



Ex Libris

---

K.K. Venugopal

---



A NEW MAP OF INDIA FROM THE LATEST AUTHORITY.



EXHAUSTED

TODDY

RUPEES

BY GREEN

The  
**GRAND MASTER**  
 or *Adventures of*  
**QUI HI?**  
 in  
**HINDOSTAN.**  
 A  
*Audibrastic Poem*  
 in  
**Eight Cantos**  
 by  
**QUIZ.**  
 Illustrated with Engravings  
 by  
**ROWLANDSON.**

London.

Printed by Thomas Sagg,  
 N<sup>o</sup>. 111, Cheapside.

1816.

Rowlandson



The  
**GRAND MASTER**  
 or Adventures of  
**QUI HI?**  
 in  
**HINDOSTAN.**  
 A  
*Hudibrastic Poem*  
 in  
**Sight Cantos**  
 by  
**QUIZ.**  
 Illustrated with Engravings  
 by  
**ROWLANDSON.**

London.  
 Printed by Thomas Sagg,  
 N<sup>o</sup>. 111. Cheapside.

1816.

Charlotte Smith

Quiz Poet

Rowlandson sc.

## P R E F A C E.

READER,

SOME time ago, when *fish* could fly,  
And leave the sea to soar on high—  
Would mount into the air, and then  
Would tumble headlong—back again.  
It happen'd that a certain *ship*,  
To distant India made a *trip*;  
And *least* an enemy she'd meet,  
*Some other* ships compos'd a *fleet*—  
'Twas off the Cape, where winds prevail,  
They were encounter'd by a gale.  
The boatswain call'd the sailors out,—  
Perhaps to put the ship about,  
To furl the *sails*, or, *to be brief*,  
He might have call'd them out to reef.  
The light'ning darted thro' the clouds,  
Illuminating all the shrouds,

And to the mind could well convey,  
The horrors of a raging sea;  
Then, as it were to veil the sight,  
Darkness once more pervades the night.—  
A sailor station'd at the wheel,  
Receiv'd a blow that made him reel;  
The fellow, stupid as a post,  
Believ'd in truth, it was a ghost!  
For sailors, *whatsoe'er their merit*,  
Will none of them attack *a spirit*.\*  
The tar, then walk'd across the deck,  
Swearing he'd "break the rascal's neck;  
But fearful for the *Fiend* to wait,  
He thus address'd the *fourteenth* mate:  
"To catch the fellow how I wish,"  
And, groping, caught a—*flying fish*.  
Not Brutus look'd with more surprise,  
When he saw *Cæsar's* ghost arise:  
Not with more dread did *Macbeth* stare,  
When he saw *Bancho* in the chair:  
Not with more fear did Frenchmen meet,  
*Lord Nelson* and the British fleet;

\* Unless it appears in the shape of a *glass of grog*!

Nor with more horror and dismay,  
 Did *Bony* contemplate the sea,  
 When with a face devoid of smile,  
 He first embark'd for Elba's isle ;  
 Nor since, when he had cause to rue,  
*The dreadful day of Waterloo ;—*  
 Nor the astonish'd speaker star'd,  
 When lately mad C——e appear'd,  
 To shew the house, 'spite of their raillery,  
 That he had just escap'd the pillory ;  
 And took his seat among them all,  
 Squir'd by the knight of *Donegal*.  
 When certain members with surprise,  
 Cautiously shut their *precious* eyes,  
 To guard themselves—('twas right enough,)  
 From the effects of fatal snuff.\*—  
 Than look'd the sailor, when he found,  
 The *thing* that struck him to the ground.  
 Down to the steerage does he go,  
 To shew the gentlemen—the *show*.  
 An Irishman soon pass'd the word,—  
 “ *A flying dolphin* by the Lord.”

\* *Scotch snuff* is considered the most pungent.

All star'd; and some most stoutly swore,  
 They ne'er saw fish with wings before;  
 Some claim'd his head and some a fin,  
 Another wish'd to stuff his skin;  
 And one—but we'll conceal his name,—  
 Said he had come the *wings* to claim;  
 And then he instantly begins,  
 To cut off the poor devil's fins.  
 We've heard it said, in *days of yore*,  
 Things spoke that never spoke before;  
 Asses, and mules, and *things infernal*,  
 And reader, I have known a *Colonel*,  
 Could speak, tho' in a human shape,  
 With soul, *that might adorn an ape*.  
 If such is truth, what wonder now,  
 That we the privilege allow.  
 "Stop," said the fish, "till you have heard,  
 "The reason that I came on board;  
 "'Tis not for *pleasure* that I roam;  
 "I'm on my *cheapest passage* home;"\*

\* We fancy the unfortunate *flying fish* had not 1500 or 2000 rupees to spare, and could not be a *cuddy passenger*.—A SUBALTERN.



And added with a piteous sigh,  
“ I’m all that’s left of poor QUI HI !  
“ For twelve long years in Indian wars,  
“ I gain’d *misfortunes*, and *some scars* ;  
“ Lost both my health, and all my money,  
“ And died at last with *brandy pauny*.\*  
“ *A Bramin*, much against my wish,  
“ Transform’d me to a *flying fish* ;  
“ I thus from India did escape,  
“ And almost safely reach’d the Cape ;  
“ When from a *shoal of sharks* I flew,  
“ On board of ship—and came to you,  
“ So save my life, and throw me over,  
“ ’Till I again can land discover.”—  
But this appeal was made too late,  
The *fish* had met its *destin’d fate* ;  
The wings cut off and plac’d secure,  
Close behind QUIZ’s cabin door.

\* A universal antidote for every evil in the East Indies—two or three bottles of which taken every day for a month will bury all troubles in *Oblivion*—QUIZ.

On deck the lifeless body lay,  
 And QUI HI'S spirit flew away;  
 But 'ere he went he sung in verse,  
 The subject that I shall rehearse;  
 And for a motto too to grace it,  
 He said—" *Qui capit ille fecit.*"

## QUIZ.

LONDON,

FEBRUARY 1, 1816.

INVOCATION

BUTLER.

IMMORTAL shade of Hudibras,  
The muse, a novice yet, alas!

Now prays thy kind protection;  
Decend then, with a spark of thine,  
And fix it on this *quill* of mine,  
'Twill answer to perfection.

What pity, in this curious age,  
That Hudibras has left the stage,  
*His talents* might be wanted;

For surely satire's pointed pen  
Was ne'er required by viler men,  
Than *those* the muse has *painted*.

If *honor's* dictates can't prevail,  
And *human laws* deficient fail,

To cause their reformation;  
In mercy let the muse aspire,  
To *thy* extinguish'd *attic* fire,  
And shew them to the nation.

Folly or vice, if *far* or *near*,  
 Deserve a scourge—devoid of fear ;

And *this* shall now be given :

Nor vice, or ermin'd, or in crape,  
 Shall Quiz's *pickled lash* \* escape,

And this I vow to heaven !

But while contempt to *some* belong,

Let me not mix in such a throng,

The virtuous and deserving :

For *honor*, well I know, is found

In *certain* breasts on Indian ground,

Tho' merit there is starving !

Then, dearest bard ! at once comply,

And let the champion of QUI HI,

Succeed in this endeavour.

While in this scurvy world he lives,

His word of honor now he gives,

To be thy friend for ever.

\* Alluding to the vulgar phrase of " a rod in pickle."



Rowlandson. sc.

Quiz. fecit.

PHANTASMAGORIA A VIEW IN ELEPHANTA.

THE  
GRAND MASTER;

OR, ADVENTURES OF

QUI HI?

---

---

CANTO I.

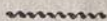
---

ARGUMENT,

The *Anno Domini* left out,  
The fear of making *people* pout,  
The hero of the tale appears,  
Leaving his dad and mam in tears.

The boy would almost seem a fool,  
For he has only come from school,  
And, like most other *graceless chaps*,  
Is glad to quit both *books* and *raps*.  
His *kit's* pack'd up, and off he's set  
To try his fortune—a cadet.

On board of ship, without a friend,  
 He takes a view of the *land's end* ;  
 A place,—and what a luckless *bore*,—  
 He's doom'd to visit never more.  
 Some anecdotes about a ship,  
 Peculiar to an Indian trip ;  
 Some people tickled, but not sore ;  
 Perhaps 'twould make the *asses roar*.  
 The author, but not thro' derision,  
 Describes a very curious vision ;  
 And, for the reader's information,  
 Some *ladies* sent on speculation,  
 A precious school for female morals !  
*Gimlet-holes—love intrigues—and gen'ral's ?*  
 Of conduct, if in heav'n or hell done,  
 And by commanders bad or well done ;  
 The eccentricity of sailors,  
 'Gainst which my readers can't be railers ;  
 Nor will they once attempt to rail  
 Against some pictures in a gale.  
 Something, of course, I here should mention  
 Of St. Helena and Ascension ;  
 At Cape-Town, Hottentots, and sheep,  
 Our readers also have a peep ;  
 A view of Saugar and of Hugely,  
 Of Hindoo customs, rare, but ugly ;  
 And to complete the argument,  
 The passengers on shore are sent.



**I** WHISTLE, for I cannot sing,  
 About a youth who serv'd the King ;  
 Or, should it *certain people* please,  
 He serv'd *the men* who deal in *cheese*,  
 And in the year (call it a blank)  
 Was old enough to try for rank ;

And who, like modern men of letters,  
Endeavour'd hard to break his fetters ;  
For school-boy's thought, like merit, tends  
To burst their bonds, and gain their ends.  
And where's the cynic that will grin  
At youth aspiring praise to win ?  
The lad, at fifteen years of age,  
Mounts on the world's old crazy stage,  
Unconscious that a single error  
May send him to the ground with terror.  
Alas ! the *eastern* way to fame  
Depends on *int'rest* more than *name*.  
Passive obedience under wrongs,  
'Tis thought, to subalterns belongs.  
The tyro now must try and hide  
The slightest mark of native pride,  
To all indignities submit—  
An ass, in fact, with curb and bit.  
But who can stoop with such devotion  
To dogs in office for promotion ?  
The youth, while tears run down his face,  
Gives *poor mama* a last embrace,  
Receives some hints for his instruction,  
A letter, too, of introduction.  
A trunk contains his goods and chattels,  
With sundry plans of *Indian* battles ;  
For he may yet, *in time to come*, be  
Another Clive or Abercrombie ;



Or, like some folks, which I could name,  
 Aspire by other roads to fame ;  
 Crawl after men of higher quality,  
 Through *wicket* of the Admiralty ;  
 And be like some one dubb'd a " Sir"—  
 " Sir Nipcheese or Sir Vinegar."  
 Whate'er our hero's hopes had been,  
 But little of the world he'd seen.  
 The world was honest, he believ'd :  
 He soon had cause to be deceiv'd.  
 It was the height of his ambition  
 To gain, in India, a commission :  
 What pity that his mother's wishes  
 Could not procure him loaves and fishes !  
 Embark'd, the anchor's weigh'd, in night  
 Sinks England from his anxious sight ;  
 Yet while the evening gleam displays  
 The glorious mistress of the seas,  
 He vows his heart is center'd there,  
 And thus addresses Heav'n in pray'r—  
 " O THOU who guard'st my country's shore,  
 " Thy benediction I implore !  
 " Upon my happy native land,  
 " May she all Europe's arms withstand,  
 " Keep France and *Jonathan*\* in awe,  
 " And rule the world by British law.

\* America.

" Next, for myself, I fervent pray,  
 " That, on some *future* happy day,  
 " Should I perchance escape "*that bourn,*"  
 " From whence no trav'ler must return,  
 " I'd find her prosperous and great.  
 " And now—to make my pray'r complete—  
 " O, curse! sincerely curse, those elves  
 " Who dupe a Prince to serve themselves!  
 " Who, ignorant of a good name,  
 " Attempt to injure others' fame,  
 " And with impunity succeed,  
 " Tho' infamous in word and deed!  
 " All such who aim at Merit's fall,  
 " May Heav'n, in justice, curse them all!"

So *pious* an ejaculation,  
 Made for the good of Britain's nation,  
 Will, it is hop'd, be thought sincere—  
 As such it is recorded here;  
 And there is very little doubt  
 Our hero meant to be devout!  
 The land, receding from his view,  
 Now dim and more imperfect grew:  
 Still he believ'd (and he was right)  
 That *England* was not out of sight;  
 For ev'ry drop of Ocean shews  
 The tribute it to Britain owes;  
 And I believe that it is meant  
 England should farm *the whole extent*;

For 'tis a maxim I hold true,  
To keep my native land in view ;  
The rallying point from wrongs or grief ;  
The seat of mercy and relief.  
Here retributive justice tends  
To shew us enemies from friends,  
Holds petty tyrants up to view,  
And sends to infamy the crew.  
O that the fate of some *old Wall*\*  
Might now take place, and crush them all ;  
Whether at Newgate, or in France,  
On nothing I would see them dance.

Nought circumscribes our hero's view,  
Save British ocean's naval blue ;  
A wide extent of sea and sky  
Marks the wild progress of his eye :  
Enough—he's tir'd of thoughtful study,  
And enters first the narrow *cuddy*.  
Perhaps my readers wish to hear  
The sounds that now assail'd their ear,  
Or that the Muse should just disclose  
The kind of beings that compose  
Our youth's society ; and I  
Shall thus disclose this Margate hoy.

\* Does the author mean the tumbling of some old wall ; or does he allude to a late *governor* of that name, of African celebrity ?—ED.

- The bustle on the deck, 'tis true,  
 Between the officers and crew,  
 Was great indeed. One *genius* cries—  
 “Go set those royals, d—— your eyes!  
 “You boatswain! I shall stop your grog;  
 “And those fore-top-men I shall flog.  
 “You lubber! see the Commodore  
 ‘With royals set an hour before.  
 “By heav’n ’tis shameful to be seen!  
 “We look like the Bombay marine.  
 “Secure that anchor, forward there,  
 “Such dogs would make a parson swear,  
 “You fellow, b—t you, at the wheel,  
 “If I come up I’ll make you feel.  
 “Why are you blind? d—n you, steer large,  
 “You’ll yet aboard of that *coal barge*.\*  
 “Now how’s her head? north-west by west:  
 “You, sir! go take away that chest:  
 “Put all the people’s baggage here:  
 “That rascal don’t know how to steer!  
 “See what that signal is, you ass!  
 “Why, were the d—l is the glass?  
 “’Tis number sixty-five—a wig—  
 “O d—n the number! man the gig.  
 “Where is the skipper?—heave the lead,—  
 “He’s sitting with Miss Gingerbread.

\* No allusion, of course, is made to any *particular* ship.

“ Go tell him—but, avast ! I’ll go,  
 “ And, curse me, but I’ll stay below.  
 “ Call Mr. Harpoon—’tis his watch,  
 “ The fellow now has got his match ;  
 “ No chief-mate living humbugs me ;  
 “ I’ve all my life-time been at sea ;  
 “ If Mr. Harpoon, or such lubbers,  
 “ Play bowls with me, they’ll meet with rubbers ;  
 “ So bear a hand, and call him here—  
 “ You, Sir ! go overhaul that gear,  
 “ And set the signal hallyards clear.”

Thus spoke a thing, “ yclep’d a mate,”—  
*An officer*, at any rate ;  
 A puny milk-in-water elf,  
 Scarce able to protect himself ;  
 But who, like most of his superiors,  
 Trod under foot (of course) inferiors :  
 In fact, a specimen of folly,  
*A semi-ver*, a mere *Miss Molly*.  
 ’Tis natural that *such a figure*,  
 Devoid of spirit as of vigour,  
 Could only draw our youth’s contempt,  
 (His mind from prejudice exempt)  
 But now, a fool would scarce have miss’d  
 To turn a physiognomist,  
 When mounting the companion stairs,  
 The face of Harpoon just appears

Like some far fam'd *banditti* chief,  
Or some Saint Giles's *cellar thief*.  
My readers can suppose a face  
Without a single human grace,  
Such as Lavater would have giv'n,  
To one accurs'd of earth and heav'n!  
Two bushy eye-brows, black as sin,  
Conceal'd his goggle eyes, within;  
As fell a front as human nature,  
Unfinish'd, gave to human creature,  
They shew'd, with diabolic ire,  
The vice that did his soul inspire;  
Tremendous loads of dirty hair,  
That would have serv'd a Lapland bear,  
Completely covering mouth and chin,  
Adds to the fiend's demoniac grin!  
His height gigantic, with a stride,  
Of impudence, and low-bred pride;  
His *tone* of insolence and pow'r,  
Made all the passengers to low'r,  
And to lament that such a form,  
Particularly in a storm,  
Should ever their companion be,  
And have the watch, when out at sea;  
Or rather that he might alone, as  
A sinner, be the only Jonas.  
Tho' each reflected in his breast  
They all were Pharisees at best;

Nor did they once express a wish  
That whale, or any other fish,  
To take the fellow straight from hence,  
*Might then be sent* by Providence;  
But hopes, neglectful of his fate,  
The absence of th' obnoxious mate.  
In puppy's kennel they had wish'd him,  
Had hydrophobia even dish'd him.  
Enough of mates: you now enquire  
About the man that's titled "*Squire*,"  
"*Captain or Skipper*," for no doubt  
A *title* cannot be left out;  
And so my readers, if they please,  
May call him any one of these.  
Whether from transatlantic shore,  
The skipper formerly came o'er;  
Whether the blood of Cattabaws,  
Or Mohawks, or of Chukasaws,  
Runs in the fellow's stupid veins,  
Or whence deriv'd his *fertile* brains,  
Or whether he had common sense,  
Is not of any consequence,  
Our manuscript remains without it,  
And thus the reader's left to doubt it.  
Nature, when in a laughing mood,  
Hew'd out the figure, gross and rude,  
And fifty years could plainly shew,  
Upon his head time's drifting snow,



Rowlandson sc.

A SCENE IN THE CHANNEL.

Quis. Pict.



While it was clear to each beholder,  
 A load of vice was on his shoulder,  
 A most enormous aukward lump,  
 By vulgar people call'd a *hump*.  
 His limbs, a libel upon legs,  
 Deem'd rather two unweildy pegs :  
 A patent pair of goggle winkers,  
 Conceal'd from public view his blinkers ;  
 And with a parrot nose display'd  
 As droll a face as ere was made.  
 Such was his figure ; but his mind  
 Leaves mere description far behind ;  
 This paltry dabbl'r vile in tea  
 Grows consequential, when at sea ;  
 This—worse than dregs of his own beer,  
 Would fain a man of pow'r appear ;  
 This exporter of ladies s——s,  
 The ladies' feelings more than shocks :  
 This groc'ry captain now, forsooth,  
 With voice infernal hails our youth.  
 “ Why d-m-e, Sir, you're in the way—  
 “ Is this your proper place to stay ?  
 “ I now am present, Sir, you see,  
 “ So leave the weather side to me ;  
 “ Go to the leeward, or the d—l”—  
 Our hero thinking him not civil,  
 Happen'd to ask—“ pray who are you ?”  
 (Not knowing that *respect* was due)

“ Do you suppose I am come here  
“ To be insulted by a bear ?” —  
And then, with indignation fir'd,  
Into the cuddy he retir'd ;  
For here he could himself amuse  
With Christians, Infidels and Jews,  
Who spite of tempests and of thunder,  
Had come in search of Indian plunder.  
Reader ! perchance you've been at Margate,  
Or Deal, or Brighthelmstone, or Parkgate ;  
If so, you certainly have met  
A very hetrogenious set :  
Such people met his curious view,  
When to the cuddy he withdrew.  
The first on which he fix'd his eyes,  
A man of most enormous size,  
As broad again as he was tall,  
So heavy he could scarcely crawl,  
Sitting with mistress, Country Ship,  
For fear his chair might *chance* to slip,  
Thus spoke “ Dear madam, here all mingle,  
“ If mistress Pig, or mistress Pringle ;  
“ 'Tis late, the air may hurt your head ;  
“ Take my advice and go to bed.”  
Away the charcoal damsel went  
With modern Falstaff, quite content.  
Another man, his name I trow,  
We're none of us inclin'd to know,

Cooly exclaim'd, " upon my life  
" The fellow's taken off my wife !"  
And then, as stupid as a log,  
Enjoys another glass of grog.  
While two young ladies silent sat,  
Save now and then a little chat,  
About the voyage, and *all that*.  
The captain's clerk, I ought to mention,  
Paid one of them *remark'd attention*.  
Sol's golden car had drove away,  
With all the pleasures of the day,  
And madam Night had just unfurl'd  
Her petticoat o'er half the world,  
While chaste miss Luna, in her smock,  
Told every one 'twas twelve o'clock.  
Our novice down the ladder creeps,  
Gets to his cot, and soundly sleeps—  
He dreamt (the voyage safely o'er)  
He trod Golconda's golden shore,  
Filling his *knapsack* with rupees,  
Or fruit from the pagoda trees,  
Forgot the troubles of the ocean,  
And *rapidly* attain'd promotion :  
He thought he was convey'd away  
To the environs of Bombay.  
There in the *elephanta cave*,  
A figure, rising from the grave,

Call'd his attention to a view  
What, reader—I'll describe *to you* :—  
He saw *an ELEPHANT*, array'd  
In all the *pomp* of grand parade ;  
A gorgeous *HOWDA* deck'd the beast,  
Studded with diamonds of the *EAST* ;  
A figure, in the garb of war,  
Dress'd in an *EGELLET* and *STAR*,  
With *self* importance seem'd to ride,  
With nearly *Bonapartian* pride,  
While his confed'rates, something lower  
Shrunk at the terror of his power ;  
The *Hindoo hurraman* appears,  
Goading the brute between the ears ;  
But all the *carts* at *Leadenhall*,  
Crowded with baggage one and all,  
Would a *mere pocketful appear*,  
To what the *ELEPHANT* did bear :  
Casks of rupees, and debts, and charters,  
Cargoes of beer, and boots, and garters ;  
Some hundred weight of cheese, just rotten,  
And bales of damag'd Indian cotton ;  
Two *barons*, coronets, and mitre,  
Could make the burthen nothing lighter.  
The elephant, and you'll admit  
Such animals have sometimes wit,  
Appear'd oppress'd with such a load,  
Indignant at the monkey's *goad*.

“ *Mortal!*” the spirit said, “ look here,”

Observe *FUTURITY*, and *fear!*

That elephant in all its pride,

On which *THE Burea Sahib* does ride,

Is by *AMBITION*'s fetters tied.

The *brute's o'erloaded*, and *they all*

You'll *shortly see*, will get a fall.

He touch'd a cask with magic loaded,

The composition soon exploded,

Shook all the Indian empire round,

And sent the *RIDERS* to the ground.

The elephant threw off his chain,

And sought his native wilds again.

Thus have I seen in street call'd *Diot*,

Some Irishmen kick up a riot,

When an unhappy tinker's ass,

By accident might by them pass;

The *tradesman's* furniture, of course,

*En masse* was plac'd upon his horse,

Some fellow, who conceiving paddy,

Was overloaded, just like neddy,

Produc'd a piece of *Irish oak*,

And with a most tremendous stroke,

Sent to the ground both men and boys,

Regardless of th' infernal noise;

The jack-ass thinking himself free,

Kicks them and then escapes, *like me*.

The boatswain's whistle, shrill and loud,  
 Proclaim'd day peeping through a cloud,  
 While chanticleer upon the poop,  
*Repeated signals* in the coop,  
 And the return of morning light  
 Brings to the boy's astonish'd sight  
 A scene, as laughable as true,  
 A horrid sea-sick steerage view ;  
 One *genius*, setting in his cot,  
 A *pewter article* had got ;  
 He roar'd (enough to raise the dead)  
 O curse the ship, O L—d ! my head  
 “ Good God ! Sir, what are you about ?  
 “ My eyes you'll *by and bye* put out ;  
 “ Pray puke you in some other place,  
 “ And not *exactly* in my face.  
 “ Had I known this, India might be  
 “ Sunk before I had come to sea.”

Another youth, a graceless spark,  
 Who had been boring in the dark,  
 A gimlet hole thro' the bulk head,  
 Was peeping at miss Gingerbread,  
 The baker's neice, who left her mother  
 To go to India *to her brother*.  
 And now the modest simple fair  
 Is plac'd *beneath* the captain's care.—  
 Those gimlet holes we cannot doubt,  
 Find *many curious* secrets out,

For, 'tis asserted, not uncommon,  
A human figure, *not* a woman,  
Has taken most uncommon pains  
To be admitted thro' the chains,  
Where, I have reason to suppose,  
Things happen'd that I'll not disclose.  
When once the *dreadful* secret's spread,  
Discord erects her gorgon head,  
And peace on board at once destroy'd,  
The captain thinks himself annoy'd,  
Because the purser, or a mate,  
Was intimate with Moll or Kate ;  
Tho' all the passion that he shows  
From interested motives flows.  
The lady that he had *selected*,  
His offers, and himself, rejected ;  
He now determin'd is to curse her,  
Because, forsooth, she *kiss'd* the purser.

Patience by general belief  
Is thought to be a cure for grief ;  
I recommend a *better* plan,  
Laugh and be happy when you can ;  
Adopting this advice of mine,  
Our hero safely reach'd the *line*,  
He frown'd at vice, and smil'd at folly,  
And thus outwitted melancholy.

The day was cloudless, and the sun  
Its northern course had just begun ;

The latitude the captain sought,  
And entered on the logboard—nought.  
The bell struck eight, a dreadful sound:  
Now reach'd the ears of all around:  
A monster of uncommon size,  
Out of the ocean *seem'd* to rise:  
And bellowing thus, he hail'd the crew  
“ Ho! what the devil ship are you?  
“ Your passengers must all appear,  
“ Neptune will presently be here,  
“ And as his godship is in haste,  
“ Muster the people in the waste.”  
And now comes *Neptune*, in a car,  
(A grating cover'd o'er with tar,)  
Surrounded by a motley throng,  
Of Tritons, dragging him along:  
The captain offers him his hand,  
And Neptune (*drunk* as he can stand)  
Accepts the honor with an oath,  
The sailors laughing at them both.  
The passengers are now collected,  
To be by Neptune's gang inspected.  
*The tub* is rigg'd; and now a fellow  
Painted all over, red and yellow,  
Decends the ladder from the poop,  
Arm'd with a piece of iron hoop;  
The ceremony then takes place—  
—Our novice, with a blacken'd face,



Is rubb'd with tar and filth and *slush*,  
And blinded with *the barber's brush*,  
Midst laughter, folly, fun, and noise,  
Of men and women, girls and boys ;  
Tir'd with resistance, pain and blows,  
His *scat's* remov'd, and in he goes !  
Buckets of water, now complete  
This serio-comic naval fête.  
The bell struck six : the watch was set :  
The ladies in the cabin met,  
And, over an expiring candle,  
Were playing cards, and talking scandal.  
'Twas Sunday ; and I well remember,  
The blackest night in *black* November ;  
'Twas Harpoon's watch, whose leaden eyes  
Morpheus had closed *by sheer surprise* ;  
And thus the ship was left to ride  
At fortune's whim, without a guide ;  
When in an instant, with a squall,  
Away went foresail, jib, and all.  
Up started Harpoon with a frown,  
And knock'd a luckless sailor down :—  
“ You rascal have *you* been asleep ?  
“ *Is this the way your watch to keep ?*  
“ Call up the hands, there, by the l—d,  
“ The masts are coming by the board !”  
Out ran the ladies from their sport ;  
Out ran the captain in his shirt,

And last, *not least*, old Falstaff came ;  
 Falstaff in figure, not in name.  
 Wishing to gain the weather side  
 He seiz'd a rope, and vainly tried ;  
 It broke, and with a sudden crack,  
 Sent him to leeward on his back,  
 Carried away both stays and braces,  
 And smash'd a carronade \* to pieces.  
 Pray, reader ! did you ever meet  
 A brewer's dray in Chiswell-Street ?—  
 If so you saw the brewer's men  
 With ropes make fast a *cash*—and then,  
 (Sure that the rope was safely bound)  
 Cautiously send it under ground ;  
 But if the rope should chance to go,  
 Heav'ns ! what a wreck is made *below*.  
*Another* simile to mention,  
 I've seen a turtle at *Ascension*,  
 A most enormous turtle, truly,  
 And equally as much unruly,  
 Dragg'd by the sailors to the boat,  
 For fear the *rats* † should cut its throat ;

\* Quiz only means the *carrriage* of the carronade ; though if the gentleman's *head* had come in contact with the *gun*, he questions whether this note would be necessary.

† It is unnecessary *perhaps* to inform my *Asiatic* readers, that the *rats* of the Island of Ascension will take *advantage* of the unfortunate turtle *being turned*

When once he's put upon his fins,  
 O! what a *bobbery* begins!  
 The boat is very soon deserted,  
 Her timbers very often parted:  
 Thus the unweildy Falstaff flounder'd,  
 When with the wreck he was surrounded;  
 The vessel on her centre quivers,  
 And ev'ry sail is soon in shivers.  
 Silence, resum'd its perfect reign,  
 While *certain* people courage feign,  
 Tho' not a word to cheer the men  
 Escap'd their lips, to grace my pen.  
 An awful overwhelming sea  
 The weather bulwark sweeps away;  
 The captain's voice is faintly heard—  
 "Let all the guns go overboard!"  
 But *British sailors*, ever steady,  
 Had sent them overboard *already*.  
 The decks are scuttl'd, and we lay  
 Far in the hollow of the sea;  
 For three sad days the vessel rolls,  
 At ocean's mercy *under poles*;  
*Fortune*, tho' sometimes known to fail,  
 Brings her at last thro' all the gale.

on its back, which renders it *incapable of defence*, and  
 that they will, under those circumstances, like *rats*  
 of some of the *Indian Islands*, cut its throat *if they*  
*can*.

The damages at length repair'd,  
 To Saint Helena they have steer'd,  
 "Land is in sight," now cheers the crew,  
 Ascension's rock is just in view.  
 The Muse with pleasure here would tell  
 What *people* on the island dwell.  
 But this is going rather far,  
 For England is with them at war;  
 And tho' we don't enslave or beat them,  
*Like Africans*, we're known to *eat them!*  
 Now four days more had only past,  
 When Saint Helena from the mast  
 Appear'd, in all its *native pride*,  
 As o'er the ocean it would ride.  
 Stop, reader! and I'll let you see—  
 Now for *another* simile—  
 Perchance you may have seen at school,  
 A drowned puppy in a pool;  
 That it requires the sharpest eyes  
 To recognize its paltry size;  
 So stands this island in the sea,  
 Vesuvius' mountain to a flea!—

The ship continues on her rout  
 To find *long wish'd for* Bengal out.  
 The scenes on board we can't renew,  
 Same captain, passengers, and crew;  
 And sure the muse can't find a theme  
 Where ev'ry thing is just the same:

She will not here stoop to retail  
 Such anecdotes as suit a jail:—  
 How many squabbles people say  
 Happen'd at table ev'ry day;  
 Or if the major, void of honor,  
 Corrupted Mistress Biddy Connor;  
 Or how *a lady*, without grace,  
 Happen'd to *claw* the captain's face;  
 Or any thing that suits the pallet  
 Of Mistress Block, or Mistress Mallet.  
 The *youth* whose travels I pursue  
*Ladies*, was much *attach'd* to you;  
 And only exercis'd his *pen*,  
 As well as *whip*, against the men;  
 Then surely you'll excuse the muse  
 If to write *scandal* she *refuse*.  
 But here 'tis proper to reveal,  
 How things are done *after a gale*:  
 It sometimes happens, tho' its odd,  
 That men reluctantly thank God;  
 Whatever be their preservation,  
*This* is the *last* consideration;  
 Therefore we have the cause to seek,  
 Why he was *now* forgot a week.  
 Sunday arriv'd, and, what a bluster;  
 The men must clean themselves for muster;  
 No word of *church*, until the bell  
 Puts *Jack* in mind of heav'n or hell.

The quarter-deck has been prepar'd,  
 The capstern smartly swept and clear'd,  
 The awning, too, hung round with flags—  
 American or *Gallic* rags;  
 The British ensign is display'd  
 That *lately* made the French afraid.  
 A pennant at the peak appears,  
 To *shew* the *fleet* they're at their *pray'rs*;  
 And now the captain and the purser  
 Are come to *pray*, and not to *curse*, Sir!  
 The passengers and crew around,  
 Wit *gravest* faces, look profound.  
 The *service* is begun, when, lo!  
 The captain's eye glanc'd down below:  
 An error in the compass spies;  
 He *d—ns* the *stupid* *helms-man's* eyes!  
 Assures him he'll be flogg'd, and then,  
 The purser adds his own, *amen*.  
 The pious *pair* again go on,  
 Concludes the service, and—*its done*.

Once more the crew with joy perceive  
 Land, bounding the still distant wave;  
 And ere the sun has taken flight,  
 The Table-mountain *heaves* in sight.  
 The next return of smiling-day  
 Finds them safe moor'd in *Table-Bay*,  
*Here*, was the Muse's pen inspir'd,  
 Or with *descriptive* *genius* fir'd!

Gods! what a subject now is giv'n—  
The noblest master-piece of Heav'n:  
Mountains, on tops of mountains tost,  
In the *far distant* prospect's lost;  
While, circumscribing every side,  
Nature appears in dreadful pride.  
But as our tale is Hudibrastic,  
And incidents characteristic,  
The reader'll not be disappointed,  
Should our description be disjointed.  
Our hero, landed at the wharf,  
Is told that *Vrow Von Horse in Dorf*  
Will cheerfully receive *Minyeer*,  
Where he will meet the best of cheer;  
The smartest lodgings at the Cape;  
And, "got for tam," 'twas very cheap:  
Videlicet—that is to say—  
Six dollars for a *single day*.  
A little doctor, squab and fat,  
With *widish* breeches and *Dutch* hat,  
With brandy face and purple nose,  
Directs our youth, and off he goes.  
The bargain's *finish'd*, but the *Vrow*  
Is left *unfinish'd*, God knows how.  
An accident, however strange,  
Induc'd the lad his mind to change.  
Two crooked eyes, that you'd be sworn  
From some *dead lobster* had been torn,

Far shrunk within her shrivell'd head,  
 Like one just risen from the dead,  
 Peep'd at our youth, when he inquir'd  
 How much for lodging she desir'd?  
 Drawing her mouth into a smile,  
 Feeling her pockets all the while,  
 At last her spectacles pull'd out,  
 And mounted them upon a snout  
 That touch'd her chin, where certain hairs  
 To our affrighted youth appears;  
 Who, never waiting a reply,  
 Made off, nor bid the dame good-bye!  
 This sample of the Cape-Town fair  
 Most ludicrous must needs appear.  
 Yet 'tis asserted, and with truth,  
 The girls are handsome in their youth;  
 But thirty summers are enough  
 To make a *Vrow Von Horse in Dorf*.  
 The Muse does here not undertake  
 A tour of Africa to make;  
 And, therefore, it can't be expected  
 That bears or monkeys he collected;  
 Or that he try'd—digestive pow'r,  
 If he a lion could devour;  
 Or that he will describe the boors,  
 Dutch burgers, fiscals, or Dutch w—s;  
 Or if he was inclin'd to glut on  
 Their curs'd, infernal, stinking mutton;



Or took dimensions of sheep's tails,  
At which description always fails ;  
Or whether he receiv'd, so civil,  
An *invitation* from the devil  
To dine with him, when he had laid  
His *table-cloth* with such *parade* ;  
Or whether, taken by surprise,  
*Dutch* dust has blinded *both* his eyes :  
On *this* we're not inclin'd to say—  
The youth *again* is under weigh :  
The *same* return of day and night  
At last brings India's coast in sight :  
They're now in view of Sauger's shore,  
And hear the hungry tiger's roar :  
Thousands of boats at once surround  
The ship ; and, deafen'd with the sound  
Of different tongues, our youth appears  
Astonish'd, *stopping* both his ears :  
Hindoos and Moormen, pedlars, tailors,  
Jews, *beebees*, bumboatmen, and sailors,  
Made altogether such a *row*  
As ne'er our novice saw till now.  
“ Master got boat, now go ashore ?  
“ Master not come this place before ?  
“ I got character—master, see !  
“ Master want servant, *best take me*—

- " I all the same as master's dog,  
 " Or master's *slave*, or master's *hog*\* :  
 " Master one *great man* by and by,  
 " Get plenty rupee, make them fly ;  
 " Master make bus'ness here to fight,  
 " Or come *one gentleman* to write ?  
 " I plenty, master, see come here,  
 " Drink plenty grog, and plenty beer :  
 " Some gentleman make *too much* bread,  
 " And *other* gentleman *come dead*."

Thus rapidly the Hindoo talk'd,  
 As on the quarter-deck he walk'd :  
 While *our adventurer*, amaz'd,  
 Attentive on the stranger gaz'd ;  
 He took the fellow at his word,  
 Sent him below his trunks to cord,  
 And said, that, in an hour or more,  
 He would accompany him on shore.  
 Now rapidly the vessel glides,  
 And on the Hugely's torrent rides,  
 Known to our youth by public fame,  
 The sacred branch of *Ganges'* stream.

