

ART. XX.—*The Philosophy of the Vedanta in its  
relations to the Occidental Metaphysics.*

By DR. PAUL DEUSSEN,

*Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel, Germany.*

---

Read, 25th February 1893.

---

On my journey through India I have noticed with satisfaction that in philosophy till now our brothers in the East have maintained a very good tradition, better perhaps than the more active, but less contemplative branches of the great Indo-Aryan family in Europe, where Empirism, Realism and their natural consequence, Materialism, grow from day to day more exuberantly, whilst metaphysics, the very centre and heart of serious philosophy, are supported only by a few ones, who have learned to brave the spirit of the age.

In India the influence of this perverted and perverse spirit of our age has not yet overthrown in religion and philosophy the good traditions of the great ancient time. It is true, that most of the ancient *darśanas* even in India find only an historical interest; followers of the Sâṅkya-System occur rarely; Nyāya is cultivated mostly as an intellectual sport and exercise, like grammar or mathematics,—but the Vedānta is, now, as in the ancient time, living in the mind and heart of every thoughtful Hindoo. It is true, that even here in the sanctuary of Vedantic metaphysics, the realistic tendencies, natural to man, have penetrated, producing the misinterpreting variations of Çaṅkar's Advaita, known under the names Viçiṣṭādvaita, Dvaita, Çuddhādvaita of Rāmānuja, Mādhva, Vallabha,—but India till now has not yet been seduced by their voices, and of hundred Vedāntins (I have it from a well informed Hindoo, who is himself a zealous

adversary of Çaṅkara and follower of Rāmānuja) fifteen perhaps adhere to Rāmānuja, five to Madhva, five to Vallabha, and seventy-five to Çaṅkarāchārya.

This fact may be for poor India in so many misfortunes a great consolation ; for the external interests are higher than the temporary ones ; and the system of the Vedānta, as founded on the Upanishads and Vedānta Sūtras, and accomplished by Çaṅkara's commentaries on them,—equal in rank to Plato and Kant—is one of the most valuable products of the genius of mankind in its researches of the eternal truth,—as I propose to show now by a short sketch of Çaṅkara's Advaita and comparison of its principal doctrines with the best that occidental philosophy has produced till now.

Taking the Upanishads, as Çaṅkara does, for revealed truth with absolute authority, it was not an easy task to build out of their materials a consistent philosophical system, for the Upanishads are in Theology, Kosmology and Psychology full of the hardest contradictions. So in many passages the nature of Brahman is painted out in various and luxuriant colours, and, again, we read that the nature of Brahman is quite unattainable to human words, to human understanding ;—so we meet sometimes longer reports explaining how the world has been created by Brahman, and, again, we are told that there is no world besides Brahman, and all variety of things is mere error and illusion ;—so we have fanciful descriptions of the Samsāra, the way of the wandering soul up to the heaven and back to the earth, and, again, we read that there is no Samsāra, no variety of souls at all, but only one Ātman, who is fully and totally residing in every being.

Çaṅkara—in these difficulties created by the nature of his materials, in face of so many contradictory doctrines, which he was not allowed to decline and yet could not admit altogether,—has found a wonderful way out, which deserves the attention, perhaps, the imitation of the Christian dogmatists in their embarrassments. He constructs out of the materials of the Upanishads two systems, one esoteric, philosophical (called by him *nirguṇā vidyā*, sometimes *pāramārthikā avasthā*) containing the metaphysical truth for the few ones, rare in all times and countries, who are able to understand it ; and another exoteric, theological (*saguṇā vidyā*, *vyāvahārikī avasthā*) for the general public, who want images, not abstract truth, worship, not meditation.

I shall now point out briefly the two systems, esoteric and exoteric, in pursuing and confronting them through the four chief parts which Çaṅkara's system contains, and every complete philosophical system must contain:—

I. Theology, the doctrine of God or of the philosophical principle.

II. Kosmology, the doctrine of the world.

III. Psychology, the doctrine of the soul.

IV. Eschatology, the doctrine of the last things, the things after death.

#### I.—THEOLOGY.

The Upanishads swarm with fanciful and contradictory descriptions of the nature of Brahman. He is the all-pervading âkāṣa, is the puruṣa in the sun, the puruṣa in the eye; his head is the heaven, his eyes are sun and moon, his breath is the wind, his footstool the earth; he is infinitely great as soul of the universe and infinitely small as the soul in us; he is in particular the *īvara*, the personal God, distributing justly reward and punishment according to the deeds of man. All these numerous descriptions are collected by Çaṅkara under the wide mantle of the exoteric theology, the *saguṇā vidyā* of Brahman, consisting of numerous "vidyās" adapted for approaching the eternal being not by the way of knowledge but by the way of worshiping, and having each its particular fruits. Mark also that the conception of God as a personal being, an *īvara*, is merely exoteric and does not give us a correct knowledge of the Ātman;—and, indeed, when we consider what is personality, how narrow in its limitations, how closely connected to egotism, the counterpart of godly essence, who might think so low of God to impute him personality?

In the sharpest contrast to these exoteric vidyās stands the esoteric, *nirguṇā vidyā* of the Ātman; and its fundamental tenet is the absolute inaccessibility of God to human thoughts and words;

दतो वाचो निवर्तन्ते  
अप्राप्य मनसा सह.

and again :

अविज्ञातं विज्ञानताम्  
विज्ञातमविज्ञानताम्.

and the celebrated formula occurring so often in Bṛihadâraṇyaka-Upanishad; *neti! neti! viz.*, whatever attempt you make to know

the *Ātman*, whatever description you give of him, I always say : *na iti, na iti*, it is not so, it is not so ! Therefore the wise *Bāhva*, when asked by the king *Vāshkalin*, to explain the *Brahman*, kept silence. And when the king repeated his request again and again, the *ṛishi* broke out into the answer : " I tell it you, but you don't understand it ; *cānto 'yam ātmā*, this *Ātmā* is silence ! " We know it now by the Kantian philosophy, that the answer of *Bāhva* was correct, we know it, that the very organisation of our intellect (which is bound once for ever to its innate forms of intuition, space, time, and causality) excludes us from a knowledge of the spaceless, timeless, godly reality for ever and ever. And yet the *Ātman*, the only godly being, is not unattainable to us, is even not far from us, for we have it fully and totally in ourselves as our own metaphysical entity ; and here, when returning from the outside and apparent world to the deepest secrets of our own nature, we may come to God, not by knowledge, but by *anubhava*, by absorption into our own self. There is a great difference between knowledge, in which subject and object are distinct from each other, and *anubhava*, where subject and object coincide in the same. He who by *anubhava* comes to the great intelligence, "*aham brahma asmi*," obtains a state called by *Çaṅkara* *Saṁrādhanam*, accomplished satisfaction ; and indeed, what might he desire, who feels and knows himself as the sum and totality of all existence !

## II.—KOSMOLOGY.

Here, again, we meet the distinction of exoteric and esoteric doctrine though not so clearly severed by *Çaṅkara* as in other parts of his system.

The exoteric Kosmology, according to the natural but erroneous realism (*avidyā*) in which we are born, considers this world as the reality, and can express its entire dependency of *Brahman* only by the mythical way of a creation of the world by *Brahman*. So a temporal creation of the world, even as in the Christian documents, is also taught in various and well-known passages of the *Upanishads*. But such a creation of the material world by an immaterial cause, performed in a certain point of time after an eternity elapsed uselessly, is not only against the demands of human reason and natural science, but also against another important doctrine of the *Vedānta*, which teaches and must teach (as we shall see hereafter) the "beginning-

lessness of the migration of souls," *samsārasya anāditvam*. Here the expedient of Çaṅkara is very clever and worthy of imitation. Instead of the temporary creation once for ever of the Upanishads he teaches that the world in great periods is created and re-absorbed by Brahman (referring to the misunderstood verse of the Rīgveda: सर्वाचन्द्रमसौ धाता अथापूर्वमकल्पयत्); this mutual creation and re-absorption lasts from eternity, and no creation can be allowed by our system to be a first one, and that for good reasons, as we shall see just now.—If we ask: *Why* has God created the world, the answers to this question are generally very unsatisfactory. For his own glorification? How may we attribute to him so much vanity! — For his particular amusement? But he was an eternity without this play-toy!—By love of mankind? How may he love a thing before it exists, and how may it be called love, to create millions for misery and eternal pain!—The Vedānta has a better answer. The never ceasing new-creation of the world is a moral necessity connected with the central and most valuable doctrine of the exoteric Vedānta, the doctrine of Saṃsāra.

Man, says Çaṅkara, is like a plant. He grows, flourishes and at the end dies; but not totally. For, as the plant, when dying, leaves behind it the seed, of which, according to its quality, a new plant grows,—so man, when dying, leaves his *karma*, the good and bad works of his life, which must be rewarded and punished in another life after this. No life can be the first, for it is the fruit of previous actions, nor the last, for its actions must be expiated in a next following life. So the Saṃsāra is without beginning and without end, and the new creation of the world after every absorption into Brahman is a moral necessity. I need not point out, in particular here in India, the high value of this doctrine of Saṃsāra as a consolation in the distresses, as a moral agent in the temptations of life,—I have to say here only, that the Saṃsāra, though not the absolute truth, is a mythical representative of a truth which in itself is unattainable to our intellect; mythical is this theory of metempsychosis only in so far as it invests in the forms of space and time what really is spaceless and timeless, and therefore beyond the reach of our understanding. So the Saṃsāra is just so far from the truth, as the *saguṇā vidyā* is from the *nirguṇā vidyā*; it is the eternal truth itself, but (since we cannot conceive it otherwise) the truth in an allegorical

form, adapted to our human understanding. And this is the character of the whole exoteric Vedānta, whilst the esoteric doctrine tries to find out the philosophical, the absolute truth.

And so we come to the esoteric Kosmology, whose simple doctrine is this, that in reality there is no manifold world, but only Brahman, and that what we consider as the world, is a mere illusion (*māyā*) similar to a *mṛigatṛishṇikā*, which disappears when we approach it, and not more to be feared than the rope, which we took in the darkness for a serpent. There are, as you see, many similes in the Vedānta to illustrate the illusive character of this world, but the best of them is perhaps, when Çaṅkara compares our life with a long dream;—a man whilst dreaming does not doubt of the reality of the dream, but this reality disappears in the moment of awakening, to give place to a truer reality, which we were not aware of whilst dreaming. The life a dream! this has been the thought of many wise men from Pindar and Sophocles to Shakespeare and Calderon de la Barca, but nobody has better explained this idea than Çaṅkara. And, indeed, the moment when we die may be to nothing so similar as to the awakening from a long and heavy dream; it may be that, then, heaven and earth are blown away like the nightly phantoms of the dream, and what then may stand before us? or rather in us? Brahman, the eternal reality, which was hidden to us till then by this dream of life!—This world is *māyā*, is illusion, is not the very reality, that is, the deepest thought of the esoteric Vedānta, attained, not by osculating *tarka* but by *anubhava*, by returning from this variegated world to the deep recess of our own self (*Ātman*). Do so, if you can, and you will get aware of a reality very different from empirical reality, a timeless, spaceless, changeless reality, and you will feel and experience that whatever is outside of this only true reality is mere appearance, is *māyā*, is a dream!—This was the way the Indian thinkers went, and by a similar way, shown by Parmenides. Plato came to the same truth, when knowing and teaching that this world is a world of shadows, and that the reality is not in these shadows, but behind them. The accord here of Platonism and Vedantism is wonderful, but both have grasped this great metaphysical truth by intuition; their tenet is true, but they are not able to prove it, and in so far they are defective. And here a great light and assistance to the Indian and the Grecian thinker comes from the philosophy of Kant, who went quite another

way, not the Vedantic and Platonic way of intuition, but the way of abstract reasoning and scientific proof. The great work of Kant is an analysis of human mind, not in the superficial way of Locke, but getting to the very bottom of it. And in doing so, Kant found, to the surprise of the world and of himself, that three essential elements of this outside world, *viz.*, space, time, and causality, are not, as we naturally believe, eternal fundamentals of an objective reality, but merely subjective innate intuitive forms of our own intellect. This has been proved by Kant and by his great disciple, Schopenhauer, with mathematical evidence, and I have given these proofs (the fundament of every scientific metaphysic) in the shortest and clearest form in my "Elemente der Metaphysik"—a book which I am resolved now to get translated into English, for the benefit not of the Europeans (who may learn German) but of my brothers in India, who will be greatly astonished to find in Germany the scientific substruction of their own philosophy, of the Advaita Vedânta! For Kant has demonstrated, that space, time, and causality are not objective realities, but only subjective forms of our intellect, and the unavoidable conclusion is this, that the world, as far as it is extended in space, running on in time, ruled throughout by causality, in so far is merely a representation of my mind and nothing beyond it. You see the concordance of Indian, Grecian, and German metaphysics; the world is *mâyâ*, is illusion, says *Çaṅkara*;—it is a world of shadows, not of realities, says *Plato*;—it is "appearance only, not the thing in itself," says *Kant*. Here we have the same doctrine in three different parts of the world, but the scientific proofs of it are not in *Çaṅkara*, not in *Plato*, but only in *Kant*.

### III.—PSYCHOLOGY.

Here we convert the order and begin with the esoteric Psychology, because it is closely connected with the esoteric Kosmology and its fundamental doctrine: the world is *mâyâ*. All is illusive, with one exception, with the exception of my own Self, of my *Âtman*. My *Âtman* cannot be illusive, as *Çaṅkara* shows, anticipating the "*cogito, ergo sum*" of Descartes,—for he who would deny it, even in denying it, witnesses its reality. But what is the relation between my individual soul, the *Jîva-Âtman*, and the highest soul, the *Parama-Âtman* or *Brahman*? Here *Çaṅkara*, like a prophet,

foresees the deviations of Rāmānuja, Madhva and Vallabha and refutes them in showing, that the Jīva cannot be a part of Brahman (Rāmānuja), because Brahman is without parts (for it is timeless and spaceless, and all parts are either successions in time or co-ordinations in space,—as we may supply),—neither a different thing from Brahman (Madhva), for Brahman is *ekam eva advītyam*, as we may experience by *anubhava*,—nor a metamorphose of Brahman (Vallabha), for Brahman is unchangeable (for, as we know now by Kant, it is out of causality). The conclusion is, that the Jīva, being neither a part nor a variation of Brahman, must be the Paramātman fully and totally himself,—a conclusion made equally by the Vedāntin Çaṅkara, by the Platonic Plotinos and by the Kantian Schopenhauer. But Çaṅkara in his conclusions goes perhaps further than any of them. If really our soul, says he, is not a part of Brahman but Brahman himself, then all the attributes of Brahman, all-pervadingness, eternity, all-mightiness (scientifically spoken: exemption of space, time, causality) are ours; *aḥam brahma asemi*, I am Brahman, and consequently I am all-pervading (spaceless), eternal (timeless), almighty (not limited in my doing by causality). But these godly qualities are hidden in me, says Çaṅkara, as the fire is hidden in the wood, and will appear only after the final deliverance.

What is the cause of this concealment of my godly nature? The Upādhi's, answers Çaṅkara, and with this answer we pass from the esoteric to the exoteric psychology. The Upādhi's are manas and indriya's, prāna with its five branches, sūkshmam çarīram,—in short, the whole psychological apparatus, which together with a factor changeable from birth to birth, with my karman, accompanies my Ātman in all his ways of migration, without infecting his godly nature, as the crystal is not infected by the colour painted over it. But wherefrom originate these Upādhi's? They form of course part of the *māyā*, the great world-illusion, and like *māyā* they are based in our innate *avidyā* or ignorance, a merely negative power and yet strong enough to keep us from our godly existence. But now, from where comes this *avidyā*, this primeval cause of ignorance, sin, and misery? Here all philosophers in India and Greece and everywhere have been defective, until Kant came to show us that the whole question is



inadmissible. You ask for the cause of *avidyā*, but she has no cause; for causality goes only so far as this world of the *Saṃsāra* goes, connecting each link of it with another, but never beyond *Saṃsāra* and its fundamental characteristic, the *avidyā*. In enquiring after a cause of *avidyā* with *māyā*, *Saṃsāra* and *Upādhi*'s, you abuse, as Kant may teach us, your innate mental organ of causality to penetrate into a region for which it is not made, and where it is no more available. The fact is, that we are here in ignorance, sin and misery, and that we know the way out of them, but the question of a cause for them is senseless.

