allowed me, when an opportunity occurred, to throw my money away upon Runjeet's attendants. In short, I maintained, in the best manner I was able, my character of Aflatoune el Zeman.

You reproach me with not having admitted you sufficiently into the interior of my palace at Lahore. The French officers breakfasted, and often dined, at my house; I had therefore in my kitchen a congress of Indian, Georgian, Persian, Armenian, Cashmeerian and Punjabee cooks, belonging to these gentlemen, those of Allard bringing up the rear. Their masters would arrive at eight o'clock in the morning, go a few moments to the King, and then return. When they were all assembled, I gave orders for serving up, and did the honours of the table in French, English, Italian, Hindostanee, and bad Persian. In the afternoon I frequently went to the royal residence, and paid the King a very long visit; thence I proceeded to Allard's, a couple of leagues from the royal tents. The kind-hearted General was fondly thinking of France, and could never have enough of my company. In the evening we mounted his elephant, and went to see the city, and the curiosities of its environs; or sometimes his friend, M. Ventura, was my cicerone. When I remained to dine with them, they would not allow me to return to my garden by night, for fear of the Akhalis, who even in the day-time are very troublesome, and much worse at night. At day-break I galloped home well escorted, and was sometimes insulted notwithstanding. The Akhalis do not even spare Runjeet himself. Sensible people treat them

like dogs, thinking it the wisest plan to say nothing so long as they content themselves with barking.

I trust that the manner I served you from Cashmeer was according to your wish. The beginning was rather sorry, but schoolboys who begin with Tacitus and Horace, find all other books easy afterwards. The same thing happened to me;—after my difficult and rather ticklish affair with Neal Sing, I got through some other difficult passages with tolerable ease. You guessed right in supposing that M. Allard would remain one of my regular correspondents during the remainder of my stay in India, but you did not anticipate that Runjeet would also be on the list. I am, however, about to invoke the Muses, and to compose for this King, who is a very good sort of man, but very eccentric and a little flighty, a mixture *secundum artem*; a flattering elixir of roses, jasmine, hyacinths, tulips, musk, ambergris, eternal life, glory, fortune, renown, and so forth, which will please him exceedingly, and I shall conclude pathetically with *Waugh Gooroo Ké fotteh!*—Glory to the great Gooroo, Govind Sing!—which will complete the satisfaction of my eccentric friend. The British have so exclusive a respect for the Christian Olympus, that they become almost rude towards every other Olympus; they “my lord” the English bishops, but do not pay the same compliment to ours, nor to the saints of Mahomet’s calendar. To Mussulmauns I never say *Mahomet, Ali, Omar, Houssaine*, but *my lord Mahomet, his excellency Ali, his highness Houssaine*, and the *holy Mecca*, instead of simply *Mecca*. This attention, which costs me but little, wins people’s hearts. As for the

Hindoos, one does not know how to take them; the scoundrels have no more religion than dogs. The Sikhs, who, like the latter, care very little about religion, entertain at least a great affection for the memory of their Gooroo or priest, Govind Sing. If you fire at a dog barking at and threatening a cow, you get high in their favour. I shot at several of these poor animals in the Punjab, to the great satisfaction of the long beards of my escort. This little piece of cruelty (it was only small shot) obtained for me a great reputation of humanity.

But I have already said so much about the Punjab, that I here conclude the subject.

The cholera commits frightful ravages at Mow, Indore, and in the territory of Meewar, through which I lately passed. It raged with violence at Ahmednughur when I was there a few days ago, though it scarcely attacked any but Indians. They say that water drinkers are more liable to catch it than others; I shall therefore mix a little wine with my water. Besides, I am supplied with remedies ready prepared, which, when administered at the beginning of the attack, are so efficacious that I apprehend very little danger from this disease.

What M. Mirbel wrote to me about the devoted, zealous interest which Jaubert takes in my concerns, affected me extremely. Although it is quite natural for him to do so, I felt a desire to write to him upon the subject, and my letter is inclosed.

Several French vessels are expected at Pondichery and Calcutta; some of them must have left France ages ago. I trust that these stragglers will bring me your

numbers 29 and 30. Part of M. Mirbel's paper must be in these packets.

The government of India is at present occupied in sending into Transoxiana a young officer of the Bombay army, named Burnes, by whom last year they had the Lower Indus sounded, in order to ascertain how far it is navigable. Mr. Burnes arrived at Lahore last summer by the Indus and the Ravee whilst I was at Cashmeer, and having an official political capacity, carried to the Maharajah presents from the "Padishah of London," as the King of Great Britain is styled here. His English horses and carriage, destined for Runjeet, were in my opinion the pretence only of his journey, undertaken to make these soundings. He has just, with Runjeet's permission, crossed the Punjab from Loodheeana to Attock. We know that he is now on the right bank of the forbidden river, and is continuing his journey to Peshawer or Cabul, whence he intends to cross the Hindoo-Coosh, and visit the basin of the Sea of Aral, and the eastern shores of the Caspian. I do not know the precise object of his journey, and even doubt if he have any. He has chosen for his travelling companion the physician of the corps commanded by Kennedy at Subhatoo. Now, the people of Subhatoo know me perfectly well, and I found here a long epistle from the above-named Dr. Gerard, dated from the banks of the Indus. The poor devil already talks of the martyrdom which awaits him. The fact is, that unless they travel as beggars, which is not a very commodious manner for making observations, they run great risk of being robbed, and, if they make resistance, of being murdered.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL,
ARRAS.

Poonah, in the Deccan, June 7th 1832.

MY SWEET COUSIN,—On my arrival here yesterday, I found your note, of I know not what date, and your letter of the 10th of October, both waiting for me. Your note was written in a very low-spirited mood, as if there were no possibility of remaining alive in Nepaul. How can you, the daughter and sister of a soldier, give way to such childish fears? What is there so dreadful in Nepaul? I abandoned my intention of visiting it for other reasons than those which made you fear that the journey was unsafe for me: it was because I should have been almost constantly a prisoner, which, for a traveller of my sort, is dying by inches. You have, however, made amends in your letter of the 10th of October, by laughing a little at the fears you entertained a few months before. When you wrote to me the last time, you had seen my first letter from Lahore. You call me a *lucky fellow*, and your mother calls me an *impudent rogue*. Amen! There is some truth in both compliments, though, after all, my impudence is mere ingenuousness. I still miss one of your letters, and two of my father's; they will arrive together one of these days, when they are a year old. I shall then expect your criticism upon my famous *speech* at Delhi. It is really a very stupid one, and very stupidly printed. One of the toasts in fashion at that time in India was "France and England against the world!" and when the dinner guests were half seas over, they added, for

their neighbours, "And by God we will give them a good licking," or, what is still more energetic, "a d—d good licking!" To a species of quaker like myself, this hostility against the human species appeared in bad taste, and put me out of humour; and when at Delhi I said, "France and England for the world," I was in a minority in my opposition to that great ninny the public. If I had to do this over again, I would not write an *extempore speech* before hand, but, like the others, indulge myself in bumpers of Madeira or Port before I began.

It is evident to me, from the few lines of English you have found means to insert in your letter, without introducing your enemy *you*, that you are as well versed in that language as I am. There is not a single expression of yours with which I have any fault to find.

It is really a most extraordinary thing, that six or seven years should be necessary to acquire an indifferent knowledge of the old language which has supplied ours with almost all its roots. Latin is a mere trifle to a Frenchman; it is still easier to an Italian or a Spaniard, and especially so to a Portuguese. The Oriental languages are quite different. I know but a dozen words which are the same in Sanscrit, Persian or Arabic, Greek and Latin, and the modern European languages derived from them. *Nao*, in Sanscrit, means boat: so it does in ancient Persian: *navis*, in Latin, in Greek nearly the same, *naus*; *naval*, *nautical*, with us, and very few et-ceteras.

