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SOME
OBSERVATIONS
AND
REMARKS,
&c. &c.

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AND
REMARKS
ON A LATE PUBLICATION,

ENTITLED
Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa,

In which the real Author of that new and curious

ASIATIC ATALANTIS,
His Character and Abilities, are fully made known
to the Public.

Destroy his fib and sophistry in vain;
The Creature's at his dirty work again.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXII.
REPRINTED M,DCC,LXXXIII.

SOME
OBSERVATIONS, &c.

THE greatest injury done to society, since the revival of literature, I believe to have happened from the prostitution of natural and acquired abilities, in the cause of faction and sedition. The more eminent the talents of the speaker or writer, the more extensive the mischief they are thereby enabled to commit. Eloquence hath charms, which intoxicate the human mind in such a manner, that falsehood makes its way in the world so much faster than truth, that the daring fictions of the few, for ever counteract the wisdom and honest intentions of the many. Under the cover of initials, the best characters are constantly exposed by the arts of designing men, to the derision, and too often to the contempt, of the public; and the greatest friends and benefactors of

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their country, have been insulted and traduced whilst living, to such a degree, as to make the miserable and almost unbearable.

Not a man who is at all conversant in the current publications and newspapers of the day, but must admit the above facts; and to such unwarrantable lengths hath it been carried, that some of the first characters, and greatest men in the kingdom, have doubted whether the unbounded freedom of the press, so necessary to our civil liberty as a people, doth compensate for the injury, which is thereby done to the moral character, and private peace of the minds, of individuals.

THOUGH ninety in the hundred of the catchpenny publications which have disturbed the peace of individuals, have been ushered into the world without any other view than that of obtaining bread for present subsistence, and have sprung in general, from the most infamous reptiles of society's unlettered scoundrels, yet that is not always the case; we have some ingenious publications, evidently the works of men of literature and of genius, yet who possess souls so dark, and minds so corrupt, that they subject abilities of the first class, to the most abandoned prostitution.

For the last twenty years, our transactions in the East Indies, have furnished inexhaustible materials
for

for such kind of historians, from the Abbe Reynal to Bolts, and from Dow, to the author of a late publication, called Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c. &c. The three former put their names to their works, from which circumstance, if any person had found themselves injured by any vile story, or idle tale, related in their books, the means of redress were open, if not by law, at least by the horse-whip: but this last writer is not only anonymous, but very carefully covers himself all through his works, by using initials.

I BELIEVE it has never yet happened that so voluminous and plausible a writer as the author of these travels (who takes such care in every chapter, to cover himself from the pangs of the law, in scandalizing, under the cloak of the first and last letters of the persons names, whose characters he means to destroy,) hath ever been dragged to the public tribunal, and fairly exposed for what he is. I have the means to do this effectually in the present instance, and will do it in the most open, candid, and clear manner, *pro bono publico*. It is not unlikely, that this man and his abettors, may find in some part, or parts, of my observations, such slip, or slips, as will give an opening for the commencement of an action, or actions, at law, against me. If they do, I shall willingly throw myself on the justice of my country, and submit to the judgment of my peers, who will be best able to determine, whether such dark assassins,

or those who drag them into light, have the best pretence to the protection of the laws of the land.

THE name of the author of Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, printed for J. Murray, No. 32, Fleet-Street, is William Macintosh. He was an intimate friend and fellow labourer, of the famous Colonel Macleane, not unknown in the former ministry of Lord Shelburne, and so much exposed by his news-paper correspondence with John Wilkes, Esq. but more particularly conspicuous for his obtaining an employment in the East India Company's service, where he acted as Commissary General to their army in Bengal, when General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Philip Francis, arrived at Calcutta, in October 1774. From the appointment of those gentlemen to the Supreme Council at Bengal, he conceived himself to have been injured, and after a little struggling, he resigned his employment in India; but on his way to Europe, he stopped at Madras, where having staid only a few weeks, he got himself introduced to Mahommed Ally Cawn, the Nabob of Arcot, and persuaded that restless Prince to commit his interest relative to the kingdom of Tanjore (lately restored to the King of that country by Lord Pigot) to his management. With such a commission he arrived in Europe, and joined in all the scurrility and abuse of that noble Lord, which infested the nation at that time. He also had the address to persuade

persuade Mr. Hastings, that he should be able to convince the Ministry, of the absurdity of sending new and ignorant men to govern that kingdom, and that he would obtain the enlargement of his powers. Mr. Hastings did place some confidence in him, and honoured him with some commissions, under cover of which, he most shamefully betrayed him, by asserting that he had power to resign the government in his name. The history of that diabolical proceeding is now well known. Maclean returned again to India over land, to obtain more information from the Nabob, and a little more oil to move the wheels, which he declared had been clogged in this cold climate, for want of that necessary ingredient to set them in motion. That he obtained what he wanted, is a fact well known at Madrafs, and to some people in Europe; but he and the instructions, and the oil pot, went all to the bottom together in his passage home, in his Majesty's ship the Swallow. The pernicious meddling political spirit of this man, and the injury thereby done to the national concerns, and to the Company's affairs, is only to be matched by the conduct of his partner Macintosh, whose travels I am now about to investigate and explain.

I SHALL say nothing of the language of the composition now before me, or of the observations in it, further than that it proves the author to be a man of some genius, who has not only read, but
studied

studied most of the histories which have been written on Asiatic affairs, and shewn great ingenuity in collecting from the works of the Abbé Reynal, Bernier, Orme, Dow, Holwell, Hamilton, Frazer, Verelst, Bolts, Vansittart, Scrafton, the Free Merchant's Letters, Lord Pigot's Defence, and fifty other English tracts, as well as French, Dutch, and Portuguese voyages, all which he has dressed up neatly enough, and given to the foregoing authors thoughts and observations, a degree of novelty, which stamps them with a kind of original air, and fits them exactly for the purpose intended by their well timed publication, a little profit to himself, and to serve the political cause of the men, whom I shall clearly prove have employed him.

I SHALL touch nothing of Mr. Macintosh's works, but such chapters as serve to prove that his work is political, and calculated to serve the views and purposes of himself and friends; and I must own, that I do expect that he will return me his thanks, as the candid and fair reasoning, which I shall use in my observations on his travels, will be of more use towards increasing the sale, than fifty advertisements, or five hundred puffs in the daily papers.

HE begins his preface in the usual stile of all writers for fame and bread, a kind of denial that either one or other of those urgent motives, have given rise to the publication of his two volumes.

No,

No, he is induced by the importunities of men distinguished for public and private virtue, that is to Mr. Philip Francis, late one of the Council General of Bengal, now of Upper Harley-Street, and Mr. Debrett, the bookseller, in Piccadilly: These are Mr. Macintosh's worthies, as I shall sufficiently prove as I go on. His observations, such of them as are new, I will allow to be his own; but as to his sources of intelligence, except what he gleaned from the above mentioned writers on the affairs of Asia, I shall take occasion to shew to be such as will rather account for his having kept back his name, than be the means of gaining credit to his work; nor will I deny his love of novelty; for surely nothing can be newer than what a man himself invents; or is any thing more pleasing to contemplate than a man's own writings: this I have learnt from experience, who really have not half the learning or ability of Mr. Macintosh, yet am pleased with the opportunity of writing a little plain truth, which I know my countrymen are extremely fond of, and in this instance will thank me for.

