letters and the accompanying documents.[1] I shall proceed to join you as soon as the necessary arrangements for that purpose can be made.

I feel greatly indebted to your Lordship for the very kind invitation which you have given to me. A stranger as I am in the country I shall accept your hospitality with the greatest pleasure. / I have the honor to be, / My Lord,

Your Lordship's faithful Servant
T B Macaulay

The Rt Hon / Lord W Bentinck / etc. etc. etc.

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 15 JUNE 1834

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Extract Published:* Trevelyan, I, 360–1; 362.

Madras June 15 1834

Dearest Margaret,

Here we are, quite safe and pretty well. But where shall I begin or end the long story which I have to tell you? As to our voyage, it furnished little matter for narrative. It was monotony itself; – the same blue sky – the same blue sea – the same people performing the same operations, and the same operations recurring at the same hours. The great events were one man's thinking that he saw Madeira; – another man's being sure that he saw St Antonio; – the appearance of a fleet of Portuguese men of war, which, you are to understand, are not ships, – for Portugal could not furnish out such a fleet, – but beautiful funguses floating on the water; – the appearance of a shoal of porpoises; – a covey of flying fish with wings like mother of pearl darting out of one wave and into another; – a sailor tumbling down the hatchway and breaking his head; – a cadet getting drunk and swearing at the captain; – the passing of the line with a great deal of ducking, tarring, and scraping, which at one time seemed likely to end in fighting; – the catching of a shark; – the shooting of an albatross; – the spouting of a whale; – and now and then a hard gale of wind. These were our great and important occurrences.[2] The passage was on the whole

[1] Bentinck, who was spending the summer in the high hills at Ootacamund, far removed from Calcutta, had sent for TBM to join him there: see 15 June. Since, under the new India Act, the old council at Calcutta had ceased to operate and since the new council at Calcutta had not yet been instituted, Bentinck's improvised council at Ootacamund was illegal. An act of indemnity had subsequently to be passed in order to legalize its acts (see J. W. Kaye, *The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe*, 1865, II, 97–100).

[2] Cf. the passage describing a voyage to India in the essay on Hastings: 'Any thing is welcome which may break that long monotony, a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard' (*ER*, LXXIV, 169).

a very good one after we had got clear of the Channel in which we were detained upwards of three weeks. We experienced little discomfort, and were never but once, I believe, in danger. The seas round the Cape kept their ancient reputation of being the most stormy in the world, and when we were about four hundred miles south of Madagascar, we had a tempest which almost amounted to a hurricane, and saw such waves as I never saw before, and am in no hurry to see again.

Monotonous as the mode of life is, I accommodated myself to it without difficulty. Society indeed I had none. The Captain, though a very gentlemanlike and respectable person, had not much in common with me; and the Chief mate, though a good officer and a hard-headed man, was quite uneducated, and never pronounced his h's. They were both, however, perfect masters of their *business*, and shewed on every occasion great professional skill and great propriety of feeling. The Cadets were lads of about the intellectual and moral elevation of Henry Rose,[1] and other relations of ours who have preceded them in the same career. By an ill luck which I cursed more than once, it happened that precisely the most disagreable of them were recommended particularly to my notice, – one of the name of Mason[2] by Rogers, who is his uncle, – another odious youth of the name of Gill[3] by Matthew Babington, whose only connection with him, I imagine, is that, being the Prince of a Community which you wot of, he thought it his duty to patronize so eminent a subject. The best of the Cadets was a young man of the name of Cotton,[4] son of a Director. He seemed a very promising young man. I find that he resided some time in a Commercial House at Liverpool. I should be glad to know how he behaved there: for I feel inclined to serve him, if it should happen to be in my power.

We had two young officers who had been to England on furlough, and who were on their return, well-bred, good-natured, and intelligent enough, but nothing extraordinary. One of them is a son of Colonel Jones, better known by the name of Radical.[5] We had a civil servant of the Company who calls himself Godson,[6] and whom the tattlers of Madras

[1] One of the children of TBM's cousin, Lydia Babington Rose, he had gone out to India as a cadet in the army of the East India Company in 1831.

[2] William Mason; he joined the 21st Native Infantry, Madras, in 1834 and died in Bombay, 1839 (*India Register*, 1835; 1839).

[3] Charles Gill joined the 17th Regiment of Native Infantry in 1834; he disappears from the *India Register* in 1861.

[4] John Stedman Cotton, son of the East India Company director John Cotton (1783–1860); he died in 1843, aged 31 years (J. J. Cotton, *List of Inscriptions on Tombs or Monuments in Madras*, Madras, 1905, p. 139).

[5] I cannot identify the son: the father is Leslie Grove Jones (1779–1839: *DNB*), who signed his letters to *The Times* in support of the Reform Bill with the name 'Radical.'

[6] No one of this name is in any of the official lists of Indian civilians that I have seen.

call son of the Duke of Wellington, with his bride, a pretty, blooming young woman, English born and French bred. We had several other damsels, – all rather plain and all very vulgar – one Miss Haldane[1] in particular who was a perfect nuisance, and was always romping and joking with a coarse, raw-boned grey-whiskered Scotchman, the very abstract and essence of every thing that is most unpleasant in the Scotch character.

Hannah will give you the histories and characters of all these good people at length, I dare say. For she was extremely social, – danced with the gentlemen in the evenings, and read novels and sermons with the ladies in the mornings. I contented myself with being very civil whenever I was with the other passengers, and took care to be with them as little as I could. I shut myself up in my cabin with my books, and found that the time on the whole passed easily and pleasantly. I was in almost utter solitude. Except at meal times I scarcely exchanged a word with any human being. I never was left for so long a time so completely to my own ressources; and I am glad to say that I found them quite sufficient to keep me cheerful and employed during the whole voyage. I read insatiably and with keen and increasing enjoyment. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French and English, folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos. If I can judge of the future from my present feelings, I am in no danger of allowing my mind to rust in India.

On the voyage we had only one opportunity, and that not a very good one, of sending letters home. When we were on the Equator about three weeks after leaving Falmouth we met a French merchantship, bound from Bourbon to Havre de Grace – but I remember that I could never succeed in putting any geography into your head: – so it is useless to mention places. However we sent letters on board this Frenchman to say that we were safe and well. I sent a few lines to my father; Hannah, I believe, wrote to you. Very likely you have not received our letters.

At last ninety days after leaving Falmouth, I was summoned on deck at five o'clock in the morning of Tuesday June the 10th, to see Madras. Since we lost sight of the Lizard, I had never looked on any land except the blue outline of the mountains of Ceylon. There was Madras lying close to the sea like Brighton, and we were anchoring about a mile or a mile and a half from the town. The effect was very striking, – great, white, masses of buildings scattered amidst a rich profusion of deep dark

[1] Catherine Haldane; according to Hannah she was 'a coarse untidy thorough Scotch girl. . . . Tom will have it that Miss Haldane is in love with the second mate Mr. Hilman and certainly there is a little appearance of it. I rather wonder at her choice for he is a round shouldered vulgar-looking man' (to Frances Macaulay, 28 [February 1834]: MS, Huntington).

varnished green. The sun was just about to rise. The town was quite still, and for some time we saw no sign of life.

At last a catamaran was discernible amidst the waves. Do you know what a catamaran is? It is simply a raft composed by tying two or three long pieces of wood together. On these rafts the fishermen of Madras venture on the sea in all weathers, in defiance of winds, waves and sharks. The appearance of the little black boatman beating the water with his paddle, and seeming as familiar to the element as a duck was the first glimpse that I caught of the people among whom I am to live. He came on board with nothing on him but a pointed yellow cap, and walked among us with a self-possession and civility which, coupled with his colour and his nakedness, nearly made me die of laughing.

In the meantime we had given notice by signals of the name of our ship, and soon boats arrived from a frigate which lay in the roads, and from the shore. I now learned that I had been very impatiently expected. Lord William Bentinck is at present in the mountains beyond Mysore, and, being prevented by ill-health from leaving them for some time has determined to hold the Supreme Council there. But, as it was necessary to leave one member of the Council at Calcutta as his deputy, he could not make a quorum without me. Accordingly he and Sir Frederic Adam[1] who is in the hills with him had written most pressing letters to be delivered to me as soon as I arrived. The case was not one which admitted of hesitation. I could not, without disgracefully abandoning my public duties, decline to comply with such a summons. But to take Hannah up to the hills with me seemed impossible: and to send her to Calcutta without me would have been most painful to me. Happily, just as I was finishing Lord William's letter, a letter from the Bishop[2] was put into my hands. The Bishop in this letter insisted kindly and even peremptorily that we should take up our abode with him on our first arrival in Bengal. This put me pretty much at ease about Hannah: for, though his house would not have been particularly suited to me, it is of all houses in India that which will give the most creditable protection to her. About the voyage from Madras to Calcutta I felt no uneasiness. For the constant kindness and the approved discretion of our officers had gained the fullest confidence of us both.

In spite of all these mitigating circumstances however, I cannot but feel great pain at being under the necessity of quitting her almost at the very moment of our arrival in India. She seems however quite reconciled to the arrangement. She will not hear of a journey to the Hills with me. And

[1] Adam (1781–1853: *DNB*) was Governor of Madras, 1832–7. He was, like Bentinck, a veteran of the Peninsular wars, and was knighted for his services at Waterloo.
[2] Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta.

indeed the discomforts of travelling in India are such that all the people whom we have seen have told her that it would be madness in her to undertake such an expedition.

The letters of Sir Frederic and of Lord William were brought on board by Captain Barron[1] and Colonel Walpole,[2] two officers attached to the Government House. I told them that I was ready to set off instantly. But I found that a journey of between three and four hundred miles in India requires some days of previous preparation. You know that there is no posting. Indeed there are no roads for wheel-carriages through the greater part of the country. I am to be carried in a palanquin by men the whole way; and it is necessary to write to the public functionaries all along the route, that relays may be in readiness and that accommodations may be provided at the proper places. For inns there are none. I am to travel only at night, and I shall be at least a week on the road. Of course the discomfort of the journey will be considerable. But it is some compensation that when I reach the hills I shall be in one of the finest climates in the world – a climate very like that of the South of France, and that I shall escape for this year the bad season of Calcutta: for Lord William tells me that he shall not leave the hills till September. I am also glad to have an opportunity of seeing a very interesting part of India, and of acquiring information on the spot as to the real nature of the slavery about which there has been so much controversy. For I shall be close to the tract in which slavery exists. If it were not for parting with Hannah I should delight in the arrangement.

The officers who came on board informed me that though Sir Frederic was absent we were to go to the Government House and to be entertained as we should have been if he had been on the spot. In the afternoon accordingly we went on shore. I do not know whether you ever heard of the surf at Madras. It breaks on the beach with such fury that no ship's boat can venture through it. The only conveyance in which people can land with safety is a rude boat made and guided by the natives. It is a large, clumsy barge-like looking thing, made of rough planks stitched together, and so elastic that it readily yields to the pressure of the waves. A boat of this sort was sent off for us, and a dozen half-naked blacks, howling all the way the most dissonant song that you ever heard, rowed us with great skill to the shore.

The surf happily was not very high, and we were not even splashed. We landed, not, as most people do, at the custom house, but at the watergate of the fort. A salute of fifteen guns was fired to my praise and glory.

[1] Richard Barron, captain in Her Majesty's 3rd Foot and aide-de-camp to the Governor of Madras.

[2] Col. Henry Walpole (1787–1854: *Boase*), Military Secretary at Madras, 1834–7.

Hannah and I were put into one carriage: our servants into another: and away we drove.

I can give you no idea of the bewildering effect of this our first introduction to a new world. To be on land after being three months at sea is of itself a great change: – but to be in such a land – nothing but dark faces and bodies with white turbans and flowing robes, – the trees not our trees, – the very smell of the atmosphere like that of a hothouse, – the architecture as strange as the vegetation. I was quite stunned. On we drove, however. Our very equipage, though English built, was new in form and fitting up. There was a window behind to give us a thorough draught of air. There was an oil cloth below, because a carpet or rug would have been too hot; – and at each door trotted a boy in an oriental costume of scarlet and gold. These boys run by the side of a carriage without being distressed for fourteen or fifteen miles at a time.

At last we came to the government house. As we drove up the Seapoys on guard presented arms; and when we stopped under the portico, a crowd of figures with beards, turbans, and robes of white muslin came to receive us, and to conduct us to our apartments. Captain Barron and his wife, a very kind and agreable young woman, represented our absent host and hostess. Each of us was provided with a sitting room, a bed room, a dressing room, and a bathroom. My man was lodged near me, and Hannah's maid close to her.

The size of the rooms is immense. My dressing room is as high as a church and has four great doors, each as large as the door of a house in Grosvenor Square. These doors are not solid; but are made after the fashion of Venetian blinds, so that the wind is always blowing through the room. The beds are immense, as hard as bricks, and completely surrounded with mosquito net. The furniture looks scanty in the large apartments. There are no carpets, but the floors are covered with matting which looks neat enough. The cielings are of timber painted white, and the walls of a remarkable plaister called chunam,[1] which is made of fishes' bones, and which, when very fine, really looks exactly like the whitest and purest marble.

We have had very hot weather since we landed, and I have felt it much, though not so much as Hannah: but we are both recovering from the effect of our first discipline. There are many ingenious devices for cooling the rooms: but the Madras people acknowledge that in this respect they are far inferior to those of Calcutta.

Do you wish to know how I pass my day here? I rise at five or a little after, put on my dressing gown, and go forth, bare-footed, to take a walk of half an hour in the colonnade which runs along the house. When I have

[1] 'Cement or plaster largely used in India, made of shell-lime and sea-sand' (*OED*).

finished my walk I go to my dressing room, and the barber makes his appearance. He shaves me so much better than I can shave myself that I mean, at least while I remain in India, to leave the superintendance of my chin to others. In the meantime the bath is got ready and I plunge into it. I then dress, go into my sitting room, and write to my dear, dear, little, Margaret, or to some other person. At half after eight breakfast is served for Hannah and me. We are waited on by four or five servants; and, what is much more to the purpose, the coffee is excellent, – the butter good and cool, – the bread, the eggs, the milk, all quite equal to those of an English country house. As to the fish and fruit which they regularly put on the table, I do not trouble them. The fish is insipid: and all the tropical fruits together are not worth any of our commonest English productions – cherry, strawberry, currant, apple, pear, peach. The mango eats like honey and turpentine, – the plaintain like a rotten pear. – The pine-apple is the best fruit that I have found here, and is as far inferior to the pine apples of an English pinery as the grapes on a wall to hot house grapes.

After breakfast begin my duties. Every public functionary at Madras, civil or military, comes to call on me: and I have to find something to say to every body. I sit in the library – Sir Frederic's collection of books, by the way, is very respectable – and a succession of Colonels, Chaplains, Doctors, lawyers, Judges, Councillors, Secretaries, and so forth, is ushered in and bowed out. My election-practice at Leeds has trained me pretty well to this business, and I get through it easily enough. During the intervals of these visits, I read, and now and then call for a glass of cold water. I should tell you that they have a way of cooling liquors by immersing the bottle in a pail of water and saltpetre, which answers admirably, and makes all our drink quite as cool as we wish to have it.

At two we are summoned to our tiffin. We take this meal by ourselves. It is, I believe, generally allowed that in India everybody ought to lunch; and that long fasts and large meals are dangerous. I have submitted my own tastes to the advice of the Doctors, and I accordingly take a hearty lunch. I never drink wine at this meal, and I mean never to drink it more than once a day. I take a glass or two of Hodson's pale ale, well cooled, which is a very refreshing, and I believe a very wholesome drink.

When tiffin is over, Hannah lies down: and this is a custom very common among the people here. But I have not felt inclined to adopt it. I sit and read till half after four or five. Then the sea-breeze is generally coming in: and the good people of Madras take their airings. I go out in a carriage for two hours with Captain Barron. Hannah goes in another with the lady. We drive through different parts of Madras and its environs, and come back at about seven.

The drives are very pleasant, particularly when the sea-breeze is

blowing. For some miles round the whole country is a garden. The English at Madras have only their offices within the walls of the fortification. They live in villas which stretch far into the country on every side. Each villa is surrounded by a pleasure ground of some acres, which is here called a compound. The roads are bordered with rich tropical vegetation, and crowded by an innumerable swarm of natives some walking, some riding, some in carts drawn by bullocks. Every here and there you come to a native village or town. From what I have yet seen I should say that these are much on an equality with the villages of Wales and Scotland – Llanrwst for example, or Laidler – two which I particularly remember. They consist of low whitewashed huts of one story with projecting roof which forms a sort of piazza in front of the dwellings. There are some signs that the people in these huts have more than the mere necessaries of life. The timber over the door is generally carved, and sometimes with a taste and skill that reminded me of the wood-work of some of our fine Gothic Chapels and Cathedrals. The crowd and noise in the streets is prodigious during business hours. But, if you pass late at night, the people are sleeping before their doors on the ground by hundreds, with scarcely any covering. Indeed they need none in this climate.

As to the European villas, they are large and sometimes very shewy. But you may see at a glance that they are the residences of people who do not mean to leave them to their children or even to end their own days in them. There is a want of repair – a slovenliness – a sort of Simon O'Doherty way of taking things *asy* – which marks that the rulers of India are pilgrims and sojourners in the land. You will see a fine portico spoiled by a crack in the plaister which a few rupees would set to rights, – gaps in the hedges – breaches in the walls – doors off the hinges, and so on. As no Englishman means to die in India, and as very few have any certainty that, even while they remain in India, they shall reside at the same place, nobody pays the attention to his dwelling which he would pay to a family house. It is curious that the neatest and most carefully kept houses which I have observed are those of half-casts and Armenians, who mean to end their days here.

When we come back from our drive we dress for dinner, which is served at half past seven in a very handsome portico open to the sea-breeze. We have had one great party of more than fifty persons to meet me. In general we have ten or twelve, half of them officers, who always appear in uniform. By the time that dinner is over and that I have taken a cup of coffee, I am quite disposed to go to bed. Of course this is but a very imperfect account of what we have seen and done during the last week. If I should call any thing to mind which I have omitted and which would be likely to interest you, I will mention it in my next letter, which will pro-

bably be from the hills. I will give you an account of the Nabob,[1] whom I am to visit in state before I leave Madras, and who daily sends two messengers to ask how I am and to wish my honor much health and happiness. I will also give you the history of my journey which will, I think, be curious.

I shall write very concisely to my father and George by this ship, and refer them to you for the particulars of our voyage and of our residence at Madras. You can lend them this letter, or as much of it as you wish them to see. Oh my dear, dear Margaret, if you knew how fondly, in this distant country, amidst ten thousand new objects my mind turns to you, how much more you are to me than all the rest that I have left, how many tears the thought of you draws from my eyes every day, how lightly all other afflictions fall on me, compared with that stroke which separated us, you would feel more than I wish you to feel. Be happy, my own darling; but do not quite forget me. There is nobody in this world who loves you better.

Kiss the dear little baby for me; and give my love to Edward. In a very few months I hope to acquit myself of that part of my debt to him which money can discharge. Of the debt of gratitude which we owe to him I cannot be and do not wish to be clear.

Again, and again dearest Margaret farewell and love me.

Ever my darling yours
T B M

It is not improbable, my love, that a letter which I write after this may arrive before it.

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 27 JUNE 1834

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Address:* Mrs. E. Cropper / Dingle Bank / Liverpool. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Extracts published:* Trevelyan, 1, 363–8; 377; Clive, *Macaulay*, pp. 293–4.

Ootacamund June 27. 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I told you in my last letter that I learned at Madras that Lord William was here among the mountains of Malabar, that he wished me to join him immediately, and that Hannah would go to Calcutta and stay with the Bishop. During my stay at Madras which lasted about a week my time

[1] Ghulam Muhammad Ghaus (1824–55), last of the Nabobs of the Carnatic; the title was abolished on his death.

was constantly occupied from breakfast till ten at night by engagements of different kinds. On Sunday June 15 we heard Archdeacon Robinson[1] read prayers and preach in a handsome Church of Gothic Architecture. In the afternoon we looked into another Church – St George's – which is said to be the handsomest built by the English in India. It is indeed very pretty, though not large. There is a material used here in ornamental building called chunam. It is made, I am told, from the bones of fish, and has all the brightness, smoothness and whiteness of the very finest marble. The whole interior of St George's Church is lined with it. Indeed it is much employed in the shewy buildings of Madras. I hear that at Calcutta it is not to be procured, at least not of a superior quality. There are two monuments by Chantry in St George's – one to Bishop Heber, not I think among the sculptor's happiest performances either in design or execution, – the other a very fine statue of a medical man who had a great reputation in this part of India.

On Monday the 16th I paid a visit to the Nabob of the Carnatic. Indian politics are so little studied in England by Gentlemen – let alone ladies – that the chance is that not one member of parliament in twenty knows who or what the Nabob of the Carnatic is. The Nabobs were the viceroys of the Emperors of India, and governed great provinces, some of them as large as England. The Carnatic, I should think, with its dependencies must be nearly of that size. About a hundred years ago the power of the Emperors had sunk almost to nothing. The whole of India was in confusion, and these great Viceroys set up for themselves, paying only a little outward respect to their Sovereign, such as the great Dukes of Burgundy whom you remember in Scott's novels used to pay to the Kings of France, or as the Pacha of Egypt may now pay to the Grand Signor. The Nabob of the Carnatic was in reality a Sovereign Prince. A dispute arose about the right to the Nabobship. The English took one side, the French the other. The English succeeded, made their friend Nabob, and from that time he was absolutely their creature. This was more than seventy years ago. During about forty years the Nabobs were suffered to administer the civil government of their territories, the English holding the military power. But in fact whatever the English wished they could always force the Nabob to do; and he was so sensible of this that he expended enormous sums in bribing powerful servants of the Company. These abuses are described in one of the finest speeches in the English language – Burke's on the Nabob's debts.[2] You must have heard that Sir Robert Inglis was Carnatic Commissioner.[3] It was his office to

[1] Thomas Robinson (1791–1873: *Boase*), of Trinity College, was chaplain to Bishop Heber, 1825–6, and Archdeacon of Madras, 1826–37.

[2] 28 February 1785.

[3] The Commission sat until 1830.

examine into these transactions and to distinguish the fair from the corrupt claims on the revenues of that country.

At last Lord Wellesley became tired of this divided administration, which was indeed a great curse to the people. He accordingly took the whole power away from the Nabob.[1] He did this in a very violent and arbitrary manner; but in substance I think he was right. This was thirty years ago. Since that time the Nabobs have had no political power whatever: but they are treated like abdicated princes – much as you may suppose Charles the Fifth of Spain or Queen Christina of Sweden to have been treated. They are allowed a splendid income – about a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year. The Nabob is always called "Your Highness." He is exempted in his own person from the authority of the Courts of justice. He is allowed to govern and punish his own servants at his discretion. I do not know that he ever went so far as to inflict death. If he did the government would probably interfere. He holds a court with all the forms of royalty. He has a guard of about five hundred men paid not by the Company but by himself, and he occasionally sends letters of condolence or congratulation to the King of England in which he calls himself His Majesty's good brother and ally.

The present Nabob is a boy of only ten or eleven. His Uncle is his guardian, or, in the stately phrase which the courtiers about the palace employ, Regent of the Carnatic. The family is Mahometan, and maintains a crowd of low Mahometan dependants and hangers on, who form a nest of blackguards in the immediate vicinity of the palace.

I went at about eleven in the morning to visit his Highness. Captain Barron and another gentleman accompanied me in the Governor's carriage. A salute in honor of me was fired from the palace. When we entered the garden we found it thronged by beggarly Musselmans. The guard of the Nabob was drawn up. It consisted of some hundreds of soldiers who seemed to have bought the cast-off clothes of our Seapoys. They looked like scare-crows, and had less precision and order in their movements than any awkward squad that I ever saw in St James's park. There were also several enormous elephants exhibited to astonish the new comer. We came at last to the Durbar – that is the Indian name for a hall of Audience. It is a large building, open on one side like a booth at a fair and supported by pillars. On the steps the Nabob and the Regent met me, embraced me, placed me between them, and led me to a sofa in the middle of the hall where I sate down, and they took their places one on each side. The interpreter of the court, a handsome, intelligent-looking, man, whose mind has evidently been enlarged by much intercourse with Englishmen, took his place opposite to us. The young Nabob said not a

[1] In 1801.

word. But the Regent talked with as much profundity and wit as most princes in Europe or in Asia. The following may serve as a specimen of the conversation. "His Highness is pleased to observe to your Excellency that all the English are wise and good." – "Assure his Highness that I am flattered to hear such a compliment to my country from so discerning a prince." "His Highness says that it was wise in the English to send to India such a man as your Excellency." "Inform his Highness that it will be my constant ambition to deserve so gratifying an eulogium from so illustrious a person." "His Highness wishes to know how old the King of England is." "Sixty-eight." "His Highness wishes to know how many sons the King of England has." "None." "His Highness begs me to inform your Excellency that his Highness is greatly concerned to hear that the King of England has no children." While this truly royal colloquy was going on, the hall was filled with Mahometan courtiers and parasites of the Nabob's family, some on the ground, some on sofas, in various dresses, but all profoundly silent. When I rose to depart, the little prince and the regent proceeded, after the immemorial custom of the East, to offer me presents. These presents were formerly of very substantial value, and indeed, the most frightful corruption and extortion was practised by the first English conquerors of India under pretence of complying with this national usage. Lord Clive was proved to have received 280,000 £ sterling in presents from the Nabob of Bengal, and very likely received a great deal more. At present the thing is a mere form, – a little sprinkling of attar of roses on my handkerchief, a flower put into my hand, a wreath of flowers thrown round my neck, and a piece of betel, a sort of aromatic nut, offered to me. The principal people of the court were introduced to me – cousins, and uncles of the little Nabob, – and one man who was designated as Commander-in-Chief of the Carnatic, – that is to say the Colonel of the ragged regiment which was drawn up before the palace. I was then conducted in great state to the carriage; and before I departed his Highness promised to return my visit on the following day.

That evening we went to a very shewy ball which Mr Chamier,[1] one of the principal functionaries at Madras, gave in honor of Hannah. An Indian ball-room is, I think, a gayer sight than an English ball-room, owing to the blaze of uniforms. The military men form the majority of every party here, and they always appear in their scarlet coats. Hannah must tell you what passed, for I stole away early, by my doctor's orders, as I had to set out on my journey the next day.

On the following morning came the Nabob in state with some horse-soldiers, more miserable, if possible, than his infantry, round his carriage. We received him with great pomp. A salute was fired from fort St George.

[1] Henry Chamier (1796?–1867: *Boase*), in the Madras Civil Service since 1812.