The whole vocabulary of these eastern languages is to be learnt. This is really a great labour. I wish I had leisure sufficient to learn Persian, in order some

day to vindicate the truth, and show the Parisians how puerile the literature of Persia is. But I know just enough of it to have a right to an opinion of my own, without imposing it upon others.

Poonah is a great city, on the eastern side of the Ghauts of Bombay in $18^{\circ} 30'$ of latitude north. Though very hot, it is cooler than Bombay, because it is two thousand feet above the level of the sea. In consequence therefore of this comparative coolness, the good people of Bombay come hither to spend the rainy season (the summer). For the same reason I shall remain here three months. It costs me the trifle of two hundred and sixty francs per month for an ugly large thatched house, the only one vacant. I am thus sheltered from the rain, and go on working very hard.

The Governor of Bombay is a great English lord. He is most attentively polite to me, and shows me every kind of favour. I went yesterday to his country house to pay him my first visit. I have refused the economical but inconvenient honour, of being the guest of Lord Clare, who wished much to keep me with him.

My little climbing horse of the Himalaya is a great curiosity here. My state charger, with his Mogul saddle of brocade and bridle of black velvet embossed with gold and silver, is not less so. In short, in every thing about me, as in myself, there is a certain appearance of strangeness, which is a source of great attraction to these people. Their ignorance relative to the things of Bengal and Hindostan is extreme. I relate many particulars to those who deserve it; but do not think that I make myself cheap—I am not such a fool. Red partridges are esteemed in our country in proportion to

their scarcity, and I make myself rather scarce here. Your mother would call me not only an impudent fellow, but the prince of boasters to boot. What can I say?—it must be so. You taxed me with being insipid in English. With you I may have been insipid, but as I am an “impudent rogue,” I will add, that this with me is an exception. To all my English friends, or to the English with whom I have to treat only of matters of business, I prefer writing in English, because in the opinion of the former I am *humourous* in the extreme, (box the impudent fellow’s ears!) and in that of the latter I have the necessary stately politeness which it would not be proper to lose sight of. I must also tell you, that my friends are men, all bachelors, and that with them I care not, sometimes, about being a little uncivil, in order to be a little more *humourous*. English women are most extraordinary beings. The most impassioned among them,—she who would desert husband, children, and character, to run after another man,—would, even with that very man, show a reserve perfectly incompatible with our French notions of intimacy, which in my mind are the sweetest forms of friendship. There is a barrier of ice betwixt an Englishwoman and myself, which the most ardent passion on my part could never succeed in entirely melting. It might make some little holes, but I should never have entire possession. Let it be well understood, that when I say *me*, I mean any man from France and even from England, and not precisely Victor Jacquemont.

The life of an Englishwoman is like a part in a play—she has been instructed in it from her cradle by her mother or her nurse. The *esprit de corps* of caste is

thus perpetuated with her, and in America, separates her entirely from the other sex, sensibly, intellectually, and sociably. Read an English book in two volumes, entitled, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," by Mrs. Trollope. But I will tell you more about this some day.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Poonah, July 7th 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—All your letters have at length arrived. I have now, after your number 31 which reached me on the 6th of June last, received your number 32, which came the day before yesterday, and yesterday I got number 29, which has been twelve months on its way, on board a ship called the *Diligent*. It is disagreeable not to receive these letters in the same order in which they leave France. Number 30 is still wandering over the world.

I have also received Baron Humboldt's Memoirs; M. Cordier had the kindness, at Chandernagore, to divide them into packets, which the post-office will take charge of. Your number 29, closed August 11th, was in reply to my letters from Kurnal of February 1831. It is so old, and I have written to you so often since that time, that it scarcely requires any answer. You, however, ask me whether the dysentery, which I told you was making such ravages at Delhi, was not the cholera. By no means: it was simply dysentery, as I stated; had it been cholera, I should have said so. It

is only six and thirty hours ago, that I first saw a case of this latter disease, which is raging here at present. One of my servants was attacked last night. I am as well acquainted with this horrible complaint, as a man can be who has not observed it himself, but has obtained a great deal of information about it. From the very first moment, I recognised it with unerring certainty: the symptoms are such that they cannot be mistaken. They are moreover very numerous. The state of the pulse would indicate the disease, or the skin of the hands or soles of the feet, the temperature of the body, the languid circulation, the appearance of the eyes and face, or the character and nature of the evacuations.

I have attended my poor servant in the best manner I could, and after six and thirty hours of illness he is still alive, which is a great deal,—but I doubt if he gets over this day or even this morning. He is a Hindoo, the best of my attendants, and almost the longest in my service. The others, Hindoos or Mohammedans, constantly watch him, and keep up an appearance of confidence when near him, endeavouring to cheer him by telling him stories which he cannot understand. They afterwards retire to the garden, roll themselves upon the ground, and weep bitterly. My *sirdar*, or steward, who belongs to the same caste as the sick man, and was his companion from the nature of the services in which both were employed, and who is by far the most active, sensible, and manly among this band of full-grown children, has this instant in my chamber given way to a most violent paroxysm of despair.

I hope you are not a contagionist; for I continually go into the sick man's room, and even touch him, and

then return to my writing. This frightful disease is not contagious, at least in India. There is no difference of opinion in this respect among either European or Indian physicians; and as the numerous accounts of cholera in Russia and England which I have lately read describe it as being of exactly the same character as in India, I consider it almost certain that the present European cholera is not contagious by the touch. I know of no satisfactory analysis of the circumstances of climate, in which it appears that the cholera assumes greater development. The British medical men in India, at least the majority of them, are far from being sufficiently learned or scientific to make such analysis. The cholera rages all over the Deccan this summer; a great number of natives fall victims to it even here, but of two thousand European soldiers, and more than a hundred and fifty officers, not one has been attacked with it this season at Poonah. Europeans are always less subject to it than Indians, but this year, and in this place, the difference in our favour is absolute. This is the reason why I do not hesitate to tell you, and as a matter of perfect indifference, that a few steps from where I now am—in the very next room, there is a poor man dying of cholera.

I take good care of myself; I swallow a drop of brandy in the morning, and drink wine at breakfast, when it happens that I eat meat at that meal, which however occurs but seldom. I also take wine at dinner, and when I write till late in the evening, I swallow a cup of tea mixed with rum, before going to bed. I cover myself very warmly at night, and wear during the day a very long Cashmeer shawl, rolled like a waistband not round my

waist but upon my hips, so as to keep my stomach warm and at an equal temperature. I believe that a great number of the complaints of this country proceed from refrigeration, mostly imperceptible, of the abdomen.

I have already answered, at least in part, your letter number 31. I proceed to number 32, a small sheet, extremely short, and about a third of my accustomed portion. It is dated October 29th 1831. You thought me then returned among the British, and indeed I was very near them, being only two days' march from the Sutledge, but more annoyed by the long matchlocks of the people of the Himalaya than ever I had been before. Many thanks for Dunoyer's very long letter; it is a charming epistle, full of friendship, and perfect in every respect. I received it with peculiar satisfaction. His address to the people (a thousand pardons, I meant citizens) of Moulins proved to me that he had not yet, in his new official dignity of Prefect, learnt the jargon of office.

I have acres of writing for you, but there is no ship sailing from Calcutta. I shall keep the whole and make a single packet of it. Adieu!