#### IV.—ESCHATOLOGY.

And now a few words about this way out of the *Saṃsāra*, and first about the exoteric theory of it. In the ancient time of the hymns there was no idea of *Saṃsāra*, but only rewards in heaven and (somewhat later) punishments in a dark region (*padam gabhāram*), the precursor of the later hells. Then the deep theory of *Saṃsāra* came up, teaching rewards and punishment in the form of a new birth on earth. The Vedānta combines both theories, and so he has a double expiation, first in heaven and hell, and then, again, in a new existence on the earth. This double expiation is different (1) for performers of good works, going the *pitṛiyāna*, (2) for worshippers of the *saguṇam brahma*, going the *devayāna*, (3) for wicked deeds, leading to what is obscurely hinted at in the Upanishads as the *tṛitīyam sthānam*, the third place. The *pitṛiyāna* leads through a succession of dark spheres to the moon, there to enjoy the fruit of the good works and after their consumption, back to an earthly existence. (2) The *devayāna* leads through a set of brighter spheres to Brahman, without returning to the earth (तेषां न पुनरावृत्तिः). But this Brahman is only *saguṇam brahma*, the object of worshipping, and its true worshippers, though entering into this *saguṇam brahma* without returning, have to wait in it until they get *moksha* by obtaining *samyagdārṣanam*, the full knowledge of the *nirguṇam brahma*. (3) The *tṛitīyam sthānam*, including the later theories of hells, teaches punishment in them, and, again, punishment by returning to earth in the form of lower castes, animals, and plants. All these various and fantastical ways of *Saṃsāra* are considered as true, quite as true as this world is, but not more. For the

whole world and the whole way of Samsāra is valid and true for those only who are in the *avidyā*, not for those who have overcome her, as we have to show now.

The esoteric Vedānta does not admit the reality of the world nor of the Samsāra, for the only reality is Brahman, seized in ourselves as our own *Ātman*. The knowledge of this *Ātman*, the great intelligence: "*aḥam brahma asmi*," does not produce *moksha* (deliverance), but is *moksha* itself. Then we obtain what the Upanishads say:

निश्चये हृदयमन्यः  
छिद्यन्ते सर्वसंज्ञाः ।  
कीदृशान्ते चास्य कर्माणि  
तस्मिन्दृष्टे पराचरे ॥

When seeing *Brahma* as the highest and the lowest everywhere, all knots of our heart, all sorrows are split, all doubts vanish, and our works become nothing. Certainly no man can live without doing works, and so also the *jivanmukta*; but he knows it, that all these works are illusive, as this whole world is, and therefore they do not adhere to him nor produce for him a new life after death.—And what kind of works may such a man do?—People have often reproached the Vedānta with being defective in morals, and indeed, the Indian genius is too contemplative to speak much of works; but the fact is nevertheless, that the highest and purest morality is the immediate consequence of the Vedānta. The Gospels fix quite correctly as the highest law of morality: "love your neighbour as yourselves." But why should I do so, since by the order of nature I feel pain and pleasure only in myself, not in my neighbour? The answer is not in the Bible (this venerable book being not yet quite free of Semitic realism), but it is in the Veda, in the great formula "*tat tvam asi*," which gives in three words metaphysics and morals altogether. You shall love your neighbour as yourselves,—because you are your neighbour, and mere illusion makes you believe, that your neighbour is something different from yourselves. Or, in the words of the *Bhagavadgītā*: he, who knows himself in everything and everything in himself, will not injure himself by himself, *na hinasti ātmanā ātmanām*. This is the sum and tenor of all morality, and this is the standpoint of a man knowing himself as Brahman. He feels himself as everything,—so he will not desire anything, for he has

whatever can be had;—he feels himself as everything, —so he will not injure anything, for nobody injures himself. He lives in the world, is surrounded by its illusions, but not deceived by them: like the man suffering from *timira*, who sees two moons but knows that there is one only, so the Jīvanmukta sees the manifold world and cannot get rid of seeing it, but he knows that there is only one being, Brahman, the Ātman, his own Self, and he verifies it by his deeds of pure uninterested morality. And so he expects his end, like the potter expects the end of the twirling of his wheel, after the vessel is ready. And then, for him, when death comes, no more Saṃsāra: न तस्व प्राणा उत्क्रान्ति । ब्रह्म एव सन् ब्रह्म भव्येति ! He enters into brahman, like the streams into the ocean: he leaves

वया नयः स्वन्वमानाः समुद्रे  
अस्तं गच्छन्ति नामरूपे विहाय ।  
तथा विहाय नामरूपादिमुक्तः  
परत्परं पुरुषमुपैति दिव्यम् ॥

behind him *nāma* and *rūpam*, he leaves behind him *individuality*, but he does not leave behind him his *Ātman*, his Self. It is not the falling of the drop into the infinite ocean, it is the whole ocean, becoming free from the fetters of ice, returning from his frozen state to that what he is really and has never ceased to be, to his own all-pervading, eternal, all-mighty nature.

And so the Vedānta, in its unfalsified form, is the strongest support of pure morality, is the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death,—Indians, keep to it !—

---

ART. XXI.—*Was Bhartṛihari a Buddhist?*—By K. B. PATHAK,  
DECCAN COLLEGE, POONA.

[Read 28th March 1893.]

We have seen on a former<sup>1</sup> occasion that most of the statements made by I-tsing, regarding the grammarian Bhartṛihari, have been confirmed from Indian sources. Nor is there any controversy as to the date which I-tsing assigns to Bhartṛihari, for we are told that the grammarian was contemporary with Dharmapāla, and that "he died forty years ago" or about 650 A. D. according to Prof. Max Müller's calculation. We know also when Dharmapāla lived, as he was contemporary with Śīlabhadra, the teacher of Hiuen Tsiang.<sup>2</sup> It is thus plain that, whatever doubt may attach to the date of Dharmakīrti, there is no disputing the fact that Bhartṛihari died in the middle of the seventh century.

There is, however, one statement made by I-tsing regarding Bhartṛihari, which needs confirmation from an Indian source. This Chinese pilgrim tells us that the grammarian who wrote the *Vākyapadiya* was a Buddhist, that "he believed deeply in the three jewels and meditated on the two-fold voidness. Having desired (to embrace) the excellent religion, he belonged to the priestly order, but overcome by worldly desires, he returned to the laity." Prof. Max Müller thinks it not unlikely that I-tsing is here speaking of Bhartṛihari, the author of the *Ṣatakas*, and "that there was a Buddhistic flavour about the *Ṣatakas* has long been perceived."<sup>3</sup>

On this point Mr. Telang remarks that after reading and re-reading the *Ṣatakas* he has failed to detect anything that can be properly called Buddhistic about the *Ṣatakas*. Moreover, he assumed the identity of the grammarian and the author who is believed to have written the *Ṣatakas* on the authority of the Indian tradition, because that tradition is not questioned by Colebrooke and Bohlen. After

<sup>1</sup> My paper on Bhartṛihari and Kumāṛila.

<sup>2</sup> Ind. Ant., Vol. IX., p. 908.

<sup>3</sup> India, what can it teach us? p. 347. First Ed.

pointing out a few circumstances which, in his opinion, suffice to prove that there is no Buddhistic flavour about the *Satakas*, Mr. Telang asks us to refuse credence to the statement made by I-tsing about the date of the grammarian who wrote the *Vākyapadīya*.<sup>4</sup>

With all deference to Mr. Telang; I cannot help thinking that his view is hardly accurate. He has overlooked the most important fact that the Chinese pilgrim does not include the *Satakas* in his list of the works which were ascribed to the grammarian Bhartrihari in the latter half of the seventh century.<sup>5</sup> It is therefore clear that neither the question of the identity of the grammarian with the author of the *Satakas* nor, again, the question whether the *Satakas* are a collection of elegant extracts is relevant to our main contention. The point at issue, so far as the date of Kumārila is concerned, is simply this, whether I-tsing is correct in saying that Bhartrihari, who wrote the *Vākyapadīya*, was a Buddhist. If we can prove by independent evidence the accuracy of this statement of I-tsing, our argument that Kumārila lived in the eighth century will be complete.

I need not re-state here the arguments that have led us to the conclusion<sup>6</sup> that Vāchaspatimīśra flourished in the eleventh century. He is an author of acknowledged eminence in the ranks of Sanskrit literature, and lived at a time when Buddhism still held a place in the country, as we learn from the inscription at Dambāḷ in Dharwar District. This inscription belongs to the close of the eleventh century and invokes Tārādevī.<sup>7</sup> Now this goddess is never worshipped by the Jains,

तरा त्वं सुगतागमे भगवती गौरीति शैवागमे  
वज्रा कोलिकशासने जिनमते पद्मावती विश्रुता ।  
गायत्री श्रुतिशालिना प्रकृतिरित्युक्तासि सांख्यायने  
मातर्भारति किं प्रभूतभणितैर्व्याप्तं समस्तं त्वया ॥ १९ ॥

Padmāvati-pūjastotra.

but is always remembered by them as the tutelar deity of their bitterest foes, the Bauddhas, whom Akalaṅkadeva vanquished in a disputation held at the court of Himaśtala.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Introduction to the *Nitiśataka* and *Vairāgyaśataka* of Bhartrihari.

<sup>5</sup> India, what can it teach us? pp. 347 and 348. First Ed.

<sup>6</sup> See my paper on Dharmakīrti and Śaṅkarāchārya and that on Bhartrihari and Kumārila.

<sup>7</sup> Ind., Art. Vol. X.

<sup>8</sup> Akalaṅka totra, Akalaṅkacharita, and Śravaṇa-Belgoḷ Inscriptions, p. 54.

Gaṇḍarāditya, the king of the Silahāra line, who ruled at Kolhapura in the middle of the twelfth century, set up an image of Buddha along with those of Śiva and Jina.<sup>9</sup> These facts will suffice to prove that Buddhism still prevailed in India in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. And from an inscription recently discovered at Sahet-Mahet we learn that this religion was flourishing in this country even in the beginning of the thirteenth century.<sup>10</sup> Hence it is evident that Vāchaspatimiśra lived at a period when Buddhism still prevailed in India. He is fond of quoting Buddhist authors. Any information coming from such a high authority about Buddhism or Buddhist authors is consequently entitled to great weight.

Vāchaspatimiśra cites a verse from the second chapter of the Vākya-pāḍīya, and speaks of its author Bhartṛihari as one of the Bāhyas

न चैतत्कलकलश्रुतावशक्यज्ञानं किमिव हि दुष्करमभ्यासस्य यथाहुर्बा-  
ह्या अपि

परेषामनुपाख्येयमभ्यासादेव जायते ।

मणिरूपादिषु ज्ञानं तद्देदामानुमानिकमिति<sup>11</sup> ॥

Now what is the meaning of the word, Bāhya, as applied to Bhartṛihari ? This question can be easily answered by comparing the various passages in which the expression occurs. Vāchaspatimiśra employs this phrase twice in his Bhāmatī :—

बाह्या अप्याहुः शास्त्राचिन्तकाः खल्वेवं विवेचयन्ति न प्रतिपत्तार इति ।

तत्त्वावधारणाभ्यासस्य हि स्वभाव एव स तादृशो यदनादिमपि निरूढनि-  
बिडवासनमपि मिथ्याप्रत्ययमपनयति । तत्त्वपक्षपातो हि स्वभावो धियाम् ।  
यथाहुर्बाह्या अपि

निरूपद्रवभूतार्थस्वभावस्य विपर्ययैः ।<sup>12</sup>

न बाधो यत्नवत्त्वेपि बुद्धेस्तत्त्वपक्षपातत इति ॥

The second quotation from the Bhāmatī is most important. It appears, again, in the Sāmkhyatattvakaumudī where also it is ascribed to the Bāhyas.

<sup>9</sup> Early history of the Dekkan, p. 95.

<sup>10</sup> Arch. Survey of India, New Series, Vol. I., p. 69.

<sup>11</sup> Pandita for February 1892, p. 14.

2 4 ★ <sup>12</sup> Bibl. Ind., pp. 7 and 25.

यद्यप्यनादिविपर्ययवासना तथापि तत्त्वज्ञानवासनया तत्त्वसाक्षात्कारमादधत्या  
आदिमत्यापि शक्या समुच्छेत्तुं । तत्त्वपक्षपातो हि चित्स्वभावः । यथाहुर्बौद्धा अपि  
निरुपद्रवभूतार्थस्वभावस्य विपर्ययैः ।

न बाधो यत्नवत्त्वेपि बुद्धेस्तत्त्वपक्षपातत इति<sup>13</sup> ॥

The conclusion we deduce from a comparison of these passages is that the Bāhyas were a particular sect, and that Vāchaspati-  
miśra is fond of quoting them whenever they happen to entertain views  
similar to his own. Nor are we at a loss to identify the particular sect  
indicated by the term Bāhyas ; for Amalānanda explains the last  
quotation very fully thus :—

निरुपद्रवभूतार्थेति । भावनामकर्षाद्द्विशदाभं सर्वविषयज्ञानमुत्पद्यते तेन विष-  
यीकृतस्य निरुपद्रवपरमार्थस्वभावस्य संस्कारबलादनुवर्तमानविपर्ययैर्न बाधः  
कुतः बुद्धेः परमार्थभावनाजन्यायाः वस्तुपक्षपातित्वेन प्राबल्यात् । ननु लंघना-  
भ्यासवन्नैरात्म्यादिभावनापि सातिशयमेव कार्यं जनयति कथं सर्वविषयज्ञानलाभ  
इति शंकाभपाकर्तुमयत्नवत्त्वेपीत्युक्तम् । लंघनाभ्यासे हि यो युगमात्रदेशलंघने  
प्रयत्नस्ततोधिको द्वियुगदेशलंघनेपेक्ष ( क्ष्य )ते । नैरात्म्यादितत्त्वविषयप्रत्य-  
याभ्यासे तु यादृशः प्रथमप्रत्ययोत्पादे प्रयत्नः तादृश एव द्वितीयादावपि वैशद्या-  
धिक्यं च दृश्यते तच्च निरतिशयं भवितुमर्हति यत्र हि योभ्यासः कार्यौर्कर्षकरः  
प्राचः यत्नादाधिकयत्नानपेक्षश्च स तत्र निरतिशयकार्यौर्कर्षं करोति पुटपाकाभ्यास  
इव सुवर्णस्य रक्तसारतामिति । अयत्नवत्त्वेप्यधिकप्रयत्नानपेक्षत्वेपि । बुद्धेस्तत्त्व-  
पक्षपातित्वेनोदयान्निरतिशयोर्कर्षसिद्धिश्चेत्यर्थः<sup>14</sup> ।

From this explanation it is clear that the author of the last quotation  
held the Nairātmya theory or the non-existence of the soul. That this  
was the cardinal principle of Buddhism we learn from Vidyānanda who  
thus quotes a Buddhist author :—

साहंकारे मनसि न स(श)मं याति जन्मप्रबंधो  
नाहंकारश्चलति हृदयादात्मदृष्टौ [ च ] सत्यां ॥  
अन्यः शास्ता जगति च यतो नास्ति नैरात्म्यवादा-  
न्नान्यस्तस्मादुपस(श)मविधेस्तन्मतादस्ति मार्गः<sup>15</sup> ॥

From these passages it is easy to infer that the Bāhyas so frequently  
spoken of by Vāchaspatimiśra were Bauddhas. Nor is it difficult to

<sup>13</sup> Sāṅkhyatattvakaumudī, Benares ed., p. 146.

<sup>14</sup> Vedāntaka'patra, D. C. MS. Vishr. Coll., p. 14 b.

<sup>15</sup> Yuktyanuśaṅgī'laukāra, Viślakīrti's MS., p. 125 b.

suggest a correct explanation of this term ; for, Kumārila tells us, the Buddhists are referred to by Manu as Veda-bāhyas, or those without the pale of the Vedic religion,

एतदीया ग्रन्था एव च मन्वादिभिः परिहार्यत्वेनोक्ताः ।

या वेदबाह्या स्मृतयो याश्च काश्चिन्कुदृष्टयः ।

सर्वास्ता निष्फलाः प्रेत्य तमोनिष्ठा हि ताः स्मृताः ॥

तस्माद्धर्मं प्रति त्रयीबाह्यमेवंजातीयकं प्रामाण्येनानपेक्ष्यं स्यादिति सिद्धम्<sup>16</sup>

It is therefore evident that the Bāhyas of Vāchaspatimiśra were Buddhist or heretical authors. And when he tells us in the passage cited above that Bhartṛihari, who wrote the Vākyapadīya, was one of the Bāhyas, he obviously means to say that the grammarian was a Buddhist or heretical author. This affords an interesting confirmation of the statement of I-tsing that the grammarian Bhartṛihari was a Buddhist. The undesigned coincidence between two such distinguished authors as I-tsing and Vāchaspatimiśra, representing two different nationalities and separated as they were from each other by several centuries, may be held to establish, beyond a shadow of doubt, the fact that the author of the Vākyapadīya was a Buddhist. Let us now turn to Mr. Telang's objection to our accepting I-tsing's information about Bhartṛihari's date. That objection may be briefly summed up thus :<sup>17</sup> this grammarian Bhartṛihari also wrote the Satakas ; as there is no Buddhistic flavour about the Satakas, Bhartṛihari cannot have been a Buddhist ; therefore I-tsing's statement about his date cannot be accepted as correct. But this objection has now entirely lost its force as I have proved by independent evidence on the authority of such an eminent writer as Vāchaspatimiśra that the author of the Vākyapadīya was a follower of Sākyasiṃha. The question whether this grammarian was identical with the author or compiler of the Śatakas, need trouble us no further as it is not relevant to our main inquiry. We have already proved that the two Buddhist authors, Dharmakīrti and Bhartṛihari, are spoken of by I-tsing and criticised by Kumārila. We are also in a better position now to understand the violent invective in which Kumārila indulges against Bhartṛihari, inasmuch as the latter was not only a grammarian, but a Buddhist to boot. On the other hand, we are naturally led to expect a reference to the Buddhist

<sup>16</sup> Tantravārtika, Benares ed., p. 117.

