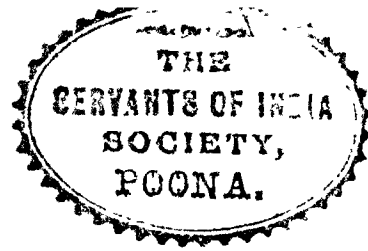




IBRAHIM A MALAY MOONSHEE
FROM A NATIVE DRAWING

JOURNAL



OF

Rare section

A RESIDENCE IN INDIA.

BY

MARIA GRAHAM.

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PREFACE.

THOUGH India has certainly been visited by a greater number of intelligent Englishmen than any other foreign country, and has been the subject of innumerable publications, it is remarkable that there is no work in our language containing such a popular and comprehensive view of its scenery and monuments, and of the manners and habits of its natives and resident colonists, as we are commonly furnished with by travellers in countries incomparably less deserving of notice. The chief reason of this probably is, that few people go to this remote region as mere idle or philosophical observers; and that of the multitude of well-educated individuals who pass the best part of their days in it, the greater part are too constantly occupied with the cares and duties of their respective vocations as statesmen, soldiers, or traders, to pay much attention to what is merely curious or interesting to a contemplative spectator. Having for the most part, too, the prospect of a long residence, they rarely think, on their first arrival, of recording or digesting the impressions which they receive from the spectacle that is spread before them, and wait so long to mature and extend their information, that the interest of no-

velty is lost, and the scene becomes too familiar to seem any longer worth the trouble of a careful delineation. The fact accordingly is, that almost all our modern publications on the subject of India, are entirely occupied with its political and military history,—details and suggestions upon its trade and commercial resources,—and occasionally with discussions upon the more recondite parts of its literary or mythological antiquities. Notwithstanding the great number of these books, therefore, and the unquestionable excellence of many of them, there still seemed to be room for a more popular work on the subject of this great country,—a work which, without entangling its readers in the thorny walk of politics or commercial speculation, should bring before them much of what strikes the eye and the mind of an observant stranger,—and addressing itself rather to the general reader than to those who are professionally connected with the regions it describes, should perform the same humble but useful office as to India, which tolerably well written books of travels have done as to most of the other countries of the world.

This purpose it has been suggested to the writer of the following pages might be accomplished in some degree by their publication,—and it is with these, and with no higher pretensions, that they are now offered to the Public. They were really and truly written, nearly as they now appear, for the amusement of an intimate friend, and without the remotest view to the destiny they have now to encounter, having been prepared for publication merely by the omission of such private details and trifling anecdotes of individuals as could not with propriety be obtruded on the world. The writer is afraid that she secretly means this statement to be received as a kind of apology for some of their imperfections. But the truth is, that she is extremely doubtful whe-

ther she could have made the work much better by digesting it with more labour. Its merit, if it have any, must consist in the fidelity and liveliness of a transcript from new impressions,—and this she has found it would have been in great danger of losing, if she had ventured to change the character of her original sketch, by attempting (perhaps after all not very successfully), to reduce its redundancies or to strengthen its colouring.

In one particular she is sensible that the changes she has made in her original manuscript, have both lessened its authority and tasked her self-denial; she alludes to the obligation she has imposed upon herself, of suppressing the names of those individuals to whom she has been so greatly indebted both for kindness and information, but whom she does not think herself entitled to bring before the Public without their express permission. She may be allowed, however, to mention, that at Bombay, at Madras, and at Calcutta, she had the good fortune to be acquainted with many individuals distinguished for oriental learning and research, and that in their society she had opportunities of acquiring much information with regard to the civil and religious habits and opinions of the natives, which she must otherwise have sought in vain. How far she has availed herself of these advantages the Public must now judge; all she pretends to is the merit of a correct description of the scenery of the country, and, as far as her powers and opportunities permitted, a faithful delineation of the manners of the inhabitants.

It may be proper to add, that she went to India early in 1809, and the first months of her residence in that country were spent in Bombay, which, besides its importance as the third British presidency in India, is interesting from its neighbourhood to some of the most ancient and magnificent monuments of Hindoo art. Of these the cave

of Elephanta is the most interesting, and perhaps it has been most frequently described. The island of Salsette is also rich in antiquities of the same kind, but it has attracted less notice; and the excavations of Carli, in the Mahratta mountains, are in comparison recently discovered. Curiosity induced her to visit all these places, and, when at the latter, to continue her journey to Poonah, the Mahratta capital. On her return to Bombay, she embarked for Ceylon, where she arrived at Pointe de Galle, and travelled along the coast as far as Negombo; afterwards visiting Trincomale on the east side of the island on her voyage to Madras. From Madras the writer went to Calcutta, which terminated her travels in India, as she only returned to the Coromandel coast to embark for England, in the beginning of 1811; where, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope and St Helena, she arrived in the summer of the same year.

With the exception of the town of Poonah and the visit to Calcutta, the Journal consequently only describes the country and the people immediately on the coast. This perhaps may account in some degree for her character of the natives being more unfavourable than that of some other writers; and most certainly she did not go far enough to meet with any of those remnants of the age of gold—any of those combinations of innocence, benevolence, and voluptuous simplicity, with which the imaginations of some ingenious authors have peopled the cottages of the Hindoos. What she saw certainly suggested the materials of a very opposite picture;—and, though aware that, among a people whose laws, whose religion, whose arts, whose habits of reasoning and notions of politeness, all differ from ours, as radically as their language or complexion, it was natural to expect some variation from our standards as to the morals and the charities and decen-

cies of social life, she must confess that the difference was greater than she found it easy to reconcile to herself, even by these considerations. In the sketch which she has attempted to exhibit, therefore, of this singular people, she flatters herself that she may have afforded some entertainment, and some matter of useful meditation even to the reflecting reader; and ventures to hope that she may perhaps contribute, in some instances, to direct the attention of those in whose hands so much of their destiny is placed, to the means of improving their moral and intellectual condition, as well as of securing them from political or civil injuries.

ERRATA.