Evening.

My poor fellow died this morning, as I anticipated, whilst I was at breakfast, which I had not the heart to finish. He had been to Cashmeer with me, was the most active, useful, and mildest of my attendants, and had never served any body but me. This morning he still knew me, and answered *Khroudavond*, my lord, when I addressed him by name. By twelve o'clock his body was already burned. I was obliged to go and beg

a dinner of a neighbour, all my servants having gone to attend the funeral. I should regret the poor fellow more if I had not always treated him well ; but during two years he has had but few harsh words from me, and I hired him at first at five rupees a month, but doubled his wages a long time before his death.

TO M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, PARIS.

Poonah, July 16th 1832.

To my great confusion, my dear Prosper, this evening, in making a general inspection of all my writings, I found at the bottom of a box, among some catalogues of stones of the Himalaya, these two Himalayan scraps, which I have determined to forward notwithstanding their scandalous dates. They will prove to you that I am at least deficient in one of the theological virtues, I mean order. But I shall be acquitted of the more than venial sin of suffering years to elapse without writing to a friend.—This is a personality!—I really thought I had forwarded my letter from Subhatoo six months ago. It is indeed a shame of you, De Mareste, and the Baron de Stendhal (if indeed the ladies allow the latter a moment's repose) not to write to me, but to allow me to remain in India as ignorant of the things of your Parisian world, as if I were an inhabitant of the moon.

The English have letters from home up to the 1st April ; my last are dated October.

Our worthy captains of Havre and Nantes remain six and seven months on their voyage. They say that

their ships are so fond of the sea, that when once they are upon it, there is no getting them to move. This is too bad.

Our governors of Pondichery and Chandernagore have just informed me that I have been appointed a knight of the legion of honour. I intend, however, to remain plain Mr. Jacquemont, were it only for the singularity of the thing, as I have not yet met with a Frenchman out of France, who was not either a Count, a Marquis, a Baron, a Viscount, or a Chevalier.

I have seen, I know not where, an epistle from Béranger the great poet, to Chateaubriand the great prose writer, and the reply of the latter to the poet. Notwithstanding "liberty, which needed no ancestors," it made me think that we Frenchmen are very forgetful.

Poonah contains only from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly Mahrattas. Fifty or sixty die every day of cholera. I lost one of my servants about a week ago. The European soldiers are beginning to experience the effect of the disease; previously, none but natives had been attacked. Such, however, is the force of habit that no one entertains any uneasiness. It is probable that one of the causes of this malady is a sudden refrigeration, either internal or external. In proportion to their respective numbers, fewer gentlemen fall victims to cholera than soldiers. Adieu, my dear friend; write to me when the cares of your empire allow you leisure. Pray take notice that this last sentence is prose, in spite of its resemblance to Hugo's poetry.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

Poonah, July 11th 1832.

KNOW, my dear De Mareste, that my only motive for writing to you is to give the sheet which I have just scribbled over, time to dry, an operation which requires several minutes at this season, compared to which the deluge was only a shower, for it lasted only forty days, and in this country, when once the rains begin, they last three months and a half without intermission. The consequence is that the traveller's animals and plants become mouldy or rotten, and that even upon the labels of the stones grow the *mucor*, the *byssus*, and other mushrooms, which the *profanum vulgus* condemn *en masse* under the erroneous collective name of mould, but which are, I assure you, pretty little mushrooms (better described than eaten), but excessively *untoward* in the baggage of a naturalist. The hygrometer, which, for a month past, has been at the highest point of humidity, does not stir: it will only move from that point in September. Success to the mild climate of France, although I have more than once been wet through in it. You, my dear friend, are a miserable fellow, and if that does not please you, an infamous one! I could say the same to many others, who, like yourself, no more write to me than if, since my arrival in India, I had gone to join the great soul of the universe. You left off with me about M. de Martignac, and the municipal and departmental law, and I know not what besides. Since that period, there have been plenty of new pieces, theatrical effects, and changes of scenery. From you I have not had a line.

The brilliant Baron de Stendhal has also completely neglected me ; but from him this is perfectly excusable. He is a thoughtless and fashionable young man, in great request among the ladies of Leghorn, I suppose, or some other city in Italy, where he represents, like an exquisite, his most Christian Majesty. But you, an honest citizen of Paris, and a good sort of husband, who have nothing to do with the vanities of this world—you are absolutely inexcusable. Politics have absorbed the attention of all my friends for the last two years, and from this period, I will not say that they neglect me,—quite the reverse—but they scarcely ever write to me, which is provoking. The British at Poonah are not amusing ; in the North of Hindostan, where every one of them is a kind of Pacha, they grow great with their dignity, and, *mirabile dictu* !—they become amiable. Here I find them again in their natural state, which is paying them no great compliment. However, as I am overloaded with business, it is perhaps better it should be so ; for I am not tempted to desert my papers and memorandums, and go to their houses in search of pleasure. By their prodigious indifference to every thing beyond the confined circle of their own monotonous existence, they remind me of My Lord What-Then in “ the Princess of Babylon.” I prefer the Cashmeerians, who alone formed my society last year ; I think they had more vivacity of mind than the black and red automata which people these head-quarters of the British power in Western India. Poonah is a large city, at least for India, where the towns are in general small. The population of Calcutta has not been ascertained ; it contains, perhaps, about 400,000 inhabitants. Benares contains 181,000

instead of from 500,000 to 600,000; Allahabad, 38,000 instead of 150,000, according to the usual accounts; Delhi, about 120,000. Poonah no doubt contains from 40,000 to 50,000, and cholera never leaves the place; during the last month it has carried off from fifty to sixty persons a day. Let that console you! I am however alive, and perfectly alive; enough so to be still, I trust, eighteen or twenty months hence, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again. Tell me some story in the mean time, and give it to Mérimée, or to my father, properly folded up and sealed. Pray write to me, and be no longer sulky, as you have been for these last three years.

TO M. CORDIER AT CHANDERNAGORE.

Poonah, July 27th 1832.

MY DEAR M. CORDIER,—I am once more on my legs, or rather in my arm chair, after having been five days in bed in a precarious state, with a violent and sudden attack of dysentery, which came upon me like a pistol-shot, and quitted me yesterday in the same manner, in consequence of having taken a terrible quantity of blue pills, calomel, rhubarb, opium, magnesia, cream of tartar, castor oil, ipecacuanha, and a benignant lavesment of gum arabic, which last appears to me to have cut the matter short.

A traveller in my line has several ways of making what the Italians term a *fiasco*; but the most complete *fiasco* is to die on the road. Some poor devils have

been less fortunate than I, and in obedience to the dysentery that reigns here, have gone to see what there is behind the great wall. Much good may it do them!

Farewell, my dear M. Cordier. The papers will have informed you that the people of Bombay do not act with a light hand in driving away the plague from their shores. They are right. The cholera here carries off but few people at present. It rains less hard than at Calcutta, but more continually. It is enough to make one die of *ennui*.

Adieu. I leave you to take my sick man's porridge, composed of arrow-root. Guard yourself from evil.

Yours sincerely.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOË NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL,
ARRAS.

Poonah, August 21st 1832.

MY DEAR ZOË,—I received this morning a tolerable large packet from Paris, and before I go to bed shall write a few lines in reply to your eight little pages of November 12th, and January 3rd 1832. I have written so much to-day that my hand is quite stiff, besides which it is very late, and to-morrow at day-break I must gallop six leagues from hence, where I shall find my ghout, or little Tartar horse, saddled and bridled, ready to climb the mountains with me, and two botanico-mineralogical attendants, completely equipped, and at their post. I shall *herbalise*, *geologise*, or *zoologise* at their head, if the opportunity occurs, and, with my bags filled, shall

return upon the same horse as if the devil was at my heels. It will then be twelve o'clock, and I shall have eaten nothing, after having been nearly fifteen hours on horseback, on foot, and in the mud and rain. Thus, I must away to bed, for it is already late.