A company of Seapoys was drawn up in front of the government house, and, to be sure, their arms, dress, and discipline, presented a curious contrast to the appearance of his Highness's ragamuffins. The conversation was as instructive and as amusing as on the preceding day. The most curious part of the Nabob's train was the interpreter who was evidently scarcely able to suppress his laughter at the nonsense which he was employed to translate. After a short visit I presented attar, flowers, and betel nut to the princes and their chief attendants and saw them very civilly to the door. I could not but feel for the poor little fellow who is brought up in such a way that he is quite sure to indulge in every excess and to acquire no useful knowledge. Dr Lane,[1] the principal physician here, tells me that the boy is both intelligent and affectionate, but that he is surrounded by flatterers, that his only education consists in reading the Koran some hours every day, that the care of his person is left to his mother and grand mother who will not let him swallow English physic for fear of poison and are always covering him with amulets for fear of enchantment. I really think that our government should have insisted, when his father died, that his education should be superintended by some Englishman. If the Nabob had been so brought up as to turn out an accomplished gentleman, and a good scholar, with his influence over the Mahometans, with his immense wealth, and with his high birth, he would have been the most useful agent that our government could have had in the great work of civilizing the Carnatic. It is now, I am afraid, too late. He will kill himself, in all probability, before he is thirty, by indulgence in every species of sensuality.

In the afternoon of the 17th of June I left Madras. And how do you think I travelled? I was in one palanquin, my servant followed in another. Each of us had twelve bearers who from time to time relieved each other, six at a time being required for each palanquin. Before us trotted ten coolies or porters with my luggage. Beside my palanquin ran two peons or police officers with badges on their breasts and swords at their sides. The whole train consisted of thirty eight persons, myself and my servant included.

Did I tell you of my servant? He was recommended to me by the Chief Magistrate of police at Madras, and does credit to the recommendation. He is a half-caste, a Catholic, and apparently a devout one, for I often catch him crossing himself and turning up his eyes. What is more to the purpose, he knows the native languages, is honest and sober, can dispute a charge, bully a negligent bearer, arrange a bed, and make a curry. But he is so fond of giving me advice that I fear he will some day or other, as

[1] Thomas Moore Lane (1797–1844), in Madras since 1822 (D. G. Crawford, *Roll of the Indian Medical Service 1615–1930*, 1930).

the Scotch say, raise my corruption, and provoke me to send him about his business. His name, which I never hear without laughing, is Peter Prim.

In this fashion I travelled all night, sleeping very sound in my palanquin from sunset to sunrise; for the bearers make a strange noise between a grunt and a chaunt which has a very lulling effect on me, though some people complain that it keeps them awake. We went, I should think, on an average, about four miles an hour, and changed bearers every fifteen miles or thereabouts. The night was cool; though the part of the country through which I went is generally very hot. But some heavy showers fell during my journey which effectually refreshed the air. At about nine the next morning Arcot appeared. A number of pretty white houses covered with red tiles peeped out from amidst thick trees at the foot of a line of hills. This is the English town of Arcot. The native town, like all the native towns which I have seen, is a maze of wretched huts. So I was told: for I did not go into it.

But before I tell you of my reception at Arcot, I ought to describe the country through which I passed from Madras. Half my journey was by daylight; and all that I saw during that time disappointed me grievously. It is amazing to see how small a part of the country is under cultivation, – what extensive tracts are apparently abandoned to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. Two thirds at least, as it seemed to me, of the country through which I went was in the state of Wandsworth Common, or, to use an illustration which you may understand better, of Chatmoss.[1] The people whom we met were very few, – as few as in the highlands of Scotland. The villages were also very few and very mean. But I have been told that this is a very unfavourable specimen of the country, that in India the villages generally lie at a distance from the road – a fact which if true is strange enough – and that much of the land which when I passed it looked like a parched moor that had never been cultivated would after the rains be covered with rice. I tell you however what I saw.

At Arcot I was most hospitably received by Captain Smith[2] who commanded the troops there. He is a relation of a Smith who was Judge at Mauritius, and who, I am afraid, was guilty at least of conniving at the iniquities of Sir Robert Farquhar's administration.[3] The Captain however

[1] A swamp between Liverpool and Manchester, it was the greatest obstacle to the building of the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

[2] John Smith, captain in the 2nd Regiment of Light Cavalry, Madras; in India from 1816; promoted major, 1837. 'Lawyer Smith they called him in India, and a great scamp, I am afraid, he was' (Journal, III, 29a: 25 August 1849).

[3] Sir Robert Farquahar (1776–1830: *DNB*), Governor of Mauritius, 1812–23. The account in the *DNB* praises him for vigorous efforts in suppressing the slave trade in Mauritius. The abolitionists took a different view: see Sir George Stephen, *Anti-Slavery Recollections*, 1854, Letter VII.

proved a very kind host, and, though I could not join in all his abuse of the Saints and of poor Jeremie,[1] who by the bye seems to have shewn in some late transactions more zeal than prudence, I passed a tolerably pleasant day. For you are to understand that in this hot country we rest by day and travel by night.

After dinner the palanquins went forward with my servant, and the Captain and I took a ride, in order to see the lions[2] of the neighbourhood He mounted me on a very quiet Arab, and I had a pleasant excursion.[3] We passed through a garden which was attached to the residence of the Nabobs of the Carnatic, who anciently held their court at Arcot. The garden has been suffered to run to waste, and is only the more beautiful for having been neglected. Garden indeed is hardly a proper word. In England it would rank as one of our noblest parks, from which it differs principally in this, that most of the fine trees are fruit-trees. From this wood we came into a mountain pass which reminded me strongly of Borrodale near Derwent water and through this defile we struck into the road and rejoined the bearers.

This was about 7 o'clock on the evening of the 18th of June. We went on through a valley all night, and at daybreak began to ascend a ridge of hills about two thousand feet high. At about half after nine we were on the table land, after going through much very pretty scenery. In a little while three or four horsemen, gaudily but shabbily dressed rode up to my palanquin, and saluted me with drawn swords. I found that I was now in the Kingdom of Mysore, and that these were some of the irregular cavalry, as they are called, in the Mysore service, who had been sent to escort me through that territory. In a little while the village of Vincatagherry made its appearance. A crowd of people poured out to meet me. There is in every Hindoo village, I believe, a headman, a sort of lord of the manor, a little less ignorant and less beggarly than the peasants around him. There is also a police officer called a cutwal, and a revenue officer called a tehsilder. These three functionaries in tolerably clean white robes and turbans, but barefooted, met me, presented me with flowers and fruit, and hung a wreath round my neck. They then trotted on by the side of my palanquin, the whole rabble of the place accompanying them; and before us went the village music, a trumpet which sounded like a cat-call, and a

[1] Sir John Jeremie (1795–1841: *DNB*), a colonial judge and abolitionist, whose appointment as Public Prosecutor of Mauritius, 1832, was so resisted by the colonists that he was compelled to retire; he returned in 1833 but was again forced to resign in that year after accusing the Mauritius judges of having an interest in slavery.

[2] I.e., the sights: derived from the tradition of going to see the lions kept in the Tower of London.

[3] When TBM was in Ireland and compelled to mount a horse he recalled this ride: 'I had not crossed a horse since in June 1834 I rode with Captain Smith . . . through the Mango Garden near Arcot' (Journal, III, 29a: 25 August 1849).

drum which made a noise like a kettle beaten with a poker. I am not musical, as you well know. But, if I may venture to judge, the national music of India is most deplorably bad. Whether the boatmen or the bearers make the more horrible noise, whether the vocal or instrumental music be the worse, I cannot decide. I expected to have been forced to pass this day alone at the bungalow of Vincatagherry. But I was reprieved from bungalow-accomodations for the present. What I mean by bungalow-accommodations you will soon know. The Collector of the district happened to be at Vincatagherry. The name of Collector of a district conveys in India very different ideas from those attached to it in England. The Collector is a civil servant of very high rank. He is placed over the administration, both financial and judicial, of a population of perhaps half a million or a million of souls. His duties are much higher and his importance much greater than that of some Sovereign princes in Europe, of a Duke of Saxe Weimar, for example, or a Duke of Lucca. The Collector during part of the year performs a circuit through his province. He happened to be at Vincatagherry at this time. He and his suite lived in tents which were pitched in a large meadow near the road. His name is Roberts.[1] He seemed an intelligent good sort of man and had with him two younger civil servants as his assistants, one of them a nephew of Sir Gilbert Blane.[2] I liked this young man particularly. I dressed as well as I could in one of the tents, and dined with the English functionaries in another. The repast and wine were excellent; and indeed these are things which you are pretty sure of finding good among the Europeans in India, however wretched their accommodations may be in other respects. When the heat of the day was over I returned to my palanquin, and, with my train swelled by the Mysore horsemen, proceeded on my journey.

I did not sleep quite so well this night, for at every stage where we changed bearers all the authorities of the village were in attendance to make their bows and to present flowers and fruit; a civility which I could well have dispensed with. Still better could I have excused the attendance of the musicians whose noise was as odious to me as the squeaking of a slate-pencil or the scraping up of ashes under a grate. Day came at last, and I reached Bangalore.

Bangalore is one of the greatest military stations in India. The Company has at least five thousand excellent troops there, quartered in the neatest cantonments that I ever saw, – quite unlike English barracks. They are low white houses, of one story only, with red tiles, very clean, with

[1] Charles Roberts, Principal Collector and Magistrate of the Northern Division of Arcot; in India since 1807; retired 1838 (Dodwell and Miles, *Alphabetical List of . . . Madras Civil Servants, 1780–1839*, 1839).

[2] Blane (1749–1834: *DNB*), one of the best-known physicians of the time, held important hospital, military, and court appointments.

trees planted before them, and an immense area in the middle covered with grass and railed in. Adjoining to these cantonments, which have something of the look of very neat almshouses are the villas of the principal officers surrounded by small gardens. Here and there a shop has been established with an European name over the door. Through this very agreable scene I passed to the house where I was to be lodged, the house of Colonel Cubbon,[1] Commissioner of Mysore.

And here I must digress again into Indian politics; and let me tell you that, if you will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,[2] the little that I may say about them, you will know more on the subject than half the members of the cabinet. In England they attract scarcely any notice. You must have heard of the Kingdom of Mysore. At least you must have heard of the two famous princes who governed it formerly, Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. Hyder was a Mahometan. The antient Rajahs of Mysore were Hindoos. Their power had sunk almost to nothing. At last Hyder Ali, who had risen from a low situation to the command of their troops usurped the government and put the old sovereign into confinement. Hyder was the cleverest man by far that we have had to encounter in India. We never could do anything decisive against him. He enlarged his dominions on every side, invaded the Carnatic, gave us several defeats, took several of our forts, – one in which my uncle Colin commanded, – and, if he had not died in the midst of a campaign might perhaps have driven us out of Southern India. His son Tippoo hated us bitterly and was as bitterly hated by us. At last Lord Wellesley attacked him with extraordinary vigour. You must have heard of that war. Tippoo was killed. His capital was taken; and his kingdom was completely conquered. We took a large slice of it for ourselves. The rest we gave to the heir of the old royal family which Hyder had deposed. But we made this new Sovereign tributary to us, and we inserted in our treaty with him an article authorising us to assume the government if he administered it ill. The Rajah was a child, and we gave the Regency to a very intelligent native. For a time things went on well. But the Rajah came to man's estate, tried to govern for himself, mismanaged, wasted his treasures, contracted debts, oppressed his people, and at last drove them to insurrection. Then we interfered. We suppressed the insurrection, and took the government into our own hands.[3] The Rajah is accordingly in the same situation with the Nabob of the Carnatic. He resides in his palace

[1] (Sir) Mark Cubbon (1784–1861: *DNB*); in India since 1800, he had in this month been made sole Commissioner of Mysore. He kept the post for the next twenty-seven years. Sir Charles Trevelyan told Cubbon years later that TBM had been 'highly impressed by him and often talked about him' (Humphrey Trevelyan, *The India We Left*, 1972, p. 74).

[2] *Book of Common Prayer*, collect for the second Sunday in Advent.

[3] The Rajah, Krishnaraja Wodeyar, came of age in 1811 and was deposed in 1831.

with royal state. But he has no power beyond the walls of his residence. The whole civil government of Mysore is administered by Colonel Cubbon who reigns, – for that is the proper word, – at Bangalore, over a country probably as large and as populous as Scotland.

He is a very fit man for so high a post. I had heard him highly spoken of at Madras; and even the civilians, though jealous and displeased that a military man should have been appointed to so important a political situation, allowed that he was a person of eminent abilities. Still I was surprised. I had seen several superior men at Madras. But neither at Madras nor in England have I met with a person who struck me more. Not only did he seem to be thoroughly master of his business, and familiar with every part of the military and civil administration of India; but, though he left England at fifteen, and has passed thirty years in the East without once visiting his native country,[1] he was perfectly familiar with European literature and politics, had evidently been an indefatigable reader of good books, and was in short, as Dominie Sampson said of another Indian Colonel, "a man of great erudition, considering his imperfect opportunities."[2] His ignorance pleased me even more than his knowledge. Such a listener I never saw. His eager curiosity, his earnest attention, his quick comprehension, were delightful. We passed three days together. For such is the clumsy mode of travelling in this country that it was impossible to make the arrangements for my journey in less time. I had plenty of amusement both indoors and out of doors. The climate of Bangalore, though not so cool as that of the mountains where I now am, is widely different from that of the plain. The heat was never such as to prevent me from going out except at noon, and at night I found a blanket necessary.

Bangalore is an interesting place on many accounts. Its fort was formerly considered as one of the strongest in India. It was stormed, after a desperate resistance, by Lord Cornwallis's army in one of our wars with Tippoo. It was, when I was there, interesting on another account. One of the petty princes of the country, the Rajah of Coorg,[3] sovereign of a district perhaps as large as Derbyshire or a little larger, had the audacity,

[1] Cubbon died at Suez in 1861 on his return to England, where he had not been in the sixty-one years since he had left it.

[2] Scott, *Guy Mannering*, ch. 51.

[3] Vira Raja, who succeeded to the throne of Coorg in 1820, had been deposed in April of this year. He died in London, 1863. TBM met him at Lord Ellesmere's in 1852: 'There was the Rajah of Coorg – all the vices of an Oriental despot written on his face – or was it imagination? – How odd that he and I should meet in a London rout. When I landed in India in June 1834, the first news that I heard was of his defeat and captivity, and on my way up to the Neilgherries I crossed the victorious army coming down. When I was at Bangalore as Cubbon's guest the Rajah was there as a prisoner. And now we meet at Bridgewater House' (Journal, v, 47–8: 17 May 1852).

a few months ago, to go to war with us. He was indeed a more formidable enemy than you might imagine. His principality lies among the mountains between Mysore and Malabar, which are almost impenetrable. I have seen several of the principal officers who commanded against him, and they all say that a skilful general would have held out for years in such a country. But the truth is that every enemy is formidable in India. We are strangers there. We are as one in two or three thousand to the natives. The higher classes whom we have deprived of their power would do anything to throw off our yoke. A serious check in any part of India would raise half the country against us. At Coorg we were very near meeting with a serious check. After some hard fighting, however, the Rajah's heart failed him, and he surrendered. He had been a horrible tyrant, – had murdered every relation that he had, and had filled his dominions with noseless and earless people. Some of the stories of his cruelty are too shocking to relate. We spared his life. But he is to be kept a state-prisoner in the strong fortress of Vellore. He had arrived at Bangalore on his way, and was in Colonel Cubbon's custody. He talks of his atrocities with wonderful coolness. He said to Colonel Cubbon. "I had a great mind to crucify the messenger whom you sent to me with a flag of truce. What would you have done if I had?" "We should have hanged you to a certainty" said the Colonel. "Exactly. – " said the Rajah – "I thought so. That was the reason that I did not crucify the man."

The fort of Bangalore is handsome and well built. There is a palace within it now almost in ruins, but very like the courts of some of the shabbier colleges at Oxford. The town lies close to the fort, and, like most Indian towns, is surrounded by a strong hedge. The principal shrub in the Indian hedges is the aloe which grows here as abundantly as the thistle in England. These hedges are formidably strong, quite strong enough to keep out those roving marauders who formerly infested the country, nay quite strong enough, as Colonel Cubbon told me, to give very serious trouble even to a regular army. The aloes are so sharp and tough that they will run six inches into a man or a horse. The town within the hedge is large and populous. The houses are about as good as the poorest in Rothley, and not much unlike them. The people seemed very active, and when I passed through the streets, buying and selling was going on at every door.

I was now in so cool a climate that I could without inconvenience travel by day. Accordingly after breakfast on Monday the 23d I took leave of Colonel Cubbon, who told me, with a warmth which I was vain enough to think sincere, that he had not passed three such pleasant days for thirty years; and I proceeded on my journey through Mysore. On the whole I thought the country better peopled and better cultivated as I proceeded.

I went on all night, sleeping soundly in my palanquin. At five I was waked, and told that a carriage was waiting for me. I had told Colonel Cubbon that I very much wished to see Seringapatam. He had written to the British authorities at Mysore, and, as the roads in this part of the country for about twenty miles are unusually good, an officer of the name of White[1] had come from the residency with a carriage to shew me all that was to be seen.

Seringapatam, you probably know, was the capital of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. It sprang up with them and went down with them. For this is often the fate of cities in the East. A powerful prince likes a particular situation. He fortifies it, builds a palace, holds his court there, assembles his army there. His ministers and courtiers cluster round him. An Indian town is easily built. In a few years a vast city rises composed of mud huts thatched with straw, and inhabited by people who live by the wants or the profusion of the Sovereign, his court, and his army. In this way a population of three or four hundred thousand people has been collected round Madras, and probably twice the number round Calcutta. If the seat of our government were changed, probably in twenty years there would not be ten thousand souls in the place which is now the Capital of our Empire. The huts of the natives cost little. The inhabitants leave them easily, and they fall down or are washed away in a few years. This has been the fate of Seringapatam. In the time of Tippoo's greatness it contained, I have heard, a hundred and fifty thousand people. There are now not five thousand. The situation was found not to agree with Europeans. The population, being principally Mahometan, was attached to the dynasty of Hyder, and unfriendly to the Rajah of Mysore whom we had set up. We accordingly placed the seat of the new government at the town of Mysore, eight miles from Seringapatam. Mysore which I believe had fallen into utter decay, has in consequence flourished, and now contains about thirty thousand people, while Seringapatam is deserted.

But Seringapatam has always been an object of peculiar interest to me. It was the scene of the greatest events in Indian history. It was the residence of the greatest of Indian princes. From a child I used to hear it talked of every day. Our uncle was imprisoned there for four years. He was afterwards distinguished at the siege. I remember that there was at a shop window at Clapham a daub of the taking of Seringapatam which, when I was a boy of ten, I used to stare at with the greatest interest. I was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing the place. And, though my expectations were high, they were not disappointed.

The town, as I told you, is depopulated. But the fortress, which was one of the strongest in India, remains entire. The Caveri, a river about as

[1] I cannot identify him among the several Captain Whites in the Madras service.

broad as the Thames at Chelsea, – at least when I saw it; for it is sometimes nearly dry, – breaks into two branches, and surrounds the walls. Above the fortifications are seen the white minarets of a mosque. We entered, and found everything silent and desolate. The mosque indeed is still kept up, and deserves to be so; for it is an elegant building. But the palace of Tippoo has fallen into utter ruin. I saw however with no small interest the air-holes of the dungeon in which the English prisoners were confined, and the water-gate leading down to the river where the body of Tippoo was found still warm by the present Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellington. The exact spot through which the English soldiers forced their way against desperate disadvantages into the fort was still perfectly discernible. Though only thirty five years have elapsed since the fall of the city the palace is in a state of as utter ruin as Tintern Abbey or Melrose Abbey. The courts, which bear a great resemblance to those of the Oxford Colleges, are completely overrun with weeds and flowers. The Durbar, or great audience hall, which was once considered as the finest in India, still retains some very faint traces of its old magnificence. It is supported on a great number of light and lofty wooden pillars resting on pedestals of black granite. These wooden pillars were formerly covered with gilding, and here and there the glitter may still be perceived. In a few more years not the smallest trace of this superb hall will remain. I am surprised that more care was not taken by the English to keep up so splendid a memorial of the greatness of him whom they had conquered. The soldiers were suffered to cover the walls of the palace with all sorts of scrawls, and the officers spoiled one of the finest apartments by making it a mess-room. This was not at all like Lord Wellesley's general mode of proceeding. I soon saw a proof of his taste and liberality. Tippoo built a most sumptuous mausoleum for his father Hyder, and attached a mosque to it which he endowed. The building is carefully kept up at the expense of our government. It lies a little way from the fort. You walk up, through a narrow path bordered by flower-beds and cypresses, to the front of the building which is really very beautiful, and, in general character, closely resembles the prettiest and most richly carved of our small Gothic Chapels. The only fault which I find with it is that it is covered with whitewash, instead of being left in naked granite. It is however very fine, and very well kept up. Within are three tombs, all covered with magnificent palls embroidered in gold with verses from the Koran. In the centre lies Hyder, on his right his wife the mother of Tippoo, and Tippoo himself on the left.

Having seen these things and some others of less interest, we went on to Mysore, and I must say that the country hereabouts seemed to me the most thriving that I have yet seen in India. The resident at Mysore is now commanding in Coorg, and the residency is uninhabited. I was however

conducted to a small house adjoining, where I was received with abundant hospitality, though I cannot say much for my accommodations.

Captain White, the officer who conducted me over Seringapatam and who, in the absence of the resident, was the principal Englishman at Mysore, is certainly not a Colonel Cubbon, but seems a very respectable man, and very seriously, but not fanatically, religious. I met, however, another Englishman at the house where we stopped who accosted me by asking whether I did not think that Napoleon Buonaparte was the Beast, and assured me that he had found out the number 666 in the name of that famous person. I told him that the number 666 had been found in the names of Peter the Great, of Louis the Fourteenth and of Frederic of Prussia. "Ah but," said he, "I can prove this to you. If you write Napoleon Buonaparte in Arabic, only leaving out the letter E in Napoleon and A in Buonaparte, you will find that the Arabic letters, which also stand for numbers, make 666." "Well, Sir," said I, "but I have a much better solution. The House of Commons contains 658 members. These, with the Chaplain, the three Clerks, the Serjeant at arms, the Deputy Serjeant, the Librarian, and the Doorkeeper, who are the principal officers of the House make up 666. I hold therefore that the House of Commons is the Beast." My gentleman stared amazingly at this exposition, and seemed in great doubt whether I was a wicked person or an inspired prophet. He asked me whether I was serious. I told him very seriously that I thought my exposition much better than his. "Pray Sir," said I, "by what right do you leave out all the letters which do not suit you; and why do you suppose that a person writing in Greek to the Greek Churches of Asia should have in his mind the Arabic language, a language probably unknown to him, and certainly unknown to them? Would it not be better to try the Greek letters?" "Oh Sir," said my enlightened divine, "the Greek letters were not used to mark numbers." I had now fathomed the depth of his ignorance, and told him, with the most civil air and tone possible, that people who knew Greek were of a different opinion. Captain White seemed rather to enjoy the discomfiture of his friend, who, to do him justice, bore no malice, and talked about the Indian army and the Coorg war much better than about the Beast. We breakfasted, and had scarcely finished when a message came from the Rajah, begging that I would favour him with a visit, and apologising for not having sent his whole court to escort me into the town. He had indeed sent them, but by a road different from that which we had taken.

I could have wished to avoid an interview with his Highness. I have told you his situation. His power is now in abeyance. Whether it will ever be restored is doubtful.[1] Colonel Cubbon governs the whole of Mysore;

[1] The rule of Mysore was restored to Krishnaraja's adopted son in 1881.

and the Rajah is allowed about forty thousand a year to keep up his Court. He is extremely desirous to be suffered again to exercise his power. My opinion was in England and still is that he ought not to be restored, and that the English ought to keep the administration in their own hands. I did not wish to give him hopes which I had no intention of realizing, or, on the other hand, to speak harshly to a fallen prince. It was impossible, however, to refuse his invitation, and, in a short time, several of his principal nobles arrived to escort me. One of them, an old Mahometan, with a long white beard, had been high in office under Tippoo, and told me that he remembered my uncle's name well.

We went in great state. The whole thing indeed was better managed than at the Court of the Nabob of the Carnatic. The soldiers were not better dressed or drilled, but their costume was oriental, and had on the whole a striking effect. An elephant richly harnessed, led the procession. Then followed a long stream of silver spears and floating banners. Music, detestable like all the music that I have heard in India, preceded the carriage and the whole rabble of Mysore followed in my train. We came at last to a square surrounded by buildings less shabby than Indian houses generally are. On one side was the palace. The Durbar fronted the square. Like the other Durbars in India, it is open in front, and supported by pillars. A curtain of patchwork colours, red and blue predominating, hung in front. The pillars were gaudily painted and carved, and the whole look of the thing was like that of a booth for strolling players on a large scale. I was ushered by several of the grandees into the private room of audience. Everywhere I saw that mixture of splendour and shabbiness which characterises the native courts. I very nearly broke my neck over a step in a dark passage dirtier and lower than any communication between a kitchen and a coal-hole in England, and at last I scrambled into his Highness's presence.

The room in which he received me was very singular. Imagine a low square chamber, lighted by a high sky light. In the middle of the chamber was a square space surrounded, for no earthly purpose that I could imagine, by a low wooden rail. At one end was the throne blazing with gold and covered with embroidered cushions. Below the throne was a handsome chair on which his highness sate or rather squatted like a tailor. A chair for me was placed beside him.

The whole room had the look of a toyshop. Everything was like Tunbridge ware. The roof, the walls, the pillars, the railing, were of wood cut into little knobs, cups, and points, coloured and varnished. The floor was carpeted. Whatever was not painted and carved wood was pier glass, and the glasses reflected the room backward and forward in such a way as to

make it seem a perfect universe of knick knackeries. His Highness would be a tolerably good looking man, if he had not a trick which is very common here of always chewing betel nut. He keeps such a quantity of it in his cheek that his face looks quite distorted, and the juice of it makes his mouth a very unpleasing object.[1] He talked with prodigious rapidity and vehemence, scarcely ever allowing his interpreter to get to the end of a translation without bursting out again. His theme was, as I had expected, his own situation. He implored my help. He was, he said, the child of the Company. He was not, like their other tributaries, a conquered enemy. We had taken him from a prison, when he was a child. We had seated him on a throne. We might do what we would with him. He would not murmur. If we did bad – so the interpreter rendered his words – he would say good. Then he called his children, two sons and a daughter of about ten or twelve, very richly dressed, introduced them to me, and recommended them to my protection. I have since learned that the children are not legitimate, and will probably not be suffered to succeed him even if he should be restored to his power. I had a difficult part to play. I answered however with every sign of respect that I was convinced that the Government would spare his Highness's feelings as much as possible, that I would serve him in every thing consistent with my duty, that I was highly gratified to hear him express such strong attachment to the English government, and that, in the worst event, I was convinced that he would have everything that could conduce to his personal comfort and dignity. I felt indeed much pity for him and some shame for my country. He has little reason to thank us. Lord Wellesley took him, it is true, when a child, from a prison and set him on a throne; but Lord Wellesley never thought of the duty which he incurred by taking that course. Lord Wellesley never bestowed one moment's reflection on the moral and intellectual education of the boy whom he had made a King. The Rajah was, as he said, the child of the British. We were answerable for his bringing up. And we left him in the hands of the most superstitious and ignorant flatterers. With very considerable natural abilities and with, I am told, many real good qualities, he has reached manhood without having acquired a taste for anything but toys, fine clothes, betel-nut, and dancing girls. If he had been put, like Sarabojee[2] the late King of Tanjore, under

[1] A letter from Madras in the *Bengal Hurkaru*, 25 August 1834, reports a story current about TBM's visit to the Rajah: 'the drogman not being very skilful in his renderings of Canarese with English, Mr. M. understood his plaints of loss of power and shorn dominions to apply to his cheek (enormously distended with betel) which appeared swollen with severe pain, and when the Rajah was looking for condolence on his fallen estate – he was assured with every feeling of sympathy that "the swelling would soon go down".'