\* The *hog* is considered detestable by the natives of India in general: the Eastern compliment, however, is mentioned, merely to shew that some of the Indians, like people of *other countries*, would be any thing for a *place*.

How grand the view ! on either side,  
The river's banks, extending wide,  
Planted with cocoa-nuts are seen,  
And trees of never-fading green;  
While mosques and old pagodas rise,  
In solemn grandeur, to the skies.  
Hundreds of human bodies lay,  
A horrid feast for birds of prey ;  
While fun'ral piles, on either side,  
Some savage sacrifice imply'd.  
The passengers have now departed ;  
Some laughing, and some heavy-hearted.  
Falstaff, the spouse and sooty dame,  
Alas ! no longer is our theme ;  
Nor are we now prepar'd to tell  
In what part of the world they dwell.

The sad Miss Gingerbread, we fear,  
Has since shed many a bitter tear ;  
But there's a chance she may have match'd,  
And thus her reputation's pach'd.  
Harpoon, we've heard it said or sung,  
Was, by some dire *misfortune*, hung ;  
The Captain, so says common fame,  
Deservedly will meet the same :  
Our hero's future fate, I fear,  
Cannot be terminated *here*.

## CANTO II.

## ARGUMENT.

Our young adventurer once more  
 Has left *his friends*, to go on shore :  
 The *reader probably* will find  
 His baggage has been left behind :  
 The rascal he had, in the ship,  
 Gave him unluckily "*the slip*,"  
 His plunder off *in triumph bore*,  
 And never was he heard of more.  
*Musing*, the youth now walks along ;  
 The natives round about him throng ;  
 Meridian sun—an Indian scene—  
*Something* about a palanquin :  
 Reaches Calcutta just in *time*  
 At the Bengal Hotel to dine :  
 The waiters (as he's but a *griffin* \*)  
 Will give him nothing but a tiffin.  
 Strange customs, manners, and strange people ;  
 The old Black-Hole—Calcutta steeple ;  
 The respondentia, esplanade,  
 Fort-William, barracks, and parade ;  
 Calls on the *Commandant*, and gets  
 Quarter'd along with the cadets.

\* Young men, immediately on their arrival in India, are termed *griffins*, and retain *this* honour until they are twelve months in the country, during which time they are entitled to *certain privileges*.

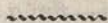


Rowlandson sc.

Quis. Pebl.

QUI HI ARRIVES AT THE BUNDER-HEAD.

The Muse explains the reason why  
 He's designated a *Qui Hi* ?  
 Puts on the red, and, 'gainst his will,  
 Is order'd to attend the drill.  
 Some hints how money may be had,  
 Whether the *method's* good or bad :  
 Gets his commission, and is sent  
 To join his proper regiment.



THE morning's light had darkness chac'd ;  
 The jackal's horrid yell had ceas'd :  
*Another* day commenc'd, before  
 Our youth was ready for the shore :  
 He's off, and looks a *last* adieu  
 To Harpoon, captain, ship, and crew.  
 The rowers shortly reach the beach,  
 And lands *their charge* at *Garden-reach*.  
 His trunks are left, for *Bapoo* told him,  
 That " master's boat's too small to hold 'em ;"  
 But master might make very sure  
 His baggage *he* would keep secure.  
 Our novice, not suspecting harm,  
 Saw no occasion for alarm,  
 And told the fellow he might stay  
 Until he brought th' effects away.  
 He soon had reason to perceive  
 His faithful *Bapoo* was a knave ;  
 For *Blacky* on that very day  
 Made off, and carried *all* away.

The *famous* labourers of Babel  
 Were not so noisy as the rabble  
 That crowded round the youth, to know  
 “What master want? where master go?”  
 Moormen, Armenians, and Hindoos,  
 Cooleys, and Burrawas, and Jews,  
 Offer’d their service—*for a fee*.  
 “I go, if master give rupee.”  
 A neighb’ring *gong*\* had told the hour;  
 The sun had gain’d meridian pow’r,  
 And its oppressive beams had made  
*Buff’los* and *beebees* † seek the shade.  
 The boy, exhausted with the heat,  
 Accepts an honest brahman’s seat,  
 Near a pagoda, almost tumbled,  
 Which *prejudice* and *time* had humbled.  
 Time’s pencil on the brahman’s face,  
 In strongest lines, our youth could trace;  
 For eighty monsoons ‡ had expir’d,  
 Since, by religious zeal inspir’d,

\* The *gong* is used in every part of India, particularly by the English and native guards, to strike the hour of the day: it is a composition of sonorous metal, that sounds at a great distance.

† *Beebees*, the Hindoostanee name for *young ladies* of the country.

‡ The monsoon is the Indian winter, or *wet season*. The years, in Asia, are generally calculated by seasons, or by moons.

He made a vow to Heav'n, and swore  
 The immortal *Brahma* to adore.  
 Since then it was his wish to stay,  
 And to the idol here to pray ;  
 Nor was he ever known to roam  
 From his pagoda or his home\*.  
 The world's affairs could not allure  
 A mind by virtue made so pure :  
 Wars—revolutions—conquest, past,  
 He liv'd, the guardian of his cast ;  
 And thought all politics a bubble,  
 A *trade* beneath a bramin's trouble ;  
 Nor would he for a mitre call  
 Upon the greatest of them all †.  
 Contented with a simple store—  
 Water and rice—he ask'd no more :  
 He liv'd, unconscious that the great  
*English* arch-bramins live in state.  
*Here* would no pamper'd vicar find  
 A haunch of ven'son to his mind ;

\* A hint to certain *bramins* in other countries, who conceive *their* duty to God and man can be performed as well by *proxy*, and, perhaps, never see *their flock* during their lives.

† It is a well-known fact, that a *bramin*, in the proper acceptation of the word, would consider himself *dishonoured* by shaking hands with any sovereign in Europe ; though the intrinsic value of his whole property may not be undervalued at two shillings and sixpence.



*Here* would no city alderman  
 Eat turtle, on a *hoggish* plan ;  
 Nor would a *modern* epicure  
 The Bramin's *scanty meal* endure.  
 His whole display, a simple fare,\*  
 That never brings disease or care :  
 Say, reader, then, what you would give,  
*Here* in the hermit's cell to live ;  
 Your mind as his completely free,  
 From ev'ry ill that tortures me ?  
 Have *you* then ever been deceiv'd,  
 By those who once *your* bounty sav'd ?  
 Have *you* e're met a faithless friend,  
 That *sold* you to effect his end ?  
 Have *you* experienc'd ev'ry evil,  
 Inflicted by an earthly devil ;  
 Whether 'twas in the light or dark,  
 By *any one*, or Mistress C—k ?  
 If thus, you've *not* experienc'd hell—  
 Go to the Bramin's hut and dwell :  
*There* no deceitful mask will shew  
 A *face* your friend, a *heart* your foe ;—  
*There* you are not condemn'd to meet  
 Some Raja ruffian in the street,

\* The bramins are prohibited, by their religious tenets, from eating any kind of flesh, or drinking wine or spirits ; and, in these instances, particularly deviate from English customs.

And be oblig'd by custom's law,  
 To treat *the man* with silent awe :  
 No, reader !—*there*, whate'er's his rank,  
 If he act wrong, he's but a *blank* ;  
 The lowest cooley wretch may hoot him,  
 Or one of higher cast may shoot him.\*  
 Thus *Asiatics* have been taught  
 To shun dishonor, act or thought.—  
 How lucky, reader, could we now  
 Cause every Englishman to vow,  
 That *rank*, like *cast*, is but a name  
 Unalterably fix'd to fame ;  
 That *ev'ry one* should be *degraded*,  
 Who e'er his neighbours' rights invaded ;  
 Dragg'd combination's hellish crew,  
 With gorgon features to our view,  
 And (ignorant of a good name,)  
 Attempts to damn another's fame.  
 Ephemera like these *may* soar,  
 Then sink at once, to rise no more !

\* The very *highest rank* among the natives can lose *their cast*, and be placed on a level far below the common cooleys, or labourers ; until, by a *severe* penance, they are re-admitted to society : and, in some instances, the very circumstance of an individual, so situated, *touching* one of the higher class, though a relation, has been punished by instant death.

Heaving fell persecution's dart  
 Rankling with poison in the heart.  
 With *Bramins* we can be secure,  
 A Bramin's friendship's always sure :  
 How diff'rent is the case with others,  
 Who when in *affluence* call us brothers ;  
 But should *their* int'rest be at stake,  
 They change to *knaves* for fortune sake ;  
 And if they hope to be promoted,  
 Are to their *seniors* much devoted ;  
 Will join at once without remorse,  
 To lay a once *lov'd* friend a corse ;  
 For surely calumny, 'tis true,  
 Is murder in a mental view.  
 But should, at some more happy hour,  
 The frown of delegated pow'r  
 Dispel the mist, and shew the world,  
 That justice on the guilty's hurl'd ;  
 That certain peoples' conduct's blam'd,  
 How soon the reptiles feel asham'd ;  
 Kneel in the dust, with conscious dread,  
 With *r—l vengeance* o'er their head,  
 Seek pardon of the injur'd man,  
 Who'll give them pardon, if *he can* ;  
 Thus have I once on Bombay green,  
 A handsome English spaniel seen ;  
 A perfect stranger, and quite sure  
 He *there* might walk about secure ;



Rowlandson.sc.

Wiz. facit.

MISERIES IN INDIA.

But soon some *Paria's*\* appear,  
 And take the spaniel by the ear ;  
 O'erturn the brute, and in a minute,  
 Will kill him, or the devil's in it ;  
 An English bull-dog trotting by,  
 The conflict chances just to spie,  
 Flies to the combatants, and now  
 There is *the d—l of a row* ;  
 Gives eight or ten of them a fall,  
 And *growling* p—s on them all ;—  
 Relieves the stranger with this moral,—  
 “ Never to join in any quarrel,  
 “ Except oblig'd, and even then  
 “ To know what *dogs* are gentlemen.”  
 Good readers ! deem you this digression  
 Excusable, tho' harsh th' expression ;  
 The muse has previously declar'd  
 No paltry insolence he fear'd,  
 And still will hold truth's mirror up,  
 To shew each consequential fop ;

\* The *Paria puppies* of Bombay are a vile description of the very lowest order of the canine race, possessing the jackal's ferocity and cowardice, with the duplicity and cunning of the fox : in fact, they are a public nuisance. My readers, perhaps, are not aware, that Government orders them, once a-year (against the will of the Parsees), to be sent off the island, or have them destroyed, to prevent the dreadful consequences of hydrophobia.

Each tyrant in his situation,  
To the contempt of all the nation.

The hour of sacrifice drew near,  
The old man dropp'd a *friendly* tear—  
Embrac'd our youth, and o'er his head  
A *savage*\* benediction shed.

“ Depart,” he cried, “ no longer stay,”

Devotion calls me now away :

Now is the time for Hindoo pray'r ;

A *Christian* cannot tarry here.

But hearken, *Sahib*, before you go,

To a sad tale of Hindoo woe ;—

*Your* country-men, some ages since,

Poor, friendless, and without defence,

Came here (their ship was cast away ;)

They ask'd the *Raja's* leave to stay.

As *bramin* principles declar'd

That *strangers* always should be spar'd ;

We gave them ev'ry thing they wanted,

E'en leave to build a house was granted ;

Tho' but *one bungallow*† was given,

They soon erected *six* or *seven* ;

\* It is extraordinary, that the genuine character of the Hindoos is so *misrepresented* in England, that the inhabitants of India are often insulted by the appellation of *savages*. The author knows the *contrary* ; and declares, that he considers them, generally, good men.

† *Temporary* houses, well known in India, built of

Grew insolent, and then the knaves  
 Declar'd our people *all* were slaves.  
 They rul'd us with an iron rod,  
 Trod down the temples of our god,  
 Plac'd cannon on the sacred ground,  
 And shook the *Ganges* with the sound :  
 Our simple Hindoos, struck with awe,  
 Submitted to your country's law.  
 Since then—our money and our land  
*Those merchants* hold at their command.  
 Ah ! soon this body, weak and old,  
 Must be inanimate and cold ;  
 But heav'n avert that 'ere again  
 I should be doom'd to live with men,  
 Who build their happiness on *pow'r*,  
 Which makes them heard of *for an hour*.  
 But fate declares the *greatest* must  
 Lay with the humble—equal dust.  
 “ Adieu ! ” he added, “ on that green,  
 “ Master will find a palinkeen ;  
 “ Go, and the Bramin's blessing too,  
 “ And *Doula jada*,\* go with you ! ”

bamboo and clay, and *very often* without a roof. Witness *subaltern* quarters.

\* “*Doula jada*,” a Hindostanee compliment, wishing you “*more money*.” The author, for the satisfaction of “*untravell'd*” readers, has not observed the Indian *orthography* : the words are spelt according to *pronunciation*.

Our hero bow'd; and now reflection  
 Brought *other things* to recollection;  
 He found that Bramins can observe,  
*Certain affairs*, nor ever swerve;  
 He found that India could supply,  
 Culprits to fill "the hue and cry,"  
 And, for the first time, clearly saw  
 That *vice in power* was but a *flaw*;  
 That *mediocrity* must try  
 To act in private *virtuously*:  
 For 'tis a maxim with the great,  
 (*Hindoos* \* attribute it to *fate*,)  
 That specks upon *the moon* have been,  
 Which *on the sun* were never seen;  
 The reason's plain, man's little eye  
 Can *only* simple objects spy;  
 A vulgar robber gets a rope,  
 While Bonaparté *may* elope;  
 And thus it is with ev'ry evil,  
 Judges *hold candles to the devil*;—  
 Our reader here exclaims, 'tis stuff—  
 Well then—of politics enough;

\* The doctrine of Predestination is so prevalent in India, and the natives are so confident that *every thing* happens by the *direct order of Brahma*, that, in many instances, they have been known to lose their lives, rather than remove from their houses when in flames.



He fancies too that he has seen  
 Our hero in a palanquin ;  
 But here the *pen of truth* must write  
 Misfortunes that befel that night ;  
 Eight naked hamuls\* now be found,  
 Lying asleep upon the ground,  
 Under the Bany'n's friendly shade,  
 That refuge from the sun display'd :  
 They soon address'd our youth, to find  
 If he was for a ride inclin'd.  
 Without replying, he got in,  
 But very soon, *came out again*.  
 The youth had never seen machine—  
 Made on the *plan* of palanquin—  
 Nor knew that, if inclin'd to ride,  
 He must not lean to *either side* ;  
 But in the center sit or sleep,  
 The *equilibrium* to keep.  
 He mounts—the palanquin turns round,  
 And sends him headlong to the ground !  
 Again by sad experience taught,  
 (*Experience generally's bought*)

\* The *hamauls*, or *bearers* of India, are literally *naked*, with the exception of an article of dress called a *langooty*—an object of much *fun* with the ladies of India ; but which I cannot describe better to my female readers, than *substituting a pocket-handkerchief for Eve's fig-leaf*.

He enters *properly*—and now  
 Exclaims “ *Calcutta jildi jou*.\*  
 And now, surmounting *toddy* trees,†  
 Calcutta’s minarets he sees  
 Pagodas, mosques, and now a spire,  
*Some* broken down and *others* higher,  
 Huts—palaces,‡ and, here and there,  
 A *monkey* and a *dancing bear*,  
 Jugglers, astronomers, and *writers*,  
 Ships, *dandies*, *budgeros*,|| and lighters.  
 Beggars and *Adjutants*,§ and crows,  
 Moving in columns and in rows;

\* He had picked up this smattering of Hindostanee already: very fair for a *griffin*. The English reader should be informed, that this was his *first command* in India. The meaning of the *Hindostanee* expression is, “Go to Calcutta directly;” perhaps accompanied with, “You d—d black rascals,” and a bamboo!!!

† *Toddy* tree, the Indian name for the cocoa-nut tree. The liquor extracted from it is called *toddy*.

‡ The Government-house at Calcutta is a very stupendous structure; and its appearance brings to recollection the extraordinary changes that have taken place; particularly when contrasted with the numerous mosques, pagodas, and *huts*, which lie in ruins about this palace.

|| *Dandies* and *budgeros* are boats that ply on the river Hugely,

§ The *adjutant* is an extraordinary kind of bird, of the crane species, very common in Bengal. They may be observed marching in platoons through the streets of Calcutta; and they are so voracious, that scarcely any thing is too difficult for their digestion.



Rowlandson. sc.

Quiz. del.

QUI HI IN THE BOMBAY TAVERN.

While cloud of dust our youth annoys,  
 And nearly blinded both his eyes.  
 A *stranger*, how could he be sure,  
 The *palanquins* had got a door?  
 At last, when nearly choak'd with sand,  
 The Bengal *hotel* is at hand;  
 Hunger inform'd our young beginner,  
 'Twas time for him to get his dinner;  
 He paid the *hamauls*, who content,  
 Made a *salam*,\* and off they went.  
 The waiters now about him came,  
 And want to know "what master's name;"  
 "What business master's come for here;  
 Will master drink *loll shraub*,† or beer?"  
 In *vain* for dinner he enquir'd,  
 The tiffin ‡ hour had not expir'd;  
 But master, if he's in a hurry,  
 Could have some "*famous rice and curry*."  
 Necessity when *hunger* calls,  
 They say, "*will batter down stone walls*."

\* *Salaming* is the mode of salutation in India; bowing, and placing the right hand on the head.

† *Loll shraub* (red wine) is a term given, in Bengal, to Port and Claret.

‡ This is a universal meal in India. Tiffin is generally served up at one or two o'clock, and consists of curry, rice, &c.; when both ladies and gentlemen literally *stuff* themselves to such excess, that they are obliged to go to bed for three or four hours. The dinner hour, in some parts, is nine o'clock at night; when another *stuffing match* commences.

San's ceremonie now our *griffin*,  
Sat down and made an *Indian tiffin* ;  
Billiards and brandy, beer, and hock,  
Employs his time till six o'clock ;  
When he *endeavours* to find out  
Fort William, by the *shortest* rout.  
What various figures now he meets,  
Crowding by thousands in the streets !  
To his astonish'd sight appears  
Soldiers, Civilians, and Fakeers.\*  
It happen'd that he chanc'd to stroll,  
Near the identical *black hole*,  
Where long ago, by tyrants fated,  
Some Englishmen were sorely sweated :  
Upon a tablet he might read  
The story of that *horrid deed* :  
But while *this tale* employ'd his thought,  
He saw the *idol Jaggernaut*  
Approach, amidst a num'rous croud  
Of *Zealots*, praising him aloud ;  
The idol, mounted on a car,  
Bore all the *savage* marks of war ;  
No mercy e'er *his* bosom feels,  
For victims *crush'd* beneath his *wheels*.  
Our hero wish'd with all his soul,  
He had him in the *old black hole*.—

\* Begging devotees.

Another subject now employs,  
The youth's attention and his eyes;  
Calcutta steeple brings to view,  
A *contrast* with the *idol's crew*;  
He wonder'd Christians would allow  
Such conduct as he witness'd now,  
And wish'd the people *over-nice*  
*At home* about *suppressing vice*,  
Would go *abroad*, and take a peep  
At Jaggernaut's *black flock of sheep*;  
The respondentia \* having pass'd,  
The esplanade was quickly cross'd,  
Meets the commander's approbation,  
But *never gets an invitation*;  
The *ordeal* pass'd of presentation,  
The col'nel gives an intimation,  
Our youth to barracks must repair,  
For all *the youngsters* are sent there;  
He goes, and soon a jovial set  
Initiates him—a cadet.  
Gallons of arrack, *lots* of beer,  
In fact, the *very best* of cheer,  
Was *here* prepar'd by way of *fete*,  
To give the *new cadet* a treat,  
And shew the youth an interlude,  
Before *the business* would conclude;

\* Respondentia, a walk at the river side.

They broke the windows, and in pairs,  
 Dispatch'd both tables, shades,\* and chairs;  
 And to confirm this midnight fun,  
 Oft to the *loll bazar* † they run.—  
 The muse now *blushes* to disclose  
 The bobbery ‡ that here arose;  
 Our hero, being but a stranger,  
 Knew nothing of impending danger;  
 His new preceptors well could tell him  
 Some Indian words, but could not spell'em;  
 And thus the boy, *on recollection*,  
 Turn'd linguist *without reflection*,  
 Tho' he had reason to repent  
 The learning that had thus been lent;  
 For never having been at college,  
 He falsely trusted to his knowledge,  
 And to a lady thus he spoke, ||  
 “ By *Jasus*, madam, its no joke,

\* *Shades* they are called in India; but Quiz conceives the term to be improper. They are rather *reflectors*; as can always be observed, by the *modest* light they throw on certain pretty faces in the *northern* division of Guzerats. They are intended to preserve the candles from the effects of an accidental *blast*, muskitoes, *flying bugs*, &c.

† *Loll bazar* (red market), a notorious place in Calcutta, something like the *loll derwaga* at Surat: but there is so much *lolling* in India, that an explanation is difficult.

‡ *Bobbery* is the Hindostanee for a *kick-up*, in English.

|| The *Flying-fish* omitted giving Quiz an account

“ But as your face is *brown* and bony,  
 “ May be you’d give me some *loll pauny*.  
 The lad had not yet been in bed,  
*Loll shrab* was running in *his head*,  
 He simply thought, tho’ in a garret,  
 That he was *only* asking claret;  
 Nor should it be a serious matter,  
 That claret may be chang’d for water;  
 But ’tis a fact; he scarcely spoke  
 Till he receiv’d a dev’lish stroke.—  
 The lady hit *him*, (what a case)  
 Smack with the slipper in the face,  
 And thus exclaim’d with *vicious* eye,  
 “ Toom haram malachoot QUI HI?  
 Which, for the reader’s information,  
 We’ll give in literal translation,  
 She would have said it to her brother,  
 “ Pray *who are you*, and *who’s your mother*?”  
 Her language here was thrown away,  
 Our novice knew not what to say;  
 He thought he had made some mistake,  
 He laugh’d; but vengeance\* would not take;  
 So mirth and quiet to restore,  
 He made his peace with a gold mohur,

of the youth’s country; but, *now*, I fancy the reader is at no loss for that information.

\* Many a fool would have got in a passion.



But thought it *proper* to explain  
That *Qui hi* never was his name.  
His friends below, hearing the squabble,  
Perceiv'd our hero in a hobble,  
Heard *explanations*, and they swore  
*QUI HI?* he should be evermore.  
The *fatal* gun had given warning,  
To subalterns that it was morning ;  
And our cadet must now fulfil  
The duties of a tedious drill.  
His *mufi*'s\* off, and now, instead,  
*QUI HI* per force assumes the red,  
For now the serjeant's dismal voice,  
Convinces him he has no choice ;  
The torments of an aching head  
Made him inclin'd to stay in bed.  
Reluctantly he leaves his couch,  
Arm'd *cap a pie*, musket and pouch ;  
The squad is form'd—" 'tention eyes right !"  
The serjeant calls with all his might :  
" Keep up your head, Sir, if you please ;  
" And *you*, Sir, pray keep in your knees ;  
" Go thro' the manuel, and platoon  
" Correctly, I'll dismiss you soon,"—  
Two hours of exercise had past,  
The sun's oppressive beams at last,

\* *Mufi*, the military term for *plain clothes*.

Induc'd the martinet\* to say—  
 “The gentlemen might go away;”  
 QUI HI? exhausted, now retires,  
 And for his breakfast he enquires;  
 The servant enters with a dish,  
 Containing *kedgeree* and *fish*,  
 And begs “from master a rupee,  
 “To go to the *bazar* for *ghee*.”  
 Two cadet brothers now came in,  
*Sans ceremonie*, and begin—  
 “Well, QUI, I think you’ve had your fill  
 “Of this confounded stupid drill:  
 “Hurry with breakfast, I don’t care,  
 “If we should stay and take a share,  
 “And afterwards, if you’re inclin’d,  
 “We always can amusement find;”  
 The breakfast soon dispatch’d, they’re off,  
 To borrow money from a *shroff*.†  
 At int’reast *more than cent. per cent.*  
 The money *only* can be lent;  
 And strictly upon *one* condition,  
 “Master make pay when get commission.‡”

\* Martinet, a military term for a *too* strict disciplinarian.

† Money-lenders, who advance young men in the Company’s service almost any amount, on exorbitant interest, which generally keeps them involved in debt all their lives.

‡ This is invariably the expression: but while they

The bond is sign'd, and now, with pleasure,  
 He counts *his rupees* at his leisure,  
 Never reflecting, he has made  
 A bond, *that never* can be paid.  
 The billiard-table's now resorted ;  
 A palanquin and horse is sported ;—  
 To be like others, in the fashion,  
 QUI HI determin'd is to *dash on*,  
 Never reflecting that too soon  
 His borrow'd money will be gone ;  
 And should his late engagement fail,  
 He lives in terror of a jail.  
 His barrack-room, so lately quiet,  
 Is now the scene of play and riot :—  
 Is money plenty ?—so are friends,  
 If gone, *their* friendship with it ends !  
 But soon arrives the time, when all  
 His creditors impatient call,  
 “ I come for business master know—  
 “ This bond come due, some time ago.”  
 —Well, come next month and then I'll pay,  
 “ No master, I not go away—  
 “ Master break promise every day ;

impose on their youthful debtor, they take care to  
 bind on conditions that generally ruin him. “ But,  
 by-and-by, master will be great man, and then make  
 pay. Suppose master die, I can't help.”



This Custom tho' shocking to humanity we still allow in consequence of the revenue it brings in, which is of importance. I have also private reasons for not supporting the burning System immediately

Why my Lord with a view to Oeconomy Under existing circumstances it might be imprudent to press the measure at present. besides I think I feel also the private motives which actuate your Lordship.

THE BURNING SYSTEM ILLUSTRATED.

Then come to-morrow—"Very well,  
 "I always come when master tell;  
 "But what for master make this rout?"  
 "Be off, Sir, or I'll kick you out!"  
 Here parcels of unsettl'd bills,  
 His breakfast table daily fills,  
 When fortunately his commission,  
 Relieves him from this sad condition.  
 He's ordered off to join a corps,  
 Which he had never seen before,  
 And has some hundred miles to go,  
 On board a Ganges budgerrow.  
 His servant manages things aright,  
 His trunks are put on board *at night*,  
 QUI HI gets in, and, before day,  
 Our youth is far enough away;  
 Leaves creditors and all behind,  
 Nor to *take leave*, is he inclin'd.  
 The muse with pleasure here would shew,  
 The sights that met our hero's view,  
 As up the Hugely's rapid course,  
 The *dandies*\* row'd with eager force.  
 'Twas here QUI HI saw first with horror,  
 The *burning system* in its terror.

\* Dandies are the boatmen in the river Hugely. They are generally a stouter description of men than the other natives, and are employed conveying troops or goods from one station to another.

Here British mercy shuts her eyes,  
 Nor will she hear the *victim's*\* *cries*,  
 Because *a fee*, at any time,  
 Can make *a sacrifice* sublime!"

His corps at length he safely meets,  
 And all his brother soldiers greets ;  
 Goes to the mess, and soon can swear  
 As well as any of them there ;  
 All day (neglectful of the sun †)  
 He strolls about with dog and gun ;  
 Drinks *brandy pauny*, by the *quart*,  
 And swears he does it all for sport.

\* The author has witnessed two instances of this savage custom, where the unfortunate girls (one of them only fifteen years of age) were burned against their will. The dreadful screams, and piteous supplications for mercy, were fruitless. Their friends had *paid* certain people for Government's leave, and the unfortunate females were tortured.—Surely, when we are so busy in endeavouring to *convert* the Hindoos, it would be a good thing to do away with a practice, the revenue for which can do the public purse *no good*: it is the price of blood.

† It is no uncommon thing for young gentlemen to remain out shooting the whole of the day, exposed to the effects of a tropical sun. A servant generally attends them, with a bottle of brandy, and some water in a leather bag; and it is believed that drinking *nahogany* (a strong description of *brandy pauny*) is the best preventive against the sun's heat. The remedy is in general repute in Bombay.

Infidels. Barbarians! we are come to convert you to the European faith. by Order of the great Authority whose Image I bear on this Shield the benignant beams of whose countenance enlighten the ignorant inhabitants of this country. therefore destroy your Gods burn your books. be converted and be saved."

"Master. you very fine Gentleman got very fine Topy - but not speak too much good sense - Master I'm poor people all black fellow poor Man. all Master slave - what for burra Sahib behaaden. Send Master for black man not become christian because got me god already - What can I say more?"



Rowlandson sc.

Quiz scilicet.

MISSIONARY INFLUENCE OR HOW TO MAKE CONVERTS.

## CANTO III.

## ARGUMENT.

Subaltern difficulties stated,  
 And other things elucidated :  
 A peep at discipline and morals ;  
 Civilian etiquette and quarrels ;  
 Guards, sham engagements, and field-days ;  
 Hops, dinners, masquerades, and plays.  
 The reader, if *he be a critic*,  
 May judge, but not be too splenetic ;  
 For here the Muse means nothing more  
 Than vice and folly to explore :  
 He cares not who may read or hear it :  
 “ If the cap fits him, he may wear it ; ”  
 Which is a very plain translation  
 Of Quiz’s classical \* quotation.  
 A hint at the absurd perversion  
 Of common sense †—*Hindoo conversion* ;  
 And what by some may be expected,  
 If *such* a system were effected.

\* See the motto.

† As to the probability of converting a single Hindoo to our religion, I have no conception that such a thing is probable. It often occurs, that a man who has, by some occasion, merited the censure of his cast, and consequent expulsion from it, has found it necessary to become a Christian, merely to get something to eat ; as he would, as an outcast, otherwise starve. But I fancy his religion never went further than his *comma*, or provisions.



It shews the reader, too, that fools  
 "Should never meddle with edg'd tools."



NOW, with ambitious hopes elated,  
 Our youth has been initiated  
 To all *his honors*, in a word,  
 Assumes the gorget, sash and sword,  
 Whether adorn'd with cat\* or lion,  
 Or *plain* G.R. we can't rely on ;  
 Our information only goes  
 To shew the *colour* of his cloths ;  
 'Twas *red*, of course, this information,  
 Convinces you he serv'd *the nation*,  
 Whether a company or king,  
 The muse will not pretend to sing :  
 The reader may, if he's inclin'd,  
 Make him serve *which* he has a mind,  
 And he's at liberty to *guess*,  
 Of what description was his dress ;  
 'Tis certain that his *facings* bore  
 The designation of his corps ;  
 But whether black, or *white*, or blue,  
 Is nothing now to me or you ;

\* A well-known *crest* ; but so miserably executed by the Indian artists, that it bears *more* resemblance to a *rampant cat*, than a rampant lion ; which gives a subject for ridicule to some *wags* in the *King's* service.

Or whether a mistake\* he made  
 By accident, and *for them* paid ;  
 For sometimes it may be aver'd,  
 That *subs-pay only* with their word.  
 (If an apology's of use)  
 Necessity has some excuse,  
 For sad experience often shews  
 That poverty can truth oppose,  
 And subalterns, like others, find  
 Justice is rightly painted *blind*.  
 Dame fortune frequently bestows  
 On vice her wealth, on merit blows ;  
 For, after many " a hair bread'th scape,"  
 Troubles and wants in ev'ry shape,  
 He sees, with an indignant frown,  
 His *airy* castles tumbling down ;  
 All his fair claims are soon forgot—  
 Mendicity must be his lot :  
 He scorns to act an *object* part,  
 And droops beneath a broken heart.  
 Two well the Indian *subs.* can *feel*  
 The truth of what I here reveal ;

\* *Quiz* says mistake here. He repeats it ; because he is perfectly aware that the most honourable young men in the army of India are placed under such pecuniary embarrassments, that they are *obliged to promise*, without the hope of performing that promise.

How often, with a doleful face,  
 They pay for breakfast with their *lace* :\*  
 They find the *tenure* of a sword,  
 Can scarcely bread and cheese afford,  
 While, 'tis a *fact*, tho' strange to tell,  
 Riches attend the paltry quill. †  
 Civilian luxury attends  
 The powerful interest of friends,  
 While *merit's* claim is scarcely heard,  
 Neglect its whole and sole reward :  
 But now the chearful smile of peace,  
 Has lighten'd every Briton's face ;  
 Now that John Bull with beef and beer,  
 Treats as a friend poor old *Monsieur*,

\* The Indian army is magnificently dressed; indeed, rather too much so, for the scanty pay of an ensign—130 rupees a month. Some of those young gentlemen, from the loads of lace with which their jackets are covered, appear, at a distance, not unlike a *sideboard* of plate: they, consequently, very often have more silver on their jackets than in their pockets; and an old jacket is a *valuable* commodity.

† Pro bono publico.—I shall just observe, that ensigns have remained for seven years on their paltry allowance; while a young gentleman, who comes out a writer, or kind of clerk, has been almost immediately put in a situation of no trouble, and in the possession of an allowance of one thousand or two thousand rupees a month!!! The latter description of people generally return to England with a fortune.

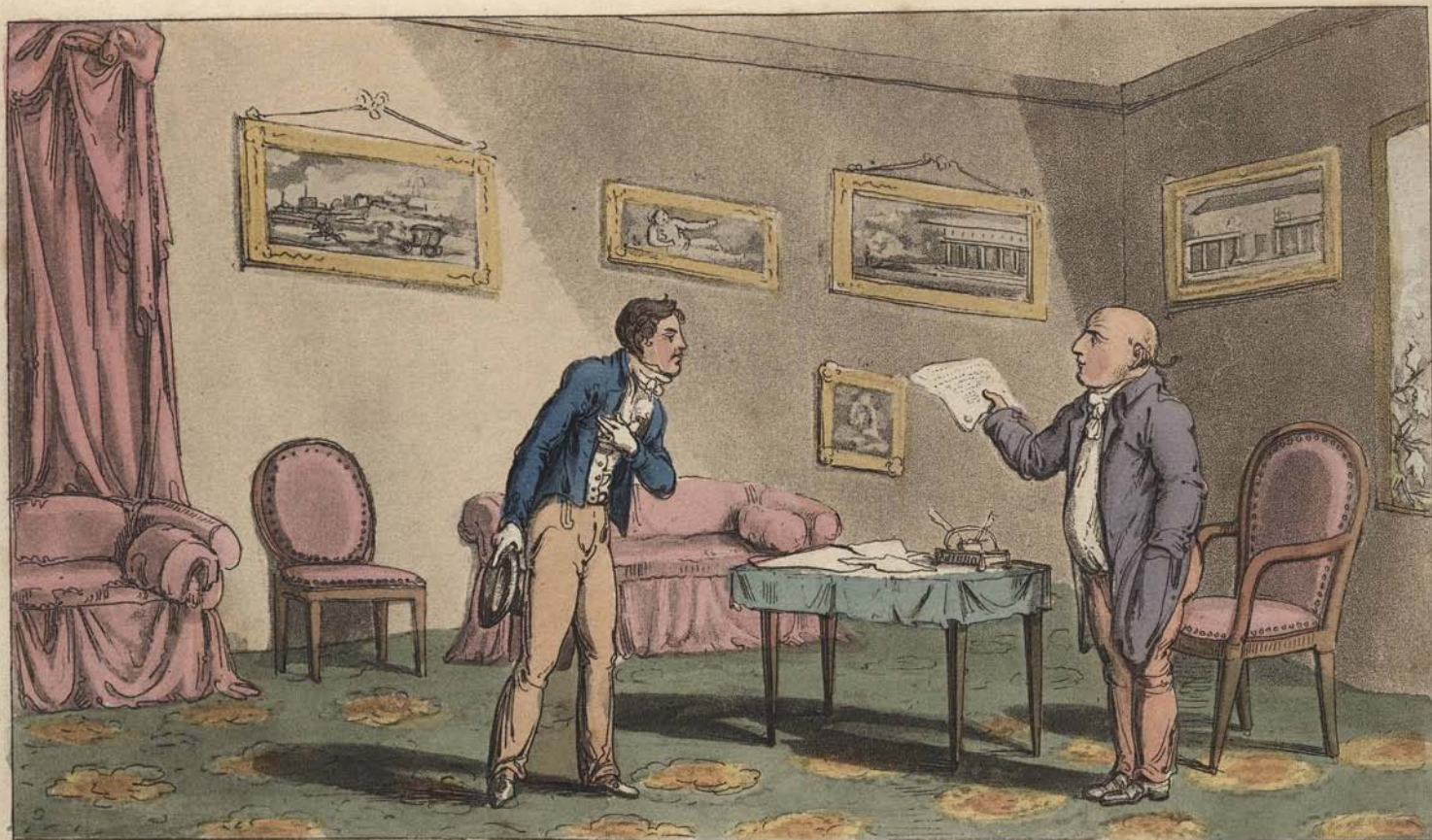
Nor casts a surly look from Dover,  
Defying Monsieur to come over,  
But lands him from the very boat,  
Where he had vow'd to cut his throat ;  
With *Boney's* fate John's anger ends,  
And *Boney's* foes are now his friends.  
Russians and Prussians, Swedes, and Poles,  
Among his friends he now enrolls,  
And Giles, with open mouth and hat off,  
Takes every one for Marshal Platoff ;  
And thus John Bull at once forgets,  
Twenty years taxes, war, and debts.  
Now with the bravery in view  
Of Briton's sons at Waterloo,  
Surely the public are inclin'd,\*  
To bear our Indian troops in mind,  
And pay some mark of approbation,  
To soldiers on a foreign station ;  
If then a compliment they'll pay,  
The muse will shew the proper way ;—  
Send out fair Justice to Bengal,—  
If she be found at Leadenhall ;

\* *Quiz* thinks he has asked very little for the army, by noticing the very great distinction between the civil and military servants of the Company ; and he trusts his request may be granted, to have the officers' allowances, particularly the junior part, a little better arranged.