You laugh at my *in*, and *at* Cashmeer; but you are wrong. I do not know how I can otherwise designate the province of which the city we call Cashmeer, and the inhabitants Shaêr, or most excellent city, is the capital.

I have narrowly escaped dying of dysentery, the first illness I have had in India. During three days I was dreadfully shaken, my sufferings were acute, but my head was entirely free, and singularly cool and clear. I chewed the air. My physician was an honest Scotchman; like all the world, he was incapable of rebutting my arguments. The activity of my thoughts consumed me. I imagined that the beautiful airs of Mozart, played on the violin by a clever musician, would charm me, and thus gild the pill; and as there is here a musician above mediocrity, I was going to send for him, in order to die at least with music, when the remedies caused a reaction, and determined my recovery. The poor Scotch doctor was little edified with this musical fugue; but he dared not, nevertheless, propose to me his presbyterian Brahmin. It was an endemic disease. The cholera has carried off a great number of persons here, but people are accustomed to this infliction—nobody thinks about it, any more than at sea people think of the chances of being upset.

Good night, my dear Zoé. Write to me. Good night.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Poonah, Oct. 14th 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have a packet ready for you, but I should not wish to forward it without adding to it several others which are not ready, and that is the reason why I keep it back. It is however of little consequence, as I do not believe that there are any ships about to sail from Calcutta, this not being the season. I have received all your letters up to last March.

It is still impossible for me to fix precisely where and when I shall embark on my return to France. I am going to write to M. de Melay, to ask him about the ordinary departures from his little port, or rather from his roadstead, and also from Madras (for although there is a Port-Captain at Pondichery, there is no more a port there than at Montmorency or Versailles); but the general period of departures for Europe is December and January. It is therefore probable that I shall not return until the spring of 1834; but long before my departure you shall be informed of it with certainty. I should also prefer this plan on account of my health. I fear the cold. Here, in this place, looked upon as cold in this season, and whither people flock from the hot-house of Bombay to regain life, the thermometer has varied slightly, for the last two months, from 70° to 75°, in my room, and I sleep with two blankets. My health is good. To-morrow I set out for Bombay, and shall visit the island of Salsette on my way thither. The fish drive me mad: I am obliged to stow them with my own hands into a number of glass jugs filled with spirits of

wine, else everything would be broken in the hands of the stupid Indian servants. Were it not for this I would write more, but I have no time. For the honour of the principle of our correspondence, I put a number to this note.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Tanna, Island of Salsette, October 14th 1832.

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—I enclose for the minister D'Argout, a few lines of thanks, and an acknowledgment of the receipt of my nomination as a legionary. Pray forward them to him.

One of the *Annales du Bureau des Longitudes* which you have sent to me, and in which Mr. Arago has inserted an article upon the beautiful labours of Elie de Beaumont, will have completely informed you, if not of the particulars, at least of the spirit of the thing. The discovery of tertiary and alluvial strata, and the different circumstances attending their stratification at the foot of the Ghauts and on the declivities of these mountains would serve to solve the problem of their geological age (age of their rising), a much more valuable element than any other kind of observation. I have therefore been forced to toil a great deal in searching for some particles of this soil, and not without exposing myself a great deal to the sun, in this unhealthy waste, and during the most unhealthy season of the year. I am consequently in a suffering state, or rather I have been a little poorly for the last few days. Were I in the town (Bombay), I should not be able to keep myself

quiet, and take the necessary repose; I therefore made a somewhat longer stay at Tanna than I originally intended.

I am still without any other letter from you than that dated March 10th, which I received at Poonah on the 8th of September. You may feel how anxious I am to hear from you, after the dreadful visit which the cholera has paid to Paris.

Our intelligence from Europe is up to the middle of July, brought by estafettes who came over land from Constantinople through Persia. I have therefore received confused accounts of the scenes of carnage to which Lamarque's funeral gave rise, or of which it served as a pretence. It is a very melancholy thing. I saw with much grief, that a great number of societies, vying of course with each other in patriotism, and composed of several thousand members, had followed the procession, with banners flying. Whither are we going? I dare not think of it. The fear of what I may find on my return to France, prevents me from anticipating that event with joy. Adieu, for to-day. What a perfidious climate this is!—but the winter is coming on, and in a month I shall be again in the plains of the Deccan, where the cool weather is very perceptible; and when the great heats return I shall be in the Nilgherries.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, AT PARIS.

Sick-Officers' Quarters, Bombay, December 1st 1832.

DEAR PORPHYRE,—I arrived here two-and-thirty days ago, very ill, and have now been thirty-one days confined to my bed. In the pestilential forests of the island of Salsette, exposed to a burning sun, during the most unhealthy season of the year, I caught the germ of my present complaint, of which, indeed, I have several times, since I passed through Ajmeer in March, felt some slight attacks, but about the nature of which I deceived myself. It is inflammation of the liver. The pestilential miasms of Salsette increased the disorder. From the beginning of my illness I made my will and put my affairs in order. The care of my interests remain in most honourable and friendly hands: those of Mr. James Nicol, an English merchant of this place, and of M. Cordier of Calcutta.

Mr. Nicol was my host on my arrival at Bombay. No old friend could have lavished more affectionate attentions upon me. At the expiration, however, of a few days, while I was still in a state to be moved, I quitted his house, which is situated in the fort, and came to occupy a convenient and spacious apartment at the quarters of the sick officers, being in a most airy and salubrious situation, on the sea shore, and not more than a hundred yards distant from the residence of my physician, Dr. Mac Lennan, the most able practitioner at Bombay. The admirable care he has taken of me, has long since attached me to him as a dear friend.

The cruellest pang, my dear Porphyre, for those we

love, is, that when dying in a far distant land, they imagine that in the last hours of our existence we are deserted and unnoticed. My dear brother, you will no doubt reap some consolation from the assurance I give you that I have never ceased receiving the kindest and most affectionate attentions from a number of good and amiable men. They continually come to see me, anticipating even my sick-bed caprices and whims. These are especially, Mr. Nicol, before all others; Mr. John Bar, one of the members of the government; Mr. Goodfellow, an old colonel of engineers; Major Mountain, a very amiable young officer, and many others whose names I do not mention.

The excellent Dr. Mac Lennan, nearly endangered his own health for me, by coming twice a night, during a crisis which seemed to leave no chance of my recovery. I place the most unlimited confidence in his skill.

My sufferings were at first very great, but for some time past I have been reduced to a state of weakness that scarcely allows of any. The worst is, that during thirty-one days I have not slept a single hour. These sleepless nights are however very calm, and do not appear so desperately long.

Fortunately, the illness is drawing to a close, which may not be fatal, although it will probably be so.

The abscess or abscesses, formed in my liver, from the very beginning of the attack, and which recently appeared likely to dissolve by absorption, now seem to rise upwards, and will soon open outwardly. All I wish for is to get quickly out of the miserable state in which I have been languishing for the last month, between life and death. You see that my ideas are perfectly clear; they

have been but very rarely, and very transiently confused, during some violent paroxysms of pain at the commencement of the attack. I have generally looked forward to the worst, and this has never rendered my thoughts gloomy. My end, if it is now approaching, is mild and tranquil. If you were here, seated at my bed-side with my father and Frederic, my heart would burst with grief, and I should not be able to contemplate my approaching death with the same fortitude and serenity. Console yourself—console my father—console yourselves mutually, my dear friends!