[2] Sharaboji, Raja of Tanjore (d. 1833), had been a pupil of the Protestant missionary Christian Schwartz (see *to* Margaret Cropper, 10 August).

good tuition, if such a man as Doctor Buchanan[1] for example had been charged with his education, if he had been made an accomplished English gentleman, what a different aspect his court would have exhibited. I quite approved of Lord William's conduct in taking the government from so incapable a prince. But I could not forget, while the poor fellow was bemoaning himself to me, that, if we had done our duty by him in the first instance, we never should have been forced to depose him. The past is irreparable. But whatever power I have shall be exerted to prevent the repetition of such fatal errors in future. To give a person immense power, to place him in the midst of the strongest temptations, to neglect his education, and then to degrade him from his high station because he has not been found equal to the duties of it, seems to me to be a most absurd and cruel policy.

The Rajah insisted on shewing me his pictures, and, if he had been master of the Vatican or of the Florentine Gallery, he could not have been vainer of his collection. It consisted of about a dozen coloured prints, exactly like those which are hung round the parlours of country inns in England, "Going to Cover" – "In at the Death" – "The battle of Waterloo", and so on. After I had expressed proper admiration of his taste and magnificence, and proper joy at finding so discerning a patron of the arts in the East, his Highness, in great elation, ordered the piece which was the glory of his collection to be brought forth. It was preserved with care in a gilded case, and proved to be a head of the Duke of Wellington, as large as the life. I would swear that it had hung on a sign-post in England. I commanded my countenance as well as I could, and followed his highness into his closet, a little room which had more of an English look than any that I had seen in India. It was crowded with English furniture, carpets, sofas, chairs, glasses, tables, and a dozen clocks of ivory and gilt metal. It was not much unlike the drawing room of a rich, vulgar, Cockney cheesemonger who has taken a villa at Clapton or Walworth, and has shewn his own taste in the furnishing of the apartments.

The Rajah now left me to the care of his chief courtiers, who offered to shew me over the palace. Above all they begged me to see the regalia

[1] Claudius Buchanan (1766–1815: *DNB*), a protégé of the first generation of the Clapham Sect; went to Bengal as a chaplain, became Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William, and actively promoted the idea of Christian missions in India. After reading Pearson's *Life* of Buchanan in 1857 TBM wrote: 'I remember him well. There was a certain greatness about him which I have seldom seen in any class – something of Napoleon – a boldness, an originality, a largeness of conception, together with a little or rather not a little fanfaronade and humbug. He was quite a peculiar man, unlike the other members of that Evangelical party of which I saw so much in those days. I was only fourteen when he died. Yet I see him and hear him, as if I had been with him this morning' (Journal, xi, 115–16: 11 May 1857).

of their master. A chest was brought, and the ornaments were produced. There was a rich coat of gold stuff with buttons of garnet, a kind of aigrette for the turban blazing with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, a dagger with a hilt covered with jewels, and several strings of pearl. The value of the whole must be very great. Indeed when his Highness assumed the government more than twenty years ago, he found himself in possession of a revenue, I believe, of seven or eight hundred thousand a year and of a treasure of between two and three millions sterling which had been laid up by the able minister who conducted the affairs of Mysore during the minority. The treasure is gone; a debt has been incurred; and these playthings are all that his Highness has to shew for it.

It was not enough that I had admired his Highness and his Highness's clothes. Love me, love my dog. Admire me, admire my horse. So his Highness's state-horse, a fine white Arab was caparisoned in his best suit and brought out to me. The saddle, bridle, stirrups and every other part of the harness blazed with gold and with stones, which, if not really precious, were very well imitated. Having seen his Highness's clothes, and his Highness's horse, I was favoured with a sight of his Highness's Gods, who were much of a piece with the rest of his establishment. The principal deity was a fat man with a paunch like Daniel Lambert's,[1] an elephant's head and trunk, a dozen hands, and a serpent's tail.

When I had seen all that was to be seen and had received the usual presents of perfumes, flowers, and fruit, I departed in the same state in which I had arrived, dined with my English hosts, and after dinner set out on my journey again.

I slept all night very soundly. When day broke I found that we were entering the vast jungle which lies at the foot of the hills of Malabar. I can give you no notion of the beauty of the scene. For thirty miles we went on through a forest of the richest verdure which spread on every side till it was bounded by a range of lofty mountains. The scene, beautiful as it is, has its drawbacks. It is very unhealthy, and, if I had passed through it in the night, would very likely have given me a fever. There are other dangers. Tigers now and then carry off a traveller, or a wild elephant sets his foot on him and crushes him as flat as a pancake. I saw however no animals more dangerous than monkeys who ran about the trees like the squirrels in England.

At about ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday the 25th I stopped at a bungalow – the first at which I had been compelled to halt, and the meanest that I had ever seen. These bungalows are something like caravanserais. They are houses of one story, unfurnished or almost un-

[1] Lambert (1770–1809: *DNB*) was the fattest man in England, weighing 739 pounds at death. He lived in Leicester, where TBM may well have seen him.

furnished, in which a traveller may have shelter from the sun and rain. Food, attendance, a bed, and so forth, he must find elsewhere, or go without them. This bungalow was built of mud and thatched with straw. Its furniture consisted of one wooden table and one wooden chair. The village in which it stood was a collection of wretched huts. There were cows and fowls however. And I had brought sugar, tea, and biscuits. In about an hour my servant brought me breakfast, eggs, a curried chicken, and a large bowl of warm milk. With these and with my tea and biscuits I made a very good meal. At about noon I again entered my palanquin, and began to ascend the mountains.

The bearers are a very fine race of men. They climbed without pausing, except to relieve each other: but we were several hours in ascending the steep acclivity. The magnificence of the scenery which opened on me as I mounted is really beyond description. Imagine the vegetation of Windsor Forest or Blenheim spread over the mountains of Cumberland and you will have some notion, an inadequate notion, of what I saw. The road as we approached the summit of the hills became wilder and wilder. We passed the dead bodies of several animals which had probably been killed by wild beasts. Over one carcase half a dozen enormous vultures as large as turkies were revelling, and had picked it almost to the bone. When we were on the top of the hills the vegetation had changed its character. I saw again the fern and the heath of England, or plants so like them that I could see no distinction. The grass which in the plains below is brown and very scanty was as thick and as richly green as in the meadows of Leicestershire in a wet spring. The temperature was that of England, or rather cooler.

At last we came to a Bungalow where I found that I was to sleep. This place was a little better than that in which I had breakfasted. It had stone instead of mud, and tiles instead of thatch. Lord William had sent people to prepare a dinner for me, and logs were blazing in the fire-place of the largest room. It was the 25th of June, Midsummer exactly, and only 13 degrees from the Equator, and yet I was forced to heap on wood, and to draw close to the hearth.

After eating a hearty dinner and drinking a pint of very good wine which Lord William had sent in abundance I went to bed in my palanquin. For there was no other place to sleep in. The bearers who had brought me up the hill were to take me on the following day. At five June 26th we were again on the road, and went on for five hours through a hilly country, without many trees but covered with thick green grass. I scarcely saw during these five hours a single sign, except the road on which we trod, which marked that any human being had ever been among those mountains before us. There were no villages, no cultivation going on, and in a space of eighteen miles I do not remember that we

overtook or met any traveller. We passed a river by an odd sort of contrivance on a raft fastened to a rope. At last at about ten o'clock dwellings began to appear, and very soon Ootacamund was before me.

Do you know the history of this place? It was discovered about fifteen years ago that the climate in these hills is as fine as that of any country in the temperate zone. Accordingly invalids have frequently resorted hither, and the place has gone on increasing. It has now very much the look of a rising English watering place. There are many scattered dwellings, a few with porticoes and other architectural decorations, but most of them pretty cottages of one story only, white, and roofed with neat red tiling, or thatched. The hills form a sort of basin with a small lake in the middle. A Gothic church has been built here, and one or two shops have been set up. Altogether the coolness, the greenness of the grass, the character of the houses both without and within, is quite English. The place is 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, twice as high, I should imagine, as Snowdon or Benlomond; for my whole journey from Madras hither has been an almost continued ascent.

The largest house is occupied by the Governor General. It is a spacious and handsome building of stone. To this I was carried, and immediately ushered into his Lordship's presence. I found him sitting by a fire in a carpeted library. He received me with the greatest kindness, frankness, and hospitality, insisted on my being his guest, ordered me breakfast, and entered at once into business.[1] He is, as far as I can yet judge, all that I have heard, – that is to say, rectitude, openness, and good nature personified. His abilities, though not quite on a level with his moral qualities, seem to be highly respectable.

Here I stop for the present. I shall continue my letter in a few days when I come to understand the ways of the place.[2]

TO THOMAS FLOWER ELLIS, 1 JULY 1834

MS: Trinity College. *Address:* T F Ellis Esq / 15 Bedford Place / Russell Square. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Partly published:* Trevelyan, I, 369–73; 374.

Ootacamund July 1. 1834

Dear Ellis,

You need not get your map to see where Ootacamund is: for it has not found its way into the maps. It is a new discovery, a place to which

[1] TBM took the oaths of office and his seat in Council on the next day, 27 June (Letters Received from India and Bengal, 1834–5, I, 27 June 1834: India Office Library).

[2] The letter is continued on 6 July.

I must stop. When I begin to write to England, my pen runs as if it would run on for ever. You shall soon hear from me again and pray let me hear often from you. Malkin, I hear, is very well.[1] I shall press him to pay me a visit at Calcutta in the cold season.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Ellis. Tell me when you write how all your household are going on. Remember me to Adolphus – Drinky – and our other circuit friends.

Ever yours affectionately
T B M

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 6 JULY 1834[2]

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Extract published:* Trevelyan, I, 377.

[Ootacamund] July 6. 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I must now conclude my long letter. I have not very much to add to it. I have been ten days here, and my time flows on in the most monotonous manner. The way of life however is not disagreable. The country is decidedly colder, though this is midsummer, than Scotland in April or September. I burn fires in my bed-room and sitting-room, dress pretty warmly, and have already had a slight cold in my head since my arrival. The thermometer over the chimney-piece is at 65°. It was 95° in the shade at Madras. Is it not strange that we should be able to pass in a few hours from the climate of India through all the intermediate stages to that of Russia. You may select the temperature which you like best on these hills – Italy – France – Devonshire or Scotland. The founders of Ootacamund chose the coldest of all.

Still we are now and then admonished that we are within thirteen degrees of the line, and that a vertical Sun at noon is a serious matter. It is better on a shiny day not to stir out between ten and two: and it is curious that, though the weather here in July is as cold as in an English spring or autumn, no snow has ever been known to fall here even in the depths of winter. Geraniums and some other plants which require protection in England flourish here in the open air.

There are other marks less agreable of our vicinity to the Equator. The tigers prefer the situation to the plains below for the same reason which takes so many Europeans to India. They encounter an uncongenial climate for the sake of what they can get. Ootacamund is the only inhabited spot within many miles. Its flocks and herds tempt the wild beasts

[1] He was appointed Recorder of Penang, 1832.
[2] This letter is the continuation of 27 June.

to leave warmer, but less plentiful situations which lie below. There is no danger to an European who does not wander imprudently into the wilderness, which I am not likely to do.

I am Lord William's guest. But I am not in the same house with him. I am in a charming little cottage, Barley Wood in miniature.[1] It is quite buried in geraniums and yellow flowers very like laburnam. Here I have a very comfortable sitting-room and bed room quite à l'Anglaise. Besides my half-caste servant whom I told you of, I have a large suite: and half a dozen bearers are always in attendance in case I should want my palanquin, which I find very useful when it rains; and it rains, at the season, eighteen hours in the twenty four.

The Governor General's family and guests form a large party. Here is Mr. Macnaghten,[2] Chief Secretary to Government, a very great man in India, I can tell you, and deserving of his place which ranks highest next to the members of the Council, – Colonel Casement,[3] Military Secretary, also a very important and a very deserving functionary, – the Governor General's private Secretary, Mr. Pakenham,[4] who has been extremely kind and attentive to me, – another Secretary who attends on the Governor General in his Character of Commander in Chief, – two aides-de-camp, one of them a very lively, pleasant, young soldier, and much smitten by one of the pretty girls who are come up to recover their bloom in these hills, – Dr. Turner,[5] my Lord's medical man, skilful, I dare say, and honest, but not a very pleasant companion, a furious Jacobin, and a very noisy and boisterous professor of infidelity. My Lord, though an aristocrat by birth, and an orthodox believer, tolerates all his surgeon's eccentricities, and only insists on his attending service and sermon, – a kind of regimen which, I must say, judging from present appearances, seems likely to do more harm than good.

These, with myself, make up Lord William's household. There are

[1] According to S. C. Sanial, TBM's house was called Woodcock Hall ('Macaulay in Lower Bengal,' *Calcutta Review*, CXXIII [April 1906], 297n).
[2] (Sir) William Henry Macnaghten (1793–1841: *DNB*), in India since 1809 and in the Bengal Civil Service since 1814, an authority on law and Oriental languages; Secretary to Government in the Political and Secret Departments, 1833–7. Macnaghten, who had advised Lord Auckland to intervene in Afghanistan, was murdered by the Afghan chiefs with whom he was negotiating during the British retreat from Kabul.
[3] Colonel Sir William Casement (1778–1844); he was appointed to the Supreme Council in 1839.
[4] Thomas Pakenham (1787–1846) was private secretary to Bentinck from 1829 and returned with him to England in 1835.
[5] John Turner (1788–1852), Indian Medical Service, 1816–38. According to Hannah's Memoir, TBM at Ootacamund 'amused himself with making the staff read Clarissa Harlow, and triumphed especially in its effects on the medical man of the party, an old harsh Scotchman, a violent Atheist, and contemner of all sentiment. After crying and almost howling over the last volumes, he was too ill to appear at dinner' (p. 60).

many other people in the hills – some of high importance – Sir Frederic Adam, Governor of Madras, an extremely amiable companion, a brave soldier, and a staunch Whig; – Colonel Morison,[1] who succeeded our uncle as Resident at Travancore, who preceded Colonel Cubbon as Commissioner of Mysore, and who has just been promoted to a seat in the Supreme Council, being the first military man who ever sate in it. Morison has a very great Indian reputation, but he hardly supports it, I think. However, I have as yet seen very little of him. Sir Robert O'Callaghan,[2] the Commander in Chief of the Madras army, and Sir John Dalrymple,[3] who is the general commanding one division of that army, have also been here. There are many others of inferior note. I meet every day with riding parties, which have also much the look of flirting parties, consisting of smart English damsels escorted by young officers, and with nurseries of fine, chubby, rosy, children, looking as well as I hope your dear little boy looks, and looking the better for the foils which accompany them in the shape of coal-black nurses and bearers.

Should you like to know how I pass my day here? One day is the picture of another. I rise at half after six, take a cup of coffee, dress, and, if the weather will permit it, walk for two hours. At nine we breakfast. From breakfast to five in the afternoon, I am writing minutes or letters, discussing business, paying or receiving calls. At five, unless it rains, which is the case oftener than I would wish, I take a long walk, generally with Macnaghten, Pakenham, and one or two others. At a little before seven I return to dress. At half after seven I go in my palanquin to his Lordship's house to dinner; and I am always in bed by ten. Nobody here eats tiffin; and I am glad to find that it is a decaying fashion. I particularly dislike it, and am pleased to learn that it is going out.

I have not yet heard from Hannah since her arrival at Calcutta. The slowness of the post is one of the greatest torments in India. You might hear at Liverpool from New York in less time than it requires to convey a letter from Bengal to these hills. For all purposes of communication Stanley[4] is quite as near to Canada or Jamaica as Lord William to his own seat of government. I have no expectation of receiving news about Hannah for another week.

I shall probably remain here till past the middle of September. I shall then go to Madras in the hope of finding a conveyance to Bengal before the Monsoon changes. By the 15th of October I hope to rejoin Hannah at

[1] Colonel Sir William Morison (d. 1851: *Boase*), in the Madras Establishment since 1799; member of Supreme Council, 1834–7.
[2] O'Callaghan (1777–1840: *DNB*), a Peninsular veteran, Commander at Madras, 1830–6.
[3] Dalrymple (d. 1835), commanded the southern division of the Madras Establishment.
[4] I.e., the Colonial Secretary.

Calcutta. But before that time I shall doubtless have opportunities of writing to you. For the present, my love, farewell.

Ever yours
T B M

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 10 AUGUST 1834

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Extracts published:* Trevelyan, I, 364; 375–6.

Ootacamund August 10. 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I suppose that you have received my last letter from these hills.[1] It went by the Claudine from Madras on July the 27th. This letter will go by the Sesostris which will sail in about a week. Lest any mischance should have befallen my large packet of last month, I will very briefly recapitulate the contents. I told you how I saw the Nabob of the Carnatic in all his glory – how sadly Nancy and I parted and set out different ways, she to the Bishop at Calcutta, and I to join the Governor General on the mountains of Malabar, how I travelled through Arcot and Bangalore, how I visited Seringapatam and saw my uncle's dungeon and the ruins of Tippoo's palace, how I was honoured with an audience by the Rajah of Mysore, and what I thought of his establishment, how I came up to these hills and how kindly I was received here by Lord William. I shall now take up my story where I left it off. But I may say, I am afraid, with the needy knife-grinder – "Story – God bless you – I have none to tell, Ma'am."[2] For if ever there was a month of my life barren of incident, it has been this last. Llanrwst, Tunbridge-Wells, the Asia, were amusing places compared with Ootacamund. You have no conception of the dulness and monotony of life here. I have books, and I have public business to transact: but still time hangs heavy on my hands; particularly as the Bengalese gentlemen who form the Court of the Governor General feel the tediousness of their stay here far more than I do, and never meet at breakfast in the morning, or part after coffee at night, without ejaculating "What a stupid place this is! When shall we be at Calcutta!" A watering place was always an object of especial aversion to me. And this is the worst of watering-places. It is so rainy that during the last month I have not been able to walk for two hours. It is so distant from the civilized world that we think ourselves happy, if the post from Calcutta arrives on the sixteenth day.

[1] Margaret did not live to receive any of TBM's Indian letters: she died two days after this one was written.
[2] George Canning, 'The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder,' in the *Anti-Jacobin*, Number 2.

These hills were discovered only about twelve or fifteen years ago, and are certainly invaluable as a place of resort for invalids. The climate indeed is so cold that constitutions broken by the heat are often unable to stand it: but in many cases it has a wonderfully restorative effect. I have had excellent health during my stay here. Once indeed I had an attack of sore throat. But the enemy was soon dislodged by flannel and hartshorn. My native servants are coughing and shivering all round me. I have bought them thick woollen clothing, however; and they look rather less miserable than they did six weeks ago when they were exposed to the temperature of an English November in garments no warmer than an English shirt.

The climate of these hills is particularly injurious to people who have a tendency to liver-complaints. One of the aides-de-camp of Lord William died of an abscess which appeared as soon as ever he came up to the table-land, and advanced to maturity so rapidly that it was impossible to send him down. This was a little before my arrival. I have had a very melancholy proof of the same truth under my own eyes. Did I not mention to you in my last letter my half-caste servant, Peter Prim? He was well recommended to me at Madras, and quite deserved the recommendations which were given to him. Poor fellow! On the day on which we set out on our journey to the hills he told me that he was a Catholic, and added, crossing himself most devoutly and turning up the whites of his eyes, that he had recommended himself to the protection of his patron, Saint Peter, and that he was quite confident that we should perform our journey happily and in safety. I thought of Ambrose Llamela – do you remember him? – Gil Blas's devout valet, who arranges a scheme for robbing his master of his portmanteau, and, when he comes back from meeting his accomplices, pretends that he has been to the Cathedral to implore a blessing on their journey.[1] I did Peter great injustice however: for I found him a very honest man, though a bit of a prig.

Poor man! Before we had been in the hills a fortnight he became very ill. He concealed his disease for a time, and made light of it even after I had insisted on his keeping himself quiet and seeing a physician. He became worse and worse, and, at last, it was discovered that an abscess was forming in his liver. I did what I could for him. The physician however had very little hope from the beginning. A rich sort of hotel-keeper who lives here and who is making a great deal by the Governor General and his suite is a half caste and Catholic, like poor Peter; and shewed a very pleasing sympathy for his brother in affliction. This hotel-keeper has built a small chapel near Ootacamund for the Catholics who are numerous hereabouts. When Peter became very ill, I sent my palanquin for the

[1] Book 1, ch. 16.

priest. The priest came, a tall venerable looking man with a black beard. He could not talk a word either of English or Latin, so that I was utterly unable to judge whether Peter was likely to be much benefited by his instructions and consolations. He confessed my poor man, absolved him, and gave him the last sacraments of the Romish Church. The struggle continued however for near ten days more. The sick man's room opened into mine, and I heard his gaspings and moanings plainly through the door. At last, after a hard battle, he sank. I ordered him to be decently buried. The Catholics of the neighbourhood assembled at my bungalow and carried him to their cemetery in a very decorous and solemn manner. I cannot tell you how curious an effect was produced by the contrast between their oriental dresses and complexions and the European character of their rites. They all carried crosses in their hands; and in their chaunt I could repeatedly distinguish the word Yesu – Jesus. I do not know whether they performed the service in Latin or not. If they did their pronunciation is very strange. They praised my attention to the poor fellow; and I saw a letter from one of them in which I was called *the benefactor of my servant*. This says but little for the general conduct of masters in India. For I did absolutely nothing more than common humanity required, and had been sometimes inclined to fear that I had done less.[1]

As I have mentioned the Catholic population, I must add that, by all that I can learn, I am led to believe that the Catholics are the most respectable portion of the native Christians. As to Schwartz's[2] people in Tanjore, they are a perfect scandal to the religion which they profess. It would have been thought something little short of blasphemy to say this a year ago. But now it is considered as impious to say otherwise. These people have got into a violent quarrel with the Bishop and the missionaries. The missionaries refused to recognize the distinctions of caste in the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and the Bishop supported them in the refusal. I do not pretend to judge whether this was right or wrong. Swartz and Bishop Heber conceived that the distinction of caste, however objectionable politically, was still only a distinction of rank; and

[1] TBM tells this story, or something like it, as a hypothetical case in his essay on Gladstone 'A Protestant gentleman is attended by a Catholic servant, in a part of the country where there is no Catholic congregation within many miles. The servant is taken ill, and is given over. He desires, in great trouble of mind, to receive the last sacraments of his Church. His master sends off a messenger in a chaise and four, with orders to bring a confessor from a town at a considerable distance. Here a Protestant lays out money for the purpose of causing religious instruction and consolation to be given by a Catholic priest. Has he committed a sin?' (*ER*, LXIX, 272).

[2] Christian Frederick Swartz, or Schwartz (1726–98: *DNB*), German Protestant missionary, among the earliest in India; he eventually concentrated on the mission at Tanjore. A *Life* of Schwartz, by the Evangelical Hugh Pearson, appeared in three volumes, 1834.

that, as in English Churches the gentlefolks generally take the sacrament apart from the poor of the parish, the high-caste natives might be allowed to communicate apart from the Pariahs. Whoever was *first* in the wrong, however, the Christians of Tanjore took care to be *most* in the wrong. They called in the interposition of the Government, and sent up such petitions and memorials as I never saw before or since. Such folly, arrogance, spite, falsehood, hypocrisy, were never known. Their remonstrances are made up of lies, invectives, bragging, cant, texts of Scripture quoted without the smallest application, and bad grammar of the most ludicrous kind. I remember one passage by heart, which is really only a fair specimen of the whole. "These Missionaries, my Lord," they say, "loving only filthy lucre, bid us to eat Lordsupper with Pariahs as lives ugly, handling dead men, drinking rack and toddy, sweeping the streets, mean fellows altogether, base persons, contrary to that which Saint Paul saith – 'I determined to know no thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.'"

Was there ever a more apposite quotation. I believe that nobody on either side of the controversy found out a text so much to the purpose as one which I cited to the Council of India, when we were discussing this business. "If this be a question of words and names and of your law, look ye to it: for I will be no judge in such matters."[1] But though, like Gallio I drave these petitioners from my judgment seat, I could not help saying to one of the missionaries who is here on the hills that I thought it a pity to break up the Church of Tanjore on account of a matter which such men as Swartz and Heber had not been inclined to regard as essential. "Sir," said the reverend gentleman, "the sooner the Church of Tanjore is broken up the better. It is a mere blot on Christianity. You can form no notion of the worthlessness of the native Christians there." I could not dispute this point with him: for, judging by their memorials, which were signed by many priests and catechists, I was inclined to be much of his opinion. But I could not help thinking though I was too polite to say, that it was hardly worth the while of so many good men to come fifteen thousand miles over sea and land in order to make proselytes who, their very instructors being judges, were more children of hell than before.

I have not yet seen much of the idolatry of India, and the little which I have seen, though excessively absurd, as all idolatry must be, is not characterised either by atrocity or indecency. But I have as yet no right to pronounce a judgment. Nothing of the sort is to be seen at Ootacamund. I have not during the last six weeks witnessed, to the best of my recollection, a single circumstance from which you could have inferred that this was a heathen country. There is no pagoda here to my knowledge, and

[1] Acts 18:15; the next sentence is the substance of the next verse.

there are Christian Churches both Protestant and Catholic. The bulk of the natives here are a colony from the plains below who have come up hither to wait on the European visitors, and who seem to trouble themselves very little about caste or religion. The aboriginal population of these hills is a very singular race. They are called the Todas. They attracted no notice till within the last few years. The coldness of this ridge which attracts Europeans to it kept away the races who governed here before us. Neither Hyder or Tippoo, I believe, ever troubled themselves about the people who lived on the top of the Neilgherries. They are all herdsmen. They are in the lowest state of ignorance and barbarism. Their only wealth consists in cattle. They are thinly scattered in little villages of five or six huts each over a country as large as Westmoreland, or larger. They were till very lately the only occupants of this country, and their whole number is believed to be short of two thousand. They had a great funeral a little while ago, and some of Lord William's suite went to see the ceremony. I should have gone had it not been a council-day. But I found afterwards that I had lost nothing. The whole ceremony consisted in sacrificing bullocks to the manes of the defunct. The butchery was, I learned, sufficiently disgusting and the roaring of the poor victims quite horrible. The people, men and women, stood round talking and laughing till a particular signal was made: and immediately all the ladies lifted up their voices and wept aloud. As I have not lived three and thirty years in this world without having learned that a bullock roars when he is knocked down, and that a woman can cry whenever she chuses, I do not imagine that I should have enlarged my information much by attending this ceremony.

What a rambling, unconnected letter this is! But what would you have? I am in a wilderness which affords no material for connected narrative. A dinner is a great event here. Now and then some invalid of importance who has a house on the hills gives an entertainment, and this breaks a little the monotony of our life, particularly if the party be graced by one of the two or three pretty girls who are at Ootacamund, and for whom Lord William's aides-de-camp are ready to pistol each other and themselves. For my part, I did not keep my liberty in Berkeley Square and Curzon Street to lose it on the Neilgherries.