Or with her we might chance to grapple,  
 Somewhere about *St. Stephen's* chapel ;  
 Let her prepare her "*cut and thrust*,"\*  
 Take out the *gaps*, wipe off the *rust*,  
 Then if she likes, without a doubt,  
 Some noxious animals she'll rout :  
 Let her prepare her weights and scales,  
 (Her balance *very often* fails ;)  
 And thus equip'd, I here aver,  
 The *Hindoos* tribe would worship her :  
 Her voyage over you would ask,  
 " What then would be the lady's task ?"  
 And thus I simply answer you,—  
 " *Let her give ev'ry man his due.*"  
 Let her expose the asses' ears,  
 Of all the group—Judges or Peers ;  
 Let her, in just consideration,  
 Alter the people's situation ;  
 Let her examine, and she'll find,  
 That certain people are inclin'd  
 To give rewards, where *none* † are due,  
 Unto a servile stupid crew :

\* All my readers know what a cut-and-thrust sword is. *Justice* is said to carry one. Whether it is of this description, or the King's order, I cannot say ; but either will answer the purpose.—He thinks the idea as requisite as it is original, of polishing the sword, and taking out the *gaps*.

† Every one knows about the annual distribution



Rowlandson, sc.

W. & A. fecit.

QUI HIS INTRODUCTION & COOL RECEPTION.

Let her reform the present *mode*,  
 Of treating virtue with a goad,  
 While powerful folly with success,  
 Treads on the neck of meek distress :  
 Let her (howe'er they seem unwilling,)  
 Give to *poor subs.* an extra shilling ;  
 Or should she *any* merit see,  
 She'll make the *shilling* a rupee ;  
 Then let her, at a single blow,  
 The petty tyrants\* overthrow.  
 When G——'s weeds are clear'd away,  
 She'll find employment at B——y,  
*There*, certainly, she'll have some trouble,  
 To cleanse the place from *dirt* and stubble ;  
 Then she will see with indignation,  
 Duplicity in ev'ry station ;  
*Mushroom* † productions there she sees,  
 As numerous as toddy trees ;

of gold medals, and *thousands* of rupees, at Calcutta college!!! while the distributor, and, of course, *judge*, cannot understand a syllable that is *said* ; but concludes, that the youth who *talks most* is most learned.

\* *Quiz* does not mean to be understood as particularly alluding to any particular set of Asiatics. The rage for despotism was not extinguished by the death of Sultaun Ud Doula, of black-hole celebrity ; or of Tippoo, of equal notoriety. India is yet the fostering parent of greater wretches than either of those mentioned.

† *Mushrooms* were not the natural production of

And if her balance she well use,  
 She'll find the gentlemen are Jews :  
 Let her divide the balance fair,  
 'Twixt *subalterns* and *writers*, there,  
 And should the youths attempt to grumble,  
 The goddess soon can make them *humble* ;  
 Let her inform *some folk* of rank,  
 Their honor has been prov'd a blank ;  
 Let her take all the filth away,  
 That dirties the *menagerie* ; \*  
 Whether the brutes be great or small,  
 The rat, the ass, the lion—all,  
 Shall here perceive, *her* sacred throne,  
 The scene of knavery is grown ;

India: they have been, in many instances, transplanted from Europe. The Land of Cakes has produced many of this description; and the species have been known to thrive luxuriantly, and have been returned from India, where they have been supposed quite another breed. They are of various descriptions. The toddy-tree, mentioned by *Quiz*, is a very rare description of the Indian palmyra, and bears a *singular* contrast with the mushroom.

\* A place, near the island of Colaba, to keep wild animals in. There are a great many *tame* asses, of the zebra description, being *mostly striped* or *spotted*. The method of taming them is severe to excess, their noses being generally bored. Many die under the operation; while others, more restive, are seldom or never brought under restriction. The *menagerie* was lately under the superintendance of a blacksmith.



While the *qui tams* abuse each other,  
 From hangman *Murlagh* to ——— ;  
 She'll find that it will be her duty,  
 To tell *some* ladies they've *no beauty* ;  
 And without trouble she may see  
 The whole extent of chastity.  
 She'll find that the old laws of honor,  
 Will call with vehemence upon her,  
 To shew the world an Indian duel,  
 Is not a thing *so* very *cruel*,  
 As 'tis the fashion—without lead,  
 To shoot with paper thro' the head ;  
 Or if twelve paces can be found,  
 Thick grown with cocoa-nuts around ;  
 A toddy tree's a famous shield, †  
 They'll fight for ever e'er they'll yield :  
 She'll know if Derry or Dunshoulin,  
 Taught honor's rules to Hugh Maclaughlin ;

\* *Quiz* is far from holding up to ridicule any individual: he merely hints at the circumstances alluded to; because *transitions* of the kind sometimes do happen, and render *self-identity*, with modern nabobs, a difficult thing: they hardly *know* themselves.—O tempora! O mores!

† Gentle Reader, such is the fact. Two redoubtable, respectable, and very considerable *characters*—one the flower of chivalry, the other the very quintessence of law, from *Trinity College*—really did fight a duel, each of them *peeping* from behind a toddy-tree. What the mischief was that resulted, this deponent saith not.

Or when he studied *his* degrees,\*  
 Which brings him in such *handsome* fees ;  
 She'll see, in fact, if she *has* eyes,  
 Things that will cause her much surprise ;  
 But while she cleans the *Augean stable*,  
 Let me inform her, while I'm able,  
 That many gen'rous breasts she'll find,  
 Beauty and worth, and *both* combin'd.  
 Friends of my youth, to you I owe,  
 The tribute I shall now bestow.  
 'Till life's uncertain taper ends,  
 I'll call you with delight, my friends ;  
 And dwell with pleasure on the view,  
 Of all the hours I pass'd with you !

The muse herself has wonders seen—  
 An upstart Emperor, and Queen ;  
 Fortune's late minions, aw'd the world—  
 Now from the height of empire hurl'd ;  
 And he that was on earth supreme,  
 Awakes in exile from his dream ;  
 Princes could scarce their subjects own,  
 Or totter'd on a crazy throne,

\* This character is, of course, *ideal* ; and so is the whole of this allegory : but it describes things, if not *poetically*, certainly very *truly*. And *Quiz* takes the liberty, while he holds "Truth's mirror up to Folly and Impertinence," to save from his whip a very select portion of his friends, whom he highly esteems, and shall always remember with pleasure.

Till Britain's thunder bid him cease,  
Struck down his power, and gave us peace;  
That this example would prevail  
O'er tyrants of a *smaller* scale;  
Descend, dear patience, on my quill,  
Instruct e'en passion to be still,  
And calmly shew to censure's view,  
The despicable servile crew!  
Our youth had bought a little sense,  
By seeing the sad consequence  
Of dissipation \*; and, with terror,  
Perceiv'd the danger of his error:  
His duty now engross'd his time,  
He left his comrades far behind,  
In exercise, and in defiance  
Of pride, he acted with compliance.  
To all the Major's rough directions,  
Our youth replied by some reflections,  
Which shew'd his seniors 'twas his will,  
To be releas'd from tedious drill.  
His wish is granted; he's dismiss'd,  
And now included in *the list*,  
Or roster—nor e'er thinks it hard,  
Next day to mount the castle-guard.

\* Alas! how true is this observation! Many a fine youth falls, every day, a victim to the pernicious custom of *drinking arrack*. It is the last recourse, in India, for the discontented or unhappy. The brandy or arrack bottle soon does the business.

The guard is over, he's directed,  
 To have his company inspected;  
 The drum gives notice to repair  
 To the parade; the major's there;  
 The signal's made; they soon begin;  
 The officers have now fell in.—  
 “ Wheel by divisions on your right,  
 “ Halt, dress, *QUI HI?* your wrong, Sir, quite.\*  
 “ How could you such a blunder make?  
 “ Go, and once more your distance take.  
 “ That's better, Sir; now dress your men;  
 “ Don't let me speak to you again;”  
 And now commences, left and right,  
 With either flank, a running fight;  
 Sometimes they win, sometimes are beat,  
 Like greater fights among the great;  
 At last the bugle sounds—“ retreat.”  
 They march to barracks, where with joy,  
 Their *masticators* they employ,  
 On curry, rice, and beef, and goat,  
*Voriously* † they cram each throat;

\* *Quiz* takes the liberty of giving this parade scene for the information of his *unmilitary* readers, as an instance of *gentlemanlike* conduct on the part of a commanding officer: but I have known a Lieutenant-Colonel d—— a Captain's eyes on the parade, and the *gentleman* put up with the insult.

† *Quiz* admits almost the harshness of this expression; and he would this instant scratch his pen *across* it, if he knew any other word to substitute, that could

Drinks beer, and claret by the quart,  
 And swears it is the proper sort.—  
 Dinner concluded, off they go,  
 To see some masquerade, or shew;  
 The players, *stupid* as can be,  
 Are below mediocrity.—  
 The reason is, I am afraid,  
 They're *off the stage*, in masquerade;  
 The reader asks, "is it a fact,  
 "That Asiatics *thus* can act?"—  
 Or, probably, I shall be ask'd,  
 "Are Asiatics \* *always* mark'd?"  
 Yes, reader, 'tis a well-known truth,  
 That Asiatics from their youth,  
 Assume the mark of dark deception,  
 And this is true, with *one* exception,  
 Europeans made them long believe,  
 The *Christian faith* † was to deceive;

convey to the reader the indelicate method both ladies and gentlemen eat, both at tiffin and dinner, &c. He has absolutely been disgusted at seeing one of the *prettiest girls* in Calcutta eat about two pounds of mutton-chops at one sitting!

\* Does *Quiz* only allude to the natives of the country? We fancy he does *not mean* the *colonists*. It was, we thought, necessary to make this remark, as we never recollect hearing that the play formed any part of native amusements.

† Whenever any of the intelligent natives enters into conversation on the subject of the English, they invariably entertain doubt whether or not we have

And now the natives often think  
 Our worship, is to eat and drink ;  
 And take by force their homes and land,  
 In every place where we command ;  
 Their lands, their money, or their wives,  
 Nay, we may even take their lives.  
 But let them live in full security,  
 Of judging of their own futurity :  
 Leave them their notions of a God ;  
 What, if their mode of worship's odd ?  
*Their* faith instructs them, they are right,  
 And that same faith will make them fight ;\*  
 May heaven avert that our ambition,  
 Should try to *force* from them submission ;  
 Or that enthusiastic preachers,  
 (That not content at home as teachers,)  
 Should e'er be sent to sow dissensions,  
 And raise a war on such pretensions.

any religion. The expression—"O master very fine gentleman! same as Christian man; make fight business; all very well: but master never say prayer; every gentleman make too much curse, and get drunk; your God tell you do that: black fellow never drink any; more money to *master!*"

\* The dreadful effects of religious enthusiasm have been lately but too prevalent in India. Witness the horrible assassination of nearly a whole regiment, in the fort of Vellore. But this is nothing to what the consequence may be, if illiterate adventurers of methodist preachers get among them, endeavouring to explain things that they know nothing of.

If they intend civilization,  
 The muse can paint them out a nation,  
 Where their attempts might meet success,  
 The people too are in distress ;  
 A *bushman, Hottentot* \* is willing  
 To be converted for a *shilling*.  
 As to the Dutch, I rather fear,  
 Their *intellects* are not so clear ;  
 But a *rix dollar*, I am sure,  
 Would their *religious faith*, secure !  
 But *civil* Brahmin's, educated,  
 In arts, and highly cultivated ;  
 Industrious, honest, peaceful, kind,  
 His heart contented, and *his mind*,  
 Fix'd on *great Vishnu's* sacred page,  
 The *fleeting hope*, of *palsied age* †  
 Where is that *Christian* to be found,  
 Who gave his aged heart a wound,

\* It is a well-known fact, the Bushman Hottentots are far degenerated from all other description of savages: but I am willing, from experience, to give them credit for more *common sense* than the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope; who are, indeed, the most stupid of the human race.

† People who *call* themselves *Christians*, in India, presume to insult the idols of the natives, and have the arrogance to turn the Hindoo mythology into ridicule; merely because they have not ability enough to understand that it is considerably more sublime than that of Rome.

By *daring* to assert his god,  
 Was nothing but a *piece of wood*?  
 With indignation and surprise,  
 The *rev'rend* brahmin lifts his eyes,  
 Touching his breast, he shed a *tear*,  
 And said, "The Christian's *God* is *here*.  
 "Go, and do justice to mankind;  
 "And tell your countrymen they're blind;  
 "That long before your land was made,  
 "*Brahma* was worshipp'd in this shade!  
 "And should *presumptuous hand* approach  
 "That mighty figure but to *touch*,  
 "That instant, *hurl'd upon your head*,  
 "The curses of *the God* be spread!"  
 The man approach'd; *the Brahmin* frown'd;  
 Darkness *pervades* the temple round;  
 The Christian fell, but never spoke;  
 The *mighty Elephanta*\* shook;  
 And, lo! the *triple-headed God*  
 Frown'd *horribly* †, and gave a nod.

\* The accompanying print will give a better idea of the triple-headed God, in the cavern of the Elephanta, than I could convey in writing. I drew it on the spot, but not exactly at *the time* of the incantation it represents.—QUIZ.

† *Quiz* did not mean to copy from Milton, or any other heroic poet: and as I have made his Godship, though of stone, frown and nod at the arrogance of the *Christian* who insulted him, I think I have a right to let him frown as I please.





The Bramin spoke: "Christian, *arise!*  
 "And to this glass *affix your eyes:*  
 "In it *I'll let you plainly see*  
 "*A scene of dread futurity!*  
 "Mark! too, whose pow'r you dare disown:  
 "'Tis *Brama's*, and *this work's* his own,  
 "Therefore, beware! lest you are led  
 "To draw his vengeance on *your head.*  
 "Depart! ere yet your soul has felt  
 "The *consequence* of crime and guilt!"  
 He said. Th' affrighted *Christian* fled,  
 With horror thund'ring o'er his head!  
 The *vision* always *haunts* his mind,  
 Whenever he's to *sleep* inclin'd;  
 Nor would the world itself be able  
 To make him think it *was a fable.*  
*He found*, that making *fun* of *Brama*  
 Is worse than meddling with the *Lama*.\*

\* The *Lama* is a person *deified* by the inhabitants of *China* and *Tibet*. He is supposed to be *re-generated*; and at this time, I believe, he is a child. He receives divine honours; and even the mighty Emperor of *China* has been known to visit him, for the purpose of worship.—As *Quiz* has not got *Arrowsmith's* map beside him, he cannot be informed if any of the holy *territories* of *Dalia Lama* has been entered by our army in the *present war* against the *Napaulese*: however, the reader may inquire.

While QUI HI up the country stray'd,  
Some new discoveries he made ;  
About the natives he inquir'd,  
If lit'rature they much admir'd ?  
Whether they wish'd for information  
From men of better education ?  
If they had knowledge of geometry,  
Of algebra, or trigonometry ?  
Since Europe's *vivifying* sun  
Their reformation had begun,  
He ask'd how they could manage here  
To calculate the varying year ;  
Or if they could conceive the reasons  
From whence originate the seasons ?  
If they could comprehend the stars ;  
Or which was *Saturn*—which was *Mars* ?  
Or if, in such a barbarous state,  
They an eclipse could calculate ?  
The Indian, with astonishment,  
Inquir'd of QUI HI what he meant ?  
He wonder'd master did not know,  
That, many thousand years ago,  
The learned Bramins well could see  
The wonders of astronomy :  
If master ever was as far as  
The famous city of Benares,  
He'd see some magnifying glasses  
That Herschell's telescope surpasses ;

For English pundits condescend  
Th' observatory to ascend,  
And sometimes are surpris'd to find  
*Comets* of a malignant kind.  
He then describ'd a meteor  
That very lately did appear ;  
Which, to the *people's* vulgar eyes,  
Appear'd an object of surprise  
And terror; as they all expected,  
Hindustan's safety it affected.  
It blaz'd awhile ; but 'twas foretold.  
Its *borrow'd* rays would soon be cold:  
And so it was—a darker sphere  
Over its disk did now appear,  
Eclips'd the "*Jack-u-lantern's*" light,  
And sent it to eternal night!

END OF CANTO III.

## CANTO IV.

## ARGUMENT.

Our Asiatic readers may  
 Their criticisms now display :  
 But QUIZ can every one convince,  
 These self-same *critics* have no sense ;  
 And confidently he declares,  
 That *against* vice he levies *wars*.  
 The gauntlet thrown, he now asserts,  
 He'll give to fools their just deserts :  
 And should an Indian *hero* find,  
 By any means, himself inclin'd  
 To shew that QUIZ has acted wrong,  
 The argument cannot be long.  
 But we the *colonists* defy  
 To prove that QUIZ *asserts a lie* :  
 And should we think, in our ambition,  
 To give QUI H? a *new edition*,  
 We'll give the colonists to fame,  
 And tell the world *each ass's name* ;  
 For QUIZ's pen could shew *the globe*,  
 Duplicity's *beneath a robe*.  
 Then will the reader soon discover,  
 That *virtue's* semblance *vice* does cover.  
 QUIZ, with effect, here ridicules  
 Those methodistic vulgar fools ;  
 Those barbers, shoemakers, and tailors ;  
 Those *Anti-Hindostanee* railers,  
 Who think *their trades* are so laborious,  
 They make themselves *at once* notorious,



MISERIES OF THE FIRST OF THE MONTH.

By turning *preachers*, on condition,  
 " They're sent upon the sacred mission  
 " Of shewing all the Indian nation  
 " John Westley's *method* of salvation!"  
 But Hindoo prejudice remains  
 Unshaken, spite of all their pains.  
 Our youth, by chance, procures a pass,  
 On leave of absence to Madras;  
 And, probably, our readers hear  
 Particulars of manners there.

NOW all the *Colonists*\* declare,  
 Our subject hateful to their ear,  
 For *simple satire* can't agree  
 With *Asiatic* quality.  
 Too well the muse is now aware,  
 That *certain people* fume and swear,  
 Declare us *ev'ry* thing but civil,  
 And wishes QUI HI? at the d—l.  
 But let them stamp, and let them fret,  
*The subject is not finish'd yet*:  
 Things *still untold* will meet the ear,  
 (That may ridiculous appear,)  
 But change the hairs on *ev'ry wig*,—†  
 To *bristles* of a *furious pig*:

\* A late female author, Mrs. Graham, has *properly* made use of the term *colonists*; though the doggrel critics in India attempted to murder her fame!!!

† A plagiarism from Shakespeare.—QUIZ.

No particular allusion to the colonists, whether *fe-*

Or, if the reader should incline,  
 We'll change the *pig* to *porcupine*;  
 No matter which!—"it comes to pass,"  
*QUI HI?* can saddle *ev'ry ass*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 And, if the reader mounts on *neddy*,  
 He must *endeavour* to ride steady;  
 For hobby-horses, ne'er will tumble,  
 Except 'gainst *vice* they chance to stumble.  
 'Twould be a shame (in *place of sport*),  
 To get a *tumble* in the *dirt*.—  
 And tho' the asses should be many,  
*QUI HI?* cares not a *pice*† for any.  
 Should hoofs, or *ears*, e'er make them find  
 This hint, to be at all unkind,  
 'Tis certain that their obvious failing,  
 Accuses *quix* of wanton railings;  
 But *Quiz* is always virtue's friend,  
 "Constant's" his motto "to the end;"

*males* or *judges*; though *Quiz* knows, *passing well*, they both wear wigs.—The *beautiful* deviation from our immortal Shakespeare's idea will appear plain to every reader:—

"Like *quills* upon the fretful *porcupine*."—HAMLET.

Though, by the by, it is true enough, that *quills*, in India, are more common than *hairs*.

\* See *Quiz's* note on the menagerie at the island of Colaba, page 62.

† A *pice* is the lowest description of coin in India, with the exception of the *coury*, a kind of shell, current in the Guzzerat.



And while his hand can wield a pen,  
 He'll shew that asses—*are not men*,—  
 Disgraceful too, to human nature,—  
 Unworthy even, of *his satire* ;  
 How many of them, (unconnected  
 With honor,) are with vice infected ?  
 Let them throw off those slavish trammels,  
 Disgraceful even to their *Hammals* ;\*  
 For well indeed the muse has known  
*Honor*, in humble Hammals shown ;  
 While with a puritanic face,  
 Their master acted with disgrace !  
 For many peculating crimes,  
 Contaminate the *present times* ; †  
 The muse could information *write*,  
 And bring delinquents forth to light ;  
 Strip off hypocrisy's disguise,  
 And shew *the fools* to *wisdom's* eyes.  
 Whatever may be Quiz's will,  
 His wishes he *cannot* fulfil,  
 Except the reader has the sense  
 To draw from *hints*—*an inference*.

\* This description of people Quiz has, in a previous note, described. They are certainly *very great rogues* ; but, frequently, *simplicity itself*, in comparison to the chicanery of their *European* employers.

† Quiz is at no loss for metre: therefore the reader is, *ad libitum*, to read either

*Present times*, or *Indian climes*.

But to proceed—our hero now  
 Is made a soldier, we'll allow ;  
 The *griffinship* expired, he's sent,  
 On duty *from* his regiment,  
 Perhaps a hundred *coss*,\* or more,  
 To Fyzabad or Burhampore ; †  
 Or any *other* place the muse,  
 Or reader, is inclin'd to chuse ;  
 And that his Asiatic rout  
 Eventful was, we cannot doubt ;  
 For Indian trav'lers often view  
 Things that are to *our* readers new ;  
 And Quiz conceives he's obligated,  
 To tell what *QUI HI?* has related.  
 Each morning 'ere the sun had given,  
 A chearful smile from gloomy heav'n,  
 The bugle, or the drummer's call,  
*Summon'd* the officers and all ;  
 Our hero, too, awakes, of course,  
 Equips, and mounts his faithful horse ;  
 Bucephalus and Rosinante,  
 Are fam'd in history, I'll grant ye ;

\* *Coss* ; Indian measurement. It is calculated, that an Indian coss is an English mile and a half ; but it differs in the eastern and western parts of the Peninsula.

† Fyzabad is the capital of Oude, next to Lucknow ; Burhampore is a military station on the Ganges.

And QUI HI's horse, it is recorded,  
 Deserves to be alike rewarded,  
 For all the steeds that since the flood,  
 Boasted of pedigree or blood,  
 Could ne'er be match'd for sport or fun,  
 (In Spain or even Macedon.)  
 With QUI HI's—none could gallop faster,  
 He'd eat his gram,\* and lov'd his master,  
 Nor ever by a kick, or stumble,  
 Gave he his master cause to grumble;  
 Sound, wind and limb, a perfect beauty, †  
 He chearfully perform'd his duty;  
 Not like *those asses* I have known,  
 At *certain menageries* shewn,  
 Dress'd in the trappings of the east,  
 (That ornament *each silly* beast)  
 And well their savage *driver* knows,  
 How useless are both *words* and blows!  
 For who can change the laws of nature,  
 With ev'ry stupid stubborn creature?  
 So rapid now our hero rides,  
 As fam'd *Brickfield's* back he strides;

\* Gram is the usual food given to horses in India: it is a description of pea.

† Quiz need scarcely repeat, that the Arabian horses are the most beautiful and the most docile in the world; and, of all others, QUI HI's was the most faithful.

Topes, prickly pears,\* and e'en stone walls,  
 He often clears, and never falls.  
 Coolys, Sepoys, and Jemadars,  
 Havildars, Naiks, and Subadars;  
 After QUI HI? with elocution  
 Runs, never thinking of pollution,  
 For *Qui hi's* soldiers who thus ran,  
 Knew that *he was* a gentleman:  
 For, reader, know that in the East,  
 An *honest man*, is always best;  
 And Englishmen, however great,  
 Are thought by Hindoos incomplete,  
 Except in ev'ry word and deed,  
 In honor they Hindoos *exceed*.  
 Maugre *religion*, they suppose,  
 An European *honor* knows;  
 And execrate, (however brave)  
 The Briton that they find a knave.†  
*Fortuitous* events cannot,  
 Conceal a *plunderer* or *sot*;

\* A *tope* is a cluster of trees, of any description, enclosed with a hedge or wall.—The *prickly pear* is well known in India: it is a description of *napal*, made so famous by the late Dr. Anderson of Madras. It is made use of, as fences, throughout India; and *Quiz* has *felt* its effects.

† The mere circumstance of a man being born a *lord*, cannot, among the Hindoos, be an apology for improper conduct: he would lose his cast immediately.—*QUIZ*.

Master what for make bobbery with black fellow? His not proper custom - plenty too much rogue Man come from Europe - cheat all poor people - get all Rupee than go to England - poor parson man work hard - pay plenty money for company - what for Master not satisfied? what for make rogue fellow of poor people? all good Man go heaven all bad man go to the devil - What more master want?

There is no god but god and Mahomet is his prophet - Sahib bot Salaam.

Master take all country all money - every thing master take - Now take away poor Hindoos religion that not good fashion Master.

Gentlemen I have been so very busy these last twenty years, that I have been prevented seeing you, having settled my affairs at home. And having a little time on my hands I have put on my Sunday cloths to pay you a visit. I am much obliged to you for the few Acres of land you gave me, and the rupees you sent. And in return I have brought you a present as I understand you are no better than Savages.

A-chill ou Banchut-ky whasla toom ne go any faster-Toom junla, Sub Paaree Devana hi; bot rupee cherry merry dinga



JOHN BULL CONVERTING THE INDIANS.

And Asiatics can with sense,  
 The greatest *burra sahib* convince,  
 That even in a simple cot,  
*Rascality* is thought a blot;  
 They plainly tell each English fool,  
 That *we* are nothing taught at school;\*  
 Can shew an humble Hindoo how  
 He can an argument allow;  
 That, by a privilege from God,  
 The English could on them have trod.—  
 For mark, those *Heathens* don't allow,  
 Ev'ry thing Englishmen avow:  
 They think with justice—every man,  
 Was made upon an—equal plan;  
 And that dishonor and contempt,  
 Attach to those that are exempt  
 From decency—and act, because  
 They've power, o'er humble Hindoo laws;  
 And with a haughty consequence,  
 Govern, without a grain of sense;

\* This is the general, and very often the *only*, re-  
 monstrance of the harmless Hindoo. To all the  
*wrongs* and *insults* of European ignorance and pre-  
 sumption, his only reply is—"Master, is that proper?  
 is that like gentleman's business?—very well, master,  
 very well! I see master go to very bad school.  
 "Toom Balat jatta doucery wakal Boorabar bol."  
 When you go to England another time, learn to act  
 or speak properly!"

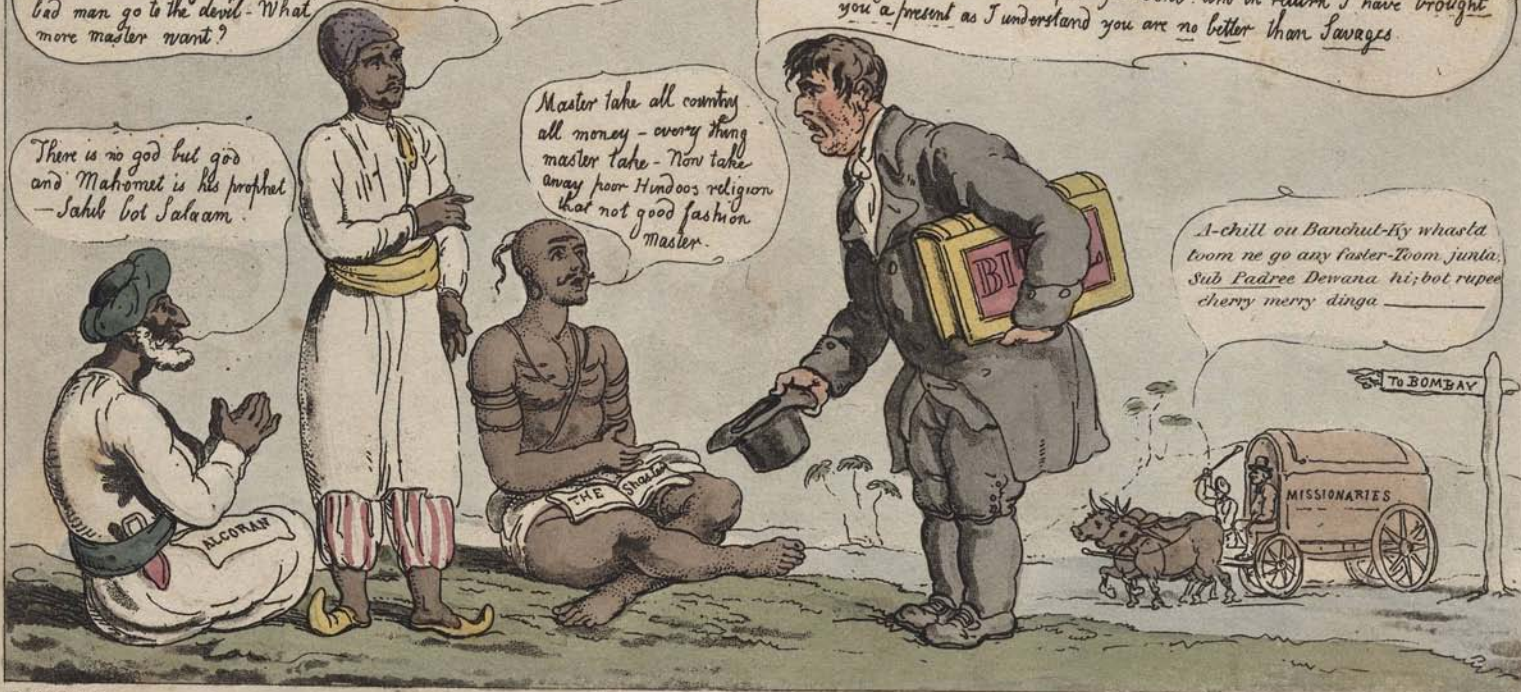
Master what for make bolberry with black fellow? His not proper custom - plenty too much rogue Man come from Europe. cheat all poor people. get all Refugee then go to England. poor parson man work hard. pay plenty money for company. what for Master not satisfied? what for make rogue fellow of poor people? all good Man go heaven all bad man go to the devil - What more master want?

There is no god but god  
and Mahomet is his prophet  
- Sahib bot Salaam

Master take all country  
all money - every thing  
master take - Now take  
away poor Hindoos religion  
that not good fashion  
Master.

Gentlemen I have been so very busy these last inventory years, that I have been prevented seeing you. having settled my affairs at home. And having a little time on my hands I have put on my Sunday clothes to pay you a visit. I am much obliged to you for the few Acres of land you gave me, and the rufes you sent. And in return I have brought you a present as I understand you are no better than Savages

A-chill ou Banchut-ky whastd  
toom ne go any faster-toom junta.  
Sub Paáree Dewana hi; bot rupee  
cherry merry dinga



JOHN BULL CONVERTING THE INDIANS.

And Asiatics can with sense,  
 The greatest *burra sahib* convince,  
 That even in a simple cot,  
*Rascality* is thought a blot;  
 They plainly tell each English fool,  
 That *we* are nothing taught at school;\*  
 Can shew an humble Hindoo how  
 He can an argument allow;  
 That, by a privilege from God,  
 The English could on them have trod.—  
 For mark, those *Heathens* don't allow,  
 Ev'ry thing Englishmen avow:  
 They think with justice—every man,  
 Was made upon an—equal plan;  
 And that dishonor and contempt,  
 Attach to those that are exempt  
 From decency—and act, because  
 They've power, o'er humble Hindoo laws;  
 And with a haughty consequence,  
 Govern, without a grain of sense;

\* This is the general, and very often the *only*, re-  
 monstrance of the harmless Hindoo. To all the  
*wrongs* and *insults* of European ignorance and pre-  
 sumption, his only reply is—"Master, is that proper?  
 is that like gentleman's business?—very well, master,  
 very well! I see master go to very bad school.  
 "Toom Balat jatta doucery wakal Boorabar bol."  
 When you go to England another time, learn to act  
 or speak properly!"



Cloth'd in authority's *gay* robe,  
They try to circumscribe the globe;  
And foolishly conceive, that all  
Should at their leaden sceptre fall:  
That Musselmen and Hindoos should  
Think *paltry* veins have *royal* blood;  
And that the great Mogul should bow  
To *fools* whose power he *won't* allow,  
For surely human nature's wrong,  
To think that power to fools belong;  
Or that mere superstition's eye  
Can Indian *metaphysics*\* spy,  
And foolishly pretend to see  
The depth of *their* mythology;  
Thus the gigantic pile to crumble,  
And with it *England's interests tumble*;  
For ev'ry man of common sense  
Admits that there is no pretence  
For interfering with religion,  
To spread in India a contagion;  
Thus thought QUI HI? as in his view,  
Appear'd the complicated crew,

\* If the reader will take the trouble of consulting *Moor's* Hindoo Mythology, he will find a sublime description of their doctrine; a system, however, pure in its nature, which our modern puritanical wiseacres wish to convince us is heathenish. But let those champions in the cause of Christianity recollect, that a Hindoo is an honest *man*!

Of Parsees, Musselmen and Jews,  
 Persians, Armenians, and Hindoos ;  
 And to his now astonish'd eye,  
 Appear'd a *preacher*, perch'd on high ;  
 But, for the reader's own conviction,  
 The muse will give him a description.—  
 Pray have you got a dictionary ?  
 You have :—then look for missionary.—  
 “ People sent out to know how far  
 Their masters can succeed in war ;  
 Men who, by superstition taught,  
 Conceive that ev'ry word and thought,  
*Except their own*—cannot be right ;  
 They with *Saint Peter's* armour fight ;  
 But not being regularly train'd,  
 Their holy discipline is feign'd ;  
 Such was the man, that did expound  
 The *gospel* to the people round :  
 The envoy such of our great nation,  
 Who preach'd to Hindoos 'bout salvation ;  
 And such his motley congregation. }  
 Nor did a ray of genius hover,  
 On Quiz's pen, he could discover,  
 To vulgar people a description,  
 That carries with it a conviction,  
 How idle, simple, silly, foolish,  
 And how contemptible, and mulish ;

How ass-like, how ridiculous,  
 (The system is, we must confess,)  
 Th' idea of *Hindoo conversion*,  
 Is certainly as sheer perversion  
 Of common sense—as e'er took place,  
 In this, or any other case.  
 Was *Hogarth's* pencil now at hand,  
 Well could we ridicule command,  
 For certain 'tis the pencil does  
 To the spectator's eye disclose,  
 More sentiment, and more description,  
 Than narrative, if truth, or fiction.  
 And we'll endeavour to describe,  
 In hurried pencil lines, the tribe  
 That caught the now astonish'd eye,  
 Of Quiz's PROTIGEE, QUI HI?—  
 Well then—conceive a *cotton bale*,  
 (We know at this *some readers rail*;)   
 No matter, *truth* without a bribe,  
 Requires the subject we'll describe:—  
 Conceive then, reader, if you can,  
 The puritanic holy man,  
 Perch'd on a pipe of old Madeira,  
 Intended *probably* for Kaira,\*

\* Kaira. We know not which Kaira Quiz alludes to. There is a place, we know, of this name, in the northern division of Guzerat, where there is a regiment of dragoons cantoned.—EDITOR.



PAYS A NOCTURNAL VISIT TO DUNGAREE.

Rowlandson, sc.

Quil. del.

Which some *parsee* had brought from town,  
 And lodg'd it safe in a godown;  
 But by a sympathetic sense,  
 Of *missionary* consequence,  
 Told master Padree he would lend  
 The pipe of wine, "as master's friend,"—  
 But hop'd, "that master, by and bye,  
 "To poor man's int'rests would comply,  
 "And give good character," don't think,  
 The Parsee gave the wine, *to drink*;  
 Oh, no! the parson's holy nostrum,  
 Must be *proclaimed*, from a *rostrum*,  
 Upon the pipe our hero sees,  
 An empty chest, *mark'd* "S. rupees,"  
 To hold the Indian's contribution,  
 T'wards the *converting* institution!  
 Reader, this tells you that religion,  
 Can *also* try to "pluck a pigeon;"  
 And Asiatics still can see,  
 Pigeon's enough at Dungaree.\*  
 Upon this chest fancy the priest,  
 In his *converting* system blest,  
 With *pious* passion, just declaring,  
 The bad effects of wanton swearing;

\* A well-known resort for Christian missionaries on the west of the Peninsula, *not a hundred miles* from Bombay.