I feel quite exhausted by this attempt to write, and must bid you adieu! Farewell! Oh! how greatly you are all beloved by your poor Victor. Farewell for the last time!

Stretched upon my back, I can only write with a pencil. For fear these lines should be effaced, the excellent Mr. Nicol will copy this letter in writing, in order that I may be sure you will read my last thoughts.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

I have been able to sign what the admirable Mr. Nicol has had the kindness to copy. Once more, farewell, my friends!

December 2nd.

LETTER FROM MR. JAMES NICOL, BRITISH MERCHANT AT BOMBAY, TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT AT PARIS*.

Bombay, December 14th 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though unknown to you, fate has selected me to communicate an event which you do not anticipate. It is with feelings of the most profound regret that I am obliged to transmit to you the last letter of your brother Victor, and to give you the only consolation that can still remain, that of acquainting you with the tranquillity and absence of pain with which he received the fatal blow on the 7th of this month.

Your brother came to my house on the 9th of October, on his arrival from Tanna, in a very weak state of health, caused by an illness with which he had been recently afflicted, and from which he hoped he should speedily recover. He thought that the sea-breeze of this island would effectually strengthen him. On the evening of his arrival, he took a walk with me of half a league; on the following day he paid a few visits, but returned home early quite exhausted. I advised him to take instant medical advice, and the same evening Dr. Mac Lennan visited him. For your satisfaction, I inclose, in this letter, a report of the disorder, drawn up by this physician.

As your brother states, he suffered severely at the commencement of his illness; and from the very beginning was informed of its dangerous nature. On the 4th of November he made his will, of which I inclose a copy.

* This letter was originally written in French.—Ed.

About the 8th of November the disorder appeared to take a favourable turn, and he cherished a hope of recovering his health; but the formation of abscess soon became evident. He then daily declined in strength; but, during the whole period of his illness, he preserved a tranquillity and contentment of which I had never before seen an instance.

I left him on the 6th of December, nearly in the same state as during the preceding days, but without any appearance of approaching dissolution. On the 7th, however, towards three o'clock in the morning, he was seized with violent pains, which lasted nearly two hours. Dr. Mac Lennan was with him during that time. At five o'clock in the morning your brother sent for me. On my arrival his sufferings had ceased, but such a change had taken place in his features since the preceding evening, that I could not refrain from tears. Taking my hand, he said to me—"Do not grieve; the moment is near, and it is the accomplishment of my wishes. It is the prayer which I have for the last fortnight addressed to heaven. It is a happy event. Were I even to live, the remainder of my life would probably be embittered by disease. Write to my brother, and tell him what happiness and what tranquillity accompany me to the grave."

He repeated to me that he wished me to forward to France his manuscripts and collections, and entered into the most minute particulars respecting his funeral, which he desired might be the same as for a Protestant. He begged of me to have his grave marked with a simple tomb-stone, bearing this inscription:—"Victor Jacquemont, born at Paris, August 8th 1801, died at

Bombay, December 7th, 1832, after having travelled during three years and a half in India."

In the course of the day he had several fits of vomiting, and his breathing was considerably affected, but he retained his faculties as perfectly as when in health. He was anxious only for death, saying—"I am well here, but I shall be better in my grave." At about five in the evening, he said to me—"I will now take my last draught from your hands, and then die." A violent fit of vomiting succeeded, and he was laid upon his bed entirely exhausted. From time to time he opened his eyes, and appeared, about twenty minutes before his death, to recognise me. At sixteen minutes past six o'clock he yielded up the ghost, falling asleep, as it were, in the arms of death.

His funeral took place on the following evening, with military honours as a knight of the legion of honour, and several members of the government, and many other persons, attended the procession.

I deeply and sincerely lament the irreparable loss which your father and you have sustained by his death. I was not acquainted with your brother before his illness, and have only had the melancholy satisfaction of offering him every care and attention which his state required. In compliance with his wishes, I have had all the articles of Natural History which he left in my charge, carefully packed up. They are contained in eleven cases and one cask, the invoice of which I inclose, also the bill of lading signed by the Captain of the French ship *Nymphe*, of Bordeaux. I have written to the Commissioner-general of the Navy at Bordeaux, begging him to remove any difficulty that may arise about their landing

Have the goodness to write to him yourself on the subject. I have also forwarded the bill of lading of a box addressed to your father, containing all your brother's manuscripts.

In the box containing his papers, I have placed his order of the legion of honour, which your brother particularly begged I would forward to you. I also send you his watch and pistols.

Be so good as to separate from the other papers, the catalogues relating to the collections, and forward them to the Royal Museum.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, &c.

JAMES NICOL.

APPENDIX.

REPORT* BY DR. MAC LENNAN,
ON THE DISEASE AND DEATH OF VICTOR JACQUEMONT, AND
THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION OF HIS BODY.

I saw M. Jacquemont for the first time in the afternoon of the 30th of October 1832, being the day after his arrival from Tanna. He told me that in March 1832, he had been seriously ill in Rajpootana ; but that since that period he had experienced no marked disease, with the exception of an attack of dysentery which took place at Poonah during the rainy season. A fortnight or three weeks before his arrival at Bombay, while he was still at Tanna, he had experienced irregular attacks of fever, with disordered bowels. The day after his arrival, he was obliged to abstain from paying visits in the town, in consequence of an attack of fever more violent than the preceding. It began about noon with shivering, and was just over when I saw him.

* This report has been re-translated from the French, it having been impossible to obtain a copy of the original.—TR.

He said that he felt an uneasiness *as feeble as possible* in the præcordia; but it was not increased by pressure on the abdomen, or by an effort to draw a long breath. A sensation of heat and weight about the sacrum was the most remarkable symptom, though it did not yet appear that it ought to be considered a serious one. M. Jacquemont had no headach, but little thirst, and less pain in the loins than he had already felt, and certainly less than is usually felt under similar circumstances. The skin was of a good colour, cool and moist (the paroxysm of fever was just over when I saw him); the pulse was eighty-four, and there was not the least appearance of gastric irritation. He told me that his evacuations were frequent, very offensive, and attended with tenesmus. His tongue was swollen and very foul, his mouth disagreeable, and his breath fetid.

Sixty leeches were applied to the sacrum. M. Jacquemont took a warm bath, and at bed-time a strong dose of calomel with a few grains of palo, ipecacuanha, and opium.