A LETTER or two which I published lately gave some offence, because they were anonymous; I will remove that objection in this treatise, 'by' inserting my name at full length.

THE rest of the Preface consists of some flowers, culled from the works of the afore-mentioned authors,

thors, to present as a little refreshing nosegay to the reader, in order to encourage him to go on boldly, and not throw away the book, on account of its bulk.

THE two first letters do not come within the reach of my intended criticism on his works. His plan for an accommodation with America, may nevertheless be useful to the present Ministry, with whose predecessors in office, he made himself so very intimate, and to them I shall leave it.

IN the three following letters, I think his complaints of the suspicious and cavalier treatment of the French officers at Port L'Orient, because they considered him as a spy, is somewhat badly connected with his saying, that in his correspondence with Lord Stormont, he took care to intermix with the detail he gave his Lordship, but in an indirect manner, several particulars of more importance to his own nation, &c. Is it possible that a man can be serious, when in the same breath he complains of want of hospitality, makes declarations of his innocence, and acknowledges the crime of which the French officers of police knew him to be guilty? How happy was it for this politician, that a breach between the nations did not happen before he left the French port, or he most certainly would have met with his deserts, and been hanged on the spot. The law of nations was not half so

good

good a safeguard to him as was French policy: had they been quite ready to have broke with England, he would have suffered the death he most undoubtedly merited, even from his own account of the matter.

He tells his supposed friend (for his letters existed no where but in his letter book, as I shall make appear) that he was too late to proceed over land, and down the Red Sea, the tract Col. Maclean had taken before him, and on that account he prefers going to India in a French ship. From the sailing of this French ship, his political voyage commences. I shall not be able to attend him in all his turnings and windings in his supposed letters, to his supposed friends and fair cousin. I wish he had kept to the term fair friends, because that might have imposed on us, from the possibility of even such a man as Mr. Macintosh having a fair friend; but cousin implies relation by blood: this he should have recollected, because all his virtuous merry friends, will not be able to hold from laughing, at the idea of his *fair* cousin.*

THE kind of company a foreigner of his figure and rank, soliciting for a passage out to the East

*Mr. Macintosh being the son of a Scotch Planter, by a French Creole, of one of the West India Islands, is as swarthy and ill-looking a man, as is to be seen on the Portuguese Walk on the Royal Exchange.

Indies, at one of the sea-port towns of France, was likely to associate with, is easy enough to conceive. Had the man pursued his own business quietly, as his fellow passenger did, he might have gone on very well: but this follower and retainer of the busy Colonel Macleane, though half begging a passage on a French bottom, because he had not interest enough to obtain one on the English East India Company's ships, must make himself be observed not only to write to, as he says himself, but also boast of his correspondence with the English Ambassador at Paris. It requires very little knowledge of the vigilance and jealousy of the officers of police all over France, to judge how narrowly watched such a person would be. All his future hardships, and all his sufferings, as well as those of his inoffensive comrade, arose from this foolish vanity and self importance in Macintosh, as I will abundantly make appear, in the course of these remarks.

How happy the indiscretion and vanity of such a correspondent must have made Lord Stormont, the English Ambassador, I will not pretend to say; but it may afford some consolation to his Lordship, to have observed, that his superiors were subjected to the same ridiculous insolence; for no sooner was our travelling spy settled on board of the French ship, but down he sits to address his sixth letter to no less a man than Lord North.

North, the English Minister of State. The subject of the letter I should suspect he collected from some French new-paper; because it is not possible to conceive, situated as he was, and watched in all his motions, that he could have any opportunity to converse with people at Port L'Orient, above the rank of foremast men, or petty officers at most, belonging to the ship, which he said had lately arrived from India.

Looking over the letter to Lord North, I find that it was from a fellow passenger, that Mr. Macintosh obtained his curious information, relative to the great ability and activity, of the Chevalier St. Lubin. This French adventurer was a counterpart of Colonel Macleane, or Mr. Macintosh himself. Both nations are overstocked with such politicians. For the Frenchman, it must be allowed, that he had served long in India, had much local knowledge, and understood the country languages perfectly, and was not totally unfit for the business in which he got himself to be employed, which Mr. Macintosh cannot say for himself, or for his friend Macleane. In what a wretched situation must a minister of state find himself, if he is obliged to read all the stuff that is addressed to him by politicians of this prolific nation, who have run mad! What time will he have for more serious affairs? And if he does not read them, and make some acknowledgement of the receipt, he will find the
same

same enthusiasts abusing him in the grossest manner in the public prints: And for the very same reason hath this man abused every Englishman in Asia, from Governor Hastings down, except nine, or at most ten, whom he honours with the appellation of his friends.

THERE is in this curious letter to Lord North, the outlines of all Mr. Macintosh's future Asiatic politics; it clearly explains the source from whence he drew his knowledge of India affairs. What use was there for his going to Asia? A man who understood so well the geographical situation, the political interest and mercantile advantages, of the Princes of Hindoostan, might certainly have found employment to batter down the East India Company, and their servants, from a garret at home, with much more ease to himself, and not less edification to his readers, than from a dirty filthy French ship, or a nauseous French prison. It may be necessary for the reader to observe, that this famous letter was written, whilst Mr. Macintosh was yet in the Atlantic Ocean, long before he reached India, and that no one letter in the whole collection, is more correctly or more plausibly written: Not one of the following ones will convey to the reader's mind, a fuller idea of the supposed knowledge of the writer, on the politics of Asia; all of which had been gleaned up in the manner I have already mentioned; that is, from histories, voyages,

ges, and party pamphlets. Nor is there one spot of earth on the whole globe, of the commerce, laws, customs, politics, &c. of which the author is not equally well informed, and on which, in six weeks notice, he would furnish a bookseller with as full and as good an account of. What a valuable book will this author's collection prove, to furnish arguments to restless statesmen, who are never quiet, but whilst they are pulling to pieces, in order to build up again ! I defy the three kingdoms to furnish out a better Secretary to the Right Honourable Mr. Burke ; he will collect evidence for him with a vengeance. Nundcomar and Mr. Francis, never possessed half his capability in that line of ministerial duty, nor perhaps are there three names so well known in modern story.