That horrid consequences must  
 Attend the sinner *turn'd to dust*,  
 (For 'tis ridiculous to strive,  
 To shew Hindoos they're *d—d alive*.)  
 And with a tone of energy,  
 Describ'd *that day* we all must see!  
 The day of judgment we suppose  
 He meant, but *this* the reader knows.  
 Thus he proceeds with furious rant,  
 And *holy* methodestic cant;  
 While our astonish'd youth perceiv'd,  
 This man of God of sense bereav'd;  
 For 'tis a fact, not one in ten,  
 Of all the women and the men,  
 That crowding round about him stood,  
 Knew aught he argued, bad or good,  
 Since not a syllable he knew  
 Of any language 'mongst the *crew*.\*  
 Now one among the congregation,  
 Address'd QUI HI? with exclamation,  
 " Master Salam! I glad to see—  
 " Master make favour, speak to me!—  
 " What for this man come here to want,—  
 (Qui hi's astonishment we'll grant.)

\* It is affirmed, as a fact, that every thing that is done in India, whether right or wrong, is supposed to proceed from those respectable gentlemen in Leadenhall-street. They ought to see that neither their name nor authority is abused.

- “ Master, what that man got to sell?—
- “ Suppose sell cheap: that very well.—
- “ What very funny face he make;
- “ That man make talk for *Comp'ny* sake.
- “ See, master, he make plenty noise—
- “ Make too much laugh for girls and boys;—
- “ Three or four day, he all same way;
- “ That man make ev'ry body pay:
- “ Says Christian people send him here,
- “ To sell religion, if *got beer*
- “ Master know very well I give,
- “ Whatever master would receive;
- “ But *foolish* business, I not know.
- “ Master tell madman now to go.—
- “ He say that Hindoo must admire
- “ His story, or must go in fire.—
- “ But now, where master is *the spot*?
- “ Master know very well 'tis hot;
- “ What that man mean, will master tell us?
- “ Suppose too hot, get *English* bellows;
- “ *That* master knows will *keep us cool*,
- “ For ev'ry blackman is not fool.
- “ What for send *padree* here to tell,
- “ That black man all must go to hell.
- “ Plenty year come, and ev'ry man,
- “ Live always proper, if he can.
- “ Suppose rogue make, then all Hindoo,
- “ Make bad man just like English *Jew*.



Rowlandson. sc.

Qui. scult.

LABOUR IN VAIN OR HIS REVERENCE CONFOUNDED.



Answer'd QUI HI? in words like these:—

- “ Master, these are unlucky\* days ;  
 “ That man who lives near yonder tree,  
 “ (He'll tell you of your destiny ;)   
 “ Declares that it has been foretold,  
 “ By Brama's followers of old,  
 “ That a small European *clod*,  
 “ Would try to overturn our God ;  
 “ Th' immortal Vishnu has foretold,  
 “ That islanders, as great as bold,  
 “ Would try his dictates to abuse,  
 “ The holy Vedah† to confuse.  
 “ The time's expir'd,—we plainly find,  
 “ Your countrymen are thus inclin'd.  
 “ We know the truth of what we heard ;  
 “ Your country, by the world is fear'd ;  
 “ But by what right do you conceive,  
 “ That we should *every thing* believe ?  
 “ Are *we*, who have for years submitted  
 “ To fetters that *your country* fitted ;  
 “ Who gave our liberty and gold,  
 “ (Is our religion to be sold ;)

\* The Hindoos are remarkably superstitious in regard to lucky or unlucky days, and calculate accordingly.

† The Vedah is the holy book of the Hindoos. None are permitted to read or expound it, but the Bramins, who are the priests, and officiate at the different pagodas.

" Are we, who patiently admit,  
 " The laws that L—n H—ll thinks fit,  
 " To learn from wicked Europeans,  
 " To heaven a more *direct* conveyance?  
 " Or can your masters think that we,  
 " Will with *your customs* now agree,  
 " When ages tell them that we are,  
 " Determin'd both in peace and war?  
 " To you, Sir, while I humbly bow,  
 " I think it necessary now  
 " To tell you, that your nation's power,  
 " Will evidently soon be lower,  
 " Unless your masters will desist,  
 " From sending here each prating priest.\*"

QUI HI? upon the Hindoo turns,  
 And with indignant passion burns;  
 He feels the Leadenhall allusion,  
 And evidently with confusion,  
 Orders a Sepoy, standing nigh,  
 To take the man in custody.  
 His *master's* credit *implicated*,  
 He's critically situated.  
 And wishes the Hindoos to see,  
 How far extends authority.

\* Quiz wishes it to be understood, that no allusion is here meant to the *established clergymen*: he means the illiterate and dangerous crowd of missionaries.

But youthful fervor could not blind,  
The feelings of a gen'rous mind,  
For common sense had giv'n a hint,  
The Indian had no insult meant ;  
And QUI HI ? clearly had in view,  
That all the Hindoo said was true ;  
And the unhappy culprit stood,  
A being evidently good ;  
A meek, but manly look explain'd,  
That virtue in his bosom reign'd ;  
While, with an independent brow,  
He did his country's cause avow.  
“ Sir,” he continued, “ if I err,  
“ Defending thus my faith, so far,  
“ I must submit ; but let me ask,  
“ Would it to you have been a task  
“ To be your country's advocate,  
“ Against indignities so great ?  
“ If tribes of Musselmen, *by chance* \*,  
“ Landed in England, or in France,  
“ Some ages since, and had the sword  
“ Giv'n *honour* to a *merchant's word*,  
“ Was ev'ry Mussulman a knave,  
“ And ev'ry Englishman a slave,

\* They have a *report* in India, that the present conquerors of that country found it out by *chance*. If such was the case, Quiz can only add, that the *chance* was against the inhabitants.

“ Then, it is probable, you'd find

“ The feelings that *possess my mind.*”

Thus said the man, and, with a sigh,

Wish'd “ Doula Jadda ” to QUI HI?

Who rode away, and left the rabble

With noise that far exceeded Babel.

Tom-toms and trumpets rend the air,

And make it difficult to hear;

While compliments, quite *Oriental*\*,

Describ'd their wishes *sentimental*.

Thro' all the crowd, as QUI HI? rode,

Their *gratitude* the people shew'd;

But all their complimentary cries

Imagination's pow'r defies.

Still the unlucky *Padree* strove

Their heathen breasts, *in vain*, to move.

'Tis Quiz's firm belief, that never

Will Hindoos from *great Brahma* sever.

QUI HI? had scarcely gone a mile,

Ere an adventure made him smile;

Which, for the reader's information,

We'll tell, with an elucidation †.

\* The Oriental method of paying compliments is too well understood, both in Europe and India, to require explanation. Such compliments are sometimes very superficial, but *generally* sincere.

† For *this elucidation*, see the plate.

A Gentoo, with his wife and mother,  
 His father, grandfather, and brother,  
 Were all together sitting round  
 A simple dinner, on the ground :  
 Some rice and milk, their *only* store,  
 Compos'd their feast, and nothing more ;  
 But a philosopher might trace  
 Contentment in each honest face.  
 Conceal'd behind a banyan-tree \*,  
 Our hero ev'ry thing could see ;  
 For banyan-trees (we know it's true)  
 Bring many *curious things* to view.  
 The Burra Sahib came riding by,  
 Betwixt the Hindoos and QUI HI ?  
 Accompany'd by a *dashing* fair,  
 Who gallop'd with a *courtly* air :  
 And QUI HI ? plainly could observe  
 The haughty *pair* without reserve :  
 He knew that *their* intrusion would  
 Make *blackey* throw away his food ;  
 For 'tis a maxim not refuted,  
 They hold an Englishman † polluted.

\* The banyan or Indian fig-tree is too well known to require description here. Quiz has had some amusement under gigantic branches of *kubber-bur*.

† Quiz means any of the United Kingdom, whether English, Irish, or Scotch. "Tria puncta in uno."

Whether from ignorance or not,  
 The *Burra Sahib* approach'd the spot  
 Where sat these same Gentoos at dinner,  
 Who soon perceiv'd the N—— sinner.  
 And mark the consequence ! Alas !  
 Their E——cies cannot pass ;  
 For obstacles, not quite expected,  
 Are with their evening's ride connected.  
 But what were QUI HI's feelings, when  
 He saw the women and the men,  
 Deliberately, in a trice,  
 Destroy both *chatties* \*, milk, and rice !  
 And while their brows with rage did low'r,  
 They thus address'd *the man of pow'r* :  
 “ What for come *Burra Sahib* this way ?  
 “ Not here see gentooman make stay ?  
 “ Look master ! ev'ry thing make spill ;  
 “ Better that master Hindoo kill,  
 “ Than come near people when they eat ;  
 “ No matter suppose master's great ;

\* The *chatties* are vessels made of earth, of little or no value : but the circumstance related here frequently occurs ; for it is a fact, that when the poorest Hindoo is at his meals, and though he should not have a pice to get him another grain of rice, he destroys his *mess*, should a European approach him ; and even an European Emperor's presence would have the effect of contamination, under similar circumstances.

" In other places—we tell you,  
 " Master *not proper* for Hindoo.  
 " See Beebee, all make 'fraid, and child  
 " Make cry, for it think master wild.  
 " Master go 'way, custom not right,  
 " Or master will make Hindoo fight."

—He said, and with a sudden stroke,

The *last* remaining chatty broke.—

The Burra Sahib \*, and *eke* his wife,

Not wishing to prolong the strife,

Their horses in an instant wheel,

And speedily take to the heel.

While QUI HI? had from the beginning,

Nearly alarm'd them by his grinning,

He now enjoy'd a hearty laugh,

And mounting "*Brickfield*," gallop'd off.

The reader here may plainly see,

That Hindoos of a low degree,

Cannot such complaisance afford,

As stoop to ev'ry paltry Lord.

QUI HI? had scarcely reach'd his station,

(In an unhealthy situation,)

E'er the effects of sheer fatigue,

Brought on that Asiatic plague,

\* Quiz thinks he has already explained, that the term "*Burrah Sahib*," or *Grand Master*, is used commonly, in India, from the natives, to European gentlemen.

*The Liver*\*.—*Pill's* advice must be,  
That he must take a trip to sea.  
The reader, if he likes, may fancy,  
Our hero at the Presidency ;  
For *Pill's* certificate prevails,  
And for Madras the *patient sails*.

\* The liver complaint is certainly one of the greatest curses that the world produces ; and *Mr. Pill* (as the military medical gentlemen are termed) generally takes every tooth in your head out with calomel, before he will sign a sick certificate—" *precious souls!*"

END OF CANTO IV.

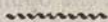


## CANTO V.

## ARGUMENT.

With aching teeth, and visage pale,  
 QUI HI? from Ganges' banks sets sail,  
 To find some hospitable shore,  
 His *masticators* to restore ;  
 For, never hoping to get wealth,  
 He wishes to regain his health :  
 But ere our idler gets afloat,  
 Our readers have an anecdote,  
 Which shews, thro' India's wide dominion,  
 Of *Burra Sahibs* but *one* opinion.  
 Some one, perhaps, will take the hint  
 (Tho' *nothing personal* is meant) :  
 The context likely will afford  
 A peep at QUI HI? when on board.  
 Nay, never let the reader start :  
 We write not now of Buonaparte ;  
 Nor can our picture be so grand  
 As that of the Northumberland.  
 A country ship, indeed, is poor,  
 Compar'd with Bony's seventy-four.  
 Our Hero's sad misfortune's stated,  
 When by the *duns* incarcerated ;  
 But, luckily, an Indian friend  
 To his disasters puts an end.  
 Hist'ry's undeviating page  
 Tells us of *rogues* in ev'ry age ;

But Quiz the reader will inform  
 Of greater knaves than e'er were born :  
 His subject he'll contrive to handle,  
 With some effect, *in Coromandel*.  
 Should certain anecdotes pass by,  
 That QUI on shipboard might espy,  
 The country Captain's vice, alas !  
 Will be found equal'd at M——s ;  
 And that, too, in a circle where  
 Justice and honour should appear.  
 In fact, the reader, very likely,  
 Will find some truths, tho' told obliquely ;  
 And Quiz declares, he'll nothing forge  
 Of George the Saint, or fam'd Sir George.  
 To Madras officers belong  
 The right to judge, if Quiz is wrong :  
 To what opinion they think fit,  
 Quiz will, with deference, submit.  
 Our *other* ——, just as they chuse it,  
 May read the Canto, or refuse it.



PILL's fam'd certificate and minute  
 Succeeds, or else the devil's in it !  
 For his unhappy patient waits,  
 Attack'd by all the sister fates ;  
 His health destroy'd, his purse as bad,  
 His teeth unloos'd, he's nearly mad !  
 So situated, how can he,  
 Expect a ray of hope to see ?  
 And the Calcutta doctors said,  
 That he is poison'd, they're afraid ;"

Adding, "it would have been as well  
 The dose had not been calomel:  
 But that, before he quits the river,  
 He'd get completely free from liver;"  
 Meaning, no doubt, that QUI HI's breath,  
 Would soon be stopp'd by Signior Death;  
 For on the Ganges death presides,  
 O'er human fate, with giant strides,  
 And various may the changes be,  
 Between *Fort William* and *Culpee*.  
 Supported on a crutch, or two,  
 Of teek, or jack-wood, or bamboo,  
 He hobbles off to Chouringee,\*  
 Some of the *precious staff* to see.  
 For here neglect and impotence,  
 Fill up the blanks for common sense;  
 And QUI HI finds some aid-de-camp,  
 Had wrote his leave of absence wrong;  
 A new delay has now occur'd,  
 Before QUI HI can get on board;  
 At last in orders he appears,—  
 Something like hope his bosom cheers;  
 His trunks on board, the bearers wait,—  
 A palanquin is at the gate.

\* *Chouringee*—a very handsome street in Calcutta, facing the Esplanade, where the *public military offices* generally are.

But new misfortunes now attend him,  
 Without a soul that would befriend him ;  
 A fellow enters with a bill,  
 And *bond*,\* which QUI HI must fulfil ;  
 Immediately—without pretences—  
 Or undergo the consequences.  
 A thunder-bolt could not more stun  
 Poor QUI HI than this dreadful *dun*.  
*Job*-like, and with a look forlorn,  
 “ He curs’d the day that he was born !”  
 Or rather, the unlucky hour,  
 That plac’d him in such rascal’s pow’r ;  
 He vow’d that India and its masters,  
 Heap’d nothing on him but disasters ;  
 Wish’d at the devil one and all,  
 Who first applied to Leadenhall,  
 To get a *cheese cutter’s commission*,  
 And leave him in this sad condition ;  
 He swore he’d give *John Co.* the slip,  
 When once again on board of ship.

\* This is too often the sad effects of young men getting into debt in India. The Parsees, and others, advance griffins cash, to any amount, on their bond, to pay them one hundred per cent. This engagement the unfortunate debtor has seldom an opportunity of performing ; and the consequence is, he cannot leave the country, even for the benefit of his health, and very often perishes in a jail.—QUIZ.

Unhappy youth! he little thought  
His voyage with such perils fraught;  
Or that the damsel, yclept *Fate*,  
With *greater* mischiefs did await  
On board the ship, to shew QUI HI  
His promis'd happiness, *a lie*;  
Alas! too well he *now* perceives,  
That his pretended friends are knaves;  
His *chits*\* unanswer'd, or return'd,  
And his appeals to friendship spurn'd.  
Those very characters, that lately,  
Fleec'd the unhappy youth completely,  
Would uninvited come to dine,  
Borrow his cash, and drink his wine.—  
When fortune frowns, the mask is off,  
They at their friend's misfortunes scoff!  
Now motley *duns*, both black and white,  
Endeavour to prevent his flight,  
From certain death, for now they swore,  
They would not let him quit the shore;  
And that unless their bills he'd pay,  
A lawyer's writ, would make him stay;  
(No matter should he die or live,)  
Except security he'd give,  
And promise by an instrument,  
To pay them int'rest, cent. per cent.

\* A chit is the Indian term for a *note*.

'Twas useless for the youth to say  
 His only fortune was his pay;  
 That to increase the trifling pittance,  
 He got from Europe—*no remittance*;  
 But hop'd his wishes to complete,  
 On the arrival of the fleet,  
 Just then expected—when he'd pay,  
 Most honorably ev'ry *rea*.\*

“ No, no,” was the reply, “ pay now,”  
 “ No further period we'll allow;  
 “ Pay to the very last rupee,  
 “ Or else a lawyer's writ you'll see.”

'Twas vain to preach to stones or stocks,  
 With fellows that have hearts like blocks!

'Twas useless for QUI HI to say,  
 He'd pay them at a future day;  
 In vain he swore, upon his honor,  
 He'd pay them in six months, or sooner;  
 And that it pleasure would afford,  
 If they would *only* take his word.

Yet all his useless elocution,  
 Ne'er shook the fellow's resolution:  
 But fortune pitied the poor youth,  
 And prov'd the common proverb truth;  
*Videlicet*, “ a friend in need,”  
 Is, certainly, “ a friend in deed.”

\* A *rea* is the lowest coin in India.

Reader, prepare your ears and eyes,  
And hear the context with surprise;  
Who was the friend that forward came,  
To save our hero's life, and *fame*;  
And with a virtuous, honest, zeal,  
Avert the horrors of a jail.  
Give *full security* for all,  
Of QUI HI's debts, both great and small,  
And, like the man,\* as scriptures say,—  
“ Sent him rejoicing on his way.”  
Perhaps the readers may suppose,  
That QUI HI's friend was one of those,  
Whose late professions of esteem,  
To an untutor'd youth, would seem  
Friendship itself—that *some cadet*,  
Who *help'd* QUI HI to get in debt,  
Had kindly interpos'd to save,  
His friend from an untimely grave;  
Or worse, the sad imagination,  
Of horrible incarceration;  
Or that some pamper'd *British Nabob*,  
That luckless natives ev'ry day rob,  
To obviate some dreadful curse,  
Had *lent* QUI HI his ill-got purse,

\* The reader need scarcely be informed, that Quiz alludes to the beautiful allegory of the good Samaritan.

For sometimes even rogues believe,  
 That *charity* their souls may save;  
 Witness the flagrant ostentation,\*  
 Of some subscribers *to the nation*,  
 Who with a wish to give their name,  
 And their rupees a *nich* for fame,  
 When war *the pickpocket* had plundered,  
 The British treasury—then thunder'd;  
 The Asiatic patriot's zeal,  
 To shew for Britain he could feel;  
 And therefore precious soul! he gave,  
 His plunder'd wealth the state to save;  
 But Quiz religiously believes,  
 Receivers are as bad as thieves.  
 Reader, we now make an exception,  
 For *some* subscribe without deception;  
 The muse asserts it—and declares,  
 That *many of them* he reveres.  
 His satire only flies at those,  
 Whose names Quiz cannot *now* disclose;  
 But well known dispositions tell,  
 Our readers what we dare not spell;  
 Perhaps the Colonel, or the Major,  
 That won from QUI HI many a wager,  
 Now trusting chances to futurity,  
 Became at *once* QUI HI's security;

\* Our Asiatic readers know this to be a fact.



An officer could not do less,  
To a companion in distress.  
No, reader, no!—if you suppose,  
The youth was sav'd by one of those,  
When by his faithless friends forsaken,  
You're most egregiously mistaken;  
For had his life and liberty,  
Rested on such duplicity,  
He could not on *such things* prevail,  
To save him rotting in a jail.  
Reader, QUI HI amidst this crew,  
Found *friendship* in an old Hindoo,  
Who could not boast of Christian knowledge,  
(Alas! he ne'er had been at college!)  
But heav'n had written in his mind,  
A disposition pure and kind;  
The act to which we here allude,  
The Hindoo said was, gratitude:  
The reason that the Gentoo gave,  
The reader scarcely will believe.—  
Some years before, 'twas QUI HI's lot,  
To serve this man, tho' now forgot,  
Until the grateful Indian brought,  
To QUI HI's mind the happy thought,  
That at *a fire* his life he brav'd,  
And had a Hindoo's daughter sav'd.  
*This* anecdote, related here,  
Will not irrelevant appear;

Therefore, the readers will not rail,  
 If Quiz recites at length the tale.—  
 No fable—take the author's word !  
 This old adventure will afford ;  
 But, as we can't with readers quarrel,  
 We will admit that there's a moral ;  
 Then take it, reader, and declare,  
 That Quiz *correctly* acted there.—

Some months before *fortune de guerre*,  
 Made QUI HI to his corps repair.  
 One night it chanc'd some lucky star,  
 Directed him to a *Bazar*,\*  
 Where spreading flames on ev'ry side,  
 All human pow'r at once defy'd ;  
 The natives, struck with horror, gaz'd,  
 Upon their dwellings as they blaz'd ;  
 While some, with *stupid resignation*,  
 Prais'd *Brama* for the conflagration ;  
 For *simple Hindoos* seem aware,  
 Of *Brama's* most peculiar care,  
 And think it impiously rude,  
 Their puny efforts to intrude,  
 When of their gods the awful sire,  
 Is pleas'd to visit them with fire,

\* The bazar is the market-place in all Indian towns. Most of the native merchants have their houses there ; and the combustible materials that form these buildings often occasion fire.

And think it sacrilege to throw,  
A drop of water on the foe;  
So every human passion spurning,  
They careless see their children burning!  
Not so QUI HI,—a scene so strange,  
Could not his gen'rous bosom change;  
Surprize had for a moment seiz'd,  
The anxious eyes which he had rais'd,  
Upon a pile, inclos'd in flame,  
From whence he heard a female scream;  
Struck with the sound, he never waited,  
To be by any one intreated,  
Rush'd from the croud, and with a smile,  
Dash'd headlong on the burning pile;  
Where stood a lovely Hindoo maid,  
That look'd with anxious hopes for aid,  
In tears amidst the dreadful flame,  
She call'd upon great Brama's name;  
*Sans ceremonie*, QUI HI caught her,  
And safely through the ruins brought her;  
Restor'd her to a parent's arms,  
In all the glow of native charms.

Here Quiz's pen cannot disclose,  
The exclamations that arose,  
When QUI HI every danger brav'd,  
And thus the Hindoo's daughter sav'd;  
Nor will the muse attempt to tell  
What feelings in a bosom dwell,

That conscious it has done its duty,  
Receives the thanks of kneeling beauty.

'Twas thus our hero, at whose feet,  
The female, prostrate in the street,  
Offer'd her grateful fervent prayers,  
Her beauteous eyes suffus'd in tears.

What feelings, reader, can compare,  
With what QUI HI experienc'd here ;  
Enough ; his mind can feel it best,

That is with genuine honor blest ;  
To *others* Quiz will not appeal,  
They cannot such a transport feel.

The father, lately in distraction,  
Expresses thus his satisfaction,  
(For superstition, we can prove,  
Is conquer'd by paternal love)—

“ Ah, master ! you may well expect

“ That Heav'n will always you protect ;

“ For too much trouble master take,

“ All for poor *chola chokree's*\* sake.

“ Some God make master come to-night,

“ To make poor old man's heart so *light*.

“ I master's slave, and *chokree* too :

“ Speak, master ! what we do for you ? ”

And then he bow'd with look so meek,

While tears bedew'd his furrow'd cheek.

\* *Chola chokree*—little girl.

But 'twas too much. Our hero bow'd,  
And left the grateful Hindoo crowd.  
Some weeks elaps'd; indeed, the scene  
To QUI HI had forgotten been;  
When, sitting pensive in his room,  
His mind absorb'd in Indian gloom,  
Hopeless of ever seeing more  
His family, or native shore,  
A sudden knocking at the door  
His scatter'd thoughts could just restore.  
A servant tells him, some Hindoo  
Begs for a moment's interview.  
"Admit him," was *Qui Hi's* reply;  
And, lo! a Bramin meets his eye.  
"Master Salaam, I make too free;  
"Before time come, not master see;  
"Master not recollect old man;  
"I come make service, if I can:"  
Adding (and then the Hindoo smil'd),  
"Master not know—he save my child!"  
This brought to his bewilder'd mind  
The circumstances, all combin'd:  
He recogniz'd a countenance  
Endow'd with ev'ry mark of sense;  
If gratitude and joy sincere,  
In strongest lines, were pencill'd there.  
QUI HI, with candour, now intreated  
His old acquaintance to be seated;

Not like those domineering Neros—  
Those petty Asiatic heroes—  
Who think a native, plac'd beside  
Their sacred chair, would hurt their pride.  
Their consequence thus to secure,  
They make them sit upon the floor.  
Our youth, indeed, was better taught  
Than most young Ensigns *lately caught*,  
And knew that youth should always shew  
That deference to age they owe.  
QUI HI, with pleasure, paid attention  
To ev'ry thing his friend did mention  
In broken English, he disclos'd  
What anecdotes his life compos'd;  
What persecution he had met  
From L——hall's unworthy set;  
And how the Burra Sahib could see  
Him plunder'd of his property:  
Of all the pests that India curst,  
The present Burra Sahib's the worst.  
“Do, master!” simply ask'd the man;  
“Tell me, please master, if you can,  
“Who is this Burra Sahib, that here,  
“In regal state, does now appear,  
“Treads on the hapless natives' necks,  
“And horror thro' Indostan strikes?”

He ask'd if, in *Ballata's*\* land,  
 The Burra Sahib had held command;  
 And if the rumour was a lie,  
 That said the Sahib was a *spy*  
 To some *Great Rajah*, and made strife  
 Between the Rajah and his wife;  
 And whether public execration  
 Compell'd the man to quit the nation?  
 QUI HI endeavour'd to find out,  
 Who the Hindoo inquir'd about;  
 For Burra Sahibs are here so many,  
 He could not singly point out any:  
 'Twas plain, however, he alluded  
 To some one recently intruded.  
 Our hero laugh'd to hear the man  
 The *merits* of the gentry scan †;  
 And candidly inform'd his friend,  
 That few of them he could commend;  
 That, in *Ballata*, it was true,  
*Accidents* brought some rogues to view;  
 That there the equal laws afford  
 Right to a *cobler* ‡ and a Lord;

\* *Ballata*, Hindostanee for *England*, or the United Kingdom.

† The Hindoos sometimes make apposite and very just observations on the resident colonists: they consider the british part of the population as nearly uncivilised.

‡ Of all trades, and descriptions of men, in the

And if a knavish Peer they meet,  
The mob would hoot him thro' the street.  
There should a Burra Sahib act badly,  
Or, otherwise, for rhyme sake, madly ;  
Such as behaving so uncommon,  
As spy about a helpless woman ;  
Or tamper with a servant maid,  
And try *to bribe* the lying jade ;  
Or strive to torture ev'ry action  
Of virtue to the views of faction ;  
Or should conspire against the life  
Of shoemaker's or Rajah's wife ;  
Or if he impudently said  
Untruths of people that were dead ;  
Then the *Ballata* people would  
Exterminate him, if they could.  
If such a Burra Sahib had friends,  
Their interest might make amends  
To injur'd justice, and the nation  
Transport him to some foreign station.  
And then QUI HI explain'd the matter ;  
Describ'd a place beyond the water ;  
And which, unless our mem'ry fails,  
Is designated—New South Wales,

East-Indies, the unfortunate shoemaker is the most degraded. It is considered the worst degradation, to be touched, even, by a gentleman of the last.



Where pickpockets and mischief-planners  
Are sent, to teach them better manners.  
He ask'd if every one that steals  
Is sent to visit New South Wales?  
And was, indeed, surpris'd to hear  
That only petty thieves are there;  
That *great ones*, who steal *reputation*,  
Are honour'd with a higher station;  
For tho' their vices and their crimes  
Compel their flight to foreign climes,  
They soon forget the circumstances  
That added to their low finances;  
For culprits, in a *noble* station,  
Make fortunes by their transportation.  
The Hindoo ask'd him, if such men  
Would be permitted home again;  
And if the length of time they past  
Would e'er restore them to their cast?  
QUI HI reply'd, " Ballata's laws  
Had many very serious flaws;  
And one of those was a permission,  
For pukeles, without condition,  
Soon as a certain time expired,  
To live in Ballata—retired:  
But that the better people there,  
Cannot believe such laws are fair.  
As to *their cash*, QUI HI assur'd him,  
That *money* would their cast restore 'em;

Which information made his friend  
 His arms and eyes to heav'n extend,  
 Wond'ring that money could procure  
 Rank to a culprit so impure.

QUI HI inform'd him, tho' the great  
 Might with *such men* associate ;  
 Yet that the people we term good,  
 And independent, never would ;  
 But always treat them with contempt,  
 As men from honor quite exempt.

The Hindoo laugh'd with all his might,  
 And swore, by Brama, it was right !

And added, in a serious mood,

“ Master, some Englishman not good ;”

Meaning, no doubt, that Britain could,

Produce more rogues than India would ;

For, God knows, from the specimen

We send—they can't our virtues ken ;

Since the majority that sail

For India, oft in honor fail ;

The custom of our eastern *quality*,

Teaches the Indians immorality ;

With indignation they exclaim—

“ Does every *Christian* do the same ?”

And seem astonish'd when they find,

An Englishman of *other kind*.

“ Master,” exclaim'd his Indian friend,

“ Poor old man's life must shortly end ;

- “ But still, amidst my many woes,  
 “ For you my pray’rs to Brahma goes;  
 “ Master make favor ’ere I go;  
 “ I little debt to master owe;  
 “ Accept this pretty trifling thing,”  
 Then from his finger took a ring—  
 A diamond, which a *judge’s* eye,  
 With *justice* might enraptur’d ’spy.  
 Our hero thank’d the man, in terms,  
 That his ingenuousness confirms,  
 But with a frown that plainly said,  
 “ And is it thus that I am paid?  
 “ Put up your gem, I do not want it;  
 “ You say I serv’d you, and I grant it;  
 “ But know the payments always best,  
 “ Which th’ honest man feels *in his breast*.  
 “ Go, if you want a suit in court,  
 “ There, *with effect*, your diamonds sport;  
 “ I mean that lawyer’s building yonder,  
 “ You’ll find, Sirs, I——s or A——r;  
 “ And if the diamond they *refuse*,\*  
 “ Then Quiz their virtues much abuse:

\* Diamonds and *pearls* are extremely acceptable to some well-known characters between the tropics. An anecdote, and a true one, could be here related, of a certain learned lawyer’s *amiable* lady taking a fancy to a splendid pearl necklace; and rumour said, her lord and master, during a *curtain lecture*, admitted her to accept it, though he could not!!!

“ But as for me, went on QUI HI ?

“ Upon my soul, I'd rather die,

“ Than be compar'd to any tribe,

“ Of Judges who accept a *bribe*.”

The Hindoo now with grief repented,

That he the diamond had presented ;

And wondered that an English boy,

Would thus refuse the proffer'd toy ;

A *Burra* Sahib would seize the prize,

And think it of enormous size ;

He hop'd that master's much good sense,

Would not at old man take offence ;

And then retir'd, with heart-felt sorrow,

That Quiz\* would neither take *nor borrow*.

Some years, and *some adventures*, had

Pass'd rapidly since last the lad

Had seen the Hindoo, who departed

Grateful, but nearly broken hearted.

Like most unthoughtful youths we find,

This friend eras'd from out his mind.

To give his confidence to those,

Who subsequently turn'd his foes ;

The reader's goodness will excuse,

The long digression that we use.

'Twas necessary to declare,

An anecdote of QUI HI there ;

\* This, certainly, must be a mistake. Should it not be *Qui Hi* ?

And, let the reader recollect,  
 That such a thing he must expect,  
 As Quiz's pen's characteristic,  
 His story must be Hudibrastic,  
 The reader then, of course, must take it,  
 Just as it is, or else forsake it.

QUI HI, oppress'd with various ills,  
 Boluses, blisters, salts, and pills,  
 Exclusive of the dreadful thought,  
 Of being by some lawyer\* caught ;  
 Threat'ned, insulted, and almost,  
 Meeting the jail when on the coast ;  
 His trials were indeed too bad—  
 Enough to make a *stoic mad*.

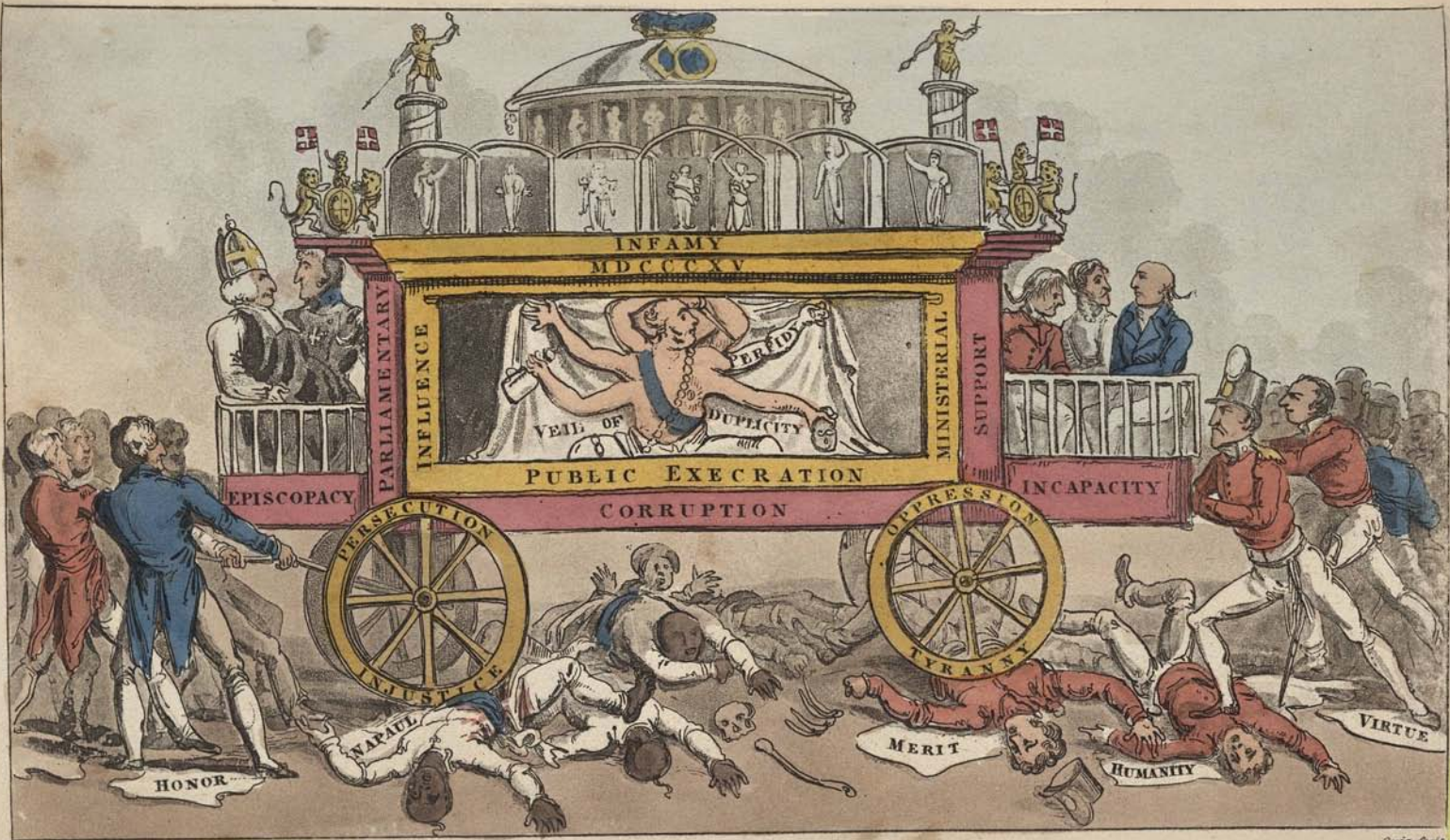
Quiz, he believes (before) has stated,  
 The dreadful fate QUI HI awaited ;  
 While knave and despicable dun  
 To petty-fogging lawyers run,  
 Bribing the rascals to engage,  
 To shut our hero in the cage ;  
 Or else, from which poor QUI HI shrunk,  
 To put him safely in the trunk,†

\* Of all curses that the munificent and *parental* consideration of England conferred on India, nothing can certainly be worse than the execrable tribe of *attorneys*; perhaps, with one or two exceptions.