<sup>17</sup> Introduction to the Nītīśataka and Vairāgyaśataka.



grammarians in the writings of I-tsing. This enthusiastic Buddhist monk of China came to India to investigate the antiquities of his religion and to write an account of the eminent authors who adorned the annals of Indian Buddhism. In the course of his narrative he tells us that Bharṭṣihari died forty years before the time at which he committed to writing the account of his Indian travels.<sup>18</sup> It is evident that I-tsing must have derived his information about Bharṭṣihari at first hand from persons who must have seen the grammarian, while the latter was still alive. There is thus no evidence to support Mr. Telang's attempt to cast suspicion on the information supplied by a contemporary authority about contemporary events.

The one great principle which guides or ought to guide historical investigations is that we should accept without reserve contemporary evidence about past events, whenever such evidence is available to our inquiries. This principle is all the more important for us to bear in mind because we know that our own literature is lamentably deficient in contemporary records of past events. This is also the principal reason why scholars in all parts of the world who have devoted themselves to the study of Indian Literature attach so much importance to the narratives of Indian travels left to us by Hiuen Tsiang and I-tsing. These narratives throw a flood of unexpected light on the history of the seventh century. The authors of these records tell us that they were eye-witnesses of some of the events which they relate.

It is true that these travellers also give information about distinguished Buddhist authors belonging to a period long anterior to their own times on the strength of tradition current in the seventh century. Such information we may not be disposed to accept as correct, first, because apart from the tradition on which it rests, the information has hardly any value, and, secondly, because Indian tradition is, in most cases, misleading. But when Hiuen Tsiang and I-tsing deal with the facts of their own period, their authority is unappealable. It is therefore hard to conceive how anybody can impugn the accuracy of I-tsing's statement about Bharṭṣihari having died in the middle of the seventh century. Yet Mr. Telang says that the contemporary evidence of I-tsing on this important point should be set aside as unworthy of consideration and asks us to accept in lieu thereof his own opinion that Bharṭṣihari

---

<sup>18</sup> My paper on Dharmakīrti and Śaṅkarācārya and that on Bharṭṣihari and K. māṛīla.

flourished before 500 A.C. It is necessary to examine the grounds of this opinion. I shall allow Mr. Telang to speak for himself.<sup>19</sup> "Two passages, one in our Sanskrit text of the Panchatantra, and one in an English translation of the Kalilau Dimnah exhibit a remarkable coincidence of meaning. They occur too in the same story and in the same context in the two works. The Kalilau Dimnah was a translation not at first hand from the Panchatantra, and was made between the years 531 and 579 A. C. Therefore the passage in the Panchatantra may be taken to have existed in that work about 531 A. C. The Panchatantra itself also may safely be taken to have been composed not later than 500 A. C. And as the passage in question is a stanza occurring in the Nitiśataka, the author of the Nitiśataka may be taken to have flourished, say, at least half a century before that date."<sup>20</sup>

The verse on which Mr. Telang has relied in the above passage stands 91 in his edition of the Satakas., p. 24, and runs thus :—

शशिदिवाकरयोर्ग्रहपीडनं  
गजभुजंगमयोरपि बन्धनम् ।  
मतिमतां च विलोक्य दरिद्रतां  
विधिरहो बलवानिति मे मतिः ॥ ९१ ॥

But we learn from Dr. Peterson's interesting introduction<sup>21</sup> to his edition of the Subhāshitāvali of Vallabhadeva that this particular stanza is attributed by Vallabhadeva to Phalguhastini. Again, Śaraṅgadhara quotes under the heading, Daivākhyānam, or vicissitudes of fortune, certain verses of Bhartṛihari and immediately afterwards cites this particular stanza, but is careful to tell us that it belongs to some other author.<sup>22</sup> It is thus plain that in the opinion of Vallabhadeva and Śaraṅgadhara, this stanza was not composed by Bhartṛihari; and its occurrence, therefore, either in the Panchatantra or in the Nitiśataka, does not furnish any chronological data for the age of Bhartṛihari himself.

It is also worth noting that many other verses occurring in the Satakas are ascribed to different authors by Vallabhadeva, Śaraṅga-

<sup>19</sup> Ind. Ant., Vol. IX., p. 308.

<sup>20</sup> Introduction to the Nitiśataka and Vairāgyaśataka of Bhartṛihari, pp. XIII. and XIV.

<sup>21</sup> p. 75.

<sup>22</sup> Dr. Peterson's edition of Śaraṅgadhara-paddhati, pp. 65 and 66.

dhara, Subhachandra and other writers. Nor is this all. Such an ancient and distinguished author as Somadeva, who flourished in the time of Kṛṣṇarāja III. and through whose Nītivākyāmrīta<sup>23</sup> we obtain a good glimpse of the religious and social condition of the people under the Rāshtrakūṭa rule, tells us in his Yaśastilaka<sup>24</sup> that the verse beginning with Prāṇāghātāt<sup>25</sup> belongs to Vararuchi. Now, this verse is twice admitted into the Satakas by Mr. Telang. It stands 26 and 63 in his edition, and may, according to his own canons of criticism, be regarded as part of the Satakas ; yet it does not belong to Bhartṛihari but is a verse of Vararuchi according to Somadeva who lived nearly a thousand years ago and who consequently must have had access to sources of information which are beyond our own reach. These facts lead to the conclusion that the Satakas are a collection of elegant extracts for many of which Bhartṛihari was indebted to previous writers. For these reasons it is unsafe to build any conclusion as to the age of Bhartṛihari on the mere occurrence of a verse in the Satakas. These considerations will not fail to convince Sanskrit scholars of the correctness of my conclusion that Bhartṛihari's critic, Kumārila, lived in the first half of the eighth century. This view is further confirmed by the fresh evidence which I have adduced in my paper on the position of Kumārila in Digambara Jaina Literature, an abstract<sup>26</sup> of which was read by Dr. Bühler before the Ninth Oriental Congress. I have proved, in the paper referred to above, that Akalaṃkadeva, who is later than Bāṇa, is criticised by Kumārila in his Mīmāṃsā-śloka-vārtika. And in an interesting contribution to the study of the Mahābhārata, Dr. Bühler remarks that my last two papers settle the date of Kumārila most satisfactorily. I am glad to have the testimony of this distinguished European savant in favour of the solution, which I have offered, of one of the most interesting problems with which the history of Sanskrit Literature abounds.

I shall return once more to Mr. Telang's arguments. He says<sup>27</sup> "Bāṇa's Harshacharita enables us to fix the Aupaniṣada sect as one

<sup>23</sup> The concluding praśasti of Nītivākyāmrīta and Yaśastilaka.

<sup>24</sup> Dr. Peterson's Report for 1883-84.

<sup>25</sup> प्राणाघातात्प्रवृत्तिः परधनहरणे संयमः सत्यवाक्यं  
काले शक्ये प्रदानं युवतिजनकथामुक्तावः परेषाम् ।  
नृष्णास्त्रोतोविभङ्गो गुरुषु च विनयः सर्वभूतानुकम्पा  
सामान्यः सर्वशास्त्रेष्वनुपहतविधिः श्रेयसामेष पन्थाः ॥

<sup>26</sup> Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for October 1892.

<sup>27</sup> Subandhu and Kumārila.

which must have flourished at a time before the journey of Hiuen Tsiang in India. I am therefore at present rather inclined to hold that the career of Kumārila and Śaṅkarāchārya had both become so much things of the past in his time as to have had no interest for a Buddhist like Hiuen Tsiang." Here, Mr. Telang falls into the error of supposing that the Aupanishada sect was founded by Śaṅkarāchārya and has overlooked a most important passage in the Śārirakabhāshya where the philosopher actually refers to the school of the Aupanishadas.<sup>29</sup> Sureśvara assures us that in his time the followers of Bhartṛiprapanča called themselves Aupanishadas, though they had no right to that title as they failed to understand the meaning of the Vedānta,

अप्यौपनिषदमन्याः केचिदत्यन्तनैपुणात् ।

प्रक्रियां रचयित्वाहुर्वेदान्तार्थविपश्चितः ॥ ९० ॥<sup>29</sup>

It is hardly necessary to point out that the Aupanishada sect, as its name implies, dates back to the Vedic times long anterior to the rise of Buddhism though the teachings of that sect were accepted by Śaṅkarāchārya with considerable modifications at a later period of Indian history.

<sup>29</sup> अथाह नन्वौपनिषदानामप्यसमञ्जसमेव दर्शनम् Śārirakabhāshya II, 2 ; 10.

<sup>30</sup> Bṛihadāranyakavārtika, Ānandāśrama Series. Ed. p. 1007.

ART. XXII.—*The Diary of a French Missionary in Bombay, from November 8th, 1827, to May 12th, 1828.*—By J. GERSON DA CUNHA, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., K.C.J., K.G.G., K.C.I., &c.

[Read, 15th September 1893.]

The Abbé Denis Louis Cottineau de Kloguen was born in Nantes in 1787. He descended from an ancient and noble Breton family. His mother was the sister of the Marquis de Montalet, and General Moreau was his near relation.

I cannot linger over the early career of the Abbé, related with copious detail in his *Journal*, which is the simple and unpretending title of the diary. He did not intend it most probably for the prying eyes of the indiscreet public. But a mere accident led to its discovery in 1863 in the archives of the old Portuguese Church of St. Thomé in Mylapore, near Madras, thirty-three years after the death of its author in the French settlement of Karikal.

The perusal, however, of the *Journal*, embodying as it does his most intimate thoughts, his aspirations and sympathies, his hopes and fears, reveals a man of wide culture, of genial and lovable disposition, devoted and untiring in the performance of his duties, and upright in all relations of life,—in short, a charming personality.

His father having, after a series of vicissitudes, settled in Philadelphia, young Denis, with his brother Achille, went in 1796 there, and learnt English from an Irishman, Mr. Higgins, while prosecuting his French studies with Madame Morrain. He was eventually sent to a seminary in Baltimore, where he resided for a period of ten years. In 1802 he won a prize in Geography, and was appointed a teacher in that science. This induced him to write a work on this subject, and later on to travel.

Having published in 1806 his *Geographical Compilation for the use of Schools*, in two volumes, duodecimo, and received the same year his first tonsure, he began his travels, visiting the principal cities of the United States of America, where he lost his father at Savannah in November 1809. He then left America and returned to France, "whither," we are told, "the desire of seeing his mother and of

beholding once more the scene of his youthful engagements took him." But while returning he fell a victim to the privateering which was then in vogue, a British Corsair named Mary, Captain Tregoweth, having captured his ship near Bordeaux and taken him prisoner to Plymouth, where he was detained for some time. He arrived at last in France on September 24th, 1810.

The Abbé was in Paris in 1813, when he was introduced by M. de Berthier to Chateaubriand, Vicomte de Montmorency, and many other eminent persons of the time. He also saw Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then Emperor. In the following year the allied armies entered the capital of France, when the Abbé, who was a royalist at heart, having almost from his infancy espoused the cause of the Bourbons, wore the *cocarde blanche* and the decoration of the *Lis*, which were the royal emblems. He was presented to the Duke de Berry and some other distinguished characters of the epoch, and used to hear mass on Sundays at the Royal Chapel of the Tuileries, where he often saw the King.

In the following year Napoleon landed at Cannes, and the Abbé soon enrolled himself among the royal volunteers of the Department of the Ardennes; but the flight of the royal family and the arrival of Bonaparte at the capital closed his military adventure. And when he saw that, on disbanding his regiment, his faithful companions in arms had exchanged the *cocarde blanche* for the *cocarde tricolore*, he resolved to leave the country.

In April 1815 he went to Brussels and to London; but on the signing of the treaty of peace, after the battle of Waterloo, he returned once more to France, visiting on his way home the battle-field which he describes as "les plaines encore fumantes de carnage."

He left France again for London, where he said his first mass on the 2nd of March, 1817. Then he became chaplain and tutor in the home of the Comtesse de Bergeyck at Beveren in Belgium, where he accepted an invitation to proceed as a missionary to the isle of Bourbon.

The *Journal* recounts up to the 7th of February, 1818, in a more or less concise form, the stirring events of his life, of which a summary is given above. But on the 8th he writes:—"Ici j'ai commencé un journal ou notes journalières que j'ai tenu régulièrement, excepté durant mon séjour à Paris, que je n'y étais pas encore bien accoutumé. Je me propose de le continuer tant que je le pourrai et par tout où j'irai."

And he sticks to this resolution in good earnest. From this day we have a daily record of his studies and observations, of his doings and impressions, some of which have close bearing on and considerable historical interest for Bombay, during a period of exceptional and prodigious activity, marking the growth of this city, and its gradual transition from a mere sea-port and town on the Western coast of India to one of the capitals of the world. If one were to write "The sources of contemporary Bombay," the section dealing with the generation that lived and flourished in this tight little island from 1820 to 1850 would certainly form, I presume, one of the most engaging and brilliant chapters.

But to return to the Abbé Cottineau. He sailed on board the "Golo," Captain Macken, on the 23rd May, 1818, for the isle of Bourbon, touching on the way both at the Cape Verde Islands and the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed, stayed some time, and which he describes minutely.

He arrived at last on the 10th of September at the isle of Bourbon, where he took charge of the parish church of St. Mary, and then of that of St. Louis. He remained nearly nine years in the island, earning the sincere esteem of his superiors, and the affectionate regard of his flock. When he informed the Governor, M. de Cheffontaine, of his intention to return to France through India and other countries, the latter replied, says the Abbé, thus: "qu'il avait entendu tout le monde faire mon éloge et que par conséquent il n'était pas étonné des regrets que je laissais." This was his best testimonial at the end of his missionary career in the island. While he devoted the greater part of his time to his religious calling and its vast sphere of duties, his leisure, if any, was consecrated to the cultivation of the mind. He was elected a member of the Philotechnical Society of the isle of Bourbon, and to it he rendered some valuable services.

Then with a letter from the Governor of Bourbon to that of Mauritius, Mr. Lowry Cole, he embarked for the latter on the 12th of August, 1827, but did not land on account of the quarantine until the 23rd of the same month. The whole time spent here was applied to the acquisition of the knowledge of India from all available sources, written and oral. His best authorities on the subject were Mill's History of British India, Tavernier's Voyages, Colin de Bar's Histoire de l'Inde, Major Rennell's Map of India, Forster's Voyages from Bengal to England, Boltz's History of Bengal, and Giraud's Beautés de l'Histoire

de l'Inde ; while the information obtained from the Mauritians who had visited India was also of considerable importance and practical use to him.

The Abbé sailed at last for Bombay on board the ship "Constance," of 200 tons, Captain Regnaud, on the 27th of September, and landed here on the 9th of November following. He brought a letter from the Governor of Mauritius to that of Bombay, the Hon'ble Mountstuart Elphinstone, and some others to merchants and priests. Among his fellow-passengers there were two Arab princes of Anjouan, relatives of the Imam of Maskat, who, after a short stay in Bombay, returned to their country.

He describes the harbour in one word, "La rade de Bombay est superbe," and the city as "une ville très forte entourée de remparts de tous les côtés." The first thing that he notes down in his *Journal* is the fish at his breakfast on board the "Constance" in the harbour. ". . . Des *painphlets* et des *bumblos*, poissons que l'on ne trouve qu'à Bombay, et qui sont très délicats et estimés; les premiers ressemblent à la sole ou à la plie." Of course, we know better. Both kinds of fish abound on all the coasts of India and the Archipelago. The Abbé's *painphlets* are our pomfrets, *Stromateus cinereus*. The word pomfret has been traced to the Portuguese *pampano*, "a vine-leaf," from its supposed resemblance to it. His *bumblos* are our *bummelos*, which when dried are known as "Bombay ducks." It is the *Harpodon nehereus* of the naturalists, and the name has been ascribed to the Portuguese *bambolins*, 'plaits in the fashionable ruff,' to which, however, it bears no resemblance whatever. Its origin is evidently derived from the Marathi *bombil*. It is a not less singular coincidence that a contemporary traveller, Mrs. Elwood, who resided in this city from the 29th of July, 1826, to the 4th of May, 1828, expresses in her *Narrative of a Journey Overland from England to India*, Vol. I., p. 408, nearly the same opinion. She writes:—"Bombay is well supplied with fish, and the Bumbelo is found in no other part of the world, than in its harbour. This is a sort of sand-eel, which is eaten both in a fresh and dried state, and usually appears at breakfast, with a dish of rice, butter and split pease, which, from being coloured with turmeric, is perfectly yellow, and is termed kedgaree. The Pomfret is remarkably delicate and fine upon this coast; and it was to eat the Pomfret of Bombay that the epicure Quin seriously projected a voyage to India."