In the seventh letter, he seems to have placed too much confidence in his intelligencer, the French gentleman passenger, who either, from having discovered the extravagant folly, or ridiculous vanity, of the man, whom he was feeding with his lies, goes so far as to assure him, that the Chevalier St. Lubin, frequently entertained Hyder Ally on board his ship. That artful and valiant man, knows better than to trust any European with his person on board of their ships ; and I believe that it would be extremely difficult to prove, that Hyder Ally was ever more than once, at his seaport town of Mangulore, or that he ever was on board

of

of a ship in his life. That St. Lubin had some of the Mahratta officers on board of his ship, at the port of Choul, on the Malabar coast, he will remember as long as he lives, for they got so far the ascendancy over this political Frenchman, as to induce him to come into the harbour, and to land his cargo of military stores, lead, iron, cloth, &c. not one piece of which he ever got back again, or was paid sixpence for : And this extraordinary fine frigate, of whose force, dimensions, and accommodations, Mr. Macintosh speaks so much, before he arrived himself in India, was taken, after an engagement of forty minutes, by his Majesty's ship Seahorse, of twenty guns, Captain Panton. This Macintosh knew very well after he was in India, for I myself told him of all the circumstances. In particular, that when the prize was brought into Madras, the captain of her, a Knight of St. Louis, was introduced to the Governor, Sir Thomas Rumbold, by Lieutenant Owen, who then commanded the sloop Cormorant. The Frenchman was gasconading away, but observing that Lieutenant Owen could not help smiling, asked him, whether it was not true, that the Seahorse kept up a most damnable fire. The blunt English tar assured the Governor, *that in that part of the story, Monsieur told the truth.* As Mr. Macintosh cannot forget these circumstances, and must have heard in India, in how many parts of his sixth and seventh letter, he had been induced to write what was not

true,

true, not only to his supposed friend; but to the first minister of state, Lord North, it is surprising that he would venture to publish such absurdities. In particular, as he must know that I was in London, and would not suffer him, or his friend Mr. Francis, any longer to impose on the public, with their abominable and fallacious stories. Both of them have told the most daring falsehoods of me, in manuscript and in print. I have called upon them publicly, first in a letter to the Court of Directors, and then in a letter to Mr. Francis, to both which my name is at full length, but they neither will avouch nor deny their falsehoods, and this having given me full power over their names, I will never quit them, until their characters are well known, from John-a-Groat's house to the Land's End, and that by relating simple matters of fact, and in plain English.

THE eighth letter is addressed to his fair friend, and is made up from such materials as a ship naturally affords, giving some account of the captain's character and manner, who had not yet offended him, and of honest Doctor Yates, a man of as much humanity as perhaps lives. He was some years a chaplain at Bengal, and though not appointed by the Company, he behaved himself so very properly as a clergyman, that the whole settlement, from the Governor down to the lowest English housekeeper in the place, in short, I may say,

say, civil and military men, women, and children, unanimously signed a petition to the Company, to have him appointed to the first vacancy of Vicar to the settlement of Fort William. This unlucky man had put all his wearing apparel, and other effects, servant, and every thing, except the cloaths on his back, on board one of the Company's ships, on which he had taken a passage for India: the ship lay in the Downs, and the purser had engaged to call on the Doctor, (in his way down from the India House with the ship's dispatches,) at a friend's house, about twelve miles from Deal; but he forgot his promise; a fair wind sprung up, the ship sailed, and our poor Doctor was left behind. It was the beginning of misfortune only. He passed to Port L'Orient, and being under the influence of his evil stars, he met with our political adventurer: how much he suffered from that unfortunate circumstance in the end, will be shewn as we go on.

THE ninth letter is, perhaps, the most singular instance of a man's wilful blindness in his own cause, that ever I believe was published to the world. This man will not see that his own foolish and ridiculous behaviour at Port L'Orient, had raised so strong a suspicion of his being a spy, in the minds of the French officers of police, that they had not only watched him, but most likely intercepted his correspondence both with Lord Stormont, and his friends in England, to whom, if it is true that he

did

did send such letters as he has now published, it gave them the most justifiable reasons in the world, not to let him escape them. It did not suit the policy of the French ministry, to clap him up in prison, because that would have involved them in disputes with the English ambassador, whom they yet wanted further to deceive. Then what better plan could they pursue, than to let him proceed on his intended voyage, and privately to instruct the captain, not to permit him to go out of his ship, until he should receive orders so to do at the French Islands, or at Pondicherry, at the same time to treat him kindly on the way? This is so plainly the real matter of fact, that I wonder the man could reason on the subject, both before his arrival in India, and since; and not discover in what a manner he was about to expose himself to his private friends first, and then to the world. Most certainly these travelling letters never were out of his own possession, or his friends have played him false, in permitting of him to commit himself in so disgraceful a manner by their publication.

I NEVER in my life read a charge which does so much honour to the person accused, as, this complaint of his against the French Captain Châteaux to his owners. With what kindness, with what humanity, did not this worthy French officer behave, in a passage of five months! Not once does he let it appear, from any part of his conduct or

C. behaviour

behaviour to this curious English passenger of his; that his orders were to see that he should not escape, to do his country any harm. With what noble and philosophical contempt must this humane Frenchman have contemplated the busy, inquisitive, and self important consequence of this correspondent of Lords North and Stormont, whilst he was doing the double duty of a humane Christian, and an honest Frenchman! And how must the owners of the captain, the father and son at Rochelle, have laughed at our statesman, when after having repeatedly commended the Captain of the Briffon, for his polite treatment of him during the voyage, he comes at last to blame him for not having betrayed his trust! Captain de Chafeaux, engaged, by order of his owners, or the King's officers, to furnish Mr: Macintosh with accommodations, provisions, and kind treatment, from Port L'Orient to Pondicherry, with which he complied in such a manner, as to give satisfaction to his passenger; but having also, from the same owners, or from the King's officers of police, a private order not to deliver his passenger but to the order of the King's officers at the Island of Bourbon, or at Pondicherry, this was a point of duty of which he could not inform Mr. Macintosh, without a breach of orders. The honest and loyal captain did his duty both ways; and none but a statesman qualified for the college in Moorfields, would have exposed himself by complaining of it; and if ever folly and villainy in the extreme,

extreme, met together in one man, it is to be found in our author.

THE three following letters contain his correspondence with the Governor of Pondicherry; and had not the man been totally blinded by his own self importance, he must have discovered that he brought his character with him, otherways his having entered a passenger in a French ship in time of peace, would have been a sufficient reason for the Governor to have permitted him to go to Madras: But his conduct at Port L'Orient, had marked him for a dangerous man, and it followed him wherever he went. No man who knows the polite attention the French officers in general pay to gentlemen in their circumstances, will ever believe that they were detained from any other cause. Poor Parson Yates was unluckily linked to a kind of putrid carcase, and suffered in consequence. Had he acted for himself, he must have obtained his liberty; but being a mild easy man, whose spirit was overborn by his violent and consequential comrade, he suffered for the sins of the other. I shall shew by and by, how well I am acquainted with the real characters, and on what foundation I speak, both of Mr. Macintosh and Parson Yates.

THE 14th letter to Monsieur Lawney, at the Isle of France, shews only that Mr. Macintosh still continued in his mistake, that he was held as a

prisoner of war, instead of a strongly suspected, if not a well known spy. The observation of the French Captain's declaring that he would blow up his vessel, rather than strike to any thing less than a line of battle ship, is really unworthy of him. Is this the great politician who imagines he looks into all the princes cabinets, and statesmens projects, in the world, and fancies himself capable of forming plans to multiply mankind in a triplicate proportion, and govern vast empires? Is he so very ignorant in French gasconade, and so totally unacquainted with the human heart, as not to know, that the man who would talk of such a thing before danger appeared, would be the last to carry it into execution when it really came?