† Our readers are assured, that *trunk* is, literally, the Indian term for a jail: and *though* QUIZ has made some allusions to pettyfogging lawyers, he only means

Surrounded by these dunning devils,  
 Of ev'ry ill the worst of evils.  
 Our young adventurer, despairing,  
 Of hope, began most impious swearing;—  
 For customs *a-la-militaire*,  
 Can cause e'en *pious subs.* to swear.  
 He very fervently entreated  
 That petty-foggers might be fated,  
 To live on ensign's shabby pay,  
 And meet with *fierce duns ev'ry day*;  
 That his ungrateful friends might all,  
 Under the self-same curses fall,  
 As each of these *good fellows* aught  
 To suffer under Jaggernaut;  
 And, to confirm the dreadful evil,  
 He wish'd all rascals at *the devil*;  
*Quiz knows* that often *brother subs.*,  
 Have met thro' life some serious *rubs*;  
 But these were trifling things to those,  
 That QUI HI's miseries compose.—  
 Now a vile fellow with a writ  
 Arrives, our hero to commit  
 To goal, unless he pays the fee,  
 And gets at once security.  
 All hopes had vanish'd, for QUI HI  
 Might just as well attempt to fly,

those unprincipled fellows who disgrace the profession: to the honour of many he bears testimony.



THE MODERN IDOL JAGGERNAUT.

Rowlandson sc.

Quill. Peck.

As think these ruffians to escape—  
These vultures in a human shape !  
Nothing was left him but to wait  
With fortitude, and meet his fate ;  
But some good angel seem'd to send  
For QUI HI's faithful Indian friend ;  
And when the worst our hero fears,  
The old Hindoo again appears,  
And gives security for all  
Of QUI HI's debts, both great and small.

The youth, now rescu'd from such danger,  
Sincerely thank'd the friendly stranger,  
Who walk'd with QUI HI to the shore,  
Then parted, ne'er to see him more !

Before QUI HI had got on board,  
The country Captain had unmoor'd.  
The dread of being left behind,  
'Tormented now our hero's mind ;  
Nor was his bosom-peace restor'd,  
Till he had safely got on board.  
The country Captain we allude to,  
Acted as country Captain's would do,  
That is to say—*videlicet*,  
That they're a cheating roguish *set*.  
The sum requir'd for QUI HI's messing,  
Render'd his finances distressing ;



This fellow would not take his word—  
 He paid him 'ere he came on board ;  
 Nor did he hesitate to see,  
 Poor QUI HI pay his last rupee.  
 This Captain was a sneaking elf,  
 That thought of no one but himself.—  
 A drawling Puritanic drone,  
 That from obscurity had flown,  
 And fain would make the world suppose,  
 He had by honesty arose  
 To riches—for few years had past,  
 Since he had been before the mast ;  
 But having married a chee chee,\*  
 A merchant's *cast off chere amie* ;  
 He gain'd a fortune and a wife,  
 With whom he liv'd in endless strife.  
 Jealousy's green-ey'd melancholy  
 Convinc'd him that the match was folly ;  
 For scarce three months had seal'd their vows,  
 Until his wife adorn'd his brows.  
 The happy rival was a figure  
 That boasted neither grace nor vigour ;  
 But if the reader is inclin'd  
 His full description now to find,

\* Chee chee is the general designation the half-cast ladies receive in India : they are generally valued at the quantum of rupees they are disposable for.

He is referr'd to Canto first—  
*Falstaff's* description there is just.  
 This country Captain, too, we hear,  
 Would at the Burra Sahib's appear,  
 Dubb'd a *free mason* and a brother,  
 For one, of course, implies the other;  
 And, it is generally hinted,  
 The Burra Sahib was complimented,  
 By their declaring they were ready  
 To make a mason of his Lady \*;  
 And that her Ladyship's reply  
 Assur'd the craft she would comply.  
 The present voyage to Madras,  
 Under direction of this ass,  
 Could not have given QUI HI comfort:  
 The ship was worse than any transport;  
 And as to what he term'd *his stock*—  
 A sheep, two pigs, and one poor cock,  
 With sundry hens, and an old sow;  
 But minus both a goat and cow.  
 Some claret, which th' effects of thunder †  
 Did most unpalatable render,

\* Reader, this is no joke: the Indian craft really acted thus!!!—QUIZ.


† The *poor* thunder gets credit for all the sour wine in India; though Quiz is perfectly aware, that the accusation is most unjust.

Was QUI HI's beverage each day ;  
With musty bread, and milkless tea.  
Thus circumstanc'd was poor QUI HI,  
When land a sailor chanc'd to spy ;  
And our adventurer, light-hearted,  
Next day, with all his *kit*, departed ;  
Call'd at head-quarters, to report,  
That he had not arriv'd for sport ;  
For such precautions, practis'd here,  
Would indispensable appear ;  
As certain youths, when they have leisure,  
Neglect their duty for their pleasure  
Some months had rapidly pass'd over—  
The Doctor said he might recover,  
And seem'd inclin'd to gratify  
The sanguine hopes of POOR QUI HI ;  
Who, in retirement, must contrive  
Pleasure from reading to derive ;  
And, amidst Indian literature,  
Found *modern* pictures drawn to nature.  
He found out certain anecdotes,  
Which Quiz, without permission, quotes,  
About a certain Knight, he'll warrant,  
As *mad* as Quixotte, and as *errant* ;  
Of some extraor'nary adventures,  
Memorials, orders, and indentures ;

Letters, courts-martial, and the rest ;  
Besides the celebrated *test*.  
But Quiz must try, if he be able,  
To shew the reader it's a fable.

END OF CANTO V.

## CANTO VI.


 ARGUMENT.

The Author has, without apology,  
 Said something of Hindoo mythology :  
 The Fable (a correct *translation*)  
 Is told, without exaggeration.  
 To men of *any common sense*  
 The subject *cannot* give offence ;  
 Of others, QUIZ must now declare,  
 The rage of *fools* he does not fear ;  
 For 'tis his maxim, and he'll swear it,  
 " If the cap fit them, let them wear it."  
 Some Indian colonists, no doubt,  
 Will find the allegory out ;  
 And, therefore, Quiz informs his *friends*,  
 That truth with fiction now he blends ;  
 And *certain* readers, we believe,  
 Will readily the truth conceive.  
 Pray, is the story false or true ?  
 Reader, the question's left to you :  
 Decide and judge ; then, on your knees,  
 Thank Heav'n, you met not *knaves* like these.  
 A peep at councils, and at courts,  
 Where imbecility resorts ;  
 From low-born consequential Sirs,  
 That change from *mud* to G——s,  
 Forget their origin, and stride  
 O'er GENTLEMEN, with vulgar pride ;

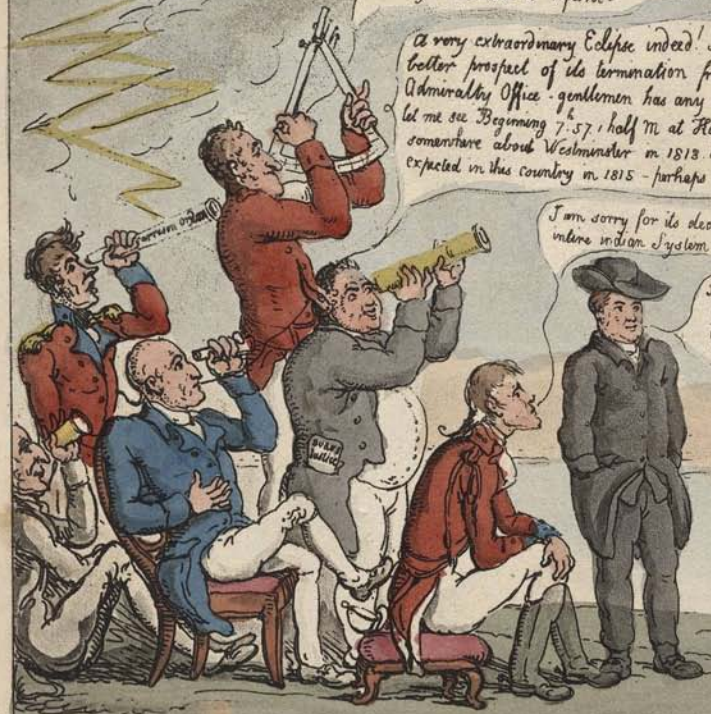
VENGEANCE

Its sinking rapidly. That dark planet seems alarming, and may draw stars of a less magnitude into its vortex. Don't you think Sir those signs are Omenous? I hope its not yet too late to repent.

A very extraordinary Eclipse indeed! I think I should have a better prospect of its termination from the telegraph on the Admiralty Office. gentlemen has any of you calculated its duration? let me see Beginning 7.57; half 11 at Kensington in 1806 Middle 9h - 7 M somewhere about Westminster in 1813 total Obscuration I think may be expected in this country in 1815 - perhaps it may be perceived sooner in England

I am sorry for its decline it may shake the mere nation System of - discipline.

I hope it cannot affect the prosperity of this presidency tho its influence may injure the harvest and destroy Farms



DEAD SEA

Rowlandson sc.

Quetz. Peck.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ECLIPSE.

The consequences that result  
 From treating honour with insult ;  
 An anecdote, that here convinces  
 The reader (if he has his senses),  
 That, in Hindostan, we can see  
 Upstarts behave with tyranny ;  
 For native Chieftains, prone to awe  
 Their vassals, make their word their law ;  
 Marattas, even, still support  
 The feudal terrors of their court ;  
 And Tippoo Saib, and Hyder Ally,  
 (Who often made the *British* rally)  
 Thought nothing of decapitation,  
 To terrify a *slavish* nation :  
 Noses, and ears, and legs, and feet,  
 Were daily cut off in the street ;  
 While many, without nose or leg,  
 Were left to perish, or to beg !  
 If this, in Asia, is *the fashion*,  
 How can the reader *have compassion*  
 On wretches who abuse their pow'r,  
 And act the despot ev'ry hour,  
 Should Heav'n hurl thunder on their head,  
 And strike each *pultry tyrant* dead ?  
 The subject, and the reader's thoughts,  
 Are chang'd to t'other side the Ghauts\*.



## THE FABLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ SOME *crores* † of ages since, 'tis said,

“ This globe was by great Brahma made ;

\* The immense chain of mountains that divide Malabar from Coromandel.—QUIZ.

† A crore of ages is 100,000 lacs—each lac 100,000 ages—each age 100 years.

“ And, ’tis believ’d, that Brama then,  
 “ Supply’d the desert world with men,  
 “ *And women also*, which the *Shaster*,  
 “ Says first *occasion’d* man’s *disaster* ;  
 “ To diff’rent quarters he convey’d,  
 “ The beings that he thus had made ;  
 “ Of different shapes he form’d the creatures,  
 “ As different in their minds as features ;  
 “ To *Hindoos* Brama gave the choice,  
 “ Of occupying paradise ;  
 “ To them dominion then was giv’n,  
 “ And promises of *future heav’n*.  
 “ Thus his elected people reigns,  
 “ The sovereigns of Hindostan’s plains.  
 “ To *west’rn* country’s he translated,  
 “ The *vicious* tribes he had created ;  
 “ The *Shaster* says, and it is right,  
 “ Those people were created *white* ;  
 “ *Hutcher beid’s* \* sacred pages tell,  
 “ That infidels to *westward* dwell,  
 “ Who live by rapine, war, and plunder ;  
 “ And burst all legal bonds assunder.  
 “ One of those islands to the west,  
 “ More desolate than all the rest,  
 “ Contain’d a hardy, restless race,  
 “ That roam’d about from place to place ;

\* *Hutcher Beid*—the principal part of the *Shaster*,  
 or *Hindoo Scripture*.



“ Built ships, and stealing Brama’s thunder,  
 “ Kept all the neighb’ring Rajahs under.  
 “ The terror of those people ran,  
 “ Thro’ ev’ry part of *Fringeestan*.  
 “ Those *coffres*\* had, by some strange chance,  
 “ Flogg’d Spain, America, and France.  
 “ The *former* and the latter *near them* ;  
 “ The other, *distant*, forc’d to fear them ;  
 “ And ’tis asserted *afterward*,  
 “ To them protection they afford,”—  
 Which clearly shews that thieves must know,  
 What duty to mankind they owe ;  
 But circumstances prove that law,  
 Cannot keep modern rogues in awe ;  
 And in society we find  
 Most people selfishly inclin’d.  
 For this digression we may thank,  
 QUI HI’S being puzzled with a *blank*,  
 Found in the fragment, and the lad,  
 Search’d till it nearly drove him mad,  
 To catch the stóry as it ran,  
 Correctly about *Fringeestan*.†  
 Some anecdotes the fragment wants,  
 Eat out by time, or the white ‡ ants ;

\* All Europeans are termed *coffres*, or unbelievers.

† The people of India, to this day, give this appellation to *Europe* ; from *Fringees*, or *Franks*.

‡ The white ants are certainly very mischievous

Some words he found, but quite disjointed,  
 At which the youth was disappointed—  
 “War”—“Peculation”—“Magnanimity—  
 “Religion”—“Physic”—“Law”—“Divinity”  
 “The Army”—“Tyranny”—“Oppressions”—  
 And many other *such expressions*  
 He found;—but never could expect  
 Their meaning *clearly* to connect;  
 The Fable then means to describe,  
 The conquests of this curious tribe:—  
 “\* \* \* \* \* they went,  
 “To visit ev’ry continent;  
 “And certain merchants avaricious,  
 “And most confoundedly ambitious;  
 “Not quite contented with the *spot*,  
 “That Brahma had ordain’d their lot;  
 “Tir’d of an honest *Banian*\* trade,  
 “Chose *other* countries to invade;  
 “And to effect this bad intent,  
 “Procur’d an act of P——t.  
 “This done, the only thing remain’d,  
 “Was some *grand* motto to be gain’d,

insects; but, in the East, they are most unmercifully calumniated. Will the reader believe, that they have been accused of *eating* into an *iron chest*, and devouring some lacs of rupees, and immense quantities of gold mohurs?—QUIZ.

\* A banian is a very *decent* kind of merchant, that travels about in India, and sells cloths, &c.

“ The legislators in a trice,  
 “ Declar’d their motto should be VICE.  
 “ They wear the motto, and e’en now,  
 “ Their arms, their practices avow.  
 “ Those white adventurers, they say,  
 “ To foreign countries sail’d away,  
 “ And Brahma, angry with us here,  
 “ To India made the coffres steer ;  
 “ Brought them secure to Gange’s stream,  
 “ And gave possession of the same ;  
 “ Since then, and many years have gone,  
 “ They reign triumphant here alone ;  
 “ Some *good*\* they certainly afford us,  
 “ For *independence* is restor’d us !!!  
 “ Their *happy* laws have here extended,  
 “ And rich and poor *alike* befriended.  
 “ Some of their chiefs, ’tis true, act wrong,  
 “ (To them authority belong ;)   
 “ We to their individual crimes,  
 “ Impute the present iron times ;  
 “ Bad men cannot be calculated  
 “ To be with sov’reign pow’r *inflated* ;  
 “ Under the hand of noxious power,  
 “ Locusts each day our crops devour ;

\* QUI HI must have made a mistake in the translation ; if not, the *Hindoo* author, perhaps, intended to make use of a *figure in rhetoric*, which we call *irony*.—QUIZ.

“ Famine and pestilence attend,  
“ The footsteps of each *foreign friend*;  
“ Whole cities raz’d, our *Rajahs* fated,  
“ To be with *low-born* insult treated;  
“ The sacred Veda’s spurn’d by those,  
“ Who well we knew were Brahma’s foes;  
“ The sacred Ban’yans holy shade,  
“ Those infidels have dar’d invade!  
“ While priests and priestesses were driven  
“ To seek from an indignant heaven  
“ Revenge, for *those oppressors* wrongs;  
“ And this redress to heaven belongs.  
“ One time a chief among these savages,  
“ After committing dreadful ravages,  
“ Was, by an order from his nation,  
“ Promoted to a *higher* station,  
“ To make himself at home appear  
“ Careless of that *old bugbear*, Fear,  
“ He wish’d to get himself a name,  
“ For he had often tried for fame,  
“ And always fail’d; for by no rule  
“ Can fame attach to any fool.  
“ The country that produc’d this man,  
“ Form’d part of *ancient* Frengestan,  
“ Famous for soldiers brave as gallant,  
“ For whisky, physic, *cakes*, and talent.  
“ No military man was he,  
“ A *quill-driver* he chanc’d to be.

- “ Those characters in India rise  
 “ So rapidly, they oft’ surprize  
 “ The public, who, with honest spirit,  
 “ Declare the men devoid of merit;  
 “ While int’rest, av’rice, and cupidity,  
 “ Go hand in hand with their stupidity.  
 “ Such was the man, and such his claim,  
 “ For honorable rank and fame;  
 “ So all his services requited—  
 “ Conceive the chieftain *has* been *knighted*; \*  
 “ A mark of honor in the West,  
 “ (With which the Rajah can invest  
 “ Those whom he may conceive his friends,  
 “ For *sinister*, or public ends.)  
 “ This cringing creature of the great,  
 “ Now elevated to such state,  
 “ Look’d with contempt on those who dare  
 “ Doubt his abilities in *war*;  
 “ And threatened ev’ry mother’s soul,  
 “ That dare his savage will control,  
 “ Tho’ every drummer (*with civility*),  
 “ Might certify his *inability*,  
 “ And well the vet’rans might deride,  
 “ The efforts of such upstart pride !

\* “ I could be knighted. What! thou liest: Sir Alice Ford, these knights will *hack*; and so thou shouldst alter the article of thy gentry.”—SHAKE-SPEARE.

“ Yet as his delegated power,  
“ Might crush them in some fatal hour,  
“ They waited, with subordination,  
“ An answer from a higher station.  
“ The *Rajah*\* of the Western isles,  
“ On whom the mighty Brahma smiles,  
“ May his magnificence be spread  
“ Where'er *Sol's* golden beams are shed !  
“ Pitied the applicant's condition,  
“ But *never answer'd their petition!!!*  
“ His servant, now elate with pow'r,  
“ Grows more tyrannic ev'ry hour ;  
“ Spurns insolently at his betters,  
“ Who groan beneath despotic fetters ;  
“ To meanest acts of vengeance stoops ;  
“ *Contracts* the *pittance* of the troops,  
“ Whose *Chief*, with a becoming zeal,  
“ Remonstrates, but without avail.  
“ The independent men that dare  
“ Defenders of their rights appear,  
“ Soon fell the victims of a rage  
“ Their *ruin* only could assuage.  
“ Each honourable post he grants  
“ Now to a tribe of sycophants ;

\* It may, perhaps, be necessary to say, that Asiatics are in the habit of paying most extravagant compliments.

- " Fellows with heads completely barren,  
 " Like W——k——n or Paddy F——— ;  
 " And who, we easily can venture  
 " To say, scarce knew the flank from centre.  
 " This treatment, and to men of feeling,  
 " Appear'd, completely, double-dealing.  
 " Some of the chiefs were in arrest ;  
 " The troops in general opprest.  
 " ' What's to be done ? ' was now the word—  
 " ' Stand to *our chiefs* with one accord.'  
 " Thus spoke the sepoys ; and they arm.  
 " The Presidency takes alarm.  
 " ' Summon a council,' cries the Chief :  
 " ' Our resolution must be brief :  
 " Those men, whose honour you suppose  
 " Will not allow us to impose,  
 " Displace, and quickly summon others,  
 " Whose love of gold their honour smothers.'  
 " This said, the messenger is gone ;  
 " But, *by mistake*, he summon'd one,  
 " An honourable son of war,  
 " Who gloried in each gallant scar.  
 " Since Pandemonium's *foundation*  
 " Struck terror to each *Christian* nation,  
 " Not such a diabolic crew  
 " Was ever brought to human view !  
 " Conceive the *modern* Satan seated,  
 " Above his compeers elevated,

- " With soul and brow that struck controul  
 " Unto each dastard, servile soul.  
 " ' Speak, *slaves* \*!' he cry'd, ' and tell your  
     maker,  
 " Myself, the supreme *undertaker*,  
 " By what contrivance we shall 'scape  
 " The horrors of yon dreadful lake.  
 " See how it yawns! it flashes fire!  
 " It rages, and it rises higher!  
 " 'Twill overwhelm us! Speak! O speak!  
 " And now the Chief began to quake:  
 " But no one spoke—a silent dread  
 " Seem'd to possess each loggerhead;  
 " When thus the Chief—' Say, rascals! say,  
 " What have I brought you here for—eh?  
 " Do you forget that I displac'd  
 " Those counsellors, my councils grac'd,  
 " For *spite's* sake, to make way for you,  
 " A stupid, good-for-nothing crew?  
 " What's to be done? Does no one know?  
 " Then, gentlemen, you all may go:  
 " Go! *hang your caps against the wall* †,  
 " And let me only meet the *squall*.

\* This is the general Asiatic term from Rajahs (at least, tyrannical ones) to their *dependents*. Most of the *Burra Sahibs*, in the East, use this method of pleasing address to those *they think* inferiors.

† A Chinese expression, adapted to men who are inclined to be inactive or cowardly.—QUIZ.



- “ Heav’n! what a stupid set you are ;  
“ Curse me ! I’d lay my famous star,  
“ My ribbon, and the *bloody hand*,  
“ We’ve not such idiots in the land.’  
“ While thus he spoke, with dev’lish frown,  
“ Stamping, as *earth he’d trample down*,  
“ He heard—‘ An’ please your Excellency,  
“ Your difficulties *now* you see ;  
“ The only way you can prevent them,  
“ Rests in *four words*—‘ The troops *content*  
    *them.*’  
“ He had continued, but a roar  
“ From the Great Man exclaim’d—‘ No more !  
“ And is it thus *you* treat me here ?  
“ Am I a cypher to appear ?  
“ That you would dare opinions shew  
“ Against the duty that you owe  
“ To me, your Chief! *Admit I’m wrong*,  
“ Does commenting to you belong ?  
“ Those *traitors!* how shall I destroy them ?  
“ The veteran reply’d—‘ *Employ them ;*  
“ Send them on *Honour’s* field express,  
“ To make the foes of Britain less ;  
“ Send them to act in *Honour’s* cause ;  
“ *Treat them by honourable laws ;*  
“ Then you may find, and *not too late*,  
“ The troops *attach’d* to Britain’s fate :

- “ But should you act a part unkind,  
 “ My observations—*keep in mind.*’  
 “ With honest indignation fir’d,  
 “ The soldier instantly retir’d,  
 “ Leaving the sordid motley group  
 “ To mushroom consequence to stoop;  
 “ For *he* \*, of all the summon’d clan,  
 “ Had acted like a gentleman.  
 “ ‘ Speak,’ said the Chief; ‘ I want advice:  
 “ You all appear as mute as mice.’  
 “ ‘ Sir,’ quoth *a modest* martinet,  
 “ ‘ If I were you, I’d make them sweat:  
 “ I’d straitway order a court-martial;  
 “ And this, *you know*, would *act impartial.*  
 “ Hang *ev’ry man*, and shoot the rest!  
 “ You certainly will then act best.  
 “ Your Excellency is aware,  
 “ That all your faithful friends are here:  
 “ Give us the *posts* that we *deserve*;  
 “ Your consequence we’ll then preserve:  
 “ But let *my place* be sinecure,  
 “ For fighting I cannot endure;  
 “ To active service I’ve a loathing;  
 “ Let *me* contract for *army clothing* †;

\* “ Among the faithless, faithful only he.”—MILTON.

† This *hero* had, in his *youth*, been intended for a tailor.

“ And to the *other members* grant  
 “ The situations that *they want* :  
 “ We’ll do whate’er you desire,  
 “ And be your friends *thro’ blood and fire!*’  
 “ Thus spoke an interested elf,  
 “ That ought to have been hang’d himself.  
 “ Another of this precious gang  
 “ Arose, to make a *long* harangue—  
 “ A *new-made* member of *the staff*,  
 “ A most egregious stupid calf.  
 “ He thus express’d himself—‘ You all  
 “ Must, by *my council*, stand or fall.’  
 “ But here he stopp’d, began to stutter,  
 “ And not *another word* could utter.  
 “ The Chief then, with a furious voice,  
 “ Declar’d *his will must* be their choice.  
 “ ‘ Let all the *Rajah’s troops* be told,  
 “ We’ll give them any thing *but—gold\** ;  
 “ Say, that we’ll give them a reward,  
 “ If they will act with one accord ;  
 “ See if those fellows will consent  
 “ To be the tools of g——t ;  
 “ Appoint a Chief to every corps,  
 “ Their lost obedience to restore :  
 “ No matter what may be their rank ;  
 “ Let *Rajah’s subs.* fill up each blank :

\* The Asiatics will make promises, but will not part with their rupees.

- “ Instantly let a Court assemble ;  
“ I’ll make those *independents* tremble ;  
“ I’ll sacrifice both one and all,  
“ That under my revenge may fall ;  
“ Let ev’ry one of them be try’d.’  
“ ‘ Aye, aye !’ the sycophants reply’d :  
“ Then, in disorder, they retir’d,  
“ To act as *Belzebub* requir’d.  
“ The torments of a guilty breast  
“ Deny’d his E——cy rest :  
“ When, with a wild, disorder’d head,  
“ In vain he sought repose in bed,  
“ He thought the Dæmon of Discord  
“ Came, and presented him a sword ;  
“ And then, with a malicious smile,  
“ Address’d him in the modern style—  
“ ‘ Accept the present that I give :  
“ With *reverence* this sword receive ;  
“ Not to destroy your country’s foes,  
“ For *any sword* can conquer *those*.  
“ I bring it, as you plainly see,  
“ A tribute due to *tyranny* ;  
“ For, in this sharp infernal blade,  
“ Ev’ry existing evil’s laid.  
“ Try, then, its virtues ; and you’ll find  
“ They are adapted to your mind.  
“ *Your foibles*—mortals call them *errors*—  
“ Have fill’d your silly mind with terrors :

- “ But be advis’d; act as I tell,  
“ And ev’ry thing may yet be well.  
“ Your subadars, with indignation,  
“ Pretend not to retaliation;  
“ But are determin’d to procure  
“ *Redress* for wrongs which they endure;  
“ But hear them not; be absolute;  
“ Let no one *your own pow’r* dispute.  
“ Passive obedience is their law,  
“ And pow’r can keep the rogues in awe:  
“ Behave to them with due severity,  
“ And punish them for their temerity;  
“ *March them as pris’ners* to the coast;  
“ But if you pause your cause is lost.  
“ Then try, transport, and execute them;  
“ Disgrace them, exile them, or shoot them:  
“ Thus leaving *justice* on one side,  
“ You may support your usual pride.  
“ Discord here stopp’d—and bade farewell,  
“ When *justice* struck the imp to *hell*;  
“ Seiz’d the vile weapon which he broke,  
“ Upon *the Caitiff* with a stroke;  
“ And thus address’d *him*—‘ Wretched man!  
“ Alter your diabolic plan;  
“ Why would you thus so vile appear?  
“ Why lend to discord’s tale an ear?  
“ Repent! for justice does assert,  
“ That malice will have its desert.

- “ And vengeance cannot prosper, while  
“ Justice does over *virtue* smile.  
“ 'Ere long your *injur'd country* may,  
“ Indignant summon you away,  
“ To force your reasons for presuming,  
“ Thus to be *daringly* assuming.  
“ For *Burra Sahibs*, no matter who,  
“ Whether a *greater man*—or you  
“ Dare act upon no other plan,  
“ Than honesty in *Fringeestan*.  
“ Then, *reptile!* at that dread tribunal,  
“ Which *now* you dread far more than hell,  
“ What say you would be your defence,  
“ For acting with such insolence?  
“ *Reform!*—endeavour to reform,  
“ And thus avoid th' impending storm,  
“ That hangs o'er your devoted head—  
“ Repent!—for you have cause to dread;  
“ And know that tyranny must yield,  
“ To those *I place beneath my shield.*  
“ Thus justice spoke; and o'er his head,  
“ She shook her petrifying blade,  
“ Then vanish'd while the chieftain started  
“ From dreams that made him broken hearted;  
“ Night, sable goddess! disappears,  
“ And with her all the chieftain's fears,  
“ Rejoic'd he sees the morning beams,  
“ And soon forgets his horrid dreams,

- “ For *darkness* conjures ghost and devil  
“ To certain bosoms prone to evil ;  
“ But (like Medusa’s head) the sun  
“ Gives them a look, and off they run.  
“ Scarcely recover’d from his fright,  
“ This miserable errant knight,  
“ Now terrified and nearly dead,  
“ Retreated from the *cheerless* bed,  
“ Cursing the phantoms that alarm’d him,  
“ But thank’d his stars they had not harm’d him :  
“ Then to another chamber goes,  
“ And tells *her ladyship* his woes ;  
“ For in the sultry torrid zone,  
“ Both men and women sleep—*alone*.  
“ Her ladyship, like *Mrs. Hector*,  
“ Read him a tolerable lecture ;  
“ And like Andromache she screams,  
“ And warns him to beware of dreams :  
“ O curse the dreams !” was his reply ;  
“ Pray what are dreams to you or I ?  
“ To me they’re nothing, Sir,” she said,  
“ ’Tis of your safety I’m afraid.—  
“ Go not from home, be rul’d by me,  
“ These dreams portend no good, I see.  
“ Who knows but some enrag’d Sepoy  
“ Might rob me of my only joy.  
“ Thus said she wip’d away a tear,  
“ And then embrac’d the *Chevalier*.

- “ This was too much for human nature,  
“ Too much for *such a timid creature!!!*  
“ He kiss’d his wife, and said he would  
“ *Preserve existence* while he could.  
“ A guard was posted at the door,  
“ *To keep the Chevalier secure;*  
“ He thus convinc’d his loving wife,  
“ *That he was careful of his life!*  
“ Thus, blending *prudence* with his duty,  
“ He paid a compliment to beauty;  
“ For rumour tattles—you may see,  
“ She *sour’d o’er mediocrity.*  
“ Brahma declares—in maxims moral,  
“ *That cowards* never ought to quarrel,”  
“ And nervous people should be quiet,  
“ Nor *give occasion* for a riot.  
“ Their trophy very seldom goes,  
“ *Beyond a broken head or nose.*  
“ Admitting this, we will agree,  
“ The knight decided *modestly.*  
“ We leave him to caress his dame,  
“ For men deserving greater fame.  
“ Meantime the Sepoys brave asserted,  
“ The knight from honor had deserted,  
“ And having suffer’d grievous wrongs,  
“ Declare to them *redress* belongs.  
“ Their *Subadars* could not controul,  
“ The rage of each indignant soul;



“ But to prevent the dread result,  
“ Among themselves they thus consult ;  
“ *You know that we* have cause to speak,  
“ Both for our own and soldiers sake.  
“ We labour under fell oppression,  
“ And can't agree to a concession ;  
“ That too—to one whose only pleasure  
“ Is to annoy us beyond measure ;  
“ Shall gentlemen descend so far,  
“ As worship *a degraded star*?—  
“ Never—but let our conduct now  
“ Our cooler principles avow ;  
“ The Sepoys you perceive are mad  
“ For vengeance—t'other cause is bad ;  
“ They want to march—this very day,  
“ Let *us* conduct them now away  
“ To *some out station*, and prevent  
“ Results that we must all lament.  
“ Our country will declare us right,  
“ And soon our wrongs it will requite.  
“ ‘ Approv'd ! ’ the Subadars all cried,  
“ Let thus our loyalty be tried ;—  
“ Better submit to all disasters,  
“ Than prove unfaithful to our masters.  
“ This resolution soon approv'd,  
“ The troops from their cantonments mov'd  
“ To diff'rent quarters, while *one corps*,  
“ Took up its station at V———.

“ Now tho’ this act of self defence  
“ For m——y gave no pretence,  
“ Yet was it call’d throughout the station,  
“ A breach of all subordination ;  
“ *Not* by the *military* party,  
“ *They* in the cause had join’d most hearty ;  
“ But the affrighted chief asserted  
“ His government was now subverted,  
“ And counsel’d by the other fools,  
“ He acted by no *prudent* rules ;  
“ Enrag’d he pac’d the council-room,  
“ Vowing on each some horrid doom.  
“ Racks, thumbscrews, handcuffs, leaden pills,  
“ At once *his pericranium fills* :  
“ The direst tortures e’er invented,  
“ Would not have then *his mind* contented.  
“ Babel itself, (could we declare  
“ The sad confusion that was there)  
“ Would be a trifle in the scale,  
“ To all the noise that did prevail  
“ Among the council, when they found  
“ The Subadars *had broken ground*,  
“ And march’d; but where they could not tell.—  
“ Gentlemen, you may go to H—ll,  
“ Exclaim’d the chief: beat the alarm,  
“ Order the Rajah’s troops to arm !  
“ Give the command to some one who  
“ Our interests will keep in view.—

- “ Man all the works—double the guard—  
 “ Proclaim a pardon and reward  
 “ To those who will, with due obedience,  
 “ Return to duty and allegiance.  
 “ For me, *at home in peace I'll stay,*  
 “ So *you may go and quell the fray.*  
 “ But first I think it will be best,  
 “ To send to every corps a TEST,  
 “ As every Subadar must there,  
 “ His *fealty*, anew declare,  
 “ Asserting that he is content  
 “ With *us*, and with our *government*;  
 “ We'll pardon those who sign *the test*,  
 “ *And hang*, or else *cashier*, the rest.  
 “ Choose out some *Rajah's chief*, whose mind  
 “ Is most for *cruelty* inclin'd,  
 “ To his safe custody we may,  
 “ *Delinquents* all at once convey;  
 “ Let this immediately be done,  
 “ Appoint *my friend* old W——k——n,  
 “ I know his disposition well;  
 “ His *virtues* ev'ry one can tell;  
 “ All *due* severity he'll shew,  
 “ To *Koiar Wig*, then let them go.—  
 “ This said, with consequence he rose,  
 “ Dissolv'd the court, and *blew his nose*!  
 “ Meantime the *test* was sent about,  
 “ To find the *sad insurgents* out;

“ Some *interested people* sign'd it,  
“ But *gentlemen* at once *declin'd* it ;  
“ And when inform'd that sign *they must*,  
“ They left the service *in disgust*.  
“ Some *junior* Subadars were us'd  
“ Most cruelly, and *some abus'd* ;  
“ March'd by *an escort* overland,  
“ Hundreds of miles thro' *scorching sand* ;  
“ Some *sham* tribunals were *erected*,  
“ But *this* disgrace alone reflected  
“ Upon *the chief*, as they thought fit  
“ *Most of the pris'ners* to *acquit* ;  
“ Ev'n those suspended by the *Knight*,  
“ Were found to have been in *the right*.  
“ *The Rajah*, justice to afford them,  
“ Their situations had restor'd them ;  
“ *Recall'd the Chief*, to answer *why*  
“ *He had disgrac'd authority* !  
“ Whether the man has been convicted  
“ Or what's the punishment inflicted ;  
“ Or whether he was hang'd or shot,  
“ Further *the Fable* telleth not.  
“ It hints, that we might *lately* see  
“ The *Knight sunk* to *obscurity*.  
“ *He lost his cast* ; and, white men say,  
“ To gain it, he's oblig'd to pay  
“ Some lacs of rupees, to support  
“ His presence at the *Rajah's court*.

“ Money can *honour* thus *outwit*,

“ And, to *their equals*, rogues admit.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The reader, probably, says “ Fy!

“ I’m tir’d;” and so exclaim’d QUI HI?

Ere half the musty manuscript

Had thro’ his curious fingers slipt:

But having thus commenc’d *translating*,

He finish’d, without hesitating.

We can’t presume here to attempt

*A moral*, which we must lament;

As QUI HI’s observations go

No further, than to merely shew,

That, in *this world*, vice *does* prevail,

And virtue’s left without appeal.

But think not, reader, ’tis our lot

By Providence to be forgot:

A Pow’r exists, that, not too late,

Will *injuries retaliate*.

QUI HI now sought to walk about,

To find some old acquaintance out;

For *Pill*, since his indisposition,

Would not allow him this permission.

Rambling one day, by chance, he’d seen

A dashing Bengal palanquin—

A well-known MUL.\* popp’d out his head,

And roar’d, “ What! QUI HI! not yet dead?”

\* An abbreviation for *Mulkatany*, a common appellation for Madras officers.

