ORIENTALISM IN THE ROMANTICS

A Study in Indian Material

By

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Preface

The following essay takes India as one strand from the composite and complex phenomenon of Orientalism, and studies it in relation to the English imaginative writers of the Romantic Revival. It is a study in which an attempt is made to trace how some of the writers, who had never been to India, acquired their information.

The writer has been very fortunate in coming across a manuscript which, as far as he is aware, has not been studied before, viz. the notes by Colonel Ferguson which Scott used in the story of the Surgeon's Daughter.

I express my gratitude to His Grace the Duke of Hamilton for allowing me to use some material from Beckford Papers.

To Mr Boyd Alexander I am indebted for placing at my disposal his knowledge of the Beckford Manuscripts and supplying me with the portions which were relevant to India.

I must also express my thanks to Dr Corson, who made it possible for me to visit the Abbotsford Library with him and consult a book which was otherwise not accessible.

Most of all I am grateful to Professor Renwick, who suggested this subject to me and who by his kindly interest and guidance, made the work a pleasure.

F. K. U.

May 1953.
Abbreviations Used


A.R. *Annual Review.*


D.N.B. *Dictionary of National Biography.*

E.R. *Edinburgh Review.*


Life *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey,* (ed.) C.C. Southey, 6 volumes, 1849-50.


Q.R. *The Quarterly Review.*


Taylor *Life and Writings of William Taylor of Norwich,* J.W. Robberds, 2 volumes, 1843.

Travels *William Hodges, Travels in India,* London, 1793.
INTRODUCTION

In the following pages an attempt is made to study a phenomenon which was a natural concomitant of the great Romantic Movement. With the freeing of imagination, writers looked in all directions to find suitable material for their new found instrument: some turned within, others turned to the past, and still others, to the distant lands. It was an accident of history that India at this time was at that stage where she could provide the necessary material to some of these men: she was not too little known to be unpromising, and not too well known to be disillusioning. India had always been a land of mysterious charm and untold wealth to the English poets: Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Donne, all had referred to India's spices and gold. But what the poets had sung in the past, the English East Indians of the eighteenth century experienced in actuality. Every traveller, antiquarian, painter and trader brought back with him wealth of his own kind: descriptions of most interesting journeys, narratives of strange manners and customs, beautiful landscapes of a peculiar charm, and wealth that made the less adventurous green with envy. No wonder literary men like Goldsmith, Southey and Shelley wished to go out to India. Southey was at one time quite thrilled by this idea: he wrote to his friend: "I do long to become acquainted with Old Brama, and see the great Indian fig tree! So at the end of twenty years, home I should come, with copper-coloured face, an empty purse, and a portfolio full."¹

This period, however, was not to last for long, 'the land of the

¹ Selections, I, 131. (To John May.)
pagoda tree was to change into a land of regrets. The irresistible dialectic of history was to guide the events to their inevitable end, changing the attitude of the British towards this land - from that of Sir William Jones who not only admired the religions and literature of India but also wrote a treatise on Indian Music (one of the first Europeans to do so), who fully participated in the cultural life of the people, writing Persian verses and reciting them in a poetical symposium, like any other Oriental, to that of Macaulay, fifty years later, who in his Minute on Indian Education (1835) could say that "a single shelf of a good European Library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia".2

We can trace currents and counter-currents during the century from the Battle of Plassey (1757) to the Indian Mutiny (1857) which brought about a complete reversal of the British attitude. With the victory of Clive, the English trading company found itself in the position of considerable influence over a great and growing area, where the lingua franca of trade and diplomacy was Persian. It was therefore purely for utilitarian purposes that the study of Persian was undertaken by men who realised its importance - "First for commercial purposes and then for interest and amusement." (Jones.) Hastings perceiving that people can only be justly and wisely governed by being properly understood, encouraged men like Sir Charles Wilkins, Sir William Jones and H.T. Colebrook. The necessary translations and literature were in course of time produced and the interest widened. But it must be borne in mind that the choice of books was largely

determined by legal and judicial interests - a true picture of a people's cultural and social life cannot be properly seen in the law courts. But the Bengal Asiatic Society founded by Jones in 1784 did excellent work which was to open a way to a better understanding of Indian religion, culture and life. Like all researchers, this society brought up a great deal of curious matter, but it all was sympathetically considered. But while these workers were trying to understand India, another set of men, like Carey and Marshman, were also learning the languages of India, to pass on to the Indians the Western culture and religion. These two currents seem to run in the same direction, as far as learning the language was concerned, but their motives were opposite: the one admired the Indian culture, the other despised it. In course of time the latter, the product of the evangelical movement in England, gathered enough momentum to influence Macaulay to turn the evenly balanced controversy of Anglicists and Orientalists into a definite direction - the result of which decided the British attitude to Indian art, literature and culture, and thus Macaulay's sweeping generalisation condemned all that Jones and others had admired, thus bringing down the curtain for most of the Englishmen on the literary and cultural wealth of India.

In another fifty years, men were to come who would say:

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did, it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada,
Divide by sixty half breeds. Multiply
By twice the sphinx's silence. There's your East,
And you are as wise as ever!3

But as long as the golden age of India in English literature lasted it provided excellent material and it is the story of this material that forms the subject of this essay.

To an easterner, like the present writer, who sees the whole process without an aura of romance that surrounds the subject of orientalism, it seems strange why certain things should have appealed more than some others to a westerner. But perhaps the basic incentives in borrowings in all literatures are the same: an appeal of the exotic, of the mysterious, of the things beyond the horizon, the illusory rainbow tissue which we think we can weave into our fabric.

One of the Persian poets, Hafiz, expresses the same idea by using names like 'Samarkand and Bokhara', as Burns, or for that matter any English poet does, by using the magic word 'Indies'.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold
Than all the gems of Samarcand. 4

And Burns:

But a' the charms o' Indies can never equal thine.

If there are any laws of selection from other literatures, they are not based on the intrinsic value of the things chosen, but on the value assigned to it, at that particular time, by the borrower, which in turn, perhaps, is determined by the whims of fashion. For instance the stories known as the Arabian Nights do not occupy any

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4 From a free translation by Jones of Hafiz. See Appendix of Additional Notes.
honourable position in the literature of the East. If they are now taken notice of, it is due to the influence of the west. Similarly, very often what is borrowed by the occident is not considered by the orient as the best specimen of their culture. But, of course, only those things can be accepted which are assimilable into their own culture or those that tickle the curiosity of the people, or satisfy something that they lack.

Before we consider those ascertainable channels through which the eastern material reached the writers of the period under survey, it is necessary to dispose of those other vague but very important factors, which though not fully assessable, were essential in creating the necessary atmosphere of the social and intellectual climate in which these things could be appropriated and generally understood by the people. First it should be kept in mind that there was a certain amount of common knowledge, such as is possessed by each generation about current social and political matters. It is difficult for the later critics to evaluate this correctly, as it was in its own time too well known to be written down, and is too nebulous to be clearly defined at such a distance of time, where the perspective has already changed. What exactly this knowledge was in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, is difficult to determine, but it is certain that India formed one set of colourful threads in the tartan of that time. We can, perhaps, have a glimpse of the general atmosphere by a few images that were used by poets at that time, because an image to be acceptable and effective must be well known.
Take Wordworth, for instance,

As Hindoos draw
Their holy Ganges from the skiey fount,
Even so deduce the stream of human life
From seats of power divine....

or this,

Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer.

or this from Mrs Felicia Hemans, who was very popular in her time,

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride,
On the pyre with the holy dead beside.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Campbell and a host of other minor poets, all have some reference to India in their works. How well India was known in the first decade of the nineteenth century is indicated by Sir Walter Scott in his introductory remarks to Dryden's Aurengzebe (1808): 'A circumstance in which Dryden's age widely differed from ours, when so much has our intimacy increased with the oriental world, that the transactions of Delhi are almost as familiar to us as those of Paris.'

Next, let us remember that events of great importance took place in India and attracted the attention of the British people. Clive's victory, the Black Hole of Calcutta, the Anglo-French wars, the

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impeachment of Warren Hastings, the Mysore wars, the Mutiny at Vellore - each of these happenings stirred the imagination of the people. We can see unmistakable references to such events in the works of the day - Thomas Campbell in his 'Pleasures of Hope' echoes Burke's attitude to India. Nearer at home the regal life led by the Nabobs gave the necessary halo to the dreams of India.

Further, while these charged the atmosphere with excitement and curiosity - a great many writers got busy to satisfy the demand created. The commonest and most readily accessible channel through which information can be received is books, of which there was no lack at all at this time. First there were the travellers: some sober, some gossipy, some truthful, and some others, religious zealots who could see everything as beautiful except man. These English, French and Dutch travellers were full of interesting tales which they told to an eager reading public in that renaissance of travel literature. Then there were the antiquarians who brought to the western light strange customs and rituals, and history long forgotten. The historians and biographers of the period put some sense and order into this welter of events: names like Orme, Maurice and Dow, that spelt romance for the readers of that period. For the more active imaginations, there were the narratives of the various military campaigns, with maps and plans. Then there were guide books that gave not only information to the intending East Indian but stimulated the desire in others to do so too.

By far the largest part of the material in our period was

acquired by the writers in England from books. It is a subject which has been dealt with by others, and which we shall deal with while we discuss the various writers. But here its great importance may be reiterated, and it may be pointed out that as the stream of Anglo-Indian writers increased, they mutually influenced each other and their successors, thus evolving a complex pattern which cannot be analysed by merely referring to one or two of the more famous books.

Another important channel which, I believe, has not been properly explored is a visual one - the sketches and the paintings. Although it is not generally operative in all cases, yet those who have an eye for a picture, glean more out of it than out of pages of accurate and laborious description. Our period was specially rich in Indian pictures. No less than sixty professional painters visited India between 1766 and 1826. The artists were attracted to India for the same reason as other Englishmen, namely to get rich quickly. The competition at home was so keen that they thought perhaps India would be kinder to them. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century such famous painters as Zoffany, Devis, Smart, Humphry, Hickey and the two Daniells were all in India at the same time.

Our interest is in the landscape painters, who were responsible for familiarising the British public with the look of the Indian scenery. Devis with his illustrations to Colonel Kirkpatrick's

10 The Walpole Society, Vol. XIX, Oxford, 1931, p. 88. I am indebted to Sir William Foster's article 'British Artists in India' for most of these details - it is an indispensable piece of research which no student of the subject can do without.
account of Nepal, the Daniells with their Oriental Scenery and Indian Antiquities, which were the best sellers in their time, in spite of their price, and Hodges with his illustrated Travels influenced the literary landscape descriptions. For example, Wordsworth, who was a great student of pictures and wrote several poems after seeing paintings, 11 shows unmistakable signs of being familiar with Indian scenery:

The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires.... 12

Or, this description of the banyan tree:

.....the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy. 13

When Mrs Felicia Hemans wrote 'The Indian City' based on a story by James Forbes in his Oriental Memoirs, she incorporated in her poem a picture from William Daniells' painting, which was familiar to most of the people.

Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps, to the tanks below;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirr'd;
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Bamin bow'd in prayer. 14

11 See Wordsworth's Poetical Works, Vol. III, pp. 36-37; also see the poem on 'The Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci, p. 183, and Wordsworth's remarks on the original at Milan, on p. 481; also a poem on the picture of 'Daniel in the Lion's Den', at Hamilton Palace, p. 275.


13 Wordsworth, Vol. III, 259 (from 'The River Dudden').

Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.
Engraved by W.D. Taylor.
Exhibited between 1795-1838.
From Oriental Annual, London, 1834.
If we look at Daniell's picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, we shall see how effectively she has caught the charm of the painting.

This theme of a beautiful Hindu Maiden recurrently occurs in the literature of the time. Hodges in his Travels commented on it, though he did not leave a picture of it:

"In the mornings, at or after sunrise, the women bathe in the river; and the younger part, in particular, continue a considerable time in water, sporting and playing like Naiads or Syrens. To a painter's mind, the fine antique figures never fail to present themselves, when he observes a beautiful female ascending these steps from the river, with wet drapery, which perfectly displays the whole person, and with vases on their heads, carrying water to the temples."\(^{15}\)

Even Bishop Heber could not be left unaffected by such a vision of beauty during his tour, he describes it with due episcopal propriety:

"I saw a very smartly dressed and rather pretty young countrywoman come down to the Ghat at Monghyr to wash. She went in with her mantle wrapped round her with much decency and even modesty, till the river was breast high then ducked under water for so long a time that I began to despair of her re-appearance. This was at five o'clock in the morning, and she returned again at twelve to undergo the same process, both times walking home in her wet clothes without fear of catching cold. The ancient Greeks had, I am convinced, the same custom, since otherwise the idea of wet drapery would hardly have occurred to their statuaries, or at least, would not have been so common."\(^{16}\)

No wonder the younger poets of the romantic movement dreamed of Indian maidens in Indian vales. Shelley had caught the infection. Keats' Endymion too called his beloved: "My Indian bliss," "Thou swan of Ganges."

\(^{15}\) Travels, p. 33.

Another important channel is the human one. Not only the information, but the enthusiasms are passed on by personal contacts. It so happens that Beckford's interest in India begins when he visits his uncle in Geneva who had been in India. The gusto with which the East Indians told their tales could not but affect their hearers. We have examples of Southey and General Peche, of Scott and Colonel Ferguson. Shelley's desire to go out to India in 1821, I believe, was due to his contact with his cousin Captain Medwin who returned from India at the end of 1820, and stayed with the Shelleys at Pisa. To James Ollier, the publisher, Shelley wrote on November 10, 1820: "My friend Captain Medwin is with me, and has shown me a poem on Indian hunting, which he has sent you to publish. It is certainly a very elegant and classical composition and even if it does not belong to the highest style of poetry, I should be surprised if it did not succeed. May I challenge your kindness to do what you can for it?"

It was at this time that Shelley was studying Arabic with Medwin and requested Peacock to find a job for him in the court of some Indian prince. I think while Shelley was dreaming of the colourful India, as painted by Medwin, he wrote his 'Indian serenade', before Peacock disappointed him by informing him that such jobs were restricted to the regular service of the East India Company.

17 Medwin's Sketches in Hindoostan.
19 Ibid. Letter 437, p. 929. See also Peacock's footnote.
The various channels through which material could be received from India were used singly, but more often in different combinations by the writers of this period, according to their temperament and taste. The field is so vast and the material is so complex that perhaps the best approach can be made by selecting three writers from different points of this period, and studying their methods of appropriation. For this purpose I have chosen the following three: Beckford, a true precursor in orientalism who uses the slight Indian material as a peg to hang all his dreams on; Southey, a serious researcher who wishes to display all the spoils of his industry and scholarship in the course of his romance; and Scott who with judicious selection gleans just enough matter from various sources to breathe life into his story, to create that illusion of realism which was his peculiar gift.
CHAPTER II

BECKFORD

On the magic carpet of Imagination

Beckford's Indian Reveries
Beckford’s Indian Reveries

Beckford’s early works — mostly unpublished or posthumously published — which were preparatory to the composition of that romantic classic *Caliph Vathek*, throws a great deal of light on his early reading and his interest in Indian material which he used as a basis for his reveries.

There is something peculiar about these works, which can perhaps be better studied by a psychologist. They belong to that class of literature which has something of an inspirational nature — works akin to Coleridge’s *Kubla Khan* and Blake’s *Milton*.

Blake in a letter to Thomas Butts wrote in 1805: "I have written this poem *Milton* from an immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation, and even against my will. ¹ Coleridge, too, declared he produced his poem effortlessly in a dream. So also Beckford’s early exercises were produced in trance-like reveries, in which all that he had read and seen, reappeared in a kaleidoscopic manner rearranged and reorganised in his vivid imagination. In a letter to Alexander Cozens, March 1780, he writes: "...I found myself in the same delicious Landscape to which I was conveyed last winter in a Dream. Perhaps you recollect the description I sent you of it when awaken’d from my Trance.... I pass my time in slumbers truly fortunate, since during their influence I forget that cruel separation which so lately filled my Eyes with Tears. None interrupt my repose....sometimes methinks I distinguish the voices of those invisible Beings who brought me..."

hither amongst the whispers of the Grove; but of this I am not quite certain, so faint is their melody. Everything in my present Visionary state is undecided, nor can I properly be said to hear distinctly or behold with clearness...."  

Between the period of these early visions, and the composition of *Vathek* is that mysterious interlude at Fonthill, where Alexander Cozens, Rev. Samuel Henley and other young friends of Beckford dabbled in some kind of magic. It seems that the composition of *Vathek* is organically linked up with this episode, which is of a psychical nature. *Vathek* was the result of Beckford's impassioned imagination oscillating under the influence of the complex impulses given by his promiscuous and exotic study, together with some advice and encouragement given by Henley. The Arabian theme, which had been repressed for more than eight years, upsurged with violent ecstasy producing in Beckford those symptoms of feverishness and shiverings about which he wrote to his instructor.  

The history of this repression, which found relief in the creation of *Vathek*, plays an important part in Beckford's early character and compositions. Lord Chatham had been appointed as one of the guardians by Beckford's father and he undertook his responsibility with due gravity and tried to remove all influences which, from his matter-of-fact point of view, seemed pernicious. He "took great pains to dissuade him from reading works of Oriental fiction, and

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2 Melville, p. 81. An interesting letter, it is probably in answer to a letter which he calls "How truly Oriental" and reads "its poetic contents with rapture". He even mentions the 16th century Turkish poet Mesbihi.

the 'Arabian Nights' in particular. He obtained the youth's promise to refrain at least for some time, and it was contrived at Fonthill to remove them out of his sight when his back was turned. This was evidently a thing he regretted and exhibited marks of ill humour on the occasion." 4

The effect of this was that Beckford withdrew within himself and created a world of his own. But when his drawing-master came he found in him a sympathetic and understanding friend. How deep was this understanding can be seen from this letter of 1781 to Lady Hamilton: "...I am fated it seems to return to a country where sober, sullen reality must put them [fantastic imaginations] all to flight - where I have no friend like you to sustain my spirits and receive my ideas. Except Mr Cozens, whom you have heard me frequently mention, not an Animal comprehends me." 5

What sort of person was Cozens who could win the confidence of this young imaginative boy? For one thing he was quite different from John Lettice, the old-fashioned, conservative, typically eighteenth century person. He was quiet and solitary, a romantic who possessed an open mind full of new schemes, conceived by a large creative imagination untrammeled by petty details. He was a painter of some repute. To his students he had introduced a method of

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4 Memoirs of William Beckford, Cyrus Redding 2 vols., London, 1859, I, 89. I am aware of Rev. Lettice's letter to Chatham which makes it appear that Beckford himself burnt the Oriental drawings, etc. (Chapman, p. 38). Although Redding is not a reliable source I think in this case his version is in consonance with Beckford's character. Lettice, probably, was trying to please Chatham.

5 Melville, p. 100. I quote from Mr A.P. Oppé's recent book (p. 33) mentioned in the next note, because the comma after 'mention' instead of a period as given by Melville, brings the relationship of the teacher and the student in a correcter perspective. Mr Oppé has verified it from the original.
composition for landscape painting in which quick colour blots were made as a preliminary arrangement of the general scheme - for which the next generation gave him the scornful sobriquet of the 'Blotmaster to the Town'.

How much was Cozens responsible for exerting Oriental influence on Beckford is not quite certain. Cozens' paintings, which possess that delicate line, so characteristic of Persian paintings, however, played an important part in Beckford's reveries in which they seem to be reproduced.  

Another very comprehensive system which seems to me to have influenced Beckford was advocated by Cozens in 1772. This scheme was entitled 'Morality'. It was to consist of two parts: the first to be a series of epic poems, on each of the human virtues and vices that might be thought important enough for this purpose; the second was to consist of a series of pictures on parallel themes to the first.

In Beckford's rough draft of what he called his 'Centrical History', Nouronihar brings out of the coffer in the interior 'Grot' three books: two covered with mystic writings, and the third 'glittering with vivid paintings'. In the fair copy, from which Professor Chapman published it under the name of The Vision, the book of paintings is deleted. But it goes to show that Beckford had in his mind the parallelism of the two kinds of books.

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7 Ibid., p. 28.

8 See Appendix A, page 147
Further, Beckford's early exercises seem to partake of the comprehensiveness of the 'Morality'. He had obviously caught the spirit of the master and had planned his first work as the 'Centrical History' - which was going to be a repository for all his exciting readings in travel literature. To his half sister, Mrs Hervey, he wrote that he was reading voyages and travels and for this purpose was learning Portuguese and finding great treasures indeed, ". . . . uncommon descriptions, marvellous Histories and perilous adventures half of which I may venture to place in the chapter of Fires."9

There is a reference to the 'Centrical History' earlier (November 24, 1777) in a letter to Cozens, which also reveals something of the nature of sympathy between the teacher and the taught: "Your letter breathing the spirit of excellence and sending forth sparks of the sacred fire which eternally burn on the Altar of Genius, filled me with pleasing sensations and confirmed me in the sincerity of your Friendship. . . . .

"Could I have imagined any person so penetrated with the same rays as you are with those that transfuse me? Strange, very strange, that such perfect conformity should subsist. . . . .

"I have but a very scanty portion of my time to write my 'Centrical History', so numerous are my Acquaintances, most of them - Heaven knows - how different from us."10

Some portion of the 'Centrical History' was sent to his sister,

9 Oliver, p. 23 (April 1778).
10 Melville, pp. 37, 40.
probably accompanied by this letter.  

"Geneva Dec. 25th 1777

What may well be called a Dedication

You ought to be extremely cautious to whom you show the long story, for certain I am the greatest number of readers would despise, ridicule or make neither head nor tail of it. They would probably exclaim - what can these high flown descriptions of Grottos and Glittering Forms and Beings and Bramins mean? and the Dwarfs too - a charming set of little Fellows who to use a New-market expression are literally down in Devil's Ditch and nowhere. All that concerns the Sanctuary is too solemn and sacred to be prophaned. The subject is very grave and serious. When I reflect that you see and feel the scenes and the actions I describe, their being concealed from eyes in general does not at all concern me. It is to you then that I deliver up my work, and it is in your Bosom that I deposit it .... your approbation is to me the approbation of the Multitude. It is all I desire and all I seek for in venturing to commit to writing the inspirations of my Fancy, these pleasing Dreams in which perhaps consist the happiest moments of the Life of

William Beckford." 

So far as I can determine, it is in Geneva that the Indian theme first gets into his writings. I think there are possibly two reasons for it. Beckford in 1777 was sent to his uncle, Colonel William Hamilton, "who had served as a military man in the East Indies". He is said to be a good humoured and worthy man. He, I am sure, must have talked often of India and told his nephew about some of his adventures and something of his life, if he was anything like

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11 One great difficulty in the study of Beckford is that in the case of several letters one is not sure to whom they were sent. This letter, for instance, Chapman in his introduction to The Vision (1930), suggests (p. xi) was sent to Cozens; while Oliver says it was sent to Mrs Horvey, (p. 24). In his Beckford (1937) Chapman merely gives 'to his correspondent' (p. 46).

12 Melville, p. 41

13 Cyrus Redding, I, 95, repeated by Dr Oliver. I have not succeeded in tracing any references to this Colonel in the East India Company.
most of the other East Indians. Besides, many objects in the house must surely have been of India and thus make India appeal to Beckford in a more direct way. Secondly, at this time Mickle's translation of Camoens' Lusiad came out, (1776), which was a timely book. The interest in India was deepening and the English were going through the same phase as the Portuguese had gone through more than two centuries earlier. So this story of the Discovery of India by Vasco da Gama was of special interest. Mickle's long introduction and copious notes supplied the eager readers with information that they wanted to obtain. A copy of this is likely to have been in Colonel Hamilton's possession. There is also a possibility that Beckford came across it at Burton Pynsent because in the list of subscribers to the 1776 edition, there are two copies against the name of William Pitt, which might be one of Chatham's sons. That the Lusiad, among other books, influenced Beckford is amply borne out by his Long Story, as we shall presently show.

Mickle's translation must have struck some chords in Beckford, which had been lying silent for some time, and which on being touched must have leapt into an ecstatic melody, the result of which we see in his impassioned juvenile work. Take for instance this note of Mickle's: "Almost innumerable, and sometimes as whimsically absurd as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, are the holy legends of India. The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, are more various than those of any fable in the Grecian Mythology. According to Father Bohours, in his life of Xavier, the Brahmins hold, the Great God having a desire to become visible, became man...."14

The repression caused by the taboo on the *Arabian Nights*, could now find some relief in following up Mickle's hints on Indian material and Beckford, taking the *Lusiad* as the starting point, reads up travels and voyages and out of these weaves his 'Centrical History'. Moisasour, who with Nouronihar, forms the main character of the story, I believe, is Mickle's Mahoissur: "Shibah...is known by the name of Mahoissur." Beckford's version of the name is quite justifiable as some authorities write it as Mahishasur, which is very nearly like Beckford's more euphonious Moisasour. He makes him say in the story: "Be not alarmed when I tell thee I am an Angel of the MOST HIGH and one of those who were persuaded to doubt his omnipotent." 