His fifteenth letter, addressed to the Governor General of the French Islands, recalls to my mind what I have heard Doctor Yates say at Bengal, when speaking of his sufferings in the several French ships into which they were at different times removed. He said, that a great deal was owing to their own indiscretion. 'We set out,' said the Doctor, 'on too large a scale. Had we been content to have passed for what we really were, a couple of plain men, who wanted to get quietly to our friends in India, we should have succeeded well enough; but in order to draw respect to ourselves, we puffed away at such a rate, as raised envy, and made us enemies, for which we smarted severely in the end.'

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THE Doctor was well understood by the people to whom he spoke: his clerical character, as well as disposition, induced him to speak in the plural number, though nobody mistook his meaning: besides, Doctor Yates, in his way to Europe, in 1772, put into the Mauritius, staid there four months, and was known to every housekeeper on the Island, and much esteemed by them, and came from thence to Europe in a French ship: therefore if Mr. Macintosh meant any thing more in his letter to the Governor than mere rant, it must have been to remove some ideas which had been raised in the minds of the Frenchmen by his own ridiculous behaviour, and puffing himself off for one of the Supreme Council, and very likely raising of poor Parson Yates to a Bishopric. The French Governor was obliged to say something in answer to his letter; and I could prove that this story hangs as badly together, as any one of Mr. Macintosh's, but I want to get on; nor is it at all interesting to the reader, to know which of the two statesmen could puff the best.

THE sixteenth letter is truly *tragi-comic*: It must have been desperate times with Parson Yates indeed, when he talked of getting a man to inoot him through the head, after he was got ashore amongst his old friends at Mauritius, and never thought of that, or drowning himself, when shut up and devoured alive, by the various kinds of vermin, on board

board the French ship *Pintade*. He comes, however, a little nearer the truth in this letter, than in any of the foregoing. The poor Captain of the *Briffon* is not alone abused; the Commissary, *M. Gonet*, at Port L'Orient, as also the father and son, owners of the ship at Rochelle, are charged with having been privy to the private orders, which begot all his ill usage. This man can discover every particle of the story, and come within an inch of the truth, without finding it. Had it but once occurred to him, that the very improper letters which he says he himself had written whilst at the French seaport town, waiting for a passage, both to the English Ambassador at Paris, and his own friends in London, had been stopped and examined by the officers of police, he would then have found, that he was watched and considered as a spy, and sent out to India, recommended as such to the French officers, and treated accordingly.

IN the seventeenth letter, he commences a new correspondence with a gentleman at Antwerp, under a very curious pretence, that his friend at London, was gone into a different hemisphere. I do not know where his London friend was gone to, but his new friend at Antwerp, was in fifty odd degrees of northern latitude, and he at the French Islands, which I think are in eighteen degrees south latitude. The letter is pretty enough, and well seasoned for a curious palate, with accounts of
monsters

monsters swimming round the ship, which equal the *Norwegian serpents and snakes* of the deep, twenty leagues long, which now every body believe to exist as he says; *sheeps-head breefes*, and soundings where there was no ground; sailing over bugbear sands, which nobody ever saw or felt; dancing in round rings to the sound of the bagpipe; and also a description of the whole voyage to India, and back to the French Islands; the march of General Munro to the siege of Pondicherry, and Monsieur Belcombe's preparations to defend the town; a sea-fight between the English Squadron under Admiral Vernon, and the French fleet under M. Tronjolly, with instructions for the future conduct of English officers in similar situations; the French fleet flying away, because their wings were not clipt, with several *et ceteras*. He has forgot to tell us how this valuable and amusing letter, was to find its way from Bourbon, in war time, to Antwerp; but I also forget, at the time of his writing of it, he had some hopes of being permitted to carry it himself. I dare say it never was out of his own keeping; and I fancy that before I have done with him, he will wish that he had burnt the whole collection.

LETTERS eighteen and nineteen, have been inserted, I suppose, to shew how great a master he is in the ironical stile, as well as to shew his great *gratitude* to the French Governor at Bourbon. What portion of the latter quality he possessed, I shall

I shall have a good opportunity of shewing before I close this epistle.

HE takes the opportunity of the approach of some imaginary ship, in the latitude of thirty degrees south, to write to one of his fair friends, nobody can tell where. If the ship he was in was bound to Europe, the strange ship must have been bound to India, or they could not well have met each other. But this letter is in the true novel stile : and I am apt to believe, that had the whole work been published as the *adventures of a politician out of his senses*, it would have been allowed its full degree of merit. The author in this, gives a merry account of his fellow passengers, not forgetting to let you know, that he had before him for his model, Fielding's description of a stage coach, in his famous Tom Jones. His female friend resides in some catholic country it is clear, from his saying that one of the *lady's nuns* to whom he was writing by this ship, bound the direct contrary way, had forced two letters on him. Here we find that he had been treated with every possible mark of respect, by the very people with whose characters he has made so free, and whose persons and morals he defames; and takes care to let us know, how it came about that he was so treated. Did the French gentlemen and ladies really suppose, that their countrymen in the ship Briffon, had stripped this great man of 30,000!? Whether this letter shall be considered

as a relation of matters of fact, or, as I believe it, the overflowings of a romantic imagination, matters very little: That the writer of it is a monster of ingratitude, is clear beyond a doubt.

In the twenty-first letter, it should seem that the strange ship proved to be a Danish vessel, going directly to the Cape of Good Hope. It is not quite clear, whether he intends, by his account of his getting from the French into the Danish ship, to prove the Captain of the *Favoree*, a knave, a fool, or both. It gives him a good opportunity, however, to display to imaginary *lady abbesses*, and by their means to the public, the persuasive powers of his eloquence. But people whose brains are cool, will see clearly enough, that the French Governor of Bourbon, had told the *Sieur Daniel*, the Captain of the *Favoree*, that provided he did but carry away with him, that very troublesome fellow *Mr. Macintosh*, he might leave him at any port he touched at, or permit him to go on board of any ship he should accidentally meet at sea. The French officers abroad, never considered him as a prisoner of war; but from his own letters and behaviour, knew him to be a spy; and having kept him so long, as until he could do them no harm, were very glad to get rid of him. The poor foolish Captain *Daniel* had sense enough to outwit this great philosopher and statesman; for though at first, he said it was more than his life was worth to let

let him go, no sooner did he discover that no part of the passage money was to be returned, than he suffered the English passengers to go on board a neutral ship. How contemptible does that man appear, whose excess of vanity has served only to impose on himself, when he comes to attempt to pass the same fictions on the world. I own that I feel for my poor friend Yates, who seems to have been quite passive, whilst this monster slaying Quixote Macintosh, did all the business.