Bishop Heber, however, who was in Bombay about two years before the Abbé, from the 26th of April to the 15th of August, 1825, is



not so enthusiastic. In his *Narrative*, Vol. II., p. 217, he says:—  
 ‘The sea abounds in excellent fish. The bumbelow, very much resembling an eel in shape, is considered one of the best, and great quantities are annually dried for the Calcutta market: it appeared to me little better than a tasteless mass of jelly, and very inferior to most of the other kinds.’

On his arrival in Bombay, the Abbé Cottineau learnt that Governor M. Elphinstone was about to leave India, his successor being Sir John Malcolm. He got into a palanquin and went to the Fort Chapel, where he met the Apostolical Vicar of Bombay and Poona, Monsignore Pietro d’Alcantara, a barefooted Carmelite, aged 65, and for 40 years missionary in Bombay, “un homme d’un aspect on ne peut pas plus vénérable, mais qui tremble et a l’air beaucoup plus vieux qu’il n’est.” He also saw there “le Père Louis de Gonzague qui habite avec Monsigneur et qui a une vraie figure de seraphin.”

Monsignore Pietro was the 13th incumbent of the Apostolical Vicariate in the dominions of the Great Moghal, of Adil Khan and of Golkonda, founded about 1660, and having latterly its seat in Bombay. The first two representatives of this Vicariate were two priests of the Brahman descent and natives of Goa, Monsignore Dom Matheus de Castro, Bishop of Chrysopolis, and Monsignore Dom Custodio de Pinho, Bishop of Hierapolis. In the event of the views expressed in the late encyclical letter of the Pope, Leo XIII., anent the education of the native clergy, being carried into effect, these indisputable facts of large historical significance should not be forgotten.

Monsignore Pietro d’Alcantara, of Modena, was born on the 14th January, 1761. He was a Ramazzini, connected with the celebrated Italian physician, Bernardo Ramazzini. He was nominated Bishop of Antipellus in Lycia on the 4th of June, 1794, and consecrated at Verapoly in 1796. He went to Madras as Acting Apostolical Vicar in 1834, but returned in a short time to Bombay, where he died on the 9th of October, 1840, and was buried in the Church of O. L. of Hope at Bholeshwar. He appears to have been a man of some learning, for when the Literary Society of Bombay was founded by Mr. James Mackintosh, Mr. William Erskine being Secretary, and Sir Charles Forbes Treasurer, on the 26th of November 1804,—the union of this Society with the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland taking place some years later, while the Abbé Cottineau was in Bombay—“Don Pietro d’Alcantara, Bishop of Antiphile and

Apostolical Vicar in the dominions of the Great Moghal," was elected one of its members.

The "Père Louis de Gonzague" was a Roman by birth. He is said to have been a handsome man, "une vraie figure de seraphin." He also was a Carmelite. Eventually he was appointed Bishop of Minneto and Apostolical Vicar of Mangalore, where he was living as late as 1863. His subsequent history is unknown to me. He went to Rome soon after, and probably died there.

The Monsignore asked the Abbé what was his aim in coming over to Bombay. He replied that he intended to return to France; in the meanwhile he wished to stay some time here and teach French. The Monsignore, who knew Bombay well enough, thought, nevertheless, that there was hardly any demand for that language here, in spite of the highly flattering picture drawn by a Parsi at Mauritius, who had assured the Abbé that he knew a Professor of languages in Bombay, who had earned Rs. 50,000 in four years. The Abbé must have known that this was too good to be believed. Happily, the Apostolical Vicar offered him the place of military chaplain to the cantonment at Colaba, where a new chapel had just been built, the appointment being subject to the approval and confirmation of Government. On the 10th of November the Abbé went in a palanquin to Parel on a visit to M. Elphinstone. He describes this interesting excursion. He had hitherto seen the Fort, or what he calls "la ville *intra muros*." Now he saw for the first time "une nouvelle ville que l'on appelle la *ville hors des murs (portas fóra)* et le *quartier des bois*."

The expression *portas fóra* is Portuguese, almost equivalent to the Gujarati *Barkkoto*. The description of the City *intra muros* is as follows:—"Les maisons de Bombay sont immenses, toutes de forme asiatique et couvertes en tuile; les rues sont étroites, ce qui leur donne de l'ombre, ce qui ne fait pas de tort et contribue à temperer l'ardeur du soleil e la chaleur étouffante du climat." The suburb *extra muros* is described thus:—"J'ai vu des maisons très élevés d'un stile très antique et oriental, toutes avec de *varandes*, et qui sont autant des boutiques immenses." *Varandes* is the Portuguese *varandas*.

M. Elphinstone, whom he describes as "une figure de bonté, mais il est maigre et n'a pas beaucoup de représentation," received him most courteously. He had been informed by the Governor of Mauritius that the Abbé was a naturalist; but this was

an error. The Abbé told M. Elphinstone that his tastes and pursuits lay entirely in the field of geography and political and ecclesiastical history. Then the conversation turning to the Abbé's intention to return overland to France, M. Elphinstone said that he was going home by the Red Sea and by Syria. He introduced him afterwards to Sir J. Malcolm, of whom the Abbé writes:—"Il a plus d'apparence que M. Elphinstone et est décoré de plusieurs ordres."

The Abbé had made the vow to say his first mass in India at the altar of the tomb of St. Francis Xavier in Goa. This project he communicated to his friend, Mr. Ritchie, for whom he had brought letters from Messrs. Sitzler and Delort, merchants in Mauritius. Mr. Ritchie promised him an introduction to Sir Roger de Faria, "portugais très riche et très considérés," who would afford him every facility in his power.

But he happened to meet Sir Roger in the Fort Chapel, where he was duly presented by M. Regnaud to this "riche negociant Portugais de Goa, residant à Bombay, et décoré de l'ordre de Christ de Portugal. Il est très brun de couleur, pour ne pas dire noir, mais d' un air distingué parlant un peu le français et fort bien l'anglais."

The day following the Abbé went with M. Regnaud on a visit to Sir Roger, who invited him to dine with him on the 13th of November, a Tuesday. As the description of the house in the Fort and of the dinner in the early part of the second quarter of this century has some historical interest, I append it here.

"La maison est vaste et aérée et de la plateforme supérieure on a une très belle vue de la mer, des remparts, des faubourgs, de la ville, de l' Ile de Culaba, et de la côte qui s'étend vers l'ouest jusqu'à la pointe dite de Malabar. La salle à manger est sous le toit comme les chambres de la maison de l'Evêque. Il y avait bien trente personnes à table, mais du nombre je crois qu'il n'y avait que trois ou quatre étrangers. J'étais assis entre Sir Roger et sa fille aînée qui est mariée et la filleule de l'Evêque. La table était bien garnie; toute sorte de vin; j'ai mangé surtout d'excellent mouton roti: il y avait aussi une très grosse pièce de boeuf, des pâtisseries, et un dessert de fruits parmi les quels il y avait beaucoup de pamplemousses ou grosses oranges; c'est un plat obligé de dessert, à ce qu'il paraît, dans la saison. Après le diner Sir Roger a fumé avec une pipe à l'Indienne dont le tuyeau passe à travers un rafraichissoir. On a servi ni café ni liqueur, ce qui m'arrange fort bien.

Sir Roger m'a présenté ensuite à son père, viellard venerable de 80 et quelques années et qu'il est beaucoup plus blanc que son fils; on m'a dit qu'il dinait toujours avant la famille, à deux heures. Sir Roger est veuf et a un fils et huit filles, dont deux sont mariées: le mari de sa fille ainée est beaucoup plus blanc qu'elle; il était à la table et était le seul outre son beau père qui pût parler anglais avec moi. Il paraît que ces Messieurs ont fait plusieurs voyages au Bengal et en Chine. Il paraît très religieux; son père approche des sacrements tous les mois. Il m'a beaucoup vanté les églises et les convents de Goa et témoigne la plus haute idée de sa ville natale; et en général les Portugais de cette partie de l'Inde ont un attachement extraordinaire pour leur pays et leur capitale quoique elle tombe en ruines et qu'ils soient forcés de s'en absenter la plupart du temps pour venir gagner leur vie à Bombay et dans les autres villes anglaises."

Seventy years ago Bombay was yet in its infancy. Unlike the other capitals of the old world, it cherishes even now no ancient memories, nor possesses, with the sole exception of the Elephanta caves, any remarkable monuments. There are no historical personages here, whose moral instincts or intellectual characteristics appeal to human interest, nor any aged buildings, barring perhaps the arsenal or one or two pagodas, which are invested with traditions. Bombay once belonged to the dominion of Portugal for about 130 years, and has now for nearly 230 belonged to that of Great Britain, but its rise is comparatively recent. A record of 1805 tells us that Bombay "could muster only three old musty chariots, Mr. Collet's equipages, and half a dozen Parsee buggies. You may fancy, then, Bombay, in the first decade, a place of 150,000 inhabitants, with a few English residents, some of whom were very rich, for Bombay was then strong in the resources of money." Exchange was 2s. 6d. or Rs. 8 to a £, but nobody seems to have turned it to account. (*Cal. Rev.*, Jan. 1893, page 176.) We are again told as late as 1825 that "for a century and a half Bombay had been of little importance to the Company" (p. 175).

This was a time, moreover, when this city was slowly emerging from the initial stage of a mere settlement into that of the capital of Western India, of an area and population almost equal to that of the kingdom of Spain—the capital of the whole of the legendary Maharashtra and Gujarat. It was, in short, a period of transition, and as such had its

own risks and defects. Both topographically and architecturally, and as late as the end of the first quarter of this century, Bombay, as a place of residence, was yet far from attractive. Bishop Heber, writing about the middle of the year 1825, notes the following facts:—

“The island, as well as most of those in its neighbourhood, is apparently little more than a cluster of small detached rocks, which have been joined together by the gradual progress of coral reefs, aided by sand thrown up by the sea, and covered with the vegetable mould occasioned by the falling leaves of the sea-loving coco. The interior consists of a long but narrow tract of low ground, which has evidently been, in the first instance, a salt lagoon, gradually filled up by the progress which I have mentioned, and from which the high tides are still excluded only by artificial embankments. This tract is a perfect marsh during the rainy season, and in a state of high rice cultivation. The higher ground is mere rock and sand, but covered with coco and toddy palms where they can grow. There is scarcely any open or grass-land in the island, except the esplanade before the fort, and the exercising ground at Matoonga, which last is the head-quarters of the artillery. The fort, or rather the fortified town, has many large and handsome houses, but few European residents, being hot, close built, with narrow streets, projecting upper stories and rows, in the style which is common all over this side of India, and of which the old houses in Chester give a sufficiently exact idea.

“The Bombay houses are, externally, less beautiful than those of Calcutta, having no pillared verandahs, and being disfigured by huge and high pitched roofs of red tiles. They are, generally speaking, however, larger, and on the whole better adapted to the climate.” (Vol. II., pp. 216 218).

The three great events that have materially contributed to the making of modern Bombay, are the Treaty of Bassein, which destroyed the Maharatta confederacy, the annexation of the Dekhan, and the opening of the Suez Canal, which helped considerably to raise this city to the proud position of the gateway of India.

On the ruins of the Peshwa's dominion, just a decade before the arrival of the French missionary here, was thus rising the edifice of a snug little island on the Konkan coast, destined to rule over a great part of a vast continent. Since then it has passed through various critical phases of growth and development, through years of joy and of sorrow, periods of unnatural inflation alternating with

those of apparently hopeless depression, but, in spite of all this, Bombay, like Paris, *fluctuat nec mergitur*.

For this short but expectant and lively period of our domestic history, of our labours and triumphs, even isolated chronicles, cursory observations, travellers' notes, tragic deeds or romantic episodes are all like a link in a finely woven chain of events. Even the modest pages of a foreign missionary's *Journal*, meant, perhaps, to be a silent record of one's impressions for himself alone, without the remotest idea of ever giving it publicity, help to preserve that continuity of progress and development in one unbroken course which is the specific characterisation of all civilised communities.

Bombay has yet much to learn, I believe, in order to make true its motto of *urbs prima in Indis*. It is in the threshold of youth, in the early stage of evolution; but it ought to be the first city of India, for it possesses all the elements and potentialities for becoming one. Not only as the landing ground of Western visitors, whether princes or plebeians, but also in the unexceptionable advantages of position, in beauty, in culture, and in charity ever fostering that spirit of tolerance which is the characteristic feature of our cosmopolitan population, where creeds and opinions jostle each other in full harmony, this city can, indeed, be, under the ægis of the British crown, the metropolis of India, and one of the chief capitals of Asia.

This motley population, of Protean diversities of type and costume, has, nevertheless, its periodical accesses of ill-temper. Like other great towns, Bombay contains its share of inflammable material, where racial and religious differences are occasionally liable, on the slightest provocation, to kindle into a blaze. It is mostly a case of determinism, where the will is easily overpowered by the lowest passions, the survival of an obsolete past, of a senile and effete civilisation. Schools and penitentiaries may eventually exterminate the evil effects of this, to use Carlyle's expression, sans-cullotic element. And yet there is here, in this heterogenous mass, another and not less dangerous element—the *parvenu*. Devoid of all traditions, with his lower ideals, impoverishment of character and average morality, having no scruples about anything, he scrambles for influence and for the acquisition of the rupee, which he considers almighty, notwithstanding its present depreciation. Every institution withers up at the touch of this noisy, low-bred upstart, whose coarseness and vulgarity are boundless. I know

of no remedy for it except his total extinction by the gradual moral progress of society here as elsewhere.

To return once more to the diary of the Abbé Cottineau. His *ephemerides* announce that on the evening of the 14th of November, 1827, there were a grand illumination and fireworks as well as a banquet and ball in a colossal pavilion erected on the sands at the Back Bay, in honour of the departure of M. Elphinstone, which he describes in detail.

On the 19th the Abbé sailed on board a *patamar* to Goa, arriving there on the 24th. Armed with a letter of introduction from Sir Roger to the Archbishop Primate of the East, Fr. Dom Manuel de S. Galdino, he called on this dignitary of the Roman Church in India, and was not only received most courteously, but became his honoured guest during the long stay in Goa, until the 28th of December following.

His time in Goa was busily occupied in visiting the ecclesiastical buildings, and in exploring their libraries for collecting materials for his "Historical Sketch of Goa." The Archbishop S. Galdino, Primate of the East, who was one of the most popular prelates that ever governed the metropolitan Archdiocese of Goa, was a Franciscan. He was born in 1769, was elected Bishop of Tonquin in 1801, and transferred to Macau in 1808. Having been appointed co-adjutor to the Archbishop of Goa, Dom Manuel de Sta. Catharina, he came to the latter place, where he succeeded to that See on the 10th February, 1812. He died on the 15th July, 1831, and was buried in the primacial See of Goa. In 1867 his remains were transferred to a new grave in the sanctuary of the Cathedral, where a slab covers it, bearing the following expressive epitaph:—

D. Fr. Emmanuel a S. Galdino.

Archiep. Goan.

Obiit die XV julii,

An. 1831.

Pietate clarus,

Zelo clarior,

Charitate clarissimus.

1867.

The Abbé Cottineau arrived at Bombay from Goa on board another *patamar* on the 9th of January, 1828. He dwells on the extent,

capacity and beauty of the harbour and its islands. It may be pertinent to advert here to the amazement often expressed at the apparent neglect of this harbour by the Portuguese in their time. But they already possessed two comfortable roadsteads, a few miles to the north and south of Bombay—Bassein and Chaul—more than sufficient for the vessels of a small tonnage of that period. They knew its value for holding a naval review or for sheltering their ships. Gaspar Correa in his *Lendas*, III. 392, writes:—"The Governor at the island of Bombaim awaited the junction of the whole expedition, of which he made a muster, taking a roll from each captain, of the Portuguese soldiers and sailors and of the captive slaves who could fight and help, and of the number of musketeers, and of other people, such as servants." This took place in February 1531. And taken together, the Governor, Nuno da Cunha, found in the whole fleet 3,560 soldiers, 1,450 seamen, 2,000 Malabarese and Kanarese soldiers, 8,000 slaves fit to fight, people taking goods and provisions to sell, and menial servants, the whole number being more than 30,000 souls. It was, indeed, from the time of Albuquerque that the natives of Kanara and Malabar were enlisted in many of their important expeditions. Again, when Bombay was ceded to the English, the viceroy, Antonio de Mello e Castro, wrote to the king that Bombay was "the best port His Majesty possessed in India, with which that of Lisbon was not to be compared, and that he considered there was no better place to receive and shelter His Majesty's ships." Next to the harbour, the island of Bombay was to the Portuguese a far more pleasant place to live in than to their successors in the latter part of the seventeenth century. D. João de Castro in the *Primeiro Roteiro*, or log-book, p. 81, written in 1538, tells us that "The land of this island (Bombay) is very low, and covered with great and beautiful groves of trees. There is much game, and abundance of meat and rice, and there is no memory of any scarcity. Nowadays it is called the island of *Boa-vida*; a name given to it by Hector da Silveira, because when his fleet was cruising on this coast his soldiers had great refreshment and enjoyment there." Hector da Silveira was a man with a prophetic instinct. He foresaw that the island of *Boa-vida* was, indeed, destined to become a city of *pleasant life*. One ought to visit some, at least, of the other great cities of the world to say that he



was in the right, and that his prediction has been realized. Verily, "Coming events cast their shadows before." In the following century, however, the fair fame of the island was compromised by naming it "the cemetery of the Europeans," whose cycle of existence here was computed by only a couple of monsoons.