“How do'st, my boy?”—then, with a bound,  
He sprung at once upon the ground,  
Seiz'd QUI HI's hand, and, with an oath,  
Swore that *one* house should serve them both;  
Then, never waiting a reply,  
Off to his quarters takes QUI HI?  
Inquires into his circumstances,  
His state of health, and his finances;  
Said, he himself would be his nurse,  
And offer'd him his house *and purse!*  
His horses, servants; in a word,  
Ev'ry thing friendship could afford.  
Some cynics, well we can conceive,  
These circumstances disbelieve;  
For well they know how very rare  
Such instances of friendship are:  
But QUIZ can tell this selfish crew,  
The present anecdote *is true*.  
Under the roof of *such a friend*,  
His health each day began to mend:  
Society's persuasive sway  
Drove all unpleasant thoughts away:  
In fact, our youth was found, at length,  
Restor'd to all his former strength.  
Shooting and hunting parties met,  
Consisting of a jovial set  
Of *subs.*, whose only wishes were  
The stranger's scatter'd thoughts to cheer:

And they succeeded; for, ere long,  
QUI HI could join them in a song;  
Drink wine, and even brandy pany;  
And grew, in fact, a *mulkatany*;  
Attended all the *chee chee* hops;  
Escorts the ladies to the shops;  
Presents to each a lace or fan;  
In short, was quite a ladies' man;  
Got into scrapes with those young men  
That wield a weapon call'd a pen;  
But always thought it would be cruel  
To kill such creatures in a duel:  
His military friends were fated  
To be illiberally treated;  
But, by a manly perseverance,  
They trod upon such over-bearance;  
And lately taught the whole community  
They would not suffer with impunity.  
While QUI HI? at ——— resided,  
His memorandums were provided  
With numerous anecdotes, which, Quiz  
Conceives, are *bona fide* his;  
And might, as such, be here inserted,  
Had not *one cause* the thing averted.  
The kind attention which most classes  
Paid to QUI HI, his praise surpasses;

And thus, where'er the generality  
 Can act with real hospitality,  
 An observation were invidious,  
 And satire Quiz would hold perfidious.  
 He here, without a compliment,  
 Gives credit to *the settlement* ;  
 And will not sully gratitude,  
 By making a remark *that's rude*.

Our hero's leave had now expir'd ;  
 The *regulations, too*, requir'd  
 An application to be sent  
 Immediately to Government,  
 Praying for leave to go away,  
 On further furlough, to B——y.  
 Poor d—l, he was forc'd to wait,  
 To get a new certificate,  
 Which *Pill*, with some reluctance, granted ;  
 And *thus* QUI HI got what he wanted.  
*Experience* taught him, that by sea  
 Would be the most unpleasant way ;  
 So he resolv'd, on t'other hand,  
 To make the journey *over-land*.  
 His route being quickly regulated,  
 He with his friends communicated,  
 Stating his wishes to proceed  
 To —— with the utmost speed ;





Rowlandson, sc.

Quis. fecit.

THE BEAR & RAGGED STAFF.

(The signs that ran in QUI HI's fancy,)

Were only at the *Presidency*.

His friends assur'd him that he must,

In this case, to his servants trust.

While in the meantime they'd engage

The necessary *equipage*.

They told QUI HI, he must be sensible,

A Palanquin was indispensable,

With sixteen bearers, and, of course,

He could not do without a horse ;

This would require a man or two,

To give the animal his due ;

Camels for baggage, and marquee,

Would also, necessary be ;

But, of all things, he must employ,

Some Peon, or *Chokedar Sepoy*,

To whom QUI HI must give permission

To make each day a *requisition*

Thro' villages for *fowls* and *rice*,

Or *mutton*, at the *cheapest price* ;

For otherwise, we must observe,

He very probably might starve.

A cook he also must provide,

Who on a buffalo might ride,

And keep, in a convenient place,

The canteen and the liquor-case,

As they declar'd nothing so good  
As brandy pany on the road.  
Now all is for the journey ready,  
The camels, buff'loes, horse, *and lady*;  
For 'tis a fact that QUI HI lately,  
Was caught in *Cupid's trap* completely,  
And nothing but her charming self  
Could satisfy the *lovelorn* elf.  
Reader, she was as black as *soot*—  
*Blacker, aye blacker* than your boot!  
But whether she was black or sooty,  
QUI HI consider'd her a beauty;  
And, therefore, took her not *for worse*,  
As many husbands take—a *curse*,  
But simply with her own consent,  
*San's ceremony*, off she went;  
Nor did the lady act so nice,  
As *wait* to hear *mama's* advice,  
But like young ladies we have seen,  
Run off with sparks to *Gretna Green*,  
She left her wardrobe all behind her,  
For fear her Dad or Mam should find her;  
And thus, with all her *dingy* charms,  
Threw herself into QUI HI's arms,  
Who vow'd thro' life he would protect her,  
Nor did he afterwards neglect her.—  
Mounted upon a *Rosinante*,  
(A horse at all points tho' we'll grant ye)

Our hero capering was seen  
 Close to his "*darling's* palanquin.  
 Some of his friends declar'd they would  
 Ride with him ev'ry mile they could;  
 But hinted that they were afraid,  
*Paddy* would miss them from parade;  
 Tho' neither of them car'd a fig,  
 About the Major or a wig.\*  
 Long ere the sun's o'erwhelming heat,  
 Put weary trav'lers in a sweat;  
 The cavalcade drew up in line,  
 Pitch'd the marquee, and went to dine.  
 The bearers and the servants lie,  
 Under the shelter of the *fly*.†  
 Camels and horses seem to shun  
 The powerful influence of the sun,  
 And to a friendly shade they ran,  
 Under a spreading banyan;  
 While in the tent QUI HI and friends,  
 For their fatigue now make amends.  
 They drown'd their cares, (if they had any)  
 In laul shraub, gin, or brandy pany,

\* Wig, a military term for a reprimand from a martinet.

† The fly of a marquee is the outer covering, which extends a considerable way, and generally protects the servants from the sun.

And *Goulaub*,\* with her *hubble bubble*,†  
Sat at defiance grief and trouble.  
The gentle motion of the trees,  
Had now proclaim'd the evening breeze,  
And warn'd our traveller to set out,  
In prosecution of his rout ;  
The distant Ghauts now met the eye,  
Their azure blended with the sky,  
And QUI HI view'd the tedious way,  
The task of many a future day.  
His friends now being oblig'd to part,  
Wish'd him success, with all their heart,  
And QUI HI wish'd he might be curst,  
When he forgot the *twenty-first* ;  
They mount, and bid a last adieu,  
And instantly are out of view,  
While QUI HI, without more delay,  
Ordered his retinue away ;  
Gets into *Goulaub's* palanquin,  
Shuts to the blinds, and draws the screen.  
The laul shraub had by some mishap,  
Got in his head ; he wants a nap ;  
Nor did he wake until he found  
The cavalcade had reach'd the ground,

\* *Goulaub* (rose-water); a common female name in Hindostan.

† *Hubble bubble*—a kind of pipe, smoked by the natives of India.

Where they were destin'd to remain,  
Until the sun appear'd again.  
After some days of sheer fatigue,  
They traverse many a dreary league;  
At length the Ghaut's stupendious height  
They gain, and have in distant sight  
The prospect lengthening afar  
Unto the wilds of Malabar,  
Where 'twas determined by fate,  
That QUI HI'S toils should terminate.

END OF CANTO VI.



Ross and Macdonald

1862

MORE INCANTATIONS OR A JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR

## CANTO VII.

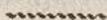
## ARGUMENT.

The reader, if he likes, may peep  
 From Ghauts tremendously steep;  
 And, if he chuses, he may find  
*Hyperbole* and *Truth* combin'd.  
 QUI HI has chang'd his last abode  
 For, rather, an *impervious* road.  
 We find him, by an accident,  
 Plac'd in a *droll* predicament;  
 And some description of the spot  
 Where QUI HI *tumbled* from the Ghaut:  
 Nor can we hesitate to mention  
 Goulaub's affectionate attention,  
 When our poor youth at last was found  
 Nearly expiring on the ground:  
 The *medicine*, by which her lover  
 QUI HI? did rapidly recover:  
 The cook, his insolence, and what  
 For his impertinence he got:  
 QUI HI's determin'd resolution,  
 And military execution;  
 For, to observe all due decorum,  
*He flogs the senior* in terrorum:  
 How subs. in India do, without  
 Money or credit, on a route;  
 Perhaps, a military hint  
 To people on the Continent.



The reader, probably, may see,  
 That *Quiz* can draw a simile.  
 He has attempted to describe  
 One of the begging Fakeer tribe ;  
 Between which there is some affinity  
 To ——— Doctors of Divinity :  
 Tells his opinion, in reality,  
 Of an old Bramin's hospitality ;  
 Of Hindoo sculptur'd deities,  
 Which he upon *his journey* sees ;  
 And, probably, he'll cause a laugh  
 About the "*Bear and Ragged Staff!*"  
 Of transmigration fully stated :  
 Certain opinions contemplated :  
 A hint at physiognomy :  
 What *people* may expect to be ;  
 For Hindoos generally conceive  
*This life's* not ended with the grave :  
 Something of the mysterious *spell*,  
 Connected with the letter *L!!!*  
 The hospitable *good Hindoo*  
*Makes for* our youth a prayer or two,  
*Without expence*, tho' with sincerity,  
 And wishes fortune and prosperity.  
 Th' adventures that *QUI HI* befel,  
 On his arrival at Panwell ;  
 And, for the reader's information,  
 A certain *private* conversation :  
 A voyage, tho' a short one ; and  
 A peep at Elephanta's strand.  
*QUI HI*, near swallow'd by the waves,  
 His life with difficulty saves :  
 A parallel distinctly made is  
 Betwixt Goulaub and other ladies :  
 What sort of people *QUI HI* met,  
 When his canoe had been upset :  
 A view in Elephanta's cave  
 He'd have, before the place he'd leave :

What QUI HI saw, and heard related,  
 Was what he had anticipated.  
 The Hindoo lets our hero see  
 Something *about futurity*.  
 Comparisons between the lot  
 Of rogues who're hung, and rogues who're not.  
 Cross Island, *and its hanging wood*,  
 Can perfectly be understood.



A VIEW from Shakespear's *famous* rock,  
 Might well the *dizzy* trav'ler shock,  
 But could the reader, like QUI HI,  
 A prospect from the Ghauts espy,  
 He'd see, with wonder and surprize,  
 Rocks of a *tolerable* size.  
 Were all the *cliffs* that guards our coast,  
 (The theme of ev'ry Briton's boast,)  
 Heap'd on each other, it would be  
 A paltry fish-pond, to the sea ;  
 A *drop* of water to a fountain,  
 Compar'd to the stupendious mountain  
 That QUI HI travers'd on his way  
 From Coromandel to ———.  
 Nature had, in an angry mood,  
 Hew'd out a most intricate road,  
 Where *one* incautious step might throw  
 The traveller to the gulf below :  
 An awful distance, where the sight  
 Was *lost* in the extensive height !

Masses of rock shook from their bed,  
 Seem'd but *suspended* over head,  
 Threat'ning each moment they would fall,  
 And crush QUI HI? *Goulaub*, and all.—  
 The Hamalls\* with a *dismal song*,  
 Crept with their *double* load along;  
 While buff'loes, bullocks, horses, camels,  
 Seem'd just as frighten'd as the Hamalls;  
 The cocoa nut that far below,  
 Was seen along the Ghauts to grow,  
 Altho' gigantic in their size,  
 Appear'd *like rushes* to his eyes;  
 An elephant look'd like a *rat*,†  
 A royal tiger, *but* a cat;  
 And had a *Burra Sahib* been there,  
 The *thing* had vanish'd into air.  
 The cataract, to QUI HI's mind,  
 Lost all it's thunder in the wind;  
 But as it from the mountain bounded,  
 He found himself with spray surrounded,  
 And *felt too plain* it was, in fact,  
 A *real Indian cataract*;

\* When those *poor fellows* are either *overburdened*, or are obliged to travel a difficult road, their paces are attended with the most melancholy notes.—QUIZ.

† Quiz must acquaint the reader, that the Indian rats are frequently as large as *pigs*: therefore no fault can be found to the *proportions* of this comparison.

Compar'd to which the great Niger,  
A *simple* mill-stream, would appear.  
Now *Goulaub's* palanquin he quitted,  
And to the stream his fate committed;  
But wonder'd such an awful force  
Did not o'erwhelm himself and horse;  
He found the terrors of its source  
Had been *exhausted* in its course  
For miles down mountains, which arise,  
*Comparatively*, to the skies;  
And that, like *other Indian* noises,  
Of *Burra Sahibs*, it first surprises;  
Though first it makes a faint alarm,  
Its blust'ring does but little harm;  
Then dashing in amidst the *spray*,  
He gallop'd *harmlessly* away;  
But not without completely getting,  
A most uncomfortable wetting:  
*Not so well off* as those of yore,  
Who left a *hospitable* shore,  
And, like our modern *Frenchmen* tried,  
For better quarters, *to other side*:  
That after *stealing* certain rings,  
And probably *some other* things,  
(Which by the bye, bids us take care,  
Of pickpockets to be aware;)  
Had pass'd *dry shod* thro' the Red Sea,  
And brought the *stolen goods* away.

Here Quiz *indeed*, makes no allusion,  
 To metaphysical confusion ;  
 He merely states what all must know,  
 That Israelites were—*so and so* ;  
 And can we wonder if since then,  
 All *Jews* are counted knavish men.  
 The reader, if he like, may bribe  
 Some Rabbi of the *English* tribe,  
 To tell, for private information,  
 In that all powerful warlike nation,  
 If *Jews now* hold the highest station.  
 This argument, we might allow,  
 Some *Burra Sahibs* would disavow,  
 Did not *the people's* better sense  
 Proclaim such efforts impudence.

The Western precipice he gains,  
 And views the far extended plains,  
 But shudders as he tries to see  
 The depth of the declivity,  
 Down which, before the close of day,  
 He must attempt his dang'rous way.  
 Columns of misty clouds now rose,  
 That all his hopes at once oppose ;  
*Egyptian darkness*, here surrounds him,  
 A dreadful presage too confounds him,  
 While denser clouds were seen to meet,  
 In curling circles at his feet.

Envelop'd in a fog like this,  
QUI HI could think of nothing less  
Than making off; but where to go  
Was *rather difficult to know*.  
He thought his way lay to the right,  
Though 'twas impervious to his sight;  
He took it, but it only led  
Over a rock, which broke his head.  
Stunn'd with the fall, the youth remain'd  
*Silent*; nor ever once complain'd;  
Nor will the cause our readers seek,  
When they're inform'd *he could not speak*.  
The muse is not prepar'd to tell,  
How *many fathoms* QUI HI fell;  
Some sceptics *probably* had wonder'd,  
Did we assert he fell a hundred;  
But as we solemnly declare,  
That truth of all things we revere,  
We leave it to the *reader's* pleasure,  
The height of QUI HI's fall to measure:  
Should it by chance e'er be his case,  
To get a fall at the same place,  
And Quiz's pen (*in fact historical*)  
Will thus forbear to deal in miracle.  
We have declar'd our hero stumbled,  
And down the precipices tumbled,

But sav'd his life by falling thro',  
 A friendly tope of thick bamboo.  
 Meantime the Hammalls and *Goulaub*,  
*Vociferously* call'd to "*Sahib*;"  
 While every rock echo'd the cry,  
 Of "*Master, Sahab, Hollo! QUI HI?*"  
 The clouds had put them all at fault,  
 And forc'd the cavalcade to halt;  
 For still the mist conceal'd the way,  
 To where their woeful master lay;  
 And had not fortune interven'd,  
 There might *QUI HI* have *still* remain'd.  
 A Hammall, wishing to discover,  
 What was become of *Goulaub's* lover,  
 Had, for a *bribe* of a rupee,  
 Ventur'd his neck to go and see.  
 Groping his way, as dark as night,  
 By chance this same unlucky wight,  
 Stumbled upon the self-same place,  
 And fell direct *in QUI HI's* face.  
 "*Oh bobbery!*"\* exclaim'd the man,  
 "*Hummara ma, Shi-tan! Shi-tan!*"†

\* A general exclamation among the Indians: a prayer, that their *mother* may protect them from the *devil*.—QUIZ.

† *Shi-tan*, in Hindostanee, literally means the *devil*.

(For now expecting every evil,  
 He thought QUI HI had been *the devil*;)

He pray'd to *Hunimun*,\* 'to entreat him,  
 Not to let Shitan kill and *eat* him;  
 Tho' was *old nick* inclin'd to eat,  
 On him he'd find *but little meat*;  
 For nothing but his *airy* frame,  
 Could save his life, as down he came.  
 If Falstaff, the fat country Captain,  
 By chance the same misfortune hap'd in,  
 QUI HI's adventures were completed,  
*The youth would have been inundated!*  
 Not so the Hammall—like a bladder,  
 He bounded down the rugged ladder;  
 Uninjur'd still, except the stones  
 Happen'd *almost* to break his bones.—  
 Not senior Satan when he fell  
 From *the Empyrean* down to hell,  
 And left *a palace* something higher,  
 To *light* up Pandemonium *fire*,  
 At the conclusion of *a fall*,  
 That still *astonishes* us all,  
 Was half as much as *blackey* frighted,  
 When in the *toddy tope* he lighted;

\* Hunimun—one of the Hindoo deities; the most *knavish* of them all; worshipped under the figure of a monkey. For a sketch of this personage, see the driver of the elephant, in the frontispiece.—QUIZ.



And staring, *horror-struck*, around,  
 Perceiv'd *his master* on the ground.  
 At length recover'd from his dread,  
 He tried to raise our hero's head;  
 But tho' he breath'd, the Hammall found  
 He could not lift him from the ground;  
 So, marking where his master lay,  
 He up the mountain bent his way;  
 His soul to Hunimun commended,  
 And then the precipice ascended.  
 Altho' the clouds had disappear'd,  
 Another *summerset* he fear'd;  
 And being cautious, lest Old Nick  
 Might play him an unlucky trick,  
 He never made a single stop,  
 'Till he had gain'd the rugged top,  
 Where Goulaub and the cavalcade,  
 In dread anxiety had staid;  
 For *beebee* and the servants fear'd,  
 QUI HI had really disappear'd:  
 But whether he had flown, or fell,  
 It was impossible to tell.  
 The missing Hammall's well known voice,  
 Caus'd his companions to rejoice,  
 When (to prolong QUI HI's existence,)  
 He bellow'd to them for assistance.  
 "Sub. adamy—toom hither ou, —  
 "Sub. haramzadda, nitchee jow;"

Then to th' affrighted *beebee* said,  
 " Master get fall—he's *too much dead*."  
 " Send plenty people bring him up,—  
 " Toom jildi jata—not make stop."  
 At this harangue the dingy group,  
 Set up a diabolic whoop;  
 And off they set, by Goubal led,  
 To find QUI HI, alive or dead;  
 The *lady*, always provident,  
 For brandy pany wisely sent,  
 As QUI HI said, (*by way of cure*,)  
 The *physic* he could best endure,  
 Unfortunate QUI HI they find  
 Against a *bamboo stump* reclin'd,  
 In part recover'd from the shock  
 Got in his tumble down the rock.  
 With *brandy*, Goulaub wash'd his head,  
 And laid him on the *palkee* \* bed;  
 And then, by way of antidote,  
 Pour'd *brandy pany* down his throat.  
 With difficulty now they strove,  
 Their batter'd master to remove;  
 Transform'd their turbans to a rope,  
 And fortunately dragg'd him up  
 From rock to rock, with all their strength,  
 Until the top they gain'd at length;

\* *Palkee*—the Hindostanee name for a palanquin.

Then plac'd him in the palanquin,  
And soon began their march again.

*Goulaub* had now the chief command,  
And all the mode of marching plann'd ;  
Abus'd the hammalls, at a rate,  
That *might* be *match'd* at Billingsgate.  
If they by any chance had slipp'd,  
Or o'er the rugged pavement tripp'd ;  
And as she now was forc'd to ride,  
She unconcern'dly *got astride*  
*On Qui hi's* horse, and took the lead,  
Keeping of all the rest the *head* ;  
And guided *Qui hi* down the steep,  
(Who all the time remain'd asleep)  
The copious draft of brandy grog,  
Made him as senseless as a log ;  
Nor did he wake, until the last,  
Of all the Ghauts, his people past ;  
When *Goulaub*, having call'd a halt,  
Alighted with a single vault ;  
And to her joy she now discover'd,  
*QUI HI* completely had recover'd ;  
Exclaiming with a look so sly,  
“ *Hummar Sahib bot acha hi.*”  
Our hero could not now do less,  
Than give the sooty lass a kiss,  
Thank'd her aloud ; *then whisper'd lower* ;  
So in she went and *shut the door*.

They're soon disturb'd—a sudden rap  
 'Gainst the Venetians *spoil'd their nap*,  
 And rous'd the Gentleman and Lady,  
 From sleep, for “master's *conna's*\* ready.”  
 The dinner, neither *boil'd* nor *roast*,  
 Had nothing very fine to boast;  
 The cook, *the rascal!* in a hurry,  
 Had dish'd them up *but* rice and curry,  
 Which caus'd the *Babbagee*† alarm,  
 For fear of meeting QUI HI's arm;  
 But he escap'd with *beebee's* frown,  
 Together with a sharp set down  
 From QUI HI, who abus'd the sinner,  
 For having got so *vile* a dinner;  
 The *babbagee* assur'd them both,  
 To quit their service he was loth;  
 But where was now the use to wait,  
 When they had nothing left to eat.  
 For three days, not a single *pice*  
 Had he to purchase fowls or rice;  
 And that he thought it all a joke,  
 (Where there's no meat) to keep a cook.  
 As to *the threaten'd* fell bamboo,  
 He told QUI HI 'twould never do;

\* *Conna*—Hindostanee for dinner, or any other meal.

† *Babbagee*—the general Indian designation for a cook. They are mostly Portuguese.

For if he got a *single blow*,  
By *ave maira* he would go,  
And then QUI HI might, if he could,  
Procure another half as good ;  
Adding, they now approach'd a *place*,  
Where there were *Justices of peace* ;  
And threaten'd QUI HI, without fail,  
To put him *neck and heels* in jail,  
(For magistrates will shew no flattery,  
In cases of *assault and battery* ; )  
“ And that he knew for *ten rupees*  
“ *One magistrate would master seize.*”  
Our hero was oblig'd to smile,  
To hear the cook's bombastic stile :  
He thought the man, from what he stated,  
*Some magistrate calumniated* ;  
But some time afterwards *he knew*  
*That all the fellow said was true.*  
Wishing to stop a bad example  
Of insolence, and give a sample  
Of due correction, with a view  
To keep in awe his present crew,  
He orders that the *Portugue*,  
Should be tied to a *toddy tree* ;  
And then to teach him better manners,  
Converts the *hammalls* to *rattan-ers* ;  
Who notwithstanding loud entreating,  
Gave him a decent *bamboo beating* ;

But all the blessings the signior,\*  
 Could on the head of QUI HI pour,  
 Ne'er made the Hammalls once give o'er,  
 Until they taught poor Babbagee,  
 The *consequence of mutiny*.  
 This operation being ended,  
 QUI HI declar'd that he intended,  
 At every halt to which they came,  
 Signior should undergo the same,  
 Unless his conduct shew'd he meant  
 Not to be *quite* so insolent.  
 The fellow *cross'd himself*, and swore  
 He would be insolent no more.  
 He kept his word, and QUI HI found  
 Each day, *on coming to the ground*,  
 With most agreeable surprise,  
 His tent was crouded with supplies:  
 Fowls, mutton, curry, rice and yams,  
 Sometimes a *kid*, or pair of lambs;  
 From whence they came could not appear,  
 Or how the d—l they came there:  
 For not a cowry had QUI HI,  
 To purchase, *fairly*, the supply;

\* The most low and contemptible Portuguese in India: even the cooks to the private soldiers call themselves Signior de *Something*.

But as he could not do without 'em,  
He never spoke a word about 'em:  
But why at this should he have wonder'd,  
The fact was, that the cook had plunder'd.  
For Babbagee found nothing left,  
And so he had recourse to *theft*.  
Or let us call *them contributions*,  
We'll find that cooks, as well as Prussians,  
Have *equal* liberty to *steal*,  
The latter on a *smaller* scale.  
For were some modern great *commanders*,  
Translated to the Ghauts from Flanders,  
*If necessary*, they would dine,  
On stolen mutton, without wine.  
Necessity, when hunger calls,  
They say will batter down stone walls;  
So Babbagee, like *some Field Marshal*,  
Plunder'd, but *acted quite impartial*;  
For ev'ry fowl or lamb he'd see,  
(No matter friend or enemy,)  
So that the owner did not spy them,  
He took, nor ever ask'd to buy them;  
By this contrivance he was able,  
To keep a *comfortable* table;  
He knew his master would not beat him,  
*Except* for money he'd entreat him.

So, without hopes of restitution,  
He trusted for an absolution  
From his confessor, if he gave,  
A glass of arrack to the knave,  
And thought that *all* our holy tribe,  
Would equally receive *a bribe*.  
Thus *lulling conscience*, with a hope,  
*Such theft did not* deserve a rope,  
He kept marauding ev'ry day,  
Until at last they saw B——y.  
This long ordeal having past,  
QUI HI proceeded safe, at last,  
With all his motley cavalcade,  
Unharm'd, but mortally afraid.  
The western bound'ry of the Ghaut—  
They parted with portentous thought!  
They saw, from off those awful hills,  
The scene of QUI HI's *future* ills;  
And QUIZ can safely now declare,  
That QUI HI's *wrongs* were center'd *there*:  
Nor had our youth, as he descended,  
A single evil once portended;  
For nothing bordering on *suspicion*  
SULLIED HIS HONEST DISPOSITION.  
Close to the bottom of the Ghaut,  
A *Fakeer* his attention caught;  
One of that roguish tribe of fellows  
Who merit nothing but the gallows;



A precious sacerdotal pet  
Of the Impostor Mahomet.  
He roam'd about from place to place,  
And, begging *alms*, knew who had grace ;  
Assuming manners of austerity,  
He treated zealots with severity :  
Thousands of them sometimes assemble,  
And make the harmless Indians tremble.  
The *Koran*, without much humility,  
Has class'd those rogues above *nobility* ;  
And authoriz'd them, without labour,  
To plunder their industrious neighbour.  
Perhaps the reader is afraid of  
Religion there being made a *trade of* ;  
If so, Quiz safely can declare,  
'Tis *traffic'd* in, the same as here.  
Of no authority afraid,  
Their *holy* office is their trade ;  
While, to appear in great distress,  
They go about, devoid of dress.  
E'en, in Calcutta's public street,  
Such vagabonds as these we meet,  
Completely naked ; while, in common,  
They meet th' attention of the women.  
Often has *QUI HI* smil'd, and thought,  
That were such knaves in London caught,  
How the suppressors *there* of vice  
Would catch the fellows in a trice ;

And Madam Justice, with her sheers,  
Would soon deprive them of their ears.  
'Twas one of this marauding set  
That QUI HI on his journey met.  
He'd made a vow, and kept it too,  
To let his nails grow thro' and thro'  
His hands; to shew, where'er he went,  
That he by Mahomet was sent,  
To tell the world that all mankind,  
Except Mahometans, were blind.  
Soon as he got in QUI HI's reach,  
*This doctrine* he began to preach:  
But all that QUI HI would believe  
Was, that the *Fakeer* would receive,  
From strangers a rupee or two,  
Like parsons, *pour l'amor de Dieu*.  
His negative had no effect;  
The fellow something did expect;  
He, therefore, would not be refus'd,  
Altho' by Goulaub sadly us'd:  
The vilest terms she could invent  
Were at the naked beggar sent;  
For Quiz has seriously been told,  
Ladies, *in India, too*, can scold:  
But still the palanquin he follow'd,  
And loud for *cherry-merry*\* halloo'd.

\* *Cherry-merry*—a compliment, or a small donation.

Passing between a tope of trees,  
*QUI HI* a small pagoda sees;  
 And, being now inclin'd to joke,  
 Thus to the begging Fakeer spoke:—  
 “ In yonder temple, I am told,  
 “ A brahmin has conceal'd his gold  
 “ If I can go without resistance,  
 “ And get the *cash* with your assistance,  
 “ Would you a Christian turn, to find  
 “ To give you *half* I was inclin'd ? ”  
 “ By Mahomet ! ” exclaim'd the priest,  
 “ I'd turn a Turk, or Methodist—  
 “ Christian, Freemason, even Jew ! ”  
 In fact, he any thing would do,  
 If *QUI HI* would, by any measure,  
 Procure him the old bramin's treasure.  
 Scarce had the knavish Fakeer spoke,  
 When he got a tremendous stroke  
 From *QUI HI*'s whip. The fellow reels,  
 And straight betakes him to his heels,  
 Leaving our hero to reflect,  
 There's villany in every sect !

While thus our youth, at leisure, mus'd  
 On subjects that are much abus'd,  
 He found, by drawing a conclusion,  
 That most opinions are illusion;  
 And felt convinc'd, from intuition,  
 That men, no matter what condition,

Have equally permission given  
To find their shortest way to heav'n.  
He felt indignant at the thought,  
That faith could thus be sold or bought :  
He found, in all his various travels,  
The priesthood seldom truth unravels :  
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry climate,  
He found a Fakeer or a Pimate,  
Whose innate principle, 'twas plain,  
Was nothing but the hope of gain.  
Fringees \*, Mahometans, and Jews—  
Parsees, Armenians, and Hindoos,  
Would equally receive a bribe,  
And preach the faith of any tribe.  
While QUI HI, in soliloquy,  
Amus'd the passing hours away,  
A bramin, whom he just had seen,  
Appearing by his palanquin,  
With modesty began to speak—  
Begg'd QUI HI would some plantains take :  
He hop'd that master, as a stranger,  
Had from the *Looties* † met no danger ;  
Offer'd his temple, for retreat,  
To QUI HI, from the burning heat ;

\* Franks—Europeans.

† *Looties*—predatory hordes of robbers, that infest the country about the Ghauts.

Also his simple, frugal store,  
Regretting it had not been more.  
Our youth, with pleasure, acquiesced,  
And to *the Hindoo thanks* express'd;  
To the pagoda's shade retreated,  
And for the cool of evening waited.  
A bear, or *something* like a bear,  
Was what the people worshipp'd here,  
He ask'd the bramin to explain  
The idol's virtues, and his name;  
Or why such figures were allow'd  
To humbug the deluded crowd;  
Or what was the alleged merit  
Such paltry figures could inherit?  
The bramin said—However odd,  
And ugly, master thought the god,  
The Rajah, in his mighty grace,  
Thought fit his godship there to place.  
It only *lately* had been found,  
In moving rubbish from the ground,  
Where it for years had been forgot,  
And where it might have lain to rot,  
Had not a trifling accident  
The *thing* to this pagoda sent.  
As to the merit of the stone,  
He candidly said it had none:  
But as the Rajah had thought fit  
To make the people worship it,



Rowlandson. sc.

Quiz. sciz.

ATTENDS GENERAL KOIR WIGS LEVEE.

They crowded round it ev'ry day,  
 But rather came to *laugh* than pray;  
 And, spite of all the Rajah's talk,  
 The thing was but a laughing-stock.  
 Should the *Bahauder*\* change his mind,  
 And for another god b' inclin'd,  
 It probably may come to pass,  
 The *bear's* succeeded by an *ass*.  
 QUI HI now ask'd for information  
 On Asiatic transmigration—  
 Whether 'tis probable that fools  
 Hereafter are transform'd to mules;  
 Puppies to monkees, and old maids  
 Are chang'd to *feline*, in the shades?  
 Whether a Judge, with manners coarse,  
 Would make a decent brewer's horse;  
 Or ' *Koir Wig*,' a general here,  
 Might there become a pioneer?  
 Whether such Justices of Peace  
 As Blackheath ones, are chang'd to geese;  
 Or Lawyers, with important wigs,  
 Find themselves nothing else than pigs?  
 If a tyrannic low-bred Colonel  
 Would be a martinet infernal;

\* Bahauder, signifying *tiger-killer*; a title of importance, conferred on *Rajahs*, and other great men, in India.

And tyrants would be surely sent,  
To *some place* for a punishment.  
He begg'd QUI HI to be aware  
Of false profession: to take care,  
And strive to shun as he would hell,  
A name beginning with an L——!  
What this mysterious L could mean,  
Puzzl'd for years our hero's brain.  
*Lies, Ladies, Lawyers, Love intrigues,*  
Are *very often* counted plagues;  
Our hero *almost* swore he would  
Avoid the ladies *if he could!*  
The reader easily may guess,  
Such vows had been *ridiculous,*  
As to the *lawyers, and the lies,*  
They must attack him by *surprise,*  
Against *such evils* now our youth  
Appeal'd to *honesty and truth;*  
And thus he treated carelessly  
The *chances* of his destiny;  
Protested that he would not wait,  
To meet a single frown from fate;  
For be his fortune what it would,  
He'd meet the evil and the good;  
As he conceiv'd it was a folly,  
To cherish stupid melancholy;  
And it would shew a want of sense,  
To doubt the pow'r of Providence;



For QUI HI always had expected,  
To be by Providence protected.  
While thus his fortitude he shew'd,  
Away the careless fellow rode,  
But not before he bade adieu,  
To his good host the old Hindoo.

Meantime the Bramin, honest man,  
A pray'r to Hunimun began,—  
And then to all the godlike crew,  
From *Jaggernaut* to old *Vishnu*.  
Entreating that they would at large,  
Take QUI HI into special charge;  
And then solicited, sincerely,  
They'd punish all his foes severely.  
Whether QUI HI paid for the pray'r  
The Bramin made, does not appear.  
Admitting him disinterested,  
The question cannot be contested,  
That *other* priests will seldom pray,  
Half as sincerely *without pay*.  
No ornamented vestments gave  
Importance to a holy knave;  
No sacred robes were here to hide  
Profligate luxury or pride;  
No hon'rary D.D. could,  
Display the Bramin's rank, with God;  
No purple trump'ry, or A. B.  
Proudly proclaim the man's degree:

But yet a privilege he claim'd,  
That ought to make *some* priests asham'd;  
Equal him, Parsons, if you can,  
This Hindoo was—*an honest man.*

The fast approaching shades of night,  
Conceal'd *Panwell* from QUI HI's sight,  
Just as a gong gave information  
That he had reach'd that famous station,  
From whence on the succeeding day,  
He'd get by water to B——y.  
All his attempts could not compel  
The village rascally patel  
To get him a few fowls and rice,  
By any means, at any price.  
To his demands the fellow said,  
The people all were gone to bed;  
And as the hour was now too late,  
Master could not get any meat;  
All Goulaub's rhetoric was tried;  
In vain she scolded, begg'd and cried,  
Until by chance an old Sepoy,  
Was fortunately passing by,  
With orders for the commandant,  
And with the Sepoy QUI HI went.  
The Subaltern receiv'd QUI HI,  
With honest *camp-bred* courtesy;  
And ask'd him, in the *usual stile*,  
To take a seat, and stay awhile,

Apologizing did declare  
His bungallo had not a chair,  
And hinted that his shabby pay  
Was below mediocrity :  
So small, indeed, that scarcely could  
A Subaltern procure him food ;  
But added, with an honest wink,  
“ By Jove ! we’re at no loss for drink ;  
“ You, Ballo ! hither aw—bring here,  
“ Some brandy pany, and some beer ;  
“ Try *that*, Sir, I have had the choice,  
“ Of his best beer from my friend Boyce,  
“ The very *primest* in the station,  
“ And part of the *last importation*.”  
Our hero thank’d him, said he wou’d,  
And found the beer was monstrous good,  
While brandy, beer, and conversation,  
Proceeds—without interrogation,  
Our hero *felt*, but strove to hide it,  
A wish that supper was provided.  
Exclusive of the Bebee’s hunger,  
He found that he could fast no longer,  
And hinted to the commandant,  
That he was mightily in want  
Of something in the shape of meat,  
And did for supper anxious wait.  
He four-and-thirty hours had past,  
Since tiffen he had tasted last.

The Commandant look'd with surprise,  
 He call'd his servants, d—d their eyes,  
 Tells them to lay the supper table,  
 As quick as ever they are able,  
 And to procure *the* gentleman,  
 Supper, as quickly as they can.  
 The *nokars*\* made Salaam, and went,  
 Not knowing what their master meant,  
 But soon return'd with dismal look,  
 Declaring they had but a duck.  
 " A table cloth," exclaim'd the Sub.  
 " Sweep off the dust—the table rub ;  
 " *Toom jildy—terrima kachute,—*  
 " Make haste you Hindostanee brute.  
 " By h——n I'll *mar* you to your sorrow,  
 " And then discharge you all to-morrow.  
 " Come, Sir, another *plug of malt*,  
 " You shall have something to your salt ;  
 " What do you think of B——s beer ?  
 " I'll get you supper, never fear.  
 " Now I shall give,"—' the Governor,'—  
 " He's no great things, between us, Sir,  
 " But we're oblig'd to drink his health,  
 " And curse him *now and then by stealth.*"  
 " Oh !" said QUI HI, " don't curse your betters,  
 " For to the man I've got some letters ;

\* *Nokars*—servants.

“ And I expect, by all appearance,  
“ He’ll be my friend, thro’ interference.”  
At this the Sub. almost in rage,  
Swore to QUI HI, he would engage,  
Was he a col’nel he would serve him,  
*But as a Subaltern he’d starve him;*  
Talking of starving—QUI HI felt,  
The word was useless to be spelt,  
For in his *stomach*, at his will,  
He could pronounce each syllable;  
So he prepar’d with knife and fork,  
At *leg* or *wing* to go to work,  
And only waited his good luck,  
To see serv’d up *this famous duck*.  
Pray, reader, have you ever been,  
For dinner *tolerably* keen?  
Fasted perhaps a day or two,  
God knows! tho’ probably ’tis true,  
And afterwards, were you invited,  
To dinner have you been delighted?—  
Or similarly should you meet,  
An old acquaintance in the street,  
When ask’d so friendly to partake,  
Of oyster-sauce and a beef-steak;  
Would you not be surpris’d to find,  
The sauce and steak were left behind;  
And that, to fill a hungry belly,  
You only had a glass of jelly?