Hannah's letters are among the most interesting events of my life here. She is safe and well at Calcutta. Though the season is generally considered as very unhealthy she has been free from all ailments. She tells me that she looks very well, and that the Doctors pronounce her made for this climate. She is now with the Bishop. When the Bishop goes on his visitation she is to be with Lady William Bentinck[1] who, my Lord says,

[1] Née Lady Mary Acheson, daughter of the first Earl of Gosford: 'A more amiable and excellent woman never existed in the world' (Greville, *Memoirs*, 7 May 1843: v, 90).

has taken a very great liking to her. They are very gay at Calcutta, and the Bishop puts no restraint on Nancy. She goes with Lady William to Balls and Operas, and would have gone to the French play, but that she thought it better to read the performance before she saw it. It happened to be Tartuffe, and, having read it, she was not inclined to attend the representation of it.

This is a stupid letter. My next, I hope, will be more amusing. I am about to change the scene. On the 1st of September I shall leave the hills. The Governor General and his suite will be here a month longer: but he can spare me; and I am very desirous to rejoin Nancy, and to be comfortably settled in our Indian home. I shall go to Madras by the same road by which I came from it. I should have preferred taking a different route and seeing Trichinopoly and Tanjore, places which I shall probably never have another opportunity of seeing. But the doctors say that the Bangalore road is the most healthy at this season: and I submit. My next will probably be dated from Madras, where I shall be within a month from this time. I shall sail from Madras to Calcutta by the first ship that has good accommodations.

This letter, my dearest Margaret, I mean as a sort of general epistle to the family. I shall send you a series of such epistles, and I wish you to let my father, Selina, Fanny, Charles, and George, if he cares for them, see how I am going on. / Ever, dearest Margaret,

Yours most affectionately
T B Macaulay

TO SELINA AND FRANCES MACAULAY, 10 AUGUST 1834

MS: Trinity College. *Address:* The Miss Macaulays. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Partly published:* Trevelyan, I, 373–4.

Ootacamund August 10th. 1834

Dearest girls,

I received last week two of the kindest letters that ever were written, both dated on the 21st of March. You will have heard before you receive this of our adventures, of our safe arrival at Madras, and of our very disagreable separation. Hannah went on by sea to the Bishop at Calcutta, and is now figuring away there at balls and operas under the kind chaperonage of Lady William Bentinck. I was forced to come up by land to join the Governor General in the midst of the mountains of Malabar. I am now in this little village, on the top of a mountainous chain twice as high as the highest Scotch hills, – wrapped in clouds and streaming with rain during half the year, – and surrounded for many miles by a wilderness inhabited only by elks and tigers.

I sent last month a full account of my journey hither and of the place to Margaret, as the most stationary of our family, desiring her to let you all see what I had written to her. I think that I shall continue to take the same course. It is better to write one full and connected narrative than a good many imperfect fragments.

I had a letter from Hannah to day. The post is sixteen days in running from Calcutta to these hills, – a longer time by half than a courier takes to go from Naples to London. She was in excellent health and spirits when she wrote – that is on the 24th of July. I am as well as ever I was in my life. I eat and drink heartily, am always asleep before I have been ten minutes in bed, and am always up within ten minutes after I wake.

In about three weeks I shall leave the hills and proceed to Madras. Thence I shall go by sea to Calcutta, where I hope to arrive about the end of September or the beginning of October.

Money matters seem likely to go on capitally. My expenses, I find, will be smaller than I anticipated. The rate of exchange – if you know what that means – is very favourable indeed: and, if I live, I shall get rich fast. I quite enjoy the thought of appearing in the new character of an old hunks who knows on which side his bread is buttered, – a warm man – a fellow who will cut up well. This is not a character which the Macaulays have been much in the habit of sustaining. But I can assure you that, after next Christmas, I expect to lay up on an average about seven thousand pounds a year while I remain in India.

At Christmas I shall pay Edward what I owe him, and shall send home a thousand or twelve hundred pounds for you, my father, and Charles. George will be your banker. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me to find that I shall be able to do this. It reconciles me to all the pains – acute enough sometimes, God knows – of banishment. In a few years, if I live, – probably in less than five years from the time at which you will be reading this letter, we shall be again together in a comfortable, though a modest, home, certain of a good fire, a good joint of meat, and a good glass of wine, without owing obligations to any body, and perfectly indifferent, at least as far as our pecuniary interest is concerned, – to the changes of the political world. Rely on it, my dear girls, that there is no chance of my going back with my heart cooled towards you. I came hither principally to serve my family, and I am not likely while here to forget them.

Kindest love to Charles. Why does he not write to me? I write to my father [. . . .][1]

[1] The bottom half of the last leaf of the sheet has been torn away.

TO LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, [AUGUST? 1834][1]

MS: University of Nottingham.

[Ootacamund]

My dear Lord,

What was done when Lord Wellesley and Lord Cornwallis were at sea on the passage from Calcutta to Madras? What was done while your Lordship was at sea a few months ago? Those precedents may be followed, as far as the executive functions of the Supreme Government are concerned. As to legislation, the sittings of the legislature are suspended in England six months in the year, and may surely be suspended in India for three weeks without serious inconvenience.

I doubt whether the question deserves much consideration. / Ever, my dear Lord,

Yours truly
T B Macaulay

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 3 OCTOBER 1834

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Address:* Mrs. E Cropper / Messrs. Cropper Benson and Co / Liverpool. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Extracts published:* Trevelyan, I, 376; 378–81.

Calcutta October 3. 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I mean this for a general epistle to all the venerable circle, as Miss Byron would have called it. Before it reaches you, you will, I hope, have received the letters which I wrote to you from Ootacamund. The last was sent by a ship which sailed from Madras, if I remember right, on the 19th of August. Since that time I have had no opportunity of writing. I have travelled a good deal by land and sea, and have seen very much more than I shall be able to find time to relate.

I staid on the hills of Malabar till the end of August. Nothing could be duller. The rain streamed down in floods. It was very seldom that I could see a hundred yards before me. There were no books in the place except those which I had brought up with me. As to my companions, their faces reflected only each other's ennui. They pined for Calcutta, just as a town-beauty married to a country curate, would pine for Almack's and the Opera. I really thought that we should have had to cut Macnaghten down

[1] This note is TBM's reply to a query from Bentinck as to who will exercise the functions of the government on land while the Supreme Council is at sea from Madras to Calcutta *en route* from Ootacamund. Bentinck's note enclosing the query asks 'Is the question worth considering . . .?' (MS, University of Nottingham). TBM's reply was obviously written sometime between his arrival in Ootacamund on 27 June and his departure on 31 August.

from the beam of his ceiling, and to fish Colonel Casement out of the tank. I bore the dulness of the place better than any of the party; and yet I never was so dull in my life.

At length Lord William gave me leave of absence. My bearers were posted along the road. My baggage was sent off. My palanquins were packed. My debts were paid. Every thing was ready. I was to start next day, when an event took place which may give you some insight into the state of laws, morals, and manners among the natives.

I told you that my servant Peter died after I had been on the hills about a month. He was succeeded by a man from Bangalore – a Christian – such a Christian as the missionaries make in this part of the world, – that is to say a man who superadds drunkenness to the other vices of the natives. I should hardly have ventured to say this formerly. But late events have cleared up truths which had long been concealed: and I believe that the missionaries and the Bishop himself will now acknowledge that their converts are among the most worthless members of society in India.

My servant had been persecuted most unmercifully by the servants of some other gentlemen on the hills for his religion. At last they contrived to excite against him, – whether justly or unjustly I am quite unable to say, – the jealousy of one of Lord William's under-cooks. We had accordingly a most glorious tragicomedy – the part of black Othello by the cook aforesaid, – Desdemona by an ugly impudent Pariah girl, his wife, – Iago by Colonel Casement's servant, – Michael Cassio by my rascal. The place of the handkerchief was supplied by a small piece of sugar-candy which Desdemona was detected in the act of sucking, and which had found its way from my canisters to her fingers. If I had my part in the piece, it was, I am afraid, that of Rodrigo, whom Shakspeare describes as "a foolish gentleman," and who also appears to have had "money in his purse."[1]

On the evening before my departure my bungalow was besieged by a mob of blackguards. The native judge whose business it is to try cases of this kind, under the controul of the English authorities, came with them. After a most prodigious quantity of jabbering of which I could not understand one word, I called the judge, who spoke tolerable English, into my room, and learned from him the nature of the case. I was, and still am, in utter doubt as to the truth of the charge. I have a very poor opinion of my man's morals, and a very poor opinion also of the veracity of the accusers. It was however so very inconvenient for me, at setting out on a journey of four hundred miles through countries of which I did not know the language, to be deprived of my servant, that I offered to settle the business at my own expence. This would, under ordinary circumstances, have been easy enough. For the Hindoos of the lower castes

[1] Cf. *Othello*, I, iii, 389, and I, iii, 344.

have no delicacy on these subjects. The husband would gladly have taken a few rupees and walked away. But the persecutors of my servant interfered, and insisted that he should be brought to trial, in order that they might have the pleasure of smearing him with filth, beating kettles before him, carrying him round the town on an ass with his face to the tail, and giving him a good flogging. As I found that the matter could not be accommodated, I begged the judge to try the cause instantly. He would gladly have done so. But the rabble insisted that the trial could not take place for some days. I argued the matter with them very mildly. I told them that judge, parties, witnesses, were all present, – that there could be no reason for not deciding the matter immediately, – that I must go the next day, – and that, if my servant was detained, he would lose his situation, which would be very hard upon him, if, on investigation, he appeared to be innocent. They were obstinate. They returned no answer to my reasons, but threatened the judge, and repeated that my servant should not be tried for three days, and that he should be imprisoned in the meantime. I now saw that their object was to deprive him of his bread, whether he turned out to be guilty or innocent. I saw also that the gentle and reasoning tone of my expostulations made them impudent. They are in truth a race so much accustomed to be trampled on by the strong, that they always consider humanity as a sign of weakness. The judge told me that he never heard any gentleman speak such sweet words to the people in his life. But I was now at the end of my sweet words. My blood was beginning to boil at the undisguised display of rancorous hatred and shameless injustice. I sate down and wrote a line to the Commandant of the station, under whose controul the administration of justice is placed. I begged him to give orders that the case might be tried that very evening. He instantly sent the necessary directions. The court assembled; and continued all night in violent contention. At last the judge pronounced my servant not guilty. I did not then know, what I learned some days after, that this respectable magistrate received twenty rupees as a bribe on the occasion.

The beaten party were furious, as you may imagine. The husband would gladly have taken the money which he had refused the day before. But I would not give him a farthing. The rascals who had raised the whole disturbance were furious at being disappointed of their revenge. I had no notion however that they would have gone such lengths as they did go.

My servant was to set out at eleven in the morning. I was to follow at two. We had made this arrangement in order that he might arrive before me at the bungalow where I was to sleep, and might make every thing ready. His palanquin had scarcely left the door when I heard a noise. I looked out. And I saw that the gang of blackguards who had pestered me

the day before had attacked him, pulled him out, torn off his turban, stripped him almost naked, and were, as it seemed, about to pull him to pieces. I snatched up a sword-stick, and ran into the middle of them. It was all that I could do to force my way to him: and really, for a moment, I thought my own person in danger as well as his. But this was a mistake. Even in their rage, they retained a great respect for my race and station. I supported the poor wretch in my arms. For, like most of his countrymen, he is a chicken-hearted fellow, and was almost fainting away. They surrounded us storming, and shaking their fists, and would not suffer me to replace him in his palanquin. But my honest barber, a fine old soldier in the Company's army, and a great admirer of me, as soon as he saw me in this scrape, ran to the Governor General's and soon returned with some police officers. I ordered the bearers to turn round, and to proceed instantly to the house of Colonel Crewe,[1] the Commandant.

I was not long detained here. Nothing can be well imagined more expeditious than the administration of justice in this country when the judge is a Colonel and the plaintiff a Councillor. I told my story in three words. In three minutes the rioters were marched off to prison, and my servant with a sepoy to guard him was fairly on his road and out of danger. Though he is, I fear, a very worthless fellow, he seemed deeply affected by my exertions in his defence. He cried, prostrated himself on the ground, and put his turban into my hands. I had and have great doubts about his innocence on this occasion. But I am sure that the persecution which he underwent was prompted by religious malignity, and that the last attack on him, after he had been legally acquitted, was a gross and intolerable outrage. I did not then know that the judge had been corrupted: and even if I had known it, such is the state of Indian morality that there would have been nothing uncommon or disgraceful in the transaction.[2]

I had acted through this whole business without assistance or advice from any person. Indeed the emergency came so suddenly that I could not send for any body. When I went up to the Governor General's to take my leave, Lord William and all the party were surprised and indignant at

[1] Col. Richard Crewe (1782?–1836), in the East India Company's service since 1802.

[2] A rather different version of this story was remembered and told against TBM in India to demonstrate his ignorance of the country. TBM is represented as having given the native judge a florid testimonial in writing, calling him his 'zealous, his intelligent, his immaculate friend, distinguished for his penetration and high legal acquirements.' TBM's servant is reported to have said to the judge: 'The charge is true enough, but I wanted the woman not for myself, but for my master.' When TBM learned that the judge had been corrupted and that his servant was guilty, he fired the servant but could not touch the judge, who frequently displayed TBM's testimonial to the visitors to Ootacamund (*Bengal Hurkaru*, 31 May 1836). In cruder versions of the story, the charge of seduction is said to have been made and proved against TBM rather than his servant.

the outrage which had taken place. It is very seldom that such a thing happens in this country when an European functionary of high rank is concerned. But the rabble of Ootacamund is remarkable for profligacy, ferocity and impudence.

I took leave of all my friends on the hills with many expressions of good-will. There are two for whom I have really a very great regard, Lord William and Macnaghten the Secretary of Government. Lord William absolutely insisted on my making the Government House my residence at Calcutta, till I could find a convenient place of abode.

I had forgotten, oddly enough, to mention that Henry Babington and his wife[1] arrived on the hills some days before my departure. I liked them both much and saw much of them. She is a woman of agreable manners, and, in spite of ill health, of agreable person. He seems to make her a very good husband. He has a fair – indeed a high – character for ability and attention to his public duties. I desired him to let me know when any situation fell vacant which he might desire to have. If I can, I will serve him. His relationship to me has already, I hope, been of use to him. I have just learned with great pleasure that Lord William has selected him to be one of three civil servants who have been commissioned to report on the internal customs and transit duties of India. It is not improbable that in the discharge of his functions he may find it necessary to visit Calcutta and to become our guest. The office itself is not permanent, and may not be very lucrative. But it is a noble opportunity. The subject is of prodigious importance. And if Henry acquits himself well, he will be quite on the high road to preferment. In justice to Henry I ought to tell you that he owes the notice of Lord William chiefly to his own good character, and that, unless he had been a man of merit, his connection with me would not, I am quite certain, have been of the smallest use to him. Whether he comes to Bengal or not, Nancy hopes that his wife will pay her a visit during the approaching cold season.

Now to my journey. At twelve on the 31st of August my servant set out from Ootacamund to Needobutta – , a distance of eighteen miles. I followed at two. I was six hours in running this stage. I think that, in a former letter, I described to you the mode of travelling. There are twelve bearers to each palanquin – six at a time. They walk or trot relieving each other. On a good road they go from four to five miles an hour. But the road along the ridge of the Neilgherries is very indifferent: and two months of incessant rain had marred it most fearfully. We had to cross ten or twelve mountain streams which rose above the girdles of the men. The fog was thick round us. The rain poured down in torrents. I had a

[1] Henry was now a Sub-Collector and Magistrate in the northern division of Arcot. He had married Sarah, daughter of General F. Disney, in 1830.

new publication of Theodore Hook's with me – Love and Pride,[1] – which I had picked up at a sale of some deceased officer's effects on the hills. This amused me while the day light lasted. But we had to light torches long before we arrived at the bungalow where I was to sleep. I had slept here before in going up from Madras. I knew therefore how miserable the accommodations were: and I would gladly have gone on. But it is thought very dangerous to pass through the great jungle at night. And therefore I submitted to my fate. That fate might have been worse. A very honest friend of mine who has passed a year or more on the hills, Mr. Ironside,[2] Member of the Council of Bombay, had very kindly, without telling me his intentions, sent a servant forward with provisions to cook me a dinner. I found a miserable barn with stone floor and naked walls. But I found also a heap of logs blazing, a beef-steak smoking, a bottle of ale bubbling and another of Sherry by its side. I made a hearty dinner, finished a volume of my novel, and lay down in this wilderness. My bearers and my servant's bearers, twenty four in number altogether, slept round me without any partition between them and me.

The next day rose, like almost all the days that I had seen on the mountains, dark and misty. I breakfasted very tolerably on milk, eggs, bread and butter, and set out at about half after eight. I was now to descend from the tops of the Neilgherries to the table land of Mysore. You can form no conception of the change. After going down for about half an hour, we emerged from the immense mass of cloud and moisture in which I had been buried for two months, and the immense plain of Mysore lay before us, – a vast ocean of foliage on which the sun was shining gloriously. I am very little given to rant about the beauties of scenery. But I really was moved almost to tears. I jumped out of my palanquin, and walked in front of it down the immense declivity. In about two hours we descended about three thousand feet – the height of Helvellyn or thereabouts. Every turning of the road shewed the boundless forest below in some new point of view. I was greatly struck by the resemblance which this prodigious jungle, – as old as the world, and planted by nature, – bears to the fine works of the great English landscape-gardeners. It was exactly a Wentworth Park or a Bradgate Park[3] as large as Devonshire.

When we got to the foot of the hill, we entered on the jungle. We had

[1] 1833: years later TBM remembered reading this in the 'palanquin on the road along the table land and afterwards through the great jungle of Mysore' (Journal, VI, 17: 27 December 1852).

[2] Edward Ironside (d. 1839), in the Bombay Civil Service, 1804–37; Member of the Council of Bombay, 1833–7. He had been pressed into Bentinck's improvised council at Ootacamund.

[3] Near Rothley Temple.

to run thirty six miles through this vast forest, which has a very bad name for tigers and elephants. I know several people who have been in danger there. But I met with no molestation. The jungles of India are dreadfully unhealthy. It is necessary to run through them by day, and with all speed. Even a native who passes a night in them is in great danger of catching a bad fever. But though they are by no means salubrious, the scenery is gloriously beautiful. I was for several hours passing through a succession of spots which might have been parts of the garden of Eden. – Such gigantic trees I never saw. In a quarter of an hour I passed hundreds the smallest of which would bear a comparison with any of those oaks which are shewn as prodigies in England. The grass, the weeds, and the wild flowers grew as high as my head. The sun, almost a stranger to me for two months, was shining brightly. When, in the afternoon, I got out of my palanquin and looked back, I saw the huge mountain ridge from which I had descended about twenty miles behind me, still buried in the same mass of fog and rain in which I had been living for weeks.

It was late in the evening before we got out of the jungle, and entered the inhabited country of Mysore. I stopped to dine, after a sort, at a bungalow, – a much neater place than that which I had slept in the preceding night. I procured a few mutton chops. I had brought bread with me, and I drank a bottle of pale ale. Having thus refreshed myself I entered my palanquin again. It was now quite dark. I soon fell fast asleep: and did not wake till day-break when I found myself in the streets of the town of Mysore.

There had been some mistake about the posting of my bearers; and I was forced accordingly to stay here about two hours. I had a very comfortable breakfast with an officer who was in command of the Company's troops at the station, and with his wife – a very civil lady, who asked me repeatedly whether my tea was agreable. I told you in a former letter the adventures that befel me at Mysore on my journey up to the hills, – how I had an interview with the Rajah, – how I saw all the finery of his court, – and, as Mrs. Meeke would say, every etc. etc. I had no mind to undergo the court ceremonial again, and I hoped that I might have been able to go through the capital incognito. But the princes and courtiers of the dependent states have a quick scent for a great European functionary. I had not been at Mysore ten minutes when I received a message from the Rajah begging to see me. I excused myself on the ground of haste: and he was pleased to accept my apologies graciously. He sent one of the princes of the blood, who speaks English very decently, to attend me during my short stay, and honoured me with presents of flowers, fruit, and atar of roses, after the fashion of the country.

The illustrious person who was in attendance on me amused me very much. He had never been out of Mysore, and his questions about England were very diverting. He said that he had heard that the English roads were very good. I confirmed this. "Who makes the roads? – " he asked. "Is it the King's Majesty." – No – I said – the King has nothing to do with our roads. "Oh then," said he, "I suppose it is the Company." I tried – but quite in vain, I suspect, to explain to him that the Company – a power which in India seems to be irresistible – which put his kinsman on the throne of Mysore and pulled him down from it – has in England just as little power as the Grocer's Company or the Merchant Tailors' Company.

At about ten in the morning of the 2nd of September I started again. My palanquin had been sent forward to Seringapatam, which is the next stage, and the Rajah of Mysore, – the Highness as his cousin called him, – furnished me with one of his own English made barouches for that part of the journey. The road between Mysore and Seringapatam is one of the few roads in India which are suited for wheel-carriages on springs. I sent you a full account of Seringapatam in a former letter. I saw nothing new this time. But I was, if possible, more struck than before by the contrast which the extent and strength of the fortification and the magnificence of some of the buildings present to the miserable state of the crumbling and uninhabited streets. Forty years ago the town contained probably a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. There are not now five thousand.

We ran on all day and all the following night, stopping only once for half an hour at a bungalow where I made an excellent dinner on a biscuit, half a dozen fresh eggs, and a bottle of ale. I slept sound during the night. Indeed the motion of the palanquin and the peculiar chaunt of the bearers always have a very lulling effect on me. What they sang I could not imagine. There is a great difference in their note in different provinces. In the Mysore, I have since learned, they generally chaunt extemporaneous eulogies on the person whom they carry, interspersed at intervals with sounds between grunting and howling. Sir John Malcolm who was unusually well acquainted with the native languages, made out the burden of one song which they sang while they carried him. "There is a fat hog – a great fat hog – how heavy is is – hum – shake him – hum – shake him well – hum – shake the fat hog – hum." Whether they paid a similar compliment to me I cannot say. They might have done so, I fear, without any breach of veracity.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 3d of September I was comfortably seated in Colonel Cubbon's house at Bangalore. With him I passed three or four very pleasant days. I described him to you in a letter from the hills. I think him one of the ablest and most pleasing men that I have found in India.

If I had to chuse my place of residence in this part of the world it should, I think, be Bangalore. The place stands three thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. It is therefore agreably cool during the greater part of the year. I have been there both in June and September, and found that even in those months, which are very hot in most parts of India, I was able to take exercise at all times except in the very middle of the day. The situation is central. In forty eight hours you may be on the tops of the Neilgherries for health. In forty eight hours you may be at Madras for business. So ready is the communication from Bangalore to every other part of Southern India that in one of our discussions in Council, Lord William, Sir Frederic Adam, and Colonel Morison, all distinguished military men, agreed that whoever holds Bangalore holds India south of the Kistna from sea to sea. The society is, I suppose, better than at any other place in the Presidency of Madras – Madras itself excepted. There is a large military cantonment and an important civil establishment. Many invalids also go up from the sea-coast for their health. I do not find however that the mortality is smaller here than in other parts of India. Indeed in this country caution is everything. The care which people take of themselves in unhealthy places and seasons compensates for the superior salubrity of other places and seasons. Every body at Calcutta leads the life of a valetudinarian, eats, drinks, and sleeps by rule, notes all the smallest variations in the state of his body, and would as soon cut his throat as expose himself to the heat of the sun at noon. At Bangalore a man feels himself as healthful and active as in England. He takes liberties. He drinks his two bottles at night, walks two miles at twelve o'clock in the day, has a coup-de-soleil, – and is in the churchyard in twenty four hours.

I left Bangalore late in the evening of the 7th of September, and ran to Madras without stopping except for a few hours in the heat of the day, after I got into the Carnatic. I reached Madras as the sun was rising on the morning of Wednesday the 10th of September. A carriage of the Governor's met me a few miles from the town and carried me to the Government House. Here I found my old friends Captain Barron and his wife, who, in Sir Frederic's absence, superintend the household. They were as kind as possible. I was soon comfortably lodged in my old rooms: and, after breakfast, I made inquiries about the ships which were then lying in the roads bound for Calcutta.

The largest and best was the Broxbournebury, under the command of a Captain Chapman, a brother-in-law of my friend Macnaghten, the Chief Secretary to the Government.[1] Macnaghten had begged me to go with his relation, if I could contrive it. I therefore sent for the Captain, and

[1] Alfred Chapman, captain of the *Broxbournebury*, married Caroline Macnaghten in 1826.

engaged a passage in a very good cabin, which had been vacated by a lady whom he had brought to Madras. The cabin was part of the poop. I furnished it, – not as I furnished my little room in the Asia, – but in the very simplest manner. One strong table served for dressing and for writing. A large brass basin which I had used on my journey and two jars of the same metal contained water for my ablutions. The couch of my palanquin sufficed for a bed. We were not likely to be many days on the water, and at this season of the year carpeting and curtaining would have been mere annoyance.

I passed my time at Madras very pleasantly till the 16th of September, when I went on board. I heard, just before embarking, that a schism had taken place in the ministry at home – that several resignations had been sent in – and that more were expected.[1] I did not obtain full information as to the particulars. But the general nature of the event could not be mistaken. I had foreseen it many months ago: and it was quite clear to me, from Lord John Russell's speech on the Irish Church, delivered early in May,[2] that the crisis was at hand. I have even now very imperfect information as to particulars. But it seems to me that the new arrangements are very far indeed from being what they ought to have been. Indeed, with the exception of Rice's appointment,[3] nothing that has been done pleases me. Abercromby[4] ought to have been brought into the cabinet, and perhaps Sir Henry Parnell.[5] I have very little hope that the ministry as now composed will be able to stand a year: and I shall be much surprised if Lord Lansdowne and some others do not leave it before long.

I think I described Madras fully to you in my first letters. I have little or nothing to add. I kept very quiet during the week which I passed there on my return from the interior, and saw hardly any body except the Governor's household, and the Archdeacon[6] who is a great favourite of mine.

On the evening of Tuesday the 16th I went on board the Broxbournebury.[7] I was carried through the surf in a native boat. But I think I have already described all that to you. I was honoured with a farewell salute of fifteen guns from Fort St George, and greeted by as many from the

[1] The ministers divided over the question of Irish tithes; Stanley, Graham, Richmond, and Ripon resigned at the end of May.
[2] 6 May: *Hansard*, 3rd Series, XXIII, 664–6.
[3] He became Secretary for War and Colonies in place of Lord Ripon.
[4] James Abercromby (1776–1858: *DNB*), afterwards first Baron Dunfermline, was appointed President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint in July, with a seat in the cabinet. He was Speaker of the House of Commons, 1835–9.
[5] Parnell (1776–1842: *DNB*), afterwards first Baron Congleton, Whig M.P. in the Irish interest; Secretary at War, 1831–2; Paymaster-General under Melbourne.
[6] Robinson.
[7] The *Broxbournebury* sailed from Madras on the 18th.