- Page 10 line 24, for pine read fine
 32 — 20, teak main-mast.—I have since learnt that the mast was of *poon*, and therefore lighter.
 37 — 24, — fine read fire.
 81 — 1, — enterprises read enterprise
 88 — 27, — Pupil read Peepil
 125 note, for Hutopodesa read Hectopadesa
 132 line 8, for Sangor read Saugor
 135 — 25, — mogue read mogree
 136 — 16, — Mahajah read Maharajah
 139 — 1, — travellers, representations read travellers' representations
 142 — 27, — port read park
 154 — 4, — Sangor read Saugor
 195 — 5, — Tehraun read Tehraun.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

Ibrahim, a Malay Moonshee, to face the Title.		Page 1
Temple to Maha Deo in Bombay	-	7
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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

OF THE SHAH NAMEH OF FIRDOUSI.

THE Chevalier D'Ohsson having taken the principal part of his *Tableau Historique de l'Orient* from the *Shah Nameh* of Firdousi, gives the following account of that poem in the first part of his interesting work.

“ The *Shah Nameh* is a production of the fourth century of the He-
gyra. After the destruction of the Sassanians by the Arab armies, Men-
sour I. sovereign of Transoxania, was the first Mahomedan prince who
made any researches concerning the history of the ancient Persians.
Being a lover of science and of letters, he collected such annals as had
escaped the devastations of time, in order to form a regular history.
The zeal of his Vizir Mamery, seconded him in this laudable under-
taking, and the conduct of the work was entrusted to four of the litera-
ry men of the country, namely, Seyyak, Yezdan, Khorshid, and
Schandar.

“ The fragments discovered were chiefly chronicles, each containing the life of one prince. After the assiduous labour of eight years, the work was finished, and dedicated to Mensour, under the name of *Shah Nameh*, or *History of the Shahs*. It was in fact an abridgement of the history of ancient Persia from the reign of Keyoumers to that of Yezdegerd III. the last of the Khosrus.

“ Some years afterwards, Mensour II. wished to have the *Shah Nameh* in verse, and Decaïky, a famous poet of that age, consecrated his talents to that work, but left it unfinished at his death; and another Mahomedan prince made it a point of honour to complete it. This was Mahmoud Ghaznevi, the third sultan of the race Ben-sabuktakin, an illustrious prince, who added to the crown of Zabelistan the whole of Persia, and who, A. D. 999, invaded Transoxania, and gave the last blow to the dynasty of the Ben-Samans, its sovereigns. This hero, who was not less the patron of letters than of arms, employed the genius of Firdousi-ibn-Feroukh, the most celebrated poet of the east, in the great work of versifying the *Shah Nameh*.

“ This poem is still esteemed as the most perfect of its kind; it embraces a space of twenty-nine centuries, from Keyoumers to the last Khosru; but it is to be regretted that the chronological order observed previous to the time of Alexander, is as inexact as many of the historical events recorded in it are fabulous. Some of the princes are said to have reigned during three or four centuries, and we can only presume that several Shahs of the same name have been confounded by the compilers of the ancient chronicles. The same thing must have happened with regard to the heroes of ancient Persia, Zal and Rustum, who are said to have lived six centuries; and among the Khacans of Touran, descendants of Feridoun, Afrasiab, the most celebrated of those sovereigns, is fabled to have reigned above three hundred years.

“ Notwithstanding the silence of the Greek writers concerning the ancient sovereigns of Persia, we cannot doubt their existence, from the testimony of the literary monuments of all the eastern nations in every

age, so that we must regard the ground-work of their history as true, although the episodes be fabulous. These ancient chronicles may in some sort be compared with the mythology of the ancient Greeks. Several of the Shahs, and even the princes, such as Sam, Zal, Rustum, Gouderz, Kiw, &c. are considered as demigods. They are the heroes of the east, who have occupied the imaginations of the poets and the pens of the historians. Their names have been revered in all ages, and there is no work, even on philosophy or morals, which does not mention these ancient Shahs. They are cited continually as models of virtue or of vice, of clemency or of tyranny, of knowledge or of ignorance, of valour or of cowardice, in order to complete the eulogy or the censure of a prince, a minister, or even a simple individual.

“ All the eastern sovereigns, and even the Ottoman sultans, in their letters, diplomas, and other public writings, compare themselves to Feridoun, to Menusheher, and to Key Keavous, and even their titles of Khosru, Houmayoon, and Shahriar, which may be compared to those of Cæsar and of Augustus, of Sebastocrator and of Porphyrogenitus, are borrowed from the ancient kings of Persia.

“ The work of Firdousi possesses high poetical beauties, and a rich and harmonious style; but it abounds with minute descriptions, frequent repetitions, continual metaphors*, and absurd hyperbole. It is full of moral reflections, chiefly on destiny and fatalism, and on the nothingness and the vicissitudes of human affairs, which the author usually puts into the mouths of the princes, the warriors, the ministers of religion, and the statesmen.

“ The heroes never engage in combat without a pompous harangue, displaying their high birth, their valour, and their great achievements. With menaces and invectives, each announces to his adversary defeat,

* Some of these metaphors are however extremely beautiful, such as the following, applied to a ruined city:

“ The spider spreads the veil in the palace of the Cæsars,
And the owl stands centinel on the watch-tower of Afrasiab.”

shame, and inevitable destruction. ‘ *My mother gave me life only to accomplish thy death.*’ ‘ *The robe of honour with which thy sovereign has invested thee, will serve only for thy shroud.*’ Such are their ordinary exclamations.

“ In the descriptions of the battles, we find abundance of such passages as the following: ‘ *The motion of the armies shook the earth, deranged the course of the stars, and overturned the planetary system.*’ ‘ *The march of this multitude of horses raised such whirlwinds of dust, that one of the seven coverings of the earth added a new vault to the seven heavens of the firmament.*’ ‘ *The enormous cloud of darts and javelins covered the heavens, absorbed the light of the sun, and plunged the combatants into the dark agonies of fate.*’ ‘ *The blood of the slaughtered enemy rose suddenly to a river, so impetuous as to turn mighty mills.*’

“ The legends of all remote ages offer to our view dragons, monsters, evil-spirits, and giants, and princes whose chief glory consisted in fighting with, overcoming, and destroying them. We may compare the warlike pictures of ancient Persia to the triumph of Apollo over the serpent Python, to that of Theseus over the minotaur, that of Meleager over the wild boar of Calydon, or those of Hercules over the hydra of Lerna and the centaur Nessus.