Having fulfilled his vow of saying his first mass in India at the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, the Abbé says on the 10th his first mass in Bombay. Then he goes to Parel on a visit to H. E. Sir John Malcolm, who receives him with great courtesy and cordiality, has a long conversation with him on various subjects, especially travels, refers him to the Town-Major, Lieutenant-Colonel Willis, agent the military chaplaincy of Colaba, and requests him to write a paper on Goa for the Literary Society of Bombay, and ends by inviting him to breakfast, with the main object of introducing him to the Secretary of the Society, of which the Abbé is to be elected a corresponding or honorary member.

Then he adds:—"Comme j'allais prendre congé de S. E. elle m'a demandé ce que je pensais de son palais; je lui dit que c'était une très belle résidence et je pris cette occasion d'ajouter que j'avais oui dire que c'était l'ancienne maison des Jésuites du temps des Portugais et que l'on m'avait dit que les restes de la chapelle existaient encore; là dessus il m'a fait rentrer, a appelé un ancien domestique Portugais pour s'informer du point; il s'est trouvé que l'ancienne chapelle n'était autre que la grande pièce même dans la quelle nous nous entretenions; au moins c'en était la nef et avait une pièce supérieure; mais le sanctuaire qui s'avancait vers l'orient n'avait rien au dessus, et c'est ce qui fait aujourd' hui la sale du billard: cette singulière metamorphose a fait sourire le gouverneur."

But the Church and the Convent did not belong to the Jesuits, but to the Franciscans. It appears that other persons than the Abbé knew that the Parel Government House had once been a Portuguese religious building. Bishop Heber writes:—"There are three government residencies in the island of Bombay.....The third and principal is Parel, about six miles from Bombay, at a short distance from the eastern shore of the island. The interior of the house is very handsome, having a fine stair-case, and two noble rooms, one over the other, of 75 or 80 feet long, very hand-omely furnished. The lower of these, which is the dining room, is said to have been an old and desecrated church belonging to a Jesuit college, which had fallen into

the hands of a Parsee from whom it was purchased by Government about sixty years ago.

“ Behind the house is a moderately-sized, old-fashioned garden, in which (it may be some time or other interesting to recollect) is planted a slip of the willow which grows on Bonnaparte’s grave.” (Vol. II., pp. 195-196.)

Mrs. Elwood says :—“ Pareil, the Government-House, and where the Governor principally resides, was once, it is said, a Jesuit’s college or convent, and the exterior has been *patched* in better taste than is generally displayed when an ancient edifice is metamorphosed into a modern residence. The drawing-room and staircase are rather handsome, but the dining-room, which is about eighty feet long, and which was once the body of an old desecrated church, is a long, ill-proportioned, and, by no means, well-furnished apartment.” (Vol. I., para. 380.)

Then she refers to the grounds with the palms and “other oriental trees” as well as to a menagerie with a royal tiger, but no mention is made of the slip of the willow which grows on the Bonnaparte’s grave, although the keeper of the Great Napoleon, Sir Hudson Lowe, was her fellow-passenger from Jedda to Bombay, and was in the city at that time.

At last the Abbé Cottineau de Kloguen was nominated military chaplain of Colaba. The dedication of the Chapel to St. Joseph took place on the 27th of January, 1828, in the presence of the Bishop of Antiphile, and a solemn mass was sung on the occasion, the Abbé preaching a sermon from the text—*Ecce annuntio vobis gaudium magnum.*

There being no residence attached to the Chapel, the Abbé was invited by Mr. Curning, the astronomer of the Colaba Observatory, and a Roman Catholic, to lodge with him for some time, which he did, and then went to reside at what he calls *Le petit Culaba* in a house belonging to Mr. Liebschwager.

The Abbé had made friends in all the sections of the community. In the Literary Society of Bombay, incorporated about this time with the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and its designation changed to that of the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society, he made the acquaintance of Major Vans Kennedy, who was Secretary, when the gifted Mountstuart Elphinstone was its President, and Captain Jarvis, Secretary, under the presidency of Sir John

Malcolm. He also knew Mr. Taylor Money, Mr. Newnham, Chief Secretary to Government, and many others. There was not a single Indian member then, except Sir Roger de Faria, all the rest being Europeans, whose connection with this City was naturally of a temporary character. Of the Protestant Clergy of the Island, with whom he was on friendly terms, the Abbé mentions Houtayon, the Archdeacon; Carr, the Chaplain of the Cathedral; Manwaring, the Chaplain of Colaba; Davis, and some others. Of the Scotch Presbyterian Church he knew Close and Lawry. He also mentions Dr. Howison, attached to the Colaba Hospital, near the lighthouse at the Colaba Point; Pouget and Coldicot, Architects; Norton; Mathieu de Vitré; Lee; and the brothers Lingard, nephews of the Bishop of Ruspá, for whom he had letters of introduction from Messrs. Spain and Wood of Mauritius; Nimmo of Calcutta, a studious man; Beck; Baytacherger; Mr. and Mrs. Morley; Captain Bates, married to the daughter of Madame Duverger of the isle of Bourbon; M. Longvi, a Swiss, married the second time to a Portuguese lady; Major Aljo, Mr. and Mrs. Lougrine, Mr. Murphy, and many others, who are now, I am afraid, entirely forgotten by the oldest inhabitant living in this city. Such is, indeed, the fate of all the temporary residents of any town in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Carr, the Engineer Pouget, and many others lived then in tents on the Esplanade. "The city of canvas," now pitched at the Wellington Lines, between the Cooperage and Band-stand, and dismantled at the first approach of the monsoon, was then raised on the Esplanade. The drive from the Fort to Colaba was far from easy. "J'ai été me promener avec le Père Augustin à l' Ile de Colaba," says the Abbé, "qui n'est séparée de celle de Bombay que dans la marée haute et alors on y passe en bateau." Bishop Heber writes:—"The island of Colaba is situated at the entrance of the harbour, and is connected with that of Bombay by a pier, which is, however, overflowed at high-water. Adjoining this pier are the docks, which are large, and, I believe, the only considerable ones in India, where the tides do not often rise high enough to admit of their construction." He adds:—"Bombay is the port from whence almost all the trade of the west and north is shipped for China and England; there are several ships building in the slips, and the whole place has the appearance of being a flourishing commercial sea-port." (Vol. II., p. 217.) Regarding the ships built at the docks, the Abbé mentions, on

the 17th of March, 1828, that the warship *Bombay* of 80 guns was launched on that day.

Of the numerous and varied sections of the people, whose spirit of solidarity sways almost invariably all the interests of the cosmopolitan community of Bombay, the Armenians and the Portuguese, amongst whom there were then some very wealthy and influential families, appear to have been the more *sympathiques* to the Abbé, who cherished, moreover, the bond of religion that united them all.

This was in 1827. A great change has since taken place. The Armenians are now dwindled down to a vanishing point, and the Portuguese have become *démodés* to the extent of their being thrown entirely in the background by the more pushing and energetic Parsis, Khojas, and Banias, who *ont pris le dessus*. Possessing once half the land and many houses in Bombay, the Portuguese are now left without an inch of the ground. And thus, weaning themselves from their old traditions, have evolved substitutes of their own more in harmony with their environment. But the wheel of fortune has not yet ceased to turn.

With regard to his French lessons, the Abbé seems to have hardly got more than two students during his about one year's stay in Bombay. They were Captain Allen and Mr. Coldicot, the former for two months and the latter for three. The Abbé evidently spent more time in learning Hindustani than in teaching French. On March 6th, 1828, he writes:—"Je suis retourné chercher *mon Monshee* et j'ai réussi à trouver Dalhaboy, Parsi, avec qui je suis convenu d'aller prendre deux leçons par semaine pour sept roupies par mois." Again, on the 17th:—"Je vais prendre ma leçon chez mon Parsi. Jigiboy, de cette nation, agent pour la maison Chatham Malcolm et Compe, veut prendre des leçons de français." This Jigiboy was the future Parsi Baronet who, however, from the subsequent notes in the diary, does not appear to have carried out the intention of learning French; perhaps his time was too fully occupied in amassing wealth, some of which was in process of time invested in not a few useful works. The Parsi, who taught him Hindustani, elsewhere called *mon Monshee Dalhaboy*, is evidently the renowned Dosabai Sohrabji Munshi, who was introduced by Captain Jervis to the Abbé, and who gave him two lessons a week for seven rupees a month.

This was certainly cheap enough, considering the charges of the modern Munshis; but the reason may be that the latter are now

getting fewer pupils, as Hindustani is taught in every capital of the world from St. Petersburg to New York.

Dosabai was the type of a class of teachers which is nearly extinct. He came to Bombay from Broach in 1798, being then about twelve years old. He became a Munshi in 1803, when "several Armenian merchants who had settled in Bombay from Persia placed their sons under Dosabai's tuition." Robert Taylor, the Political Resident of Baghdad, studied Persian with him, and many other distinguished men, such as M. Elphinstone, Warden, Bellasis, the brothers Frere, and Sir M. Westropp were taught Hindustani by him. He died in 1870 at the advanced age of 84. He left two sons, Ardeshir and Bomanji, both of them also well-known Munshis, whom I have known and treated, with their numerous children and grand-children, for the last twenty-five years. Bomanji died only lately.

Among the numerous stray notes in the *Journal*, concerning the current events, there is one indicating the great strides made, within the last seventy years, in the rapidity of communications. The details of the naval fight off Navarino, which took place on October 14th, 1827, between the Turkish fleet, and the combined squadrons of England, France, and Russia, were not known in Bombay until the 13th of the following March, fully five months after the battle.

On the 13th of April the Abbé went on an excursion to Bassein and the island of Salsette, and returned on the 19th. His *Journal* is replete with very interesting details, historical and descriptive, of all the places visited, including the Khenery Caves. He devotes one whole day in Bombay to the Hindu temples of Bholeswar and Mumbadevi, which he describes minutely. The limits of this paper prevent me from making further extracts.

The ship *Dalimire*, which conveyed M. Elphinstone to Coseir in Egypt, returned on the 27th of April, 1828, from the Red Sea, bringing letters from the ex-governor of Bombay, written at Thebes, and giving more particulars of the naval combat of Navarino, which is said to have induced Mahomed Ali Pasha of Egypt to declare himself independent of the Porte. From this date to the 12th of May following the *Journal* is full of local news of more or less importance, such as the funeral of John de Faria, Sir Roger's father, who died on the 8th of May, aged above 80 years, and was buried the following day in the Fort Chapel at Meadows Street.

It appears that, some time after, the Abbé proceeded overland to Madras, with the intention of going thence to Calcutta, both of which Presidencies he was anxious to see before returning to France. But the climate had affected his health in the same manner as it did two years later that of his eminent compatriot, who fell a victim to abscess of the liver, and whose burial-place was an object of archaeological interest to many of us in Bombay some seventeen years ago. Lady Isabel Burton, in her *Narrative of Travel*, 1879, p. 225, refers to it thus:—"We went several times to the old Girgaum burial-grounds in the Sonapur Quarter, to find a lost grave, and at last, after an infinity of trouble, we did find it . . . . After many hot hours and days and vain searching, in parties, amongst the twenty thousand tombs, we found a plain space containing a very old tombstone, with letters that required one to kneel down and trace with the finger. No "Sacred to," but only "Victor Jacquemont; born at Paris, 28th August, 1801; arrived at Calcutta in May 1829, and, after travelling three years and a half in India, expired at Bombay on 7th December, 1832. He was a man of letters, a botanist, and naturalist, . . . . He was a French Catholic, and a fellow Bohemian, so we paid a tribute to his memory. I recited a *de Profundis*, &c."

I had the good fortune to belong to the party that was successful in discovering the grave. But the merit of the discovery belongs to the late Mr. A. C. Gumpert, who, in March 1876, gave us the following directions from the Queen's Road: "To the right of the central path in a line with a gothic pillar on the grave of Georgina Morris. To the right of Victor Jacquemont's grave there is an obelisk in memory of Lieutenant and Deputy Commissioner R. Welsh, and to the left a chunam tomb on the grave of three children of Captain James Clark." Thus the grave was found, and Lady Burton recited a *de Profundis*. Jacquemont was the guest of James Nicol, to whom he dictated his own epitaph, and directed, when Dr. MacLennan, who treated him, lost all hopes of his recovery, that he should be buried in the Protestant cemetery. He may have had his reasons. Hippolite Taine, to avoid the wrangling between the clerical and radical parties in France, and both a Catholic and a civil funeral, expressed his last will that his body should be buried in the Protestant cemetery. Victor Jacquemont seeing, perhaps, the Catholic clergy in Bombay divided into two hostile jurisdictions, whose antagonism was much fiercer in his time than it is now, may have chosen for his

resting-place the neutral Protestant necropolis of Girgaum. His remains are, however, no longer here, having in February 1881 been conveyed to his native country for re-interment there.

On the Abbé resigning the military chaplaincy of Colaba, Fathers Alexander and Kyan were, successively, appointed to fill up the place. When the latter returned to Europe in 1850, it seems his successor, Fr. James Peniston, was not confirmed in the post until 1854. He died on the 30th of June, 1856, and was buried in the Colaba chapel, being succeeded by Fr. Walter Steins, who was, on the 18th of December, 1860, raised to the Episcopate as Bishop of Nilopolis, then became Archbishop of Calcutta, and lastly, I believe, of Sydney, where he died. The next Colaba chaplains were Fr. John Esseiva, nominated in 1864, and Fr. Adams in the seventies.

In Madras, the Abbé, finding no relief to his ailments, was advised to go to Karikal, a French settlement, about 178 miles distant from Madras, where he died on the 11th of February, 1830. A naval officer, M. Duclerc, who was then administrator of the settlement, is said to have sent a detailed account of the Abbé's death to the Minister in Paris, where that important document may, perhaps, still be found preserved in the archives of the Ministry either at the Rue Royale or the Quai d' Orsay. His *Historical Sketch of Goa*, which was probably in type while he was alive, was published at Madras, after his death, in 1831, being printed at the *Gazette* Press for the proprietor by William Twigg. The author's intention in undertaking this work was, he says, "to have it published in Europe. Other considerations, however, determined him to commit it to the press in India, one of the chief reasons being the hope that persons, well informed on the subject, might be kind enough to favour him with their observations." The work was dedicated to Sir John Malcolm and the members of the "Bombay Auxiliary of the Royal Asiatic Society," and from the list of subscribers appended to the book, it is evident that there was certainly no lack of encouragement so far as pecuniary aid was concerned, for I notice that, among others, Lord Bentinck subscribed 5 copies; Sir John Malcolm, 10; Dom Manoel de Portugal, Governor-General of Goa, 12; Julião Vieira da Silva, Governor of Daman, 12; and the Right Hon'ble J. R. Lushington, 21, most of the subscribers being Bombay men; but not a single Parsee or Hindu or Mussulman. Probably in those days none of these sections of the Bombay community read

English. This work was translated into Portuguese and enriched with additional notes by the late M. V. d'Abreu of Goa. It is the best work ever published on Goa and its monuments, which are now crumbling to dust. It is said that he had also written a book in French on the History of India, but it has not yet been found. His *Journal* often alludes to the daily progress he was making in writing it.

The MS. of the Abbé's *Journal*, after his death, was preserved in the archives of the mission church of S. Thomé, where the late Royal Commissary for the circumscription of the Catholic Dioceses in Southern India, Mr. J. H. da Cunha Rivara, then chief Secretary to the Goa Government, discovered it in 1863, and published some extracts thereof, with his valuable foot-notes, in a literary periodical in Goa from 1873 to 1875. The original is now in the public library of Evora in Portugal.

In conclusion, one who reads the *Journal* of the Abbé Cottineau de Kloguen cannot fail to be struck with the lofty ideal of a quiet, pure and unselfish life. He was a man of great tact and of wide sympathies, steering clear of the squabbles and the polemics which were rife in his time between the two factions of the Indian Catholics. The diary of the père Cottineau admits no *chronique scandaleuse* in its pages. His was a gentle and brave soul, graceful in thought and generous in deed. He lived a life of cheerfulness, of industry and of devotion to the welfare of mankind. As he lived he died. Of all men, he must have, doubtless, realized the truth of the philosophy of *bonheur*, elucidated by his countryman, Pierre Leroux, who advised men "à marcher vers l'avenir au nom de la réalité, de l'idéal, et de l'amour."