Broxbournebury. I found my cabin tolerably comfortable. I had laid in two dozen bottles of soda water, a little sherry, a little sugar, and a few limes; – so that I was able to bid defiance to thirst. Captain Barron sent on board a large supply of fruit and fresh vegetables from the Governor's garden.

I amused myself during this short voyage with learning Portuguese; and made myself as well or almost as well acquainted with it as I care to be. I read the Lusiad, and am now reading it a second time. I own that I am disappointed in it. But I have so often found my first impressions wrong on such subjects that I still hope to be able to join my voice to that of the great body of critics. I never read any famous book which did not, on the first perusal, fall below my expectations, except Dante's poem and Don Quixote, which were prodigiously superior to what I had imagined. Yet in those cases I had not pitched my expectations low.

I did not like Captain Chapman quite so well as Captain Bathie. By the bye poor Bathie is dead. He died of fever here more than a month ago.[1] He has left a wife and children, all whose fortunes, I am afraid, are afloat in the Asia. I feel most acutely for them. He was an excellent officer, and a kind and honorable man. Nancy speaks in the warmest terms of his attention to her after our separation at Madras.

But to return to Captain Chapman. He is a very good navigator, and manages to have the business of his ship done very well, with less noise and scolding than I ever heard even in much smaller vessels. He seems to be very humane and conscientious. But he is a shallow, fanatical, fellow, a believer in the tongues, and in all similar fooleries. He brought out a missionary to Madras with whom he had long and fierce theological contests. He is famous for the care which he takes to prevent flirtations among the young ladies and gentlemen whom he carries out. They sate separate at table; and I was told at Madras that, in order to prevent them from giving any signs of partiality under the table, he had buckets, painted alternately white and green, into which all his passengers were forced to put their legs. This was a lie, as you may suppose. It is true, however, that he would not allow dancing and that psalm-singing was the only amusement of the poor girls on board. He is, in short, a good sort of man who understands his profession, but who is not overburdened with brains. In person he is very like Sir Robert Inglis.

We had a remarkably fine passage up the Bay of Bengal – at least for the time of year. The voyage in September is often more than a fortnight. We performed it within a week. At two in the morning of Tuesday the 23d we saw the floating light which marks the entrance of the Hoogley. At break of day we procured a pilot. At noon we saw the island of Saugur; and by dinner time we anchored for the night at Kedgeree.

[1] He died at Calcutta, 1 September.

The following morning we weighed anchor, and proceeded up the river with wind and tide in our favour. We had a most unusually good run. The day was fine and not oppressively hot. The banks of the Hoogley were far prettier than I had expected. Indeed I think that justice has never been done to them. They are low. But they are of the richest green, well wooded, and sprinkled with pretty little villages. They are far superior, I am sure, to the banks of the Thames or the Humber. I was a little surprised to find Bengal more verdant than Leicestershire in a moist April. But I came at the end of the rains; and the bright, cheerful, silky, green of the rice-fields was in all its beauty. The least agreable part of the scenery was the river itself. It comes down black and turbid with the mud collected in the course of fifteen hundred miles. For many leagues out to sea the water of the Ocean is discoloured by the filth which the innumerable mouths of the Ganges pour into it. The Hoogley often brings down with it great masses of jungle, whole trees, and acres of shrubs and brambles. We passed several of these floating islands. But this is not the worst. The boiling coffee-coloured river swept several naked corpses along close to our ship. This ghastly sight would once have shocked me very much. But in India death and everything connected with it become familiar subjects of contemplation. And habit is a much better strengthener of the nerves than philosophy. Six months ago I could not have believed that I should look on with composure while the crows were feasting on a dead man within twenty yards of me. If we had taken one of the fine houses at Garden Reach which are close to the river, we should have been forced to keep a man whose only business would have been to push away the corpses from our garden into the stream.

We had so quick a run up the river that by dinner time – that is at five or a little later – we were within fifteen or sixteen miles of Calcutta. Here we met a steam vessel going down. It had been sent to meet me, as soon as the telegraph had announced that I was in the river. I dined on board the Broxbournebury and when she anchored for the night, I went on board the steamer. I invited two or three passengers who were very desirous to reach Calcutta immediately, to accompany me. We found however that the tide was strong against us, and that little could be done till midnight. I took a comfortable nap of two hours; and at twelve went on deck. Soon after we began to move. The moon was past the full, but was very bright, and the night was calm and beautiful. At about two we came in sight of the villas of Garden Reach, which looked, I dare say, the prettier for being seen indistinctly peeping from amidst groves of trees. It was about half past three when the steam vessel reached the landing place. A boat was in waiting to land me. A palanquin was instantly sent down from the government house: and before four o'clock I was again

with dear Nancy. I found her in excellent health and spirits, looking well and pretty, and bearing the climate as well as I: – for nobody can possibly bear it better.

I may as well say a little here about my health. I shall this week have been in India four months. Two of those months I passed on the Neilgherries, where the climate is the same with that of the Scotch Highlands or nearly so. The rest has been spent almost entirely travelling, or at Madras, or here at Calcutta. The time at which I arrived in Bengal is generally considered as the most unhealthy in the whole year. Indeed Nancy wrote to press me not to leave Madras so soon. But I did not think it right to remain at a distance from her, after the public duties which called me to the hills had been performed, merely in order to avoid a danger to which she was exposed. I came hither accordingly: and I never was better in my life. I have not swallowed five pills since I reached India. My appetite is good; my sleep is sound; I can do anything here that I could do in England, except taking strong exercise in the heat of the day. This season has been, I hear, a very favourable one. I hear also that new comers often get on better during their first year than afterwards. But as yet the climate agrees perfectly with me. I do not think that I ever had better health in England than I have here. I am sure that during the Session of Parliament I was never so well as I am at present.

And now that I have brought you to Calcutta I will close this long letter. In my next I will give you an account of the place and of our way of life. I will only add that nothing can exceed the kindness of Lady William Bentinck both to Nancy and to me.

With love to everybody believe me, dearest, ever yours

T B Macaulay

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 8 OCTOBER 1834

MS: Morgan Library.

Calcutta Octr. 8 / 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I send you a long letter, the contents of which I wish you to impart to my father, the girls, etc. etc. I shall send a few lines to my father under cover to George.

Nancy and I are in excellent health. Every thing looks well. The climate suits me perfectly as yet. Money comes in much faster than it goes out. In a month or six weeks I shall be able to remit something handsome to England, although I have to be at the expense of furnishing my house, and of providing plate and equipages. Four years, if I am fortunate – five years if I am unlucky – and I shall be preparing for my return to dear England and to dearest Margaret.

Many thanks, my love, for the affectionate letters which I have received from you. I rejoice to hear so good an account of the dear little boy. He will, I hope, be able to read about Frank and the plum-cake or about the cherry-orchard,[1] when I have him next on my knee.

Kindest love to him and to Edward.

Ever yours, my darling

T B Macaulay

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 10 OCTOBER 1834

MS: Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. E Cropper. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay.

[Calcutta] Octr. 10. 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I have this instant received a most affectionate letter from my darling: – and at the same time I have learned that a ship, of which I had not heard, sails for Liverpool to night. I shall therefore put up the long letter which I had prepared for you. I shall not have time to write to any body else by this conveyance. Pray let my father, the girls, and George know that we are in excellent health and send them my narrative when you have done with it. Love to them all, and to Charles, who I hope will be quite competent to treat my liver when I return home. I have no time to add any thing. Again and again dearest farewell.

T B M

[1] Maria Edgeworth's *Frank* (see 1 June 1833) and 'The Cherry Orchard' from her *Early Lessons*.

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 17 OCTOBER 1834

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Address:* Mrs. E Cropper / Messrs. Cropper Benson and Co / Liverpool. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Extracts published:* Trevelyan, I, 419; 420–1.

[Calcutta] October 17. 1834

Dearest Margaret,

I sent you a long letter a few days ago by a Liverpool Ship called the Tyrer. In that Letter which I wish you to send to my father and to George I gave you a regular narrative of my descent from the Neilgherries to Madras and of my voyage from Madras to Calcutta. I now take up my story where I dropped it.

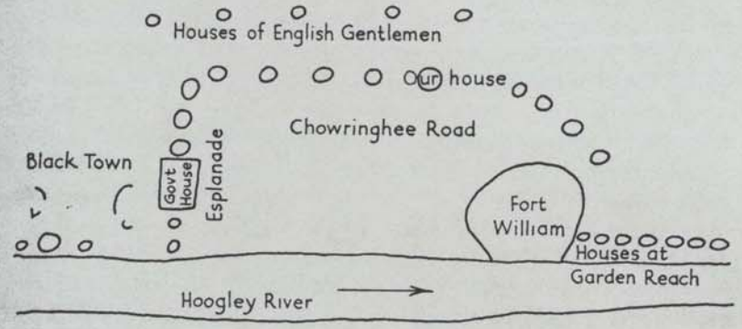
It was near four o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 25th of September when I reached the Government House, and found my way with some difficulty, – not a soul understanding a word of English, – to dear Nancy's room. I sate an hour by the side of her bed talking over a small part of the ten thousand things that we had done and seen during a separation of more than three months. I found her surprisingly well and cheerful. After a long chat I went to my own apartments. But I did not think it worth while to go to bed, as morning was breaking. As soon as the first gleam of daylight was discernible, a salute of fifteen guns thundered from Fort William to announce my arrival to the good people of the capital. Soon I perceived carriages, palanquins, and people on horseback hurrying backward and forward in all directions. For this is the hour of exercise at Calcutta. The view from my windows was not unlike that from the houses in Park Lane. There is a large space, covered with turf, intersected by roads, and with a few trees scattered about it, round which the finest houses of Calcutta are built. Suppose Hyde Park to be this space: for they are much of a size: suppose the Knightsbridge road to be the Hoogly: suppose Fort William to occupy the place of Kensington Gardens: then the Esplanade in which the Government House stands would answer to Park Lane; and the Chowringhee Road in which our house[1] is situated would answer to Connaught Terrace.[2] This space was the first view which I saw from the windows of my apartments in the Government House. I shall know the prospect pretty well before I leave it finally, I am afraid.

The Esplanade, the Chowringhee Road, and the streets immediately adjoining are the May Fair or Faubourg St Germain of Calcutta. They are the quarters of the English aristocracy. There are, indeed, many fine houses

[1] TBM's house in Calcutta was at 33 Chowringhee; it was taken over for the Bengal Club in 1845. A new building was erected on the site in 1908 and was partially razed in 1970 to make room for a skyscraper.

[2] This description is contradicted by TBM's map, below; I cannot guess why he has reversed the positions of Kensington Gardens and Park Lane.

with gardens along the river lower down than Fort William. But during the last year or two that situation has been dreadfully unhealthy, and nobody is willing to reside there. Behind the Esplanade, the Black Town, with a population of nearly half a million of souls, spreads for miles up the river. I will try to scrawl a sort of map. But I cannot observe proportion.



As I have got into a description of Calcutta I may as well go on with the subject. I must premise that I am giving you only my first impressions, – that I know no more of the Black Town, – a town about three times as large as Liverpool, – than what I have seen in a drive by night through one great street, – and that, till the cold season comes, I am not likely to know more of it. I shall therefore tell you only what I think of the English Quarter of Calcutta.

The houses, for the most part, stand separate, each with its own garden and courtyard, or as they are called here compound, – a word derived from the Portugueze *campinho*, – a little field, – at least so say our philologists.[1] The houses are placed very much like those at Kensington Gore. There is a wall and a gate for coaches, and behind the house is generally a small garden.

The houses are all of stone or white plaister, with numerous windows, with a great display of Green Venetian blinds, and generally with porticos and verandahs. Considered as architectural compositions, they have separately no claims to admiration. But the size, the loftiness, the brilliant whiteness, and, above all, the immense number of these large mansions, and the immense profusion of columns, though not always happily disposed, give a certain splendour to the general effect. The coup d'œil is not much unlike that of Regent's Park.

[1] This is the etymology given, e.g., in Heber's journal: Malay *kampong* is now the favored etymology.

The houses are vilely arranged inside. The heat requires that the rooms should be large, and that they should therefore be few. But they all open into each other. There is seldom any way to your library but through your dining room or to your dining room but through your drawing room. The furniture of some of these palaces is deplorably shabby. Our friend Colonel Galloway,[1] for example, who has a very lucrative place, has an immense house with absolutely nothing in it except old dirty matting, and chairs and tables of the meanest sort. The whole, I am convinced, would not sell for fifty pounds, and you would not like to furnish your servants' hall so. But I forget one article of furniture which is unknown in England, but which is to be found in every room here, and which does much to break the vast size of the apartments. It is called a punkah. It is a long board, covered with canvass, and with a flounce like that of a lady's gown hanging from it. It is sometimes twenty feet long, I should think, and about three feet broad. It is hung from the ceiling, so that the fringe just touches the head of a tall man. A rope is fastened to it, which a servant pulls. This great board swings backward and forward, and fans the company most deliciously. Many people have punkahs over their beds, and keep servants pulling all night. The servant need not be in the room. A little hole is sometimes made in the door or the wall, and the rope is passed through. Nancy keeps her punkah pullers at work night and day. I often laugh at her about it. It is constantly: "Punkah – Punkah tund – (that is, *pull the punkah hard*) Punkah tund – Jemildar – Jemildar (The Jemildar is a head servant who speaks English) Jemildar – tell the bearers that if they do not pull harder, I shall stop a rupee out of their month's wages." I bear the heat much better; and am so far from requiring a punkah at night that, unless people are sitting with me, I seldom have mine worked even in the hottest part of the day. But the moment poor Nancy steps into my room, she begins: "Qui hi? Qui hi? Punkah tund – Punkah tund." Who is there? – Who is there? Pull the punkah – Pull the Punkah. Qui hi? – *Who is there?* is the phrase universally used in Bengal to summon Servants. We have no bells, and our servants always lie in the antichambers and passages within call. The Calcutta people are called, all over India, the Qui His. I had often heard the nickname in England; but never understood its meaning.

As I am rambling on in this way, I may as well tell you about the language. The servants at Madras, at Bangalore, and at Ootacamund, have very generally a smattering of English. It seems odd that English should be less cultivated at Calcutta, the seat of Government. But the fact is so. There is a dislike generally felt here towards native attendants who

[1] (Sir) Archibald Galloway (1780?–1850: *DNB*), in military service in India since 1800; he was later a director and chairman of the East India Company.

know our language. And certainly it must be allowed that it is pleasant to be able to say what you will at table without fearing the tongues of servants. The servants indeed are so constantly about us here – fanning us – pulling punkahs – and so forth – that, if they understood all that we might say, we should be under constant restraint. Hannah gets on very well with Hindostanee. Indeed she has been nearly four months at Calcutta. I have only got some of the commonest phrases of which that most in requisition is "Coop tunda pawnee." "Very cold water." Hannah's knowledge of the language has been a hindrance to me. For at breakfast, or when we ride out, she acts as interpreter. When I am by myself I make rapid proficiency.

We have taken a house, but we are not to go into it till the 15th of November. It is said to be the best in Calcutta. Every body praised it so loudly and Nancy liked it so much that I have consented to give 450 Rupees a month for it – a very high rent in the present state of Calcutta. I hope, however, that we shall be no losers. For, if we had taken almost any other house we should have been forced to buy new furniture. But this house is ready-furnished from top to bottom, very comfortably and handsomely; and we are to take the whole at a valuation. The gentleman who is leaving it will also let us have as much of his plate, cutlery, and china, as we chuse to take, at an appraisement which the principal auctioneer of the place is now employed in making. It will be very hard if we do not get ourselves provided with all that we shall want at a much cheaper rate than if we went to the upholsterers and silversmiths.

The house is certainly very handsome. Two rooms, the dining room and the great drawing room, are really magnificent. I have dined there with a party of forty; and there was not the smallest crowding or inconvenience. This is a very great advantage. For there are a hundred and fifty or two hundred people in Calcutta whom it will be necessary for me to invite to dinner once a year: and four ceremonious parties of forty people each cost less, and are less disagreable than eight parties of twenty. As to attendance, there would be no difficulty about that, if I had a hundred guests at once. For every person brings his own servant. Our drawing room is very handsome and spacious. I should think that it must be fifty feet long with windows at both ends, fine sofas, gilded punkahs, and a shining floor which looks like the polished oak-floors at the Temple. In the cold weather a very fine carpet is laid down.

There is a very pretty garden, not unlike our little grass-plot at Clapham, but larger. It consists of a fine sheet of turf with a gravel walk round it, and flower beds scattered over it. It looks beautiful just now after the rains: and I hear that it keeps its verdure through the greater part of the year. It is so well shaded that you may walk there till ten o'clock in the

morning. A flight of steps leads down from my library into the garden. I shall generally walk in it for two hours before breakfast.

The merit of the house seems to me to be in what I have mentioned – the dining room – the drawing room – and the garden. They are the best dining room, the best drawing room, and the best garden that I have seen in any private residence in any part of India. In other respects I do not much admire the house. The rooms are so disposed that I must either sleep in my library, which I mean to do, or walk through the drawing-room every time that I go from my bed-room to my dressing room. Every body here seems to think such inconveniences mere trifles: and the house is generally spoken of as one of the best arranged in Calcutta. Edmonstone[1] who was in the Council and is now in the Direction lived in it. So did Lord Combermere[2] who was Commander in Chief a few years ago; and since Lord Combermere's time it has been enlarged and improved.

I have ordered two carriages – an open barouche for airings, and a close chariot for occasions when the sun or the rain render a covering necessary. We expect our barouche daily. I have agreed with the principal liveryman here to let me have two pair of good carriage horses, with their grooms. They are to be completely found, and all for two hundred and twenty rupees a month. I have taken a coachman of very high character; and a cook renowned through all Calcutta for his skill. He brought me the attestations of a long succession of *gourmands*, and among them one from Lord Dalhousie[3] who pronounced him decidedly the first artist in Bengal. This great man and his two assistants I am to have for thirty two rupees a month.

These are all the arrangements that I have yet made. At present we are very comfortably lodged in a wing of the Government House. I have an antichamber, a large sitting room, a dressing room, and a bed room. My sitting room opens into a large portico which I have all to myself and in which I can walk under cover from the sun and rain. Above me Hannah has rooms corresponding to mine.

My life is passed thus. I rise at six in the morning, and am forthwith attended by two servants – one with a razor and shaving-box – the other with a piece of dry toast and a large cup of coffee. Having been shaved, and having drunk my coffee, I walk for an hour about the portico. I then read or write and dress. At nine I go up to Nancy's sitting room where we

[1] Neil Benjamin Edmonstone (1765–1841: *DNB*), a member of the Supreme Council, 1812–17, and a director of the East India Company, 1820–41.

[2] Stapleton Cotton (1773–1865: *DNB*), first Viscount Combermere, commanded in India, 1825–30.

[3] George Ramsay (1770–1838: *DNB*), ninth Earl of Dalhousie, succeeded Lord Combermere as Commander-in-Chief in India.

breakfast. Three servants wait on us. Another sits on the ground at a distance pulling a punkah over our heads. A tailor is squatted near the punkah-puller in a corner, making up our liveries. These you must understand are not the servants of the Government House, but our own. The room is about twice as large and twice as high as the drawing room in Ormond Street. It has three great windows down to the ground with Venetian blinds, – and three great doors opposite the windows and answering to them in size. These doors are left open for air. The furniture is neat but scanty. One table – one sofa – two or three chairs – are the whole. The floor is covered with a very neat matting which is generally used here. It consists of long stripes, alternately light and dark.

Our breakfast is that of England with the addition of rice, fish, and an omlet. At breakfast the Bengal Papers come in; and we snatch them up eagerly to see whether there are any new arrivals from our dear country. We talk, and laugh, and sometimes read a little: but soon it is time to pay or receive calls, and we are forced to separate.

I have every day many visitors. I have had so many as forty in one morning. Most of the principal people have now been introduced to me: so that I begin to have a little rest. On the alternate mornings I go out for two or three hours to return these calls. Happily the good people here are too busy to be at home. Except the parsons they are all usefully employed somewhere or other; so that I have only to leave cards. But the reverend gentlemen are always within doors in the heat of the day, lying on their backs – regretting breakfast, longing for tiffin, and crying out "Punkah tund" and "Lemonade Serbêt." I have not been so lucky as to find one of them "Not at home."

At two Nancy goes to tiffin with Lady William, and then lies down and takes a siesta. I never eat between breakfast and dinner, and very seldom sleep in the middle of the day. Once or twice when the weather has been very warm, and when I have been up late the preceding evening, I have dozed for half an hour. But in general I read and write till past five, when the carriages come to the door for the afternoon airing.

This drive is never omitted by any body at Calcutta who can afford to keep a carriage, except when the rain renders it impossible to stir out. Our party generally consists of Lady William, Nancy, and myself. We are attended by two of the governor general's body-guard, in blazing uniforms and with drawn swords. It is certainly very agreable and refreshing particularly after a warm day. I think that Bishop Heber speaks too disparagingly of the equipages of Calcutta.[1] Those of the great people are very

[1] 'I am much disappointed as to the splendour of the equipages, of which I had heard so much in England' (Heber, *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India*, Philadelphia, 1829, I, 57: 13 October 1823).

handsome, and the Coachmen and grooms in their laced turbans and sashes make a grotesque but still a striking and shewy appearance. What I complain of is that there is no variety of places to ride in. The course is too much crowded to be pleasant: and I begin to be tired of going over it day after day.

At seven we come back and retire to dress. At eight the evening gun fires and dinner is put on the table. The dining room is a very splendid hall of marble, opening into a semicircular portico. It is delightfully cool. The meat and the cookery are much better than at Madras, and might indeed be considered as very good in London. Fish is the article which a gourmand would regret most. There is no fish in India – at least I have ate none – which can be compared to the fourth-rate or fifth-rate fish of Europe. A good whiting or a good haddock would appear as great a luxury here as the finest mullet or John Dory in London. The mango fish, which is the best of those that are caught in the Hoogley, is not now in season. I am assured that it is like an English smelt: and, if that be true, I am sure that it well deserves to be considered as the greatest delicacy in the fish-market of Bengal.

As I am on the subject of the *cuisine*, I may as well say all that I have to say about it at once. The tropical fruits are wretched. The best of them is inferior to our apricot or our gooseberry. I never touch them. But the gardeners here succeed very well in pease, beans, cauliflowers, asparagus, and many other vegetables. I remember, when I was a child, that I had a notion of its being the most exquisite of all enjoyments to eat plaintains and yams, and to drink palm-wine. How I envied my father for having enjoyed those luxuries! I have now enjoyed them all; and I have found, like much greater men on much more important occasions, that all is vanity. A plaintain is very like a rotten pear – so like that I would lay twenty to one that a person blindfolded would not discover the difference. A yam is better. It is like an indifferent potatoe. If I could not procure potatoes, I should be glad to have yams. I tasted palm wine in perfection at Ennore – a pretty village near Madras where I slept one night. I told Captain Barron that I had been curious to try that liquor ever since I first saw, eight or nine and twenty years ago, the picture of the niggur climbing the tree in Winterbottom's Sierra leone.[1] The next morning at five I was roused by a servant with a large bowl of juice fresh from the tree. This is the time and the way of drinking it: for if it be kept a few hours it becomes a very intoxicating, and to Englishmen a very nauseous beverage. I drank it and thought it very like ginger beer in which the ginger had been very sparingly used. I have no wish to repeat the dose.

[1] Thomas Winterbottom, *An Account of the Native Africans in the Neighbourhood of Sierra Leone*, 1803. Winterbottom (1765?–1859: *DNB*) had been with Zachary Macaulay in Sierra Leone.

As to wine I never drink any but French claret either at dinner or after it. I never taste beer: and I never touch any fermented liquor except at dinner. I reject champagne – and shun cherry-brandy, a favourite mixture here even with the ladies, as I would shun a cobra de capello. Of claret I drink freely at dinner, but not much afterwards. So much for my diet.

Our party always consists of six or eight people. For the aides-de-camp and inmates of the Government House are alone sufficient to make up that number. We generally have several other guests. After dinner we adjourn to the drawing room, take coffee, and very soon disperse to our own apartments.

You will now, I suppose, expect an account of the people with whom we associate. But that subject must wait for another letter. At present I will only say that the kindness and cordiality of Lady William towards us both are beyond description. –

Kindest loves to all. Ever yours

T B Macaulay

TO SELINA AND FRANCES MACAULAY, 19 OCTOBER 1834

Text: Copy, Trinity College. *Extract published:* Trevelyan, I, 422n.

Calcutta October 19th 1834.

My dearest girls,

Since I wrote last I have received very welcome and very affectionate letters from you both. They were the more acceptable as neither my Father nor George has sent us a single line. Charles has written to Nancy, but I wish to hear from him about his professional studies and his views.[1] I will write to him as soon as he sets me the example.

I sent Margaret a long and full account of my adventures from the time of my leaving the hills to my arrival here by a ship called the Tyrer which sailed last week. I have now sent her another large packet, containing a description of my life here. These letters I intend you to see. She will send them to you when she has read them: and I have very little to say beyond what they contain.

We are both very well, and as cheerful and comfortable as exiles can be. We have a splendid house, two carriages, an army of servants: we shall give dinners of forty and Balls of three hundred. But my tastes are not oriental. And I long to find myself in some snug house near Russell Square or Cadogan Place, able to give a home to my family, and secure of a small competence, let who will be in or out.

[1] In November of this year Charles accompanied his father to Paris, where Charles set to work studying dissection (Charles Macaulay to George Babington, 14 November 1834: MS, University of London).

I am dunned unmercifully by place-hunters. Frederic Schuler has written to ask, for old acquaintance sake, that I will ask Sir Frederic Adam to put his son on the Staff of the Madras Army.[1] But the oddest application that I have received is from that impudent rascal Felix Fortier,[2] who is somewhere in the interior. He tells me that he is sure that prosperity has not changed me, that I am still the same John Macaulay who was his dearest friend, – his more than brother, – and that he means to come up and live with me at Calcutta. If he fulfils his intention I shall have him taken before the police magistrates. I hope however that my silence will discourage him from coming.

Selina told me that Dr. Chambers was supposed to be at the point of death.[3] I have rummaged all the Newspapers for a month subsequent to the date of her letter, and I do not find him in the list of the deceased. I hope that he has got over his accident.

And now that I am mentioning a Doctor, I will tell you how we manage here about Medical Advice and Physic. Nobody gives fees. The Medical men are public officers and receive salaries from the Government; but the private families of respectability give something handsome by the year to the gentleman who attends them. We must give twelve hundred rupees – about a hundred and twenty pounds. This sum will be exactly the same whether we required advice or not: for your doctor engages to keep you in repair by the year. I have had only one visit from him since I came, and that was not a professional visit; and as the cold weather is coming, I hope to have no occasion for his services till Christmas; but I must pay him just as much as if he had sate up with me twenty nights. Next year I may have a fever and he may visit me thrice a day for six weeks: but I shall give him no more. As to medicine, it costs nothing. The Company provides it for us gratis. How I go rambling on. It is pleasant to me to write home, though I have only nothings like these to say. For the rest I must again refer you to my letter to Margaret.