“ The Shah Nameh, interesting in itself, would be still more so if it developed with greater clearness the progressive steps of the formation of the ancient Peshdadian monarchy; but the carelessness of the poet on this head is carried still farther with respect to whatever concerns the great vassals of that empire, such as the princes of India, Chaldea, Armenia, Iberia, Colchis, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, and on the political relations between the sovereign and his feudatories, the Shah Nameh touches but slightly. It is the same with regard to the constitution of Ancient Persia, its laws, its public worship, its military state, its finances, its customs, and its manners; but although Firdousi has only noticed the most remarkable historical facts,

he has, in tracing these, occasionally thrown considerable light on each of those curious and interesting subjects."

To this account of the Shah Nameh I shall add a sketch of the life of its author, extracted also from the Chevalier D'Ohsson.

"Mahmoud Ghaznevi had committed the charge of the work, (the compilation of the Shah Nameh,) to Anseri, who was admitted to his private friendship, as were all the sages and learned men of his court. Anseri sought and obtained the poets Feroukhy and Asjedy, as his fellow-labourers. The sultan lodged them in one of his pleasure-houses near Ghazna, gave them a pension, and provided them with every thing necessary for their table and their household.

"These acts of generosity in the prince, and the nature of the work in which the poets were employed, were soon noised abroad. Firdousi, a native of Thouss in Khorassan, who had cultivated his poetical talents, still lived in obscurity. Jealous of the fortune of the three great poets of the capital, he gave himself up to the dictates of his ambition, and went to Ghazna, in the hope of making himself known, and of partaking in the labours of his brother poets. After many fruitless efforts, either to approach the throne, or to recommend himself to some of the nobles or ministers, he determined to address himself directly to the poets themselves. He appeared at their mansion in a simple and modest dress, and represented himself as one who had serious business with the poets. On being introduced he found them in the garden, having just risen from table. They were a little elevated by wine, and attempted to amuse themselves at the expence of the stranger, who, after a silence of some minutes, complimented them on the distinctions they enjoyed, and expressed a desire to see some part of their work. Astonished at this beginning, the poets gave him some vague answer, and endeavoured civilly to dismiss him, telling him that they received only poets, because they made it a rule to speak among themselves in verse. 'And of what na-

ture are your verses ?' said Firdousi, modestly. The three poets smiled, but said, let us satisfy him. Upon which they each recited a verse, ending in *shen*, of which the following is the sense :—

“ *Anseri*,—‘ The moon is not comparable to thy countenance.

“ *Feroukhy*,—‘ The rose cannot be likened to thy cheeks. ’

“ *Asjedy*.—‘ There is no shield that can defend us from thy eyes.’

“ ‘ They surpass,’ Firdousi harmoniously exclaimed, ‘ the terrible lance of Kiw, in the battle of Peshen.’ The justness of the reply astonished the three poets ; they were even humbled to find themselves ignorant of the historical fact alluded to by Firdousi, and which he explained to them with his accustomed modesty.

“ Shame and jealousy overcame the three poets ; under the appearance of civility, they loaded Firdousi with caresses, sat down again to table, and, after drinking copiously, they retired and left him in the garden.

“ Firdousi, on returning to his house, having lost all hope of success, thought only of quitting Ghazna. He went to the mosque, and, absorbed in his reveries, he recited, in the midst of his prayers, some verses analogous to his situation and misfortunes. Chance had placed by his side Mahik, one of the favourites of the Sultan. They entered into conversation, and Firdousi related his adventures and his wishes. Mahik, finding him a man of learning, and a great poet, inquired where he lived, without explaining his intentions, and the same day repeated the conversation to the sultan. Mahmoud Ghaznevi, curious to see Firdousi, sent for him to the palace, and, conversing with him, was enchanted with his erudition, and still more with some verses of his composition. These were compared with what was already written of the Shah Namah, and their superiority was such, even by the confession of the three writers themselves, who were forced to do justice to the superior talents of the poet of Khorassan, that the sultan gave him the entire charge of the work, promised to give him a golden *ducat**, and, as an earnest

* *Ducat* is the word used by D’Ohsson.

of his liberality, made him valuable presents, in goods, furniture, and jewels.

“Firdousi employed several years in the composition of his work, which consisted of sixty thousand *bites*, or distichs. The day on which he presented it before the throne was celebrated as a festival by the whole court of Ghazna. However, the sultan was not faithful to his promise. As it was a question of sixty thousand pieces of gold, Hassan Meymendi, his vizir, represented the enormity of the sum, and advised him to substitute as many pieces of silver, with the promise of future acts of beneficence. Mahmoud suffered himself to be persuaded, and ordered the proposed sum to be paid to Firdousi. The officer charged with the commission, not finding the poet at his house, followed him to the public baths, where he was performing his lustrations. Firdousi, indignant at the meanness of the proceeding, only received the sum to divide it between the messenger who brought it, the keeper of the bath, and a neighbouring merchant who sold refreshments. On his return home, he wrote some satirical verses against the sultan, and fled immediately to Baghdad, where the Kalif Ahmed IV. received him with distinction.