Just as surpris'd did QUI HI look,  
 When in came Ballo and the cook,  
 And plac'd before our youth a dish  
 Of something *that resembled fish*;  
 Of what description, or what kind,  
 QUI HI could never after find;—  
 But as he eat the wretched stuff,  
 Which, heaven knows, was bad enough,  
 The youth was almost thunderstruck,  
 To hear the mess call'd Bombay duck!  
 Some wag had giv'n, by way of game,  
 Facetiously *such fish* the name:  
 Hence *colonists*, in conversation,  
 Are *honor'd* by this designation.  
 The commandant's *domestic* friend,  
 Declar'd she would for Goulaub send,  
 For gen'rally "birds of a feather,"  
 In India also, "flock together."  
 She came, and then the precious pair  
 Off to the *cook-house* did repair;  
 No *drawing-rooms* have Indian lasses,  
 To contemplate—their looking glasses;  
 Nor do they often talk of scandal,  
 Tho' QUIZ admits that they can handle  
 Things just as bad—they *make remarks*  
 Of foolish European sparks.  
 This compliment's however due—  
 They *very seldom prove untrue*.

Soon as *the ladies* had retir'd,  
Our hero of his host enquir'd,  
If Panwell was a pleasant station,  
Or how he lik'd his situation?  
And as a soldier should be frank,  
He ask'd the commandant his rank,  
His length of service, and his age,  
Whether he met with patronage:  
Ask'd questions promptly, and as brief,  
About the military chief.  
He said he hop'd it was not true,  
That Koir-wig was thought a Jew;  
He ask'd if the report was wrong,  
That he had charg'd his aid-de-camp  
Wrongly, with having forg'd an order,  
And that *some* stupid fat Recorder  
Refus'd him justice in the cause,  
In sheer contempt of English laws?  
The Commandant assur'd our youth,  
That all he heard was *strictly* truth.  
For twenty years (he said) he serv'd  
The C——y, tho' almost starv'd;  
That all he got, *mistitled* pay,  
Kept him in constant poverty.  
He growl'd at *certain men*, and said,  
Their subalterns were badly paid;  
While *petit maitres*, who may boast  
The talents of a *quill*, at most,

Wallow in luxury, and grin,  
*Purse-proud*, at honourable men.  
Most officers, he said, could tell,  
They all wish'd Koir Wig at h—ll,  
As ev'ry soldier knew he meant  
To temporize with G———;  
And, from experience, well they knew  
The meanness of the paltry crew.  
'Tis never felt what wrongs they meet,  
So Koir Wig retains his seat.  
He said, that, at the Presidency,  
Some people *boo* with complaisancy;  
But mostly those, whose thirst for gold  
Their virtue and their honour sold:  
But yet he said, QUI HI might find  
Others as differently inclin'd;  
As it would be a sad misnomer,  
To say, the place was without honour:  
But all the honour of Bombay  
Was going rapidly away.  
Now against tyranny he'd rail,  
And then his luckless fate bewail:  
He swore that scarce *an honest man*  
Of rank was left in Hindostan!  
He said, that, in his life, he'd known  
More persecutions than his own;  
And prophesy'd, QUI HI would see  
Instances of their tyranny;



For who could be contented with  
 Such knaves as Koir Wig or S——?  
 He ask'd QUI HI, if he had letters  
 Of introduction to his betters;  
 For, if he hop'd for hospitality,  
 He must have letters to the *quality*?  
 Our youth reply'd, his friends procur'd him  
 Letters, that patronage insur'd him;  
 But as his stay would be but short,  
 None of their patronage he'd court.  
 And now our hero intimated,  
 That only for a boat they waited.  
 The Commandant express'd his sorrow  
 His friends could not stay till to-morrow;  
 However QUI HI he'd assure,  
 A boat he'd instantly procure,  
 Which when with *brand pany* stor'd,  
 Goulaub and QUI HI got on board,  
 Directed that the baggage, and  
 The horse should be sent round by land;  
 Sincerely thank'd the commandant,  
 Bade him adieu, and off they went;  
 And gave a long, a *last* farewell  
 To B——'s mansion and Panwell.  
 The *dingy walla's*\* now prepare,  
 Their little crazy bark to steer.

\* Dingy wallas—boat-fellows; the general name

Goulaub, *sans ceremony*, sat,  
 Upon a piece of *koir* mat,\*  
 Which the ingenious contriver,  
 Transform'd to mainsail, jib and driver.  
 The palanquin fix'd in the centre,  
 Tempted almost Goulaub to enter ;  
 She told QUI HI *she'd stay with him*,  
 And should the boat upset, *she'd swim* ;  
 For well she knew the crazy boat,  
 Was scarcely capable to float ;  
 Yet would she all those perils brave,  
 And lose her life QUI HI's to save.  
 Say, *married ladies* ! would you have  
 Sacrific'd your's, your friend to save ?  
 Would you *an old canoe* have enter'd,  
 And Goulaub's dangers thus adventur'd ?  
 Would you, in two months *after marriage*,  
 Refuse to get unto your carriage,  
 (Or Palanquin—'tis just the same—  
 They only differ in the name.)  
 If you conceiv'd you might afford  
 Assistance to your *lawful* lord ?  
 Blush !—and declare there are but few,  
 If there, indeed, are any true :

given to those people we designate watermen, in London.

† *Koir*—the husk of the cocoa-nut, made into a kind of hemp.

For know *this Indian* would not blush,  
If to destruction thus she'd rush,  
Careless of almost certain danger,  
To save QUI HI—tho' but a stranger,  
Now luckily our anxious pair  
Had nothing very great to fear.  
The dingy wallas said the tide  
Was right against them, so they tried  
The koir mat, y'clep'd a sail;  
Their efforts still could not avail.  
They fix'd the mat, but could not find  
A single particle of wind;  
So struck it; and thus let her ride,  
Just at the mercy of the tide.  
Now QUI HI most devoutly pray'd,  
That some old hyperborean jade,  
Or Lapland witch, would send a gale,  
And let them on their voyage sail:  
But all his pray'rs had no effect,  
And nothing did he now expect,  
But that in half an hour more  
Canoe and all would drive on shore.  
Fortune, who ne'er forsakes the brave,  
Now interven'd QUI HI to save;  
When, almost at the verge of fate,  
A wat'ry grave they contemplate,  
While dreadfully the surges roar,  
The canoe's dash'd against the shore,

But fortunately all escape  
Death in its most horrific shape.

Robinson Crusoe, when he found,  
All his companions had been drown'd,  
And that he *solo* had been left,  
Of all *conveniencies* bereft,  
When first he trod Fernandez' shore,  
Could not have been astonish'd more,  
Than *QUI HI* was—when in his view  
Appear'd the rack of his canoe.  
His palanquin to shivers broke,  
'Gainst it by an unlucky stroke;  
The brandy too—his precious store!  
No hopes had he of seeing more.  
Poor Goulaub now persuades her master  
To think no more of the disaster;  
She said, before the close of day,  
They possibly might get away.  
Just as she spoke a dingy walla  
Was heard repeatedly to hollo:  
And *QUI HI* now declar'd, he thought,  
He saw an English pleasure-boat;  
All his forebodings now forgot,  
He and Goulaub approach'd the spot.  
'Twas only now that *QUI HI* found  
He had been *wreck'd* on sacred ground;  
For now he clearly could perceive  
The Elephanta's famous cave

A party now appear'd in view,  
Who QUI HI from their dresses knew,  
Were mostly officers—he join'd them,  
Hoping *good fellows* he should find them ;  
For as he had been cast away,  
He look'd for *hospitality*.  
The *Jolly Subs.* for such *they were*,  
Produc'd him *lots* of ham and beer ;  
And then most pressingly entreated  
QUI HI and Goulaub would be seated.  
They were surpris'd, when QUI HI swore  
He had been *ship-wreck'd* on *the shore*,  
And begg'd they would be good enough  
To let him in their boat *get off* ;  
But first enquir'd if they would have  
Time to see *Elephanta's cave*.—  
They all declar'd they would, with pleasure,  
Attend our hero, at his leisure.  
With wonder and astonishment,  
QUI HI now to the temple went ;  
But almost shudder'd as his view  
Caught subjects horrible and new.  
A Bramin, for a trifling bribe,  
Said he the subjects would describe ;  
What various things the Bramin told,  
What tales traditional and old,  
Were we upon description bent,  
The subject's too extravagant.

The guide declar'd that often here,  
Things supernatural appear;  
To prove it he produc'd a book,  
From which QUI HI a drawing took,  
Of which the modern true translation,  
Is simply "Hindoo incantation."  
It states that *some one*, years ago,  
Had tried futurity to know,  
And he employed an old Hindoo,  
To get him but a single view  
Of future things—and lo! an hour  
Was fix'd to shew the Bramin's pow'r.  
The place appointed was the spot  
Where QUI HI and his friends had got,  
Under great *Brahma's triple head*,  
That then struck unbelievers dead.  
The bramin, when the gurrury's sound  
Told *one*, was with the idol found,  
Soliciting, he would assert  
His power, and infidels convert.  
The stranger now approach'd the place,  
With terror pictur'd in his face.  
"Infidel!" said the bramin, "now  
"I shall observe my sacred vow.  
"Come hither, and you'll shortly see,  
"And tremble at *futurity!*"  
Seating the man, he now applies  
A magic glass before his eyes;

When, lo! the Elephanta shook,  
 And Brahma thus in thunder spoke—  
 “ Mark, reptile! the decrees of Fate,  
 “ Which, *Brahma says*, he will complete:  
 “ Till then, your destiny await!”

}

He said, and, with a stroke of thunder,  
 The sacred temple bursts asunder;  
 Seizes the caitiff by the hair,  
 And hurls him headlong thro' the air.  
 He tumbled down to whence he came,  
*Somewhere* about the Hugely stream.

QUI HI now ask'd the old Hindoo,  
 If he believ'd such *stuff* was true?  
 The man reply'd, “ that God knew best,  
 “ And to its truth *he* could protest.”  
 His hand he offered to receive  
 The picture he to QUI HI gave,  
 And begg'd that master would return it.  
 QUI HI declar'd he'd rather burn it;  
 Nor would he let the British nation  
 Bear such a flagrant imputation.  
 He ask'd the bramin, if he knew  
 The penalty to libels due?  
 He told him, laughing, he was sure  
 The thing was a mere *car'cature*;  
 And if to *Burra Sahib* he'd sent it,  
 The author never could defend it;

Tho', he admitted, people might  
*Draw portraits, just as well as write,*  
 If it was prov'd, it must be plain  
*They never did a libel mean.*

And then, with emphasis, he said,  
 He wonder'd men were not afraid  
 Of judgment, after they were dead,  
 To publish, public, thro' the nation  
*Faces, that meet with execration.*

He then the bramin plainly told,  
 That he could British laws unfold,  
 And that they differ much from those  
 That now the Hindoo code compose,  
 The man, astonish'd, now declar'd  
 From Hindoo laws he nothing fear'd.

The laws, indeed, that there we see,  
 Are made for হে (hē), and শে (shē), and  
 মে (mē);

Not for mere magistrates and spies,  
*Professionally* enemies :

But told QUI HI, that even he

Must know they were for মে (mē) and য়ে (yē).

While thus the bramin shew'd his learning,  
*So far above* QUI HI's discerning,  
 He said, to try the man he'd venture,  
 And wrote him down the word *Indenture* ;



And told the bramin there were flaws  
 In *his*, as well as other laws ;  
 That, in *some countries*, a *Vakeel*  
 May have a heart as hard as steel ;  
 Yet even *that* can't be a cause  
 Why he should not expound the laws.  
 As to the *picture*, QUI HI said,  
 That he was certainly afraid  
 To give it back : it likely would  
 Gain the poor fellow nothing good ;  
 And if *the thing* he'd let him burn,  
 He'd give a gold moh'r in return.  
 The holy bramin shook his head,  
*Like other priests*, and said he would,  
 The picture rather than restore,  
*Give the fellow a gold mohur.*  
 The fact was, QUI HI said he would  
 In London have it *cut in wood*,  
 Except he might conceive it proper  
 To have the subject *grav'd on copper* ;  
 And *connoisseurs*, by this, might see  
 The bramin's ingenuity.  
 He said he treated with defiance  
 The Burra Sahib and his alliance ;  
 Defy'd the lawyers, or the d—l :  
 Should they with him attempt to cavil,  
 More *mysteries* he would unravel.

Most of the old Hindoos believe  
 Stories that *we* can scarce conceive.  
 Our classic readers all must know,  
 That Phaëton tumbled in the Po,  
 When Jove had found that *three in hand*  
 This Jehu did not understand;  
 And so, to save the world from fire,  
 Plung'd Master Phaëton in the mire.  
 Another Phaëton, but more ugly,  
*The Hindoos* tumble in the Hugely;  
 Where, like *Prometheus*, it is said,  
 Vultures are on his liver fed.  
 Whether the story, as it's told,  
 Is borrow'd from the Gods of old,  
 Or whether it's indeed historical,  
 Or superstitiously symbolical,  
 Quiz knoweth not, nor does he care:  
 Such as it is, you have it here.

Our hero never could endure  
 A self-sufficient connoisseur!  
 And ask'd if any of this class  
 Resided here, or at Madras?  
 The subs. assur'd him, one and all,  
 That such a fool was in Bengal.  
 One of the youths began to quote  
 Of this same man an anecdote:  
 How a domestic serious strife  
 Commenc'd between himself and wife;



Rowlandson. sc.

Quill. fecit.

THE MODERN PHAETON OR THE HUGELY IN DANGER.

Because the husband dar'd contest,  
That he could *judge of drawings* best.  
The wife declar'd he was a fool!  
An ass! a nincompoop! a mule!  
To whom a lock of hair appears  
*A pair of formidable ears*;  
And then, his impudence to cure,  
Produc'd to him a caricature;  
And smil'd, declaring that she scorn'd him—  
(She might have added, she had *horn'd* him).  
The husband violently swore  
He'd never look at *drawings* more:  
He begg'd her pardon, and admitted  
That he had been *for once* outwitted.  
The orator said he'd be curs'd  
But critics always came off worst.  
Jokes, laughter, merriment, combine  
With brandy, arrack, beer, and wine;  
Until, in fact, it was too late  
From Elephanta to retreat.  
No barrack-room or tent they have,  
So take their quarters in the cave.  
They call a servant, and require,  
Immediately, *a glorious* fire:  
They told the fellow to get wood—  
To cut down all the trees he could.

Regardless of all other harm,  
They only wanted to be warm.  
Their masters' orders soon completed,  
The cave was well illuminated.  
Bamboos transform'd to bright flambeaux,  
Were plac'd against the wall, in rows,  
And had the gods not been of stone,  
To some Parnassus they had flown,  
For otherwise each bamboo torch,  
The gods and goddesses would scorch.  
*Sheva* had not escap'd the best,  
The goddess being quite undress'd ;  
Had Venus or Minerva came,  
Their petticoats had caught the flame,  
And was a Cyprian goddess there,  
She'd very likely *sing'd her hair* ;  
For *heathen ladies*, stories say,  
Were very often led astray,  
Like modern ones, who chuse a *spark*  
*Deliberately* in the dark.  
And at the moment, tho' elated,  
They find themselves at last o'erheated,  
Thus Shepherd Paris, as we read,  
(From matrimonial trammels freed,)  
Felt himself oddly situated,  
When by *the goddesses* intreated ;

But finding for the fruit they'd grapple,  
 He threw to Venus a sour apple;  
 'Twas all the vixen did desire,  
 To set old Illium's\* town on fire.  
 How diff'rent from the *modern Paris*,  
 Who at the present is as far as  
 Light is from darkness—when we view  
 The men who won at Waterloo.  
*Enough*—QUI HI did now admire,  
 The *flambeaux*, *goddesses*, and fire;  
 QUI HI, *sometimes* accounted wicked,  
 Perceiv'd the goddesses were naked,  
 And long was it 'ere he could sleep,  
 For taking at their charms a peep.  
 At length t' his granite couch he crept,  
 And fast in Goulaub's arms he *slept*,  
 Who lay awake—for her QUI HI,  
 And in his absence gave a *sigh*.  
 Soon as the wish'd for morning beams,  
 Away went *goddesses* and flames.  
*Nothing* engross'd our hero's mind,  
 He was for travelling inclin'd,  
 So call'd the Subs. who were afraid  
 They had been absent from parade.  
 No *valets* there to brush their cloths,  
 Nothing like these Subalterns use.

\* It is unnecessary to give an explanation of this term to a classical reader.

A set of careless happy fellows,  
 Of nothing but of *honor* jealous.  
 With QUI HI's wish they now comply'd,  
 And are in time to meet the tide.  
 The cheerful party made their way,  
 To where the boat at anchor lay ;  
 The sails are set, they catch the wind,  
 The Elephanta's left behind,  
 Dismal the wretched fellows rung,  
 That on *Cross Islands* \* gibbet hung ;  
 Dismal the kites, and crows, and cranes,  
 Shriek'd to the music of the chains,  
 While QUI HI (moralizing) said,  
 That he was seriously afraid,  
 Tho' this example had been made,  
 Far greater rogues than those they see,  
 Are wink'd at, with impunity ;  
 Their situation soon he'd alter,  
 And give old Koir wig the halter.  
 Had he the pow'r he'd change the case,  
 And *swing* some col'nels in their place.

The conversation that occur'd,  
 Might certainly some truths afford ;  
 For Subs. conceive they have a right,  
 To make remarks when out of sight ;  
 And hearing of a set like those,  
 Who *Lionel's levee* compose,

\* A well-known *Golgotha*, near Bombay.

AUSPICIO . REGIS . ET SENATUS ANGLIÆ.



STRANGE FIGURES NEAR THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA - 1814.



A shabby, tell-tale, cringing rabble,  
Mean, paltry, and dishonorable,  
The muse declines here to disclose,  
The arguments which now arose  
Between the Subs. who, with one mind,  
To hang such fellows were inclin'd.

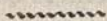
## END OF CANTO VII

## CANTO VIII.

## ARGUMENT.

Customs, tho' strange, no ways uncommon,  
 Of Asiatic men and women.  
 The mask we strip from ev'ry ass,  
 And hold them up in Nature's glass.  
 While Vice is plainly thus reflected,  
 Shall Virtue fail to be protected?  
 By H——n! it shall not, we declare:  
 Folly alone has cause to fear.  
 Our satire never goes so far,  
 As against innocence to war.  
 No pretty black-ey'd Indian maid  
 Can here of scandal be afraid;  
 Tho' stubborn facts might bring to view  
 Certain adventures, tho' not new.  
 Not even Hymen's devotees,  
 That annually cross the seas  
 To gain protection for their charms  
 In some old dotard's sluggish arms,  
 Shall hear a single imputation  
 To soil their vestal reputation:  
 And let no virtuous married dame  
 Conceive that Quiz suspects her fame:  
 He winks at trifles; a discovery  
 Might injure her beyond recovery.  
 Let them, undaunted, read our book,  
 And think QUI HI is all a joke.

Perhaps some *chaste* chee-chee will swear,  
 And with our cantos *curl her hair* ;  
 Or, complimenting with a curse,  
 May treat QUI HI's adventures *worse*.  
 Some lawyer, with importance big,  
 May stick a canto in his wig ;  
 Then all his clients will admit,  
 His wig contains some sparks of wit.  
 The Burra Sahib's jemadars,  
*So famous* in the Napaul wars,  
 With military fame elated,  
 May have it to *Shanscrit translated*.  
 Should it be studied by the Staff,  
 It will, of course, be bound *in calf*.  
 If Missionaries—holy men !—  
 Read these remarks from QUIZ's pen,  
 Let them, if they perceive impiety,  
 'Transmit it to the Tract *Society* ;  
 Or give it, gratis, if they choose,  
 Among their converts, the Hindoos.  
 In either case, they will implicitly  
 Give QUI HI's History publicity ;  
 Who late, unhappy victim ! fell  
 By Persecution—imp of hell !  
 Thro' their malignity he dies,  
 To prejudice a sacrifice.  
 And, reader, will you not, with me,  
 Pity QUI HI's catastrophe ?



A VIEW of B——'s weathercock,  
 Convinc'd our youths 'twas twelve o'clock,  
 And, therefore, can the reader wonder,  
 If they with pleasure saw the Bunder ?  
 Landed they bade QUI HI good morning,  
 And bid him from their hints take warning.

Some of them kindly did express,  
A wish to see him at the mess ;  
To this our youth said, he'd consent  
Some other time, and off they went.  
Tho' QUI HI's *shipmates* now were gone,  
Our hero was not quite alone :  
Hundreds of *blackys* now attend  
Their services to recommend ;  
From sad experience he believes  
Those fellows one and all were thieves :  
Whether or not, he found he must  
His trunks with one or other trust ;  
(For when he late escap'd being drown'd,  
A trunk or two were safely found.)  
So having bought a *little* wit,  
On this occasion, he thought fit,  
'Twould, very likely, be as well  
To leave his trunks at the hotel.  
A palanquin was soon procur'd,  
In which the bebee was secur'd,  
And thus our travellers contrive,  
At Duncan's tavern to arrive ;  
Our host a rough spun child of nature,  
Evinc'd the Scot in ev'ry feature.—  
An honest, plain, blunt, knowing fellow,  
Who lov'd a joke, and would get mellow.  
With such a landlord, QUI HI could  
Not feel displeas'd much, if he would.

Ere Boniface could well appear,  
QUI HI exclaim'd aloud for beer :  
He got some, but so very bad,  
It almost made our hero mad ;  
He curs'd the moorman that had brought it,  
Ask'd him what kind of beer *he* thought it ;  
And ere a word the fellow said,  
He threw a tumbler at his head.  
The servants run on ev'ry side,  
Some strive in vain themselves to hide.—  
Some leave their billiards, some their tiffin,  
To see what they all thought a griffin.  
At length arriv'd old Boniface,  
And interceded to make peace ;  
His beer ! the cause, and sour stuff too,—  
He never could believe it true,  
For he could make it soon appear,  
"Twas in his go-down *a whole year* ;  
But if he was for beer inclin'd,  
Another sort he'd quickly find.  
He then told Bhikajee to go  
" And get another, where you know ;"  
For Duncan was not such a goose,  
To keep bad beer for *his own use*.  
The other bottle made amends,  
And guest and landlord soon are friends.  
They enter into conversation,  
On different subjects, 'bout the station.

Now Boniface disclos'd the scars,  
That he had got in Indian wars ;  
For he too had a soldier been,  
And many a campaign had seen,  
When an old Chieftain down the coast,  
Nearly (thro' fright) gave up the ghost ;  
So careful of his precious self,  
He's ever since been on the shelf.  
And now the landlord's subjects chang'd,  
He through the Presidency rang'd,  
Told all the scandal which the place  
Affords, and swore to ev'ry case.  
How some one found a curious watch,  
When he a gallant *wish'd to catch* ;  
And (how to shew cōtempt he scorns,)  
Pockets the watch, and wears the horns :  
How certain ladies, *sans* a name,  
All female reputation shame ;  
And though their characters and lives,  
Can never credit them as wives,  
Yet ev'ry year to their direction,  
*Misses* are sent out for *protection*.—  
How *would-be* soldiers strive to gain,  
An honorable nich with *fame* ;  
But live, instead of being brave,  
Either a *Poltron* or a *knave*.—  
QUI HI enquir'd if those reflections,  
Extend to all without exceptions ?

“ No, no !” said honest Boniface,  
“ Some decent folks are in the place ;  
“ Some whose acquaintance I entreat,  
“ You, Sir, will try and cultivate ;  
“ For tho’ you are a perfect stranger,  
“ I should not like you’d fall in danger ;  
“ And what you are I soon shall know,  
“ If I find out with whom you go.”  
“ For,” added Boniface, “ you’ll find,  
“ Few people here to good inclin’d.  
“ For me, it’s always been my plan,  
“ To live as happy as I can.  
“ I never trouble, Sir, my thoughts,  
“ ’Bout any body else’s faults :  
“ But know them well at any rate,  
“ With whom you may associate.”  
Our hero kindly thank’d his host,  
And said, he’d do his uttermost  
To shun such people as he’d find  
*Dishonorably* were inclin’d.  
Old Boniface echo’d the word,  
“ Proofs of *dishonor* I’ll afford.  
“ Look here, Sir, look at all those tills,  
“ Fill’d with bad debts, dishonor’d bills.—  
“ Why, Sir, I’ve really to the bad  
“ Some thousands of rupees to add,  
“ By trusting in the faith of those,  
“ Whose only credit was their cloths.

" Red Sir ! yes ! red and silver lace,  
 " Give honesty to any face.  
 " Then you must know 'tis an affront,  
 " When ask'd for tick, to say you can't ;  
 " Tho' at the time I'd be unwilling  
 " To trust such fellows with a shilling."

He hop'd QUI HI would never let  
 Temptations *make him run* in debt ;  
 " For something," (thinks QUI HI) " my friend,  
 " Such good advice as this you lend."  
 Then added, with a stiffen'd sneer,  
 " Come, Boniface, let's have some beer ;  
 " None of that vile sour beverage,  
 " Laid in the *godown* for an age ;  
 " And order something I can eat,  
 " For, faith, I can no longer wait :"  
 Then call'd him back, and said, " my friend !  
 " Goulaub I to your charge commend ;"  
 And got this answer—" my good Sir !  
 " My lass is taking care of her :"  
 For Boniface had, too, we find,  
*An article of the same kind.*

Our hero now, while dinner waited,  
 The Bombay tavern contemplated ;  
 But first the chairs attract his eye,—  
 They're each engrain'd with *sans souci* :  
 This made the novice stand and stare—  
 In India people without care !  
 The word was only *on the chair*.



He thought that this confounded hoax,  
Was one of Boniface's jokes;  
For 'twas ridiculous, he said,  
For people whose profession's trade;  
Who strive, no matter at what rate,  
Or interest they accumulate  
A fortune, *something* to become,  
When they're inclin'd to *venture home*.  
“*Sans souci*” can't attach to those,  
Who the community compose;  
Nor could that sect of people, who  
Are *miscall'd civil*, think to shew,  
That care, and often something worse,  
Cannot attend an ill-got purse;  
For always care and sad ennui,  
Attends on idle luxury:  
Do men like those feel no regret,  
When burthen'd with enormous debt?  
And worse, who'd rather *drink* and *game*,  
Than pay an honest tradesman's claim?  
Or can a dashing equipage  
The stings of conscience so assuage,  
That such a man—in *such a chair*,  
Can with his hat throw off his care?  
Or can a grave sedate divine,  
Except he's fuddl'd with his wine,  
The common ills of fortune bear,  
And soberly assume the chair?

Legal delinquents, how can they,  
Who at the game of falsehood play,  
Reflecting on the *good* they've done,  
During the day, *and finding none* ;  
Whose views of law are circumscrib'd,  
Except they're by a client brib'd ;  
Sure such a man can only dream,  
If he presumes the chair to claim.  
Some *cat-fac'd* General, whose name  
Can never add a wreath to fame ;  
Some libel upon human nature,  
Unnatural in form and feature ;  
Some half-begotten miscreant,  
That nature here unfinish'd sent ;  
Who adding to his form unkind,  
Caus'd vice to finish his fell mind,  
E'en such a creature, was he there,  
Might insolently take the chair :  
Some venal and tyranic soul,  
Who'd ev'ry spark of truth controul ;  
One whose infernal mind declares,  
No laws *but human ones* he fears ;  
Whose only pleasure is to make  
Men wretched, merely for the sake  
Of satisfying—reader ! mark,  
A soul—malignant, as 'tis dark ;  
Whose very best intention'd smile,  
Conveys the *most consummate guile* ;

Should such a caitiff claim the chair,  
Quiz could inform him, without fear,  
E'en was fellow *eight* feet high,  
He wou'd assert *his* claim a *lie*!  
Nor can the subalterns, poor elves,  
Adopt the motto for themselves;  
For all of them, in some degree,  
Live ignorant of "sans souci."  
Merchant, Civilian, or Divine,  
Lawyers, or Generals, supine;  
Tyrants and Subalterns, the same,  
Of "sans souci," can *only* dream.  
Our hero then drew this conclusion,—  
This motto could be but *illusion*.

Dinner being finish'd, off he sent,  
His Hamalls to prepare his tent;  
But application first he made,  
To th' keeper of the Esplanade,  
Y'clep'd the Major of the Fort,  
Whose favor *most* Subalterns court.  
The evening sun's departing ray,  
Assembled the Parsees to pray  
To Sol, whose fast receding light  
Had nearly bade *the rogues* "good night!"  
The ladies, black, and brown, and fair,  
Now to the esplanade repair,  
While some equestrian demi-rip,  
Would fearlessly the palings leap;

And hen-peck'd husbands, gross as sacks,  
Following *are left* upon their backs.  
Poor cuckolds! there left to remain,  
Their wives the *cocoa jungle* gain,  
Accompanied by chaperon,  
They gallop carelessly along,  
Until the toddy-tope supplies  
A welcome shade from *vulgar eyes*.  
'Twas then Goulaub and QUI HI went,  
To take possesston of their tent;  
Scarce had they enter'd, when they found,  
A noisy set the place surround;  
For QUI HI's late companions had,  
In his retreat found out the lad,  
And just arriv'd to see how far  
The hero *carried on the war!*  
He welcom'd them—made them sit down,  
For want of chairs *upon a stone*,  
With brandy pany, each supplied,  
And said, he would not be denied.  
After *a little* drink and talk,  
'They ask our youth to have a walk;  
"They're only going *for a spree*,  
"An hour or two to Dungaree."  
They told QUI HI that they were sure,  
He could not solitude endure;  
Begg'd him to go along with them,  
And they would shew him *famous game*.

Then said—"my boy! come let's be off;  
"At all events, we'll have a laugh."  
"Hush," answer'd QUI HI, "pray speak quiet,  
"Except you mean to have a riot;  
"Look there,"—then points where Goulaub lay,  
Took up his hat and *stole away*,  
Warning the servants not to speak,  
For fear they should their mistress wake.  
Bade them take care, or else they wou'd  
Get most confoundedly *bamboo'd*;  
Not ignorant of the *expedience*,  
Of treating master with obedience,  
The fellows silent nod assent,  
So off the party laughing went.

The moon majestically rose,  
And did all Dungaree disclose  
To QUI HI's view, who thought the change  
Of prospect was as new as strange;  
For now our youth conceiv'd he'd got  
Transported to some magic spot,  
Where midst a wood of toddy trees,  
*Fairies* and *sprites*, and *fiends* he sees.  
Now here and there a female imp—  
A *police peon*—perhaps a *pimp*,—  
Chacing the dingy queens of beauty,  
In *execution of their duty*:  
And now a tar, hard in the wind,  
For *fighting*, or for *love* inclin'd,

Come in the rear, and, with a blow,  
Lays one of Goodwin's Sepoys low;  
Then follows up the victory,  
And all the vanquish'd Sepoys fly.  
Now from a darken'd corner ran,  
*A grave, religious, married man,*  
Who fancied in the woods to range,  
And left *his turtle* for a change.  
Here *serious* characters resort,  
And quit domestic broils, for sport,  
And in some sooty *fair* one's arms,  
Forget sweet matrimony's charms.  
*Padrees* in holy orders plac'd,  
May *very often* here be trac'd;  
*Hypocrisy* thinks it no task,  
Here to strip off its Quaker-mask;  
E'en missionaries, holy men!  
Go here *converti'ng* now and then.  
Our hero, (if *if the youth could draw,*)  
Had sketch'd the faces that he saw;  
And thus the world might clearly see,  
The progress of duplicity.  
Disgusted by the late discovery,  
And almost sick beyond recovery,  
QUI HI determin'd to retreat,  
Nor for his new found friends would wait;  
But to his tent he slyly creeps,  
Gets into bed, and soundly sleeps.

Scarce did the sun illumine the morn,  
Ere Balloo did his master warn,  
To dress himself, as he had said  
He'd ride, and see the guards parade.  
His horse, a sorry bit of blood,  
All night was destitute of food;  
Poor devil—tho' the journey's past,  
He knew not where to *break his fast*.  
His master had not one *Fanam*,  
To purchase *half a seer* of gram.  
He mounts, and tells the Gurra Walla,  
As fast as possible to follow;  
But this was useless, as the steed  
To neither whip or spur gave heed.  
Like *Baalam's animal* of yore,  
At which the holy prophet swore,  
He kept his ground—*no angel here*,  
With QUI HI's horse did interfere;  
Nothing but *hunger* made him stay;  
*This was the fiend* that stopp'd his way:  
Not QUI HI's blows, howe'er he strove,  
Could force his restive horse to move;  
His patience could no longer wait,  
It hurl'd his master from his seat,  
Then ran as quick as he was able,  
To find protection in the stable.  
Our hero very coolly rose,  
And rubb'd the gravel from his cloths;

He said he would not argue longer,  
 With any brute *that pleaded hunger*,  
 But evidently discontented,  
 To have his morning ride prevented,  
 Vow'd that the headstrong worthless brute,  
 Immediately he'd *sell or shoot*:  
 Then chang'd his mind, and *almost swore*  
 He'd ride the animal no more.  
 Too true—for the unhappy horse,  
 That very day was found a corse.  
*Fatigue, long fasting, and no bed,*  
 O'ercame the steed,—they found him dead.  
 The servant to an old parsee,  
 Sold *his remains* for a rupee;  
 And as the saddle and the bridle,  
 Answer'd no purpose lying idle,  
 Our hero wisely thought he might  
 Sell the accoutrements outright,  
 As it was near the *muster-day*,  
 He would not get a pice of pay,  
 'Till all his equipage collected,  
 The *muster-master* had inspected.  
 The knavish *pay-department* Jews!  
 A moderate advance refuse.  
 The distance was not very far  
 Between his tent and the Bazar,\*

\* Market-place. In every town in India, there is a place of this description; very convenient, sometimes.



He therefore thought it no disgrace,  
To send his servant to the place,  
And told him to dispose of those  
For any thing the Parsee chose.  
In fact, the state of QUI HI's purse,  
In any case, could not be worse ;  
He, of two evils chose the best,  
And left to Providence the rest.  
With pleasure now our hero sees,  
Ballo returning with rupees ;  
Tho' for *the pice* QUI HI now waited,  
He knew the Parsee rogues had cheated.  
But as he thought that ev'ry man  
Will cheat his brother, if he can,  
Declar'd, that in a case like this,  
A Parsee would do nothing less.  
Thus mus'd our youth, but never thought,  
That ere three months the things he'd bought,  
By selling, he would find he'd lost  
Nine tenths of what they first had cost ;  
For in financial distractions  
He never thought of *vulgar fractions*.  
The rupees having now in hand,  
A palanquin he could command ;  
And as his time was now his own,  
He'd pay a visit to the town :  
Look at the shops, inspect the works,  
And see the Christians, *Jews* and Turks ;

For Jews he here could plainly see,  
 In the superlative degree.  
 While Ballo for the *Palkee* went,  
 Gaulaub was for the breakfast sent;  
 She soon return'd with kedgerree,  
 Rice, chitny, *Bombay ducks*, and tea.  
 The breakfast finish'd, Bebee goes,  
 To get his *regimental* cloaths.  
 'Tis *ten* o'clock, and he must be  
 By twelve at *Koir Wig's* levee.  
 Dress'd—*gorget*, epaulets, and sash,  
 Lion and crown—a *perfect dash*;  
 For QUI HI was not such a flat  
 As to display *a crown and cat*;  
 And travellers declare it's true,  
 That *things* like these they often view.  
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, our hero goes,  
 Not to attack his country's foes—  
 No; QUI HI *only* went to see  
 Monkeys attend an ape's levee.  
 Reader, have you seen Ex'ter 'Change?  
 If not, it *certainly is strange*,  
 And, therefore, prithee, reader, go,  
 And see *Signior von Polito*.  
 Perhaps he will you introduce  
 To some great bear, or Lapland goose;  
 A monkey, polecat, or a rat;  
 A *wren*, a *sparrow*, *daw*, or cat;

And all the quadrupeds and birds  
 That *the menagerie* affords.  
 But all the animals shewn there,  
 And *certain reptiles*, can't compare  
 With those he saw when waiting on  
 This *demi-monkey, demi-man*—  
 This non-descript; and, yet, what worse is,  
 This said C——r of the F——s,\*  
 Encircled in a group as bad,  
 Our hero on his entrance had  
 Some difficulty, we allow,  
 To give the monkey-chief his bow:  
 This done, he nothing had to do  
 But those *anomalies* to view.  
 Quiz cannot *for description* wait—  
 He therefore begs to give *a plate*.  
 Should, *luckily*, the reader trace  
*Acquaintances* in any face,  
 He is at liberty to scan  
 And patronize *each honest man!*  
 But if the reader should conceive  
 A face can designate a knave,  
 Then, when such faces come to view,  
 He will admit the portrait's *true*.  
*Allow'd*; for Quiz can never think  
 From disingenuousness to shrink:  
 His honour can't be trod upon,  
 For he has *pass'd the Rubicon*.