My kindest love to Charles and John – to Henry also, when you write to him. I send a short letter by this conveyance to my father, and another to George. Ever, my dearest girls,

Your affectionate brother,

T B M.

I do not know whether Nancy will write by this ship. She wrote last week by the Tyrer.

[1] For Schuler see 4 April 1807. I do not find any other Schuler in the Indian army lists.
[2] Not identified.
[3] 'In 1834 a poisoned wound, obtained in a post-mortem examination, had nearly cost him his life, and from its effects he never fully recovered' (*DNB*).

TO MRS EDWARD CROPPER, 7 DECEMBER 1834

MS: Mrs Lancelot Errington. *Partly published:* Trevelyan, I, 383–7; G. M. Trevelyan, *George Otto Trevelyan*, 1932, pp. 5; 8–9; Clive, *Macaulay*, pp. 285–7; 301.

Dearest Margaret, Calcutta Decr. 7. 1834

I rather suppose that some late letters from Nancy may have prepared you to learn what I am now about to communicate. She is going to be married, and with my fullest and warmest approbation, to Trevelyan,[1] the Deputy Secretary to the Supreme Government in the political, or what we should call at home the Foreign Department. I can truly say that if I had to search India for a husband for her, I could have found no man to whom I could with equal confidence have intrusted her happiness.

Trevelyan is about eight and twenty. He was at the Charter House, and was there a great crony of Charles Babington. So intimate were they that, when Charles was left to himself to shew him what a poor creature he was, he called Trevelyan to prove that the stolen money was his own. Trevelyan however refused to tell a lie for him. I remember to have heard at the time of the distress of George and Tom when their brother's own friend, being called to prove his innocence, stood silent and agitated before Dr. Russell.[2] Trevelyan then went to Haileybury and came out hither. In this country he has distinguished himself far beyond any man of his standing by his great talents for business, by his liberal and enlarged views of policy, and by literary merit which, for his opportunities, is considerable. He was at first placed at Delhi under Sir Edward Colebrook[3] – a very powerful and a very popular man, but extremely corrupt. This man tried to initiate Trevelyan in his own infamous practices. But the young fellow's spirit was too noble for such things. At only twenty one he publicly accused Sir Edward, then almost at the head of the service, of receiving bribes from the natives. A perfect storm was raised against the accuser. He was almost everywhere abused, and very generally cut.

[1] (Sir) Charles Edward Trevelyan (1807–86: *DNB*), civil servant, was the fourth son of George Trevelyan, Archdeacon of Taunton, and had been educated at the Charterhouse, 1817–23, and at Haileybury. He entered the Bengal Civil Service, 1826, and had been in Calcutta since 1831. The rest of his career, after his marriage to Hannah Macaulay in 1834, will appear from these letters.
[2] Dr John Russell (1787–1863: *DNB*), Master of the Charterhouse, 1811–32. The disgrace of Charles Babington must have occurred in March, 1823, when he left the Charterhouse to enter the Bombay army.
[3] Sir James Edward Colebrooke (1761–1838) had been a member of the Bengal Council and was Resident and Commissioner at Delhi when Trevelyan came to India. On Trevelyan's complaint he was suspended in 1829 and returned to England in 1830. The details of the story are given in Percival Spear, *Twilight of the Mughuls*, Cambridge, 1951, pp. 167–81.

But, with a firmness and ability scarcely ever seen in any man so young, he brought his proofs forward, and after an inquiry of some weeks, fully made out his case. Sir Edward was dismissed in disgrace, and is now living obscurely in England. The Government here and the Directors at home applauded Trevelyan in the highest terms:[1] – and from that time he has been considered as a man certain to rise to the very top of the service. When Lord William went up the country Trevelyan attended him. Lord William then told him to ask for any thing that he wished for. Trevelyan begged that something might be done for his elder brother[2] who is in the Company's army. Lord W. told him that he had richly earned that or any thing else, and gave Lieutenant Trevelyan a very good diplomatic appointment. Indeed Lord William, – a man who makes no favourites, – has always given to Trevelyan the strongest marks, not of a blind partiality, but of a thoroughly well-grounded and discriminating esteem. Not long ago Trevelyan was appointed by him to the under-secretaryship for foreign affairs, an office of a very important and confidential nature. While holding this place he was commissioned to report to Government on the operation of the internal transit-duties of India. About a year ago his report was completed.[3] I shall send to England a copy or two of it by the first safe conveyance: for nothing that I can say of his abilities or of his public spirit will be half so satisfactory. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a perfect masterpiece in its kind. Accustomed as I have been to public affairs, I never read an abler state-paper: and I do not believe that there is, – I will not say in India, – but in England, – another man of twenty-seven who could have written it.

Trevelyan is a most stirring reformer. He is indeed quite at the head of that active party among the younger servants of the company who take the side of improvement. In particular he is the soul of every scheme for diffusing education among the natives of this country.[4] His reading has been very confined. But to the little that he has read he has brought a mind as active and restless as Lord Brougham's, and much more judicious and honest. His principles I believe to be excellent, and his temper very sweet. His own religious feelings are ardent, like all his feelings, even to enthusiasm: but he is by no means intolerant with regard to others.

[1] In their dispatch of 24 November 1830, confirming Colebrooke's suspension.

[2] Henry Willoughby Trevelyan (1803–76), then lieutenant in the Bombay army, was Assistant Resident, Rajpootana, in 1834.

[3] *A Report upon the Inland Customs and Town-Duties of the Bengal Presidency*, Calcutta, 1834. A second edition was printed for public sale in August.

[4] Trevelyan had already published *A Treatise on the Means of Communicating the Learning and Civilization of Europe to India*, Calcutta, 1834, and had contributed to *The Application of the Roman Alphabet to All the Oriental Languages*, Serampore, 1834; on his return to England he published *On the Education of the People of India*, 1838, with extracts from TBM's education minute of 2 February 1835.

He has faults, certainly; but they are for the most part faults which time, society, domestic life, and a visit which in a very few years he will pay to England, are almost certain to correct. He is rash and uncompromising in public matters. If he were a wrongheaded and narrow minded man, he would be a perfect nuisance. But he has so strong an understanding that, though he often goes too fast, he scarcely ever goes in a wrong direction. Lord William said to me, before anybody had observed Trevelyan's attentions to Nancy, "That man is almost always on the right side in every question: and it is well that he is so: for he gives a most confounded deal of trouble when he happens to take the wrong one." This is a fault which experience will do much to remove, and which, after all, has a great affinity to his good qualities.

His manners are odd, – blunt almost to roughness at times, and at other times awkward even to sheepishness. But when you consider that during the important years of his life from twenty to twenty five or thereabouts, he was in a remote province of India, where his whole time was divided between public business and field-sports, and where he seldom saw an European gentleman, and never an European lady, you will not wonder at this. Every body says that he has been greatly improved since he came down to Calcutta. Under Nancy's tuition he is improving fast. His voice, his face, and all his gestures, express a softness quite new to him. There is nothing vulgar about him. Even in his oddities and *brusqueries* he is always the gentleman: and those oddities and *brusqueries*, I have no doubt, will speedily disappear. He has no great tact or knowledge of the world. You may judge of this by what passed on the very first day on which I met him. He asked me whether I was not related to Charles Babington, and, as soon as he was satisfied of the connexion, he proceeded to relate at full length the whole story of the Sovereign, – or, as he for Charles's greater degradation insisted that it was, the half-Sovereign. A man less accustomed to have rascals for cousins than I have been would have been grievously affronted.

But these drawbacks, were they ten times more serious, would be trifling when compared with the excellencies of his character. He is a man of genius, a man of honor, a man of rigid integrity, and of a very kind heart.

As to his person, nobody can think him handsome; and Nancy, I suppose in order to anticipate the verdict of others, pronounces him ugly. He has however a very good figure, and looks like a gentleman everywhere, but particularly on horse-back. He is very active and athletic, and is renowned as a great master in the most exciting and perilous of field-sports, the spearing of wild boars. His face is not unlike George Babington's in general character, but is more youthful, and, in spite of

TO LORD LANSDOWNE, 27 DECEMBER 1834

MS: The Marquess of Lansdowne.

Calcutta Dec 27. 1834

Dear Lord Lansdowne,

Even if I had not received your most welcome letter, I should have felt certain from all your past kindness that you would be pleased to hear from me. I am here, as comfortably situated as an exile can expect to be. My health has been constantly improving since I left England. The climate of Bengal, whatever people may say, is a far less noxious one than the climate of the House of Commons. My duties are honorable and will, I hope, prove useful. At the same time they are not painfully laborious. I have three or four hours before breakfast for literature, and the evening for society. I am renewing my acquaintance with old friends with whom I never expected to fall in again, – the Greek poets and philosophers. I read them with far more zest than in my college days – indeed with so much zest that my friends must not be surprised if I should end my career as an editor of Æschylus or of Aristophanes.

As to my public functions, I have hitherto been reconnoitering, and am only just commencing active operations. I am placed in a very awkward position by an unfortunate clause which was introduced at the third reading of the India Bill in the House of Lords. That clause provides, in direct contradiction to the spirit of the act, that the fourth member of Council shall sit only at meetings held for the making of laws or regulations.[1] But it was not thought necessary to define the meaning of the words *law* and *regulation*. In all countries which have mixed governments, either in Europe or America, great care has been taken to mark out accurately the frontier which separates the functions of the legislature from those of the executive. And indeed this is absolutely necessary. For there is no natural line of demarcation between the two provinces. The distinction between a law and an order-in-council is a purely arbitrary distinction. For example, in the time of Cromwell an act of parliament was necessary to pardon a murderer. In the time of Elizabeth the Queen's letter was sufficient to create a monopoly. Now the executive can pardon all crimes without a law; but cannot confer any exclusive commercial privilege. We are all utterly at a loss here to know where it was meant that the line should be drawn in the Indian Government. We have written home for instructions. Meantime questions are daily arising of a most

[1] The question of what share TBM could have in the proceedings of the Supreme Council apart from strictly legislative sessions arose immediately on his arrival at Ootacamund: a minute of his on the subject was written 27 June, the day he was sworn of the Council (Judicial Letters from India, 1834–5, 1, 101: India Office Library).

perplexing nature – as whether the fourth member of Council is to vote on the imposition of a tax, on the cession of a portion of territory, on the rules which are laid down for the administration of justice in a district under temporary occupation by our arms, on the appropriation of the funds assigned by the government for the purposes of education, and so forth. We have had no disputes. For I have determined, till orders come out from England, neither to intrude myself into any business uninvited, nor to decline any responsibility which I am asked to share: and Lord William has insisted on my being admitted to all sittings and consults on all questions. But he is, and we all are, very desirous that the restriction should be either removed altogether, or made more definite. He has recorded a strong minute on the subject in which he has said very truly that, while the law remains in its present state, it depends wholly on the Governor General whether the fourth member of Council shall or shall not be a cypher.

I hope, in spite of the difficulties of my situation, to be able to effect some good both in the Council and out of it. There is one subject which now occupies the minds of people here very much, and in which I take the warmest interest – the education of the natives. I am satisfied that no laws, however neatly framed and arranged, can do much for them unless we can raise the standard of intelligence and morality among them. The Government have just made me President of the Board of Public Instruction; and in that capacity I hope to be useful – more useful at least than, under present circumstances, I could have been in England. I am truly glad that I escaped the last Session. I could not have gone through it without doing great violence either to my public or to my private feelings.

We are all painfully anxious to know who is to be our next Governor.[1] Of this I am certain that he cannot possibly be a better than Lord William. I have seen many men better fitted to govern a free state: but I never saw and cannot even imagine a man better fitted by his intellectual and moral character, to exercise despotic power with advantage to his subjects. He cannot speak at all, and would make a bad canvasser or party-leader in England. But he is really a personification of justice, wisdom, and industry. I do not think that I exaggerate in saying this. But possibly the constant kindness which I have received from him and the maternal tenderness with which Lady William has treated my sister may bias my opinion.

My domestic life is very agreable. My sister is just married to a young civilian of the highest distinction in the service, and they are to live with

[1] Bentinck was about to leave India. Before he could, the Tories took office and nominated Lord Heytesbury to India, but on their defeat the appointment was cancelled and Lord Auckland sent out by the Whigs.

TO JOHN TYTLER,[1] 28 JANUARY 1835

Text: Copy, India Office Library. *Published:* Gerald and Natalie Sirkin, 'The Battle of Indian Education,' *Victorian Studies*, 14 (June 1971), 426–7.

[Calcutta] Janry. 28th 1835

Dear Sir

Our difference of opinion is quite fundamental, nor do I conceive that discussion is likely to bring us nearer to each other. I deny every one of your premises without exception. I deny that no nation was ever educated by means of foreign languages. I say that all the progress which knowledge has made in Russia has been altogether through the medium of languages as remote from the Russian as English is from the Bengali.

I deny that no derivative language can be well understood without a knowledge of the original language[;] the best and most idiomatic English has been written by men who knew neither Anglo-Saxon or Norman French. I deny that there is the smallest use in making the vernacular dialects of India at the present time, precise, regular, or eloquent. These things come without fail in their proper season. They are conveniences or luxuries. What we now want are necessaries. We must provide the people with something to say, before we trouble ourselves about the style which they say it in. Does it matter in what Grammar a man talks nonsense? with what purity of diction he tells us that the World is surrounded by a Sea of butter? in what neat phrases he maintains that Mount Meru is the centre of the world?

I deny that it is necessary to teach absurdities either to a man[2] or to a native for the purpose of afterwards refuting those absurdities. It is very well for a few studious men to pass their lives in tracing the history of opinions. But the great mass of students have not a life to give to such researches. If they are taught errors while their education is going on, they will never learn truth afterwards. Nor is it necessary to the rational belief of truth that men should be acquainted with all the forms which error has taken. The same reasoning which establishes truth does ipso facto refute all possible errors which are opposed to that truth. If I prove that the earth is a sphere, I prove at the same time that it is not a cube, a cylinder, or a cone; – nor is it necessary for me to go through all possible

[1] Tytler (1790–1837) came to India as an assistant surgeon in 1813; he taught literature and mathematics at the Hindu College, 1827–34, and was employed in translating for the Committee of Public Instruction under Horace Hayman Wilson, Secretary of the Committee until 1833 and the head of the Orientalist cause. TBM's letter is a reply to a letter from Tytler of 26 January setting forth the case for carrying on instruction in Sanskrit and Arabic: the article by the Sirkins cited in the headnote to this letter also prints Tytler's letter.

[2] Thus in the copy, but TBM probably wrote 'Englishman.'

figures one after another, and to direct a seperate argument against each.

I deny that there is the smallest analogy between our attempt to teach sound science to people who are desirous to learn it, and the attempts of the Spanish Government to bring up Jewish Children in the Christian faith. I do not propose to bribe any body to learn English as the pupils of the Sanscrit College are now bribed to learn Sanscrit. I would merely provide the means of wholesome instruction for those who desire it. I have no doubt that there are many such.

I deny that we wish to conceal both sides of any scientific question from our students. But life is too short to study every thing. You cannot teach your pupils truth and all the various forms of error in the short time which is allotted to education. I cannot see the wisdom of making a boy, for example, a great astrologer, of keeping him several years employed in casting nativities – and then telling him that the whole of the Science which he has painfully mastered is good for nothing. I think myself entitled to laugh at astrology though I do not know its very rudiments – to laugh at alchemy though I have no knowledge of it but what I have picked up from Ben Jonson. Would you teach your children astrology? And would you not think it strange if any body were to tell you that it was cowardly in you not to teach them astrology? that you shewed great distrust in the force of truth – that truth could not be defended unless its defenders were thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the errors which they rejected?

You say that there is some truth in the Oriental systems. So there is in the Systems held by the rudest and most barbarous tribes of Caffraria and New Holland. The question is why we are to teach any falsehood at all. You say it is necessary in order to make the truth palatable to the Natives. I am not convinced of this. I know that your Sanscrit and Arabic Books do not sell. I know that the English books of the School book Society do sell. I know that you cannot find a single person at your Colleges who will learn Sanscrit and Arabic without being paid for it. I know that the Students who learn English are willing to pay. I believe therefore that the native population if left to itself would prefer our mode of education to yours. At all events the *onus probandi* lies upon you.

You see how unlikely it is that we should come to the same opinion on this subject. I am greatly obliged to you for taking the trouble to place your sentiments before me in so clear and precise a manner – and I wish you most heartily a pleasant voyage with a speedy restoration to health. We will finish our dispute when we return. / Believe me, Dear Sir

Your faithful Servant

T B Macauley.

TO CALCUTTA PETITIONERS AGAINST REGULATION OF THE PRESS, [6 FEBRUARY 1835][1]

MS: University of Nottingham. *Published: Bengal Hurkaru*, 12 March 1835.[2]

[Calcutta]

Gentlemen,

I am directed by the Governor General of India in Council to inform you that his Lordship has considered your petition with all the attention to which it is entitled on account both of the important subjects to which it relates and of the respectable names which it bears.

The unsatisfactory state of the laws relating to the press has already attracted the notice of his Lordship in Council, and he trusts that in no long time a system will be established which, while it gives legal security to every person engaged in the fair discussion of public measures, will effectually secure the government against sedition and individuals against calumny.[3]

His Lordship in Council agrees with you in thinking that such a measure, before it is finally passed into a law, ought to be submitted to the public, and that all classes of the community ought to have an opportunity of offering their comments and suggestions with respect to it.

His Lordship in Council does not conceive that the inhabitants of Calcutta are prohibited by any rule now in force from meeting for purposes of discussion. They already, as it appears to his Lordship, enjoy the liberty which they solicit, nor has the government any intention of restricting that liberty.

I have etc.

[1] A public meeting on 5 January voted to petition against the Press Regulation Act of 1823; the Supreme Council considered the petition on 6 February and sent this answer drafted by TBM.

[2] The letter, with one or two trifling verbal changes, is printed as TBM wrote it over the signature of H. T. Prinsep, Secretary to the Government.

[3] The new system was designed by TBM; his draft of an act repealing press censorship, submitted 16 April, was passed on 3 August 1835: see C. D. Dharker, *Lord Macaulay's Legislative Minutes*, Madras, 1946, pp. 40–6; 165–7.

TO LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, 7 FEBRUARY 183[5][1]

MS: University of Nottingham. *Address:* The / Lord W C Bentinck / etc. etc. etc. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Extract published:* A. F. Salahuddin Ahmed, *Social Ideas and Social Change in Bengal 1818–1835*, Leiden, 1965, p. 159.

[Calcutta] Feby. 7. 1834

Dear Lord William,

I am greatly pleased with Mr. Adam's letter. I do not think that you could possibly have chosen better. It is odd that he should have been struck as I was, by the analogy between the situation of the Indian and of the Russian Empire, as respects education. As soon as our Committee is remodelled, I shall recommend the taking of immediate measures for learning what the system of education in Russia now is.

As to Adam's instructions, I conceive that he is more competent to draw them himself than any of our Committee. I shall desire him to prepare a draft, which we can correct.

It has occurred to me that it would be desirable that the remodelling of our Committee should take place at the same time at which government pronounces its decision on the late disputes. I see that our opponents are resolved to die game, and that, even after the decision on the general principle, we shall have to fight every question of detail. The names which I would recommend are these – Captain Birch,[2] Mangles,[3] Cameron[4] the Law-Commissioner, Sir Edward Ryan,[5] Sir Benjamin Malkin, Mr. Christopher Smith,[6] the Judge of the Sudder, and Doctor Grant.[7]

[1] TBM's date is obviously an error.

[2] Captain (afterwards General) Sir Richard James Birch (1803–75: *DNB*), then assistant secretary in the Military Department. He was appointed to the Committee.

[3] Ross Donnelly Mangles (1801–77: *DNB*), in the Bengal Civil Service, 1819–39, where he held many posts; after his return to England he became a director of the East India Company and entered Parliament. According to Empson, TBM submitted his essay on Clive to Mangles as a 'sort of Ex-Prime Minister for Bengal' (to Napier, 2 November [1839]: MS, British Museum). Mangles was appointed to the Committee.

[4] Charles Hay Cameron (1795–1880: *DNB*), a barrister and Benthamite, had just been appointed to the Law Commission and had not yet arrived in India. He was made a member of the Committee. Later he succeeded to TBM's post as Legislative Member of the Supreme Council.

[5] Ryan (1793–1875: *DNB*) was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, 1833–43. He was appointed to the Committee and succeeded TBM as its president.

[6] Christopher Webb Smith (d. 1879), a judge of the Court of Sadr Diwani, the chief civil court, was appointed to the Committee. Years later, Smith, who had retired to Florence, was remembered by James Montgomery Stuart as having 'an insuperable and quite irrational antipathy to Macaulay. . . . the head and front of Macaulay's offending, the great charge with which old Christopher wound up his harangues, was his personal appearance. "You should see him, sir, he is like a tailor. Yes, a tailor. A dumpy, stumpy tailor"' (*Reminiscences and Essays*, 1884, pp. 37–8).

[7] James William Grant (1801–73), joined the East India Company's medical service in 1823 and retired in 1851. As Trevelyan wrote to Bentinck, Grant was proposed to represent the

and this is done in the best way by allowing the managers of the Hindoo College to name two delegates. The Government in this manner pays a high compliment to the natives as a body, and yet escapes from the invidious task of selecting individuals.

The only objection that strikes me is this. The Hindoo College admits no Mahometan students. None of the Directors are Mahometans. The high compliment paid to this institution is therefore a compliment paid to the Hindoos at the expense of the Mussulmans. And I see no way of remedying this inconvenience. For there is no Mahometan institution which bears the smallest resemblance to the Hindoo College.[1]

Would you permit me therefore to suggest that, as your minute will probably be published, it might be as well to insert some expressions which might hold out to the Mussulmans a hope that, if they will, like the Hindoos, exert themselves in the cause of education, they will, like the Hindoos, be admitted into the education Committee?

The Forbes, as you doubtless know, has arrived. I hear a strange story about a fire which is said to have burned down the two houses of parliament, but to have spared the Abbey and the Hall.[2] / Ever, dear Lord William,

Yours most truly
T B Macaulay

Draft of Governor-General's Resolution on Education, [February? 1835][3]

MS: University of Nottingham.

[Calcutta]

The Governor General in Council has attentively considered the letters from the Secretary to the Committee of public instruction dated the 21st and the 22d of January last.

The Governor General in Council agrees with those gentlemen who are of opinion that our great object ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India. The pecuniary interests of individuals ought undoubtedly to be respected. But, subject to this great principle, his Lordship in Council conceives that all the funds appropriated by government to the purposes of education ought to be employed on English education alone.

His Lordship in council decidedly objects to the practice which has hitherto prevailed of supporting the students during the period of their education. He conceives that the only effect of such a system can be to give artificial encouragement to branches of learning which, in the natural course of things, would be superseded by more useful studies.

In conformity with these principles his Lordship in Council has decided the questions submitted to him by the Committee. It is not the intention of his Lordship in Council to abolish any college or school of native learning, while the native population shall appear to be inclined to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords.

His Lordship in Council directs that the existing professors and students of Oriental learning at the Agra College, at the Sanscrit College of Calcutta, at the Mudrasa and at all the other institutions under the superintendance of the Committee shall continue to receive their stipends; but that no stipend shall be given to any student who may hereafter enter at any of those institutions, and that, when any professor of oriental learning shall vacate his situation, the Committee shall report to the Government the number and state of the class, in order that Government may be able to decide on the expedience of appointing a successor.

It has been brought to the knowledge of the Governor General that a large sum has been expended by the Committee in the printing of Oriental works. His Lordship in Council is pleased to direct that no portion of their funds shall hereafter be so employed.

His Lordship in Council directs that all the funds which these reforms will leave at the disposal of the Committee be henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the English language. And his Lordship in Council directs the Committee to submit to Government, with all expedition, a plan for the accomplishment of this purpose.

[1] The Hindu College, founded by natives in 1816, was a 'Westernizing' institution providing instruction in English. TBM's suggestion was adopted, and two representatives of the College joined the Committee.

[2] The Houses of Parliament burned on 16 October 1834. The *Forbes*, a steamship sent out experimentally by a Calcutta group on a voyage to Suez, had reached Calcutta on the 26th.

[3] The date of this draft must be between 2 February, the date of TBM's minute on Indian education setting forth the Anglicist argument, and 7 March, when Bentinck's resolution decided the question in favor of TBM's party. Bentinck's resolution, though it is not identical with this draft in TBM's hand, resembles it closely enough to justify TBM's claim that Bentinck 'suffered me to draw the answer' to the education question (see 24 August 1835). The text of the resolution as published may be found in Henry Sharp, ed., *Selections from Educational Records, Part 1, 1781–1839*, Calcutta, 1920, pp. 130–1.

TO THOMAS FLOWER ELLIS, 3 JUNE 1835

MS: Trinity College. *Address:* T B Ellis Esq / 15 Bedford Place. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Extract published:* Eric Stokes, *The English Utilitarians and India*, Oxford, 1959, pp. 213–14n.

Calcutta June 3. 1835

Dear Ellis,

I have now received your letter of the 29th of Decr. Many thanks for it. – I rejoice to find that you seem to be getting on with your profession. – Since I wrote the inclosed[1] the Government have determined on putting me at the head of the Law-Commission. I have immense reforms in hand, – such as you big Templars would abhor, but such as would make Old Bentham jump in his grave – oral pleadings – examination of parties – single-seated justice – no institution fees – and so forth. But I have no time to dilate on these matters at present. Remember me most kindly to Adolphus. I am sorry to hear that Frank is idle. He should see me every morning at five over my folio Plato, covering the margins with annotations.

Ever yours affectionately
T B Macaulay

TO JAMES MILL, 24 AUGUST 1835

MS: Mr Gordon N. Ray. *Address:* James Mill Esq / India House. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay *Extracts published:* Clive, *Macaulay*, pp. 365–6; 383; 384; 400.

Calcutta August 24. 1835

My dear Sir,

I have to thank you for a very friendly and interesting letter which Cameron delivered to me. He has arrived safe after a long voyage,[2] and is now in my house which I am trying to make agreable to him till he can provide himself with one. All that I have seen of him satisfies me that the home authorities could not possibly have made a better choice. We agree perfectly as to all the general principles on which we ought to proceed, and differ less than I could have thought possible as to details.

We are now most vigorously at work on the criminal code.[3] I entertain strong hopes that this great work will be finished in a few months, and finished in a manner useful, not only to India, but to England. When once

[1] This note accompanies the letter of 29 May.
[2] Cameron arrived on 12 August.
[3] A criminal code for all of India, instructions for which were drawn up by TBM in a minute of 4 June 1835 (India Judicial Consultations, Board's Collections, 63507, vol. 1555: India Office Library), was the first work of the Law Commission. In this letter to Mill TBM emphasizes the Benthamite elements of his design.

the English people see the whole criminal law of a vast empire, both substantive and adjective, contained in a volume smaller than one of the hundred volumes of statutes and reports which a Templar must turn over to know whether a particular act be larceny or forgery, they will, I think, turn their minds to the subject of law-reform with a full determination to be at least as well off as their Hindoo vassals.