“Mahmoud Ghaznevi paying less attention to his own injustice, than to the proceedings of the poet, pursued him with his anger. Informed of his escape to Baghdad, he haughtily claimed him, and threatened the Kalif, in case of his refusal, to march to Baghdad, and to trample that metropolis under the feet of his elephants. The Kalif (then under the dominion of the Ben-Boyes), confined his answer to the three letters of the alphabet, which designate the chapter of the elephant in the Koran. This chapter relates the unsuccessful expedition of Ebreh, king of Ethiopia, against Mecca, fifty days before the birth of Mahomet. The Ethiopian prince, whose defeat is regarded as a miracle, was mounted on an elephant. By this ingenious device, the Kalif referred every thing to the divine protection and the decrees of Providence. He, however, persuaded Firdousi to make his peace with so powerful a prince, and to write letters of reconciliation. Firdousi, obedient to the counsels of wisdom, entered

into the views of Ahmed, and sent to the sultan an ode full of erudition and philosophy, analogous to his situation. He concluded it by saying, that, relying on the greatness and equity of the hero of Zabelistan, he was going confidently to Thouss, his native country, which had the happiness to be subject, with the rest of Persia, to the throne of Ghazna. This ode, and the letter of the Kalif, produced such an effect on the mind of the sultan, that, ashamed of his conduct towards Firdousi, he deposed his minister, and sent an officer to Thouss with the sixty thousand pieces of gold, some other presents, and a letter replete with favour and kindness. But Firdousi was no more. Scarcely had he arrived at Thouss when he fell a victim to the fatigue of his journey, and the agitations of his mind. He left behind him but one sister, and this virtuous woman accepted the gifts of the sultan; only to employ them according to the intentions of Firdousi. This poet, so celebrated for his literary work, wished to perpetuate his name by some monument consecrated to public utility. He had accordingly destined the liberalities of his prince to repair a bridge over the Oxus, and this noble project his sister executed as a sacred duty."

The Shah Nameh of Firdousi has acquired a celebrity in the east above all other literary productions. Translations and abridgements of it are common in most of the oriental languages; its authority is held sacred by historians; and the itinerant poets and story-tellers chaunt its episodes at the feasts of great men, or in the public places, where the indolent Mussulmans assemble to smoke, and bask in the glories of the setting sun. Firdousi, Anwari*, and Saadi †, are called the princes and fathers of Persian poets, but Firdousi is always placed first. Besides his great work, the Shah Nameh, he is the author of some odes and several satires,

* Anwari is the author of many poems, but his odes are said to be more sublime than those of any of his countrymen.

† Saadi, the author of the *Gulistan* and *Bostan*, with many other works, is one of the most elegant of oriental poets. The following beautiful apologue occurs in the preface to the *Gulistan*: "One day as I was going to the bath, my friend put into my hand a piece

the most remarkable of which is that against Mahmoud Ghaznevi, mentioned above. While I was in Bombay, I received a valuable and ancient copy of the Shah Nameh, from my friend Sir James Macintosh. It had belonged to Cheragh Ali Khan, the minister of Persia, who died at Tehran, a few months before the book came into my possession. It is adorned with costly illuminations, and the delicacy and beauty of the pencilling is only equalled by the exquisite correctness of the calligraphy. The whole number of pictures of the subjects of the Shah Nameh are about one hundred and fifty, of which few copies have more than sixty; mine contains fifty-one, most of them in good preservation. They represent the dresses, armour, furniture, weapons, musical instruments, battles, feasts, houses, and gardens of the Persians. Some of the illuminations represent councils, where the king appears seated on a throne under a canopy, surrounded by his nobles on raised seats, in the robes of peace, but generally with a helmet on the head, and in the hand a club, whose head represents that of some animal. The place of assembly is sometimes in the field, sometimes in a hall, painted and gilt, ornamented with flowers, and for the most part having a fountain in the centre. One picture in my Shah Nameh represents a bridal-feast. The bride and bridegroom are seated under a canopy; female servants appear holding torches in different parts of the hall, and a troop of minstrels fills up the fore-ground. The instruments are a harp of a simple form, several kinds of guitars, and a tambourine. The figures, horses, and dresses, are extremely laboured, and flowers, and other minute objects, well represented, but the putting together and finishing of the whole, is as far

of scented clay *, of such delicious fragrance, that I addressed it, saying, Art thou of musk or ambergris, for thy scent is such that it would recal the spirits of the dead. It answered, I am neither musk nor ambergris, but I was long the companion of the rose, and her charming qualities have infused themselves into me; but for her neighbourhood, I should have been still scentless and disregarded."

* For washing.

from natural, as in the decorations of a missal. Water is constantly painted black; the brightness of the sky, or fire, is represented by gold or silver paint, as in the picture representing prince Syawousche passing through the fiery ordeal, to clear his reputation from the aspersions cast on it by his mother-in-law, the Persian Phædra. The warriors are represented in all their ferocity by the painter, as well as the poet, who scruples not to make them descend from their horses on the field of battle, for the sole purpose of cutting off a vanquished enemy's head, or of putting a noose round his neck, and fastening him to the saddle-tree; and the imagination of the limner seems to have kept pace with that of the author, in sketching the figures of the Dios, or evil genii, who oppose the virtuous heroes of the poem. For the rest, perhaps the Shah Nameh is not so well known as it deserves to be, though it is certainly not to be wished that the public taste should ever be brought to relish greatly this production of wild and inflated genius, while we have among us the literary monuments of ancient Greece and Rome.

No. II.

*An Account of Bengal, and of a Visit to the Government House, by
Ibrahim, the Son of Candu the Merchant.*

THIS is the account of what I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, have seen; this is what I have been present at, and a witness to: where is the Malay who has seen the like that I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu, have seen since I arrived in the great country of Bengal!!

How long was I on my passage from the Malay countries, but how much was I rejoiced to see the beauty of Bengal, which shines like the sun on all nations; for this country of Bengal is so large, that were I to walk for three months, I should not reach the end of the stone houses, which are everywhere so high, that I could never see the hills for them;—this accounts for people saying the hills cannot be seen from Bengal. Alas! I have not forgotten the day when I ventured into the bazar, and having no one to direct me, lost the way. How many days was it painful for me to put the soles of my feet to the ground! how rejoiced was I to reach the house of *Tuan* * *Doctor Layten*, and afterward to think of the wonders I had seen!