Nouronihar, although called Indian, sometimes speaks Persian and sometimes what sounds like Hindi. She probably comes out of some tale in the *Arabian Nights* which were sacrificed to the fire. Her name can be either from Persian or Arabic, and means 'Light and Fire' in the one, and 'a Channel of Light' in the other. After playing her part in these juvenile reveries of Beckford she occupies her rightful place in her true colours in *Vathek*. The bringing together of Moisasour, a brahmin, and Nouronihar, whose name suggests that she could not be possibly a Hindu, shows that it was a truly dream world of Beckford's. And when his sister, Mrs Hervey, objected to these strange characters, he wrote: "Don't fancy, my dear sister, I am enraptured with the Orientals themselves. It is

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15 Ibid., footnote on p. 296.
17 Ibid., pp. 20, 45, 83.
the country they inhabit which claims all the admiration I bestow on that quarter of the Globe. It is their wood of spice trees, their strange animals, their vast rivers which I delight in.... And why read such unmeaning stuff? What matters it whether we are conversant with India or no? Is it not better to study the histories of Europe? I answer - these I look upon as occupations, the others as amusements. Such is my taste; it may very easily be a lamentable one."18

In the following letter, in which he gives his half sister a piece of advice, we see his recipe for his reveries: "Let me, I conjure you, advise as much dissipation, that is, as much distraction as conveniently lies in your way. Amuse your imagination continually, give it full scope, and let Buildings, Pictures, characters fleet before your Eyes. Vary eternally the Scene - I mean of your reflections. Occupy yourself very much. Draw, read entertaining works, write, have recourse to Musick, go to Mass - do anything but be melancholy...." and then he continues to talk of objects of art and paintings and says: "Let me beg you to examine them as much, and if you can, to think as fully about them as if you were travelling on a scheme of idle amusement. My fancy is the only part of me which is at present able to travel...."19 And then he goes on to relate how he is following Ariosto through "all the wild excursions of his enchanting poetry" - through Caledonia, India and Spain.

18 Oliver, p. 23.
19 Melville, pp. 47 et seq.
In another letter Beckford talks of his 'reason' and his 'fancy' as his sun and his moon. "The first dispels vapours and clears up the face of things, the other throws over all nature a dim Haze and may be styled the Dream of Delusions. I should be too happy could I remain under the dominion of these sovereigns....but I must return again to London, again be teased with visits and dull impertinent society...."20

In these early reveries time and space lose all significance. He can move into the past with as much ease as he can from one continent to another: he enters a cavern in Alps and is soon under Africa and then in the centre of the world with Nouronihar.21 He can weave out of the barest suggestions of the books he reads, dreams that appeal to him. For instance, these lines from Camoens:

Brahma as their founder as a god they boast

and earlier,

A warlike realm, where still the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace22

Along with Mickle's footnotes on the origins of the Bramins, with Jerome Osorio's History of the Portuguese in Latin, to which Mickle refers throughout, form the basis of the unpublished part of the Vision, which I give as appendix A below. It would be remembered that Nouronihar promised to tell the secret of her birth when they entered the cave. Here in this rough draft she tells that story which is

20 Melville, p.65.
21 The Lusiad, p. 291.
22 The Lusiad, p. 287.
about Brahma's incarnation and Pourrous's succession to him.

It would not be worth while to analyse all this in detail, because it is more than obvious that Beckford's interest is not in objective history or religion but in discovering promising taking-off grounds from where he could fly off into his own world of imagination. Let me state it in his own words: "My Imagination roams to other Countries in search of pleasures it no longer finds at Home. This evening it has been transported to those immense unfrequented plains of Tartary....

"Such Delusions as these form my present felicity, without them I should be the most unhappy of mankind and the persecutions of Franguies would be intolerable. But now when their conversations grow too discordant for my Nature, I fly, fasten all my Doors, secure myself in the interior cell and without the assistance of a magic Carpet, am transported wheresoever I list."23
CHAPTER III

SOUTHEY

A Study in documented Romance

Birth of Kehama
Southey was a man of many literary interests - poetry, biography, travel, history, periodical articles and letters all flowed from his 'grey goose quill' with equal ease contemporaneously. As time went on, the relative proportion of the various ingredients of his total production changed, but his output remained almost constant and regular. He began with a strong interest in epic and narrative poetry, but by and by he discovered his real strength in a prose of simple and lucid kind admirably suited for historical and biographical narration. It was Coleridge who called Southey's prose next door to perfect.

In 1796, however, young Southey was more interested in poetry; he writes thus to Bedford: "My letters occupy more of my time and less of my mind than I could wish. Conceive Gargantua eating wood strawberries one at a time... and you will have some idea how my mind feels in dwelling on desultory topics. Joan of Arc was a whole, - it was something to think every moment of solitude, and to dream of at night; my heart was in the poem; I threw my own feelings into it in my own language, aye, and out of one part of it and another, you may find my own character. Seriously, Grosvenor, to go on with Madoc is almost necessary to my happiness; I had rather leave off eating than poetizing."¹

By 1800 his interest had already shifted to historical prose, as we see in this letter to his friend John Rickman: "Poetry does

¹ Life and Correspondence, I, 281.
not wholly engross my attention; the history of Spanish and Portuguese literature is a subject on which I design to bestow much labour, and in which much useful matter may be conveyed. But poetry is my province and at present no unimportant one.”

Another three years pass and he has this to say while writing the earlier part of Kehama: "But in truth I will tell you that I am out of humour with Kehama, for half a hundred reasons: historical composition is a source of greater, and quieter, and more continuous pleasure; and that poem sometimes comes into my head with a - shall I sit down to it? and this is so easily turned out again, that the want of inclination would make me half suspect a growing want of power, if some rhymes and poemets did not now and then come out and convince me to the contrary...."

There were several reasons why Southey felt disinclined to carry on Kehama - one which we shall discuss a little later was that he was writing articles on Baptist Missions and he felt very strongly against the Hindu religion. Other reasons were connected with matters of taste in rhyme and other things, but broadly speaking it was the general tendency to prefer prose composition to poetry.

Southey was a true booklover, or as he himself said "the philobibl or reader-o-bibl and maker-o-bibl" - a voracious reader and a voluminous writer, and a sensitive connoisseur of book

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2 Life, II, 45.
3 Life, II, 214 (to Bedford, June 12, 1803).
4 Life, II, 205.
production in all its aspects.

He was a systematic and rapid reader. But one gets a feeling that Southey's reading was more often directed to finding material he wanted for the purpose of the notes which he so copiously appended to his poems. His son tells how he could just glance down a page and find out if it contained anything he could use and he would put a faint pencil S on the margin and insert a slip of paper. In this way he could dispose of a whole bundle of books that arrived by post in one day. He would thus keep a sort of index of material that he might require for his purpose. Some of these he would copy out in his note book or ask one of his people at home to copy for him.5

Southey had almost a weakness for adding notes to his poems. It is with a sympathetic admiration that he writes of Samuel Henley as adding "Some of the most learned notes that ever appeared in any book whatsoever"6 to the English translation of Beckford's Vathek. One of the ideas of his notes was to authenticate what he was writing - it was his aim to show that whatever he wrote was based on scholarship and was not entirely the work of unbridled imagination. The display of learning was one of his aims - in a very good sense of course. In a passage on epic writing in his Commonplace Book he writes: "Epic writers have usually been deficient in learning. Homer indeed is all miracle, he knew everything, and Milton has ornamented with the whole range of knowledge a story which admitted

5 Life, VI, 17.
6 Selections from the Letters, I, 303.
the immediate display of none. But the manners in Tasso are mixed, in Virgil they are of no time and no country; another deadly sin! I know no poet so accurate as Glover."

So Southey was careful to back his work with accurate knowledge - and in the case of his Thalaba and Kehama it was more important as he had not been to those countries and did not know any one of their languages. His notes, he thought, added to the creation of local colour - he was not going to commit the deadly sin of leaving his poem up in the air; it was to be moored to a definite place. His objection to Dr Sayers' Moina was "Perhaps Dr Sayers has not chosen his subjects well; the tale of Moina would have done equally well for a Hindoo or a Peruvian drama." 8

Some of the notes spoil the pleasure of appreciating the poems by their moral flavour. The first section of the Curse of Kehama is very beautiful indeed. The description of the funeral in it was ranked by William Taylor as equal to Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast'. 9 But the notes voice a moral bias that definitely creates an attitude which detracts something from a fuller appreciation of the poem.

As we shall show a little later, Southey at the time of adding notes had acquired a strong dislike for the Hindus after writing on the Baptist Missions' work in India and also his own religious views were becoming less liberal. Perhaps unconsciously in these notes he is selective; he wishes to paint Suttee as a very evil custom.

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7 Common-place Book of Southey, IV, 11.
8 A Memoir of the Life and Writings of William Taylor, I, 446.
9 Taylor, II, 142.
as indeed it was. But the general attitude of English people during the eighteenth century was one of accepting things as they were, without passing any moral verdicts. This attitude changed gradually as they ceased to be mere merchants and assumed the responsibility of government. The liberal tolerance would have lasted even longer if the Evangelical revival in England had not inspired people like Carey, Ward and Marshman to go out to India and other places to convert the 'heathens'. Some of the writers of the 18th century spoke very highly of the Hindus and their religion. One amongst many was Sir William Jones who wrote thus in a letter to Earl Spencer on September 4th, 1787. "I am no Hindu; but I hold the doctrines of the Hindus concerning a future state to be comparably more rational, more pious, and more likely to deter men from vice than the horrid opinions inculcated by Christians on punishments without end."¹⁰

Southey from the many books of travel and researches had gleaned a great deal of material for his 'Kehama' - it is not the view of the writers as a whole that he borrows but what suitably decorates and supports his point of view. For example, on Suttee and cremation he quotes a number of writers. He selects from Crawfurd one note on the chapel that is erected on the site of widow-burning and chooses from Claudius Buchanan one that strongly condemns Suttee. Crawfurd in his Sketches is typical of the 18th century pre-Evangelical attitude. He writes: "It has been

¹⁰ Quoted by Professor Arberry in Asiatic Jones, p. 37. British Council, 1946.
asserted by some writers that the devotion of the Hindoos was formerly sanguinary, and that even human sacrifices were offered, as most acceptable to their gods. But the existence of such a practice appears to me extremely questionable, the Hindoos seem to have been formerly what they are at present, mild and humane; and I know not any trace of a custom so barbarous, unless we consider in that light those voluntary sacrifices which some enthusiasts make themselves."

Crawfurd in the second volume of his *Sketches* accepts the fact that the custom exists but says that it is voluntary and is a noble performance and quotes Mr Holwell's account.

Claudius Buchanan who went out as a chaplain and became the Vice-Provost of the Fort William College strongly believed in his mission to enlighten the oriental world, "to give science, religion and pure morals to Asia and to confirm in it the British power and dominion". Buchanan was keenly active in the problem of an adequate Ecclesiastical establishment in India - a cause that Southey wholeheartedly supported and gave all the power of his pen to help in the Quarterly Review of February 1809. But he believed that the Church of England in spite of its ability and learning was incapable, "its age for fermentation has long been over; and that zeal which for this work is most needful, is, we fear, possessed only by the Methodists."
Thus we see that Southey is so involved in the cause of the Reformation of Hindus that he does not keep himself free from some of these strong feelings. One of the reasons for taking up Kehama by fits and starts is this moral conflict that is present in Southey's mind. Fortunately some of these strong feelings do not obtrude themselves in the poem itself, although Southey could not help launching his poem with almost an apology: "In the religion of the Hindoos, which of all the religions is the most monstrous in its fables..." 14

Even in Thalaba Southey's Christian feelings react against Islam and in one passage he breaks out into:

So one day may the Crescent from thy Mosques
   Be plucked by Wisdom, when the enlightened arm
Of Europe conquers to redeem the East. 15

Southey had become conditioned to the climate of religious opinion of the early nineteenth century. It did not take him long to travel from his deism of the pantisocratic stage to an inclination towards Evangelical Christianity and then finally to Anglicanism. What stage he was at, in 1795, can be seen from this letter of Southey to Bedford:

"No I am not altered.... yet Bedford my mind is considerably expanded, my opinions are better grounded, and frequent self conviction of error has taught me a sufficient degree of scepticism on all subjects to prevent self confidence. The frequent and careful study of Godwin was of essential service. I read and all

14 Preface to Kehama.
15 Thalaba, V, 6.
but worshipped. I have since seen his fundamental error, - that he theorises for another state, not for the rule of conduct in the present.... I can confute his principles, but all the good he has done me remains....

"My poetical taste was much meliorated by Bowles, and constant company of Coleridge.... For religion, I can confute the atheist and baffle him with his own weapons; and at least, teach the Deist that the arguments in favour of Christianity are not to be despised...."16

It would be, no doubt, unwise to generalise about the broad religious tendencies in the beginning of the 19th century, but it is obvious that Deism had had its day, and before the scientific iconoclasm of the mid 19th century arrived there was a strong current of Evangelicalism. Even Lord Teignmouth writing a life of Sir William Jones in his collected works tries to paint his life in such a way as to prove that he was a Christian of his type - which was not true: Sir William was no sectarian bigot. As Professor Arberry writes: "...Lord Teignmouth was pathetically anxious to prove Jones his own brand of evangelist, the attempt is a patent fraud."17

Another example of the changed opinions is shown by James Forbes. Forbes wrote a series of letters during a residence of seventeen years in India; these he edited and presented in the shape of a connected narrative in 1813. The letters were written

16 Life, I, 247.
17 Arberry, Asiatic Jones, 37.
in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Forbes leaves the picture he had drawn in the earlier chapters of the Hindus just as they were written, but in the fourth volume recants with this explanation: "On my first arrival in India, struck with the novelty and apparent simplicity of the Hindoo character, I faithfully portrayed it to the best of my knowledge. I particularly admired the retired life and applauded virtues of the religious brahmins at their sacred groves and temples; and was delighted with the patriarchal manners of the natives, at a distance from European settlements and Mohammedan oppressors.

"In those days we had no Asiatic Researches; made few inquiries into the antiquities of India; and knew little of the mythology and literature of the Brahmins.... at the period of my arrival in 1766, the pursuits of the English in India were chiefly confined to commerce, or defensive war." 18 And then he goes on to talk of the necessity of introducing Christianity into India.

We have to keep this changed atmosphere in mind to realise that Hindu mythology could not be treated with full justice in these circumstances. The purpose of the writers too was not an objective appreciation of Hindu religion, but a romantic use of its mythology as a machinery for their works. What Gray and Sayers had attempted for Northern Antiquities, Southey wished to do for the orient. In 1799 he wrote to Taylor: "Somebody should do for the Hindoo gods what Dr Sayers has done for Odin; we know enough of them now for a

poetical system." Unfortunately it was attempted at the wrong time. If Sir William Jones had written his projected epic, *Britain Discovered*, which was drafted at Spa in 1770 and was to be composed in twelve books and subsequently to be revised in India to take in the machinery of Hindu gods, it would have made a more useful contribution to Indo-Anglian literary relationship. Jones's characterisation would have been deeper as he had himself experienced personal and intimate contacts with Indians. He was capable of putting himself in their place. His appreciation of Indian poetry and music; the way of the life of the people qualified him fully to undertake such a work competently. His works abound with little touches which seem so simple and ordinary yet speak eloquently of the authenticity of his observation. He had completely acculturated himself to the Indian way of life and thinking. In his Persian grammar he had even persianised his name and had added, in the manner of the Persians and Indians a surname indicative of his place of (intellectual birth and residence) viz. Oxford. 

- 'Yunus of Oxford'.

But even if Jones had written such an epic, is there any possibility that it would have been generally accepted and popularly admired? The cultures of the two countries were so different that the absorption of the one by the other would not have been natural. If only the trend of the relationship of the two countries had remained as it was in the middle of the eighteenth century - when Englishmen went there and adopted Indian ways of life and mixed with

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19 Taylor, I, 263.
them socially as equals - then perhaps one day East and West might have met. But the stream of history changed its course and the two countries began to drift apart and an impassable gulf was created between them. Southey, as we shall see a little later, was caught in the maelstrom of this change and enthusiastically participated in one of the current controversies over the Baptist Missions against Sydney Smith; after doing so, surely he could no longer appreciate the Hindu religion and culture.

But let us first make an attempt to discover how he became interested in India. It was by way of his epic ambition that he thought of writing a series of poems based on different mythologies. While he was a schoolboy his imagination was strongly impressed by the mythological fables of different nations. He could trace this interest to some prints in the *Christian Magazine* which were copied from Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*. At fifteen he acquired a copy of Picart and was fully acquainted with all the gods of Asia and America. He recalls, in this letter to Rev. John Longmuir (1812), "This led me to conceive a design of rendering every mythology, which had ever extended itself widely, and powerfully influenced the human mind, the basis of a narrative poem."21

However, Southey's first poem did not fall into this scheme of things - it was dictated by the prevailing political circumstances. In the preface to his 'Joan of Arc' he discusses the critical problem of epic composition. He reviews some of the past and

20 E.R., April, 1808 (Indian Missions).
21 Life, III, 351.
contemporary epic poems. He makes certain objections to Camoens' Lusiad on moral grounds - objecting to his ninth canto as too licentious. This poem on the Discovery of India by Gama - was soon to be read by Southey in the original Portuguese instead of in Mickle's translation. It was also to become a basis of a suggestion by Taylor on an Indian poem. "Had Camoens known their mythology how much more appropriate might his machinery have been," wrote Taylor to Southey at Cintra.22 "The taking of Seringapatam is a good subject for you epo-poets...." This was written on October 5th, 1800. More than a year earlier Southey had expressed the hope that somebody should do for Hindu gods what Dr Sayers had done for Odin. And a year earlier still Taylor had written this appreciation of Jones to Southey: "....I observe with pleasure an advertised edition of the works of Sir William Jones. Few men have united a taste so elegant, a learning so comprehensive, a love of liberty so entire and a virtue so equable. His poems are the simplest blossoms of the rose garden of voluptuosity; his dissertations are cameos, which display at once the artist and the most recondite lore of antiquity. Seldon and Milton were his predecessors in a like career; he may be placed between them - no other country can boast his rival...."23

It is very difficult to pinpoint the birth of 'Kehama' in Southey's mind - it is also difficult to assess how far Taylor was responsible for focussing his attention on this particular subject.

22 Taylor, I, 356.
23 Taylor, I, 251, January 28th, 1799.
But we know that in 1799 while he was composing Madoc his mind was full of other epic projects and he was aware of the epic productions of his contemporaries. In March of this year he writes to his wife:

"My stall hunting, the greatest and only source of my enjoyment in London has been tolerably successful, I have picked up an epic poem in French, on the Discovery of America which will help out the notes of Madoc....

"My books sell very well. Other book news I have none, except indeed that John Thelwell is writing an epic poem, and Samuel Rogers is also writing an epic poem; George Dyer has also similar thoughts....

"William Taylor has written to me from Norwich, and sent me Bodmer's Noah, the book I wanted to poke through and learn German by. He tempts me to write upon the subject, and take my seat with Milton and Klopstock; and in my today's walk so many noble thoughts for such a poem presented themselves that I am half tempted and have the Deluge floating in my brain with the Dom Daniel and the rest of my unborn family." 24

To his benefactor and friend, C.W.W. Wynn, he wrote in June 1799: "I have some plots maturing in my head but none ripe. My wish is to make something better than love the main spring....my mind has been turned too much to the epic, which admits a larger action and passes over the uninteresting parts." 25

Southey was very good at taking up suggestions of his friends that appealed to him, and which he thought he was capable of carrying out. About the year 1798 Taylor had suggested: "I wonder some one of our poets does not undertake what the French and German so long supported in great popularity - an Almanack of the Muses - an annual Anthology of minor poems - too unimportant to subsist.

24 Life, II, 14, 16.
25 Life, II, 5.
apart and too neat to be sacrificed with the ephemeral victims.”

This suggestion of Taylor and the other one about English hexameters was accepted by Southey. But when he felt that he could not undertake the suggestion, he was usually frank in confessing his inability. For example, his answer to Coleridge's grand plan for a Bibliotheca Britannica brings out both Southey's frankness and his view of Coleridge's perseverance in such matters.

"Your plan is too good, too gigantic, quite beyond my powers. If you had my tolerable state of health and that love of steady and productive employment which is now grown into a necessary habit with me, if you were to execute, and would execute it, it would be, beyond all doubt, the most valuable work of any age or any country; but I cannot fill up such an outline: no man can better feel where he fails than I do; and to rely on you for the whole quartos! Dear Coleridge, the smile that comes with that thought is a very melancholy one...."

Although Southey possessed the 'love of steady and productive employment', he was incapable of understanding India in a sympathetic way. He had a very poor opinion of Jones. He considered Anquetil du Perron a far superior orientalist, and he believed that Sir William Jones had a reputation far above his deserts. He was also incapable of understanding oriental poetry even in translation.

"All oriental poetry that I have seen is bad, and the superiority of the Hebrews is truly marvellous; it almost requires a belief in inspiration to account for it. I dare say Sadi will make you sick of roses and nightingales."
In Cintra during his second visit to Portugal he was planning Kehama as one of his projects. He was also half flirting with the idea of going out to India. On July 23, 1800, he writes to Wynn: "Were I single, it is a country which would tempt me, as offering the shortest and most certain way of wealth and many curious subjects of literary pursuit. About the language — is right; it is a baboon jargon not worth learning; but were I there I would get the Vedams³⁰ and get them translated.... Latterly Sir William's works are dreams of dotage. I have some distant view of manufacturing a Hindoo romance." Then he goes on to mention his other poetical projects. Although the place in Cintra where he was residing was, according to him, the most beautiful he had ever seen or imagined, yet he longed to see the face of a friend and hungered after the bread and butter comforts and green fields of England. In the end of the letter he comes back to the subject of India: "I am sorry that — is so disgusted with India, though I cannot wish he was otherwise. From all accounts an English East Indian is a very bad animal; they have adopted by force the luxury of the country and its tyranny and pride by choice. A man who feels and thinks must be in solitude there. Yet the comfort is that your wages are certain; so many years of toil for such a fortune at last."³¹

³⁰ Southey's use of certain Indian words can help to trace where he borrowed them from, because some of these words have different forms in different parts of India. Similarly the names of gods and goddesses are also different in different areas.

³¹ Life, II, 96, 98.
In the same year he writes to Taylor from Lisbon on the 26th of November: "It has been suggested to me to try my fortune at the East Indian bar, where success could not be doubtful. My inclinations are decidedly hostile to the scheme; but I must not lightly and hastily reject it. My constitution unhappily requires a warmer climate than England; of this my health here is a convincing proof. Moreover, the old Brama would be an interesting acquaintance. The contra arguments weigh heavier and Camoens warns me from India."  

It was some time between the writing of these letters and the one written on 30th April, 1801, from Lisbon to Wynn, that Southey jotted down an outline of Kehama in his 'red book'. In these entries in his Common-place Book we see the same dialectic of thought repeated as we have seen in his letters to Wynn and his other friends. The first entry is in connection with the various nations that offer a rich field of civil and religious costume. In these are included the Jews, the Scandinavian, the Persian, the Celtic races. Then comes this note about the Hindus: "The Hindoo is a vile mythology, a tangle of thread fragments which require the touch of a faery distaff to unravel and write them. There is no mapping out the country, no reducing to shape the chaotic mass. It is fitter for the dotage dreams of Sir William Jones, than the visions of the poet."

"Let the wax nose be tweaked by Volney on one side and Maurice on the other!"  

32 Taylor, I, 359.  
33 C-E., IV, 11.
This is followed by a note on Greenlanders. And then Southey seems to make another probe into the Indian theme: "The Amortam might be the groundwork of a Hindoo poem, but the draught of immortality ought only to be sought by a bad man. And then Vathek would stand in the way of invention."

This feeler too seems to Southey unpromising, and then after a few entries we find that his thoughts have matured on the Hindu poem and he draws, in the following entry, a detailed outline. And it is with apparent pleasure and satisfaction that he writes to Wynn: "The Hindoo Romance 'Curse of Keradon' has matured into a very good and very extraordinary plan, which has become a favourite with me. When it will be embodied depends upon the success of Thalaba." 34

It is of interest to note that Southey in this outline suggests that "the Cintra Cistern might be well painted. Ladurlad lying by the water." 35 Southey was greatly impressed by Cintra. His letters from Portugal are full of its praises. "For six weeks we have been at Cintra - a spot the most beautiful that I have ever seen and which is probably unique.... cork woods or fir woods, and mountain glens, and rock pyramids, and ever-flowing fountains and lemon groves ever in flower and in fruit, want only society to become paradise." 36 And Cintra Cistern does reappear in Kehama in the seventh canto - the Swerga (paradise) bearing all the marks of

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34 Selections, I, 147.
pleasant association that its author had experienced in its prenatal stage.

In passing we might note that Southey's descriptions are usually based on his own careful observations or the observations of his friends whom he sometimes specially commissioned to do this for him. To his brother Tom he wrote: "I have two reasons for preferring a residence near the sea. I love to pickle myself in that grand brine tub; and I wish to catch its morning, evening and midday appearance for poetry, with the effect of every change of weather. Fancy will do much; but the poet ought to be an accurate observer of nature; and I shall watch the clouds and the rising and setting sun and the sea birds with no inattentive eye."37 His brother's description of the Spanish coast,38 and a description of a snowstorm,39 are made use of in Madoc and Thalaba. The way he elicited information by asking all his friends to supply him with the material he was in search of, shows how conscientious he was in his demand for facts. In this connection his acquaintance in 1803 with General Peche is of special interest. General Peche was an East Indian officer who came and settled near Southey in Keswick, and the poet must have learnt a great deal about India from him. It is from General Peche that he learnt the information about the use of spice and spirit, which he passed on to his brother advising him to avoid almost wholly wines and spirits.40

37 Life, I, 311.
39 Selections, I, 99.
40 Life, II, 245.
But Southey did not accept information from everyone uncritically - his opinion about Dr Bell was that he knew less about India than a man ought to know who had lived there.41

But let me get back to the outline that Southey drew for his Kehama - a detailed study of this outline will throw ample light on Southey's method of composition and planning. He was turning over in his mind several possibilities and accordingly the outline has several threads running through it. Southey could choose any one of them depending on what he finally decided upon. It is almost a kaleidoscopic pattern of varying plans that we see in successive lines. Southey is also trying the sound and look of the various names for his characters. Kehama is modified from the original Keradon. The object of Kehama's curse, the murderer of his son (in earlier draft, brother) is first Cartaman, then Ledalma and finally Laderlad. Similarly, the daughter of Laderlad, Kalya became Kalyal, and so on.