You are aware that Macnaghten declined the situation of Law Commissioner. I hardly know whether to rejoice or grieve at his determination. I have a great regard for him; and I think him a man of eminent abilities and information. But he is in the wrong on some very important fundamental points: and, wherever he is in the wrong, his talents, his high authority, his great local knowledge, and, above all, a certain mild and well-bred obstinacy which is the most striking feature of his character, render him a very mischievous person. There is a striking saying of Cæsar about Brutus which may be applied to Macnaghten. "Magna refert hic quid velit: nam quicquid vult, valde vult."[1] Among those things which Macnaghten "valde vult," one is to keep up the whole of that vile system of institution fees and stamps in judicial proceedings which is my utter aversion. He does not at all like oral pleading, or the confrontation of parties. On these and many similar subjects he talks with considerable ability and with the greatest suavity and moderation. But he is firmly convinced that the country will be ruined if the philosophers get the upper hand; and would have differed from Cameron and me on general principles so widely that I fear we should have derived little benefit from his great knowledge and talents.

Macleod[2] is a very acute man, with a mind fertile in objections. This is an invaluable quality in a law-commissioner. One such member of a Commission is enough. But there ought to be one such. He refines so much that he does nothing. He has not been able to produce a single definition which satisfies himself. But he is invaluable as a critic, or rather a hypercritic on all that others do. The real work of drawing up the Code will, as far as yet appears, be completely performed by Cameron and myself, under the constant checking of Macleod. Anderson[3] is very willing to work but is utterly incompetent. He has absolutely no notion

[1] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, XIV, 1: 'What he wants is of great importance, but whatever he wants, he wants it badly.' TBM also applied this to Charles Trevelyan (Trevelyan, I, 385n).
[2] (Sir) John Macpherson Macleod (1792–1881), in India since 1811; Commissioner for the Government of Mysore and Member of the Board of Revenue, he was appointed to the Law Commission in February 1835. After his retirement and return to England, where TBM continued to see him frequently, Macleod published *Notes on the Report of the Indian Law Commissioners on the Indian Penal Code*, 1848, a defense of the Commission's work.
[3] (Sir) George William Anderson (1791–1857: *DNB*), whose experience in framing a code for the Bombay Presidency and in various Indian judicial positions led to his appointment to the Law Commission. He was later Governor of Bombay, of Mauritius, and of Ceylon.

of any other jurisprudence than that which he has passed his life in administering: nor have we yet received from him even a single hint of the smallest value. – You see that I write to you quite freely. I do so because it is really important that you should know exactly how matters stand, and that, whenever a favourable opportunity may occur, you should do what may be in your power in order to procure good assistance for us. Personally I am on the best terms with my colleagues in the Law Commission.

I have laid before the Council of India a very extensive plan of reform in the civil procedure which is still under consideration.[1] It embraces a new organization of the courts, – oral pleadings, – the confrontation of parties, – the abolition of all taxes on justice and of the suit in forma pauperis, – the use of the vernacular languages of the country in law-proceedings. It also contains a proposition for allowing one appeal in every case, and no more than one in any case. Ross is most vehement in favour of my propositions. Indeed he and I very seldom differ on any question: and I am not without hopes that the Governor General and a majority of the Councillors will agree to at least a large part of what I have recommended.

We hear that Lord Heytesbury's appointment is cancelled.[2] I am truly glad of it; and quite content to see Metcalfe still at the head of affairs. I have a real personal regard for him. But, apart from that, I think that he has some of the best qualities of a Governor. He has indeed no reforming zeal. But he has not the smallest prejudice in favour of abuses. He would not take any great trouble to remove a defect from the laws. But he would not lift up his little finger to preserve an evil merely because it is ancient. I think him a Governor General decidedly above par. We cannot expect another Lord William.

There is a subject which seems to me of the highest importance, and with respect to which you may possibly be able to render a great service to India. I do not know whether the noise of our conflicts about education has yet reached you. It will infallibly reach you before long. Lord William appointed me last winter President of the Committee of Public Instruction. I found that body divided into two equal parties. All their proceedings were at a stand, and had been so for several months. The question was whether their funds which amount to a lac[3] of rupees a year from the public treasury, and about as much more from other sources, should be employed in teaching the learned languages and the scientific systems of

[1] The plan is presented in TBM's minute of 25 June 1835: it is printed in Dharker, *Lord Macaulay's Legislative Minutes*, pp. 203–26.

[2] William A'Court (1779–1860: *DNB*), first Baron Heytesbury, was appointed by Peel to succeed Bentinck, but the ministry was out before Heytesbury had left England and the Whigs cancelled the appointment.

[3] A hundred thousand.

the East, or in communicating English knowledge. On the side of Sanscrit and Arabic were the most powerful of the old servants of the Company, Macnaghten, Prinsep, and Shakspeare,[1] particularly. – On the other side were the cleverest and most rising young men – Colvin,[2] for example, and Trevelyan, who is now my brother-in-law. We had a most obstinate conflict, and at last referred the case to the Government. Lord William, who placed a confidence in me for which I shall feel most grateful as long as I live, suffered me to draw the answer. It was determined that existing interests should be respected, but that all the funds, as they became available, should be employed in teaching English literature and science. Several of the old members of the Committee retired, and Lord William suffered me to nominate several new members. Cameron was among those whom I suggested; and, since his arrival, he has entered, apparently with hearty good will, on his functions. We have now fallen to work in good earnest. Instead of paying away our funds in jaghires[3] to students of Mahometan and Hindoo theology, we have opened English schools at the principal towns in the two presidencies. The stir in the native mind is certainly very great. We have just learned that the resort of pupils to our school at Dacca is such that the masters whom we have sent are not sufficient, and that it has been found necessary to repel many applicants.

These measures have been most violently opposed. After Lord W[illiam]'s departure the Orientalists appealed to Sir Charles. Sir Charles acted like himself. He would never have taken so bold and decisive a measure as that of declaring for English education. But he is not at all a man to rescind such a measure when taken by another. He declared himself decidedly favourable to the new system. Even this declaration did not silence the opposition. The Asiatic society[4] complained bitterly of the

[1] Henry Shakespear (d. 1838), of a well-known Anglo-Indian family, entered the East India Company's service in 1802 and had been on the Committee of Public Instruction since its founding in 1823; TBM succeeded him as President. Shakespear became a Member of Council later in this year.

[2] John Russell Colvin (1807–57: *DNB*), in the East India Company's service since 1825, eventually became Lieutenant Governor of the North-Western Provinces of Bengal, where he died during the Mutiny.

[3] Government grants.

[4] The Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded by Warren Hastings in 1784. The *Journal* of the Society for 1835 contains a number of items on the new educational policy and on the fate of the official editions of Oriental works. To the Society's petition against the new policy the Government answered by publishing Bentinck's resolution of 7 March 1835, the resolution drawn up by TBM (*Journal of the Asiatic Society*, IV [June 1835], 348–50). Trevelyan, who was an active member of the Society, said at the debates on this question that 'He had himself had a narrow escape of being a great orientalist, for he had attained some credit for his progress in Sanscrit at College: but his Dictionary fell overboard on his voyage to this country, and thus he was saved from the bias which an enthusiastic devotion to this ancient tongue might have given to his view of education' (*ibid.*, p. 239).

neglect with which we were treating the learned languages of the East, though they were themselves forced to admit that the Government could not find people to learn those languages without giving jaghires as motives to study, and could not sell a single copy of the oriental works which it was printing.

When the change of system took place twenty three thousand volumes, folios and quartos for the most part, choked up the rooms of the Government depository. These had all been printed at the public cost. Nobody ever bought or read them. Our outlay on books in the three years which ended last Christmas had been sixty thousand rupees; our receipts from the sale of books nine hundred rupees.

I dwell thus long on this subject, because I think it one of the greatest moment, and because I have no doubt that the struggle will be renewed at home. Indeed the Asiatic society have memorialized the Court. I need not impress on you the immense importance of introducing English literature into this country, – the absurdity of bribing people to learn Sanscrit and Arabic when they are willing to learn English gratis, – the absurdity of giving to error bounties and premiums of a sort which it would be objectionable to give even to sound and useful knowledge. There are very few things in my life on which I look back with so much satisfaction as on the part which I took in deciding this question. I am sure that we shall have your support at home if an attempt should be made to reverse that decision.[1]

I have filled my letter with Indian politics; and I have left myself no room to discuss English politics. It is clear in which direction things are tending. The perfidy of the Court, the obstinacy of the Lords, the bigotry of the Church and of the universities, will soon turn the great body of the Whigs into Radicals. I am not fond of violent changes when it is possible to avoid them. I like to see abuses die out quietly, as for example the old practice of fining and imprisoning refractory juries died out in the seventeenth century, – as the privilege of scandalum magnatum died out in the eighteenth century, – as the oppressive privileges of parliament have died out in our own time. I like to see good things come in as the practice of printing the debates of the houses came in, almost imperceptibly. Such revolutions produce no suffering to any human being. [They][2] excite no malignant passions: and, though slow, they are su[re. I][2] thought the Reform Bill absolutely necessary: and, having secured that, my wish was to leave the power of the aristocracy to its euthanasia.

[1] Mill, as John Clive points out, was opposed to the Anglicizing policy that TBM supported, and his son, John Stuart, drew up the arguments against it that were, unsuccessfully, submitted to the Board of Control by the Court of Directors (Clive, *Macaulay*, pp. 384–7).
[2] Obscured by stain from seal.

I was willing to trust to time, to reason, and to the vast power which the middle classes had obtained. I hoped that the Lords would find themselves in the situation in which the Patricians of Rome were when the plebeians had obtained equal political franchises, and that they would gradually melt into the mass, or that only the "nominis umbra"[1] would remain. Ten, twenty, thirty years of delay are nothing in the existence of a nation. But one day of anarchy is a fearful evil. I was therefore inclined to say of the ballot, of the shortening of parliaments, of the abolition of the hereditary privileges of the peers – "Hæc cum nova sint, relinquo tempori maturanda."[2] But I do not see that I have any choice. I must be governed on the principles of the Oxford Convocation and the Pitt Club, or I must join the Radicals. And, under these circumstances, my decision is speedily made. I believe that the great body of the Whigs will take the same course. Some fainthearted men will go back. But the impulse of the mass will be onward.

I ought to thank you for your kindness in sending me your publication relating to Mackintosh.[3] Yet I cannot but regret that it should have appeared. I had a great regard for him. He was kind to me at a time when his kindness was valuable to me. I learned much from him: and, though I perceived weak parts in his character, they were not such as to deprive him of his claims to my respect and gratitude. He deserved to be treated with charity for he was himself singularly charitable. Considering him as an able man, an accomplished man, a man who was very kind to my self, a man whose life was singularly unfortunate, a man who had been most shamefully calumniated, a man whose worst faults were timidity and love of ease, and who was persecuted as if he had been an atrocious criminal, I could not but feel a great concern at seeing so keen an attack upon him by so formidable an adversary. I am sure that you have too much generosity to be displeased at the sincerity with which I speak what I think.

I have just learned with the greatest concern the death of my excellent friend Sharp.[4] He was the best correspondent that I had in England. –

I must close. / Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully
T B Macaulay

[1] Lucan, *Pharsalia*, I, 135.
[2] 'Since these are new matters, I leave them to be matured by time.' If TBM is quoting, I have not found his source.
[3] *A Fragment on Mackintosh*, 1835, an attack on Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the Progress o Ethical Philosophy*, 1830.
[4] Sharp died on 30 March.

twice, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Statius, Silius Italicus, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Sallust, Cæsar, and lastly Cicero. I have indeed still a little of Cicero left. I shall finish him in a few days. I am now deep in Aristophanes and Lucian. Of Aristophanes I think as I always thought. But Lucian has agreably surprised me. At school I read some of his dialogues of the dead when I was thirteen; and, to my shame, I never, to the best of my belief, read a line of him since. I am charmed with him. His style seems to me to be superior to that of any extant writer who lived later than the age of Demosthenes and Theophrastus. He has a most peculiar and delicious vein of humour. It is not the humour of Aristophanes. It is not that of Plato. Yet it is akin to both, – not quite equal, I admit, to either, – but still exceedingly charming. I hardly know where to find an instance of a writer, in the decline of a literature, who has shewn an invention so rich and a taste so pure. Nor is humour by any means his only merit. Some of the most brilliant and animated declamation that I know is to be found in his works. By the bye, it might amuse you to compare his excellent little piece περὶ τῶν ἐπὶ μισθῷ συνόντων[1] with Juvenal's Third Satire. The Case of Greek versus Roman is at least as well argued by Lucian as that of Roman versus Greek by Juvenal. But if I get on these matters I shall fill sheet after sheet. They must wait till we take another long walk or another tavern dinner together, – that is till the Summer of 1838.

Malkin and his wife seem to be very well. He begins to like Calcutta, I think. He is as you may suppose, a very agreable addition to the society here: and I am certain that he will be infinitely more useful here than he could have been if he had remained at Penang.

I am delighted to hear of your professional success. I hope, when I return, to find you in the high road to the bench. I hope also to find that Frank is going on better with his Greek. He must not dare to look me in the face if he cannot pass a good examination.

Apropos of examinations, I have a long story to tell you about a classical examination here, which will make you die with laughing. But I have not time. I can only say that some of the competitors tried to read the Greek with the papers upside down, and that the great man of the examination – the Thirlwall of Calcutta – a graduate of Trinity College Dublin, translated the words of Theophrastus, ὅσας λειτουργίας λελειτούργηκε[2] "*how many times he has performed divine service*". But I must stop. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Ellis. Remember me also to our friends Adolphus and Drinkwater.

Ever yours affectionately
T B Macaulay

[1] 'On Salaried Posts in Great Houses.'

[2] Theophrastus, *Characters*, XXIII: 'he does not count any of the trierarchies or public services which he has performed' (Jebb's translation). The examination was that for the mastership of the La Martinière charity school (*Bengal Hurkaru*, 17 December 1835, p. 586).

TO SELINA AND FRANCES MACAULAY, 1 JANUARY 1836

MS: Trinity College. *Address:* The Miss Macaulays. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Partly published:* Trevelyan, I, 422–3; 425–6.

Calcutta Jan 1. 1836

My dear sisters,

A happy new year to you – happier than the last was to me. It has been indeed a dark and mournful one. But time has begun to do its work. Eighteen hundred and thirty six is opening with fairer prospects. We are in excellent health. Hannah's little baby is a great source of pleasure and a great object of interest to us all. The term of my exile will, when you read this, be more than half accomplished. The expectations which induced me to leave England seem likely to be speedily fulfilled. I have sent a thousand pounds to George this week: and I have between five and six thousand pounds in this country. In two years more I shall be able to do my part towards making my family comfortable, and I shall have a competency for myself, small indeed, but quite sufficient to render me as perfectly independent as if I were the possessor of Burleigh or Chatsworth.[1]

The weather is delicious. I hardly know how to describe it, – mornings colder than those of an English October, – a noon far hotter than the hottest noon of an English July. I sleep under two or three blankets, and dine by the fire-side. But I cannot step out of the shade for a single minute between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. Our Christmas table is loaded with cauliflowers, green peas, and other vegetables which, at home, are the products of a warm summer.

This is, or used to be, the season of Calcutta gaieties. But that tremendous crash of all the great commercial houses which took place a few years ago has produced a revolution in fashions.[2] That crash ruined one half of the English society in Bengal and seriously injured nine tenths of the remaining half. A large proportion of the most important functionaries here are deeply in debt. Accordingly the mode of living is exceedingly quiet and modest. Those immense subscriptions, those public tables, those costly equipages and entertainments of which Heber and others who saw Calcutta a few years back say so much, are never heard of. I live more handsomely, I think, than any other member of council. My house is one of the finest here. My table is exceedingly good; and is expensive in a degree more than proportioned to its goodness. Hannah and Trevelyan live with me. Yet my whole expenditure is a good deal short of 3000 £ a year; and I am quite convinced that, if I knew the country, the language of the people, and the prices of articles, I could live as well as I do for less

[1] The seats of the Marquess of Exeter and of the Duke of Devonshire.

[2] The crash occurred in 1830, a remote consequence of the commercial crisis of 1825–6 in England.

than 2000 £ a year. I consider it as a great piece of good fortune that I came hither just at the time when the commercial distress had forced every body to adopt a moderate and quiet way of living. That circumstance makes the difference of 1500 £ or 2000 £ a year to me.

The public diversions are of a miserable sort, – vile acting, – viler opera-singing, – and things which they call reunions, – a sort of subscription balls. These and great dinners of between thirty and forty people constitute the dissipation of Calcutta. I avoid all these amusements, – if they deserve the name, – the dinners excepted. I am forced now and then to be a guest, and now and then to be a host. Last week we had a party of thirty six, and next month we must have another. Nothing can be duller. Nobody speaks except to the person next him. The conversation is the most deplorable twaddle that can be conceived; and, as I always sit next to the lady of highest rank – or in other words next to the oldest, ugliest, proudest, and dullest woman in the company – I am worse off than my neighbours.

The best way of seeing society here is to have very small parties. There is a little circle of people whose friendship I value, and in whose conversation I take some pleasure; the Chief Justice, Sir Edward Ryan – my old friend Malkin – Cameron and Macleod, the Law Commissioners – Macnaghten among the older servants of the company, – Mangles, Colvin, and Grant,[1] among the younger, – these, in my opinion, are the flower of Calcutta society. I often ask some of them to a quiet dinner, and should do so oftener, but that one or two of them, between ourselves, have most particularly disagreable wives, who must be asked with them. Do not let it be known to any soul that I say this; or I shall be torn in pieces by the ladies of Calcutta.

Henry Babington is still here. He is not in very good health; and his temper and spirits have suffered in consequence. I like him a good deal better than I did formerly. He stands, I think, rather high among the servants of the Company in real merit. But his extreme reserve and taciturnity prevent him from doing himself justice. In a few months he will probably return to the South of India which he very much prefers to Bengal.

We are waiting impatiently for news from England. Our latest intelligence is of the middle of August.

Ever yours affectionately
T B Macaulay

(Sir) John Peter Grant (1807–93: *DNB*), son of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, entered the Bengal Civil Service, 1828, and was, in 1835, in the office of the Board of Revenue; in 1837 he became Secretary to the Law Commission under TBM. Grant afterwards held several high administrative posts in India and was appointed a member of the Supreme Council. After his retirement from India he served as Governor of Jamaica, 1866–73.

TO MACVEY NAPIER, 1 JANUARY [1836]

MS: British Museum. *Address:* Macvey Napier Esq / Edinburgh. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Mostly published:* Napier, *Correspondence*, pp. 173–4.

Calcutta January 1. 1835

Dear Napier,

I write in some haste, and without any particular news to communicate. But I am ashamed to let ship sail after ship without sending you a line, if for no other purpose, at least to thank you for your very kind and punctual attention to all my requests. All the books which you have sent have arrived safe, and in excellent condition. I should be much obliged to you to tell Longman to procure for me Lysias, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and the fragment of Cicero's De Republica. I am becoming a mere pedant, you will think. Not so, I hope. Yet I have returned to Greek and Latin literature with a zest stronger than I ever felt when at college. And I indulge my taste with the less scruple because it is very improbable that I shall ever have an opportunity of doing so, if I neglect that which I now enjoy. In England I shall be distracted by all the gossip, political and literary, of the day. Here, when my official duties are performed, I have nothing to divert me from a connected course of study. I am up every morning before the sun; I have three or four hours without interruption for my books; and I do not know that I can spend them better than in going over all the best works which the ancients have left to us.

I have received the Edinburgh Review containing my article on Mackintosh. I quite approve of your alterations. I have no intelligence as to the reception which the paper has met with at home. Here it is generally liked.

I am writing a review of Basil Montague's Life of Lord Bacon.[1] It will be immeasurably long, I fear, and very superficial in the philosophical part. But I rather think that it will be liked. Perhaps you may already have published an article on the subject. If so, I shall still be amply repaid for the trouble which I have taken by the pleasure which the act of composition has given me. When I shall finish I cannot guess. I go on steadily, but slowly.

My health is as good as possible. Every thing in my situation is agreable. I have reason to hope that I shall be able to effect much practical good for this country. My efforts are heartily seconded by all those whose co-operation is of most importance. In two years I fully expect to be preparing for my return. When I reach home I hope to find you as well, and

[1] Published as 'Lord Bacon,' *ER*, LXV (July 1837), 1–104; Montagu's *Life* is the last volume of his sixteen-volume edition of Bacon, 1825–34. In an untraced letter of 14 September 1835 TBM told Empson that 'he had fixed on B. Montagu's life of Bacon!' (Empson to Napier, 23 January [1836]: MS, British Museum).

I am sure that I shall find you as friendly, as when we last rambled together about your noble city.

My sister begs me to remember her very kindly to you and to Miss Napier. Pray assure Jeffrey that in every part of the world in which I may be I shall continue to remember him with kindness.

Ever yours truly
T B Macaulay

TO SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE,[1] 6 JANUARY 1836

MS: British Museum. *Address:* The Right Hon Sir J C Hobhouse Bart / M.P. / London. *Upper left corner:* By the Exmouth. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Extracts published:* Clive, *Macaulay*, pp. 439; 448; 453–4.

Calcutta Jany. 6. 1836

Dear Sir John Hobhouse,

I ought to have written earlier to thank you for the kind and generous manner in which you defended me against Praed's paltry attack.[2] I am proud to be so attacked, and so defended.

Whether this letter will find you in power or in opposition I cannot guess. I hope, not for your own sake, but for that of England and India, that it will find you in power. Of English politics I will say nothing, but that our last news is of the 28th of August, and that we are waiting with painful anxiety for the result of the crisis which then seemed to be approaching. I will not plague you with comments on events which may already have lost their interest, or with prophecies which may already be falsified. But with respect to this country, I am convinced that it is most desirable that, during the next few years, the supreme controul over its affairs should be held by you or by some man who resembles you.

The criminal code is proceeding very satisfactorily, though not quite so expeditiously as I could wish. We have already sketched out the greater part, and several important chapters are almost completed. We have one great advantage which we had not the smallest reason to expect. I had been

[1] President of the Board of Control since the Whigs' return to office in April, 1835.

[2] Praed, in a speech protesting the cancellation of Lord Heytesbury's appointment as Governor-General of India, asserted that TBM might be justifiably recalled for irregular actions in his capacity as legal member of the Supreme Council. Hobhouse in reply stated that there had been uncertainty about the Charter's definition of the legal member's role, that TBM may have exceeded his authority by acting in executive matters, but that he had committed no 'gross error' (*Hansard*, 3rd Series, XXIX, 38–9; 48–9). In fact, TBM's first official minute written in India asked for a clarification of this question (27 June 1834, in Judicial Letters from India, 1834–5, 1: India Office Library). While waiting for the Board of Control's answer the Council apparently allowed TBM full participation in its affairs. Hence, when the Board under Ellenborough decided that the legal member could have no part in executive sessions TBM had already done what was now prohibited.

fully prepared for the strongest opposition on the part of the Supreme Court. That Court has always been disposed to consider itself as a rival power to the government.[1] The Judges, accustomed to administer a very peculiar system of technical jurisprudence, have generally been unable to see any merit in any other system; or to recur to those general principles on which all such systems ought to be founded. Happily we have obtained the most valuable assistance from a quarter from which we had every reason to expect the strongest opposition. Sir Edward Ryan and Sir Benjamin Malkin, with abundant professional learning, have no professional prejudices. They have not the smallest jealousy of the legislative power of the Supreme Government; and they are zealous and able law-reformers. All our plans have been submitted to them; and, whether they agree with us or differ from us, they never fail to give us much useful information. I wish that I could say the same of Sir John Grant. But he is still, I am sorry to say, a wild elephant;[2] and, in spite of all the exertions of his tame brethren, will not long keep his trunk and his tusks from us.

In one important inquiry, however, I hope that even Sir John will be of use. Our criminal code, whatever credit it may do us in the opinion of Benthamites at home, will do very little good to the people of this country, unless it be accompanied by a thorough reform of prison-discipline. I have proposed to the Government that this subject should be referred to a committee of which the Law-Commissioners, and the Judges should be members. This measure has been adopted: and I have great hopes that much good will result from it.[3] I have written to Ross at Allahabad, begging him to establish a similar Committee in his presidency: and I am sure that, in that way or in some other way, he will heartily cooperate with us. He is an excellent man, very benevolent, very enlightened, and zealous almost to a fault for the reform of every kind of abuse.

The Criminal Code, the state of prison-discipline, and the education of the people, are the three subjects to which my attention is chiefly directed. There are other subjects which are forced on my notice by the present state of this country, and about which I cannot help forming opinions not in all respects agreeing with those which are prevalent here in the highest

[1] The Supreme Court, which administered English law, had been created in 1773 as part of Parliament's effort to regulate the operations of the East India Company. The Court was independent of the Governor-General.

[2] In 1829 Grant had been called a 'wild elephant' by Lord Ellenborough, then President of the Board of Control, in a private letter that had accidentally been made public and had raised a storm.

[3] TBM's minute proposing the establishment of a Committee on Prison Discipline is dated 14 December 1835 (Dharker, *Macaulay's Legislative Minutes*, pp. 278–80). The Committee was composed as TBM had suggested. Its long *Report*, dated 8 Jan 1838 and published in Calcutta (copy, India Office Library), contained a number of Benthamite recommendations, which were not carried out by government.

quarters. But, as I have no right to give a vote or to record an opinion on these subjects, I keep my doubts to myself. The business which peculiarly belongs to me is so important, and so interesting that I have little temptation to intrude myself into any province which I have not a right to enter.

We expect Lord Auckland daily.[1] I should, on private grounds, have preferred Lord Glenelg,[2] for whom I feel, as every body who has seen much of him must feel, a strong attachment. But I am very well satisfied. I shall not however part from Metcalfe without regret. He has great talents for government; and, though not zealous for reforms, has not the smallest prejudice against them. He is the only man of abilities that I ever knew, who, after passing his whole life in politics, was neither a reformer nor a [conse][3]rvative, – who had neither the small[est][3] in favour of old courses nor the small[est][3] passion for trying experiments, – who would not lift up his little finger to effect any great innovation, and yet, when that innovation was loudly called for by the public voice, would not lift up his little finger to avert it.

But I must stop. Believe me ever, / Dear Sir John Hobhouse,

Yours most faithfully

T B Macaulay

TO THOMAS SPRING-RICE, 8 FEBRUARY 1836

MS: Bodleian Library. *Address:* The Right Hon T. Spring Rice M.P. / London. *Upper left corner:* By the first ship. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay. *Published: Bodleian Library Record,* 1 (1941), 247–52; 256.

Calcutta. February 8. 1836

Dear Rice,

Last week I received your very kind and very interesting letter of the 26th of Septr.: and I cannot delay answering it. I have an excellent opportunity. A very dull and a very unimportant question is before the Council. Sir Charles is alternately yawning and punning. The Commander in Chief has gone into the antichamber to take a cup of coffee. One of my colleagues is writing a note, and another is drawing a man and horse on his blotting paper. I, who have no vote on the question, and who, if I had, should not know which way to vote, conceive that I cannot employ the next hour better than in writing to you.

I wish that I could send you any information half so interesting as that which I received from you. But in the commerce of news, as in all other branches of commerce, India has very few articles of export which she

[1] The Whigs, after cancelling Lord Heytesbury's appointment, had named Auckland to succeed Bentinck as Governor-General. He did not arrive in Calcutta until 4 March.