How perfect and beautiful is the Fort! how exact all its proportions, its four sides, and all its angles! This is a proper fort; but who would suppose it so large, when it can hardly be seen from without? This is a fault; but why should I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu, the poor merchant of Keddah, pretend to give my opinion in this place, all is so wonderful, and much beyond what I before knew? But yet I must describe what I have seen, that Malays may no longer be ignorant of this great country, but be acquainted with all its wonders and all its beau-

* *Tuan* is synonymous with *Sahib*, *Master*, or *Sir*.

ties, so that their hearts may be glad, and they may no longer be ignorant! Inside of the Fort there is a ditch larger than that on the outside, and at the bottom of both it is level and smooth, like unto a mat fresh spread out, and the colour is like that of young paddy; for such is the management of this place, that when the Rajah pleases the water can be let in from the river, and when the rains are heavy the water can be let out. Within this Fort, which is like a large city, how many are the stone store houses for arms, for gunpowder, for small-arms, cannon-balls, and every thing required in war; and how many store-houses are there for wine, because there are many white men, and so many sepoys, that who can count them!

It was in this great country, in this country of Bengal, which is in this place called Calcutta,—how many months journey from Penang!—on the fifteenth day of the month of Shaaban, in the year of the Hegyra one thousand two hundred and twenty-five, at the hour of ten in the morning, when all Malays remained in the same state of ignorance as when I left them, that I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, went to the palace of the Rajah, with all the great men of the Rajah's court, and was admitted even to the second story, (or rather second heaven.)

How beautiful is this palace, and great its extent,—who can describe it! Who can relate the riches of this country, and, above all, the beauties of the palace! When I entered the great gates, and looked around from my palankeen (for in this country even I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, had my palankeen,) and when I beheld the beauty and extent of the compound, the workmanship of the railings, and the noble appearance of the gates, of which there are five, and on the tops of which lions, carved out of stones, as large as life, seem small, and as if they were running without fearing to fall. I thought that I was no longer in the world I had left in the east; but it is fortunate that I was not yet overcome with surprise, and that I lived to see the wonders that were within, and to write this account, that men may know what it is.

When I entered the palace, and my Tuan said, "Ibrahim follow me, don't be afraid,—this is the house of the Rajah, and he is kind to all people, particularly to Malays," my heart was rejoiced; and as I felt above all Malays on this great day, for there were no other Malays here, I plucked up my courage and followed my Tuan, even mixing with other Tuans, of whom there were many on the stairs at the same time, all of them having large black fans in their hands *, and kindness in their looks, for whenever I raised my eyes to any of them they smiled.

The floors of the great hall are of black stone, polished and shining like a mirror, so that I feared to walk on them; and all around, how many transparent lustres and branches for lights were suspended, dazzling and glistening so that I could not look long upon them!

Until I arrived at the second story, the stairs were all of stone, which formed part of the wall, and had no support. I then entered the great hall where all the Tuans were assembled, and every one looked at me; but I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, knowing the kindness of my Tuan, and that he would laugh at me if I remained behind a pillar, so that no one could see me, walked about and saw every thing, mixing with the other Tuans: no one spoke to me, but all made room for me when I passed, so much was I distinguished among the people of the court.

The floor of this great room is not of stone, because it is of a dark-coloured wood beautifully polished; and were I to describe all the beauties of this great hall, the splendour of the throne, and all I saw there, I should write what would not be read in three months. My head turned giddy when the Rajah entered; but, as far as I can recollect, I will faithfully describe all that I saw in this beautiful place.

At the end of the hall there is a throne †, superlatively beautiful, supported by four pillars of gold, and having hangings of the colour of blood, enriched with golden fringe; it is beautiful in the extreme, and

* These were the *cocked hats*.

† Rather *canopy*.

the elegance of the drapery is surprising. Within this throne there is a golden chair, with hangings and fringe of gold, in which the Rajah sits when he receives other Rajahs and Vakeels*.

In front of this throne, how many chairs were arranged in rows, and how many couches with white cushions were between the pillars, on each of which there was a stamped paper †, as well as on the couch on which I afterwards sat down; for I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, was seated with the other Tuans.

Near the throne, in front of it, there were many gilded chairs, but one of gold was placed in the centre upon the Rajah's carpet, which was beautiful and rich.

When the court was full, and I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, was near to the throne, the Rajah entered, and every one moved different ways. But as soon as the Rajah seated himself, the muntries and high officers of state arranged themselves according to their rank.

On that side of the hall which was to the left of the Rajah, and within the pillars, all the wives and family of the Rajah ‡ were arranged in a row one by one; and it is impossible to forget their beauty, for who could look on them without feeling unhappy at heart! And when everybody was seated, and I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, on a couch between two pillars, the Rajah looked around from time to time, and often cast his eyes on the ladies,—when I could perceive that his heart was gladdened, for his countenance glowed with satisfaction, giving pleasure to all.

Among all the ladies there were six who were most beautiful, seated in chairs, being pregnant, some two, others six months; but there was one of the wives of the Rajah beautiful to excess, and she was eight months gone with child. She was kind and delightful to look at, of a beautiful small make, and she sat in front of a large pillar, while a Ben-

* Ambassadors.

† A printed list of the subjects of the Disputations.

‡ The visitors of the Governor-General.

galee moved a large fan behind her. Whoever gazed on her felt kindness and love, and became unhappy. She resembled Fatima, the wife of I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, but she was more beautiful.

It is the custom of this great country, that the wives of the Rajah always sit on the left side of the throne. They have neither diamonds, nor cats-eyes, nor rubies, nor agates ; yet they are beautiful, and their dress is bewitching. Some looked tall and others short, but I did not see them stand ; they appeared happy, and glistened like fish fresh caught.

Such ! proud Bengala's King and court,
Where chiefs and champions brave resort,
With ladies happy, gay, and free,
As fishes in Bengala's sea !

One beauty shone amid the throng,
I mark'd her nose so fair and long,
So fitted to her pretty pole,
Like a nice toad-fish in its hole *.

One beauty small, amid the row,
Did like the fair *Sanangin* show ;
None softer smil'd amid them all ;
Small was her mouth, her s tature small,
Her visage blended red and pale,
Her pregnant waist a swelling sail.