THE twenty-second letter is to Governor General Hastings. Notwithstanding the *Consolante* frigate brought secret intimation to Port L'Orient, of what the French were doing in the East Indies with Hyder Ally Cawn, Mr. Macintosh got at it. His account of what the French Governor Belcombe, and the other French officers, thought and said of the secrets and conduct of the Governor General of Bengal, and of the politics of Asia, is curious enough. No man, however high his station, or precious his time, can escape from the impertinence of this universal genius, and self important man. Does he expect that we shall believe his dismal tales of close confinement, on board and on shore, his total exclusion from all kind of society, but such as he describes to be almost worse than brutes, and at the same time believe him able to obtain any kind of intelligence, worth the attention of Ministers of State, Vice Roys of Provinces, Ambassadors,

Ambassadors, &c? To this injudicious impatience of his to be considered as a man of vast importance, he owed all his sufferings; of this fact he convinces his readers, though he seems ignorant of it himself.

THE most unlucky part of this letter, is his endeavouring to establish a fact which Mr. Francis, Sir Thomas Rumbold, and others, his friends, have laboured to do away, viz. that the Chevalier St. Lubin's politics existed no where but in Governor Hastings's imagination. Some how or other, first by the management of Governor Hornby, and the politics of Mr. Moftyn at Poonah, the French adventurer Chevalier St. Lubin, never got from his friends the Mahrattas, one single sous for his cargo; and his ship was given up to a twenty gun ship of the King's, without making as much resistance as a collier would have done with six three pounder guns, and fifteen men. First and last, this unlucky tale of the Chevalier St. Lubin, has proved very unfortunate to his brother adventurer, *Monsieur Macintosh*.

THE letters twenty-three, twenty-four, and twenty-five, were all written at the Cape of Good Hope, and contain such a heterogenous jumble of politics, European and Asiatic, as may be read with great safety, either as real or fictitious accounts. Mr. Macintosh has studied the interests,
political,

political, commercial, civil, and religious, of all the nations of the world, and having a strong memory, a lively fancy, and enthusiastic imagination, it matters very little to him of what state, nation, settlement, or people, he writes, being equally conversant in all : it is of no kind of signification, where his story begins or ends. He is, no doubt, a moving magazine of knowledge ; and a pity it is, that the proverb of the rolling stone is so completely verified in him, as to oblige him to undertake such unworthy employments, as that of writing the most daring falsehoods, of people to whom he had been highly obliged, in order to obtain a very precarious subsistence.

HIS letter No. 26, is the first he wrote after he set his foot on shore in Asia : It is addressed to a lady in France, and contains such matter as may serve to fill a book, and amuse a lady of a romantic turn. How this compound of truth and fiction, came to be addressed to a *French* lady in war time, rather than an English one, I cannot devise ; but I have made one discovery, which is, that this gentleman's fair cousins are all French women ; this accounts well enough for the relationship. Mr. Macintosh himself, has never yet been taken for an Englishman before he spoke, and then the puff and gasconade which flows out of his mouth, obliges you to conclude that he is a French renegade, who having left his native country young,
has

has acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language.

THE twenty-seventh letter of Mr. Macintosh's first volume, is dated at Calcutta, in Bengal, the 15th of September, 1779. As he has omitted to inform his readers how he came there, it will cost me a long chapter to do it for him, and at the same time explain how it came to pass; that I think myself justified in exposing this man's real character to the world, in moderate but direct terms, uncovered by initials, or any insinuation, or mental reservation whatsoever, but in that downright, simple, plain, honest English language, in which, for the good of society, all impostors should be for ever exposed. My name is Joseph Price, a name well known in India, and amongst all sorts of Indian gentlemen now in Europe, whether Lords, Barons, Generals, or of any other denomination of men, from the immortal Lord Clive down to Paul Benfield, of recent memory; and in Leadenhall-Street the name is equally well known, though perhaps not my person, from Robert Gregory, Esq. the Chairman of the Court of Directors, down to little Chapman, the good natured office keeper. If, in this whole scope of my acquaintance, from the year 1750, to the present year 1782, there is one gentleman that will stand forward, and say that I ever told a falsehood, knowing it to be so, I will be content to have this book burnt by the hands of
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the common hangman. If no such evidence doth appear to gainsay my assertion, I shall chance to clip Mr. Macintosh's credit to the quick ; whether he comes forward and owns his books, or sneaks away from the lash, as I believe he will do.

IN the month of July 1778, I was employed by the Governor General and Council of Bengal, to fit out and command two forty gun ships, to reinforce his Majesty's squadron in Asia, commanded by Sir Edward Vernon. I joined the Admiral in good time, and acted under his command, until the French were driven entirely out of the continent of India. I then, of my own accord, wrote the Governor General, that all real service was at an end, and that the ships having been fitted out in a great hurry, their establishment was too expensive, and I wished them to be recalled and paid off. Of this fact, Richard Barwell, Esq. of Great Ormond-Street, can, and I dare say will, if so called to do, give evidence. In consequence of this, the ships were recalled ; and Sir Thomas Rumbold knows how unkindly he used me, in opposing his plans to keep the ships longer out, and what I have since been subject to on that account. I can suffer any thing but insult ; that is too much even for poverty to bear ; nor will I bear it patiently, whilst I can wield a cudgel, or hold a pen.

I WAS ordered by the Governor General to leave Madrafs, so as to be at Bengal by the 20th of August. I would not permit any man to direct me as to the proper time for leaving Madrafs, in order to comply with my orders from Bengal.

ON the day I was to sail, Mr. John Whitehill, the second of Council at Madrafs, called at my lodgings, and desired me to take under my protection, Mr. W. Macintosh, a friend of his, and introduce him to my acquaintance at Bengal. 'He is, Price,' says he, 'the most extraordinary man you ever saw: though he has not been above a month in India, he knows every body and every thing, and will divert you much on the passage down to Bengal.' 'He is, Sir, your friend, and that entitles him to every mark of attention on board the Royal Charlotte,' was the answer I made. Mr. Macintosh not finding it convenient for him to be on board early, I weighed anchor just in time to salute the King's flag, at my taking leave of the squadron before the sun went down, and then I laid the ship's head to the wind, and waited to take him on board. As I was pilot of my own ship, in coasting down the Bay, I had not much time to read Mr. Macintosh's volumes of manuscript, which he pressed me much to do. Some I did read; such as his letters to the French Governors, &c. but that correspondence hath been much curtailed since, to make room for more advantageous game.

I had

I had another passenger on board, who had resided many years in India. With this gentleman Mr. Macintosh disputed the whole of the voyage. Both had cots in the round house, through which apartment I often passed night and day, to observe from the balcony, the depth of water the ship was in, as we kept in soundings the whole day. I believe more than twenty times during the voyage, the disputants appealed to me, to decide between them. Mr. Macintosh had collected all his knowledge from books, the other from books and personal experience; the difference is well known; and I was, in pure justice, though in matters extremely insignificant, obliged to determine generally in favour of the other. This subjected me to some rude observations from Mr. Macintosh. However, things went on, on the whole, very agreeably, until we were sailing up the dangerous river of Bengal, which, in so capital a ship, is no pleasing situation for a commander. But Mr. Macintosh, who knew every thing, would be meddling with, and directing the pilot. This, in the anxious state of mind I was in, threw me off my guard, and I said something to him, which I believe was rather hasty; I felt that it was so; for when supper was on the table, I went to him, and in the kindest manner, desired him to come into the cabin and sup, which he did, and we were as merry as usual. I thought every thing was over; because Mr. Macintosh accepted of my offer to introduce him to Mr.