[2] Charles Grant had been created Baron Glenelg, May 1835.

[3] Paper torn away with seal.

can give in exchange for what she imports from England. I have read several times your account of the late ministerial revolutions, and I think that I fully understand the whole history. Your narrative confirms many opinions which I had previously formed, and clears up many matters which had much perplexed me. On the whole it has greatly raised my spirits. I think that I can collect from what you tell me that there is now no great chance of a coalition between my friends and the Tories. Such a coalition, as it seems to me, would be a more fatal event for the Whig party than even the coalition of 1783. You have done wonders. I approve, – as far as I can judge of things at this distance, – of every move of your game. I must, on second thoughts, make one exception. I think that you should have left the question of the ballot open. This would, I conceive, do more than anything else to cement the league between the Whigs and Radicals, – a league on the continuance of which the welfare of the state seems to me to depend. You will find before long, I have a notion, that the determination of the government to resist that change as a government will prevent you from obtaining the services of a great number of very able men, who generally agree with you, whose opinions are by no means violent, but who consider that question as one of vital importance.

There is another question, however, compared with which the ballot and every thing else sinks into insignificance, and which, though not immediately pressing, will before long become so. I mean the question of a hereditary peerage. I do not see but that you may go on for a few sessions, occupying much the same position which you now occupy relatively both to the Tories and to the Radicals. But I cannot help looking further. I do not see how it is possible to avert a final collision between the two houses. The probability is that popular opinions will gather strength every year. At the next general election the reformers will probably have a far greater majority in the house of Commons than at present. In the mean time the Lords are becoming fiercer and more obstinate day by day. The young aristocrats who are destined to fill the seats of the present peers are even more bigotted than their fathers. The nobles and the people are not only at variance: but there is no tendency to approximation: nay, the separation is daily becoming more marked. The crisis is at hand. I do not expect it in 1837. It may not arrive in 1838 or 1839. But come it must, and in this generation. The minds of men are fast becoming familiarized to the contemplation of changes which, even when I left England, would have been regarded with dismay by a great majority of the middle classes. The institution of a hereditary aristocracy is one which it is not easy to defend in theory. But it had, till lately, a very strong hold in the feelings and imagination of the people. It is losing that hold.

Mrs. Norton.[1] For my part I give him credit. He has sold the world better than Mark Antony – and I am half inclined to say with Mercury

αὐταρ ειγων εὖδοιμι παρὰ χρυσεῃ Αφροδιτῃ[2]

TO LORD LANSDOWNE, 22 AUGUST 1836

MS: The Marquess of Lansdowne. *Address:* The Marquess of Lansdowne / London. *Subscription:* T B Macaulay.

Calcutta August 22. 1836

My dear Lord Lansdowne,

A few weeks ago I had the high gratification of receiving your letter of the 31st of March. Since that time we have had news from England of a much later date. The London mail of the 3d of June, via Alexandria, reached Bombay in forty four days and Calcutta in fifty seven, – an unprecedented and astonishing instance of rapidity. Our very enlightened and consistent masters at home do all in their power to discourage this mode of communication; and, at the same time, abuse us for taking important steps without waiting for the expression of their opinion. It never seems to have occurred to them that no country can be really governed by people who live at a distance of four or five months' voyage from it; and that it is only by expediting the communication between the two countries that the home-authorities can make it possible to govern India in England. To forbid us to act without directions, and to throw at the same time every obstacle in the way of every scheme which would enable us to receive those directions speedily is at present the policy of Leadenhall Street, and, I am afraid, of Cannon Row too.[3]

We are going on here quietly, and, I hope, well, though some of our friends at home seem to think differently. The panic which our Law concerning the press excited at the India House and the Board of Controul was childish to the last degree.[4] Hobhouse ought to be ashamed of in-

[1] Lord Melbourne was prosecuted in June 1836 by George Norton for adultery with Norton's wife Caroline, the grand-daughter of Sheridan and a famous beauty. Melbourne was acquitted of the charge, but scandal thought otherwise. It was also supposed that Norton's action had a political motive.

[2] *Odyssey*, VIII, 342: 'For I would sleep beside golden Aphrodite.'

[3] The East India Company, jealous of its position, discouraged the many efforts to improve communication with India, especially by steam and by the Suez route. After the Company ceased to have any commercial interests it was still afraid of the expense of steam communication. Only under threat of the government's developing its own lines did the Company, towards the end of 1835, reverse its policy: see H. L. Hoskins, *British Routes to India*, 1928, ch. 9. While TBM was in Calcutta a private New B ngal Steam Fund Committee was active.

[4] The Court of Directors of the East India Company and Hobhouse, President of the Board of Control, were both greatly distressed by the act abolishing censorship of the press in India (see [6 February 1835]), which passed into law in August 1835. The official despatch

dulging in apprehensions at which Sir Henry Fane laughs. The only effect of the Act, as far as I can perceive, has been to make it easier to prosecute libellers. The English newspapers are neither more nor less scurrilous than they were. As to the natives the gazettes which circulate most among them are in manuscript and were never affected by the old restrictions. Those gazettes always were and still are extravagantly abusive, – far more so than the worst printed papers either in the English or in the vernacular tongues. To be scrupulous about granting liberty to the better class of papers published by known and responsible persons, and at the same time to allow boundless licence to calumny and sedition in a different form seems not to be a very wise course. The Indian home government, as Colman said on a very different occasion, sits securely on a barrel of gunpowder, and is scared out of its wits at a cracker.[1] Lord Auckland, I am glad to say, is quite of this opinion. Three members of the legislative council have been changed since the Act was passed. We have a new Governor General, a Tory Commander-in-Chief, and a new Councillor[2] distinguished among the servants of the Company by the conservative character of his opinions. Yet, as the former Council was unanimous in passing the Act, the present Council is unanimous against repealing it.

We were accused of liberating the people from a foolish desire of gaining popularity among the English here. We have since given ample proof that we are not slaves of this popularity. We have made a law putting all English settlers up the country under jurisdiction of the Company's Courts in *civil* matters, and for depriving them of the privilege which they have hitherto possessed of dragging every creditor who sued them to the Supreme Court at the Presidency. This privilege indeed was seldom or never exercised, – I believe only once or twice. But dishonest debtors often threatened to resort to it: and the threat was sufficient. There is scarcely any native who would not wave the most righteous claim rather than be forced to engage in a ruinous litigation before the most expensive tribunal which exists in the world. The free admission of English settlers rendered it, in my opinion, absolutely necessary to deprive the ill disposed among them of this terrible power of annoying their native creditors. The settlers have taken this law very well. They think themselves on the whole gainers by it. For though it deprives them of a

on the subject, dated 1 February 1836, disapproved of the act, of the arguments for it, and of its being passed without any previous reference to the home government: see the discussion in John Clive, *Macaulay*, pp. 323–33. TBM was compelled to defend the act in a minute of [2?] September 1836, part of which is printed in Trevelyan, I, 392–4. The act was allowed to stand by Auckland, who had been authorized to decide the question.

[1] I have not been able to identify this allusion.

[2] Henry Shakespear was appointed to the Supreme Council in October 1835.

formidable instrument of oppression when they are in the wrong, it gives them cheap, accessible, and speedy justice, when they are in the right. But the Calcutta papers have been most outrageous. This you may think strange, as the law does not extend to Calcutta. The truth is that the lawyers of the Supreme Court, who are, as might be expected, the boldest, busiest, and most voluble members of society here, were terrified for their craft, and, having the press under their influence, did their best to raise a cry against us. They fixed on me as the chief mark of their abuse, of which I was very glad. For my colleagues, quiet old servants of the Company, would have been frightened at what was mere child's play to a man who has stood a contested election for a town of 140000 inhabitants. We were quiet and resolute, and, in spite of squibs and invectives innumerable, we passed the act. The Civil Service praise us to the skies for our firmness in withstanding the lawyers. The English up the Country have been perfectly quiet. So have been those at Madras and Bombay. Indeed the Bombay newspapers have been on our side. The clamour at Calcutta has now subsided. It ended in a public meeting of which those who got it up were ashamed, in a good deal of challenging, swearing-the-peace, and black balling, among the demagogues, and in a petition to parliament which, unless the views of parliament have undergone a total change since 1833, will meet with no support. A barrister of the name of Turton who is our O'Connell has made an attempt to raise *rint* from the petitioners; but his subscription has turned out a wretched failure, and the English in the Mofussil, who alone are affected by the law, have not subscribed a rupee.[1]

Till lately I confidently expected that the penal Code of India would be completed by the end of the year. But the last three months have been unusually sickly; and the members of the Law-Commission have, one after another, been forced to strike work. At present, I am the only one of the body who is able to do any thing. I am doing all that I can; and I hope that we shall soon be reinforced.

You will be glad to hear that my health continues to be as good as it ever was in England, and that I have every comfort of which banishment admits. In another year I shall consider myself as a rich man. In the beginning of 1838 I intend to leave India. My present purpose is to devote the rest of my life wholly to letters; and it must be some very peculiar temptation that will lead me to break this resolution. I have not such a notion of my own importance as to think that it will be my duty to engage again in politics at home: and I am sure that it would not be for my happiness to do so.

[1] TBM's account is roughly accurate: by early September the petitioners had raised a fund of over 20,000 rupees but complained that 'as yet we have received but little from our Mofussil [the term for Bengal other than Calcutta] friends' (*Bengal Hurkaru*, 3 September 1836).

I cannot help telling you that I have never seen your name in the report of any debate since the meeting of this parliament without pleasure. Would to God that I could see any ground for hoping that the Peers would suffer themselves to be guided by your wisdom. But I see no such ground. Distant as I am, imperfectly informed as I am, I ought perhaps hardly to venture to give an opinion. But I seem to myself to perceive, plain and glaring, all the signs which have, in all ages, preceded the downfall of ancient institutions. Even here, where there is no intemperate feeling about English questions, I every day hear men of good family, of moderate temper, of ample fortune, men who hold high situations in the government, and who, on Indian questions, take rather a conservative course, talk with the utmost calmness about changes in the English constitution which when I left England, nobody would have talked of at a political union. I am assured that the propriety of such changes is discussed at home in every stage-coach and in every coffee-house. If I had any wish for extensive and rapid alterations in the form of government I might suspect that my judgment was biassed by my inclination. But I have no such wish. I have indeed a much greater liking for the hereditary branch of the legislature than I can reconcile to my reason. It is not with triumph, but with pain and anxiety that I see that great, ancient, and mighty aristocracy to which formerly England owed so much, and which, even at this moment, contains a greater number of accomplished orators, of able statesmen, of skilful generals, of fine scholars, of fine gentlemen, than any other senate in the world, rushing headlong to its inevitable doom. But so I fear it is. I think nothing of O'Connell's rants or of the articles in unstamped papers. It is from the spirit which appears in all the proceedings of the Lords themselves that I judge. The virulence and coarseness of their assailants will do them no harm, at least unless the English nation is a very different nation from that which I knew formerly. Their own obstinacy, their own bigotry, will force men of a very different sort from O'Connell and Roebuck, reluctantly and with averted faces, to strike the blow. I see no chance of any escape from the danger. If the Lords were likely to become more favourable to popular opinions all might go right. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, the rising generation of the aristocracy have a more stubborn and vehement spirit than their fathers. The plan of pouring in new peers in such numbers as to overwhelm the old ones is, I think, quite indefensible. It would degrade the peerage irreparably in public estimation. It would irritate the old members of the body more – at least if I may judge from my own feelings, – than the complete remodelling of the constitution of the Upper House would do. And, after all, it would be no security against the recurrence of the same difficulties in a few years.

creature; and I ought to be so: for she has often drawn away my mind from sad thoughts which it is vain to indulge.

In a few more months we shall be beginning to make preparations for our return. It is delightful to think that we have only one more bad season between this time and our departure. I suppose that I shall find you both talking French with so much fluency and precision as will put me quite to shame.[1]

I shall try to write to my father to day after Council. But if I should not be able to do so, give him my kindest love. I hope that Henry has been with you some months by this time. Kindest love to him if he be still in England.

Yours ever most affectionately
T B M

TO ZACHARY MACAULAY, 12 OCTOBER 1836

Text: From MS in possession of Mr C. S. Menell, who furnished transcript. *Mostly published:* Trevelyan, I, 454–6.

Calcutta. October 12. 1836

My dear Father,

I have little to tell you except that we have gone through a very unhealthy season with no mishaps and little discomfort, and that we are now entering on the cold weather with every prospect of having four very agreable months.

The day after to morrow is the first anniversary of your little granddaughter's birth. But for some reasons of convenience we keep it today. The occasion is to be celebrated with a sort of droll puppetshow, much in fashion among the natives – an exhibition much in the style of Punch in England, but more dramatic and more showy. All the little boys and girls from the houses of our friends are invited, and the party will, I have no doubt, be a great deal more amusing than the stupid formal dinners and routs with which the grown-up people here kill the time. The little girl will enjoy the diversion as much as anybody.

She walks, climbs upstairs, dances about the room, laughs, feeds birds, plays with kids and dolls, and delights in babies smaller than herself. She can all but talk; and makes noises and signs scarcely less significant than words. I never saw a more attractive child or one more robust or more finely formed. It gives me great pleasure to think that she will return to England at an age too early to suffer anything from the influence of the climate. The time is drawing near. In another twelve-month we shall be making up our outfit and looking out for a good ship.

[1] Zachary Macaulay and his daughters were in Geneva at this time but were probably already preparing to return to London, where they were in December.

In a few months, I hope indeed in a few weeks, we shall send up the penal code to government. We have got rid of the punishment of death except in cases of aggravated treason and wilful murder. We shall also get rid indirectly of everything that can properly be called slavery in India. There will remain civil claims on particular people for particular services, which claims may be enforced by civil action. But no person will be entitled, on the plea of being the master of another, to do anything to that other which it would be an offence to do to a freeman.

Our English schools are flourishing wonderfully. We find it difficult, indeed at some places impossible, to provide instruction for all who want it. At the single town of Hoogley fourteen hundred boys are learning English. The effect of this education on the Hindoos is prodigious. No Hindoo who has received an English education ever continues to be sincerely attached to his religion. Some continue to profess it as a matter of policy. But many profess themselves pure Deists, and some embrace Christianity. The case with Mahometans is very different. The best educated Mahometan often continues to be a Mahometan still. The reason is plain. The Hindoo religion is so extravagantly absurd that it is impossible to teach a boy astronomy, geography, natural history, without completely destroying the hold which that religion has on his mind. But the Mahometan religion belongs to a better family. It has very much in common with Christianity; and even where it is most absurd, it is reasonable when compared with Hindooism. It is my firm belief that, if our plans of education are followed up, there will not be a single idolater among the respectable classes in Bengal thirty years hence. And this will be effected without any efforts to proselytise, without the smallest interference with religious liberty, merely by the natural operation of knowledge and reflection. I heartily rejoice in this prospect.

I wrote a few days ago to my sisters. But the letter has been staying here for want of a conveyance and will go in company with this. / Ever, my dear father,

Yours most affectionately,
T B Macaulay

I have been a sincere mourner for Mill.[1] He and I were on the best terms and his services at the India House were never so much needed as at this time. I had a most kind letter from him a few weeks before I heard of his death. He has a son[2] just come out to whom I have shewn such little attentions as are in my power.

[1] James Mill died on 23 June.
[2] James Bentham Mill (1814–62), James Mill's second son, arrived in India in June.

Phalaris. When the Horace was published, Bentley's fame was beyond the reach of detraction. He could afford to spend the reputation which ten years before he had been laboriously earning and parsimoniously hoarding.

So much for my studies. As to business, I have been placed in an awkward situation by the illness of all my colleagues in the Law Commission. No member but myself has done a stroke of work for months. Cameron is thoroughly out of order. He has been to sea for three weeks and has come back without being the better for his trip; and the only question, I fear, is whether he shall go to the Cape for six months or fairly give up the struggle and return to England. I recommend the Cape: for I think him a most valuable man; and I earnestly hope that India will not lose the benefit of his services. If the Commissioners had been in good health the Penal Code would be ready for the Press. I expect now to have to write it all myself. However let the worst come to the worst, it will be finished in a few months, unless I fall ill too, which I do not anticipate.

As to your English politics, I do not plague myself about them much. I am quite certain that in a few years the House of Lords must go after Old Sarum and Gatton. What is now passing is mere skirmishing and manœuvring between two great general actions. It seems to me to be of little consequence to the final result how these small operations turn out. When the grand battle comes to be fought I have no doubt about the event. I am glad that you have so much business and sorry that you have so little leisure. I know your quickness so well that I can hardly understand how you can avoid having leisure unless you do twice as much as any body else attempts. However in a few years you will be a Baron of the Exchequer; and then we shall have am[ple][1] time to talk over our favourite Clas[sics.][1] Then I will shew you a most superb emendation of Bentley's in Ampelius, and I will give you unanswerable reasons for pronouncing that Gibbon was mistaken in supposing that Quintus Curtius wrote under Gordian.[2]

The ship which carries this letter carries a prodigiously long article on Bacon's Life and writings for the Edinburgh Review. Pray let me know what you think of it, – particularly of the parallel between Plato and Bacon.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Ellis. I hope that I shall find Frank writing as good Alcaics as his father.

Ever yours affectionately
T B Macaulay

[1] Paper torn away with seal.
[2] In a note to ch. 7 of the *Decline and Fall*.

TO CHARLES MACAULAY, 5 DECEMBER 1836

MS: University of London. *Address:* C Macaulay Esq. *Published:* W. Fraser Rae, 'Macaulay at Home,' *Temple Bar*, LXXXVI (May–August, 1889), 197–9.

Calcutta December 5 / 1836.

Dear Charles,

It is long since I wrote to you and long since I heard from you. But I do not attribute your silence, and I am sure that you do not attribute mine, to any want of affection. All that I hear of you gives me pleasure, and leads me to hope that you have a busy, useful, honorable, and prosperous life before you.[1] To assist you at entering on it will be my duty, and not more my duty than my pleasure.

In another year my banishment will be over, and I shall be packing up for my voyage. I already begin to feel the pleasure of returning from exile. That pleasure ought to be very great to compensate for the bitter pain of so long and so complete a separation from home. And it is very great. For though England is not all that it once was to me yet I have no hopes or wishes but what point to England; and I would rather go home with the knowledge that I should die there next year than live here till seventy in the midst of whatever splendour or comfort India affords. I quite understand how it was that neither goddesses nor enchanted palaces nor royal matches nor immortality itself could bribe Ulysses to give up his rugged little Ithaca, and that he was willing to forego everything else to see once more the smoke going up from the cottages of his dear island.

Few people I believe have the feeling so strongly as I have it. Indeed the great majority of the members of the services here seem perfectly willing to pass their lives in India; and those who go home talk with very little pleasure of the prospect before them. This is not strange. For they generally come out at eighteen or nineteen. Their banishment is their emancipation. The separation from home is no doubt at first disagreeable to them. But the pain is compensated to a great extent by the pleasure of independence, – of finding themselves men, – and, if they are in the Civil Service, of finding themselves rich. A lad who six months before was under strict discipline, who could indulge in few pleasures for want of money, and who could not indulge in any excess without being soundly scolded by his father and his pedagogue, finds himself able to feast on snipes and drink as much champagne as he likes, to entertain guests, to buy horses, to keep a mistress or two, to maintain fifteen or twenty servants who bow to the ground every time that they meet him, and suffer him to

[1] Charles was now in practice as a surgeon.

kick and abuse them to his heart's content. He is surrounded by money lenders who are more desirous to supply him with funds than he is himself to procure them. Accordingly the coming out to India is quite as often an agreeable as a disagreeable event to a young fellow. If he does not take his furlough – and not one civil servant in three takes his furlough, – he remains in India till he is forty five or fifty, and is then almost unfit for England. He has outlived his parents. He is estranged from his early friends. His children who have been sent over to England at six or seven years old are estranged from him. He is a man of consequence in the East. In Europe he knows that he will be considered as an old, yellow-faced, bore, fit for nothing but to drink Cheltenham water and to ballot at the India House. He has acquired, it may be, a great deal of valuable information on Indian affairs, – is an excellent Oriental Scholar, – knows intimately all the interests of the native Courts, – is as well acquainted with the revenue-system of Bengal as Huskisson was with the revenue-system of England, – is as deeply read in Hindoo and Mahometan jurisprudence as Sugden in the law of England. He knows that these acquirements which make him an object of admiration at Calcutta will procure for him no applause – nay not the smallest notice – in London. He has probably acquired some lazy self-indulgent habits. He cannot dress without the help of two or three servants. He cannot dine without a great variety of dishes. He cannot go out without a carriage. Under such circumstances he finds England a wretched place. He was powerful. He was eminent. He was comfortable. He is utterly insignificant, and is forced to go without the attendance and the luxuries which habit have rendered necessary to him.

The case with me is very different. I have not yet become reconciled to the change from the English to Indian habits. I have not suffered the ordinary helplessness of my countrymen here to grow upon me. I never suffer anybody to assist me in dressing or in any of the thousand little offices which every man ought to be in the habit of performing for himself. My acquirements such as they are fit me far better for Europe than for Asia; – nor have I any reason to expect that I should be exposed to any mortifying neglect at home. I came hither at an age at which I had formed strict friendships; and I shall return before time has at all diminished the strength of those friendships. I shall leave nothing that I shall ever remember with regret.

I am exceedingly glad for the reasons which I have mentioned that Trevelyan is going to take his furlough. I really think it an inestimable advantage to a civil servant that he should, at about thirty, spend a couple of years in Europe. As a boy he can know nothing of English society. When he returns an old Nabob his tastes and character have taken their

ply, and it is too late to think of giving them a different bent. But by visiting England while still young, with his mind in its full vigour, with his habits and feelings not yet unchangeably fixed, he becomes an Englishman, and looks forward with pleasure during the rest of his Indian career to his final return to England. I think that after an hour's talk with a civilian of forty I could guess nine times out of ten whether he had or had not taken his furlough. Some of the cleverest men and of the most valuable public servants in India have never seen England from sixteen to fifty. But, whatever their merit may be, there is always a certain peculiar narrowness and Orientalism about them. They hate the thought of going home: and they seldom enjoy themselves at home when they do go.

But I must not go on rambling in this way. – / Ever, dear Charles,

Yours most affectionately,

T B Macaulay

TO MACVEY NAPIER, 11 DECEMBER 1836

MS: British Museum.

Calcutta Dec 11. / 1836

Dear Napier,

One of the ships which are charged with the precious freight of a long article on Bacon for you – so long that, if the ship should be in danger it will be one of the first parts of the cargo that will be thrown overboard – has been delayed a fortnight; – so that I am able to send you a correction which I hope will arrive in time. Pray strike out the first note at the bottom of page 59. If *humida* be the right reading I am satisfied that I have given the right interpretation; and thereof I will put myself on a jury of any twelve good Baconians. But I fear that my copy is ill-printed. For there is a very similar passage in the Novum Organum, – not quite so well suited for my purpose, – but to a great extent the same word for word; and there the epithet is *tumida*. *Tumida* is certainly the preferable reading. *Humida* is obscure and affected. Be so kind therefore as to strike out the note, and, if *tumida* be the word, to correct the text.[1]

Ever yours most truly

T B Macaulay

[1] This note appears in the published text: 'The expression *opinio humida* may surprise a reader not accustomed to Bacon's style. The allusion is to the maxim of Heraclitus the obscure – *Dry light is the best*. By dry light, Bacon understood the light of the intellect, not obscured by the mists of passion, interest, or prejudice' (*ER*, LXV, 85).

is of great importance that some successor should be here early in March. For such is the state of Macleod's health that during almost the whole of the last year I have really been the Law-Commission.

I write in great haste as the last post by which letters can be forwarded to the steamer at Bombay is just setting out. I therefore omit much that I wish to say.

Lord Auckland shewed me a letter which he received from you a few days ago. I was truly gratified to find that you side with us on the education question, – so much gratified that I should have easily pardoned your criticisms on my minute had they been less gentle than they were.[1] But on that and many other subjects I must write hereafter. / Believe me ever, / Dear Sir John Hobhouse,

Yours most truly
T B Macaulay

TO [GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL], 1 MAY 1837

Text: Copy, India Office Library.

[Calcutta]

I have the honor to inform the Governor General in Council that it is my intention to resign my situation and to return to Europe in the course of the next cold season.

T. B. Macaulay.

May 1st. 1837.

TO ZACHARY MACAULAY,[2] 8 MAY 1837

MS: University of London.

Calcutta May 8. 1837

Dear Zachary,

I should have answered your kind letter earlier, but for a melancholy event which took place last week in our family. Hannah's youngest child, – a very sweet-tempered intelligent baby of three months old has been taken from us. We have all felt this calamity much, – Hannah, as you may suppose, very severely.

[1] In his letter to Auckland of 15 December 1836 Hobhouse admitted that TBM's education minute bore 'the stamp of his genius' but added that it was not so much a state paper as a 'declamation' and asked Auckland to report his opinion to TBM (Clive, *Macaulay*, p. 392).

[2] This Zachary (b. 1814) was the eldest son of the Indian Kenneth Macaulay (see 4 April 1807) and had been sent to England to the care of the English Zachary Macaulay in 1822. He returned to India in 1831, where he became a banker at Madras.

I am truly glad to hear that you are so comfortably situated and that you have such good prospects. It would give me real pleasure to see you at Calcutta before our departure; as there is little chance indeed of our meeting at Madras. Next cold season we shall take our departure for England, where I can hardly hope or even wish that we may find my father still alive. The last accounts which we have respecting him are exceedingly bad. He returned from the Continent last December in a state of extreme weakness, and suffers almost constant pain. He was brought from the ship to his lodgings in a litter, and never leaves his sofa. Our news respecting the other members of our family is more cheering. My sisters are well, and Charles, when last I heard of him, was applying himself vigorously to his profession, – surgery, – and was a favourite pupil of Brodie, who, as you doubtless know, is decidedly the first surgeon in London.

I have had excellent health, and am decidedly better in that respect than I was when I left England, or indeed at any time during my parliamentary service. I am hardly sensible of any inconvenience from the heat, though we are now in the midst of the very hottest month of the year. In that respect there is a great difference between Madras and Calcutta. I have never suffered in all my life from heat so cruelly as during the few days which I passed at Sir Frederic Adam's. Hannah has also stood the heat admirably; and my brother-in-law Trevelyan is in good and even florid health considering that he is now in the eleventh year of his [.][1]

As to money matters I have every reason to be satisfied. I was so fortunate as to come to India just after the downfall of the old unsound system of agency. The ostentatious mode of living which was formerly characteristic of the English society in Bengal was necessarily at an end. There was hardly a single family which had not suffered. Many were utterly ruined. I therefore found it easy to live without penuriousness, and to spend more, I think, than is spent by any other member of Council, and yet to lay by much more than I ever reckoned on saving when I left England. By the end of this year I shall be rich enough to provide for my family and to reserve for myself a small but perfectly sufficient independence.

Hannah sends her love. Pray remember us both kindly to your father.

Ever yours truly
[signature cut away]

[1] In consequence of the signature's having been cut away a word is missing here.