Another's face look'd broad and bland,
Like pamphlet floundering on the sand † ;
Whene'er she turned her piercing stare,
She seemed alert to spring in air.

* In Malay termed *kantasa* or *toduda-fish*.

† In Malay termed *barval*.

Two more I mark'd in black array,
 Like the *salisdick** dark were they;
 Their skins, their faces fair and red,
 And white the flesh beneath lay hid.

These pretty fish, so blithe and brave,
 To see them frisking on the wave!
 Were I an angler in the sea,
 These fishes were the fish for me!!

Some time after every one was seated, an aged bintara stood up and addressed the Rajah; but I, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, did not understand him, although I have learnt Arabic. When this bintara had finished his speech, he looked round to all. Two *sida-sidas* †, who were youths, went each into dark wood cases that had been placed in front of the Rajah, and then began to address and reply to each other. Four times, as the youths became fatigued, they were relieved by others. They spoke in different languages, but not in Malay; therefore I was disappointed, because I could not understand them.

After the Rajah had amused himself with their speaking, and was tired of it, every body stood up; and he gave to each who had spoken titles, and to those who had not, he gave papers, and small packets tied with red string, for red is the English colour. What these packets contained I don't know, but one fell to the ground from the hand of the bintara, and it sounded like metal; it must have been gold or silver, and as large as a dollar. First, the bintara with the green eyes, (for it is the custom that the eldest bintara should have green shades before his eyes, that he may not be dazzled by the greatness of the Rajah, and forget his duty,) brought the books and packets, and delivered them to the bintara with the black bajee ‡, from whose hands the Rajah received them one by one, in order to present them to the youths. The papers glistened, and were beautiful to look at; and they contained much writ-

* The name of a fish of a dark colour.

† The students.

‡ Coat.

ing for the youths to learn against the next time the Rajah might call them together.

When this was over, the Rajah, who had hitherto remained silent, and spoken only by his kind looks and smiles, took from the skirt of his bajee, on the left side, a book ; and, after every one had taken his place, and the Bengalees with gold and silver sticks, and some with whisks to keep the flies off, had arranged themselves behind the Rajah, he spoke aloud from the book ; and how long did I hear the Rajah's voice ! Every one was pleased ; but I regretted that it was not in Malay, for who could understand it !

While the Rajah was reading aloud, the sepoy entered from one end of the hall, and marched along, passing the side of the throne, but behind the pillars. The meaning of this custom I do not comprehend, but it was no doubt some compliment to the Rajah, who seemed pleased, and raised his voice while every one stirred.

After the Rajah had finished he got up, because no one sat down any longer, except the ladies, and I followed my Tuan out of the hall ; but I did not hear cannon, nor music, nor acclamations, for the English delight in silence.

It was three days after before I could think of, and recollect all I had seen on this great day. I write this history, that men may not be ignorant of Bengal, and of the manners and customs of the great Rajah of the English ; and it is written at Bengal, by me, Ibrahim, the son of Candu the merchant, in the thirtieth year of my age, and on the day of Khamis, being the twenty-seventh day of the month of Shaaban, and in the year of the flight of the Prophet of God one thousand two hundred and twenty-five.

THIS IS THE END.

No. III.

THE STORY OF KERAAT ARJOON,

*Or the Penance that Arjoon performed to Eswar, on the summit of the stupendous Mountain Indra Keeladree *, as related in the second Adayé of the third Purvum of the Maha Barut, called Arun'ya Parvum : extracted from a Tellinga Manuscript. Illustrated by a Representation of the Story Sculptured on the Rock of Mavellipoorum † ; translated by C. V. Ramasawmy, Bramin, for Major Mackenzie, 3d May 1808.*

 THE DEPARTURE OF ARJOON.

ARGUMENT.

AT the end of the Dwapar Yug the Pancha-Pandoos (the five sons of Pandoo Rajah), of the Chandra Vumsham (or Moon Race); having lost at play, in the Crutra ‡ Judum, to their cousin Duryodam, the supreme empire (or Yek-chuckra-adee Putty), of all these countries, he obliged them to go into banishment, with their consort Drawputty, into the forests, there to remain in retirement for twelve years, and one year in close seclusion, according to the agreement made by Rajah Dhurm, the

* The mountain of the illusion of Indra.

† See the Plate, page 159.

‡ The celebrated war of the Maha-Bharut, wherein the two families of Cooroo and Pandava contended for the crown of India, arose from this Crutra-Judum. See an account of it in the introduction to the Bagvat Geeta, translated by Mr Wilkins.

eldest of the Pandoos, at the closing of their game, when they had lost all their effects and kingdom.

Rajah Dhurm at first proceeded with his four brethren, his beloved consort, and a numerous * train of faithful followers; and passing through many deep and gloomy forests, they at last, after a long and tedious journey, arrived in the forest of Dwita Vanum, celebrated among the ten famous forests of Bharut-Cundum.

There, while Drawputty bewailed the misfortune they had met, through the guile and wicked stratagem of Duryodum, Rajah-Dhurm held council with his brothers, how to avenge themselves of their powerful enemy as soon as their term of banishment had expired; and resolved to send his second brother Arjoon, whose fortitude and valour was distinguished among the five valiant brethren, to the famous mountain of Indra-Keeladree, to perform Vogra-Tapāsu (the most austere species of penance), thereby to obtain the devastrum from the Lord of Devatas. Having thus determined, and Arjoon being instructed in mystical muntrums, by the virtue of which he might attain the way to the divine favour of Eswar, by the permission of his eldest brother Rajah-Dhurm, taking leave of his mourning consort Drowputty, he proceeded thence, unattended and alone, in the direction of the north-east; and after meeting many and various evil demons and holy prophets in his way, he crossed the venerated mountains of Himaleya and Gunda-Madanum, and at last begun to ascend the celebrated and lofty mountain of Indra-Keeladree. Voyuva, the god of the winds, as he proceeded, fanned him with his pleasant breezes, which seemed at times softly to whisper, and at times more loudly to proclaim, "Behold the hero, the conqueror of his cruel adversaries;" while, at the same time, the Poshpa-Vrosty descended in showers from the Anlarechum (the sublime expanse of heaven), upon the astonished Arjoon.