Southey had made many plans for his various books while he was in Portugal. He had already completed Thalaba and Madoc - the former was sent away to be printed, the latter was to be revised in England and Wales, with the help of his friend Wynn. Before coming to Portugal he had planned, what he wished at the time to be his magnum opus, A History of Portugal - "On my History no labour shall be spared. Now I only heap marble: the edifice must be erected in England.... Of profit I must not be sanguine; yet if it attain the reputation of a Robertson, than whom it will not be

41 Life, III, 223.
worse, or of Roscoe and Gibbon, it will procure me something more substantial than fame." 42

All these projects were to be undertaken together. In a true Southeyan way, he was to find relief in going from one work to the other. Poetry, history and articles all were to be tackled contemporaneously.

In this fully-filled daily routine Kehama was to be one of the items. Its final form was kept in a fluid state as Southey had certain scruples about rhyme and blank verse. He was also wondering whether it should take the epic form or be just another romance like Thalaba. He was very proud to recall that his Joan of Arc had again brought epic writing into fashion. "In literature, as in playthings of schoolboys and frippery of women, there are the ins and outs of fashion. Sonnets and satires and essays have their day, - and my Joan of Arc has revived the epomania that Boileau cured the French of 120 years ago: but it is not every one who can shoot the bow of Ulysses and the gentlemen who think they can bend the bow because I made the strings twang, will find themselves disappointed." 43

It was sometime at the end of 1801 that Southey commenced the composition of Kehama and after an interval of eight years, it was finished on the 25th of November, 1809. 44

During these eight years Kehama was taken up intermittently.

42 Life, II, 133.
43 Life, II, 121.
44 Life, III, 260
By April 1804 only two and a half books were done. But earlier in the year in April he had met Landor who was responsible for urging Southey to finish the poem. In December, 1799, Southey had come across an anonymous poem called Gebir - and he was full of its praises. He wrote to his friends that the poem was full of miraculous beauties, that he would go any distance to meet its author. This was the beginning of Southey's friendship with Landor - but it was only in April, 1808, that he met him for the first time. To his friend Bedford he wrote from Keswick: "At Bristol I met with the man of all others whom I was most desirous of meeting, - the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious or whose censure would have humbled me. You will be curious to know who this be. Savage Landor, the author of Gebir, a poem which unless you have heard me speak of it, you have probably never heard of at all.... he talked of Thalaba, and I told him of the series of mythological poems which I had planned, - mentioned some of the leading incidents on which they were to have been formed, and also told him for what reasons they were laid aside; - in plain English I could not afford to write them. Landor's reply was 'Go on with them, and I will pay for printing them, as many as you will write, and as many copies as you please.' I had reconciled myself to my abdication (if the phrase be allowable) and am not sure that this princely offer has not done me mischief; for it has awakened in me old dreams and

45 Taylor, I, 499.
hopes which had been laid aside, and a stinging desire to go on, for the sake of showing him poem after poem, and saying 'I need not accept your offer but I have done this because you made it.' Ordinary praise I regard as little as ordinary abuse."  

It is quite true that Southey had no incentive to complete Kehama when the profit on his Madoc was only £3:17:1d. after a year's sale. But the more surprising thing is how Southey at all could go on with Kehama when he felt so strongly about certain problems of proselytising. He must have succeeded in divorcing completely all his feelings against Hinduism from Kehama and must have made it so innocuous that he could write about Brahmins not with appreciation of their culture and religion, but with pity and a sense of superiority - a mixture of religions and political imperialism. In his first article in the Annual Review he takes up the question of converting the Indians, while reviewing the work of the Baptist Missions. He suggests that the civil authorities might assist the missionaries by favouring and employing the converted natives. He regrets that the oligarchy of English merchants in India are not only neutral but actually conciliate and encourage pagan practices. The Englishmen make offering to the goddess Kali. He criticises the Church of England for shamefully neglecting its duty.

In November, 1804, his brother, Harry Southey, was probably competing for a prize on an essay on the subject of promoting the

48 Selections, I, 386.
civilisation of Hindustan. Southey out of his wealth of information on this topic along with his personal interest in the problem, passes on to his brother all his pet ideas about how the Hindus can be brought to the standard of European civilisation by being converted; how their caste system stands in their way of progress and how it can only be destroyed by the introduction of another religion.49

In another letter to his brother he takes up the question in greater detail and gives a copious bibliography on the subject. He sums up his arguments by saying: "Soldiers are the worst missionaries, - priests indispensable, but not the best, - the civil government should be the great agent. Admit a converted Hindoo to the privilege of an Englishman, and the whole system will crumble like snow in sunshine. Never mind his sincerity, for you can make sure of his children."50

Southey at this time was greatly obsessed by this idea of evangelising the heathens in India. To Wynn he writes on April 6, 1805: "If I were not otherwise employed, almost I should like to write upon the duty and policy of introducing Christianity into our East Indian possessions, only/it can be done better at the close of the Asiatic part of my history. Unless that policy be adopted, I prophesy that by the year 2000 there will be more remains of the Portuguese than of the English Empire in the East..."51

During the July of 1806 a mutiny broke out among the Indian

49 Selections, I, 284.
50 Selections, I, 301.
51 Life, II, 324.
Sepoys in Vellore. The cause of the Mutiny was the suspicion among the soldiers that the English people wanted them to lose their caste and thus become Christians. The precipitating cause was that the shape of the turban was modified to look like the helmet that was used by the light infantry in Europe. The Madras government immediately made a proclamation assuring the people that they had no intention whatsoever of interfering with their religion. At the same time the activities of the missionaries, which had to some extent increased in the pre-mutiny days, were discouraged.

In defence of this policy of the government Sydney Smith wrote an article in the Edinburgh Review of April, 1808. In this article Smith tried to prove that the cause of the mutiny was the encouragement the government gave to the missionaries to use their influence in doing their Christian propaganda. He went on to say that Hindus were a civilised and moral people and that to convert them was fraught with dangers to the British Empire, and was not a wise policy as it would only alienate them without producing any effect.

Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, chose Southey to write on this subject, and Southey took up the cause wholeheartedly. On December 7th, 1808, he wrote to his brother Henry: "...the floor is now covered with the contents of a parcel on account of the unborn Review, all relating to the Missions, of which I am preparing a general view and vindication, in direct hostility to the despicable article of Sydney Smith in the 'Edinburgh'. We shall hoist the bloody flag, down alongside that Scotch ship, and engage her yard-arm and yard-arm Jeffrey after all his shifting is now so sold, body and
soul, to the sneaking whig party, that we shall have with us the rest of the country."

This we may recall is the time when Southey is devoting the early morning hours before breakfast to the completion of Kehawa. How strongly he felt on the subject of Missions can be best gauged by a few extracts from his burning article in the Quarterly Review.

After a survey of the work of Baptist Missions in India, he goes on to refute the charges of Sydney Smith that the cause of the mutiny was Christian Evangelistic campaign. He tries to show that there were hardly any missionaries in Madras and that no tracts were published by government as those that were published from Fort William College were in a language that the people of Madras could not understand. According to him the cause of the mutiny was simply the shape of the turbans. "Whatever be the difficulty of converting the Hindoos, there is no danger in making the attempt, - a new religion may not immediately be dipt or sprinkled into them, but an old one could be washed out. It is but to boil a cow, and supply a fire engine with the broth and you might baptize a whole Hindoo city out of the Brahminical faith....

"...Let but the turban and toupes alone, - and the shasters and vedas may be attacked with perfect safety.

"But if England were dispossessed of its dominion in India, the natives would retain nothing of all which we could have taught, except that improved discipline which they would exercise first to our destruction and then to their own. Not a trace of our

52 Selections, II, 114.
language would remain; and for our religion, - the Hindoo historians would argue that we had none...."54

Southey was the forerunner of the school of British men who started the 'percolation theory' - 'teach the Indians our language', they believed, 'and in course of time, they would give up everything heathenish they possess.'

It is really surprising how Southey could undertake two works so different from each other and do justice to both of them. The Review of Missions and the last part of *Kehama* was being written almost at the same time. About the former he felt very strongly - the latter even in its final stages was full of interruptions. But the poem was conceived and planned much earlier and Southey just resolved to complete it with his usual industry without putting his heart into it. A detailed study of the last days of the composition of this poem - and fortunately Southey in his many letters at this period supplies us with enough material to go on - will show to some extent how he felt towards it. He had already chosen a skeleton - he covered it with flesh and muscles which completely hide the basic bones of orientalism. Perhaps Taylor's intuitive judgement after all went to the heart of the matter: "You are better read than I am in the mythology of Hindustan, else I should have thought the divinities out of costume. The pure love of Eircenia (sic) and Kalyal, like those of Semida and Cidle in Klopstock, when translated into Tamul, will surely not be thought at home."53

53 *Taylor*, II, 351.

In the previous chapter we sought to study some of the exercises and results that indicate the trend during its period of development. It was an attempt to show just a part of Southey's intellectual and religious career as it occurred to his attitude on India in a morally very acute impression. It was requiring that we determine any absolute conclusion and what was the mode of it.

The central idea of the poem of Solomon, I believe, is a variation on the idea of the "unreasoning Jew" — a subject which was not absent from literature at about this time. 

CHAPTER IV

Southey's Search for Truth

1 Gen. 2, IV, 8.
Southey's Search for Truth

In the previous chapter an attempt was made to study some of the stresses and strains that Kehama suffered during its period of gestation. It was an attempt to show how a man of Southey's intellect and religious convictions responded to the stimulus of India in a morally tense social environment. It now remains for us to determine how he obtained his information and what use he made of it.

The germinal idea of the plot of Kehama, I believe, is a variation on the theme of the 'wandering Jew' - a subject which was not absent from Southey's mind at about this time.¹ Ladurlad, the father of the beautiful Kailyal, kills Arvalan, the son of Kehama, for attempting to dishonour his daughter. The spirit of Arvalan appears to his father at the funeral demanding vengeance for his blood. Kehama pronounces a curse upon Ladurlad: that he will suffer eternally without tasting death, and that the elements will avoid him. Thus charmed against all dangers though suffering all the time, Ladurlad is able to overcome many difficulties: he saves his daughter from drowning in midstream without even getting wet; when she is surrounded by fire in the temple of 'Jaga-naut', he rescues her without being harmed. When Kehama, the 'almighty man', who aspires to become a god, performs the hundredth 'Aswamedha' (horse-sacrifice) which would crown his ambition, Ladurlad invalidates the sacrifice by profaning the horse by his touch: the ritual demands that the offender be killed and the sacrifice be

¹ C.-P. B., IV, 9.
offered over again, but arrows idly fall to the ground without touching Ladurlad.

Southey fully exploits the initial idea of the curse through a series of cleverly devised but fantastic situations by invoking the aid of Hindu Mythology. In the end the curse like a boomerang returns on Kehama: as he drinks 'Amreeta' (the drink of immortality) Seeva's 'Eye of Anger' shines upon him and he is made immortal but with 'infinite everlasting agony' as his companion.

In the poem no deep understanding or appreciation of Hindu Religion is displayed. The reader need only turn to the one page key that precedes the poem to understand the mechanics of the plot. Southey, no doubt, was undertaking a very difficult task in introducing this oriental poem to the ordinary English readers. Thalaba was different: people had become familiar with the Arabian tales, but very few knew about India. In a letter to Landor, to whom he was sending a specimen of Kehama, Southey wrote: "The mythology explains itself as it is introduced; yet because the names are not familiar, people will fancy there is difficulty in understanding it. Sir William Jones has done nothing in introducing it so coldly and formally as he has done. They who read his poems do not remember them, and none but those who have read them can be expected to have even heard of my divinities." 3

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2 The motto on the title page, which/also translated into Greek by Coleridge, and which was Southey's half-witted uncle's favourite saw is: "Curses are like young chicken, they always come home to roost." See Life, I, 12.

3 Life, III, 147.
The main difficulty of his task was not the problem how to put his poem of a foreign mythology across, but how to remain true to his ideal. Southey was a serious poet, and he had enunciated for himself some laws of literary composition: these he repeated to himself and often passed on to his friends. In 1801 he wrote to Miss Barker whom he had met at Cintra, and who was to prove a lifelong friend, a letter giving her some literary advice:

"Shall I tell you how I would wish you to write? in what manner you might honourably distinguish yourself? It is by becoming the historian of manners; fixing the tale of your story in what distant period best pleases you, and making it characteristic of the manners, and, what is more difficult, habits of feeling and thought, prevalent at that time, and in that scene. There exists no tale of romance that does not betray ignorance, gross and unpardonable ignorance. Horace Walpole, indeed is an exception, but even he discovers no knowledge. Such a work would do your mind good by necessary reading, and the train of thought that would inevitably follow. It will be useful because it would impart knowledge, though the book itself should want any other merit, which I will not suspect because I remember my companion at Cintra. England is the best scene, not only because the information is contained in your own language, but because the scenery is before you, and nature never can be painted from books."4

These two notes that Southey repeatedly emphasises in his letters and Common-place Book, seem to constitute his strength and his weakness. He was a self-taught scholar - he proudly tells in his letters how he acquired his love of independent research and investigation.5 But I feel that he often confused the interesting for the useful, the curious for the important. Even a cursory glance at his Common-place Book would illustrate this: he talks of 'speaking dogs', 'singing wells', 'trees that prophesy war'.6 He

4 Selections, I, 173. Italics are mine.
5 Life, I, 122.
can always quote an authority for his source, but that does not make his information human, fit for the subject of a poem. In *Kehama* all his basic information is derived from Jones, Picart, Sonnerat and Moor and a few others. The decorative information is mostly gleaned from travel books.

It was partly a matter of chance that while *Kehama* was being written Southey was reviewing travel books for Arthur Aiken. In January 1804 while he was reviewing * Asiatic Researches* he wrote to Rickman: "This vile reviewing birdlimes me: I do it slower than anything else - yawning over tiresome work...." By degrees Southey was able to accept the task of reviewing as necessary: "...of all trades it is the least irksome and the most like my own favourite pursuits, which it certainly must, in a certain degree, assist, as well as, in point of time, retard." To keep the pot boiling, Southey had to keep on doing this work: the best he could do was to rationalise his position. "I grudge the time thus to be sold sorely; but patience! it is, after all, better than pleading in a stinking court of law - or being called up at midnight to a patient; it is better than being a soldier or a sailor; better than calculating profit and loss on a counter; better, in short, than anything but independence." But reviewing had its compensations, some Southey realised: "The great use of reviewing is, that it obliges me to think upon

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7 *Life*, II, 250.
8 *Life*, II, 297.
9 *Life*, II, 301.
subjects on which I had been before content to have very vague opinions, because there had never been any occasion for examining them."

One result of Southey's reviewing was that he looked at travel literature more critically, at least in theory. "Our earliest travellers," he wrote in the first Annual Review, "were all liars, however they differed in religion, country or profession, Jew or Friar, Venetian or Englishman; in propensity they all agreed, and every one adopted and embellished the lie of his predecessor. After Vasco da Gama had explored a way to India, and Columbus had discovered a new world, the account of distant countries became more numerous, and assumed a different and a more respectable character. The adventures had so much of what was stimulant as well as true to relate that there no longer existed any motive or temptation to invent; fiction could not be more novel or scarcely more surprising than truth...."11

It was from this new travel literature that he demanded accuracy of description: "Every march of an officer in Hindoostan, every journey of an individual, if faithfully narrated, might convey information which the European Reader would gladly and thankfully receive."12

Conscientious Southey wanted to borrow the correct information from the travellers, for after all travellers were the readiest

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10 Life, II, 312.
11 A.R. for 1802, p. 18.
source of all knowledge of the distant lands, hence he does not ask these writers to produce books of polished style at the expense of truth. Some of the finest touches in *Kehama* are borrowed from modern travellers. For instance, the following, which is nostalgic to an Indian:

The tank which fed his fields was there, and there
The large-leav'd lotus on the waters flowering.
There, from the intolerable heat,
The buffaloes retreat;
Only their nostrils rais'd to meet the air,
Amid the sheltering element they rest.13

It is worth noting that the number of books produced at this time about India was immense, especially because the Mysore war was over. Southey seems to have taken no interest in Indian biography or politics at all. Three-fourths of the notes are quoted from travel literature, not only modern but going right back to Bernier and Pietro della Valle. The rest of the notes are from Jones and *Asiatic Researches*. The notes though usually indicative of his sources of information, are sometimes postscripts: some information that authenticates what Southey already knew. Incidentally, I believe, Coleridge acquired his taste for travel literature through Southey. To Miss Barker Southey wrote in 1805, "You do well to read Travels which are almost the only modern books worth reading."14

In Southey's reading of travel literature and in his reviews, we notice the same two things, his love of the strange, and his sensitive eye for the beauty of Nature, forming the centre of interest

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13 *Kehama*, IX, p. 87.
14 *Selectiona*, I, 331.
It is the second that constitutes a worthy trait in him, which some of his contemporaries and I think his critics now forget. We saw how in that letter to Miss Barker he had advised her to confine herself to England, 'because the scenery is before you and nature can never be painted from books'. Southey, however, himself overcame this obstacle by the help of his friends and by his love of pictures and prints.

This intelligent appreciation of pictures can be traced quite early in Southey. It was connected in some ways with his love of book production, which included all the items that go to make a finished book: typography, binding and engravings.

After his first journey to Portugal, his uncle sent him some drawings of the views they saw en route, and he wrote to his brother: "I wish you were here to see them; it is my intention to have some engraved for the next edition of my letters which have I believe sold well."\(^{15}\)

Often when he was making an outline of his poems, he referred to some prints as a guide for painting certain scenes. In the draft sketch of Thalaba he noted, "Scenery like that delightful print in Hearne. Ice and firs and poplar islands,"\(^{16}\) referring to a picture in A Journey from Hudson Bay, etc., which Southey does incorporate in the poem.

Southey had many artist friends, Richard Duppa, Miss Barker, Miss Seton. Some of them illustrated his books. To Richard Duppa

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\(^{15}\) Selections, I, 39.

\(^{16}\) C.R. R., IV, 188.
he once wrote about one "Wilkinson - a clergyman who draws if not with genius, with great industry and most useful fidelity. I have learnt a great deal by examining his collection of etchings."17

Miss Barker was often commissioned by him to copy pictures from books or make new ones for his poems.18 In fact, his letters to Miss Barker, whom he calls by many nicknames, Bhow Begum, Miss Michael Angelo, etc., bring out this point very well. In 1804 he was wanting vignettes for Madoc, and he suggested to her that "I will get some Cumberland views from my neighbour, that will suit with little alteration my American landscapes."19 He also instructs her to copy 'the ship' from William the Conqueror's tapestry which would serve for the 'ship of Madoc'.20 His criticism of one of her pictures shows that he intuitively understood the laws of perspective.21

His appreciation of landscape paintings was backed by his own sensitive observation of nature. If we take at random some of his notes from his Common-place Book, and they can be easily mistaken for an artist's memoranda, we shall see how he had an eye for the shape of things, for the distribution of light and shade, for colour:

The clouds spot the sea with purple. (45)22

17 Life, II, 238.
18 Selections, I, 266.
19 Selections, I, 260.
20 Selections, I, 266.
21 Selections, I, 272.
22 C.-p. B., IV, pages as in brackets.
In a hot cloudy day the sea was pale grey, greener at a distance, and bounded by a darker line. (45)

Distinct shadows on the water in cloudy weather. (55)

The grass in an orchard gaily chequered with the sunshine falling between and through the trees. (55)

The motion of the river reflected upon the arch of the bridge, rolling in waves of chequered light. (75)

In a wet day, I observed that smoke rose brighter. On remarking this to Tom, he told me that in dull days white flags were very bright; in clear weather, the dark colours shone most visibly. (86)

Very green appearance of the poplar when the evening sun shines upon it, and a black cloud hangs behind. (30)

The distant hills form a line of darker blue against the clear sky, May 25th, on the road from London to Southampton. (30)

I observed the motion of the corn most like the sparkling of a stream in the sun. (86)

Green light of the evening sky where it last lingers. (94)

I have seen a dark cloud that threatened to hide the moon, grow bright as it passed over her, and only make her more beautiful. August 7, Cintra, eleven at night. (7)

Southey had a special interest in trees, and he individualised each genus in his descriptions. He asked his brother Tom to send him some drawings of trees, and in the same letter we find him wishing that he could draw. 23

The Banyan tree which has had such romantic effects on poets like Milton 24 and Wordsworth, is described by Southey too. The tree is placed in a beautiful setting of a landscape that I shall give the whole scene. It occurs in the poem where Kehama has at

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23 Life, II, 245.

24 Milton's 'fig tree'.
last completed the hundredth sacrifice and is entitled to enter
Indra’s realm above, where Ladurlad and Kailyal are taking refuge.
They are now forced to retreat to earth and they find themselves
in this landscape.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood;
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung.
Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor,
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er
Came gleams of chequered light.


A brook, with easy current, murmured near;


They built them here a bower, of jointed cane,
Strong for the needful use, and light and long
Was the slight frame-work rear'd, with little pain;
Lithe creepers, then, the wicker-sides supply,
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave
Beneath that genial sky.

Now if we compare this with the picture of Hodges,26 I think

25 Kehama, XIII, pp. 133 ff.
26 Travels in India. Please see the accompanying photograph.
it would be agreed that the two scenes are the same - as far as two different mediums can be similar. The composition is the same: banian tree in the centre, with the brook and the bower in their place, even the background of 'yonder woods' is mentioned by Southey a few lines before our extract. In the notes Southey quotes authorities for each of the separate items of landscape but he does not mention Hodges.

Hodges' book is only once quoted in the notes and that in connection with another beautiful scene:

The Moon is up, still pale
Amid the lingering light.
A cloud ascending in the eastern sky,
Sails slowly o'er the vale,
And darkens round and closes in the night.27

But Hodges' brush is more eloquent than his pen and the effect is better conveyed by his picture "Mohammedan women attending the tomb of their Parents, Relatives, or Friends at Night."28

Another interesting picture of Hodges is the "Procession of a Hindoo Woman to the funeral pile of her husband."

Take these lines of Southey:

And now toward the bank they go,
Where, winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the funeral pile appear
With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,
And built of precious sandal wood.
They cease their music and their outcry here;
Gently they rest the bier:
They wet the face of Arvalan,
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite;..... 29

27 Kehama, V, 36.
28 Travels, facing p. 28.
29 Kehama, I, p. 7.
PROCESSION OF A HINDOO WOMAN to the Funeral Pile of her HUSBAND

Painter: W. Hodges, R.A.
Engraver: W. Skelton.
From Travels in India, William Hodges, London, 1793.
A great deal of the description in the above and other lines in the poem is from Hodges' picture. What is of special interest, however, is that none of Southey's authorities - the notes cover over nine pages - mentions the wetting of the face, not even Hodges in his text, but his picture gives that impression, and Southey has woven that into his poem.

Southey in a letter to his brother, where he gives a very good bibliography on India, confirms our hypothesis: "Hodges is worth reading; I learnt many images from his book."30

Similarly, some other scenes are from other books of drawings and paintings, of which there was a spate at this time, as we mentioned elsewhere. Those picturesque descriptions of Mahabelipur in the poem, I believe, are taken from Daniell's paintings, published as Oriental Scenery.31

Southey has, no doubt, a great many of these beautiful sketches of nature in his poems. Some short, like:

......autumnal gales had swept the grove,  
And to the cold blast now the sullen oak  
Spread his unfoliaged arms.

Some even shorter,

Low-hung willow's dripping twigs.

But whether short or long Southey's landscapes, his theme and philosophy, are not always completely harmonised with each other. Coleridge diagnosed this correctly when he told Henry Crabb Robinson: "He wanted modifying power: he was a jewel setter -

30 Selections, I, 299.

31 Published as expensive but very popular folios in 1795, 1797, 1801-1807. The picture in question was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1797. Cf. Kehama, IV, 162.
whatever he found to his taste, he formed it into or made it into, the ornament of a story." If like Coleridge he had permitted all the curious and strange things in his mind to dissolve together and recrystallise into poems - he might have produced, perhaps, the quintessence of romantic poetry. But he kept his 'counters' separate. It is on record that once Southey had a Coleridgean dream, but he strongly complained against it: "'Tis a vile thing to be pestered in sleep with all the books I have been reading in the day, all jostled together." The streamy nature of his association was completely curbed and rudder'd by his thought - not for him the twilight realms of opiate dreams.

But even with the strongest monitor over his mind, a man who reads so much is apt to make a mistake some time: one day a wrong hook may fit a wrong eye of imagination. I believe Southey did make such a mistake in the last portion of Kehama, where the shades of Thalaba seem to have fallen on the 'Hindoo Padalon'.

Southey for his Thalaba had studied Islam in Maracci's Refutations, Sales and other writers; he must have been quite familiar with the Muslim conception of that fatal bridge, Al Sirât, which is, "laid over the midst of hell and described to be finer than hair and sharper than the edge of a sword." Here is the bridge in Kehama:

32 Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence, selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, 3 vols., London, 1869, I, 323.
33 Life, II, 280.
34 Sales Preliminary Discourse to the translation of the Koran, Section IV.
A single rib of steel,  
Keen as the edge of keenest scymitar,  
Spann'd this wide gulph of fire.35

Buddhists and Persians too have similar conceptions, but not the Hindus.

Ladurlad, Kailyal and her mother, Yedillion, when they meet together they kiss and embrace each other - most natural no doubt, but completely un-Indian. Except for these little slips, Southey tried his utmost to gather authentic material from every possible source. But he often missed the wood of total reality, because of his intense attention to the trees of individual facts. For each of his pieces of information he could quote chapter and verse - but the total picture somehow seems to defy recognition. His contemporaries had some justification in saying that in his poems he had versified his common-place book.36

Southey sought truth, but truth somehow did not make him free! He was intensely religious too - a truly noble man. What his Pelayo had suggested as a remedy for grief, he had adopted as a general practice of life:

Nature hath assigned  
Two sovereign remedies for human grief  
Religion, - surest, firmest, first and best  
And strenuous action next.37

Southey could not understand that a poet could sometimes rise above religion. Byron's Don Juan was to him "a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act of high treason on English
Poetry. 38

Would that he had been a little less religious and had had a little more leisure!