Saturday, 31st. M. Jacquemont had passed a tolerably good night, and though the fever was constantly upon him, had slept from time to time. Strong pressure above the navel now produced slight pain, which was, however, not increased by fetching a deep inspiration, and seemed quite unconnected with the position assumed by M. Jacquemont in bed. The sensation of heat and weight at the sacrum had ceased, and upon the whole the patient was better. As the pain in the abdomen was principally connected with the right hypochondrium, sixty leeches were applied to that part. The warm bath was repeated on the return of the fever, and three doses

of the mercurial preparation of the preceding day were given at intervals of eight hours, extract of henbane being however substituted for the opium. The application of the leeches having considerably relieved the patient, and the fever having come on later and in a less degree than on the preceding day, thirty leeches were again applied to the right hypochondrium at night, and a dose of castor oil directed to be taken at four in the afternoon of November 1st. This purgative operated speedily and abundantly. The stools were copious, liquid, of a brownish colour, and had a very disagreeable putrid smell, such as I had never yet found, except in evacuations containing a great deal of blood, and when this blood had long remained in the intestines. M. Jacquemont himself very justly compared the smell to that exhaling from a bucket used by anatomists for macerations; and he told me that he had perceived it for several days past, though in a less degree. There was no blood in the evacuations, and no appearance of fibrinous deposit, or any animal matter whatsoever. The relief he felt after these evacuations was very considerable, and from that time all pain about the sacrum ceased. M. Jacquemont had greatly neglected his health at Tanna: he had exposed himself to the sun without proper precautions, had encountered great fatigue, and had paid no attention to his complaint, or at most taken a few small doses of laxative medicine;—further, it was evident, from the symptoms, that the liver in particular was affected,—I therefore thought it advisable to act upon the entire organism by means of mercury, and bring, if possible the whole system under the influence of that mineral. Accordingly, strong doses of calomel

mixed with ipecacuanha and henbane were administered to M. Jacquemont three times a day, and, as often, a mercurial preparation was rubbed-in upon the inferior extremities. He also took, at first once a day, then every other day, a mild laxative draught, generally composed of jalap or cream of tartar. During this period, great care was taken to keep up the patient's strength: every four hours, a small quantity of animal soup was given to him, and now and then some wine and water.

By persevering in this mode of treatment up to the 5th, the alvine secretions assumed a more favourable appearance; the putrid smell which I mentioned above no longer existed, and the patient evacuated without tenesmus or uneasiness. The fever had not returned since the 4th.

On the 6th, some slight indications of the approach of ptyalism having appeared, the mercurial medicines were continued, in consequence, on that day and the following; but as these symptoms did not increase, and it did not appear necessary to persevere in this mode of treatment any longer, I determined to discontinue it, and do nothing more than keep the bowels open, pay great attention to diet, and palliate any symptoms that might appear. Before I adopted this change, I explained to M. Jacquemont the nature of my fears. I apprehended that an organic disease, probably an abscess in the liver, had been forming for some time past. I begged M. Jacquemont to allow me to consult with another physician, and I called in Dr. Kemhall, who entirely approved of the system hitherto pursued, and the proposed change in the mode of treatment. He likewise apprehended the

existence of abscess in the liver; but as there was no direct symptom to indicate it, (and the existence of such abscess could be inferred only from an absence of morbid symptoms in every other part of the body, joined to the slowness of the patient's recovery,) we both hoped that the failure of the mercury in its effects proceeded from some idiosyncrasy, and not from the existence of organic disease in the liver. The mode of treatment we determined upon was the one I had before imagined,—that is to say, to give the patient meat-broth, jellies, &c., and wine and water at intervals of three hours, day and night. The bowels were to be kept open with laxatives given from time to time; lastly, an opiate was to be taken every night. Further, as it has been remarked that gestation in the open air often produces a good effect in accelerating convalescence and hastening the action of mercury upon the organisation, M. Jacquemont was carried a few miles in a palanquin for several successive days; but the fatigue arising from this being compensated by no improvement in his health, these airings were discontinued, and the above-mentioned treatment alone persevered in.

Meanwhile, M. Jacquemont was wholly free from pain in every part of the body. The pulse and skin were in their natural state, and the tongue clean. The alvine evacuations were bilious, but not more so than might be expected from the use of the mercurial medicines.

Hitherto, no change had taken place, further than a slight gradual increase in the strength of the patient, and he began to look upon his condition with less gloomy apprehensions, that is to say, he did not think his end so near as he had at first imagined. It must here

be observed, that the utmost candour was always shown towards him: the nature of his disease was explained to him, and the probability of a fatal termination was not concealed from him. He was informed, however, that no present symptoms indicated that the abscess was considerable, or that it might not be carried off through some of the channels of the body, and that therefore he might reasonably hope for such a favourable termination of his complaint. I felt bound to adopt this line of conduct, because it was evident to me that reserve or dissimulation would have done M. Jacquemont harm, whilst the medical particulars stated to him, and which he seemed perfectly to understand, appeared to give him hope, to quiet him, and to inspire him with resignation.

On the 15th of November, a small swelling was apparent on the right hypochondrium, but without any other symptoms. It was not till the 17th that a slight sensation of pain resulted from pressure upon this region. A large blister was applied, and the same mode of treatment continued. Complete relief succeeded the application of the blister, which acted very powerfully; and the swelling on the right side diminished. M. Jacquemont also appeared to gain strength, and he had certainly gained flesh; but nothing indicated the return of health, if I except the evacuations, which had become perfectly regular.

November 26th. The uneasiness returned, and also the swelling in the side. Another blister was put on. It drew well, but the relief it afforded lasted only a few hours.

November 27th. This was a bad day. M. Jacquemont experienced violent excitement in consequence of the

misconduct of his servants, and relapses followed his hearing of what they had done. From this time every change in the patient's state was of an unfavourable nature. The disease made rapid progress, at first indicated only by a great depression of spirits, and an aversion to all food. This aversion became so strong that the nourishment he took within the twenty-four hours was not equal to half, nay, to a third, of what he took at the beginning of his illness. To these symptoms were soon added prostration of strength, emaciation, and now and then slight febrile exacerbations. The pain in the side and in the region corresponding with the edge of the liver, increased, and the swelling became considerable.

December 2nd. The swelling assumed the appearance of a pointed tumour towards the edge of the ninth rib, at the place where it is joined to the eighth. A careful examination was made by Dr. Henderson (whom I had called in because Dr. Kemhall was absent) and by myself. We could discover no fluctuation, and it did not appear that there was any adherence, even at the base of the tumour, to the subjacent parts.

To aversion for food was now added increasing difficulty of keeping it upon the stomach. Nausea and vomiting became frequent. The febrile exacerbations increased, and lasted a long time. Thirst also came, with great dryness of the mouth, and accompanied with a feeling of constriction about the stomach and upper parts of the abdomen.

December 4th. The patient had frequent and violent pains in the abdomen, especially when he attempted to go to stool, or to draw his breath deeply. All the symp-

toms increased, and were sometimes very alarming, although at the beginning of the night he found great relief from hot fomentations and anodyne drops.

December 7th. At three o'clock in the morning I was called to M. Jacquemont. I found him in a very different state from that in which I had left him the night before (at midnight). In changing his position in bed he had been suddenly seized with acute pain round the pubis, and was unable to void his urine. His countenance was expressive of agony, his skin bathed in perspiration, and his appearance that of a dying man. Hot fomentations on the pubis, and repeated doses of nitric ether and laudanum, diminished these alarming symptoms, and the pain ceased. But the vomiting soon after returned. He then voided a considerable quantity of black and glairy matter, resembling coffee grounds. These attacks lasted during a part of the day, and were accompanied with frequent syncope.

The prostration of strength was such that he appeared several times on the point of expiring from the efforts he made to vomit. Nevertheless he rallied a little after each fit. About sunset the vomiting diminished; but it appeared that this arose merely from the weakness of the patient, who was unable to throw up the matter contained in the stomach. He expired quietly and without convulsions, at six o'clock in the evening. An hour before, he spoke to me very rationally. During the whole progress of his disease, his faculty of observation and reflection was never affected, and this was the case up to the moment of his death.

In compliance with a wish he had expressed, a post mortem examination took place next day, December 8th,

at six o'clock in the evening. I examined the cavity of the thorax and that of the abdomen, jointly with Dr. Henderson.