---



ART. XXIII.—*Madame Dupleix and the Marquise de Falaiseau.* By J. GERSON DA CUNHA, M.R.C.S.,  
L.R.C.P., K.C.J., K.G.G., K.C.I., etc.

[Read, 20th March 1894.]

“The first law of history is to dread uttering a falsehood; the next is not to fear stating the truth; lastly, the historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or animosity.”—*Leo XIII.*

The adoption of these maxims, from an encyclical of the present learned occupant of the Chair of St. Peter, spares me the necessity of explaining the spirit in which the criticism of this novel and somewhat delicate subject is conceived. But the choice of the subject itself requires a word of explanation.

As in the domain of Biology, where the investigation of a phenomenon often leads to that of others, in History the study of one subject not unfrequently opens new fields of research. While prosecuting inquiries into the life of the French missionary, the Abbé Cottineau de Kloguen, whose memoir I had the pleasure of presenting not long since to this Society, I happened to come across some important documents relating to the history of the French in India, and to discover unknown episodes in the life of two Indo-European ladies of the last century, who held a prominent rank in the political and social circles of France.

One was the famous Mme. Dupleix, the daughter of M. Albert, a surgeon of the French Company at Pondichery, and of Izabel, who belonged to a Portuguese family, named Castro. The other was Mme. de Falaiseau. Her father descended from the noble Breton lineage—de Kerjean, and her mother was an Indo-Portuguese lady, Carvalho.

Of Mme. Dupleix, Col. Malleon, in his *History of the French in India*, 1868, p. 93, writes:—“In the early part of the year in which he was appointed to Pondicherry, Dupleix

had married the widow of one of his councillors, Madame Vincent, a lady who had been born and educated in India, but whose strong yet devoted character and brilliant intellect made her an admirable companion for the far-sighted and deep-scheming politician. Her proficiency in the native languages rendered her aid invaluable to Duplex in his confidential dealing with native princes. She likewise added to that proficiency a quickness of comprehension and zealous devotion to his interests, such as form, when united, an inestimable endowment." The same writer, in his "*Duplex*," of the "Rulers of India" Series, 1890, p. 38, remarks:—"Of Madame Duplex I find it recorded that her wise counsels and her energy sustained her husband in all his trials. She was with him during the whole period of his administration of French India. And when that administration came to a close, in the manner to be related, she accompanied him to France, to die there of the chagrin caused by the injustice meted out to the husband she adored."

Such is the conventional estimate of the virtues and talents of Mme. Duplex. But, like a medal, human character has two faces—public and private. The former is dealt with by the historian amid the glare of a dramatic personation or in the theatrical *mise en scène* of the world; the latter by close friends and servants, at times with no little severity and critical acumen, in the guileless intimacy of the *salon*, or the unguarded familiarity of the gossiping boudoirs. And when the two verdicts clash, as they often do, posterity has left no alternative but to sort and sift, to analyse and dissect, before expressing its final judgment. The chimerical greatness, subjected to such a decomposing process, then usually vanishes, or becomes restricted to its tiny and yet true proportions. For, in the sphere of History, as in that of Physics, it is not uncommon to destroy a well-built hypothesis by a single opposing fact. Such is, indeed, the tragedy of all theories, especially when delusions

are allowed to crystallize into articles of traditional history. And nowhere are the facts that tend to confute legends better arrayed than in private journals or correspondence.

The portraiture of Mme. Duplex' character has been drawn in vivid colours by an Indian writer of Pondichery, who knew her intimately for the long space of fifteen years, when she was at the pinnacle of her fame and the zenith of her prosperity. His mind registered impressions with the extreme sensitiveness of a spectroscope, and, little suspecting that they would ever be regarded in the public light, expressed them sometimes with a brutal frankness. Such memoirs afford a vast scope where one can read with judicious eye between the lines, discern real character, and comprehend the inner forces of the mind or the motives to action that influence historic personalities. According to this writer, Mme. Duplex' imperious temper brooked no resistance. Impetuous and vain, ambitious and intolerant, she exerted her powerful influence over the mind of her husband—himself a man of many contradictions—which could not help being baleful to his interests, as it eventually proved. And yet she had admirers, more or less sincere, to goad her on to her manifest destiny; because arbitrary energy, like excessive zeal, is always superficially attractive, though leaving confusion behind it.

Thus, Mme. Duplex has been judged differently by the feelings her policy and behaviour excited at the time. But, between her European panegyrists and the Hindu author, who reproaches her overbearing arrogance, her obstinacy and her spirit of the autocrat, blended with that of a pietist under the inspiration of bigots, whom to serve was a luxury her purse never once begrudged, the truth, no less than virtue, will be found in the middle. Again, it has hitherto been the fashion for historians to be, as a rule, mere chroniclers of the adventures, pageantries, and wars of Europeans in India,

which have so much importance in the eyes of the multitude, and to neglect the principles of psychology, the unity of history, and the elements concerned with the doctrine of the influence of the medium on the race or the people. What one in reality wants is a genuine and truthful narrative, which, preserving the continuity of the successive stages and incidents of life, displays local influence over social conditions, and helps to overthrow the baseless figments of the annalist.

The native writer, whose voluminous memoirs shed a flood of light on the life and work of Mme. Dupléix and her associates, supplies besides an inexhaustible mine of materials, opening up new possibilities for a more correct appreciation of contemporary events, and for a deeper insight into the obscure workings of the social revolution initiated by the Portuguese four centuries ago. The embryonic or early phase of this first contact of the European with the Indian civilization is dimmed by a dense cloud of military and diplomatic adventures. It is mostly in the pages of the old travellers, possessing the discernment of a keen-witted and impartial Linschoten, a Pyrard, a Della Valle, or a Tavernier that one is able to catch some glimpses of the inner life of that highly romantic and chivalrous period.

And yet, if duly explored, there can be no lack of authentic documents in the State archives for such an undertaking by a professional historian or an official chronicler. In about a dozen volumes of the *Archivo-Portuguez-Oriental*, edited with consummate skill by the late indefatigable J. H. da Cunha Rivara, containing the correspondence of the senate, kings, viceroys, archbishops, inquisitors, prelates, provincials and priors, there is a prolific source of the most valuable and trustworthy materials for the elucidation of this subject. For he was, for nearly a quarter of a century, a worthy custodian of the best traditions of the Portuguese literature in India. His patient devotion to the high ideals of precision and thorough-

ness has achieved accuracy to the last degree, combining the severity of the historical research with the freshness, the variety, and the living interest of the best fiction. It remains to his successors, however, to scrupulously collate these documents, to assimilate the history of the past, and to vitalize its lifeless pages by recognizing the creative spirits and influential figures of bygone ages, imparting them coherent movement and dramatic power, as so successfully done by the late Dr. Parkman with respect to the early history of the colonization and conquest of the new world. But the first duty of a historian, above all, proposing to write the history of a civilised country, is to understand its language in order to study the original records.

The last decade has, indeed, been fruitful in the production of English works on the Portuguese in India, which have an actual interest for the history and administration of British India; but they are, in general, mere compilations, a chain of odd stories in chronological sequence, with more or less comment. The anecdotal form, nevertheless, is but the shell, the ideas the kernel. In such circumstances, a diary by a native writer, in the absence of more weighty official registers, is by far a more authoritative and pure font of historical knowledge than all the elegantly-bound volumes that are being incessantly issued from the press.

While perusing the memoirs of the Pondichery writer, it has struck me that if, like Dupleix, Vasco da Gama and Affonso d'Albuquerque had a native chronicler by their side, an heritage of inestimable value, a record of contemporary thought, checking the exuberant language of passions that mislead and never enlighten, would have been handed down to a grateful posterity. It is, indeed, strange that amongst the Brahmans, who, as a class, have never ceased to cultivate letters, even when abdicating their sacerdotal prerogative, and among whom, not less in the Konkan than elsewhere, there have always been men of wide culture and of many literary attainments, there

should not have been preserved any mention of the arrival of these strangers from the West on their shores. Such a narrative, penetrating the mind of the alien people from their own point of view, grasping the main features of the age, its leading characters and dominant tendencies, would have, doubtless, improved our acquaintance with the determining factors of that chance-encounter between the two civilisations, when more than half the ideals of the nineteenth century were hatched. It is from that memorable epoch that have emanated those moulding and reactionary impulses that have resulted in a compromise between the radical Christian system of life and the somewhat stolid conservative structure of the Indian society. This fusion, which began as tardy and slow as slow was then the communication between Europe and India—a six months' passage from Goa to Lisbon, now brought down to a twelve days' run from Bombay to London, when one can, moreover, correspond by flashing messages of a few minutes' duration, our city having almost become the next-door neighbour to Europe, thus effacing both time and space—this fusion or process of amalgamation is still in active operation, and, as things move fast now, there is no knowing where they will stop.

The two great agencies that the world's history has had to deal with are the economic and the religious. The ardour of the military and the artistic spirit may prevail for a while, but can never displace from the front rank, even for a time, the religious and economic influences which are naturally destined to supersede them. This fact may be proved rigorously accurate when applied to the fascinating chapter of the history of the various European settlements in India. All religions have, likewise, their own economic aspect, and Christianity, as preached by the early Portuguese, exhibited a considerable economic difference in this country. The motive of the gods of Hinduism was in the first instance their own interest, while that of

the God of the Christians was that of men, or to put it tersely, as M. de Molinari, that most original economist of this century, does:—"Le paganisme était une religion chère, le christianisme était une religion à bon marché." Such an advantage, in a country where the commercial instinct of the people has always been the keenest, ought to have favoured the assimilation and spread of Christianity, as it in reality did, as long as a true apostolate was at work. But this early conquest was reversed by a revival of the old theory. The representatives of the God of the Christians, as soon as they had won worldly prosperity, which is, however, the last test of the merits of a people, became as heathen as the indigenous population. By their demeanour, which is said to be the fruit of one's convictions, they belied their faith, and revealed to the natives that though nominally professing renunciation, they had really exchanged the cult of humanity for the worship of self-interest.

But this is so huge a theme that a large volume would be required to exhaust its history. And as condensation, enforced by the exigencies of the limited range of these remarks, is the hardest of requirements as well as the best of acquirements, I shall attempt a brief sketch, which, faint as it is, may yet help to quicken that interest which I venture to hope exists among all the friends of this great country. The text for my commentary will be the facts and traditions embodied in the memoirs of the native writer, whom I shall now hasten to introduce.

Ananda Rangapulé, son of Tiruvenga Dapulé, was born in Madras on the 30th of March 1709. In his childhood he was sent to Pondichery, where in 1721 he was appointed assistant (*courtier-adjoint*) to the chief broker (*courtier-titulaire*), Guruvapa Modely. The latter had visited France, and been baptised with great pomp and solemnity, Louis XIV., *le grand monarque*, standing his god-father, as the novelty of the occasion demanded. He was also decorated with the title

of *Chevalier*. The broker was then called *Modeliar*, properly *Mudaliyár*, meaning 'first,' his chief function being to act as an agent of the French Company of the Indies, or an intermediary between the Company and the natives of India. Later on this title was changed into the Persian one of *Diván*. The *Diván* Canagaráya Modely having died in 1746, Ananda Rangapulé was selected for the post, which he continued to hold from the end of 1747 to 1756. He was then dismissed by the new Governor, Duval de Leyrit. And he died on the 11th of January 1761, four days before the capitulation of Pondichery.

These are, in short, the most important dates in his life, but his memoirs are replete with many interesting details. The memoirs consist of sixteen volumes in folio, written in Tamil, and embrace the period from 1736 to 1761. He was a prominent figure in all the momentous events that took place, during that quarter of a century, at Pondichery, as the friend and adviser of Dupleix and the members of his Government. It is above all from 1746 to 1756 that his chronicle presents greater interest. During this decade he lived in close intimacy with the leading personages that appeared on the political scene of French India, and took an active part in all its stirring proceedings and negotiations. The Indian potentates showered honours upon him. He was appointed *mansubdár*, *jagirdár*, and was called by many other polysyllabic titles, in which there was perhaps more sound than sense. The last of these titles was "Chef des Malabars" of Pondichery in 1755. The life of Ananda was published in 1849 by M. Gallois-Montbrun in Pondichery, in an interesting little pamphlet, entitled "*Notice sur la chronique en langue tamile et sur la vie d'Ananda-Rangapillei.*" The memoirs are yet, with the exception of two extracts, unpublished, and are said to deserve being completely translated, as a valuable aid to the elucidation of that particular period of Indian history.



On the occasion of the erection of a statue to Dupleix at Pondichery on the 16th of July 1870, M. Laude published a translation of Rangapulé's description of the siege of Pondichery by Admiral Boscawen, which lasted from the 15th of August to the 16th of October 1748, under the heading of "*Le siège de Pondichéry en 1748, extrait des Mémoires inédits de Rangapoullé, divan de la Compagnie des Indes.*" An English translation of this narrative has appeared in the *Calcutta Review* for July 1893. At the end of the extracts the author remarks:—"Those we have given are quite sufficient to illustrate the importance of these documents, hitherto untranslated, to the student of the history of our early struggles with the French in India."

The city of Landrecies, where Joseph Francis Dupleix was born in 1697, raised him also a statue on the 30th of September 1888. This city was his birth-place by accident, his mother having resided there for a short time, on account of his father's employment. During this festival there was an enthusiastic literary demonstration inciting the French nation to follow the traditions of Sully and Colbert in the East. Several works on Dupleix and the British and French rivalry in the Indian peninsula were published, and the memoirs of Rangapulé, already described in the catalogue of the "fonds tamoul" of the "Bibliothèque Nationale" of Paris, by M. Margry, the record-keeper of the Navy (archiviste de la marine), were also called attention to. M. Julien Vinson also wrote in the *Publications de l'école des langues orientales vivantes* (series ii., vol. v.), 1889, an article under the heading of *Les Français dans l'Inde. Le Journal d'Anandarangapoullé (1736—1761)*. This is the diary of the *Dioán*, in Tamil, from which extracts are given by M. Vinson in the original with their French translation. Although the diary begins in 1736, it is preceded by a short account-book, dated March 4th, 1726. Among the curious expenses noted therein, we find the following:—

“paid for a sheep to be sacrificed in order to destroy a spell . . . . .,” which added to the invocation at the top of the book, “Victory to the most illustrious Rama,” has induced M. Vinson to consider Rangapulé not as a Christian but as a Vishnuvite.

This journal is prefaced by some critical remarks, from amongst which I shall select the following:—“Sa chronique, rédigée au jour le jour, est très inégale. On y trouve un peu de tout, au hasard et sans ordre: des discussions de famille, des cancons de quartier, des descriptions de cérémonies religieuses, à côté de conversations avec Dupleix et d'autres hauts personnages, ou au milieu de récits très détaillés d'événements fort importants. L'écrivain n'oublie aucun des traits qui permettent de tracer un portrait fidèle des gens avec qui il a affaire; un mot suffit quelquefois.” With regard to Dupleix, the editor of this *Journal* says:—“Comme le fait remarquer M. Gallois-Montbrun, l'impression qui résulte de ces mémoires, en ce qui concerne la personne de Dupleix, est qu'il offrait un mélange des plus grands talents, de l'intelligence la plus vive, des conceptions les plus hardies, et de la vanité la plus outrée, de l'infatuation la plus ridicule et de la cupidité la plus étroite . . . . . Il accepte, avec une satisfaction évidente, les flatteries les plus exagérées, et c'est par des flatteries qu'on arrive à obtenir de lui des faveurs qu'il avait précédemment refusées. Il ne repousse point les offrandes et les présents.” But gifts and flattery please everybody. Even those who profess to despise the latter would fain, nevertheless, be flattered by being told that they despise it.

Thus far M. Dupleix. I shall now pass on to Mme. Dupleix.

M. Julien Vinson writes:—“Mais c'est surtout sa femme, Jeanne Albert, qui sort diminuée de ces récits; elle nous y apparaît avec tous les défauts des créoles mulâtres (elle était fille d'une métisse indo-portugaise, Elizabeth-Rosa

de Castro) ; elle fait montre à tout instant d'une dévotion méticuleuse et est toujours prête à appuyer les plaintes et les demandes des missionnaires catholiques."