38 Life, V, 21.
The Surgeon's Daughter

Scott's short novel, The Surgeon's Daughter, was published in the second series of the Chronicles of Scotland (1817) - this is the only novel where he tried his hand at an oriental story. The first part of this story is laid in Scotland, the last three - the climactic and the denouement - take place in India during the time of Akbar Ali and his son Tipu Sultan. In the following chapter an attempt is made to discover some of Scott's sources, and to find out how he made use of this material.

There is an admirable article on this subject in the Quarterly Review (1919) by P.K. Krishnaswami. As this seems to be an important article, I shall make it the starting point of my inquiry.

CHAPTER V

SCOTT

A Study in Realistic delineation

The Surgeon's Daughter

...
The Surgeon's Daughter

Scott's short novel, the Surgeon's Daughter, was published in the second series of the Chronicles of Canongate (1827) - this is the only novel where he tried his hand at an oriental story. The first part of this story is laid in Scotland, the last third - the climax and the denouement - takes place in India during the time of Haider Ali and his son Tipu Sultan. In the following chapter an attempt is made to discover some of Scott's sources and to find out how he made use of this material.

There is an admirable article on this subject in the Calcutta Review (1919) by P.R. Krishnaswami. As this seems to be an important article, I shall make it the starting point of my inquiry.

Krishnaswami, after making a general reference to the Indo-Anglian relationship in English literature, goes on to speak about Scott's carefulness in constructing his historical narratives, and by the help of a quotation from Lockhart points out how Scott pored over maps and gazetteers with care and anxiety in preparation of some material for his novels. Krishnaswami examines Lockhart's Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott in order to discover some clue to the sources of this novel, but regretfully turns away from it, giving it up as unhelpful. He, then, turns to Scott himself, as he speaks through Mr Croftangry in the conclusion of the novel, and to the Introduction of the 1831 edition where Scott states that Colonel James Ferguson of Huntly Burn was the person who supplied him with information as to the Eastern matters. Krishnaswami finds this avenue, too, unpromising, and remarks: "It is difficult
to trace the part played by this colonel in Indian history. Though Scott has offered a simple explanation of his indebtedness to him, we need not take him seriously, but may proceed independently of his assurance in our investigation."

Krishnaswami was working under certain disadvantages: first, probably he had no access to the original documents; secondly, he was deriving all his information from secondary sources. Though his conclusions are interesting, they need re-examination in the light of primary material. The most serious objection to his research is that he has drawn practically all his evidence from books published after 1827. It is very likely that most of these

1 Italics are mine.
3 Here is a list of books quoted by Krishnaswami - he does not give the dates of publication of any except Bowring, and a pamphlet "The Trial of Avadhanum Paupiah, Brahman Dubash to John Holland, Esq., at the Quarter Sessions held at Fort St. George, July 1792," Madras, 1825 - which I have failed to trace. The dates are supplied by me, and the books are in the order in which they are quoted in Krishnaswami's article:

- **L.B. Bowring:** Haider Ali and Tipu Sultan, Oxford, 1893.  
- **H.D. Love:** Vestiges of Old Madras [4 vols., Madras, 1913]  
- **Balfour:** Cyclopaedia of India [1857.]  
- **D. Leighton:** Vicissitudes of Fort St. George [Madras & Bombay, 1902]  
- **H.G. Keene:** Hindustan Under Free Lances [London, 1907; earlier edition called Great Anarchy, Calcutta, 1901, withdrawn and republished as above.]  
- **Mackintosh's Travels,** quoted from Carey above [Date?]  
- **Heber's Indian Journal** [1828.]  
- **Wilson:** Madras Army [Madras, 1882-89, 4 vols. + 1 vol. maps]  
- **Borrow:** The Public Life of the Earl of Macartney (quoted from Vestiges above) [1807.]  
- **Mark Wilks:** South India (quoted from Bowring above) [3 vols., 1810-17.]  

* The name was HOLLOND; the above must be a misprint in the Calcutta Review.
authors were aware of Scott's novel and hence, perhaps, to some extent, limelighted that portion of the book which had similar incidents to those of Scott's story.

Bowring's book, *Haider Ali and Tipu Sultan*, from which Krishnaswami has taken nine quotations, would illustrate this point. The very first sentence of Bowring shows that he was well aware of Scott's Novel: "The Terrible uprising in India, 1857, commonly called the Mutiny, has to some extent obliterated the recollection of previous events in that country; but two generations ago most people had heard of the Siege of Seringapatam, while readers of Waverley Novels were familiar with the slight story called the "Surgeon's Daughter"."

Let me give another example. Take Carey's *The Good Old Days of Honorable John Company* - this book is literally a collection of snippets - I do not say that in a derogatory sense - and the compiler himself, after giving a list of books (and a very useful list for our purpose too) adds:

"From these we have taken paragraphs, which by the aid of paste and scissors we have thrown into something like narrative from the most prominent events during the rule of Honorable East India Company in India. We do not aspire to be historians, we simply profess to lay before our readers some curious reminiscences illustrating the manners and customs of the people of Calcutta during the rule of East India Company."

If Scott could have consulted such a book, his labour would have been much reduced - but this book appeared more than fifty years after his novel. I need not strain the point any further; it is obvious that this inquiry into Scott's sources is still open and even the seemingly acceptable conclusions of Mr Krishnaswami

4 Opus Cit. p. i.
need to be re-examined. For instance his assertion that 'A much probable, or rather the undoubted original' of Begum Montreville, 'is however found in Begum Sumroo', is not warrantable, as I shall try to prove a little later. Scott had reasons enough to make a European a begum.

In case of Scott we need to remember that he was no mere book-lover, and that he as a man of the world was aware of the floating 'common knowledge' of the time, of which we spoke earlier. He was a very well informed person who not only took active part in the social activities of his country but was also keenly interested in current affairs all over the world. He had friends in all walks of life who regularly corresponded with him, which goes to show how wide was his range of interests. In this connection it may be noticed that Scott had many friends and acquaintances who were or had been to India and who wrote to him often: John Leyden, in whom Scott took a personal interest; Bishop Heber, brother of Richard Heber, the publisher; Marshman; Colonel Byres, son of the famous antiquarian; his nephew Walter Scott; Charles Carpenter, the brother of his wife, who was a commercial resident at Salem, whom Scott had never met at all - the list is too long to be given here. Further Scott shows knowledge of India in his novel about contemporary life - St. Ronan's Well (1824) - in it he had introduced a character who was most directly connected with India:

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Peregrine Touchwood, a nabob— one of whose defects is shared by many travellers: "a slight disposition to exaggerate his own personal adventures, and to prose concerning his own exploits." From the discourses of this admirable character one could glean enough material to form a picture of India, and his knowledge is authenticated by the use of genuine Urdu and Persian words. It would not be very fruitful to trace the origins of this knowledge, which at this time must have been, more or less, universal. It is with more definite information that I shall deal in the course of this chapter.

The Surgeon's Daughter has several appendages and a careful perusal of them will well reward us.

Let us begin by looking at Croftangry's Conclusion. Scott's secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels was originally known to about twenty persons only; with the financial crisis it had become an open secret, but was only publicly avowed by Scott at the Theatrical Fund dinner on February 23, 1827. The first series of Chronicles of Canongate appeared in October, 1827, but was actually planned and partly printed, long before the avowal of the novels took place—so in the two series, the nom de plume of Croftangry was retained— and it must have heightened the dramatic irony of the name when all the readers knew the identity of the writer. Croftangry writes, "my private flirtations with the Muse of Fiction became a matter whispered in Miss Fairscribe's circle,"

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6 St. Ronan's Well, ch. XVII.

and he goes on to tell how the secret spread:

"At length the affair became so far public, that I was induced to face a tea-party with my manuscript in my pocket, looking as simple and modest as any gentleman of a certain age needs to be upon such an occasion. When tea had been carried round...I had the honour of reading the Surgeon's Daughter for the entertainment of the evening...."

After the story had been read all showed an appreciation of it, except an old lady who carried the subject off to shawls:

"She threw all other topics out of the field, and from the genuine Indian, she made a digression to the imitation shawls now made at Paisley, out of real Thibet wool, not to be known from the actual country shawl, except by some inimitable cross-stitch in the border. 'It is well,' said the old lady, wrapping herself up in a rich Kashmiri, 'that there is some way of knowing a thing that cost fifty guineas from an article that is sold for five; but I venture to say there are not one out of ten thousand that would understand the difference.'

The politeness of some of the fair ladies would now have brought back the conversation to the forgotten subject of our meeting. 'How could you, Mr Croftangry, collect all these hard words about India? - you were never there?' - 'No, madam, I have not had that advantage; but like the imitative operatives of Paisley, I have composed my shawl by incorporating into the woof a little Thibet wool, which my excellent friend and neighbour, Colonel Mackerris, one of the best fellows who ever trod a Highland moor, or dived into an Indian jungle, had the goodness to supply me with.'"

I have deliberately given a lengthy extract from the conclusion, because I wish to draw attention to two important points. First, what the old lady said above about "not one out of ten thousand that would understand the difference" was very true. The Indian part of the story was excellent, if judged purely objectively - I am not thinking of an aesthetic judgement so much as one of authenticity; the realism is quite genuine. But how did the opinion get currency that it was otherwise? It is very often the case that the superior knowledge of the critics inclines them to a prejudice. Lockhart who is at the head of this tradition had
an access to Scott's journals where Scott himself expressed the opinion that "the patch is, I suspect, too glaring to be pleasing" - because he had borrowed some passages from Colonel Ferguson, as I shall presently show. Lockhart, therefore, because of his superior knowledge, which was only made public in 1890 - with the publication of the Journal - simply re-echoed Scott; in writing about the Chronicles he says: "The contents were, The Highland Widow, the two Drovers and the Surgeon's Daughter - all in their styles excellent, except that the Indian part of the last does not well harmonise with the rest..."7 Lang takes up the same view of incongruity between the two parts and adds further that Scott did not possess the direct intimacy with India which men like Kipling possess.

Even the contemporary criticism of the novel is not very just; The London Magazine in a review of 'Sir Walter Scott's last Novel' writes:

"It contains much of the author's striking description of passion, of his knowledge of character and his unrivalled power in managing and displaying it. We regret his departure from Scotland; and though there may be great brilliancy in his Indian scenes, they do not produce the conviction of their truth and reality which always attends the author on Scottish ground. We should say that Sir Walter has in the latter part of this tale, wholly sacrificed probability to effect; he has nevertheless succeeded in drawing as selfish and unredeemed a villain as ever broke a heart."8

I wonder what the reaction of this critic would have been if the authorship of the Novels was still unrevealed?

The second point that I wish to draw attention to, is the

7 Lockhart's Life, chap. LXXIV, p. 671. (For convenience references are given to the one vol. edition of 1842.)

figure of the shawl. Scott writes: "I have composed my shawl by incorporating into the woof a little Thibet wool which my excellent friend...had the goodness to supply me with." Fortunately we know exactly the extent and nature of this wool, and we shall be able to subject the shawl to an analysis. But before doing so, let us turn to the Introduction of 1831, where Scott is more explicit:

"The author has nothing to say now in reference to this little Novel, but that the principal incident on which it turns, was narrated to him one morning at breakfast by his worthy friend, Mr Train of Castle Douglas, in Galloway, whose kind assistance he has so often had the occasion to acknowledge in course of these prefaces; and that the military friend who is alluded to as having furnished him with some information as to Eastern matters, was Colonel James Ferguson of Huntly Burn, one of the sons of the venerable historian and philosopher of that name which name he took the liberty of concealing under its Gaelic form of MacErries."

I shall now take the two names mentioned in the introduction and go on with the quest. First, Joseph Train.

Scott had very early (1814) enlisted the loyalty and devotion of this generous man, who like so many others proved to be a great help to him in collecting materials for his novels. Joseph Train was an excise inspector by profession, but his hobby was to collect antiquarian materials and Scottish legends. From the very first contact with Scott, he became his devoted hero worshipper. His letters to Scott are an ample proof of this - they usually begin with 'Honoured Sir Walter Scott' or 'Honoured and Revered Sir Walter Scott' and very often express some gratitude for one thing or another that Scott had done for him. He is an interesting character - one of those lesser men who are willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of their hero: had the hero been somebody other than Scott, it is very likely that we might never have heard of Train. But
Scott always acknowledged his literary debts, and, besides, tried to do all that lay within his power to help his friends. A full-length study of Train's literary relationship with Scott would make illuminating reading. 9

Lockhart in his Life has dismissed Train in a few pages and another few incidental references. He has treated him quite fairly, when we remember what a vast canvas he had undertaken to paint and that he had to keep a sense of balance, and subordinate everything to the main subject of his biography. But I feel that there is much inexpressed heartache and suppressed disappointment in a little bound manuscript volume, 10 written out carefully with an affectionate devotion in Train's eldest son William's hand.

Train had preserved most of Scott's letters to him, except a few that he had given away to friends who desired to keep Scott's holograph. He was very proud of the part he had played in the Waverley Novels and justly considered Scott's acknowledgement as expressed in the various prefatory notes of the Novels as his well deserved reward. But the letter of Cadell, the publisher, now bound up with Train's manuscript, asking him to give all the letters to Lockhart and politely suggesting that it would be useless for him to print them separately, must have disappointed him, though he does not

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10 MS. 3277, to which a reference was made in the last note.
give any expression to such feelings. Just as in 1814 he had 'renounced every idea of authorship for himself', so in 1833 this self-sacrificing person gave up his own intention of publishing Scott's letters, etc., and passed them on to Lockhart. I do not think the world is any poorer by this step, but even the slight frustration of the intentions of a worthy man needs to be recorded in the human drama.

The Title page of Train's MS. volume is as follows:

Brief Sketch/of a/Correspondence/with/Sir Walter Scott/commencing/In the year/1814.

This is followed by an introductory letter (pp. i - xviii) to J.G. Lockhart from which I quote a few sentences:

"To have contributed even in the slightest degree to any of the incomparable works of Sir Walter Scott is an honor of which any person might be justly proud - were I to say I am not gratified at the frequent mention of my name in the 'Waverley Novels' my veracity might well be doubted, although the person who designated me the 'Jackal of the Literary Lion of the North', did so seemingly in derision, the title was not offensive to me according to an old Scotch proverb, 'Ilka ane wears his girdle his ain gate'."

Then follows the Brief Sketch in which Train gives the contextual background of the letters, and a great deal of other information - Train, naturally, looms quite large in the pages of this narrative - he also gives a list of legends, etc., supplied by him to Scott, and adds a catalogue of curios and antiquarian objects supplied by him for Abbotsford Museum.

Lockhart makes use of some of the letters and quotes a few 11

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11 Patterson, in his book, says that Train did not make use of the materials himself because he was afraid that he "would have been marked as one likely to forget his duty for other and more frivolous pursuits" (p. 34) but surely there were other nobler reasons.
sentences from what he calls "a little narrative with which he (Train) has favoured me". Lockhart tears out pp. 13-28 from the appendix and Train has written the following note about this in his own hand: "The leaves here wanting were torn out by Mr Lockhart and the contents published in his life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. III, pp. 405-6-7-8-9-10, 411-12-13-14. J.T." 12

The MS. then tells how Train related the story to Scott:

"In the spring of the year following my visit to Abbotsford I related to Sir Walter Scott at his table in North Castle Street the story of a Fifeshire Surgeon's daughter, which pleased him so much that he said, 'Well, Mr Train, you never run out of excellent stories, you should really publish a Collection of them. I will assist you to prepare them for the press. You know one good turn deserves another, you have helped me, it is now my turn to help you. From my influence with the Booksellers I will assure you of two or three hundred pounds, - you may even publish some of the stories you sent to me, they are not the worse of having passed through my hands as I disguised them for reasons you well know.' This conversation took place in presence of Miss Scott." 13

A prefatory note to the Surgeon's Daughter in a later edition says: "Mr Train was requested by Sir Walter Scott to give him in writing the story as nearly as possible in the shape in which he had told it; but the following narrative, which he drew up accordingly, did not reach Abbotsford until July, 1832."

What was the source of Train's story? I believe so far no one has been able to discover this. 14

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12 The composition of MS. 3277 is: folio i-iii + pp. i-xvii + pp. 1-247 + blank + appendix pp. 1-12, 13-28 missing, 29-43 + blank. [Water mark 1831.] Perhaps there is a clerical mistake on p. 175 about the year - "he [Scott] had admitted it himself at the Theatrical Fund Dinner in 1826". It should be 1827.

13 Pages 178-9 of MS. 3277.

14 'B' asked in Notes and Queries (vol. 164, March 25, 1933, p. 207) if there was any truth in Train's story and if the parties in it could be identified? He elicited no reply.
Scott, who had a wonderful memory, kept the salient features of this story in his mind and made the main incident in it the pivot of his story. Train's sketch, however, is much too simple, and even to spin it out into the length of a short novel required the addition of several other accessory characters and incidents, and corresponding reassignment of actions in consonance with the development of the various persons and situations introduced. Slight alteration in the beginning meant a number of changes in the subsequent narrative. Scott, by introducing the mysterious couple and the events connected with them in the first chapter, which is not in Train's sketch, enriched and complicated an otherwise too simple plot.

Scott possibly owed the incidents of the first chapter to E.T.A. Hoffman, the German romantic novelist, whose work he was reviewing for R.P. Gillies\(^\text{15}\) in the early part of 1827 for the Foreign Quarterly Review.\(^\text{16}\) If we accept the incidents of the first chapter the rest follows quite logically, as close to Train's sketch as is artistically possible. The novel then resolves itself into two balanced parts - one in Scotland, the other in India - each possessing its own climax and denouement, within the larger unity of the whole.

The climax of the first part is in the accidental discovery of his parents by Richard Middlemas, the unowned child of the

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\(^{15}\) F.E. Pierce, in his article 'Scott and Hoffman' discusses the similarities between the first chapters of Surgeon's Daughter and 'Das Gelübde' in Modern Language Notes, vol. 45 (1930) pp. 457-60.

\(^{16}\) Lockhart is not correct in calling the magazine the Foreign Review.
mysterious couple of the first chapter. A scene near the end was described by Scott to Thomas Moore at a dinner, when he visited Abbotsford in the latter part of 1825. Here is Moore's description as given by Lockhart:17

"I was much struck by his description of a scene he had once with Lady — (the divorced Lady — ) upon her eldest boy, who had been born before her marriage, with Lord — , asking her why he himself was not Lord — (the second title). 'Do you hear that?!' she exclaimed wildly to Scott; and then rushing to the pianoforte, played, in a frenzy, some hurried airs, as if to drive away the dark thoughts then in her mind. It struck me that he spoke of this lady as if there had been something more than mere friendship between them. He described her as beautiful and full of character."18

The scene from the novel is this: Richard Middlemas joins the East India Company through Tom Hillary, a friend of his youth and a villain, and is sent to the Isle of Wight to await his shipment to India — here he falls ill and is robbed of his entire fortune by Tom Hillary. The Commanding Officer of the depot, General Witherington, and Zilia, his wife, are the parents of Richard, whom they left behind with Doctor Gideon Gray at Middlemas. Richard does not know the secret, but the General at the insistence of his wife, arranges an interview with his son, while Zilia stays behind a curtain. The General has restored Richard's lost money and has obtained a commission for him in the Army; Richard is naturally very grateful; and speaking to his benefactor,

"O, my more than father," he says, "how much greater a debt I owe to you, than to the unnatural parents, who brought me into this world by their sin, and deserted me through their cruelty!"

17 Fredk. C. White draws attention to this in *Notes and Queries* (vol. 158, June 14, 1930, p. 422). He refers to Life of Scott by Lockhart, 1822 edition — obviously a misprint for 1842.

18 Lockhart, p. 569.
Zilia, as she heard these cutting words, flung back her veil, raising it on both hands till it floated behind her like a mist, and then giving a faint groan, sunk down in a swoon. Pushing Middlemas from him with hasty movement, General Witherington flew to his lady's assistance, and carried her in his arms, as if she had been a child, into the anteroom.

Her mind was obviously impressed by the last words, which her son had uttered. - "Did you hear him, Richard!" she exclaimed in accents terribly loud, considering the exhausted state of her strength - "Did you hear the words? It was heaven speaking our condemnation by the voice of our own child. But do not fear, my Richard, do not weep! I will answer the thunder of Heaven with its own music."

She flew to a harpsichord which stood in the room, and, while the servant and master gazed on each other, as if doubting whether her senses were about to leave her entirely, she wandered over the keys, producing a wilderness of harmony, composed of passages recalled by memory, or combined by her own musical talent, until at length her voice and instrument united in one of those magnificent hymns in which her youth had praised her Maker, with voice and harp, like the Royal Hebrew who composed it. The tears ebbed insensibly from the eyes which she turned upwards - her vocal tones combining with those of the instrument, rose to a pitch of brilliancy seldom achieved by most distinguished performers, then sunk into a dying cadence, which fell, never again to arise, - for the songstress had died with her strain. 19

Scott in the process of elaborating the simple tale has given it a more closely knit plot and a greater depth. The climax of the second part, which is immediately followed by the denouement, is in the death of Richard Middlemas, at the command of Haider Ali and the rescue of Menie Gray from the evil designs of Richard. The end is unlike the conventional pattern suggested by Train, where C.... and Emma marry and live "happily together"; Scott's version is more realistic. Further, Scott by placing the story in a definite period of Indian History has been able to display his forte in that kind of writing. I shall discuss Indian History in this novel in another place.

19 Chap. VIII, p. 384.
Let me now turn to the second person, Colonel James Ferguson, younger brother of Sir Adam Ferguson. We know a great deal about the latter; he was a fellow student of Scott, had fought in the Napoleonic wars under Wellington, and had read Scott's the "Lady of the Lake" (canto vi) to his soldiers, lying on the ground exposed to the enemy artillery. In 1811 he had expressed to Scott in a letter the wish to try his hand 'on a snug little farm' somewhere near him. In 1818 his desire was fulfilled and he settled on Toftfield near Abbotsford, which was renamed Huntly Burn. He was the eldest son of Professor Adam Ferguson of Edinburgh University. Scott secured for him the sinecure of the deputy keepership of the Scottish Regalia. He was knighted when George IV visited Edinburgh in 1822.

Besides James, who was in the East India Company, Sir Adam had another younger brother, John, who was in the navy.

Here is an account of the three brothers by one of their contemporaries, a namesake but no relative, Robert Ferguson, M.D., who also attended on Scott during his last illness:

"Each of these men was six feet and upwards, bony, spare and powerful. Each had his own peculiarity. The Admiral who was really a handsome man, encouraged the bluntness of expression and the demeanour of a sailor of that day, but united with it a deep religious feeling. The Colonel was the most inveterably unperturbable being I ever knew. He was cheerful under every possible infliction or affliction; not from indifference, but apparently from constitution. He had been hit in battle, and kept whistling and fighting till he fainted. He was in later life tormented with rheumatism, but though his strong frame was twisted and cramped in all its movements, at last so as to confine him to his room, there he was as cheerful and as busy with his books, his pursuits and his plans as if terrible winds of the East Neuk of Fife had never chilled a vein or twisted a

20 Lockhart, 207.
He never attended to himself or his pains but always welcomed the visitor as when he was no sufferer. This was his strength, and few went away from him without the lesson learnt of how to bear. Like most Highlanders, he resolutely shut the book if the page was unpleasant, and slipt over to the next.

Sir Walter Scott, who got hints from every thing and person, obtained from him much that he valued and used in his description of Indian scenes; just as he based the nautical parts of The Pirate on information extracted from the Admiral. The Colonel, however, had the advantage over his younger brother, the Admiral, of being a most graphic penman. 21

The "capitally good" and "highly picturesque" sketches that James Ferguson gave to Scott are such an integral part of his own life in India that a short account of his activities, reconstructed from various sources, 22 may help the argument.

Ferguson as a soldier had had experience of action on the battlefield; as a commander of the escort to the Resident of Delhi Court, he had learnt of the diplomatic activities of these men; as an assistant to the Resident he had become quite familiar with the ceremonial formalities of the Indian courts.

At the age of twenty (1798) he joined the East India Company as a cadet. Within a year, this tall young man of excellent bearing became a lieutenant. For the next eight years he must have led the usual round of an East Indian officer's life, learning the language, knowing the people, going through the routine of military activities.

21 Records of the Clan and Name of Ferguson or Ferguson and Ferguson, edited by James Ferguson and Robert Menzies Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1895, p. 187. I am indebted to Mr D.F. Ferguson for this reference.

22 Brief notice of his services is given in Major V.C.P. Hodson's Lists of the Officers of the Bengal Army (1756-1854) Part II, p. 173, London: 1928.
His first important assignment came to him in 1808, when Mr (later Lord) Charles Metcalfe, then a young man of twenty-three was appointed on an important and delicate mission to negotiate a treaty of friendship with the Lahore court of Rajah Ranjit Singh.

Repercussions of the Napoleonic activities in Europe had been felt all over the world. The British in India were afraid of a possibility of a French invasion of India. The French intrigue at the Court of Persia had confirmed their fears. At the same time, Ranjit Singh, Rajah of Lahore, had taken advantage of the non-intervention policy of the East India Company and had annexed a number of small neighbouring principalities. He was even thinking of extending his power beyond the River Sutlej, dangerously near to the British. In order to check his activities and to form a common defence against a possibility of a French invasion, the Mission to Ranjit Singh was appointed. Its purpose was to re-establish ascendancy at the Teheran Court and to achieve diplomatic occupation of the countries between Persia and India.

The Governor-General had such confidence in Metcalfe that he was given a completely free hand to carry on the mission just as he thought fit. He was not to be impeded by secretaries, assistants and attaches. A military escort was, however, provided, of which James Ferguson was one of the few British officers, the rest being Muslim Sepoys. The Mission was provided with a proper establishment.

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23 The following narrative is based on The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe, John William Kaye, 2 vols., London, 1854.
of Munshies, writers and servants, and a costly supply of presents which at this time formed an essential auxiliary of an Oriental diplomat.