* Upwards of 5000 Yogees and Poorahits, as the traditions relate.

Shortly after, Arjoon beheld an aged (Vroodtha*) Bramin sitting under the shade of a lofty tree, but, though old and emaciated, his countenance was divinely bright. Arjoon, on beholding him, reverently prostrated himself at his feet, and then sat down and reposed by his side. The aged Bramin then said, "Whence come you, whose noble countenance bespeaks benevolence and high birth? Being here, you shall obtain the fruits of all your vows. These are habitations of the self-restrained, the adorers of the supreme. To these dwellings of the Sounta Tapasees may not approach the warriors, the heroes of the Chatreya race, the bearers of the bow and arrow, and of destructive arms." By this discourse did the Lord of Devatas (for it was he himself who assumed the character of an aged Bramin) endeavour to persuade Arjoon to lay his bow and arrows aside; but the prudent and sage hero, with a noble fortitude, resisted the insidious advice to part with his arms, even for a moment. Sahastraah then, pleased with his constancy, and assuming his real form, appeared in all his majesty and said, "Oh! Arjoon, choose what you wish, I shall bestow whatever you desire." Then Arjoon, with closed hands, replied, "Oh, Dava! I desire the Dava-Astrum; graciously bestow this immortal weapon, by your favour." He replied, "What, is it a difficult matter to gratify this boon? Rather ask the Pona Lokum†, and the Davatum." But Arjoon answered, "My chief wish, my fixed desire, is to obtain the divine arrow, and to be avenged of my enemies, who have deeply injured, and disgracefully banished my brethren and myself into the forest. I have now left them in the distant wilds lamenting their disgrace, and have come to obtain these weapons, to avenge their cause." Dev-Indra then took

* This Vroodha Bramin was no other than the Lord of Devatas Raja-Indur himself, who assumed this disguise, to try the fortitude of Arjoon. This is the emaciated figure seen sitting at the foot of the rock of Mavellipoor, and not Drona-Achary, as the Bramins there foolishly say.

† Punya Lokum, literally the world of virtue, or rather the abode of the virtuous in Heaven.

compassion on his distress, and counselled him to go to a suitable place to worship Eswar, by whose favour he would surely obtain the celestial Pansuput-astrum.

Accordingly, Arjoon thence ascended to the highest summit of Hemaleya-Purwutt, to perform tapass. There he found a delightful grove, abounding in lofty trees and fragrant shrubs, producing various fruits and flowers, watered by pleasant pools, by sarovaras and purest streams, whereon on the lovely camalas, the water-lily of purest white, and the Calahara of deepest tinge, displayed their brightest hues; and while the celestial hamsa stately swam before his eyes, and the pleasant strains of celestial music reached his ears, the sweet odours of fragrant heavenly flowers and shrubs delighted his smelling organs, and filled him with admiration. He then began his devotion to the Almighty Param-Eswar in the three prescribed modes of Mana*, Vauk †, and Neyama ‡.

In this manner he spent the first month in his devotion, taking food only every fourth day. During the second month, he took food every seventh day; in the third month, he ate only once a fortnight; and for the fourth month, with both his arms extended, and lifted up, he stood immoveable, on the large toe of a single leg, inhaling § the air as his only food and sustenance of life. The nearest Roqshees, seeing the severity of his devotion, were astonished, and said among themselves, surely fire will issue from the intense fervour of his tapass, and immediately went and reported what they had seen to Eswar, who was pleased with his piety and devotion, and promised them to grant his desires, ordering them at the same time to retire to their several Asramums.

Then Eswar assumed the garb of a Kerata Yarooka of short arms. Holding a bow and arrow in his hands, he directed all his Bhootums (or demons) to attend him. Some following, and others going on before him, he

* Mana, that species of devotion which proceeds from the heart in profound silence.

† Vauk, devotion offered by the audible effusions of speech.

‡ Neyama, devotion assisted by the ceremonial purifications prescribed by law.

§ Vayobacha Arig, *i. e.* "eating the wind."

proceeded from his residence into the depth of the forest, with loud cries and noises, as if in pursuit of the chase to kill wild animals and game. At these loud and hard cries the beasts of the forest, alarmed, ran on all sides confusedly, and the birds of the air, in flocks and in terror, winged their way in various directions.

Now Eswar, determined to try the courageous mind of Arjoon, sent an evil Rachasa, Mook Asoor, in the shape of a wild boar, to terrify the hero, who, seeing this ferocious animal approach, undismayed instantly prepared to discharge his arrows at him; but the king of the Keratas, following close behind, called out, "Strike not, nor kill my game." But, unmindful of his words, Arjoon discharged a shaft. At the same moment the king of Keratas shot his arrow also at the wild animal. Struck by both the arrows, the boar fell lifeless, and the Rachasa instantly disappeared, resuming his original form. Arjoon surprised,* but not appalled, beheld the king of Keratas advancing, surrounded by a numerous host of followers and companions, and a thousand wild, frantic, skipping females*, and demanded of him, "Who art thou? What is the cause of your coming into these sacred retreats †—this forest secluded from all mortals, and little suited to wild fantastic gambols? How dared you to shoot your arrows on the boar that was first struck by my shaft, contrary to the laws of hunting and the chase? I shall instantly put you to death." To this the Kerata king contemptuously laughed and replied, "In vain in your pride you boast of your courage and valour to me! Such idle words are vain. I slew the boar; and if you are bold enough to contend with me in combat, I am ready, and shall crush your boasted strength." Arjoon, enraged by this language, discharged at once a shower of arrows at him. They fell thick as rain, but Eswar received them unmoved, and

* This description of the king of Keratas, attended by these troops of frantic bacchanals, seems to have some resemblance to the invasion of the ancient Indians by Silenus and his frantic troops of female votaries.