Such is the opinion of a Frenchman about Mme. Dupléix, based on the diary of "an Indian writer. Like the inhabitants of towns who consider their own the most vicious spots on the earth because they move in them, the chronicler of his own age is apt to believe it to be the most depraved because he feels it. But let us see what truth there is in this opinion, and how far the verdict of hard facts warrants such an inference. Mme. Dupléix was the daughter of Jacques Théodore Albert, a surgeon in the Royal Company of France at Pondichery, and of Izabel Roza de Castro, whom the above writer considers to be an Indo-Portuguese half-breed. Of this marriage were born several children, of whom Marie Françoise Albert, known also as Jeanne Albert, first saw the light at Pondichery on the 18th of March 1708. She married M. Vincens, of Montpellier, and a member of the Upper Council (*conseiller au Conseil Supérieur*) of Pondichery, on the 5th of June 1719, and had six children, of whom the eldest was born on the 27th of May 1720. M. Vinson doubts that a Christian woman should have married at the early age of eleven and become mother at twelve. He thinks it more probable that she was born some time earlier and out of Pondichery. But among the Indo-Portuguese it was not uncommon to marry at the canonical age of twelve, and when the age fell below this mark, to add the nine months of gestation. Thus, one born on the 18th of March 1708, and married on the 5th of June 1719, including the nine months of the intra-uterine life, could well be said to have completed twelve years. There is no doubt that, notwithstanding the difference in Christian names, the child bearing the two names was the same; but 'Jeanne' prevailed at last, being the one used in all the documents, even in

her first marriage certificate, which has been preserved, although her age is unhappily omitted. Of this marriage, as said before, six children, two boys and four girls, were born, of whom the last did not live beyond the eleventh month. It is not known what became of the eldest son, who was born on the 27th of May 1720, but of the three daughters, the eldest, Marie Rose, born in 1722, married at the age of sixteen, in 1738, Francis Coyle Barnwell, a member of Council of Madras, whose name frequently appears both in the records of that city, especially during the siege and capture of Madras by La Bourdonnais in 1746, when both Mr. Barnwell and his wife were taken prisoners, and in the memoirs of Rangapulé. Her next two daughters, one aged seventeen and the other fifteen, married the same day, in 1743—the former, François Corneille de Schonamille, governor of Banquibazar, then belonging to the Dutch, and the latter, Jacques Duval d'Espréménil, councillor at Pondichery.

M. Vincens died in 1739 or 1740 at Chandernagore, and his widow, aged 33, married Duplex, who was 43 years old, on the 17th of April 1741. The 'act of marriage,' as said above, exists, and it shows that the ceremony was performed with considerable splendour. Duplex was at the time President of the Superior Council of Pondichery, and General Commandant of the French Possessions in India. One child, a son, was born, in October 1742, but died a few days after, and no mention is made of any other child. Rangapulé's diary, however, speaks of a girl under the name of "Chou Chou," whom M. and Mme. Duplex brought up as their own child. This girl accompanied them to France, but it is not known what became of her. On the death of Madame Duplex in France, her husband married again Madame de Chastenay, and had by her one daughter, who married the Marquis of Valory, whose descendants, it is supposed, are still alive. He may have had a son as well, for it is said that, in 1866, the last descendant in the male

line of the great Navab Duplex died in a house in the Rue Neuve des Capucines.

I have hitherto failed to trace the actual representatives of the Navab of the Karnatic in France; but of the famous La Bourdonnais, I had the good fortune to meet one in Paris, in 1889, who was a distinguished traveller and an author. His book, bearing his autograph, which he was good enough to present to me, is, I suppose, the only work published by him. It is entitled "*Un Français en Birmanie. Notes de voyage rédigées par Le Comte A. Mahé de la Bourdonnais.*" It also treats of Siam, his description and the forecast of events there possessing some elements of actuality. Besides this book, I was fortunate enough to secure for a fair amount of francs an interesting relic, an ivory walking-stick, of the great La Bourdonnais himself, whose name is engraven on the silver-plate round the handle.

Jeanne Duplex, after her re-marriage at Chandernagore, went to reside at Pondichery with her husband, who had in the meantime been promoted, in succession to M. Dumas, to the governorship of that town. On his arrival there in October 1741, he took the oath as Governor-General, and declared himself to be the Moghal's Navab as well. From this date to that of his recall in August 1754, Mme. Duplex was the absolute ruler of the palace and the sole arbiter of his home. This was seemingly in accordance with the Spanish proverb—"The wife's realm is the house and the husband's the street." A constant adviser and associate in all the great events of that memorable period, she equalled, if not surpassed, both in authority and in influence, her famous prototype, Nur Jahan, in the imperial court of Dehli. Colonel Malleon draws a parallel between Duplex and the greatest military genius that France can boast of. He writes:—"There was a marked resemblance in feature and in genius between Napoleon and Duplex. Each was animated by unbound-

ed ambition, each played for a stake; each displayed, in their final struggles, a power and a vitality, a richness of resource and a genius such as compelled fear and admiration; both, alas, were finally abandoned by their countrymen. But their names still remain, and will ever remain, to posterity as examples of the enormous value, in a struggle with adversity, of a dominant mind directed by a resolute will." Anent Dupleix' behaviour, when informed that the office of Navab was about to be declared vacant, he writes: "But the passions of Dupleix were roused. He had been formally nominated Nuwáb of the Karnátik. His pride could not allow him to renounce so lofty a position in favour of a man who had posed as his rival. Seventy years later, the man whom he most resembled in ambition, in genius, in the power of compelling others, came, under similar circumstances, at Dresden in 1813, and at Chatillon in 1814, to a similar resolution." ("Dupleix," pp. 133 and 153.)

But a still more striking parallelism, a far closer analogy, seems to exist between the two widowed ladies, who had the good fortune to remarry two such historical personages. Mme. Vincens has, indeed, more points of contact with, than shades of difference from, Mme. Beauharnais. Like Jeanne, Josephine was a creole, in the French sense, and was born in the antipodal Indies. Both had great ascendancy over their husbands. One ruled supreme in the oriental *entourage* of the Governor of Pondichery, the other in the little court of Malmaison. The influence of their uncommon attractions was invariably exerted to gratify their husbands' ambition, and their counsels, swayed mainly by the spirit of frivolity and female vanity, were, no doubt, instrumental to some degree in bringing about the reverses that finally overwhelmed them both. They possessed in common two qualities, characteristic of a creole, extravagance in point of money and extreme submission to the priest in point of faith. The first

led them at times to resort to questionable expedients to replenish their ever drained coffers, which the second helped to keep in an almost chronic state of emptiness. According to the Hindu chronicler, the exploration of Mme. Duplex's purse by the autocrats of the sacristy did not cease until the recall of her husband, but the interval that preceded that disaster proved highly productive not only in rich gifts, but also in the frequent violation of that sweet and charming virtue—the vow of poverty, nominally professed by the recipients of her bounty. Colonel Malleson, for instance, cites the case of a certain Fr. Lavaur, who “carried off with him 1,250,000 francs, besides diamonds and bills of exchange for a large amount. Yet to such an extent did he carry his duplicity, that he pretended poverty, and actually petitioned to Government for a small pension for his subsistence.” Of course, such cases were rare, but one such example suffices to point out the laxity of tone and to denounce plainly the character of the epoch in regions where both the ethics and the æsthetics are usually of a singularly austere type. One naturally expects to meet there with disinterested devotion and unselfish attachment to lofty ideals. But there, as elsewhere, the fascination of gold led often to the debasement of morals, and the material opulence to the insolvency of conscience. Incapable of realizing higher and more difficult aspirations they spent their energy in satisfying the more vulgar and easier ambition of being wealthy.

Unthriftiness and pecuniary extravagance are usually accompanied by general affability and beneficence. Josephine was even complimented on this trait of her fine temperament by her victorious husband. “Si je gagne les batailles,” he said, “c’est vous qui gagnez les cœurs.” Of Mme. Duplex, however, whose generosity to the praying harpies was almost unbounded, we have no practical illustration of deeds of benevolence to the natives of this country. Possibly the difference in faith might account for a change in her natural

amiability; for, in the documents of the 17th and 18th centuries, collected in the above-mentioned *Archivo*, and signed by the highest dignitaries of the Church, it is clearly laid down that a heathen was unworthy of Christian charity. No satire is implied, however, when the same authorities command in all seriousness the acceptance of any pagan pecuniary assistance for Christian institutions.

The term creole, which is unused in India, has been more in vogue in America, especially in the Spanish part of the western hemisphere, where the proportion of the mixed blood has been submitted to a pseudo-scientific analysis and has undergone a synoptic though somewhat empirical classification. In Mexico, for instance, there are so many racial subdivisions of a most conflicting character that, considering the comparative recentness of their origin, they may in time surpass, both in minuteness and extent, the highly elaborate caste system of India. Thus, besides the Creoles, Mulattoes, and Negroes, there are the Terceroons, Quadroons, Quinto-rooms, and Octoroons, whose percentage of European blood is weighed and measured to a nicety. But, unlike the Indian castes, which admit of friendly intercourse amongst their motley varieties, except perhaps the lowest, these indefinite Mexican sub-divisions are said to be always accompanied by antipathies, ravages, and retaliations which render their society a hot-bed of permanent unrest and everlasting contention, hardly conceivable in countries where a happier homogeneity prevails.

Like Homer's, Mme. Duplex', nationality has been disputed by more than one country. The Portuguese, as evinced by some of their recent patriots, claim her as their country-woman, and M. Julian Vinson does not entirely repudiate their demand. "Elle nous y apparaît," he says, "avec tous les défauts des créoles mulâtres (elle était fille d'une métisse indo-portugaise, Elizabeth-Rosa de Castro.')" Like the Anglo-Indians, the Indo-Portuguese have always been divided into two chief classes of



*Reinoes* and *Mestiços*, corresponding to Europeans and Eurasians. According to this simple dual nomenclature, Elizabeth de Castro was a European. The Castros were, indeed, a numerous clan, once settled extensively in almost all the principal Portuguese towns in India, from Diu, Bassein and Goa on the Western Coast to St. Thomé in Madras, and Bandel and Chittagong in Bengal. They were all of European descent, although most of them were born in this country.

Mme. Albert, the mother of Mme. Duplex, was closely related to the noble house of Noronhas, who were as jealous of the traditional purity of their blood as many a titled magnate in the United Kingdom and elsewhere. To this family belonged the Bishop of Halicarnasse, a soldier, a priest, and a diplomatist, and an intimate friend of Duplex, both in the closet and in the field. This singular blending of so many incongruous duties in one individual is, indeed, more characteristic of the Middle Ages than of the last century. The career of this extraordinary man, whose appearance at the termination of the heroic period of the Portuguese in the East was so remarkable, is highly romantic. Like the companions of Albuquerque and Castro, he put on the armour over the cassock, and wielded the sword with one hand while holding the cross in the other. His name was Dom Antonio de Noronha, born in Goa in 1720 from Dom Francisco de Noronha and Dona Maria da Cunha e Castro. His father, who is mentioned in the *Nobiliarchia Goana*, p. 72, was connected with the nobility of Portugal, specially the Counts dos Arcos, do Prado and Catanhede. D. Antonio was also related on his mother's side to Mme. Duplex' mother, who was, as we know, a Castro. When a child he lost his parents and entered the convent of the Franciscans in Goa, whose missions were then extensive throughout the East. In course of time he was sent to Mylapore in Madras, where he had the charge of the parish church of "Luz." Here he began his diplomatic correspondence with the Danes of Tranquebar,

the Dutch and the French, becoming, probably through his cousin, Mme. Dupléix, first acquainted with the Marquis of that name. The Moghal Emperor conferred on him the title of *Navab Dilavar Jang Shamskir Bahadur*, along with Mylapore, the annual revenue of which was Rs. 14,000. Here he built a citadel, which was besieged by the English in 1749. He had but twenty soldiers with him, and he fought for eight hours with more than 1,200 troops, European and sepoys, and when the defence failed, through most of his companions being killed or wounded, he had to capitulate. Taken prisoner, he was sent to England, where his rights being eventually recognised, he was set free. Thence he went to France, where Louis XV. decorated him, and obtained for him from the Pope Benedict XIV. the bishopric of Halicarnasse. But, before the arrival of the bulls from Rome, Dom Antonio was ordered back to Pondichery in command of an expeditionary force on board the frigate *La Columba*. He remained some time there, and after the surrender of Pondichery returned to Goa, where he was appointed brigadier of a legion newly created for the protection of Ponda against the Mahrattas. In 1770 he went to Portugal, but returned a short time after. His eventful career, however, closed with a sudden death. One day, while driving he was found dead in his carriage. His body was conveyed to the Convent of the *Madre de Deus* and consigned to the grave there. Thus ended the dramatic life of this priest-soldier, who had served his country also as a diplomatist in the different courts of Hydar Ali, the Peshwa, and the Great Moghal. The limits of this paper cannot spare more space for him. Details of the city of Mylapore will be found in *Barros*, Dec. 3, liv. 7, cap. ii., and of the romantic episodes of the bishop Dom Antonio de Noronha in the *Gabinete L. das Fontainhas*, Vol. 4, p. 245, and *Marquez d'Alorna*, p. 76.

But to return to Mme. Dupléix. It is evident from what has been said that she was not "fille d'une métisse indo-

portugaise," as the French writer insinuates. Nor need the Portuguese, who are always proud of their distinguished men and women, feel grieved at the reversal of their claim by the verdict of history. Many a bright page of the Portuguese annals in India is adorned with the most splendid figures on record, and the highest exemplars of noble and stainless womanhood. The two sieges of Diu exhibit qualities that shine with a halo of their own, and may even rival those of the mothers of Coriolanus and of the Gracchi. Faith and purity, unselfishness and honour, have, indeed, been the accompaniments of that spirit of chivalry and heroism which were never better illustrated than in the life of the defenders of that ancient fortress. The *exercito das matronas*, as Diogo de Couto calls them, this 'army of the matrons,' was certainly worthy of the epic times of ancient Greece and Rome, and whose glory alone was sufficient to irradiate with its splendour all the women of their country. D. Isabel da Veiga, D. Garcia Rodrigues, D. Isabel Madeira, D. Catharina Lopes, and many similar types of noble womankind repaired with their own hands, as they fought, the breaches made by the enemy in the walls of the fortress, defended by their husbands and sons. And D. Joana Fernandes, who like "the Maid of Orleans," is known by the *nom de guerre* of "a Velha de Diu," 'the old woman of Diu,' performed yet greater feats of valour. Beatification apart, she is certainly as worthy as Joan of Arc of a monument, like the well-known Frémiet's equestrian statue in the Rue de Rivoli, to perpetuate her glorious memory. And no "army of the matrons" ever deserved, along with the triumphal arch raised by the Senate of Goa to celebrate the victory of D. João de Castro, a temple to the *Fortuna Muliebris*, as that handful of women, who fought against the host of the Mahomedan power in the East, in league with the Sultan of Turkey. It was, so to say, a duel fought between the Cross and the Crescent on the Indian soil, and the Portuguese

women of Diu wrestled with the enemy for the victory of the Cross. Not less meritorious are the high-mindedness and self-denial of the ladies of Chaul, represented by D. Catharina de Souza, who offered to D. João de Castro their jewels for the expenses of the siege, which the great Viceroy, in spite of the financial strain and stress of the period, declined with thanks. It is to such deeds that the national poet feelingly alludes in the following couplet of his immortal epic:—

Vereis amor da patria não movido  
De premio vil, mas alto e quasi eterno :

which the late Sir Richard Burton has translated thus:—

“Thou shalt see Love of Land that ne'er shall own  
Lust of vile lucre; soaring towards th' Eternal :

It remains to consider one more point. “Elle fait montre à tout instant,” says M. Vinson, “d’une dévotion méticuleuse et est toujours prête à appuyer les plaintes et les demandes des missionnaires catholiques.” This observation is evidently based on Rangapulé’s memoir on the siege of Pondichery in 1748, and on his diary. Both these works contain charges of intolerance and fanaticism, as well as of covetousness and greed against Mme. Duplex. On Saturday, 7th September, 1748, the Hindu chronicler writes:—“The Governor and M. Paradis asked the priests of the Mission permission to place guns on the top of the Church. They consented, on condition that the Isparen Pagoda was demolished. The Governor consented to do this. The causes are—1st, that he gives his wife too much influence in the management of affairs; 2nd, he has placed 100 peons at her disposal, who watch the roads and put every one to ransom who goes in or out; 3rd, she has so mismanaged the affairs of the town that it looks like a cucumber market. Inhabitants, heads of villages, cultivators, merchants, all are taken and made to carry earth; 4th, it was her determination to destroy the Isparen Pagoda.” These are the views, however, of a Hindu. The French translator of this work notes that

these complaints and criticism were baseless as the destruction of the Pagoda was absolutely necessary for the defence of the town.

The diary also mentions the Pagoda *Vedaburishvara*, which, says M. Vinson, "fut démolie en 1748, dès les premiers jours du siège de Pondichéry par les Anglais, à l'instigation de M. Paradis, de Mme. Dupleix et des Jesuites." After the siege was raised, the Hindus asked the Governor to allow them to rebuild the temple, but did not succeed until they had thus resorted to flattery, which seemed always to exert a powerful hypnotic effect on him. They said:—"If faudrait accorder cette permission, sinon comme ceci, du moins d'une manière quelconque; vous avez donné des ordres de façon à faire abonder la joie dans tous les esprits en prescrivant diverses choses de nature à réjouir tout le monde; aussi tous les gens de la ville comblent d'éloges et de louanges votre divinité. Si, à ce moment, vous donnez seulement l'autorisation de construire ce mur, votre gloire s'étendra très loin." This flattery, exalting the French Governor to the condition of a divinity, resulted in the temple being rebuilt.