The Mission took six weeks to reach Kasur, on the border of the Rajah's domain. The monsoon and bad roads had impeded their progress, and the journey was anything but pleasant. On the way they had passed through the territory of Rajah of Patiala, who received them "with profuse demonstrations of compliment and congratulation". Meanwhile, Ranjit Singh showed no indication of staying at Lahore, but moved about all over his territory with a seeming disregard for the Mission. At last he wrote to Metcalfe that he would receive the Mission at Kasur. Troops from all parts were assembling there presumably to make an impressive display of the military power of the Rajah on the British Mission.

On the 10th September Metcalfe halted a few miles from the Sikh Camp, so that the proper ceremonial of reception might be arranged. On the following day, the Rajah, instead of coming himself, sent his Prime Minister, and his chief Military Officer, with a retinue of two thousand men to show the Mission the spot marked for their encampment, which was less than a mile from Rajah's tents. This action of the Rajah was a breach of etiquette. Metcalfe felt that he should have come himself. He wrote to Edmonstone, the Political Secretary, thus: "It appeared to me that the rank and dignity of Government which I have the honor to represent, required that the Rajah should come out from his camp to meet the Mission and I had it intimated to him that such was my
But Metcalfe was too good a diplomat to take offence at this. The next day he paid his first visit to Ranjit Singh, accompanied by the officers attached to the escort. In a letter to the chief secretary he writes: "The Rajah met us on the outside of a large enclosure, and having embraced all the gentlemen of the Mission, conducted us within, where tents had been prepared for our reception. As a compliment to us the Rajah, from his own choice, used chairs at this meeting, partly collected from our camp and partly from his own, upon which he and the principal Sirdars present and the gentlemen of the British Mission were seated. This interview was prolonged by the Rajah beyond the usual time of visits of ceremony; but nothing of consequence passed at it."25

Four days later Ranjit Singh paid the return visit. A great preparation was made to receive him with all honours. A 'musnad' in Oriental fashion was made for the Rajah to sit upon, but he preferred to sit on a chair in a European way. These visits and return visits continued for a long time. Our interest in them is simply to trace the various ceremonies which were observed by James Ferguson himself; the probability is that it is these that he recalls in the Sketches.

One day Ranjit Singh without consulting his ministers broke up his camp and asked Metcalfe to follow him. The British Mission had to go to various places before it finally reached Amritsar.

24 Metcalfe, I, 257, footnote.
25 Metcalfe, I, p. 257.
It was here that the Muslim Sepoys of the escort were celebrating *Muharram*, one of their festivals, that the Akalis - a group of fanatic Sikhs - because of their strong anti-Muslim feelings, attacked the escort. The attack was successfully repelled, but James Ferguson was wounded.

After his memorable experiences in the Punjab, Ferguson went back to Calcutta and officiated as an acting Brigade Major.

Two years later, Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, decided to root out French influence altogether from the Eastern seas by the conquest of Java. Ferguson took part in this campaign, and received a medal for his services.

On his return from Java, Ferguson became the commander of the escort to the Resident at Delhi, who was his old officer, Metcalfe.

Delhi\(^{26}\) at this time had an anomalous position. The Mogul empire had fallen to pieces, but here, in Delhi, the Great Mogul, virtually a pensioner of the British, was given the honour and glory, and outward trappings of a great emperor within the four walls of the Fort. The actual administration of Delhi and its environment was carried on by the Resident but the presentation of the foreign men of distinction, receiving and offering of 'Nuzzars' (tributes) and similar formalities continued in the old way. One of his duties was to attend the court regularly as a suitor, along with his escort keeping up all the ceremonials of Mughul kings, as it had been observed for more than two centuries. Although the whole thing had become a farce, visitors from various

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countries, when in Delhi, did not fail to go to the Court to be presented. Bishop Heber in 1824, Baron Von Hügel later, and many others have left a record of their visit to the "Great Mogul's" court.

Ferguson served here four years as the commander of the escort and another six years as an assistant to the Resident. In these ten years he must have become quite familiar with the life of the people of Delhi and their customs and manners, traces of which we shall find in his notes.

In 1822 he was sent as the first assistant to the Resident at the Court of Malwa and Rajputana - land of Rajast'han, full of brave and chivalrous men and interesting old places. There is no doubt he must have visited the famous Tomb of Chisti Nizamuddin in Ajmere.

Major James Ferguson came on furlough from India on 13th February, 1823. He was in Huntly Burn in July; and we have this reference to him in Scott's letter to Lord Montagu: "Sir Adam is well & his circle is augmented by his Indian brother, Major Fergusson, who has much of the family manner - an excellent importation, of course, to Tweedside." 28

As we know that Scott kept 'his journal' from November 20, 1825, to April 14, 1832, we might profitably dip into it to find out more about this interesting person, and his relationship with Scott.

The first mention of James Ferguson in Scott's journal is on Hogmanay - December 31, when Scott had given a party to a number of

27 The East India Register and Directory for 1823, p. 84.
his intimate friends: "anauld-warld party, who made themselves happy in the auld fashion."29 Between this reference and one in February 17 and 18, 1831, there are thirty-four mentions of Colonel Ferguson, and most of these indicate directly or indirectly the pleasant nature of his company. To take one typical example: "Mr Scrope and Col. Ferguson came to dinner, and we twaddled away the evening well enough."30

Colonel Ferguson must have been an interesting talker, and Scott must have been inflicted, many a time, with his stories, but it seems that in September 1826 - just a year before he was writing the Surgeon's Daughter - Scott was not interested enough to keep awake during one of these recountings: "went down to Huntly Burn, and dawdled about while waiting for the carriage to bring me back. Mr Bruce and Colonel Ferguson pottered away about Persia and India and I fell asleep by the fireside."31

Scott was engaged on the Surgeon's Daughter in August 1827, and he must have already written two-thirds of the book, when he made this entry in his journal for August 22: "I wrote four or five leaves, but begin to get aground for want of Indian localities. Colonel Ferguson's absence is unlucky, so is Maxpопple's and half-a-dozen Qui Нi's besides, willing to write chitts, eat tiffing, and vent all their pagan jargon when one does not want to hear it; and


31 Journal, p. 225.
now that I want a touch of their slang, lo! there is not one near me."

Three days later, we find him in the same position: "I did a little more at the review today. But I cannot go on with the Tale without I could speak a little Hindo [stā]nēe - a small seasoning of curry-powder. Ferguson will do it if I can screw it out of him." Scott's contact with these Anglo-Indians had taught him a number of phrases that tasted of India and he was very keen to give that authentic flavour to his novel. To his publisher, Cadell, he wrote on August 27: "I am pausing on the last sheets of vol. II because I wait Colonel Fergusson's return to get some Indian phrases & information. I therefore only return two sheets of those received on Saturday."

It seems that Scott had not quite decided to ask Colonel Ferguson, because a week later, on the 1st of September, when Colonel Byers visits him, he wishes to get all the required information from him: "Colonel Fergusson and Colonel Byers breakfasted; the latter from India, the nephew of the old antiquarian; but I had not an opportunity to speak to him about the Eastern information required for the Chronicles."

Scott, probably, desired to consult Byers because he had joined the East India Company four years earlier than Ferguson, and there

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32 Journal, p. 368.
33 Journal, p. 389.
35 Journal, p. 393.
was a possibility that he had had first hand experience of South India during the capture of Seringapatam in 1799, as some members of the Bengal Army had volunteered for the Mysore war.\textsuperscript{36}

Scott, finally, succeeds in getting a promise from Ferguson on September 11. "Went to Huntly Burn and breakfasted with Colonel Fergusson, who has promised to have some Indian memoranda ready for me."\textsuperscript{37}

By the end of the week Colonel Ferguson had given Scott the notes he had asked for. This is his entry for September 16 - "The ladies went to the church; I, God forgive me, finished the Chronicles with a good deal of assistance from Colonel Fergusson's notes about Indian affairs. The patch is, I suspect, too glaring to be pleasing; but the Colonel's sketches are capitally good. I understand, too, there are one or two East Indian novels which have lately appeared. \textit{Naboclish! vogue la galère!}"\textsuperscript{38}

From the above, we see that Scott greatly appreciated Ferguson's notes and even incorporated them into his narrative. We find that he went again to him for more information: "September 23. - Worked in the morning; then drove to Huntly Burn, chiefly to get from the good humoured Colonel the accurate spelling of certain Hindu [sic] words which I have been using under his instructions. By the way, the sketches he gave me of Indian manners are highly

\textsuperscript{36} See F.G. Cardew: \textit{A Sketch of the services of the Bengal Native Army to the year 1895}, Calcutta, 1903, pp. 72 and 271.

\textsuperscript{37} \textit{Journal}, p. 398.

\textsuperscript{38} \textit{Journal}, p. 400. The novels Scott refers to are, probably, Bockley's \textit{Pandurang Hari} (1826) and the \textit{Zenana} (1827).
Fortunately we know what these 'Hindoo' words were and also what were 'the notes of Indian manners', for they are preserved in James Ferguson's own writing in the Abbotsford Collection. This was acquired by the National Library of Scotland in 1931 and 1932 from Sir Walter Maxwell Scott, Bart. A great deal of the material in it has been utilised by Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson who edited the Centenary Edition of Sir Walter Scott's letters. But so far as I know this particular document has neither been published nor has been made use of.

The manuscript is tucked away in a bound volume of Miscellaneous matter (MS. 913) and occupies folios 165 to 184.40

Let me now move on to the study of this document, and show by a detailed examination how far Scott was indebted to Ferguson. What was Scott's method of appropriation, rejection and modification and the reasons for the same as far as they can be determined? Incidentally, I hope to show that the notes are an integral part of Ferguson's own experience in India.

39 Journal, p. 401.

40 These folios are preceded by a letter in Scott's holograph, which raises an interesting problem but as it is irrelevant to our present purpose, I have discussed it in appendix C.
CHAPTER VI

'A Little Thibet Wool'
"A Little Thibet Wool"

The first thing that strikes one even on a cursory examination of this document is that it deals with seven different unrelated topics, which are separated from each other by a blank space or a definite line indicating the break. The topics are as follows:

I. A European in the service of a native and other information connected with it (folio 167; 168 is blank). II. Description of a tomb of an Auliah (folios 169-170 recto; 170 verso is blank).

III. Description of a Begum's court (folio 171, and one line on 172 recto; rest of 172 is blank). IV. Indian manner of reception of a prince of consequence. V. Description of the dress of a Bankah or Dandy (these two sections run into each other, but there is a title and a line preceding V (folios 173-177; part of 177 verso and 178 blank). VI. Probability of a European lady occupying the situation of a Begum (179, 180 recto; 180 verso blank). VII. A traveller's adventures in a journey over the hills and passes, with a story of a man whose bride was killed by a tiger, and who killed the tiger and became a sadhu on that spot (folios 181-184).

A study of these notes shows that they are in answer to definite enquiries on Scott's part. He must have outlined to Ferguson the type of information he wanted. Scott must have been pleasantly surprised when within four days of his request he got these sheets, which were "capitally good" and "highly picturesque", and were so well suited to Scott's requirement that he incorporates long passages from it, just as they were, with very slight changes.
He had to fit them into his narrative by adding the proper names, and modifying the passage to suit the character of the person he was describing: for instance, Ferguson's description of a Bankah (section V) is meant to be that of an Indian; when Scott adopted it for Richard Middlemas, he had to delete "a profusion of black hair cut square round the neck" - only then could it be applied to Anglo-Saxon Middlemas.

The "Bankah" or, as Ferguson correctly glosses it, Dandy, was a phenomenon peculiar to Delhi. In Urdu literature the phrase commonly used is 'Dilli ka Bankah' (a fop of Delhi) and refers to that class of dandies that were the result of the declining Mughal court. Many travellers who passed through Delhi, have described these gorgeously dressed men, going in their own procession and getting their names proclaimed by a herald as they paraded through the 'Chandni Chowk' of Delhi. Scott's appropriation of his dress for a courtier is not quite justifiable; but as these fops were the product of the court, perhaps it is not too outrageous.

Here is Ferguson's sketch:

"Dress of a Bankah or Dandy."

A turban of red silk and gold, twisted very hard, put two or three times round the head, placed all on one side, the ends hanging down upon the shoulders, a profusion of black hair cut square round the neck. His eyebrows finely arched. Upper and lower eyelids stained with antimony; mustachios curled up - a dress of brocade with long wide sleeves - a cummerbund round his waist the same as turban. On the smallness of his waist and the breadth of his chest he specially prides himself. Wide trousers, bare feet put into small slippers turned up high at the toes - a broad embroidered sword belt and a large sword with scabbard of crimson velvet and silver ornaments. The sword in the scabbard is carried in his hand, an ample saddle with two large choury tails on each side - bridle studded with gilt nobs - a plume of feathers, perhaps the tail of a bird of paradise placed between the horse's ears - crupper ornamented with large
gilt nobs. His horse of Cuttyawar breed with fine head and crest, broad hindquarters, a white or grey with long tail, the end of which as well as the mane is stained red - much upon his haunches, dancing, snorting and champing the bit - an attendant on a small horse carries his long spear."

Here is part of Scott's description of Middlemas:

"Richard Middlemas, as the Begum's general or Bukshee, walked nearest to her litter, in a dress as magnificent in itself as it was remote from all European costume, being that of a Banka, or Indian courtier. His turban was of rich silk and gold, twisted very hard and placed on one side of his head, its ends hanging down on the shoulder. His mustaches were turned and curled, and his eyelids stained with antimony. The vest was of gold brocade, with a cummerband, or sash, around his waist, corresponding to his turban. He carried in his hand a large sword, sheathed in a scabbard of crimson velvet, and wore around his middle a broad embroidered sword-belt."

And here is the description of the horse Tipu presented to Middlemas:

"A horse was led forward, as the Prince's gift. It was a fine steed of the Cuttyawar breed, high-crested with broad hindquarters; he was of a white colour, but had the extremity of his tail and mane stained red. His saddle was red velvet, the bridle and crupper studded with gilded knobs. Two attendants on lesser horses led this prancing animal, one holding the lance, and the other the long spear of their patron. The horse was shown to the applauding courtiers, and withdrawn, in order to be led in state through the streets, while the new Killeddar should follow on the elephant, another present usual on such an occasion, which was next made to advance, that the world might admire the munificence of the Prince."

We know that Scott took a great interest in Orme's History of Indostan in his youth. He refers to it in the preface too: "the delightful pages of Orme". But unfortunately Orme's History ends just where Hyder Ali's story begins. Scott, of course, read many other books on the subject, because a number of books appeared like mushrooms at the end of the war with Tipu Sultan. The proper place to discuss these books is in the chapter on Indian history in Scott's novel, but we may note in passing that although Scott was
quite certain of the broad outlines of the historical framework into which he was fitting his story, yet he was not sure of a few minor details which history books slur over and other books deal with so fantastically that they are incredible. Scott wanted to verify and confirm his information, and at the same time he wished to obtain a little authentic local colour. He wondered, for example, if he was justified in making a European lady a begum; or if the punishment of being trampled under elephants' feet was really true. Scott was too conscientious an artist to base his novel on inaccurate or uncertain knowledge, and so we see how very carefully he adheres to Ferguson's notes. Take, for example, sections I and VI which give general information:

**Folio 167**

A European in the service of a native is generally courted and respected on account of his supposed knowledge of military science, particularly the use of artillery and European manoeuvres. When raised from an inferior to a higher grade, the command of a brigade or a body of horse, he is invited to the Durbar to receive a kilat or honorary dress; a horse and an elephant as suitable to his superior station. When he has received his dress in full Durbar and has presented his nuzzar the elephant is pointed out to him standing in the court in front of the Dewan Khass or hall of audience and he mounts it to return home. The elephant may be a male, often very unruly, may have been taught by the use of an effigy dressed in the costume of the European, on a signal from his Mahawat or driver to treat the unlucky Feringee in the manner desired. To be trampled to death by an elephant is a common punishment among the natives. All the officers of a native army are called sirdars, and although the title of Nawaub (Nabob) can only, in strict propriety be conferred by the King of Dehli, it is often given by inferior Princes to their Sirdars and in consequence has become very common in India and very commonly given to Europeans. He then receives a title such as Mohamud Doulah, Nussar udoulah.

**Folios 179 and 180**

It is sufficiently probable for a Tale that a European Lady should be placed in the situation of a Begum especially if she succeeds to a husband who has acquired an independent territory
by military skill and political wisdom. During her husband's life she has lived quite secluded after the manner of the country, but it is known or supposed that she has influenced his conduct and been the principal cause of his success. If there be a son or adopted son for whom she may act as regent she should possess every virtue as bold as Hoostum and just as Nasheerwan but no gallantry - the troops well disciplined and regularly paid - not overscrupulous in making war upon her neighbours - always contriving to assist the weak and overpower the powerful. On assuming the Regency she comes into public, holds her Durbar at which men only are present, her native female attendants secluded as before and have no share in her counsels. Her Deewan conducts the revenue matters with justice and moderation assessing the Ryots lightly and laying a moderate duty on all imports and exports. Foreign merchants encouraged and protected. Her Adalat (court of justice) administered with strict justice. The Bukshee or commander in chief and all the sirdar, officers of the army always received at the Durbar with kindness and condescension. The lady would be with the army when in the field and gain battle or retrieve a defeat by her courage and presence of mind. Under such a govt. the capital city may be supposed to rise to consequence in a very few years, for those who had wealth would flock to it from other quarters where they had a bad govt. and little security for property. Regularly built streets, chouks or squares, serais for travellers and merchants. Bazars and canal branching through the principal streets - good police. The Begum's palace in a garden with the chaownie or the quarters for the soldiers near it. The town surrounded by a good wall and ditch and round high bastions on which the cannon are placed. The Moosulmanns have their musjids or mosques in the city and the Hindoos have their Teerut at the ghauts or flight of steps that lead down the river, where women have concealed bathing places apart from the men. In regard of religion the Begum would show equal respect to Hindoos and Mohummedans. She might have her own Padre or Priest, a quiet inoffensive person, modest and retired, not interfering in politics or court intrigue, only known by his kind actions and perhaps his knowledge of medicine put to use on critical occasions.

Begum Montreville conforms strictly to Ferguson's formula though Scott as an exigency of the plot had to violate it in two points: Begum had to have an affair with Middlemas and Menie Grey had to accompany her to Tipu's camp. This difficulty Scott overcomes by expressing these points explicitly. First, that strange qualification, "but no gallantry", which he makes clear by: "She must refrain, in appearance at least, from all correspondence in the way
of gallantry...."¹ The other, viz., "holds her Durbar at which men only are present...." by this emphatic repetition in the novel: "The rest of the retinue of the Begum followed in their richest and most gaudy attire, all males, however; nor was there a symptom of woman being in her train...."²

Scott does not wish to waste anything he might usefully appropriate. He takes the suggestive phrase "bold as Roostum and just as Nasheerwan" as applied to the begum and gives it to Tipu - "strong as Rustan and just as Noushirvan".

We notice that Scott changes Ferguson's spellings of Indian words. We might dispose of the whole problem of Urdu words here briefly. Ferguson transcribes Urdu and Persian words into English orthography as correctly as he can. He uses the system invented by Dr. John Borthwick Gilchrist and described in his Oriental Linguist.³ Gilchrist was a medical doctor but his love of Hindustani had made him take great interest in that literature and language; he was at one time head of the College at Fort St. William, Calcutta. His system was very simple: it was to use the English orthographical rules and try to get the Urdu-Persian sounds by them. (He called it "orthoepigraphical ultimatum".) Scott could not use these spellings without sounding pedantic. Secondly, he had already used some Indian words in his St. Ronan's

¹ Chapter X, p. 422.
² Chapter XIV, p. 470.
³ The Oriental Linguist, by the author of The English Hindoostani Dictionary [John Gilchrist] Calcutta, 1788, p. xi. See also D.N.B.
Well and so he had to be consistent. Further, a great many of these words were in current usage, and unnecessary changes were undesirable. So throughout he introduces his own simplified spellings. He drops unnecessary letters and changes double 'o' into 'o' or 'u' and so on. Thus Roostum becomes Rustan. Change of 'm' into 'n' is, perhaps due to Scott's recollection of a poem by Champion translated from Firdausi.

Scott was, according to his usual habit, working very carefully on these words. He even, after receiving the notes from Ferguson, went to consult him in regard to these words. But a person who does not know the language is apt to make a mistake sometime, and Scott proves no exception to this. The mistake, however, indicates how carefully he was following the manuscript. The word for meeting given by Ferguson is "moolakat". Scott's simplified transcription would make it - molakat. But Ferguson's handwriting, clear as it is, has two peculiarities: he very often does not cross his 't's' and he sometimes does not join the upper loop of the small 'a' thus making it look like 'u'. This offers no difficulty while reading the words we know, but in case of Urdu words it raises doubts in the mind of one who does not know the language whether a letter is 'a' or 'u'. Thus Scott reads the penultimate letter in Moolakat as 'u', and as the final 't' is not crossed, he writes the word as Motakul. Somehow he knew that one of the letters was 't'. Now there is no such word in Urdu or Persian meaning 'meeting'. Another excusable mistake that Scott makes is to transcribe naqara as naggra.

Both these words occur in the following passage (section IV)
which I shall give in parallel columns to show how closely Scott follows Ferguson's notes. It should be noticed that Scott has rearranged the passages and instead of the begum going in a procession, it is Tipu who does so; and it is his elephant which is conscious of his superior dignity. He omits certain descriptions which are irrelevant to his purpose, and carries over certain passages to other chapters in the novel where they may be more fitting, like the description of the Begum's dress.

The meeting between persons of importance, more especially of royal rank, is a matter of very great consequence in India, and generally much address is employed to induce the person receiving the visit, to come as far as possible to meet the visitor. From merely rising up, or going to the edge of the carpet, to advancing to the gate of the palace, to that of the city, or, finally, to a mile or two on the road, is all subject to negotiation.

But Tipoo's impatience to possess the fair European induced him to grant on this occasion a much greater degree of courtesy than the Begum had dared to expect, and he appointed his garden, adjacent to the city walls, and indeed included within the precincts of the fortifications, as the place of their meeting; the hour noon, on the day succeeding his arrival; for the natives seldom move early in the morning, or before having broken their fast.

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4 Chapter XIV. The passages from the novel have been rearranged in order to make similar sentences stand parallel to each other. pp. 465 et seq.
noon, for the natives seldom commence their march early in the morning or before they have broken their fast.

Early in the morning the courtiers are seen hurrying away to the Durbar in Palankeens, horseback or on elephants according to their means, always in a hurry to show their zeal, particularly those who expect some appointment about court, or afraid of losing what they hold.

The Durbar is held for the despatch of business. Petition (urzees) are presented and answers dictated. The Ruksen (Doctor) feels the Begum's pulse giving occasion among the courtiers on the virtues of different medicines whether heating or cooling and the quantity each enables a person to eat without injury. Then the wakeel of the expected visitor is introduced, presents his nuzzur of three, five, or seven gold mohurs (always an odd number) after which he receives a khelaut or dress of honour, sets forth the prodigious virtues of his master, the great regard for the Begum and the unutterable joy he feels at the prospect of a meeting (moolakat). He is then dismissed with suitable compliments to his master, not before he has said a few words in compliment to himself, the wonderful love his master bears to him and how entirely he confides in his extraordinary talents.

Long before the appointed hour, the rendezvous of Fakirs, beggars, and idlers, before the gate of the palace intimated the excited expectations of those who usually attend processions; while a more urgent set of mendicants, the courtiers, were hastening thither, on horses or elephants, as their means afforded, always in a hurry to show their zeal, and speed proportioned to what they hoped or feared.

This was intimated to the Begum's messenger by the Prince in person, as, kneeling, before him, he presented the nuzzur, (a tribute consisting of three, five, or seven gold mohurs, always an odd number,) and received in exchange a khelaut, or dress of honour. The messenger, in return, was eloquent in describing the importance of his mistress, her devoted veneration for the Prince, the pleasure which she experienced on the prospect of their motakul, or meeting, and concluded with a more modest compliment to his own extraordinary talents, and the confidence which the Begum reposed in him.

He then departed; and orders were given that on the next day all should be in readiness for the Sowarree, a grand procession, when
When the Durbar is dismissed
the Begum retires to eat (always
in private) and to repose.

A little before midday the
Fukeers beggars and idlers about
the gate of the palace have
intimation that the Begum has
mounted the elephant by the dis-
charge of some cannon placed in
the outer court, matchlocks, and
small swivels on camels, the
poor animals shaking their ears
at every discharge, shrill
trumpets and toon tooms (drums)
make a discordant but martial
kind of music, but above all the
solemn deep sound of the nagara,
or state drum, borne upon an
elephant which sounds not unlike
the distant discharge of
artillery, followed by a long
roll of musketry, and was instantly
answered by that of numerous
trumpets and tom-toms, (or common
drums,) making a discordant, but
yet a martial din. The noise
increased as the procession
traversed the outer courts of the
palace in succession, and at length
issued from the gates, having at
their head the Chobdars, bearing
silver sticks and clubs, and
shouting, at the pitch of their
voices, the titles and the virtues
of Tippoo, the great, the generous,
the invincible - strong as Rustan,
just as Noushirvan - with a short
prayer for his continued health.

A confused crowd of men on
foot with swords, matchlocks,
spear or banner mixed with
horsemen, some in armour of
chain with caps of steel under
their turbans, precede the
Begum's elephant.

At noon precisely, a discharge
of cannon, placed in the outer
courts as also of matchlocks and
small swivels, carried by camels
(the poor animals shaking their
long ears at every discharge),
announced that Tippoo had mounted
his elephant. The solemn and deep
sound of the nagara, or state drum,
borne upon an elephant, was then
heard like the distant discharge of
artillery, followed by a long roll
of musketry, and was instantly
answered by that of numerous
trumpets and tom-toms, (or common
drums,) making a discordant, but
yet a martial din. The noise
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shouting, at the pitch of their
voices, the titles and the virtues
of Tippoo, the great, the generous,
the invincible - strong as Rustan,
just as Noushirvan - with a short
prayer for his continued health.