In the former cavity, all the viscera were in their natural state; in the second, an enormous abscess in the liver had burst, and its contents had partly flowed into the abdomen. The abscess was situated in the posterior part of the liver, and at a short distance from the backbone. It contained the quantity (measured) of a hundred ounces of clear fluid, and sanious pus. All the other abdominal viscera were perfectly healthy.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN BRIOLLE,

COMMANDING THE SHIP NYPHE, OF BORDEAUX, ON THE
DEATH AND OBSEQUIES OF VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

TO M. DE PRIGNY, COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF THE
NAVY AT BORDEAUX.

MONSIEUR LE COMMISSAIRE GENERAL,

Being at Bombay in the month of December last, when M. Victor Jacquemont had just ended his scientific journey, I hastened to visit a countryman whom all the papers of India concurred in placing in the foremost rank of distinguished naturalists, but who, in consequence of the fatigues and privations with which he had to contend in his laborious researches, was unfortunately attacked with liver complaint of a very alarming nature. I found him in bed, scientifically discoursing with the most eminent physician of the country, under

whose care the Governor had placed him, and explaining with the utmost calmness how, in two or three days, he should be freed from his cruel sufferings, but at the expense of his life, as an effusion would take place internally, and he should not have the slightest chance of recovery.

His physician having absented himself for a few hours, he expatiated much upon this gentleman's talents, and upon the interest and attention which the Government of Bombay unceasingly showed him; but he again observed, that he had only three or four days more to live, that all the assistance of art was useless, and that having terminated his manuscripts, with the exception of some trifling parts relative to Tibet, he should die with the consolation of having contributed as much as lay in his power to the progress of a science which still left much to be done. The unfortunate gentleman died on the fourth day after this conversation, preserving nevertheless to the last a tranquillity, a mildness, and a presence of mind, worthy of his noble character.

The Government of Bombay, desirous to honour the memory of a man so distinguished for his talents and private virtues, ordered a magnificent funeral, at which all the civil and military authorities were present; and the remains of the unfortunate Victor Jacquemont were deposited in their last asylum with all the pomp of military honours.

Deeply affected by the attentions of the Bombay Government towards this illustrious victim of scientific research, I addressed them a letter, of which I enclose a copy, and received in reply the two letters also enclosed, the last of which informs me, that in conse-

quence of a deliberation of the Council, my letter is to be preserved in the archives of the Government. I have therefore thought it my duty to send you all these particulars, to be laid before the Minister of Marine, in order that he may determine whether or not he approves of my application to the Bombay Government.

I remain, &c.

BRIOLLE.

LETTER FROM THE PROFESSORS, ADMINISTRATORS OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER.

Paris, 21st May 1833.

SIR,

WE sympathise too deeply in the misfortune that has befallen you, not to feel the want of associating ourselves to your grief. The Administration of the Museum, who had confided to your son the mission which he has so honourably fulfilled, feels his cruel loss in a twofold point of view: it is thereby deprived of a traveller who enjoyed its utmost confidence, and science is deprived of a naturalist on whom it founded the most brilliant hopes. Every thing authorises us to hope, that from the judicious precautions he took even in his last moments, all the fruits of this unfortunate struggle will not be lost; that the labours of M. Victor Jacquemont will yield their fruits, and their results be developed, less brilliantly perhaps than if they had remained in his own hands, but still sufficiently to cause what he has done to be appreciated, as well as what he would have done, had

he lived. Be assured, Sir, that nothing shall be wanting on our parts to attain this object, and to afford you this just consolation, the only one you have now left.

We are, &c.

CORDIER, *Director*,
GEOFFROY SAINT HILAIRE,
A. DE JUSSIEU,

Professors, Administrators of the Museum.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Poonah, July 1832.

One of the most recent publications of the British physicians in India, on Cholera Morbus, is a letter addressed to the Court of Directors, by Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie, of Madras.

Dr. Ainslie distinguishes two sorts of Cholera, the sporadic and the endemic, differing only from each other in their development, their progress, and their termination. In the endemic Cholera, there is greater violence, a more rapid progress, and a more generally fatal termination. It is the same disease as the other, but more intense.

He attributes, but without any proof, the origin of this complaint to very obscure modifications of the electric state of the air. It is principally in the South of India that he has observed it. Having found that the thick and liquid glairy matter vomited and evacuated by the patient was always acid, he endeavoured to check the disease by neutralising this acid in the stomach ;

and having employed magnesia in strong doses for that purpose, his practice has frequently been attended with success. Dr. Ainslie was aware of the advantages that, for a length of time, had been obtained by the use of ammonia in large doses, and attributes them, I think with reason, to the property this alkali possesses of saturating acids.

The only cases, rather numerous, of natural cure, are those in which the bile, by the convulsive efforts made in vomiting, passes from the duodenum to the stomach. It appears that this fluid possesses the property of neutralising, like an alkali, the acid so abundantly generated in that organ. A blister, produced instantaneously by the application of boiling water to the abdomen, has often been attended with fortunate results. Dr. Ainslie recommends the application of one, in the very first stage of the disorder, to the bottom of the leg, on the inside, in order to retain, by an artificial inflammation of the teguments, heat in the legs and feet, from which it is naturally withdrawn.

Bleeding has long since been tried. It almost always produces immediate relief, but it also appears to have often hastened death.

As the blood never flows but with extreme difficulty, on account of its thickness and almost coagulated state in the veins, attempts have been made to aid the operation of bleeding by placing the patient in a very warm bath. This has had the desired effect; but it seems to have no influence upon the progress of the disease.

In very violent cases, calomel has been administered in doses of from twenty to thirty grains, mixed with eighty drops of laudanum, whilst an equal quantity of lauda-

num was injected into the rectum. These enormous doses of calomel, repeated a number of times, often appear not to have produced the slightest effect upon the progress of the disease, even in cases where a post-mortem examination has shown the calomel retained by a viscous liquid to the coating of the stomach, which it had violently inflamed.

What surprises me most in Dr. Ainslie's work, is a fact in medical statistics, which is undeniable, and shows that of several thousands of British and Indian soldiers who in the course of a few years have entered the hospital of the Presidency of Madras, as Cholera patients, the British and Indians have fallen victims to the disorder in equal proportions, and the number of deaths has been one in four of the total number of patients.

Hence it follows, that Cholera appears generally of a less deadly nature in the South of India than in the Deccan and Hindostan, where the proportion of deaths is said to be much greater.

ILLNESS OF SOUDINE.

Poonah, July 1832.

SOUDINE, my Hindoo servant, five and twenty years of age, in my service during the last eighteen months, always enjoying perfect health, leading an extremely regular life, abstaining from all kinds of spirituous liquors, and almost entirely from animal food, was seized on Friday evening, July 5th, with a bowel complaint

The alvine evacuations were very numerous, but not copious, and were followed by vomiting in the course of an hour. It was then only that his illness was reported to me, and that I witnessed it. At seven in the evening his attitude announced great prostration of strength. He complained of tenesmus; the pulse was very weak, the feet were a little cold. The evacuations, both from the stomach and the rectum, succeeded each other rapidly, more than ten times in an hour. They were composed of a fluid, a little viscid, though thick, of a greyish white, and without smell. The patient was put to bed and warmly covered; bottles of hot water were applied to the feet, hot napkins placed upon the abdomen, and twenty drops of ammonia were administered in a table-spoonful of water. The patient swallowed this burning draught without complaining, but the stomach rejected it two minutes after. From seven o'clock to eleven at night, other similar doses were given, in the intervals when the natural vomiting was quieted; but the patient did not retain one of them more than three minutes. With one of these doses I mixed twenty drops of laudanum; he threw it up the instant it was swallowed.