Barwell;

Barwell; but I had a Jesuit to deal with; for a very little while afterwards, a gentleman asked me what I had done to offend Mr. Macintosh? who, he said, called me constantly, the Commodore of the Musquitto fleet, Captain of the Company's Privateers, and a deal of such stuff. I said that I had done what I had promised Mr. Whitehill to do; and cared very little what such a man as Mr. Macintosh could say of me, in a place where I was so very well known.

I LANDED him, on the 20th of August, at Calcutta; and on the 15th, 20th, 25th, and 28th of the very next month, you have from his pen four letters to his friends in London, stuffed with *garret* observations on every thing curious in Bengal, which might have been as well written in London. The whole month of September in 1779, was one continued deluge of rain; so that though Mr. Macintosh might have seen some of the common natives puddling about in the dirt, the face of the country was under water. I have no intention to follow this curious traveller through his common place remarks, and his eternal plagiarism. His books are certainly well written; and it is a pity the author had not taken truth for his guide, instead of entering so deeply into the spirit of party, and the most unjustifiable ingratitude. How does he treat the character of Mr. Hastings, the Governor General, and Mr. Bar-

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well,

well, one of the Council General, in his very first letter, written twenty days after his arrival in the settlement! Yet at this very time was he soliciting and obtaining favours from both those gentlemen!!!

He acquaints his friend, in his letter dated the 15th of September, that he had thoughts of returning to Europe, which was very true. By order of the Governor General, a ship had been built at Bombay to serve as a packet. She was constructed on the same plan as the King's sloop called the Swallow, a prime sailer; in which ship Colonel Macleane had perished in his way from Madras to Europe. This packet was commanded by young Macleane, the Colonel's nephew; was manned and victualled for twelve months, and lay ready at the mouth of the river, to proceed with letters to Suez, or to Europe, as the circumstances of the Company's affairs should make it necessary. Suez was the place every body thought she would be sent to with advices; and Mr. Macintosh solicited and obtained a kind of promise, both from the Governor General and Mr. Barwell, that he should have charge of the Company's packet of letters over land, if the ship was sent to Suez; or an order for a passage in her, if she sailed to the Cape of Good Hope, directly to Europe, or wherever else she should be dispatched. This kind of promise he obtained before the end of August, and of course was in possession

possession of it when he wrote his first letter in September, and all the subsequent ones. With this clew, and keeping in mind his conduct and behaviour, from his first setting out to India at Port L'Orient, the reader will determine on the true character of Mr. Macintosh, without much further assistance from me. I shall, however, attend his progress through the remaining part of the letters, and occasionally assist his memory with some curious facts.

His thirty-first letter, dated the 1st of October, is, I believe, one of the longest in the whole work, and may be considered as a little history of Asia, as well as Bengal. The author had been at Bengal but forty days, and not understanding a word of the language, did extremely right in compiling his work from former writers on the same subjects, such as Holwell, Vansittart, Verelst, Dow, and Bolts. The three former had been Governors of Bengal, and were perfectly instructed in the language, customs, and manners of the people. Colonel Dow and Count Bolts, both understood the languages used on the continent of India, had been many years in Bengal, and took uncommon pains to obtain information from the learned men of the country, both Gentooes and Mahometans. Those intelligent guides, Mr. Mackintosh might safely rob; and his genius for pilfering public fame and private character,

has enabled him to acquit himself very handsomely. Being quick at catching up any thing he saw or heard, and possessing a talent for mixing it with what he had read, has enabled him to give an air of originality to his curious, and not unentertaining history. But how terrible is it for a man to think that such a writer should find it necessary to obtrude on the world so much stolen information anonymously, and to stab characters dead, with the assistance only of that thread-bare and slight guard against law, initials.

His letters of the 5th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 17th, and 28th of October, are continuations of the same subject; and I could, with very little trouble, restore every thought and remark in those letters to their original owners. He should have dated them at some other period, because the whole month of October, he was himself extremely ill of a fever. I would likewise have had him been more tender of the Chevalier St. Lubin's character, as well as that of Mr. Bolts; neither of them, as I ever heard, having stabbed in the dark, or by the means of initials, mens characters, who had cloathed, fed, and cherished them. Can Mr. Macintosh say so much? Mr. Francis and General Smith, might do well to ask him that question?

THE remaining letters of the first volume, which run up to No. 42, treat on vast variety of subjects. I have only to do with the time of their date, which is the beginning of November. At that time, I was with a friend at the city of Cossimbuzar, a hundred miles from Calcutta, where I received a note from one of the Governor General's aid-du-camps, informing me, that Mr. Maclean, who commanded the Swallow packet, was dead, and that as I was the senior Officer of the Marine out of employ, the Governor General intended to offer me the command of her, and had given orders to him to call me down to Calcutta on that account.

I WENT down, but finding that the packet had been put on the *pilot* service establishment, with a master and two mates, and was not considered as a *frigate* of war, yet was to be manned with one hundred Europeans, besides country seamen, I doubted whether I should be able to keep so many renegadoes in order, without having, as I had before, a regular military commission, as in the King's service, authorizing me to punish, in the regular way, all gross offenders against discipline. I knew the men who made up the crew of the Swallow well enough, and would have gone with them any where into active service ; but in a mere runaway packet, in which nothing could have been devised to have kept them from idleness, or
any

any hope of catching a prize, and without legal authority to keep them in good order, I had no inclination to risk my credit with men fit only for men of war, or privateer service.

IN this state of uncertainty as to what I should do, I received a visit from Mr. Macintosh, who, after the first salutation was over, informed me that the Governor General had told him that Captain Price was, if he chose it, to have the command of the Swallow, as senior officer out of employment; that he had been promised by the Council General, the charge of the dispatches, and had agreed to divide the cabin with the late Commander, and that he should be very happy to sail again with me, hinting that he had spoken very favourably of me to the Governor General, and to Mr. Barwell. Having been born in Wales, suckled with Welch milk, and knowing the man that was talking in this strain to me, I had something to do to keep quiet the Welch devil within. I was short and plain: "I had not seen the Governor on the subject; when I had, I should let him (Mr. Macintosh) know." He saw my emotion, and prudently took his leave.

I WAITED on Mr. Hastings, and told him if the Swallow was put on the frigate establishment, I should be very happy to command her. 'How, Sir, (said the Governor,) can you propose such a thing,

thing, who know how much the late marine has cost the Company ; how much hath been said and written against me on that subject, and that you was yourself one of the first who proposed to reduce it?" "Your observations, Sir, are so very true, that there is no answering of them; but I hope, Sir, that you will not order me to risk my credit in the command of a pilot sloop." "You, Sir, (replied the Governor,) are the senior officer? You are offered the command, not commanded to take it: If you decline, we have many who will be glad to accept it." I bowed, silently retired, and never afterwards saw Mr. Macintosh in Bengal. I hope the appearance of egotism in this and some other parts of these remarks, will be excused me, it is explanatory.