After these came a confused
body of men on foot, bearing
spears, matchlocks, and banners,
and intermixed with horsemen, some
in complete shirts of mail, with
caps of steel under their turbans,
some in a sort of defensive armour,
consisting of rich silk dresses,
rendered sabre-proof by being
stuffed with cotton. These
champions preceded the Prince,
as whose bodyguards they acted.
It was not till after this time that
Tippoo raised his celebrated Tiger-
regiment, disciplined and armed
according to the European fashion.
One hard faced, straightforward looking fellow seated on a pad or a small elephant with half angry eyes and its trunk curled up ready to give a whisk to the right, throws a few coppers among the Fukeers and beggars. It is his office to distribute alms, the amount of which always appears greater by the scramble it creates.

The Begum appears next on a sic elephant carrying its head above the other, as if quite conscious of its superior dignity covered with scarlet broadcloth richly embroidered with gold. The Howdah on which the Begum is seated of silver embossed and gilt, with a seat behind for a confidential servant who performs the part of spokeman when there is occasion, being well versed in all set terms of flattery and compliment. He waves a large chowry or cow's tail to keep off flies. The courtiers follow also on elephants with their attendants on foot or on horse-back. The procession moves slowly along the principal street leading to the gate of the city. Pieces of broadcloth silk and shawls are hung and from the verandahs and windows, even the meanest hut is adorned with some kind of cloth, and the whole street has rich and gorgeous appearance.

Immediately before the Prince came, on a small elephant, a hard-faced, severe-looking man, by office the distributor of alms, which he flung in showers of small copper money among the Fakirs and beggars, whose scrambles to collect them seemed to augment their amount; while the grim-looking agent of Mahomedan charity, together with his elephant, which marched with half angry eyes, and its trunk curled upwards, seemed both alike ready to chastise those whom poverty should render too importunate.

Tippoo himself next appeared, richly apparellled, and seated on an elephant, which, carrying its head above all the others in the procession, seemed proudly conscious of superior dignity. The howdah, or seat, embossed with gilt, having behind a place for a confidential servant, who waved the great chowry, or cow-tail, to keep off the flies; but who could also occasionally perform the task of spokeman, being well versed in all terms of flattery and compliment. The caparisons of the royal elephant were of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold. Behind Tippoo came the various courtiers and officers of the household, mounted chiefly on elephants, all arrayed in their most splendid attire, and exhibiting the greatest pomp.

In this manner the procession advanced down the principal street of the town, to the gate of the royal gardens. The houses were ornamented by broad cloth, silk shawls, and embroidered carpets of the richest colours, displayed from the verandahs and windows; even the meanest hut was adorned with some piece of cloth, so that the whole street had a singularly rich and gorgeous appearance.
The confectioners' shops have all their sweets presented to view to tempt the expected strangers and all the verandahs and flat roofs of the houses covered with well dressed people, like beds of tulips in a hanging garden. They make their salaam to the Begum as she passes by.

One or two miles from the gate of the city the stranger is met; mutual enquiries about health etc. being over, they return together to the place of encampment where some tents have been pitched - all kinds of provisions for man and beast are sent for their refreshment, not forgetting a large bag of rupees. The Begum returns to her palace, where the stranger is expected to visit her in the evening after he has taken his repose. A large grove of mango trees affords shelter for those who have no tents, and all kinds of pedlars and merchants pour out of the city anxious to get the first of the market; a person of distinction is sent in the evening to conduct the stranger to the palace. He is received in the garden for coolness and all the court is in attendance to do him honour.

The Begum is dressed in a robe of crimson silk rich with flowers of gold - wide trousers of light blue silk, gold slippers, a fine scarlet shawl, round her waist a turband of the same ornamented with strings of large pearls, large pear-shaped pearls in her earrings, armlets of precious stones.

Her robe was composed of crimson silk, rich with flowers of gold. She wore wide trousers of light blue silk, a fine scarlet shawl around her waist, in which was stuck a creeze with a richly ornamented handle....

6 Chapter X, p. 416.
It is interesting to note that Ferguson's description of meeting between persons of importance is definitely reminiscent of his experiences at the Mughal Court. This is confirmed by the accounts left by other travellers who visited Delhi. Bishop Heber, in the course of his episcopal tour, stopped at the Mughal Capital and was presented to the 'Emperor', just two years after Ferguson had left it. His account is so beautiful and even livelier than Ferguson's that it might be inserted here for a comparison:

"The 31st December was fixed for my presentation to the emperor, which was appointed for half-past eight in the morning. (Lushington and a Captain Wade also chose to take the same opportunity.) At eight I went, accompanied by Mr. Elliot, with nearly the same formalities as at Lucknow except that we were on elephants instead of palanquins, and that the procession was less splendid, and the beggars both less numerous and far less vociferous and importunate. We were received with presented arms by the troops of the palace drawn up within the barbican, and proceeded, still on our elephants, through the noblest gateway and vestibule which I ever saw. It consists, not merely of a splendid Gothic arch in the centre of the great gate-tower, but, after that, of a long vaulted aisle, like that of a Gothic cathedral, with a small open, octagonal court in its centre, all of granite, and all finely carved with inscriptions from the Koran, and with flowers. This ended in a ruinous and exceedingly dirty stable-yard! where we were received by Captain Grant, as the Noghul's officer on guard, and by a number of elderly men with large gold-headed canes, the usual ensign of office here, and one of which Mr. Elliot also carried. We were now told to dismount and proceed on foot, a task which the late rain made inconvenient to my gown and cassock, and thin shoes, and during which we were pestered by a fresh swarm of miserable beggars, the wives and children of the stable servants. After this we passed another richly carved, but ruinous and dirty gateway, where our guides, withdrawing a canvas screen, called out in a sort of harsh chant, 'Lo, the ornament of the world! Lo, the asylum of the nations! King of kings! The Emperor Acbar Shah! Just, Fortunate, victorious!' We saw, in fact, a very handsome and striking court, about as big as that of All Souls, with low but richly-ornamented building; opposite to us was a beautiful open pavilion of white marble richly carved, flanked by rose bushes and fountains, and some tapestry and striped curtains hanging in festoons about it, within which was a crowd of people and
the poor old descendant of Tamerlane seated in the midst of them. Mr. Elliot here bowed three times very low, in which we followed his example. This ceremony was repeated twice as we advanced up the steps of the pavilion, the heralds each time repeating the expressions about their masters greatness. We then stood in a row on the right hand side of the throne, which is a sort of a marble bedstead richly ornamented with gilding, and raised on two or three steps. Mr. Elliot then stepped forwards, and with joined hands, in the usual Eastern way, announced in a low voice, to the emperor, who I was. I then advanced, bowed three times again, and offered a muzzur of fifty-one gold mohurs in an embroidered purse, laid on my handkerchief, in the way practised by the Baboos in Calcutta. This was received and laid on one side, and I remained standing for a few minutes, while the usual court questions about my health, my travels, when I left Calcutta, etc. were asked....

Next my two companions were introduced in the same form, except that their offerings were less, and that the Emperor did not speak to them.

The emperor then beckoned me to come forwards, and Mr. Elliot told me to take off my hat which had till now remained on my head, on which the emperor tied a flimsy turban of brocade round my head with his own hands, for which, however, I paid four gold mohurs more. We were then directed to retire to receive the Khelats (honorary dress) which the bounty of 'the Asylum of the World' had provided for us."7

Such a reception was, no doubt, common in other parts of India too, but we are told by Forbes8 that the courts of South India were less formal, though not devoid of courtesy. A great many features in Ferguson's notes clearly point to North India. His description of the tomb (section two) points to such buildings in Delhi and Ajmere. The story that he tells about Sadhu Sing (section seven) seems to belong to the annals of Rajast'han, the country where he spent his last year prior to his retirement. Colonel Tod has not related any such story, though he mentions one Sadhu Singh. The

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bravery and chivalry of Ferguson's Sadhu Singh points to Rajput traditions.

The girl's name 'Mora' was a byword at the time of Ferguson's stay in India: she was a favourite dancing girl of Ranjit Singh whom he later married. At the time of his struggle against the British a coin was struck in her name as a jest against the East India Company, who were spitefully represented as an old woman, "the wife, widow or mistress of the King of England". 9

The numismatic evidence too points in the same direction. The commonly used coins in South India were Pagodas, fanams and cash, while those in the Northern courts were Gold Mohurs, etc. Haider Ali showed great interest in the coinage of his time and had his initial (京津) on his coins, but he introduced no new ones. It was his son Tipu who for the first time unsuccessfully introduced gold mohurs towards the end of 1783, but even these were known by other names, such as Haideri, etc. 10

All these are minor details, but their cumulative effect is obvious. It seems that Scott did not tell Ferguson any of the names of his historical characters: there is no mention of Tipu or Haider Ali in the notes. Scott required Indian 'localities' and 'manners' - and from such a distance, India seemed just one big land, with common customs and manners. Elephants, tigers and

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all that was gorgeous, were essential ingredients of the charm of the East Indies and Ferguson had supplied them in a form that was just suitable for Scott. No wonder he was so thrilled by them that he could say this about his "excellent friend and neighbour": "One of the best fellows who ever trode a Highland moor, or dived into an Indian jungle." 11

It is quite unnecessary to point out that Ferguson, though possessed of a vivid imagination and a keen observation, lacked that experience of realistic writing that Scott possessed. This, for example, will make my point clear. Sadhu Singh, according to Ferguson, after killing the tiger in the long grass "appeared with the corpse of his Bride in his arms and dragging the dead body of the tiger". This was obviously too much even for such a strong man, so Scott brings it back to the realms of probability by a slight change. "Sadhu Sing holding in his arms the lifeless corpse of his bride, where a little further lay the body of the tiger."

In this passage Ferguson seems to have moved to eloquence and though Scott could not use all of it, I give the rest too as a sample of his powers of observation and description.

Folio 181: Section VII

When the traveller reached the pass through the hills the sun had just set and they were speedily benighted for there is hardly any twilight between the tropics. He made some enquiry about the moon, and was told she was in her dark side, as they expected it, and therefore could

From Chapter XIII (pp. 449 et seq)

The sun had set ere the party reached the foot of one of these perilous passes, up which lay the road to Seringapatam. A narrow path, which in summer resembled an empty water-course, winding upwards among immense rocks and precipices, was at one time completely overshadowed by dark groves of teak-

11 Mr Croftangry's Conclusion.
not be expected to appear bursting through a cloud, through the dark foliage of the trees or any other shape. The path was narrow and overshaled by the luxuriant jungle and strata of black slate rock which projected from the side of the hill. The traveller kept his eye fixed on the lighted match of the sowar (horseman) who went before him; and the match, for good and sufficient reason was kept in proper state of illumination. The sowar on his part had an eye to the Dowrah (guide) who having got more than half way from his own village looked about to see how he might escape without the trouble of going further.

By means of this unsocial path the travellers threaded their way in silence, - Hartley, whose impatience kept him before the Vakeel, eagerly inquiring when the moon would enlighten the darkness, which, after the sun's disappearance, closed fast around them. He was answered by the natives according to their usual mode of expression, that the moon was in her dark side, and that he was not to hope to behold her bursting through a cloud to illuminate the thickets and strata of black and slaty rocks, amongst which they were winding. Hartley had therefore no resource, save to keep his eye steadily fixed on the lighted match of the sowar, or horseman, who rode before him, which, for sufficient reasons, was always kept in readiness to be applied to the priming of the matchlock. The vidette, on his part, kept a watchful eye on the Dowrah, a guide supplied at the last village, who, having got more than half way from his own house, was much to be suspected of meditating how to escape the trouble of going further.

They proceeded in silence with now and then an Ullah (God) from the Sowar who brought up the rear. They were probably ruminating on their own course of life. The fat merchant spared from behind the rock, before he could use the sword or matchlock in defence, his shawls

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12 Most of the explanatory words here given in brackets, are superior in the MS.
and muslin stained with blood in the hard struggle, were presented to the mind's eye. Perhaps they thought a tiger might be waiting patiently for the last of the party, as he is wont to do, without respect for persons or distinguishing the fat from the lean. Soon afterwards an oath and a shot in the same breath, proceeding from the foremost sowar announced that the Dowrah had taken his departure but it was no farther than to a few huts nearly concealed from the road, where he went to get another to relieve him. In every bustie (village) the guide is one of the public establishments, and receives his share of harvest, if harvest there be; more likely a part of the common plunder, along with the smith, sweeper and barber. He seldom gets any other remuneration but never scruples to take the unconscious traveller to the nearest village so that he may be relieved as soon as possible without reference to the most direct line of road. The party followed the hooping and hallowing of their impatient conductor as well as they could until a khuberdar (take care) and a shot from ghurry (fort) perched upon the rock. The fort, formed of the black rock can only be distinguished from the stratified wall by its loop-holes. Above the village warned them not to advance until their friend the guide should explain who they were and their reasons for travelling by that road. No fresh guide is to be had; he who holds the office is sick or gone to be married and all the wealth of the world would not procure a substitute. The Jummador (Headman) of the village invites them to repose till the morning.

In every village the Dowrah, or Guide, is an official person upon the public establishment, and receives a portion of the harvest or other revenue, along with the Smith, the Sweeper, and the Barber. As he gets nothing from the travellers whom it is his office to conduct, he never scruples to shorten his own journey and prolong theirs by taking them to the nearest village, without reference to the most direct line of route, and sometimes deserts them entirely. If the regular Dowrah is sick or absent, no wealth can procure a substitute.
and places some charpoys (a rude kind of bed) in front of his hut. He brings an earthen vessel of buffaloes milk for the Feringee Sahib (European gentleman) which said vessel is afterwards dashed to the ground and broken in pieces being polluted by the lips of a kafir (infidel) and quite unfit for further use. Necessity forced our traveller to stay where he was until morning, but before he could compose himself to sleep, he thought he heard his own escort concerting with the sepahees (soldiers) of the ghurry a plan to murder him and dispose of his bodies in a dry well not far off; every hoop and haloo which those on watch in the ghurry set up to keep each other awake he imagined was a signal for his dispatch. In truth the sepahees were taking of a goat which they meant to treat their guests in the morning, and pointed out the well where the best water might be procured. The inhabitants of the village were in fact thorough paced robbers, well versed in all the mysteries of waylaying and plundering kafillahs (party of merchants) driving cattle and eluding pursuit, kidnapping men or women and murdering them when it seemed convenient; but such of their trade was carried on beyond their own boundary in the territory of some chief with whom their own was not on the best of terms; and the traveller was really as safe or safer than he would have been in his own cantonments. The absence of the guide was accounted for by the appearance before the night was ended, of some half a dozen half-starved buffaloes whose wild looks and bleeding sides showed that they were not at home and had not come there with their own
goodwill. The traveller awoke at the first dawn while the Ullah ho Ackber (God is great) the morning prayer in long notes sounded among the rocks and ravines. His escort partook of the goat, which had mused its un easiness and after taking long pulls at the hubble bubble (a kind of hookah) and saddling their horses were ready to depart. He had his hand on the memdn. book to take a sketch of the ghurry, but on recollection did not draw at first, as well might he have taken a couple of 18 pounders from his pocket and pointed them double at the gateway of the fortress - no other act of a wullaittee moosafir (European tourist) creates so much ill will and suspicion as that of taking a sketch or a perambulator and compass. They make sure that a Fouje (army) will immediately follow. After many salaams they proceeded through the remaining part of the pass under direction of the guide, who had laid aside his shield and long spear and looked as mild and innocent as a lamb, arrived at the opening upon the plain they beheld what caused a shudder, even more than all the horrors of the mountain pass, a boundless extent of jungle, with a single high mud fort rising in the midst of it. Rapine and war had suspended the labours of man; but the soil was rich, and nature had taken it with her own hands. Not many years are required to cover such a fertile plain with an almost impenetrable wilderness, the haunt of tigers and other wild beasts and accordingly the bank of a small nullah (burn) at which they stopt to drink was covered with the prints of their feet.

The Dowrah, on the other hand, conscious of the lighted match and loaded gun behind him, hollowed from time to time to show that he was on his duty, and to accelerate the march of the travellers. His cries were answered by an occasional ejaculation of Ulla from the black soldiers, who closed the rear, and who were meditating on former adventures, the plundering of a Kaffila, (party of travelling merchants,) or some such exploit, or perhaps reflecting that a tiger, in the neighbouring jungle, might be watching patiently for the last of the party, in order to spring upon him, according to his usual practice.

The sun, which appeared almost as suddenly as it had left them, served to light the travellers in the remainder of the ascent, and called forth from the Mahomedans belonging to the party the morning prayer of Alla Akber, which resounded in long notes among the rocks and ravines, and they continued with better advantage their forced march until the pass opened upon a boundless extent of jungle, with a single high mud fort rising through the midst of it. Upon this plain rapine and war had suspended the labours of industry, and the rich vegetation of the soil had in a few years converted a fertile champaign country into an almost impenetrable thicket. Accordingly, the banks of a small nullah, or brook, were covered with the footmarks of tigers and other animals of prey.
The guide called their attention to a spot not far from the nullah, where they saw a wretched looking man sitting on a tiger's skin, worn almost quite bare - nearly naked - his body covered with dirt and ashes, his hair matted and browned with sun - he spoke not a word, but kept his eyes fixed on a tomb formed of the black slate stones with a small recess for a lamp. The skull and bones of a tiger lay beside him. They put a rupee and some rice before him, but he appeared not to see them. As the travellers went their way the guide told them that Sadhu Sing had been a sepahee, and a freebooter of course, one of the inhabitants of the village and fort which they left in the morning. That he was betrothed to Mora the daughter of a sepahee who served in the mud fort which they had seen in the middle of the jungle. In due time Sadhu went with some of his own relatives well armed for the shades (or marriage) to bring home his Bride. His Bride was mounted on a Tatoo - one of the small horses of the country; the Bridegroom and his friends on foot. When they came near the nullah at which our travellers had stopt to drink, Sadhu Sing was preceding his bride in all the pride and joy of his heart, when he heard a roar and a shriek. He could only see the long grass of the jungle moving - drawing his

Here the travellers stopped to drink, and to refresh themselves and their horses; and it was near this spot that Hartley saw a sight which forced him to compare the subject which engrossed his own thoughts, with the distress that had afflicted another.

At a spot not far distant from the brook the guide called their attention to a most wretched-looking man, overgrown with hair, who was seated on the skin of a tiger. His body was covered with mud and ashes, his skin sun-burnt, his dress a few wretched tatters. He appeared not to observe the approach of the strangers, neither moving nor speaking a word, but remaining with his eyes fixed on a small and rude tomb, formed of the black slate stones which lay around, and exhibiting a small recess for a lamp. As they approached the man, and placed before him a rupee or two, and some rice, they observed that a tiger's skull and bones lay beside him, with a sabre almost consumed by rust.

While they gazed on this miserable object, the guide acquainted them with his tragical history. Sadhu Sing had been a sipahee, or soldier, and freebooter of course, the native and the pride of a half-ruined village which they had passed on the preceding day. He was betrothed to the daughter of a Sipahee, who served in the mud fort which they saw at a distance rising above the jungle. In due time, Sadhu, with his friends, came for the purpose of the marriage, and to bring home the bride. She was mounted on a Tatoo, a small horse belonging to the country, and Sadhu and his friends preceded her on foot, in all their joy and pride. As they approached the nullah near
sword, he sprang in that direction - the rest of the party remained motionless. They heard a short roar and soon after Sadhu appeared with the corpse of his Bride in his arms and dragging the dead body of a tiger. He laid the corpse on the ground and threw himself upon it calmly, shedding no tears.

They wished to take up the body and carry it back to her father but he would not allow it and remained by the corpse the whole night. The next day he dug a grave, in which he placed the body raised over it a tomb such as they saw; skinned the tiger - the skin they saw him sitting on, and never afterwards left the spot. His friends brought food to him and water from the nullah; but he never smiled or showed any signs of acknowledgement except when they supplied him with flowers to deck the grave of his leora. Four or five years had passed and there he remained, old looking, and emaciated though still in the prime of youth.

Ferguson's sketch continues as follows:

(About the middle of verso of folio 163.)

Our traveller had no camels or tent and but little luggage. He went to the Serai when arrived at the ruined village, the ghurry or fort of which they had seen at a distance - many tombs and
mosques on which the Peepul tree had planted its destructive roots, showed that it had been a place of consequence under a better government. The Bhateearin (hostess) received the traveller kindly, dusted a mat for him to sit upon and prepared a curry of goats flesh and plenty of rice well seasoned - as he could not proceed farther that day.

When laying down to rest for the night the Bhateearin made up a kind of pillow and in doing so showed him a scarlet coat with facings stained with blood, which rather startled our traveller; but she explained that her husband had been a Teltinga (private soldier) in the company's service, and was killed in storming a fort. She had returned to her friends but being of low cast and a widow, they neglected her when all her late husband's rupees were spent, and now she cooked for travellers and kept the ruined serai in some kind of order. She hinted that geedurs (jackals) came sometimes howling about at night, most who had anything to lose found themselves much lighter in the morning, without being incommomed in their sleep. Her husband, she said, had eaten the company's salt and she wished that no ill might come to the sahib; she accordingly took charge of his purse and some trinkets which were all faithfully delivered in the morning before he marched. The sahib however when he awoke found his head rather low, the pillow had been removed from under his head and opened, but nothing of value being found the jackals had quickly returned to the woods. The grateful recollection of the company's salt also produced the village Barber with many low salaams flourishing his great hatchet of a razor. The Village Bhat (Bard) sung forth the praises of the sahib Angrezie (English gentleman). The sweeper kept the pariah dogs at a distance. The village watchman - chokeedar - in spite of the jackals appeared to make his salaams. The travellers steed, an arab of high cast and therefore more indifferent about his food, whether fine grass or old straw, by repeated neighings acknowledged a good dram of warm spices and the kindly fire lighted near him to keep off mosquitoes. There was no cultivation round the village save a few fields of vegetables and some tobacco all within the range of the matchlocks in the ghurry, many paths diverged without fingerposts, but the guide sounded his rattle (used to keep off tigers), the five sowars in a kind of marching order blew their matches and off they marched with many kind wishes from the Bhateearin that they might live long and destroy their enemies.

From the above passage, which was irrelevant to Scott's narrative, he gleans a few phrases and forms this bit, spoken by an old man to Hartley preventing him from intruding upon the precincts of the Mosque: "an old man laid his hand on his shoulder, and
prevented him from a rashness which might have cost him his life, saying at the same time, 'You are a Sahib Angrezie [English Gentleman]; I have been a Telinga [a private soldier] in the Company's service, and have eaten their salt....'\(^{13}\)

Scott's genius for making the fullest use of any scrap of relevant information is very well brought out by the following example. Ferguson at the head of the description of a Begum's court (section three) had provided a few Indian women's names, probably as a special request from Scott. He gives the meaning of each name above it, thus:

Ornament of her sex       Pearl of the Palace
The Begum                Zeenut oolnissa        Motee Muhal
Light of the world
Nour Jehan

Scott very ingeniously utilises this in a conversation piece between Middlemas and Begum Montreville, where the former is trying to rehabilitate himself in the affections of the latter and expresses his feelings by calling her: "My Nourjehan, my light of the world, my Mootee Mahul, my pearl of the palace."\(^{14}\)

\(^{13}\) Chapter XIII, p. 455.

\(^{14}\) Chapter XII, p. 438. Note Scott's inaccurate transcription of these words. Ferguson, of course, is correct.
The rest of the material Scott could not use just as it was, so he breaks it up into smaller bits and appropriates as much as he could, by dispersing it into the different parts of the novel.

In the centre of the garden fronting the palace a chabootra or platform of white marble, raised three or four feet from the ground covered with white cloth and persian carpets with a musnud or cushion, six feet square of crimson velvet embroidered and a large round cushion to support the back of the Begum or Ranees. The courtiers sitting on the carpet right and left. In front of the chabootra a square tank of white marble four feet deep, filled to the edge with the purest water and jets or fountains throwing up water in various forms and to a considerable height - jumps around the edge of the tank and different kind of waterfowl diving and playing.\textsuperscript{15} Beyond the tank a terrace raised twelve feet from the ground - posts painted and gilded support a canopy of scarlet lined with white cloth. Under this canopy the dancing girls with their music, all strongly illuminated by flambeaus, are seen moving gracefully and appear to the Begum & her court through the haze and mist of the fountains. The canal which waters the garden flows under the terrace and falls in a broad sheet into the tank the front part of the terrace is ornamented with lamps tastefully arranged and are seen through the cascade. In the distance the palace built of white marble with its silent towers and domes lightened by the moon.

In different parts of the garden Pavilions of marble richly sculptured rise from among the groves of cypress, Palm and shrubs of various shades, the terrace on which the Begum and her court sit is covered with a canopy of scarlet broad cloth lined with silk\textsuperscript{16} but there is no light beyond what the moon affords and a few lamps at some distance on the right, hung on trees of the rose or jassamine, swing to light fountains of stained water falling into circular basons of white marble - the water of these fountains receives its colour in lofty reservoirs and being thrown up has the appearance of trees of rubies emeralds and topazes - the air still hot but a long punkah (fan) all the length of the terrace covered with muslin agitates the air loaded with sweet odours from the orange citron flower, the yellow jessamine and persian narcissus.\textsuperscript{17}

In the following section Scott follows Ferguson very closely,

\textsuperscript{15} Used in Chapter XIV, p. 468.
\textsuperscript{16} Chapter XIV, p. 463.
\textsuperscript{17} Chapter XIV, p. 459.
except where he adds a few explanatory details which were necessary for the western reader, and makes a change in the dress of the Fakir. Ferguson was quite right in giving him either a motley - "a shirt of patchwork" or "a black blanket". Scott, however, makes a compromise and thus falsifies the description: "dressed in the black robe of his order, very much torn and patched."