Rangapulé then describes a Hindu marriage, which was honoured with the presence of the Government House party. It consisted of the Governor and Mme. Dupleix; of Mme. d'Espréménil, third daughter of Mme. Dupleix, whose son, born at Pondichery in 1746, was the celebrated deputy to the French Parliament in 1789; Mme. Cornet, whose name recalls the murder of Mme. Gustave Cornet by her *valet de chambre*, Marchandon, at the Rue de Séze, in Paris, in April 1884, and some others. He tells us how the Governor and his wife were treated, and of the following presents:—"On a donné en secret mille roupies à M. le Gouverneur et cent à Madame." To this statement, in the diary of the chief broker of the French Company of the Indies, the translator adds the following note:—"Dans un autre passage de

Mémoires, nous voyons Mme. Dupleix demander à un sollicitateur de l'emploi de courtier 10,000 roupies pour son mari et le tiers en sus pour elle. M. Gallois-Montbrun a trouvé, dans un autre passage, que Dupleix aurait reçu 100,800 francs pour prix d'une décision dans une succession contestée." Thus, extortions and malpractices of this kind, long buried in the diaries of the native chroniclers, are exhumed one day at last. It is to be hoped that such diaries are being written even now. They will in course of time reveal, no doubt, many a shocking misdeed to a more virtuous and scandalized posterity.

But before posterity attempts to judge Mme. Dupleix, it is necessary to reflect that to unravel the secrets of the soul is far more difficult than to solve a physiological problem. There are elements in character for which one is responsible; but there are also certain traits, which are the perpetually varying outcome of the interaction of inherited characteristics, the training, and the environment. A great part of morals and manners is determinism. Mme. Dupleix was a creature of circumstances and the plaything of fate. She should be judged not by ideals which are never attainable in this world, nor by our standards, but by those of her own age and country. One must look at life in different aspects, as human affairs are infinitely complex. The chief factors that moulded her career, besides her sex, were the surroundings, the spirit of the age, and the sombre drama of heredity. The French saying "les âmes n'ont point de sexe" may be applicable to pure sexless souls, but when embodied in human form they show their differences of character. Female constitution has always been marked by instability, and Shakespeare was not in the wrong when he said: "Frivolity, thy name is woman." The age and society in which Mme. Dupleix spent the early part of her life were extremely frivolous. The days of D. Joana, "the old woman of Diu," and of D. Catharina of Chaul, the true *enfants du siècle*, the children of real crusaders, and of an heroic age, in whom

the spirit of their forefathers had entered and become the dominant note of their demeanour, had long passed away. Like the Horatian *Dos est magna parentum virtus*, it was their boast that their great dowry was the virtuous character of their parents. The descendants of the Capetan heroes, and the scions of the celebrated families, who had signalised themselves in the fields of Ourique and Aljubarrota, and were sent adrift on the coasts of the Indian peninsula, were extinct. Faith, which imparts sunshine and buoyancy to the mind, confronting death with equanimity, had given way to gloom, cynical scepticism, party strife, greed, and outbursts of passion. The dames and damsels of the sixteenth century, whose standard of pure and polished life, of sound sense and wit—the very incarnation of sober and penetrating wisdom for lofty ideals and deeds of high enterprise—was not inferior to that of *Il sesso donnesco* of the Italy of the Medici, were now substituted by the types representing the *procar, rapax et loquax* of Plautus.

The whole structure of the Indo-European society was based upon the idea that it was necessary to be rich in order to be independent, great and happy. This is, indeed, an elementary notion; for, while few can understand superiority in other things, everybody can realize the value of money. But human nature is so fatally prone to excess that it will exaggerate virtue till it becomes vice. If independence or “the glorious privilege of being independent,” as Burns says, is the root of happiness, and this the nurse of virtue, to be rich would, indeed, be a high ideal. But it is the excess of this ideal that leads to the worship of money and its subsequent misery. And as all excesses carry their own revenges, the possessor of wealth, instead of meeting the smiles of the world with the dignity and stoicism of a patron, courts them often with the servility of a bondsman. Mme Dupléix, like our progenitress Eve and like many others even of the sterner sex, had not probably the moral fibre to resist the temptation, and to escape from

the alluring fruit of the traditional pagoda-tree of India. But Rangapulé tells us, as an extenuating circumstance, that, if she coerced, she also parted with the money to the priests, who then monopolized the whole work of salvation, eclipsing God Himself. Now, every man would like to be generous, but that he is made despicably mean by necessity. The wife of the Navab of the Karnatic was generous by instinct, and far above any necessity; and, as sympathy is a potent factor in saving those engaged in a struggle from the hopelessness of a triumph, it is no wonder that along with her sympathy she gave her money to the Catholic missionaries whom she found struggling with, and trying to dominate, Paganism.

Like benevolent despotism in politics, there is enlightened selfishness in society. Despotism in France is said to have been tempered by epigrams, and that the arbitrary was made accommodating and complaisant by the *badinage* and *jeu d'esprit* that were associated with it. In the same way selfishness becomes tolerable and even savoury when inspired by religion. It is the old theme of the end justifying the means. The egotism that Mme. Dupleix developed in her dealings with the Indians—a characteristic of the children of European parents brought up in an enervating climate and under undermining influences—became rational and heaven-directed when employed in the service of the Church. And those who had her conscience in their keeping encouraged her in this conduct, stifling originality of thought, stereotyping false ideas of prophetic doom and pessimism, blended with flattering promises and propitiatory vows, and thus reconciled apparently all her contradictions amidst the sober realities of life.

Mme. Dupleix, like her contemporaries of Portuguese India, lived in an age of mediæval temperament. And, as Jules Michelet points out, the great feature of the mediæval temperament was fear: a living fear of men, of the State, of the Church, of everything, in short. There was then a veneer of chivalry



that insisted on the weakness of women, repressing their individuality and encouraging frivolity. It imparted feminine impulsiveness, vanity and love of display to the whole society, which became corrupted by ignorance and degradation of motive born of inconsequence; while the rich *fidalgos* paraded their lust and luxury before the eyes of the multitude. She lived in an age when India was strewn with the wrecks of dead virtues and ruined institutions. Religion was then more a habit than an emotion; more a superstition than a rule of conduct; and belief was more the result of custom or convention than a profession of faith rooted in the inner life of man. It was but a formula nursing the mind into the unreflecting credulity regarding its relations to the universe. To Mme. Dupleix, as well as to many other Indo-European ladies of her habits and prejudices, which were the result of their own narrow range of vision or mental indolence, religion was both a formula as well as an entertainment. Living in a country and at a time when public spectacles or shows of any kind were extremely scarce, devotional practices and church-festivals supplied them the only amusement and recreation available. For a woman of her rank, having a humorous grasp of the situation, they were the sole remedies for the evil of enforced idleness, prevalent in certain classes of society. To the nervous agitation brought on by laziness, the prayer, even when mechanical, is soothing. And, besides their curative power, prayers, although resulting from beliefs in a varying degree of anthropomorphic polytheism, regenerated by figures of saints, apostles and martyrs, are the expression of the truth of the unity in nature. Goëthe tells us that "all religions have an aim: to make man accept the inevitable." Prayers said in this sense have also a prophylactic power against the vicissitudes of life; and Mme. Dupleix must have felt their wholesome influence. Nevertheless, the fall of her husband, the man who had been rewarded by his king with the title of Marquis, and had once assumed, as the

Navab of the Karnatic, the style of a sovereign prince, is said to have caused her considerable chagrin and shortened her life. Carlyle, the prophet of autocracy, does not mention among the qualities of the great men and women, who contribute to make a nation great, those of resignation and renunciation. But men of genius, whose rare insight must otherwise prompt them to seek adjustment or correspondence between individualities and their environments, are, according to Prof. Lombroso, the most indifferent to this fact. And, although it may reveal to them the supreme law, that, in the hierarchy of duties, one's conformity with the decrees of Providence occupies the highest rank, still they are, as a rule, the most refractory of individuals and the most impatient of sufferers. For even the greatest men have their special limitations. *Summi non omnia possunt.*

Both M. Dupleix and his wife were perhaps doomed to failure by reason of their own limitations. Most probably they did not know them, nor the high qualities which imparted to them a most complex personality. "Genius is ever," says Schiller, "a secret to itself, the strong man is he that is unconscious of his own strength." But the logic of events is overpowering. When Nemesis overtakes a person everything turns to his disadvantage. It is a psychological condition which Petrarca expresses so well in his graceful line :—

*Il desir vive, e la speranza è morta.*

"Paul III." (Alessandro Farnese), says Ranke, "was a man full of talent, intelligence, and penetrating sagacity; the station he occupied was the highest that human ambition could aspire to: but how feeble and insignificant appears the most powerful of mortals when opposed to the resistless course of events!" Such was the case with Mme. Dupleix. One finds its moral in *Œdipus*, who was pure of heart, but was at last by the cosmic process driven to ruin. It is illus-

trated in the Greek drama, "Œdipe Roi," so beautifully translated by M. Lacroix :—

" Ne regardons personne avec un œil d'envie !  
 Peut-on jamais prévoir les derniers coups du sort ?  
 Ne proclamons heureux nul homme avant sa mort !

And, though one dies, yet the eternal destinies of the universe advance to their accomplishment, even when "so great events from little causes spring." For, after all there are many things in the world which no science can yet explain. One must content himself with relegating them all to that vague and indefinite sense of the Divine presence and purpose in the movements of human society. Niebuhr rightly says :— " History is, of all kinds of knowledge, the one which tends most decidedly to produce belief in Providence."

Space fails me to complete the whole sketch of Mme. Duplex, as I had fancied it at the beginning. Some of the details took a larger ground than I expected, and there are some minute personal peculiarities which I have purposely omitted, because " L'art d'être ennuyeux est de tout dire." It may be necessary, however, in the way of recapitulation, to observe that Rangapulô's analysis of Mme. Duplex' character has more elements of captious cavilling than features characteristic of a dispassionate narrative from contemporary writers. There is more of sarcasm than of candour, more of *diatribe* than of *naïveté* in some parts of his diary, which read like Theophrastus' invective against women or La Bruyère's chapter on *Des Femmes* of his celebrated *Caractères*. His indictment of Mme. Duplex for having meddled with, and muddled, everything connected with the Government of French India, has, however, been rebutted by others. And the originality of his arguments lapses often into a paradox. The oligarchical pride she is accused of was evidently an ingredient of her temperament, while her fanaticism, moderated by the spirit of philanthropy, was the product both of the time and of the place

although Rangapulé draws no comparison whatever, as Buckle has done, between religion and the configuration of the locality she lived in. She was one of those fortunate persons, who knew from birth more of the feasts than of the fasts of the Church; and she was withal a *brave femme*. One must be tender to her faults and admire her brilliant qualities, which were not a few. It is said that there is a soul of evil in things good, and she had evidently *les défauts de ses qualités*. Professor Huxley has lately told us in his "Evolution and Ethics" that a heavy tax is levied upon success, and that failure is one of the commonest disguises assumed by blessings. But the little I have said on this fascinating subject will, I trust, contribute to reinstate Mme. Dupléix in the front rank of the distinguished women of the last century; for nothing could, indeed, be more congenial to my feelings than her "rehabilitation," notwithstanding Rangapulé's strictures, in the history of French India. And is not history, after all, as Dr. Arnold says, "the biography of mankind"? It is in reality a colossal biography, whose great factors are Providence and Free Agency, the latter modified by the combination of the three primordial forces which produce all transformations in society—the race, the medium, and the moment. In Mme. Dupléix' life all these forces were fully exemplified in its cyclical evolution.

I pass on now to the Marquise de Falaiseau. The great French Revolution which subjected a whole generation of women to severe trials of courage and endurance sent the Marquise into exile. The cyclic wave of the fortune of the French nobility had indeed begun to ebb back. The tide which was turning had stranded, along with some families of lordly arrogance and feudal egotism, a great many others, whose life was of high thought and noble endeavour, of lofty aspirations and pure devotion. Among the latter was the Marquise de Falaiseau, about whom the Vicomte

de Broc has lately published a fascinating monograph, entitled '*Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme pendant l'Emigration,*' a review of which has appeared in the *National Review*, for June 1893, from the pen of the Baroness de Zuylen de Nyevelt. The Vicomte de Broc says: "Madame de Falaiseau truly belonged to that epoch, when moral strength proved superior to misfortune; she personifies its sentiments and character, and more than one family will find its history in the scattered leaves which I have collected."

But Madame de Falaiseau was not a typical Frenchwoman. Her father was M. de Kerjean, the nephew of Dupleix, who followed his uncle to Pondichery, served with distinction under Bussy, blockaded Fort St. David, and was a French Commissioner at the Sadras Conference in 1754. And her mother was an Indo-Portuguese lady, Carvalho, one of those numerous Portuguese families scattered throughout India, who were drawn by their common faith and the Latin racial affinities to the French, in preference to the other European settlers in the country. M. de Kerjean shared in his uncle's good and bad luck, and after his death returned to India, leaving his family at home, to retrieve his broken fortune. But he died here, leaving his widow and three children, a son and two daughters, in straitened circumstances. The king gave a pension to Madame de Kerjean in acknowledgment of her husband's services, and soon after the family became dispersed. The son was sent to school, the eldest daughter to her grandmother at Brest, and the mother with Adelaide, the coming Marquise de Falaiseau, lived in a convent in Paris.

Adelaide de Kerjean married the Marquis de Falaiseau in 1787. The marriage was happy; two sons, one of whom died in early infancy, and one daughter, were born. The young couple divided their time between the Châteaux belonging to the Marquis, situate in Orléanais, and Paris. In 1790, however, they had to emigrate, and their property was confiscated.

Amidst all their privations and discomfort of exile, they seem to enjoy life. In fact, in the most adverse circumstances there is always a ray of hope, as in the most solemn situations there is an element of comedy, which renders life droll and tolerable. In the midst of the most placid surroundings it is often hard to preserve a grave countenance. The French émigrés gave themselves up to happiness while facing the grim realities of exile and persecution. They all behaved like the unfortunate members of the Royalist party, of whom the Comte Melchior de Vogüé says: "Si vous voulez être juste, cherchez la caste et le parti sur les échafauds, où l'on faisait son vieux métier, de mourir en souriant." They laughed at their own misfortunes even at the moment of being guillotined. But, like Christophe's *Le Masque* in the Tuileries Gardens, they had, indeed, two faces—the smiling mask and the real head which breathed out agony from behind it.

M. de Falaiseau earned some money while abroad by giving lessons in shorthand, while his wife did the same by colouring plates for Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*. Her widowed sister, Mme. du Camper, also a very brave and energetic woman, very narrowly escaped the guillotine. She was put into prison and owed her deliverance to a romantic incident. A friend, M. Leger, claimed the release of her as his wife, taking care to let her know that she might safely sign the needful papers, as he would consider them null and void, as far as their mutual relations were concerned. She signed, but when M. Leger wished to return her the important document "her gratitude and her devotion," to use her own words, "prevented her doing so." And the marriage proved happy. Such were these two Franco-Portuguese women of India. Simple faith in God and deep family affections formed the basis of their strong and fine character. "In the midst of privations, poverty, and distress, these women of the French aristocracy remained great ladies in manners, spirit and heart."

Faith and love were their heritage, which never shone brighter than in the course of the sufferings inflicted by exile and by the frantic populace of the time. Madame de Falaiseau's only son, Alexis, injured his knee by a fall. He was taken, after trying various treatments at Hamburg and Aix-la-Chapelle, to Paris, where he was attended, in a lonely lodging, by his devoted father. He died, at 13 years of age, in 1801. While in bed he was found to be reading the *Imitation of Christ*, the intense spirituality of which is said to have answered the poor boy's aspirations, loosened his hold on earth, and prepared him for death. The severe lessons of adversity had not been in vain, both in his case and in that of many others, whose sufferings had ennobled and refined their character. Although so young he had the innate worth of his race. One may well say of him with Corneille:—

“ \* \* \* \* Dans les âmes bien nées  
La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années. ”

M. de Broc describes the general effect of the emigration on the French aristocracy thus:—“ By dint of privation they had become detached in spirit from the riches which they no longer possessed. They found enjoyment in trifles and were satisfied with little, since they had learnt to do without everything. The stern necessities of life forced them to submit to the great law of work, which neither classes nor individuals can transgress with impunity. In their new simplicity they had acquired a moral dignity which is unknown in times when men bow before money and material enjoyment has taken the place of the pleasures of the mind and the delicate feelings of the heart.”

M. de Falaiseau recovered his rights in 1801, but he was then nearly ruined, and was glad to accept a small post under the new Government. He lived now in France with his wife and the daughter born in exile on the 21st of January 1794.

This daughter was destined to live for eighty-four years. The Marquise de Falaiseau died in 1812, leaving a memory beloved and revered by her descendants; and I cannot do better than conclude this memoir with the words dedicated to her memory by the Vicomte de Broc:—"A woman of the eighteenth century by virtue of her charm and grace, she had the courage of the generation that bore exile and misery with fortitude and faced the scaffold without flinching. Her strength of mind was the result—not of stoicism, but—of those beliefs which prepare for death and comfort in life."

---