The natural heat rapidly left the extremities; the feet were colder than the hands; the legs became cold, and also the arms; the breathing became hard, the body gradually cold; but the patient often complained of an insupportable heat that burned all over him, and made him throw off the bed-clothes with violence. He tore off his own clothes, and asked to be left naked. These sudden and transient invasions of heat were perceptible only by a momentary increase of natural heat in the body. On the forehead alone there was a cold and

clammy perspiration, but the coldness of the legs remained unchanged.

There were cramps in the legs, and spasms in the muscles of the abdomen, during the attacks of internal heat.

The skin of the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, became hard and rough. The nails lost their colour and turned white. The eyes became gradually hollow, and were surrounded by a smaller, deeper, and blacker internal circle, and by a larger circle on a level with the superior border of the maxillary bone, on the bony summit of the lower part of the orbit. Their motion slackened, and their brilliancy faded.

At midnight I administered to the patient eight grains of calomel, diluted in a spoonful of sugar and water aromatised.

But the efforts produced by vomiting, which constantly came on after an interval of a few minutes, without being accelerated by the remedy, expelled the draught, at least in great part, whenever they began.

At one o'clock in the morning of Saturday, I administered the same quantity of calomel, mixed with twenty drops of landanum; it was thrown up in the course of two minutes.

I passed the remainder of the night without giving the patient any thing to drink except a little sugar and water, when he complained of thirst, which happened only during the sudden attacks of internal heat.

On Saturday morning there was no pulse, except at intervals, and after the convulsive efforts produced by vomiting, but all the symptoms of the preceding day were aggravated. The legs were colder, the eyes more

sunken ; the features were altered and cadaverous. The purging and vomiting continued during the night. Between the intervals of vomiting the patient dozed ; he was conscious, but faintly so.

At eight in the morning, in an interval of comparative calmness, I administered a draught of laudanum and sub-carbonate of ammonia, edulcorated and aromatised with essence of mint.

The evacuations, which were already less frequent before this remedy, continued to decrease, and were less copious, but they did not vary in their nature. The general prostration of strength continued. About noon, the patient had violent cramps. During these nervous paroxysms, he complained of dreadful internal heat. It did not affect his extremities, but momentarily warmed his arms and thighs, and covered his forehead and body with a clammy perspiration, which instantly grew cold. The pulse then beat for a moment, but weak and irregular. The feeling of universal burning of which the patient complained during the spasmodic fits, continued for some time after the spasms in the abdomen and stomach were past.

During the day I directed a spoonful of sugar and water to be given to the patient, whenever he asked for drink, which he did but seldom. The vomitings now took place only five or six times an hour, and the alvine evacuations two or three times.

At four o'clock in the evening, another dose of the morning draught was given ; this was also rejected, in the course of ten minutes, at the first effort produced by the vomiting.

The breathing now became more difficult, and all the

other symptoms more aggravated. The patient's strength decreased gradually, the coldness continued, and sensibility diminished. During the night the patient was purged less often, and was comatose during the intervals of repose. Two doses, of eight grains of calomel each, were administered as on Friday, on the Saturday evening towards night, and each remained in the stomach at least a quarter of an hour.

On Sunday morning, the patient could scarcely hear or see any thing; he however knew my voice, when I called him by name. His eyes were fixed and dull, as if he had been dead; he however told me he could still see me, but confusedly. At eight o'clock I made him take a pill of three grains of calomel and one grain of gummy extract of opium, which he swallowed with great difficulty. The attendants rubbed his abdomen with hot napkins imbibed with laudanum, to assuage the violent pains of which he complained in that part. The bottles of hot water held under his feet from the very beginning of the attack, never warmed them, not even the surface of the skin, which remained cold when placed upon the boiling water.

He now vomited no longer, nor had he any alvine evacuations. His head became heavy, his breathing embarrassed and difficult. His whole body was covered with perspiration, and after this last effort of nature, and a few moments of rattling in the throat, he expired without convulsions, at half-past nine in the morning.

Not one of the remedies administered to the patient had the slightest effect upon the progress of the disease. The absorbent powers of the stomach were no doubt

entirely suspended, and that organ, instead of absorbing only secreted the matter of the evacuations.

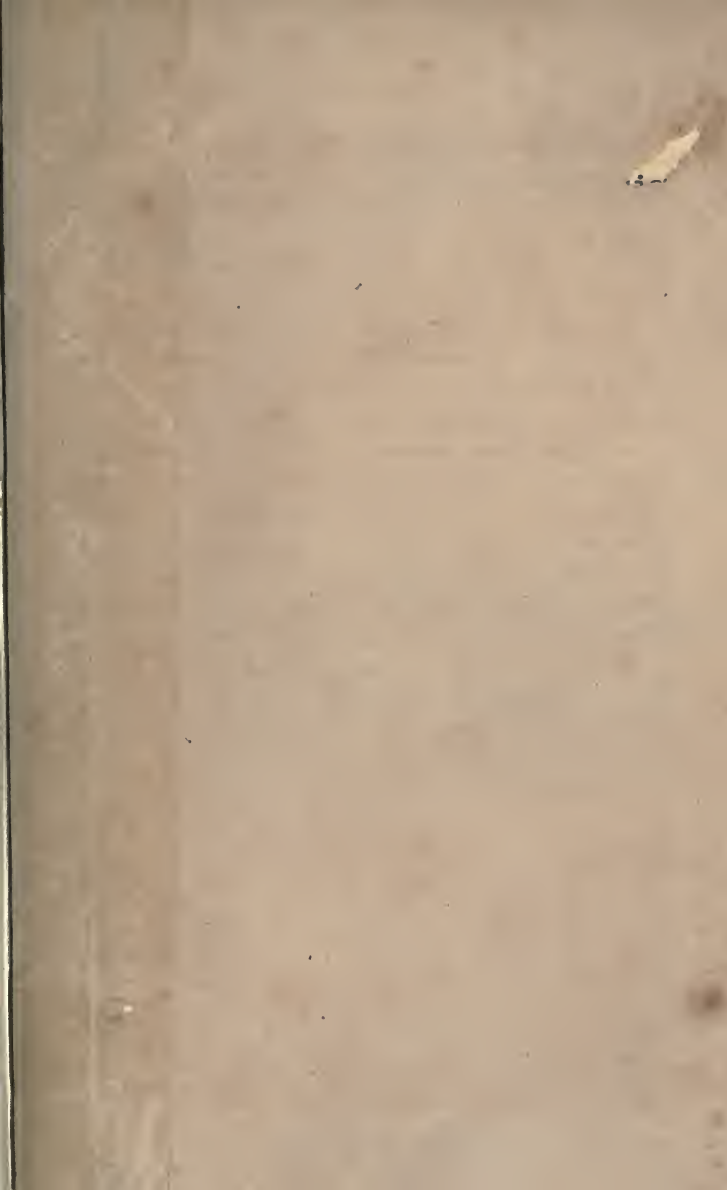
The secretion of the urine was suppressed from the very beginning.

The disease lasted about forty hours, without a moment's abatement, until the death of the patient. The prostration of strength alone appears to have moderated the violence of the evacuations, fifteen or twenty hours after the attack. The patient, overcome by the fatigue and the prostration of strength occasioned by his exertions, when these exertions did not produce excruciating pain, appeared, from the first moment I saw him, absorbed in himself, and deprived of all power of reflection. There was no disturbance in the intellectual faculties, no delirium, but a heaviness which unceasingly increased. For nearly an hour before his death, he was in a state of stupor. In no stage of the disorder did he appear alarmed, or even anxious, respecting its termination.

THE END.

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Jacquemont, Victor
Letters from India
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