The tomb of the Owliah, or Mahomedan Saint, Cara nazi, was a place held in much reverence by every good Mussulman. It was situated in the centre of a grove of mangos and tamarind-trees, and was built of red stone, having three domes, and minarets at every corner. There was a court in front, as usual, around which were cells constructed for the accommodation of the Fakirs who visited the tomb from motives of devotion, and made a longer or shorter residence there as they thought proper, subsisting upon the alms which the Faithful never fail to bestow on them in exchange for the benefit of their prayers. These devotees were engaged day and night in reading verses of the Koran before the tomb, which was constructed of white marble, inscribed with sentences from the book of the Prophet, and with the various titles conferred by the Koran upon the Supreme Being. Such a sepulchre, of which there are many, is, with its appendages and attendants, respected during wars and revolutions, and no less by Feringis (Franks, that is), and Hindoos, than by Mahomedans themselves. The Fakirs, in return, act as spies for all parties, and are often employed in secret missions of importance.
turned out of camp or closely watched. With native armies they are respected although known to be spies.

It is not an easy matter for Europeans to gain admittance to the Tomb of the Saint. If a present has effected that object he must leave his shoes at the gate and by no means approach too near the tomb - the younger devotees continue to repeat from the Koran with their eyes fixed upon the book - the head Moullah is more communicative, converses freely and asks a number of questions counting his beads the while he is eyeing the Feringee (European) with an expression of contempt and not a little of fear.

If he happens to be seated on his carpet he will not rise or show any sign of respect. If well pleased with the strangers generosity or expressions of veneration, he may call him son and utter a short prayer for his welfare. These devotees live on the offering at the shrine; are generally stout lusty fellows. Their dress a high cap in shape of a cone with large black beads round their neck, a shirt of patch work, or black blanket but the dress varies a little according to the Sect they belong to.

Complying with the Mahomedan custom, our friend Hartley laid aside his shoes at the gates of the holy precincts, and avoiding to give offence by approaching near to the tomb, he went up to the principal Moullah, or priest, who was distinguishable by the length of his beard, and the size of the large wooden beads, with which the Mahomedans, like the Catholics, keep register of their prayers. Such a person, venerable by his age, sanctity of character, and his real or supposed contempt of worldly pursuits and enjoyments, is regarded as the head of an establishment of this kind.

The Moullah is permitted by his situation to be more communicative with strangers than his younger brethren, who in the present instance remained with their eyes fixed on the Koran, muttering their recitations without noticing the European, or attending to what he said, as he inquired at their superior for Barak el Hadgi.

The Moullah was seated on the earth, from which he did not arise, or show any mark of reverence; nor did he interrupt the tale of his beads, which he continued to count assiduously while Hartley was speaking. 18

...He was a man of about forty, dressed in the black robe of his order, very much torn and patched. He wore a high conical cap of Tartarian felt, and had round his neck the string of black beads belonging to his order.

18 Chapter X, p. 409.
Indian History and other matters

In the last chapter we pointed out Scott's use of Ferguson's excellent notes and, also, how, when these notes are studied in detail, they display a strong evidence of their connection with North India. And yet when they have been appreciated in the novel, in juxtaposition with other sources, their historical locality is neutralized and a strong illusion of modern reality is created. Here an attempt will be made to see under what novel of topographical reality was achieved.

It can be shown that Scott, like a great many authors of his generation, was keenly interested in the political and military. During the second half of the eighteenth century, acquiring all kinds of chivalry—during the last decade of the Napoleonic Wars in India, which were all centred in the town of Delhi at that time, were attracting the attention of the world. The Indian story was the first time that such a vast and deep and wide canvas became feasible. It was not only that writers found here a subject for novel that the Indian Empire was so new. It was not of great importance with much higher probability of obtaining the results of the great British authors.

Thecanvas which then spiced interest become extended and round the story of an old-time nation. The characters in Napoleonic, so as to political history, have to develop who along with his men, proved to be the greatest man of the age.
Indian History and Other Matters

In the last chapter we noticed how Scott made use of Ferguson's excellent notes and, also, how, when these notes are examined in detail, they display a strong evidence of their connection with North India. And yet when they have been appropriated into the novel, in juxtaposition with other material, their northern locality is neutralised and a strong illusion of South India is created. Here an attempt will be made to understand how this marvel of topographical realism was achieved.

It can be shown that Scott, like a great many other men of his generation, was keenly interested in Indian affairs, especially political and military. During the period when Scott was acquiring all kind of information - antiquarian, historical, chivalric - during the last decade of the 18th century, the events in India, which were all centred in the kingdom of Mysore at that time, were attracting the attention of the British public. It was the first time that British had come across a most formidable Asiatic rival. These events were linked up with international Anglo-French rivalries, and were a prelude to the Napoleonic wars. It was not only that British prestige was at stake, but also that the Indian Empire was on the point of being lost, along with those highly profitable commercial interests of the East India Company.

The events which then excited interest in India were centred round the story of an unknown soldier, Haider Naik, who by his character and initiative rose to be the ruler of Mysore and who, along with his son, proved equal to the British in diplomacy and
military tactics. In no other part of India, before or after this period, did British arms suffer such defeats extending over such long periods. These events have now fallen into their correct perspective in the modern standard histories, but to the contemporaries of Scott, with their foreshortened vision, they loomed much larger.

It is perhaps for these reasons that Scott as a very young man could take such engrossing interest in works like Orme's *History of Indostan* - a book very well written, but too full of details to be interesting now. This book deals with the events up to 1765: but when we remember the contemporary events in India, we can understand how it provided an excellent stepping stone to an intelligent understanding of the later 18th century happenings.

Scott tells us in that fragment of his autobiography which forms the first chapter of Lockhart's *Memoir*, how while he was confined to bed in George Square in Edinburgh, his only enjoyment was reading and playing at chess. He writes: "To the romances and poetry, which I chiefly delighted in, I had always added the study of history, especially as connected with military events. I was encouraged in this study by a tolerable acquaintance with geography.... While therefore I lay in this dreary and silent solitude, I fell upon the resources of illustrating the battles I read of by the childish expedient of arranging shells and seeds and pebbles, so as to represent encountering armies."¹ He tells how in this manner he fought his way through Vertot's *Knights of

¹ Lockhart, Chapter I.
Malta and Orme's "interesting and beautiful History of Indostan". It was a very impressionable period of his life, and we can see from his 'Siege of Malta', which he was working on in that sad last year of his life, in Naples, when the esemplastic power of his imagination had gone, and only memory gushed forth, excited by his visit to Malta, how deep a mark these books had left on him.

One result of this early reading was that he became very well acquainted with the topography of India, especially with the southern peninsula, as well as with the various cities around which battles had been fought, detailed plans of which were given in Orme's History.

This sketch of India he must have found very useful as a background in which later events could be filled in. The meteoric rise of Haider Ali on the South Indian horizon, the disastrous defeat of the British under General Medows, the consequent wholesale imprisonment of officers and soldiers over long periods, and the humiliating cruelties inflicted on them; the death of Haider Ali and Tipu's intolerant fanaticism followed by his defeat; the touching scenes of his two young sons being handed over to the British as hostages - all these formed the first phase of this drama, each act of which caught the imagination of the people.

The second phase began with Tipu's attempts at revenge, his intrigues with the French and his territorial expansion, ending in that grand finale (for the British) of the historic storming of Seringapatam on the 4th May, 1799, and Tipu's death.

These events produced a great many books: some written by
ex-prisoners, giving incredible stories of sufferings; others by officers giving military accounts of the various campaigns, illustrated with engravings and with plenty of maps; still others gave biographical pictures of these two sultans, along with a great deal of other information. ²

We have no evidence to show whether Scott read any of these books, but there are one or two interesting points which give some scope for conjecture. The place where Haider Ali was buried in Seringapatam is called Lal Bagh or Loll Baug (ruby or red garden) by almost all the books, ³ except Memoirs of the late War in Asia, etc., which gives, like Scott, Loll Bang. ⁴ Now, it may be merely a coincidence that both have committed the same error - it is very easy to mistake a 'u' for an 'n' in long hand, and when we remember how at this time Scott was pressed for time, we can dismiss it as a typographical error, but if it was so, I wonder why it was not corrected in the Magnus Opus editions of 1831. Further, Scott mentions the punishment of being trampled under an elephant's foot and so does this book. ⁵

Another interesting book for our purpose is A Narrative of the

² In Appendix B I give a list of some of the books that I have handled on this subject - the list is by no means exhaustive - it is simply to give an idea of the richness of bibliographical crop that followed the Mysore wars.

³ Stewart, p. 42.
Bristow, p. 133.
Beatson, p. 149.


Campaign in India by Major Dirom, which gives a topographical detail that Scott seems to have made use of. In the novel Hartley travels from Madras to Seringapatam: a map would show that one has to approach towards Bangalore and thence to Seringapatam. Major Dirom's book describes a journey from Seringapatam to Bangalore, giving two outstanding items of scenery: 'a mud fort, which is now abandoned' and 'a tract of country full of hills and very woody'.

In the novel, which is placed in an earlier period, the fort is occupied, but otherwise the topography is the same.

It is these touches of accurate detail that give the novel the ring of authenticity, and create that illusion which we spoke about earlier. We should remember that some of the Mysore war veterans must have read this novel, and if we could have their opinion we should find it quite different from that of the critics who, knowing that Scott had never been to India, withheld their appreciation of this little successful experiment.

Scott had acquired his historical materials over years of study - flake after flake of information was piled in his mind till some exciting germinal idea released it and it arranged itself into a pattern suitable for the purpose of his plot. His information is so perfectly assimilated that it is very often difficult to trace its source. But without being presumptuous let me indicate a few

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6 Dirom, p. 19.
7 S.a.D., Chapter XIII, p. 450.
likely sources from which Scott probably gleaned some of the material.

In the Abbotsford Library Catalogue we have several books on India. One of special interest is Captivity, Suffering and Escape of James Scurry, while a prisoner during ten years, in the Dominions of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib, London, 1824 which describes a character resembling Middlemas: "In the midst of these kindnesses, an European made his appearance clad in the Mohammedan dress, with a large red turban, and a formidable pair of mustaches." Like Middlemas, this person Dempster, was cruel to the prisoners and was piked to death. The book also mentions that Tipu's "most common method of punishment was that of drawing to death by elephant's feet."

Most of the historical incidents are found in what was a popular book in Scott's time, Mark Wilks' Historical Sketches of the South India. It relates a story of an intrigue by a Madras dubash; gives names like Gray, Hartley and Sadik, which are used

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9 I quote from a modern reprint, Captives of Tipu, edited by A.W. Lawrence, London, 1929, in which along with two other survivors' narratives, Scurry's appears entire except for the historical chapter, p. 189.

10 Ibid., p. 198.

11 Ibid., p. 201.


13 Wilks, I, pp. 348, 169.

14 Wilks, III, 109; II, 246; III, 291.
by Scott; and also tells how once the sultan (Tipu in this case) assumed "the guise of one who had renounced the world.... a travelling mendicant, the son of a holy fakir". It also gives a translation of a document in which Tipu made a promise to his father, that if he did anything against his wishes he should be punished in whatever manner his father thought fit.

Some other ingredients of the novel are found in that very interesting, though at times a little gossipy, narrative of Edward Moor, which probably suggested Begum Montreville. Moor describes how very often the widow of a European officer continued in the command of her husband's army. He also tells: "Some time ago a female adventurer, we believe an Italian, came to Hyderabad, and after a little stay, so far ingratiated herself with Nizam's favour, that he honoured her with several marks of distinction and at length gave her a title equivalent perhaps to a red ribbon and a battalion...." He also expresses dissatisfaction at the fact that a number of Europeans have entered the service of the native princes, and he goes on to suggest: "What we have now in view, is to shew the policy of adopting a plan for preventing the native armies from getting European officers, and particularly from his Majesty's, and the Honorable Company's service, which is sometimes

15 Wilks, II, 145.
16 Wilks, II, 563.
17 A Narrative of the Operations of Captain Little's detachment, etc., Edward Moor, London, 1794.
18 Ibid., p. 117.
the case, when perhaps they have acquired the local information necessary to give effect to their professional abilities; then from dissatisfaction, pecuniary distresses, caprice possibly, and other causes, some are induced to forget their duty, and to enter the service of a sovereign power." It should be noticed how well this fits in with Middlemas's case.

Moor justifies Tipu's despotism and calls the punishment of being "trodden to pieces at the foot of an elephant" an act of necessary justice. His description of the dancing girls, which extends over three pages, seems to be crystallised by Scott into one sentence.

Scott's information, however, was not drawn entirely from books. Many of his friends and acquaintances who had been to or were in India supplied him with items which were duly pigeonholed in his tenacious memory; he usually asked his informant to put down the information on paper, which he carefully kept in his desk, and used at the proper time. It is of special interest to note that all the letters that he had preserved were being arranged by him in 1826. The following year his deaf secretary asked him for these: "Huntley Gordon proposed to me that I should give my correspondence, which we had begun to arrange last year."

19 Ibid., p. 120.
20 Ibid., p. 194.
21 For elaboration of this point see Appendix of additional notes.
22 An interesting letter giving an eyewitness account of the Mutiny at Vellore (by Mrs Murray) is bound up in MS 913 f. 97. I do not think this was ever made use of by Scott.
Scott proposed to have them bound up. It is surely with a sigh that he writes further: "It is a sad task, how many dead, absent, estranged, and altered!"23

In this correspondence there are several letters from India.24 Let me cite one letter of his brother-in-law, Charles Carpenter, who had risen high in the East India Company and had become a Commercial Resident of Salem. When Seringapatam fell, he sent Scott some information about the 'war pickings' of the military, doubtlessly the distribution of Tipu Sultan's treasures. He tells in the letter that the prize money was given in the following proportions: "A general, Pags. 27,000; colonel, 10,000; lt.col., 7,000.... 'every cash of which they fully deserved'."25

In the novel, twice the subject of prize money is mentioned. Once when Tom Hillary is painting a picture of India, a land where one can get rich quickly, to the inhabitants of Middlemas, and telling them about "the good things that were going at the storming of a Pettah, or the plundering of a Pagoda" and how "a won battle was equal to a mine of gold to the victors".26 The second is where Paupiah, the dubash of the Madras governor, intrigues with Middlemas and agrees to divide Tipu's treasures according to a

23 Journal, p. 383.
24 Scott's letter books are now in the National Library of Scotland, Walpole Collection MSS. 3874-3921. A rich quarry of which I could not make use, as these were at the binders at the time. However I give a list of Scott's Indian correspondents in Appendix E.
26 Chapter V, p. 333.
certain plan.27

This, of course, is one of those things which must be common knowledge, in its time, and it cannot be claimed that this letter of Carpenter, or similar other letters are the only source of information: but Scott's survey of his correspondence over a quarter of a century must have brought back to his mind vividly all the happenings of the remote period.

Scott had other links with the events of 1799 too. One of the persons who got 27,000 pagodas (then equal to about $9,000), the leader of the storming party, was Sir David Baird. Immediately after the victory of Seringapatam he was replaced by Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington. Baird is reported to have said, "Before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer." Wellesley, of course, was not responsible for this. He, in fact, showed his appreciation by giving to Sir David Tipu's sword, but the prize committee asked General Harris to get the sword back so that it could be officially presented to him by the Commander-in-chief. Scott was aware of this story and the earlier one of how Wellesley had failed in an attack and it was due to Baird that he was given another chance. In 1820 Scott's son was under Baird's strict discipline of which he complained to his mother. Scott sent him a letter of introduction and wrote back

27 Chapter XII, p. 442.


29 The sword is now placed in the Edinburgh Castle.
saying "Respecting Sir David Baird besides being a man of courage himself & a successful general, it should never be forgotten that the army, Britain, and the world owe the Duke of Wellington entirely to him."30

A month and a half later Scott again mentions this hero of Seringapatam to his son: "I shall be glad to hear that you have seen Sir David Baird. His fate was a singular one in seeing Tippo Saib lie dead at his feet after the said Tippo had kept him so many months in a dungeon at Bangalore."31

Scott's interest in Tipu and South India can also be traced in his books and correspondence. Haider Ali and Tipu, especially the latter, were the two persons who had greatly impressed him, and it was but natural that when he came to write a novel about India, these two persons should claim a part in it.

In Guy Mannering (1815) we have mention of "Hyder Ally"32 and "Tippoo Saib";33 of a "celebrated pass in Mysore country"34 and so on. Colonel Mannering and his daughter had been to India and the story which is laid in the middle of the 18th century, has many references to Indian topography and history.

A year earlier (1814), after the fall of Napoleon, while

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30 Letters, VI, 259.
31 Letters, VI, 271.
33 Ibid, II, Chapter VIII, p. 92.
34 Ibid, I, Chapter XXI, p. 190.
thanking Southey for his laureate poem, *Carmen Triumphale*, Scott wrote: "I always considered him [Napoleon] as possessing the genius and talents of an Eastern conqueror; and although I never supposed that he possessed, allowing for some difference of education, the liberality of conduct and political views which were sometimes exhibited by old Hyder Ally, yet I did think he might have shown the same resolved and dogged spirit of resolution which induced Tippoo Saib to die manfully upon the breach of his capital city with his sabre clenched in his hand."  

As early as 1810, Scott gives indications that he could write a work on an Indian theme if he felt his readers wanted it. Writing to George Ellis about Kehama he points out one of Southey's weaknesses: "...with genius almost to exuberance, so much learning and real good feeling of poetry; that with true obstinacy of a foolish papa, he will be most attracted to the defects of his poetical offspring." Referring to the absurdities in the said poem, he then goes on: "I could have made a very different hand of it indeed, had the order of the day been pour déchirer."  

This period, as we have indicated elsewhere, was especially rich in paintings and prints. It was but natural that the victory at Seringapatam should provide ample material to many

35 *Letters*, III, 451 (17th June, 1814).

36 *Letters*, II, 346.

painters and fire the imagination of many artists. One painter who surprised the London public by exhibiting in 1800 a colossal picture, 120 feet wide, occupying three sides of a room in the Lyceum, on the subject of the Storming of Seringapatam, was Robert Ker Porter. The picture which was on rollers, was unfortunately destroyed by fire, but engravings made of sections of it by Vendrini are still extant. Scott's interest in paintings was not very great, though I am sure a subject like this would have attracted his attention. It is interesting to note that the book (136 pages packed with information) issued as a companion to the picture, Narrative Sketches of the Conquest of Mysore (1800) is in the Abbotsford Library. 38

I am not aware if anyone has attempted to find what place Scott's curios in Abbotsford Museum occupy in his novels. From childhood he used to collect odd bits of stone, etc., and could recreate in his imagination by their help whole historical scenes. I believe his 'Gabions' though of little intrinsic value, were very rich in their association. When in the end of his life, it was suggested to him to draw up a catalogue, he expressed the thought that each one of them had a legend rooted in it. In the catalogue drawn up by his grand-daughter, some forty Indian weapons and other articles are mentioned. 39 We can trace how some of them came into

38 A.L.C., p. 312.
Scott's possession. A dagger was sent by John Leyden. A sword believed to belong to Tipu was given by David Maccullock, in 1825. Scott, gratefully accepting this present, wrote: "The sword of the Sultan Tippoo — once so formidable will be an addition to my little collection, equally valuable in itself and its recollections...." "A handsome East Indian Hookah for £2.10s." was bought by Daniel Terry, who acquired many other things for Scott. The childlike curiosity that he displayed when some Indian idols were being unpacked, shows how much he valued these things. In the novel, Scott often introduces some of these things: for example, in the description of the Begum, Ferguson's sketch gives her no weapon, Scott very appropriately provides her with a dagger, very much like the one sent by Leyden. Similarly other weapons reappear in the novels. The Hookah is mentioned in Count Robert of Paris. Muslins, which we must remember in those pre-Lancashire days, were an Indian speciality, and of which the Scotts received several parcels from Carpenter, are mentioned too.

These petty details might help us to realise the multiplicity of little links that Scott had with India, it would then, perhaps, not sound so unnatural for him to have written about India, and to have woven out of his own ties and knowledge, and Ferguson's local colour, a tale which certainly cannot be dismissed lightly.

40 Letters, II, p. 533 (August, 1811).
41 Letters, IX, p. 103.
42 Sir Walter's Postbag, p. 133.
POSTSCRIPT

The three entries we have discussed above are typical of the various ways of acquiring and using Indian material. The slight variations we might notice in each of the unskilled work may be due to their personal expression or the nature of their subject, otherwise they all follow our or their pattern.

Perhaps a word of explanation needed to serve as to the names. There, whose Jalla house we as a practice to see them, is not included in place of one of the other entries. The situation has been delicate. Some more on the subject is not new and expected very opportune a visiting student to arrive and relate it to his paper like the, the, in fact of course - approximately. Although there's a point is held in the manner of custom to local colour, and the personal touch of the - to that of degree (2) a description related in it, which we only remark as a - which - in nature, all passing rather than individual. Also passing into one another Middle eastern life the story of India. The central theme, however, gives a clear expression in the more positive description, and others, but of their external condition, the part of the picture.

But more are Jalla now one of the villages which are included in the story above, for there are the life which has a new and laborious reading for it. It is an accomplishment to these, so as to be in the name of those with some of these villages, and could reveal more later.
POSTSCRIPT

The three writers we have discussed above are typical of the various ways of acquiring and using Indian material. The slight variations we might notice in others who undertook a similar work may be due to their personal equation or the nature of their subject, otherwise they all fall into one of these patterns.

Perhaps a word of explanation should be given as to why Thomas Moore, whose Lalla Rookh was so popular in its time, is not included in place of one of the other writers. The omission has been deliberate. Moore rode on the crest of his own fame and exploited very opportunely a fashion started by Byron and others in poems like The Giaur, The Bride of Abydos and the Corsair. Although Moore's poem is laid in India, it has a very thin veneer of Indian local colour, and the journey from Delhi to Srinagar is full of topographical inaccuracies. Moreover the four stories related in it, which are strung together in a true Arabian Nights' manner, are all Persian rather than Indian - hence Moore's poem is actually Middle Eastern like the poems of Byron. Non critical readers, however, give a stock response to a few very beautiful phrases describing Kashmir, and supply, out of their own imagination, the rest of the picture.

But Moore too falls into one of the patterns we have described in the essay above, for he set about writing Lalla Rookh with "a long and laborious reading for it. To form a storehouse as it were, of illustrations purely oriental..." And perhaps a closer examination would reveal some other avenues which he, like the writers we have discussed, explored to acquire his material.

1 See R. Sencourt, India in English Literature, p. 308, for a list of some of these inaccuracies.
Sir William Jones translated a number of Persian poems into English, which I believe had great influence on the writers of our period. It is possible that the use of the word 'Samarcand' by Keats was due to Jones's translation, although Milton in the Paradise Lost XI, 389, also used 'Samarchand'.

Another poem of Hafiz given in Dr Gilchrist's The Oriental Linguist (p. 158), seems to remind one of Keats' 'Ever let the Fancy roam'. Here are two stanzas from it.

With a heart alluring lass
Gaily let the moments pass,
Kisses stealing when you may
Ever fresh and ever gay.

Gentle boy whose silver feet,
Nimbly move to cadence sweet,
Fill us quick, the gen'rous wine,
Ever fresh and ever fine.
"The luxuries of a match, and the peculiar Oriental beauty of the enchantresses who perfumed their voluptuous Eastern domes for the pleasure of the haughty English conquerors...."

The above sentence which appeared in the first and the Magnus Opus editions, was emended by Andrew Lang into "who performed their voluptuous Eastern dances". He added that the original did not make sense. For Magnus Opus edition Scott had interleaved copies of the Novels in which he made corrections— I am not in a position to say definitely if Scott did ever correct this sentence at all in this copy. But the sentence, though a little indelicate, makes sense when we consider Moor's description in his Narrative.¹ His description extends over three pages— I shall give a few extracts, which, when further condensed and telescoped, would be very much like Scott's sentence above.

These dancing girls are "intoxicated with the desire of pleasing, and the sweets with which they are perfumed at length transport them beyond their senses".

"Everything conspires to the amazing success of these voluptuous women; the art and richness of their long black hair falling over their shoulders, or braided and turned up, is loaded with diamonds and stuck with flowers...."

"Nothing can equal the care they take to preserve their breasts, as one of the most striking part of their beauty. To prevent them from growing large or ill shaped, they inclose them

¹ Moor, p. 359.
in two cases made of exceeding light wood, joined together and buckled behind; these cases are so smooth and so supple, that they give way to the various attitudes of the body without being flattened and without injuring the delicacy of skin.... This is certainly the most refined kind of ornament and best calculated to preserve beauty."

I think Scott's sentence is vague enough to be inoffensive and suggestive enough to conjure up the necessary picture in the minds of the East Indians.
APPENDICES
APPENDIX A

Unpublished portion of The Vision

The Vision, which was published in 1930 by Professor Guy Chapman, is an incomplete fragment, that is, it is only a fair copy of part of a larger fragment, which Beckford made in order to send to his sister (or Cozens ?). The MS. that I had access to shows that some of it still exists in rough drafts.

The two sets of papers, kindly supplied to me by Mr Alexander, are numbered '1' and '10' by him. They are loose sheafs of papers, folio and under. The set '10' is incorrectly paginated in pencil. If we rearrange it, which is not difficult, as the sense and writing make it clear, then it becomes a continuation of the published story, the first few pages being the same as those at the end of the published version. Page '7' of this set has '116' written in ink on top. This must be the page number in a continuous MS., as three of Beckford's pages are equal to two of the printed version, this number confirms our hypothesis, as in the printed version it is numbered 85.

This set carries the story to a point where Neuronihaer begins her tale. "Set one" then falls into its place as Neuronihaer's story, of which she had earlier made a promise (The Vision, p. 80). Thus the story is carried further through another three thousand words.

Our interest in the fragment is that it shows how Beckford elaborated a few footnotes of Mickle's into a story. Further, the MS. illustrates his method of writing hurriedly, very often
not crossing out the alternative words and phrases which occurred to him as he dashes along. Sometimes a beautiful phrase occurs to him and he writes it down in the margin to be used later. His punctuation at that speed of composition becomes merely a series of dashes. When he is inspired he writes with ease and words flow out smoothly — but after some time he becomes exhausted and his ideas peter out, and he comes down bump in the middle of a sentence.
Our banquet ended, / Nouronihar ran into the interior Grot & opening the coffer returned with two large volumes covered with mystic writings which she laid before me and here turning back brought another still larger and glittering with vivid paintings these, too, she placed at my side and - deleted seating herself by them began to explain the nature of her Burthen.