† Chitra-vanum, forbidden forest.

instantly concealed them all in his body with great pride, without a single wound appearing. Then Arjoon, observing this, considered in his heart, "Is this Eswar, or is he Cubera, who renders all my sharp arrows ineffectual? No others have such power; for, lo! my countless shafts are all expended in vain on him, as good words are thrown away without effect on a senseless man; while a single arrow shot by him inflicts on my body the excruciating pangs of innumerable weapons; but as this mountain is the residence of holy Rooshees, and of Devatas, one of them perhaps has assumed the form of the Kerata king." He then once more shot an arrow at him, that remained in his hand, and looking for more into his never-failing quiver, the famous Achayatooneerum, the gift of Agnee-hotra, when the famous forest Coundava Vanum was set on fire, he found it void as the empty ocean, when dried at the dissolution of the universe. Arjoon then, in despair, flung at him his Gaandeevum, his celebrated and superb bow, the precious gift of the same Agnee-hotra, but in vain; it did not seem even to touch him. The hero then plucked up wild trees and rugged rocks by strength of his hand, and threw them with fury at his opponent's body, but they all fell harmless on earth that instant; whereupon Arjoon, dreadfully enraged at his disappointment, flew at his opponent, and a dreadful combat was fought, body to body, with clenched fists and sinewy arms. There Arjoon displayed such fortitude and valour as astonished the inhabitants of the forests, and the Devatas from the skies beheld this well-fought combat with admiration and surprise. At length, exhausted by the mutual exertions of hard knocks and furious blows, the combatants fell both spent upon earth.

Then suddenly Eswar arose, highly pleased with the courage and valour of Arjoon, and appeared to him in his true form, manifested by his distinguishing symbols, the Jatas, the Endu-Cula-Dhur, the Trisool in his hand, the Garala-Coñt, the Gaja-Chermámur-Dhur, and the Voora-Bhujaga-Bhooshanu, and thus said to him, "O, Arjoon! I am well satisfied with your severe devotion, your valour, and your fortitude, and

“ shall bestow all your wishes ; thou shalt conquer the whole world.
 “ Lo ! behold my real form, through thy divine knowledge.”

Then Pardha, much pleased, prostrated himself before Eswar, and praised him with all his heart, and, with closed hands and homage, standing before him, said, “ Forgive me, Dava,—I knew not thou wert Eswar, but mistook and supposed it was a Kerata I engaged ; I humbly entreat thy forgiveness.” Then Eswar held up his hands most graciously, and, with a smiling countenance, said, “ O, Dhanemjaya ! I have forgiven thine error, “ and am gratified by thy prowess and boldness ; in thy last birth thou wert “ the Rajah Rooshee, named Narroodoo, and with the other Narrain, both “ resided in the forest of Badarika-Vanum, leading a retired life in devo- “ tion for many years, by which you acquired the destructive and sup- “ porting power over the world. I concealed thy great bow, Gurdeevum, “ and the arrows of the Achayatooneerum, by the powers of illusion ;— “ once already did you formerly conquer the evil Rachasa by this celestial “ weapon ;—now make known thy utmost desire.” Then Arjoon answered and earnestly entreated, “ Be pleased, of thy divine grace, to fa- “ vour me with the celestial Pausuputt-Astrum, which has long been the “ first and most earnest object of my wishes. Armed with that cele- “ brated weapon Pausuputt, which destroys the world and multitudes “ of mankind at the end of ages,—which has the power of producing nu- “ merous Trisools and mortal weapons, shall I conquer innumerable “ demons, and every evil spirit, the hostile kings and chiefs Bheeshma, “ Curna, and the other heroes that are adverse to our cause.”

Then Eswar conferred on him the Pausuputt-Astrum. He instructed him in the mode of reciting the sacred Muntrums, the Japa, the Homa, the Prayogum, and Voopasumhar, saying, “ No other Astrum is equal “ to this ; if you discharge this arrow, on whatever occasion, it will sure- “ ly cause the destruction of the whole world ; its virtues are mysterious “ and unknown even to Indra, to Kubera, to Varuna, and to Yama.” He then blessed him to conquer the whole world with the Pausuputt Astrum, and instantly disappeared.

The Dita, the Daanava, the Yacha, the Rachasa, then perceiving the resplendent weapon, the dread Pausuputt, borne in the hand of Arjoon, were greatly alarmed. At that instant the earth shook, together with the ocean, and its seven celebrated stupendous mountains. At that instant, Indra flew from heaven, with all his followers; with pure heart and great joy, he carried him to his celestial mansion; and the eight Asta Decka-gas (the guardians of the eight points of the world), bestowed on him their peculiar celestial weapons, with their good blessing.

1. Indra, king of the Devatas, and the lord of the Orient, himself offered his divine Indrastrum to his beloved son Arjoon.

2. Agnee, the God of Fire, the Commander of the South East, bestowed his fiery arrow, the Agnee-Astrum, on Arjoon.

3. Yama, Commander of the South, granted his death-disposing club, the Dundum, to Arjoon.

4. Nyrootea, God of the South West, offered the Cuntum to the hero.

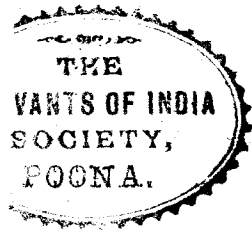
5. Varuna, the God of the Ocean, and Commander of the West, conferred his watery arrow, called Varunastrum.

6. Voyoova, Lord of Winds, and Commander of the North West, bestowed his windy arrow, the Voyuvastrum.

7. Cubera, the God of Wealth, and Commander of the North, presented his arrow, called the Cuberastrum.

8. Eesaar, Commander of the North East, at the first bestowed his mighty Pausuputt.

There is a curious circumstance in this paper, relating to the ancient manners of the Hindoos. Drawputty appears clearly to have been the wife of *all* the five Pandoos. In Ceylon some of the inhabitants persevere in the custom of making one woman the wife of several, and in Bombay the caste of coppersmiths (as I was informed) have the same usage.



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