I WILL not say whether the Governor General or Mr. Barwell, saw Mr. Macintosh often, but I know that he was extremely troublesome to both, in persuading of them to read his remarks, and that in the month of December, he had joined a club of gentlemen, who were not badly diverted at hearing him abuse them, and declaring that they kept the Swallow packet from going with advices necessary to the Company's welfare and almost existence, because they wanted to break their words with him, and defraud him of the two thousand rupees which he had been promised for carrying home the dispatches, with other crimes
of

of a most daring nature, and that he would ruin both in the opinion of the English nation, as soon as he should arrive in Europe.

I HAVE gone through the first volume of these curious and interesting Travels in a more particular manner than I possibly can the second volume. I shall, however, attend our hero in his passage home again, and say something of his labours, and my obligations to him and Mr. Francis, since they have been in England. It would be difficult to find two men, who have so much imposed on the public, or who have done the East India Company, and their servants in general, so much injury. I am guarded in my expressions, because I set my name to this book, and know the consequences of making a slip. Let them avouch the work, and I will prove my facts; for them to deny it, I think is impossible; at least I shall by this publication reduce them to a very uncommon dilemma.

THE first letter in the second volume, is said to have been received by Mr. Macintosh, from a friend at Bombay; it takes up no less than seventy-two pages, and is the freest from private scandal of any in the whole work: his friend is something of an enthusiast as well as himself, and has stolen a good deal from former writers, such as the famous Hamilton, Grose, Bernier, and
others,

others; and I wonder a description of the famous antient work, known by the name of Elephanta, has been left out; but on the whole, it is no bad description of the customs, manners, and usages of the various casts of people, who inhabit that little spot, Bombay. In some parts I think I discover Mr. Macintosh, and suspect him to have drawn up the letter from a verbal account of some inhabitant of Bombay, whom he might have met with at Madras or Bengal. He knew nothing personally of the Bombay gentlemen, so has not treated them so harshly as the gentlemen of the other settlements. His note on this Letter had better have been left out, because it shews that Mr. Edmund Burke had truer notions of the prejudices of the Hindoos, than he has. Cow dung they regard as the odoriferous excrement of a deity, or, as the poets call it, the ochor of a god; but it is the animal itself they revere and worship; and nothing would have shocked their feelings more than to have been lodged in a situation where they would have constantly had before their eyes, such vast numbers of those noble animals, as are exposed in West Smithfield, for the direct and immediate purposes of the slaughter-house; they would not have continued in such a situation. His friend's victory over the swine, borders on the romantic, and may be well compared with his own over Captain Daniel, of the ship Favoree; for the people of Bombay are much more accustomed

accustomed to the sight and approach of hogs, than the petit maitres, and women of the parish of St. James's, who would fly with more dread from the odious creature. I once lived in the house which was occupied by General Wedderburne, at Bombay. If he really was so fond of frogs, as is said, he need not to have kept a frog catcher, for in frog season, the time of the rains, my servants had no small difficulty in keeping of them out of the house. Well might the natives say, "Englishman's eat every thing, fight every thing," when they saw the General devour frogs, and the officers attack and rout whole armies of swine. However, I cannot help congratulating Lord Loughborough on the narrow escape of his gallant brother's character in coming out of such hands so very cheaply.

THE other note on the natives leaving their shoes at the door, exhibits as great a mark of the observator's ignorance in Asiatic customs and prejudices, as the former one on cow dung. The Hindoos wear large unwieldy sandals when they go abroad, for the same reason as our women do clogs, and pull them off before they go into the best appartments, for the same reason of cleanliness. At home, or at a friend's house, they sit on mats or carpets, with their legs under them, just like our taylors on the shop board without shoes; and just so much would our abigails be considered to

to want respect, were they to go up to their ladies dressing rooms in dirty pattens, as an Hindoo would be who should defile his friend's house, by coming in with dirty sandals, which he leaves at the door for this purpose, and no other. The custom is so generally observed indeed, that it would be considered as a kind of insult, to neglect so necessary a piece of cleanliness.

HIS other notes on his friend's letter, together with the above, are the best proofs of the genuineness of the letter in hand. When he copies from other writers, or relates what he heard in the very short time he was in India, he is accurate enough: but here his vanity prompted him to a kind of comment on his friend's letter, and trusting to his own fallacious ideas, he misrepresents the most common Asiatic customs.

THE next, or forty-fourth letter, seems to have been written with the sole intention of extolling the great abilities of his patron and friend, Mr. Philip Francis. I shall, Mr. Macintosh, take occasion to inform the world, that you needed not to have asked leave of that artful man, to make a few short observations on his works. If he has written any thing to the honourable Company on the subjects you speak of, they are not his own observations. He is, Sir, no better than yourself, a copier or commentator on the works of other men.

men. The custom of writing minutes on political subjects, to be entered on the face of the Company's consultations, at the member's own houses, has been the means of raising to Mr. Francis, the little credit he has obtained. Whatever the Governor General proposed in council, Mr. Francis objected to, and promised a minute at a future meeting. A copy of the proposition was carried home. Messrs. Shore, Ducarrell, Anderson, Alexander, or Mr. Charles Grant, were sent for; the three first on all matters of revenue, or Gentoo laws or customs, the fourth on affairs of the army, and the fifth on mercantile affairs: they digested the minute, and Mr. Francis copied it and carried it to the Board. To prove this, I refer to his crude and undigested letters to the Company, exhibited in the second Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, viz. No. VII and VIII of the Appendix. He never thought that those curious productions would have been brought forward to the public eye, or he would have got Mr. William Harwood, a very able Company's servant, who came home in the ship with him, to have revised them for him. But he, like his friend, Mr. Macintosh, never fails to be caught tripping, when they attempt any thing purely from their own knowledge. I shall prove the copartnership by and by.

I AM almost afraid to meddle with letter forty-five; not that it is John Wilkes's number, but that

that it is the commencement of an attack on the honour and integrity of the Governor General, which has been so often repeated by his great enemies, General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis, in the first months after their arrival at Calcutta; never yet supported in one single instance, and only now revived from the critical situation of affairs. This, and the following letters, are dated from Calcutta thirty months ago. Can it be proved that they have been received by any gentleman in England in due course of time, allowing for the distance of the places, in the same form and words in which they now appear; specifying by what conveyances they came to hand, whether by sea, or over land, or how? If this can be proved, it may be of some use to the party: For my part, I think it looks so like a conspiracy against the honour of Governor Hastings, that I shall be nothing backward in charging Mr. Francis with having a hand in it, if he chooses to meet me fairly, and give me an opportunity to do it. I do not mean by private quarrel; affairs are gone beyond all that: No cutting of throats in single combat, will wash out the stain from the party, or from me, if I am wrong. I have all at stake; and I believe the honour of yourself, Mr. Macintosh, and of your friends, if any remains amongst you, is not a little concerned in this affair. One side or other must suffer in the opinion of the public.