Here lie the reflections of the Sage whose last moments were spent in this grotto. In these leaves are contained the results of his Enquiries. Here you may learn what were his emotions on first beholding the central world & all the varied multitude of its productions. The discovery he made in these valleys & every observation such objects suggested are the subject of these pages — These are Hymns in which he has painted the calm serenity he experienced in this abode contrasted with the agitation of his life in the world above — How feelingly are his thoughts expressed. With what sublimity he sings of the great Being & what wise reflections flow from this Source. Observe in what a strain of eloquence he praises Moisasour — But these treasures must ever remain buried in this Coffer. Mortals are deemed unworthy of them, nor could their material Intelecits comprehend their sublimity. The Indian continued reading the most striking passages in these wise volumes for some hours. When she ceased I remained for some moments silenced awaiting the continuation. She was pleased with my attention & drew a favourable presage / from the veneration with which I listened to her favourite writings for said she during my solitary Hours these were my consolation. When Moisasour was absent in the farthest parts of the Earth how often have I retired to this Grotto & found the most pleasing amusement in them. They diverted the recollection of my misfortunes & soothed the horrors which haunted my fancy when the adventures of my past Life arose before my imagination — pardon my curiosity said I interrupting her, & delay not to conceal them from me — I have ever thought the relation of our former troubles in some measure alleviated our grief & if your opinion coincides with my own Begin & indulge impatience you must expect them (said Nouronihar) a sad tissue of misfortunes to be unrolled before you. You will tremble at the scenes to which I have been exposed & you will join with me in extolling Moisasour. It is that Being who has taught me to bear & even to relate them with composure — Yes I think I may begin my melancholy Tale — It will be artless, it will be simple. The Events will be told in no studied manner & Freedom must have her full career — if you find in it neither method nor Judgement, if all is confused irregular & extraordinary, / wonder not — Pity me & let my misfortunes plead my excuse — Nouronihar arose as she was pronouncing these words & walked to & fro with her hands folded as if to recollect herself. She often lifted up her eyes which glistened with tears, her step was hasty one instant & slow the

1 Chapman's version ends here.
next. Every motion showed her soul was troubled — a few moments calmed her inquietude — she resumed her place by my side looked at me with such an expression of melancholy in her Countenance — with such sadness in her eyes, as sufficiently related her History — I almost repented my curiosity. She fetched a deep sigh & turning toward me began her Tale — deleted

Rest of the page blank

Nouronihar’s Tale

I was once familiar with happiness and try at present to persuade myself it is returned; - I search for this lost treasure and sometimes soothe my sorrows with the recollection of those hours, when my bosom was careless and serene, when I was ignorant of deceit and a stranger to perverseness of Mankind. Then every object was new to me, Nature was arranged in smiles, I viewed all her productions with delight and blessed Heaven for placing me in so lovely an abode. I regarded all who surrounded me with complacency and my guilty heart exulted in the company of my species and fondly imagined there was nought but candour and felicity beneath the Moon. My Father....but stop. I have not told thee who was my beloved Father nor in what region I was born. Alas my poor afflicted mind has been so bewildered I strive in vain to trace back my sad Tale with order and regularity, besides how are Frenguis acquainted with those vast Countries they call India.

Over which they pretend to have gained Dominion Tis True they sail along its shores and establish themselves by the mouths of its Rivers. They advance even into the Maritime province and plunder the less remote possession of the Son of Timur. The desolation of Bengal, Barhar and Orisa, the cries of appressed Nations vouch too plainly they are but too well known on the borders of these immense Empires but which of them can boast an expedition into the woods of Pegu or a march across the deserts of Mien. Name me a traveller who has penetrated into the interior of Ashen, that can relate the adventures which befell him in Aracan ava and or that can boast of having drank at the source of the Siam boc that rolls its course thro many glorious Regions hidden from european eyes. Who is there that can recount his escape from the dangerous passes of the kian Mountains inhabited by the most ruthless of Savages or hast thou ever read of those who climbing the rocks of Ortony? have ventured thro’g the cold Region of Belur have seen its distant peaks where an eternal twilight prevails and after passing under the Tours. of Semirkund the fort of Iron / have found themselves on the banks of the Ganges, a thousand leagues from the Ocean. Can they pretend to have traversed extensive and innumerable valleys watered by the [Tsampu ?], or can they say we are familiar with Forest on its shores, the dreadful Monsters they conceal fled before us. Tradition has informed me that certain Frenguis have ventured
tho Thibet, and visited Caracorum when it flourished in all its splendour. There are also who explored the kingdoms of Boutan and seen the pagoda of Tonker. They have also ascended the Mountains of Lassa and I know Europe is filled with relations of the Dalai Lama, who many Nations esteem Devine but none have penetrated thro wilds of woods the trackless Forests, the chain of stupendous Rocks, which separate Taising from the realms of Cumola No Frangui has braved the perils of this Rout or is acquainted with the defiles of these Mountains. Such is the depth of the precipices, such the rapidity of the cataracts, such the extent of wood and wilderness that encircle those retired vales that few ever attempt to approach them. The Moguls find the journey impracticable and the Tartar unused to abandon their pursuits have attempted to scale these barriers in vain. The Inhabitant of Taising by descending the rocks in machine which their superior ingenuity has invented are the only nation who can say we have seen Cumola. These valleys with those of Purna communicate by a subteraneous Galleries hewn in that dark period so the Bramins affirm, mankind were of a gigantic stature and ended with progidious strength. The Realm of Purna from whose Mountains the Ganges derives its origin, is my native land. A long series of these valleys, between innumerable Hills, surrounded by cliffs and precipices, forms my fathers Empire which his Ancestors have ruled ever since the Race of the Prophets was extinguished and after those venerable sages were translated to the Kingdom of eternal Day. The great power Bruma permitted a celestial spirit to descend and assuming a corporeal form to govern of these retired vales, where was, rapine, impiety had never penetrated. In this nook of the Earth alone were the Gods worshipped with purity and innocence or sanctity the pomp of sacrifice and the extortions of artful priests - was equally unknown and in this peaceful abode no superstitions Rites had ever disgraced the sanctity of Heaven.

A genial Climate and a fruitful soil inspired its possessors with gratitude and joy and when they beheld the bright cause of this fertility shining in the aether, wilt thou be surprised at hearing it was adored. Bruma was far from discouraging so guiltless an Enthusiasm; but taught his subjects to believe some power resided in that Sphere of Light whose benign influence was in every Beam. He told them this Power delighted in joy and had created the Earth merely to encrease the Dominions of Happiness, for all was happiness which sprang from him and that Love and mercy without bounds were the first attributes of the Divinity.

He told them ever to regard the Sun with transport, for there was the abode of this indulgent and universal Father, which after a calm and equitable Life they would be translated to other Worlds and fly in careless and unconfined enjoy eternal variety of Happiness to this Night Luminary, said the celestial Bruma. The innumerable inhabitants of distant stars are for ever resorting to exert in the presence of their God. These solemn convocations are held at certain periods to which ever tribe of Beings finds
admittance for none which the great Power formed, are refused an Entrance, the most diminutive animal bears the impress of a divine hand and is not rejected. Those very quadrupeds those Birds, those very insects, which move around you - all are received and share with you this general Felicity.

Twas this benevolent Spirit breathed joy and confidence into every mind, no mysterious darkness enveloped his tenets. They were simple and clear as the object of their devotion. His Disciples alarmed by no threats of endless misery, without volumes of Superstition and Labyrinth of conjecture looked up to Heaven with delight and surveyed all nature with complacency.

Such was the fortunate state of these sequestered valleys - where Bruma descended into ones bosom. How long he remained upon Earth I am ignorant but when the hour of his departure approached and the days he was allotted to pass in Oumola were expired, he ascended a lofty Rock which shades the source of the Ganges and fronting the rising sun and summoning all his people into the plains beneath pronounced a solemn benediction and vanished from their sight. A year elapsed, according to the records of the sages before a mortal was found sufficiently excellent to succeed celestial Bruma.

The vast provinces of Pegu and Arracan - the Empire of the Hindous and all the Indian Powers sent their Elders to the sacred source of / the ganges where Bruma had descended and on whose banks he had designed to establish his terrestrial Abode. These holy and venerable Men, ordered the Inhabitants of Oumola to assemble and after much vain deliberation were implored to enter the Cavern from whence issues that sacred River which disperses ? fertility over a thousand Kingdom, for in this dark recess, the voice of Bruma had been audible and His well known accents had been distinguished in the roar of waters and on their margin the Elders were ordained to watch in order to interpret those articulate murmurs that sounded in the abyss. Tradition tells us they had not long remained in the Cave by the rising stream before a profound silence succeeded the rushing Waters proceeding from the Gulph and these words were echoed thro out the whole extent of the Cavern.

Pourrous is my Son, let him reign in Oumola, the sanctuary of the World. Let him.... confused deletions let these now prostrate before the stream, encircle his Throne and share with him the Empire of surrounding Nations So loud was this awful voice that the multitude which waited without the cave on the brow of the Mountain heard distinctly its decree and unanimously repeating them to those in the plain below Pourrous was acknowledged sic in a few instants by the whole assembly of the people. The Elders rising from the ground on which they had been for some moments entranced, came forth and descending the Rock - moved slowly with much reverence to the Habitation of Pourrous whom they
found enjoying the cool of the Evening with his Children. This exemplary Man had ever listened with rapture to the dictates of Bruma and from the purity of his life and simplicity of his manners, was esteemed worthy to be called his Son.

He received the solemn procession of the Elders with dignified composure and conscious of his innate worth obeyed submitted without hesitation to the will of Heaven. / He embraced his family and said as they crowded round him with the fondest anxiety (anxious fondness) Bruma has taught me to bless my Children withdraw not thy holy influence and these millions sic will be happy.

Pourrous conducted by the Elders ascended the lofty Rock, I have before mentioned from its summit pronounced a benediction on the Multitudes beneath - the first act of Royalty - then retiring into the Cave seated himself by the oracular fountain and was encircled by the Synod of Sages.

What further passed in this recess, is unknown - a mysterious Veil across covered the Councils which were held within its shades; but as Light generally succeeds Darkness, universal felicity was the result of these secret deliberations. The Reign of Pourrous was a Reign of Happiness - an equal distribution of wealth contributed not a little to its continuity. The people thro out all India were employed in cult \(\text{sic}\)ivating the Earth and all the pleasing cares of a simple pastoral Life. Their Habitations were dispersed amongst the Mountains and the valleys - were surrounded by Gardens and fields of grain which cloathed for league the banks of the Rivers and flourished almost without culture under an included sky. No cities even as yet erected or vessels contrived to transport the luxuries. The sciences in this happy period were unknown and mankind enjoyed a profound calm undisturbed by the rage of restless enquiry. At this time no Castles marked the frontiers of provinces the defiles of the Mountains were unsecured? because there was no danger and the Inhabitants of one Country roamed fearless and without suspicion, to another /

The huge wall of Taising existed not in these early Days and that vast Empire was open to the inhabitants of every Region then confounded with the rest of India. a thick line separates this from the following The industry of Man joined to a strength and vigor never since enjoyed hollowed ways thro immense mountains by conducting many Rivers into the same channel and facilitated a general communication. For in these times whole fleets sailed with ease along the ganges and navigated every branch of the Siam boc which after falling with the Lake of Chiammai communicat \(\text{ed}\) with the Hoang Ho and bore vessels thro out the whole Empire of Taising. A vast road ran along the borders of these illustrious Rivers led thro the provinces of Gobi - then
deliciously fertile - now barren and deserted - (entered) This immense Rout after winding thro Aracan and Pegu followed the source of the Meram to that remote shore where it is lost in the Ocean.

At stated distances and on the summit of every remarkable Hill vast Buildings were raised for the accomodation of those who travelled by the Rivers below. Wherever Springs burst forth their waters were collected into Marble Founts and dedicated by Kristna to the refreshment of passengers who also commanded nightly Fires to be kindled on the summits of tall columns, supply the absence of the Moon. When these great public works were accomplished the Sovereign willing to judge of their effort took a progress thro the wealthiest provinces of his extensive Empire and presented himself to his subjects in all the pomp of Royalty. He was preceded by a glittering multitude of nobles followed by an armed Post. So novel a spectacle dazzled the eyes of all Beholders, but the inhabitant of some sequestered districts of the Mountain who still retained the simplicity and innocence of better ages, trembled when they saw such a formidable parade. Thus the imperial march was productive of very different effects - in some provinces it excited awe, in others terror, in the Country / passive respect, in the next, envy and indignation. The Ruler and Wisemen, of some of the most distant provinces, who revering the memory of Bruma sent presents to his Successor, were disgusted when they saw him assume such uncommon state and advancing in the very centre of their Dominion, with a military array, demand [sq] their acknowledgements as a Tribute. The obsequious crew, which have in all ages basking in the Sunshine of Royalty the gay circle of youthful Friends and heedless advisers prevented Kristna from noticing their murmurs Instead of such unpleasing language His ears were soothed with continual praises and his proud Eye, gratified by repeated scenes of Servility and profound obedience. None approached him without previously touching the ground with their foreheads. None addressed him but with those titles of which Bruma alone was worthy. Incense was burnt in an altar before his Tent conspicuously placed in the Center of the Encampment - round which a band of abject Courtiers officiated / as priests and this impious pomp was augmented by the [illegible] Hymns, to the flourish of instruments, in which it may well be imagined living Deity was deluged with commendations. As this strange service was performed every night in the Encampment the surrounding Nations who had imagined it addressed to the supreme invisible Power were no sooner undeceived than struck with horror. They determined if possible to correct such abuses. Their Elders boldly advance - thro the army without escort, passed the ranks of nobles surrounding the imperial pavillion and penetrated into its recesses. Kristna started at their sudden apparition incensed at their violating his retirement, was on the point of commanding their destruction but upon casting a second glance on the hoary group, he felt his anger subside. The ancient Men had not prostrated themselves according to the ceremonial of his Court,
nor had they invoked him as the Son of Heaven on the contrary
they remained upright with a fixed and fearless countenance in
the becoming attitude of Man. After a solemn silence the
eldest Sage arraigned the Monarch with his presumption and
accused him of a guilty weakness in suffering himself to be
adored. Kristna appalled by this sudden address, knew not how
to carry himself, but his favourites immediately entering,
delivered him from his perplexities. They rushed on the
determined Old men with the fury of Tygers and brutally deprived
them of their existence. The Sovereign retired from the scene
of carnage terrified by groans and dying clamours that began to
echo thro out the whole Encampment; for the neighbouring tribes
apprehending the fate of their Countrymen had forced their way
thro the barriers and were marking their tracks towards the
imperial Tent - with blood, vollies of poisoned arrows poured
down upon those who made any resistance, which till this moment
had been solely the terror of ravenous Beast. But in what other
light exclaimed the irritated Savages can we consider those, who
murder their Brethren, because they nobly refused, an impious
Homage. It was in vain that the guards attempted opposing this
tumultuous Body and finding the attack growing more and more
formidable, they fled on every side and permitted it to enter the
open space / before the pavilion where stood the altar which had
excited such terrible indignation. An instant levelled it with
the ground. Then rushing forward they cut a passage into the
Tents and the first object that struck their eyes in its
recesses was the mangled bodies of their venerable sages. This
spectacle adding new feuel sic to the flame Rage and Revenge
marked every Rebel - for their own, with horrible outcries - they
threw down the pillars, supporting the awnings of the first
apartment and discovered the monarch surrounded by his trembling
favourites in the Second.

To so enraged a multitude the imperial presence was but of
little avail and in a few minutes Kristna found, his friends
gasping at his feet and heard the last sobs of his expiring
nobles. But in these moments he remembered his exalted
Rank and scorning flight offered his bosom to the reeking javelin
of his foes, with a silent intrepidity. They retreated, dropped
the points of their weapons and stood at a respectful distance / 
but their Leader emboldened by success admiring such majestic
courage, Their Leaders emboldened by success smiled contemptuously
on the Monarch and said aloud 'twas no wonder a Deity should
remain unmoved breaks off /

Following is another version of 13 above, with additional material
were raised for the accomodation of those who travelled by the
rivers below, wherever spring burst forth - their waters were
collected into marble Founts dedicated by Kristna to the
refreshments of Passengers. Near these Streams tall columns rose
with the Air where Fires were nightly kindled by command of this
magnificent sovereign. Those who existed in this truly fortunate
Pourrous, after passing a long series of 900 years, uninterrupted by any calamities expired without a sigh in the arms of his children and was succeeded by Krisna [sic] his first born. This Monarch first instituted Solemn Rites in honour of Bruma his Ancestor and called the Elders of people Bramins after his name. Soon after he had gathered them together under nine lofty towers raised by his Command. The Rock where Bruma was wont to sit above the cataracts of the Ganges - were allotted for their abode. These Buildings communicated by galleries with that dark Cavern which concealed the Source of the Great River into which the people were no longer allowed to enter. This privilidge being reserved alone for the Monarch and his sages. While Krisna was employed in forming this Establishment, the spirit of Civilization began to be diffused over his immense Empire / Mankind ever deserted their simple former life. Cities were formed and Arts invented. In the passage of a few years. Agriculture was less attended to, than in the happy time of Pourrous and in proportion as it declined commerce and navigation became the universal objects of care. By this means immense wealth circulated through the Indian Empires and unknown Luxuries were slowly introduced. The Merchants whose opulence increased every Hour, were surrounded by crowds of dependants Ministers of delights, continually inventing some new amusement and corrupting that purity of Manners so conspicuous in the annals of primeval Ages. [? Venerable] chiefs of Family no longer employ'd their Hours in the cultivation of Earth in rearing Herds and leading them on the Mountains But Allured by the pleasures daily imported from distant regions they flocked to the bright scenes / authorising this favour added palaces to cities already but too considerable. Thus encourage[d] by the most respectable examples the multitude strove who should construct the swiftest sailing vessel or who should freight it with the best manufactured commodities. Those curious garments were now invented to form which the sheep of Boudtan were despoiled of their wool and it is from this period we date the commencement of weaving silk.

The Industry of Man joined to a strength and Vigor never since enjoyed hollowed ways tho' immense Mountains and by conducting many Rivers into the same channel facilitated a general communication for in these times whole Fleets sailed with
ease along the Ganges and navigated every branch of the Siam Bec which after falling into the Lake Chiamuai joined the Hoang-Ho and bore vessels thro' out whole of Empire of Taising. A vast road ran along the borders of these illustrious Rivers and led through the province of Gobi, then deliciously fertile, - now barren and deserted. - This immense Rout after winding thro' Arracan and Pegu followed the Course of....
APPENDIX B

Books connected with Mysore

Accounts by ex-prisoners:

A Narrative of the Sufferings of James Bristow, belonging to the Bengal Artillery, during ten years captivity with Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saheb.

Calcutta, London Reprint, 1793.

Memoirs of the Late War in Asia - with a narrative of the imprisonment of our officers and soldiers: By an Officer of Colonel Baillie's Detachment.

2 volumes, London, 1788.

Original Letters from India (1779-1815): Mrs Eliza Fay, Calcutta, 1817.


[Mentions one Captain Ayres, an Englishman in Haider's service, a deserter and very cruel to the prisoners (page 115). It also gives a glimpse of Haider Ali's character "whose general character for gallantry would not admit of his refusing any request made by a fair lady (page 122). Beautiful description of Banyan trees (page 165).]

Captivity, Sufferings and Escape of James Scurry while a prisoner during ten years in the Dominions of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib.

London, 1824.

Accounts of Military Operations:

Narrative of the Operation of the British Army in India, from 21st April to the 16th July, 1791; with a particular account of the action on the 15th of May near Seringapatam.

London, 1792.

[Contains a description of Seringapatam.]
A Sketch of the War with Tippoo Sultan, or, A Detail of Military Operations, from the commencement of Hostilities at the line of Travancore in December 1789, until the peace concluded before Seringapatam in 1792.

Roderick Mackenzie, 2 volumes, Calcutta, 1793.

[Contains a glossary. Mentions 'Laul Baug Palace'.]

A Narrative of the Campaign in India which terminated the war with Tippoo Sultan in 1792, with maps and plans illustrative of the subject, and a view of Seringapatam.


[Mentions 'Loll Baug'.]

A Narrative of the Operations of Captain Little's Detachment, and of the Mahratta Army, commanded by Purseram Bhow; during the late confederacy in India, against Nawab Tippoo Sultan Bahadur.

By Edward Moor, London, 1794.

[Contains a very informative section of notes and illustrations, on Language of the Peninsula, Coins and method of coinage, etc.]

A View of the Origin and conduct of the War with Tippoo Sultan; comprising a narrative of the operations of the Army under the command of Lieutenant-General George Harris, And of the Siege of Seringapatam.


[Map, a portrait of Tipu, and sketch of the environments of Seringapatam.]

A Review of the Origin, Progress and Result of the late Decisive War in Mysore, in a letter from an officer in India: with notes and an appendix, comprising the whole of the Secret State Papers found in the Cabinet of Tippoo Sultaun at Seringapatam, etc.

Narrative Sketches of the Conquest of Mysore, (companion to Ker Porter's Picture, 'The Storming of Seringapatam').


[A very informative book, gives details of distribution of Tipu's treasure amongst the army.]

Biographies, etc.:

The Life of Hyder Ally with an account of his usurpation of the kingdom of Mysore, etc.

Francis Robson, London, 1786.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Library of the late Tippoo Sultan of Mysore, to which are prefixed memoirs of Hyder Ali Khan and his son Tippoo Sultan.

Charles Stewart, Cambridge, 1809.

Selected Letters of Tippoo Sultan.

APPENDIX C

Scott's Draft Letter

The following draft letter stands at the head of the Indian notes for the Surgeon's Daughter. To a casual reader it may supply a confirmation of Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's theory concerning the redating of Waverley Novels. Folio 165 has these words: "Colonel Fergusson / notes of Indian manners." The verso is blank. Recto of 166 has:

Sir,

It is only an unusual train of family misfortunes having been so unfortunate as to lose an excellent mother as well as her brother and sister within the course of the late ten days which has obliged me to delay returning to you my best thanks for the very curious legendary matter with which you have been so good as to favour me. Leinster famed for maidens fair[,] was written by Tickell the friend of Addison.

[Unsigned]

It is undated, but from internal evidence it is obvious that it belongs to late December 1819 or early January 1820. Scott's mother died on 24th December 1819.


2 Compare Scott's letter to Dr Kerr for details (28th December 1819), Letters VI, p. 86.

The above letter could not have been addressed to either of the Fergusons because James was out in India at that time and all the letters to Sir Adam of this period invariably begin "Dear Adam". That folio 165 and 166 belong to 1820 period is confirmed by the watermark: "D & A COWAN 1817". That the notes were not written at this time is also confirmed by the watermark of the sketches: "1823 ABBEYMILL".

Our study of Scott's Journal above has definitely proved when the notes were given. The explanation how the notes and this draft letter came together is perhaps very simple: Scott, in order to hold together the sketches, which were on sheets of various sizes, used this old draft letter as a folder and scribbled "Colonel Fergusson", etc., on the outside blank sheet.
APPENDIX D

Sir Walter Scott's Indian Correspondents

Compiled from the index of MSS. 3874-3921 in the Walpole Collection, National Library of Scotland

Charles Carpenter, (Scott's brother-in-law), Commercial Resident at Salem 9 letters
Earl of Dalhousie (George Ramsay), 1822-30 6 letters
Hugh Armstrong Graeme, Calcutta, 1820 1 letter
Bishop Reginald Heber, 1818 Letter and a hymn
Lady Mary Hood, Bombay, etc., 1809-1815 Several
John Leyden, Calcutta, 1801-1811 Several
Sir John Malcolm, Indian Administrator, 1811-1826 At least 10 letters
Lt. Col. James Russel, Indore, Calcutta, etc., 1818, 1821
George Swinton, (cousin), Chief Secretary to the Governor-General of India, sends a madeira pipe, 1823, 1824, 1826, 1827.
Prof. H.H. Wilson, 1827 1 letter
List of Manuscripts and Printed Books used

A. Manuscripts

In Beckford-Hamilton Collection

(a) MS. of *Fragments of an Indian Tale*.

(These were kindly supplied to me by Mr Boyd Alexander, 
who is entrusted by His Grace the Duke of Hamilton 
with the publication of the Beckford Papers.)

In the National Library of Scotland

(b) MS. 913. *Notes of Indian Manners* by Col. James Ferguson.

(c) MS. 3277. *Brief Sketch of a Correspondence with Sir Walter Scott* by Joseph Train.

B. Primary Books

*William Beckford*


*Robert Southey*


Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, edited by 

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, edited by 

*Sir Walter Scott*

The Surgeon's Daughter, Border edition, edited by A. Lang 
(in the second volume of Count Robert of Paris), 1894.

The Journal of Sir Walter Scott, (ed.) Tait and Parker, 

Letters of Sir Walter Scott, Centenary edition, Sir H.J.C. 
Grierson, 12 vols., 1932-37.
C. Biographies


D. Secondary Books


Cardew, F.G.: *A Sketch of the Services of the Bengal Native Army to the Year 1892*, Calcutta, 1903.


Ferguson, James, and Ferguson, Robert Menzies (editors): *Records of the Clan and Name of Ferguson or Ferguson and Fergus*, Edinburgh, 1895.


Moor, Edward: *A Narrative of the Operations of Captain Little's detachment*, London, 1794.


Sale, George: *The Koran translated into English*...to which is prefixed a preliminary discourse. First edition, 1734.


E. Prints, Drawings and Paintings, etc.


Foster, Sir William: (British Artists in India, 1760-1820) in the Walpole Society Publications, Volume XIX.


F. Reference Books:


East India Register and Directory, various dates.


Yule and Burnett: Hobson Jobson, London, 1886.

G. Journals

The Annual Review.
The Calcutta Review.
The Edinburgh Review.
The London Magazine.
Modern Language Notes.
Notes and Queries.
Times Literary Supplement.