\* All true.

He left the sycophantic crowd,  
Gave a salaam, *but never bow'd*;  
And wishing still to make the most  
Of all the time that he could boast,  
He is determin'd, now or never,  
His Bombay letters to deliver.  
All the directions he survey'd,  
And *almost* characters pourtray'd;  
For, simple youth! he never thought  
That friendship there is *mostly* bought.  
He bid the Hamalls take the road  
To *Chota Burra Sahib's* \* abode.  
"Acha salaam" was their reply;  
And with his orders they comply.  
Arriv'd, our hero sends his card  
To the subaltern of the guard;  
And now the *civil* subadar  
Call'd loudly to a chokadar,  
And said a soldier sahib did wait  
To get admittance at the gate.  
QUI HI could not conceive the reason  
The gate was *lock'd* at such a season;  
Nor could he think what was the cause  
Of all the noise that now arose.  
The Chota Sahib could dread no danger  
From a pacific *simple* stranger.

\* The little great man, literally.

'Twas whisper'd, that their master had,  
 After his tiffin, gone to bed ;  
 Or that, perhaps, some smart sultana,  
 The fav'rite of the whole Zenana,  
 Might have attracted his attention,  
 And tempted him to condescension.  
 They lock up every gate and door,  
 To be from prying eyes secure.  
 Should some unwelcome footstep rude  
 Upon the am'rous pair intrude,  
 How could he shew his face again,  
 Along with virtuous married men ;  
 For *certain people*, when in years,  
*Public opinion* sometimes fear :  
 Tho' *out of sight*, 'tis understood,  
*They*, like ourselves, *are flesh and blood*.  
 Our hero thought himself ill treated :  
 As for an entrance he waited,  
 One of the Staff pok'd out his nose,  
 (He smelt *a stranger*, we suppose)  
 And, *winding* QUI HI, gave a hollo—  
 His brother *spaniels* quickly follow ;  
 Conducts our hero to the hall,  
 And goes the Chota Sahib to call.  
 The youth conceiv'd each moment he  
*This self-same* Chota Sahib might see :  
 He thought he was too long detain'd,  
 And wish'd to have the cause explain'd :

But from the Staff' (he recollected)  
 No information was expected.  
 His patience being at length exhausted,  
 An aid-de-camp he thus accosted:—  
 “ Do you conceive, sir, if I stay,  
 “ The Chota will appear to-day ? ”  
 And added, something more compos'd—  
 “ Pray, is *your master* indispos'd ? ”  
 The *self-important eggellette*  
 Immediately got in a pet :  
 The inconsiderate *allusion*  
 Cover'd the fellow with confusion :  
 His footman's knot could scarcely tend  
 The *observation* to amend.  
 He hop'd our youth might not perceive  
 The thoughtless insult that he gave ;  
 So put it off, by his declaring  
 Such treatment rather overbearing ;  
 Was sorry that QUI HI had staid  
 So long, or had been thus delay'd ;  
 But hop'd the Chota Sahib would come  
 Immediately unto the room.  
 He said he could, with pleasure, tell,  
 The Chota Sahib was very well ;  
 But never dropp'd an intimation  
 Of Chota Sahib's late recreation.  
 Just as he spoke, *another* came—  
 Address'd our hero by his name :—

The Chota Sahib was now at leisure,  
 And wish'd to know what's *QUI HI*'s pleasure.  
 Our hero told him he might say,  
 " That, having just come to ——,  
 " He took the liberty to call,  
 " Having some letters from Bengal ;  
 " And as the gentlemen that sent them  
 " Desir'd he would himself present them,  
 " Told *egellette* he wish'd he knew  
 " If he could have an interview."  
 This had been all our hero wanted ;  
 Which, in *another hour*, was granted.  
 The letters read, our youth's admir'd,  
 But, not being ask'd to *sit*, retir'd.  
 No invitation here to dine !  
 No proffer'd honest glass of wine !  
 For Nipcheese lately had forgot  
 What *formerly* had been *his lot*.  
 Nothing like slops or mouldy bread  
 Now take possession of *his head* : \*  
 He here consider'd it essential  
 To shew he could be consequential :  
 But *QUI HI* never car'd a fig  
 More about him than Koir Wig—  
 Vow'd, ere he would again be spurn'd,  
 That every letter should be burn'd.  
 This had been hasty : such as *he*  
 Should never a criterion be.

\* The fact is, Nipcheese was formerly a Captain's Clerk in the Navy.

To judge of others would be sad,  
Except one found them just as bad.  
Our youth was fortunate to find  
A friend as *generous* as *kind* :  
His letters with attention read,  
And *QUI HI*'s press'd to take a bed :  
An invitation and a room ;  
In fact, he found a *friendly home* :  
He knew it could not be contested,  
This good man was disinterested.  
*QUI HI* now felt within his breast  
Sensations that were not exprest.  
Our readers know that we allude  
To the *sincerest gratitude*.  
He was a *man* ; and, it is plain,  
We " ne'er shall see his like again !"  
No borrow'd lustre did impart  
*Apparent virtue* to his heart ;  
For all his merits were *his own*,  
And with *unrivall'd* splendour shone.  
As 'twas the will of Providence  
To bless him, too, with affluence,  
His liberality was found  
Proclaim'd by all the country round.  
The widow's prayers to heaven ascend,  
For blessings on the *orphan's friend*.  
Now wafted happily once more  
To *Scotia's* hospitable shore,



The noblest character on earth  
Cheers the lov'd soil *that gave him birth.*  
He will accept this just applause  
From QUI HI, in a public cause.  
Tho' death was since our hero's lot,  
His gratitude be ne'er forgot.  
No servile dedication here  
Is found to please a *haughty ear* :  
No interest the author seeks,  
When QUI HI's mind he *bluntly* speaks ;  
And, therefore, begs to recommend  
QUI HI's adventures to his friend ;  
For he had introduc'd the youth  
To men of honour and of truth.  
No frothy motives e'er infected  
The friends that *such a man* selected :  
A jovial, honest, hearty set,  
Who, now and then, for *hunting* met,  
And in libations drown'd all sorrow,  
Nor ever thought about to-morrow.  
Our youth was perfectly delighted,  
When to the hunt he was invited ;  
Nor did it enter once his head,  
That his unlucky horse was *dead,*  
This difficulty QUI HI stated ;  
But all his wishes were defeated,  
Had not *his friend* most kindly said  
He'd give another in its stead.

Next morning's sun had just arisen,  
 And drove the dusky clouds from heaven,  
 Ere QUI HI, on his Arab horse,  
 Sets off to find *Byculla* course;  
 Where, 'twas determin'd, ev'ry man  
 Should meet before the hunt began.  
 Their breakfast now the sportsmen take,  
 Merely a "*plug* of malt," and steak.  
 The bugle's signal now, of course,  
 Summon'd the bobbery to horse:  
 They get the word, and off they move,  
 In all directions, to Love-Grove,  
 A jackass, buff<sup>o</sup>lo, or tattoo\*,  
 The sportsmen anxiously pursue.  
 Old women join the beasts in running:  
 "The jungle wallas now are coming!"  
 So off they travel, helter-skelter,  
 In holes or corners to take shelter.  
 A loud "*view-hollo*" now is given:  
 "A dog! a Paria, by heaven!  
 "Surround him—there he goes—a-head:  
 "Put all your horses to their speed."  
 He's lost—the knave has taken cover!  
 Old L——n now perceives another.  
 "Hark! forward, sportsmen—'tis the same:  
 "The rascal he shews famous game.

\* A small Indian horse; nearly as common in Bombay as Paria dogs.—QUIZ.



Rowlandson sc.

Quiz. fecit.

QUI HI SHEWS OFF AT THE BOBBERY HUNT.

London, Published by T. Eggs, No. 111, Cheap-side, Oct. 1, 1815.

" See how the fellow scours along,  
 " In a direction to Ghirghon :  
 " Dash after him ; he turns again ;  
 " We'll find him on Byculla plain.  
 " Oh luckless ! we have lost all hope—  
 " He's taken cover in a tope."

Thus spoke the huntsman, and he swore  
 He'd find him, or he'd hunt no more.  
 The horsemen fearlessly push in,  
 Contending who *the ear* should win ;  
 For, gentle reader ! know, that here  
 A *brush* is nothing to an *ear*.  
 But QUI HI, disregarding care,  
 Fell headlong on a prickly pear :  
 Making, incautiously, a bound,  
 Both horse and rider bit the ground ;  
 But luckily, except some dirt,  
 They both escap'd without a hurt.  
 The Paria in the tope they caught ;  
*His ear extravagantly bought.*  
 The cur had run them such a heat,  
 As put the hunters in a sweat ;  
 They vow'd that on a future day,  
 They'd take his *other ear* away ;  
 Now *jumping-powder*,\* wine and beer,  
 The riders and the horses cheer.

\* *Cherry brandy.*

The huntsman now inform'd them all,  
They were to *tiff* at Bobb'ry Hall.  
Mounted again, the party starts,  
Upsets the hackeries and carts;  
*Hammalls*, and *pabanquins*, and *doolies*,  
*Dobies*, and *burrawa's*, and *coolies*.  
Malabar hill at last they gain'd;  
Our hero at its foot remain'd;  
His horse he could not think to ride,  
Like others, up its rugged side,  
So wisely took another path,  
That led directly to *the bath*,  
Where soon he found the party met  
Were all for tiffin sharply set.  
What rounds of beef, hampers of beer,  
What jumping-powder they had here,  
It is impossible to tell—  
To *hint at them* will do as well.  
It therefore, must suffice to say,  
That QUI HI spent a *pleasant day*;  
But with the jumping-powder heated,  
He got completely—elevated;  
So much so he could scarce remember  
The huntsman's song, "*fifth of November* \*;"  
And 'ere they could cry out encore,  
He tumbled plump upon the floor;

\* In the year sixty-two.—QUIZ.

But as he lay upon the ground,  
His health with three times three went round.  
Our hero soon regain'd his seat,  
And kept it up till it was late.  
More *jumping-powder* they were sure,  
Would certainly effect a cure ;  
This antidote so soon discover'd,  
Our hero tried, and got recover'd ;  
Then join'd them in their songs and laughter,  
Nor e'er complain'd of head-achs after.

Homewards the party now proceeds,  
Scarce capable to guide their steeds,  
But tho' through rocks and topes they went,  
None of them met an accident.  
How QUI HI had contriv'd to mount,  
He never after could account ;  
Nor how his saddle he could keep,  
For all the time he *was asleep*.  
The horse (*quite sober*) knew the way,  
Without direction, to Bombay ;  
Nor stopp'd till at th' Apollo gate,  
Him and his rider's forc'd to wait.  
Soon as the sentry hoarsely spoke,  
QUI HI immediately awoke :  
He found his horse had been mistaken,  
And an improper road had taken ;

He chang'd his course, and soon he found  
 The way into his own compound,\*  
 Where he, as usual, *from his gipsy,*  
 A lecture got for being tipsy ;  
 Poor *Gaulaub* now was in *that way,*  
 That those 'who love their lords,' should be ;  
 And in a week, to QUI HI's joy,  
 Produc'd our youth a chopping boy.  
 The ducc ! said QUI HI, with a curse ;  
 It's well, however, it's no worse ;  
 For what the d—l could he do,  
 If he had *manufactur'd* two,  
 Like other ladies, that he knew. }  
 Our hero now, without pretence,  
 Thought himself of *some consequence* ;  
 A child he'd got, and what was curious,  
 He knew the infant was not spurious ;  
 For tho' QUI HI was never tied  
 By *licence* to his Indian bride,  
 Yet he was confident that she  
 Had acted with fidelity.

How many husbands, to their shame,  
 Would hesitate to say the same ;—  
 But now he finds he must submit,  
 To European damsels wit ;

\* An enclosure round a tent or bungallo.

Wherever QUI HI did appear,  
The spinsters titter, chat, and jeer.  
“ O dear, Miss *Pinchback*, have you heard,  
“ La! what a scandal—on my word;”  
“ What,” (said Miss *Pinchback*) “ prithe say?  
“ Tell us the scandal of the day?”  
“ The fellow! but we’ll send him out  
“ Of our society, no doubt;  
“ There’s sweet Miss *Wababina Stocking*,  
“ *She* can repeat it—’tis so shocking;  
“ That QUI HI’s creature, it is said,  
“ The other day was brought to bed.”  
“ Oh heaven!” exclaim’d Miss *Indigo*,  
“ And could he then have us’d me so?  
“ And with a *black one* too connected,  
“ My fortune and myself rejected;  
“ If such a thing’s allow’d to pass,  
“ What then is to become of us?  
“ If this is privileg’d, ’tis plain,  
“ To Europe we must go again.  
“ A precious precedent’s begun,  
“ A mistress first, and then a son:  
“ No matter, *my revenge* I’ll have,  
“ Upon the master and *his slave*;  
“ I know the fellow is *in debt*:  
“ I’ll have *my satisfaction* yet;”  
And then Miss *Indigo* with spite,  
Wish’d her companions a “ good night.”



Miss *Cotton-Bale* declares, she thinks,  
Miss Indigo a perfect minx ;  
And amiable Miss Cocoa-Nut,  
Pronounces her “ a saucy slut.”  
The lady’s father was a planter ;  
Her mother but a slave, we’ll grant her ;  
By what authority she’d clack,  
’Bout ladies, whether *white* or *black* ;  
She had deriv’d from her dear mother,  
A tinge betwixt the one and t’other :  
One of these *things* describ’d to be,  
In Hindostan, a mere *chee chee*.  
Her figure something like an S,  
Not many graces could express ;  
But her deformity to cover,  
And get the crooked nymph a lover,  
*Her sire*, just as th’ intruder death,  
Had nearly stopp’d the planter’s breath,  
Begg’d hard for time before he died,  
To let him for his *child* provide :  
For pen and ink he quickly sends,  
And to exclude his *other* friends,  
Gave her each rupee he was worth,  
And all the goods he had on earth ;  
At which old death was so provok’d,  
He instantly the villain choak’d.  
A European boarding-school,  
Confirm’d the *chee chee* for a fool.

She came to Hindostan, and then  
Had quite forgot her origin.  
Such was the nymph whose am'rous eye  
Had took a fancy to QUI HI;  
She thought rupees in place of love,  
Could ev'ry obstacle remove;  
Thus disappointed, her affection  
Was chang'd to plans for his destruction;  
She found she easily could bribe,  
Some of the *pettyfogging* tribe;  
The greatest rascal in the town,  
A fellow of the name of ———;  
A *qui-tam* whose malignant soul,  
Deserv'd erasure from the roll,  
Did he not luckily escape,  
With all his meanness, round the Cape,  
Where, if his conduct does not mend,  
A halter *will* his progress end.  
This *scamp* would not be satisfied,  
Till he had gone about, and pry'd  
Amongst the Parsees—sordid set,  
To find if QUI was in their debt.  
He said that he could soon discover,  
How they could all their debts recover;  
He said that, had they any sense,  
They'd take advice *without expence*;  
That QUI HI through indisposition,  
Was in a dangerous condition;

They must be prompt, or he's afraid,  
He very shortly would be dead.  
Thus having, with dissimulation,  
Got all he wanted—information,—  
He pledg'd *his word*, if they'd employ him,  
They'd find he'd shortly satisfy 'em.  
The Parsees now seem quite content,  
Tho' QUI HI's bills they *never sent*;  
While thus his enemies conspir'd,  
Our hero liv'd at home, retir'd;  
For further leave of absence waited,  
And was, in fact, domesticated.  
The Europe letters he expected,  
Had been by some mistake neglectod  
In Bengal; and he wrote to say  
He wish'd to have them in Bombay.  
Those letters QUI HI did suppose,  
Would all his difficulties close,  
And only waited an advice  
From Bengal to pay ev'ry *pice*.  
Bills came in crowding ev'ry day,  
But not a rea had he to pay.  
The friend that he could trust, alone,  
Some months to Europe had been gone;  
The duns became importunate,  
And QUI HI's case unfortunate:  
While thus his fate doom'd to bewail,  
The Lawyer claps the youth in jail.



*Rowlandson, sc.*

ALL ALIVE IN THE CHOKEE.

*Dick's Feet.*

His pride forbid him to apply,  
In B——, for security;  
So finding that he had been fated,  
For debt to be incarcerated,  
He shew'd he had sufficient sense,  
To put his trust in Providence.

Behold QUI HI, Goulaub, and all,  
Immur'd within a prison wall,  
The victims of dissimulation,  
Malice, and cruel combination.  
Had health admitted him to bear  
The insults that he met with there,  
He might, tho' by oppression curst,  
Endeavour'd to withstand the worst:  
But sickness was a diff'rent case—  
Was QUI HI's cell a proper place?  
To fell despair almost inclin'd,  
Misfortune prey'd upon his mind,  
Destroy'd a hardy constitution,  
And made him wish for dissolution.  
At first he try'd, without effect,  
Ideas scatter'd to collect;  
But soon disgusted with mere thinking,  
He try'd the antidote of—drinking.  
Some officers, which he found here,  
Attempt <sup>his</sup> troubled mind to cheer,  
With conversation, or with play,  
Or drinking brandy, night and day.

This, for a time, seem'd to divert  
The care that dwelt upon his heart ;  
But such debauchery completed  
The destiny our youth awaited.  
Some months he now in jail remain'd,  
Nor ever of his ills complain'd.  
But Goulaub, and the hapless child !—  
That thought had nearly made him wild.  
Reflecting *not himself alone,*  
Secur'd by iron bars, might groan—  
For his companions had, like him,  
Experienc'd Fortune's fickle whim—  
He found that, for the self-same cause,  
They, too, were *victims* to the *laws* ;  
If laws they are, or true or just,  
Which places confidence or trust  
*In* men, who, on a foreign station,  
Degrade and scandalize the nation,  
Should *Laws* for party pique be us'd,  
Or by malignity abus'd.  
Should British laws be thus converted  
To selfish vengeance, and perverted  
To gratify a private grudge  
*Of an attorney or a judge?*  
No ! Heav'n forbid ! tho' public good  
In Ind. should not be understood !  
Still English justice can unrobe  
British delinquents o'er the globe.

'Tis trifling with the name of pow'r,  
To let them stay a single hour.  
But still our youth had to complain  
Of legal tyranny, *in vain*.  
The *jailer's* hard obdurate heart  
No consolation could impart;  
Cold as the iron of his door,  
And as unpolish'd and impure.  
From one who would disgrace a rope,  
How could our youth for kindness hope?  
For well his features did express  
The mind of such a Cerberus.  
This *double-plac'd* official cur,  
This jailor-executioner,  
Was rais'd from an obscure condition,  
For his ferocious disposition:  
The *cat's* correction oft he'd felt,  
Before he had thrown off the kelt;  
As, it can easily be trac'd,  
The Highlanders he had disgrac'd:  
His latter merits only reach  
To gain the office of Jack Ketch!  
On such a ruffian could QUI HI  
For hospitality rely?  
As well might he expect to find  
Midnight assassins would be kind.  
From such a fellow, so elected,  
Humanity was not expected!

Under this Vandal jailor's power,  
He felt misfortunes every hour.  
The evening sun's expiring ray  
Had scarcely set, when, ev'ry day,  
The horrid chains the signal give,  
That QUI HI was entomb'd alive!  
Nor did the doors again unclose,  
Until the morning sun *arose*.  
Our youth would sometimes contemplate,  
And *often* murmur at his fate ;  
Then check his feelings, and, with pride,  
Declare *such tyrants* he defy'd :  
But still, 'twas evident, his mind  
And health had ev'ry day declin'd ;  
Nor should the reader think it strange,  
Such treatment did the youth derange.  
Day after day some pris'ner fell  
A victim to this—*worse than hell* ;  
Yet still QUI HI did never cease  
Expecting his long-hop'd release,  
Until his state of health combin'd  
To keep him to his cot confin'd ;  
Nor should the Muse omit to mention  
The faithful Goulaub's kind attention :  
Close to her master's cot she'd sit ;  
Nor, for a moment, would she quit  
Poor QUI HI, 'mid indisposition,  
His nurse, his friend, and his physician



But medicine they had not any ;  
*His beverage* was brandy pany.  
 Indeed, the doctor, now and then,  
 Would send an old Mahometan  
 To feel his pulse, and know if master  
 Requir'd a dose of salts, or plaster.  
 When *QUI HI* would have sense enough,  
 He'd send Pill's old assistant off :  
 But if he thought *QUI HI* asleep,  
 To Goulaub he would softly creep,  
 And ask her questions of *QUI HI*,  
 And said her master soon would die ;  
 Ask " what for master go from home ?  
 " What bus'ness he to chokey come ?  
 " Why master's friend not make pay money ?  
 " What for drink too much brandy pany ?  
 " That custom, all time too much bad,  
 " Make ev'ry body same as mad !"  
 He'd ask—" Had master got a mother ?  
 " Or aunt—or sister—or a brother ?  
 " For now, if master here make die,  
 " Suppose will any friend make cry ?  
 " Doctor Sahib he stay at home :  
 " What for he not to master come ?  
 " I not know doctor business here ;  
 " And master too much sick I fear."  
 He said the doctor was a brute—  
 A haram zadda mā ka chute.

Often QUI HI has laid awake,  
And smil'd to hear the fellow speak;  
But now, alas! the time drew nigh,  
That terminates his history.

The old assistant call'd again,  
And found QUI HI convuls'd with pain.  
His eyes were sunk within his head;  
He lay, to all appearance, dead.  
Goulaub, conceiving master dying,  
Poor soul! was overcome with crying;  
While little QUI HI, at a chair,  
Unconscious he of any care,  
Amus'd himself with looking o'er  
A *bauble* that his father wore.  
Poor child! how little he conceiv'd  
That soon he was to be bereav'd  
Of his protector, and be hurl'd,  
Friendless, on an unfeeling world!  
The mussulman now ask'd Goulaub  
A hundred questions about Sahib;  
For as he thought our hero dead,  
No ceremony now he made:—  
“ Master want coffin: give rupee;  
“ I go to bazar, and make see.  
“ Master now dead, we must make bury;  
“ I go get cooley in a hurry.  
“ Poor master! fine young gentleman,  
“ I wish make live; suppose I can.



Rowlandson sc.

Quis. fecit.

LAST VISIT FROM THE DOCTORS ASSISTANT.

“ I plenty sorry : give rupee ;

“ I go get *coffin*. You know me.”

While thus the mussulman assur'd her  
A coffin he would have procur'd her,  
A sigh, proceeding from the bed,  
Convinc'd him QUI HI was not dead !  
So off the fellow goes to find

“ If Doctor Sahib would be inclin'd

“ To see how poor sick master lie,

“ And visit him before he'd die.”

Now Goulaub try'd in vain to make

Poor QUI HI understand, or speak :

A last convulsion seem'd a friend,

That all his miseries would end :

Yet 'twas not so ; he look'd around,

But not one friend was to be found.

“ Where is that *thing* call'd friendship gone,

“ That thus I should be left alone ?

“ Where are those fawning sycophants,

“ Who sought my bounty in their wants ;

“ Who, in prosperity, pretend

“ To act the independent friend ?

“ But soon as sad adversity

“ Approach'd me, off such creatures fly.

“ No matter ! Hang each faithless dog !

“ Goulaub ! *another glass of grog* :

“ Desire the Hammalls not to wait :

“ I cannot go ; 'tis now too late.

“ My head!—Don’t cry, Goulaub: I’m better.

“ Get me my desk; I’ll write a letter;

“ And if the General should come,

“ Tell Koir Wig I’m not at home.

“ Hush! There’s the Burra Sahib, I see:

“ Heav’n screen me from malignity.

“ Villains! eternal vengeance fall

“ Upon your heads, and crush you all!

“ O God, forgive me! but my brain

“ Maddens with burning, raging pain.

“ Where am I? Do my senses fail?

“ Too true, O God! it is a jail!”

He then could but articulate,

“ My father! you know not my fate;

“ Thank Heav’n!—My mother!” then he cry’d;

Forgave his enemies, and dy’d.

If Justice reigns above the sky,  
 And that she does, none dare deny,  
 Her retributive arm will prove,  
 That vengeance still’s retain’d above.  
 We soon shall find to her belongs  
 The attribute of judging wrongs;  
 And QUI HI’S enemies shall know,  
 Justice is persecution’s foe!

Scarce had his spirit taken flight,  
 When Esculapius did alight  
 At QUI HI’S cell, and there enquir’d,  
 What was it that our youth desir’d?

'Twas now too late—the doctor found :  
His patient lifeless on the ground :  
He thought 'twas useless now to stay,  
So mounts his gig and drives away,  
Nor for a moment kept in mind,  
The misery he left behind.

Poor Goulaub's feelings and distress  
We are unable to express ;  
The prattling child was ignorant,  
Of what his mother's sorrows meant.  
But Goulaub's cries, alarms create,  
And brings old Murtagh to the gate ;  
Who roar'd to know " what could occasion  
*Such vile disturbance*, and the reason ;"  
And when he heard QUI HI was dead,  
" Grin'd horribly," but nothing said.  
And now the goaler went away,  
To send *the tidings* to Bombay ;  
How 'twas receiv'd we soon shall find,  
When the report had taken wind.  
The ladies said, if it was true,  
Miss Indigo had cause to rue ;  
The lawyers added, with a frown,  
There ne'er was such a knave as B—— ;  
The soldiers *thought*, and simply said,  
They'd rather see *the Colonel dead*.  
The cowards—such as Bagnold, say,  
They wish'd QUI HI out of the way ;

And *they* rejoice because QUI HI,  
Would now allow them to fight shy.  
Our youth's misfortunes did delight them,  
His pistols would no longer fright them.  
Old Koir Wig, declar'd to G—,  
At the occurrence he was glad ;  
As (tho' he was a youth of merit,)  
He had *too violent* a spirit.  
Sir Vinegar swore by his trident,  
He heard the news and took a pride in't ;  
For some officious whisp'ring slave,  
Said QUI HI had pourtray'd the knave.  
And thus *Sir Nipcheese* we may see,  
Was also QUI HI's enemy.  
The fact was, that each little mind  
Was intellectually blind ;  
And thought their penetrating eyes,  
Saw things of microscopic size ;  
Mountains in mole-hills, and our hero,  
They magnified unto a Nero ;  
A Hogarth and a caricaturist—  
He was a Christian—not the purest :  
But thought to laugh at vice no harm,  
In laughter too he found a charm,  
For the vicissitudes and strife  
Peculiar to an Indian life.  
As to our hero's other friends,  
For their neglect to make amends,

They now attach to QUI HI's name  
The honors of posthumous fame,  
Give him the credit of being careless,  
Good-natur'd, honorable, fearless :  
That faults he had, we cannot doubt them,  
And which of us remain without them ?  
But QUI HI's errors were not those  
Which certain characters compose ;  
He was, and we can say no more,  
An honor to the cloth he wore ;  
And had not fell tyrannic power,  
Oppress'd him in an evil hour,  
The youth *had liv'd*, and now aspir'd  
To all his friends could have desir'd :  
But, as it is, he left behind  
Regret in ev'ry honest mind.  
What *others* think, *we* do not care,  
Detraction's tongue *he need not fear* ;  
Had QUI HI, when he *was alive*,  
For *common justice*, meant to strive,  
He would, *and was declar'd* by some,  
Importunate, and *troublesome* ;  
Was he determin'd to resent  
An insult, gross, impertinent—  
He had been call'd, in such a state,  
Irrasible, and passionate.  
Had he, *some snarling Col'nel* told,  
He did not wish to be control'd,



When at the mess he dar'd not sing  
 His fav'rite song—"God save the king."  
 Our youth, *this col'nel*, then wou'd state  
 Unruly, unsubordinate.—  
 This Col'nel that devoutly swore,  
 He'd not have whiskers in *his* corps.  
 As 'twas the will of Providence,  
 To make the fellow void of sense,  
*If wiser*, ev'ry one supposes,  
 His reg'ment would have *lost their noses* ;  
 For fear the sense olfactory,  
 Might an accommodation be ;  
 Or if, by chance, our hero had  
 An intrigue, he'd be counted mad ;  
 Or should an epigram appear,  
 In the Gazette or the Courier,  
 A hundred of the stupid elves,  
 Would take *the satire* to themselves :  
 Or should his pencil him amuse  
 With landscapes, or *with other views*,  
 Some of the colonists were sure  
 To call it *a caricature*.  
 The ladies too, dear creatures ! they  
 Had something gen'rally to say—  
*The ugly ones* declar'd QUI HI  
 Was nothing better than *a spy* ;  
 For they protested they felt fear,  
 Wherever QUI HI did appear ;

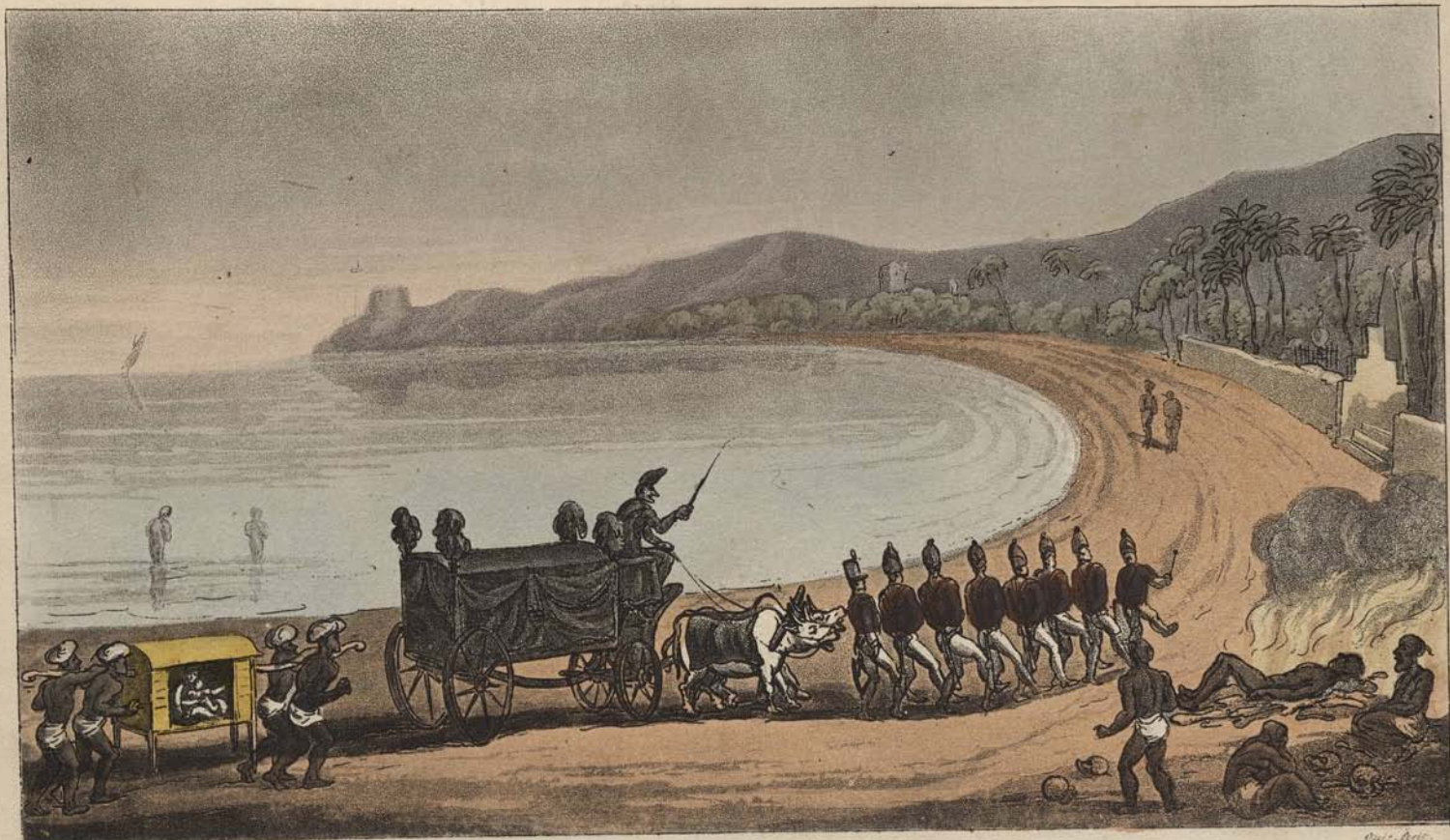
For where invariably he came,  
He made of the old ladies game:  
A parrot nose, or haggard eyes,  
Food for his pencil soon supplies;  
A pair of spectacles, or glass,  
It could not be suppos'd would pass;  
And even they had heard it said,  
He ridicul'd a good old maid;  
And represented the old belle,  
Employ'd with leading apes in h—ll;  
In fact no mortal could be worse,  
And he receiv'd the *old maid's* curse.  
The *younger one's* declar'd they had,  
Ne'er thought QUI HI was half so bad;  
A romping, careless, charming creature,  
And then, *how manly* was each feature!  
A beau, to ev'ry pretty lady,  
And to accommodate them *ready*;  
How could those *charm*ers then subscribe  
To the old good-for-nothing tribe,  
Of ancient ladies, who asserted,  
That QUI HI *morals* had perverted.  
O, no—they never could suppose,  
(Tho' QUI HI had a *blacky* chose,)  
That he could not esteem for life,  
An amiable deserving wife.  
They execrate the female who,  
Could such malignant steps pursue;

Could change a lover to a foe,  
 And said that ev'ry one must know,  
 The conduct of Miss Indigo :  
 And thus those ladies in the end,  
 Were *each of them* our hero's friend ;  
 Tho' in his life-time persecuted,  
 His claims on justice then disputed ;  
 His applications, for redress,  
 Treated with negligence—*no less* ;  
 To be explicit, all his wrongs  
 To the *Grand Burra Sahib* belongs ;  
 What in his life-time, *he* abus'd,  
 When dead, he dare not have refus'd.  
 The legislature—and, God bless it,  
 Once made a law, they thus express it :—  
 “ That officers—and rank and file,  
 “ Should go to t'other world *in stile*—  
 “ *Videlicet*—that they might have,  
 “ A dashing escort to the grave,  
 “ And make the upper regions wonder,  
 “ With peals of military thunder !”  
 An order then, *to this effect*,  
 Was nothing but what we expect ;  
 Tho' Koir Wig would, if *he dare*,  
 Much rather all this trouble spare.  
 It's order'd that a Subaltern,  
 With four or five-and-twenty men,

At five o'clock were to parade,  
And pay due honors *to the dead* ;  
But as he did not serve the king,  
Sepoys would answer the same thing.  
Meantime the news had reach'd a friend,  
Who said he would a coffin send ;  
Thus was QUI HI accommodated,  
And only for the party waited.  
They come, and soon again depart,  
With QUI HI in the *bullock-cart* ;  
While Goulaub, and the little child,  
(Who with unconscious pleasure smil'd,)  
Following their patron's corpse were seen,  
In an old hackney palanquin ;  
The drum and fife distinctly said,  
" A *jungle walla* now was dead !"  
And all the Indians strive to follow,  
Chorusing Goulaub's dismal hollow.  
Thro' Dungaree and Masagōn,  
Has the procession pass'd along.  
They reach the strand, and, from afar,  
Perceive the *Hill of Malabar*,  
The scene of many a happy day,  
While *he* resided at Bombay ;  
Where with the Bob'ry-hunt he spent  
His hours, with pleasure and content.  
The Hindoos, at their burial-ground,  
Were (*burning a companion*) found,  
While skulls and bones were scatter'd round. }

Another Golgotha (their own,)  
 Call'd *Padree Burrows's* godown.  
 They come to where our youth they leave,  
*Sans ceremony* in the grave;  
 Except poor J——n's having read  
 The *usual lessons* for the dead.  
 But well we know, the *grave* divine,  
 Had rather *join'd QUI HI* in wine.  
 No monument points out the spot,  
 Where *QUI HI's* body's left to rot.  
 But, reader, know that *QUI HI's* spirit,  
*Another* body does inherit.  
 It now must be the reader's wish,  
 To change him from a flying fish!  
 We hope he'll be allow'd again,  
 To join his fellow-creatures, men.  
 Then let the fellows who annoy'd him,  
 For preservation-sake, avoid him;  
 For *QUI HI*, if his mind's not alter'd,  
 Would have each ragamuffin halter'd;  
 Nor would he care a single fig,  
 'Bout *Burra Sahib*, or *Koir Wig*.

FINIS.



Rowlandson. sc.

Quil. Act.

QUI HIS LAST MARCH TO PADREE BURROWSS GO DOWN.

London, published by T. Tegg & Co. No. 148. B.

PB0825/700