THE forty-sixth letter is a digest of Mr. Hastings's, and fifty other peoples plans, for conducting our governments in Hindoostan. The nation is welcome to it; and if it can do the author any credit, I will not rob him of it. I shall only observe, that the laws we found ready made to our hands, when we conquered the country, as they relate to the religion, customs, and manners of the Aborigines, that is the people called Gentoos (Hindoo is a term which only should be used when speaking generally of the people inhabiting any of that part of Asia denominated Hindoostan.) But I am not an elegant writer; I think of nothing but how to express myself truly, and to be understood, without straining the mind of the reader. The Laws of the Mahometans might be suffered to remain too: but of that cast of people in Bengal, there are not five in the hundred, in point of numbers: they have been to the Hindoos, what the Tartars have been to the Chinese, the Romans formerly to the Greeks at Athens and Sparta, the Moors to the Spaniards, the North Americans to the native Indians, the Spaniards to the Mexicans or Peruvians, the Portugueze to the Brazillians, Dutchmen to Malays or Hottentots, Russians and Brandenburgishers to the Poles, Genoese to the Corsicans, or in short, the Normans to my poor countrymen in Taffyland. For God's sake, and for Christ's sake, most honourable Lords and Commons of this
happy

happy Island, let the poor inoffensive docile creatures alone, to till their land, settle their disputes, say their prayers, and go to heaven their own way. I feel and dread the scourge now soaking for them in the House of Commons, made up on the false representations, and falser ideas, of such reformers as Mr. Macintosh and his friends. I have journeyed naked, barefoot, and hungry, through their land; have had them put rice on a leaf at my feet, and pour water into my mouth, when lying down overpowered with grief, fatigue, and misery, by the way side. They are the good Samaritans our Lord speaks of, spare them for his sake, and send no more vipers, in the shape of Clerks from War Offices, to worry and to teize them.

THE forty-seventh letter is all of Mr. Macintosh's own fabrication. He saw the French Islands in his way out, and envies them to his half countrymen. Now the nation is at war with France, I wish we may take them, and many other of their possessions, from that perfidious and faith-breaking nation. Indeed we must do it before we lay down our arms, though we run another hundred millions in debt to one another. What true bred Briton would not rather die or go at once to short allowance, than live to be insulted by a Frenchman? If we disarm before we drub them, we are undone as a nation. I, too, could plan the way, &c. &c. But the idea of making

making the French African Islands an emporium for the trade of Asia, is worthy the deep penetration of our predatory statesman, and places his ignorance in mercantile politics, below contempt.

HIS forty-eighth letter ought to be answered by Mr. C. W. B. Rouse, Mr. Evan Law, Mr. Edward Baber, and Mr. Edward Golding: they have all been Collecting Chiefs of Provinces, and have been examined by the Select Committee of the House of Commons: the two first are known to be the friends of Mr. Francis, the latter two quite *neuter*; but all four are men of as much knowledge and understanding, as any gentlemen who ever served the Company. Will they plead guilty to the charge of having been great nuisances when acting in quality of Revenue Chiefs in the Provinces? Who was it gave Mr. Macintosh this information in Calcutta? Messrs. Ducarrell, Shore, and Anderson, the minute writers of Mr. Francis, are men whom I know and esteem, on other principles than Mr. Macintosh does: they also have been Collecting Chiefs of Provinces: Did they inform him of their own and fellow servants delinquency, in their several stations of Collectors of the Revenue? No part of Mr. Francis's conduct during his stay in India, gave me so good an idea of his penetration and judgment, as his placing confidence in the abilities of the three young men last mentioned. But what is there in that,
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more than giving a landsman the command of a line of battle ship, and taking care that his lieutenants and master, are able and experienced seamen; as was the fashion in merry Charles the Second's reign? We know better now: nor shall we, I hope, revert to such foolish experiments any more, in the conducting of our Asiatic possessions. I pledge myself for Messrs. Ducarrell, Shore, and Anderson, that they did not furnish Mr. Francis, or his panegyrist, Mr. Macintosh, with any of the villainous assertions and insinuations, which point so directly at the honour of the Governor General, and so many of their fellow servants. But I have seen some very excellent memorandums and remarks of those gentlemen's drawing up, which did them honour: I can trace them in the works of this author: But how very unhappy will it make them, when they shall find what a vile use has been made of their papers, and observe themselves, and three or four more, the only righteous men singled out by Mr. Macintosh, to save that Sodom and Gomorrah, Bengal, while all their other numerous friends and acquaintance, are given up in the lump to perdition.

THAT Mr. Francis and Mr. Macintosh found the want of the country language, at Bengal, I make no doubt, and every *full grown statesman*, who shall be sent, or touch there in his travels,

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must always make the same complaint; but that the Company's servants learning to speak, write, and read the country language, which many of them acquire to a most astonishing degree of grammatical perfection, should subject them the more effectually to be imposed on in their accounts and transactions with the natives, is a new idea, and being separated from the main work, and given in a note, shews it to be Mr. Macintosh's own, nor will any man of sense rob him of it. If, as he says, in another note to the same letter, the Company cheat themselves, in taking lads of fifteen years old for writers, instead of boys of sixteen, reference to the parish register where the young men were born, would soon set the matter right. What an opinion must this man have of the conduct of the parents of the children, and the Directors for the Company! The boys themselves not having yet been contaminated by the pernicious and corrupting air of Asia, may be acquitted from having a hand in this useless fraud.

THE forty-ninth letter being a paltry and disguised theft, from a paper I myself lent him, in which the Asiatic private trade to Mocha, Judda, and Suez, in the Arabian Gulf, or Red Sea, and to Bufforah, in the Gulf of Persia, is described, to both of which places I had made nine voyages, in quality of supercargo, and captain of
a ship

a ship of my own, in the stock and block of which, no person but myself and family were concerned; if such pilfering is of use to him, I freely give it up. The various customs and port duties on those, and numberless other ships cargoes, which I paid to the Company in the course of near thirty years fair trading, hath helped them to make good the wages of such ministerial servants as Mr. Francis. Let him enjoy the sweets of it: But neither he nor his agent, Mr. Macintosh, shall abuse and traduce my own and friends characters with impunity.

THE fiftieth letter is such a collection of daring absurdities, studied misrepresentations, and abominable falsehoods, as is not to be equalled in this author's own works. There are five European factories within the space of twenty miles, on the opposite banks of the river Ganges in Bengal: Hooghly, or Bandell, the Portuguese presidency; Chinsura, the Dutch; Chandernagore, the French; Sirampore, the Danish; and Calcutta, the English. They all hold their right of residence under Phirmauns from the Great Mogul. The Dutch, the French, and the English, are very large and populous towns. In peaceable times, the European inhabitants mingle together, like one great patriarchal family of old: Their plays, their masquerades, their free-masons clubs, their public balls on the birth days of their

several sovereigns, are open to the three settlements: the commodities of the several nations, on the arrival of their European ships, are free to any body to buy: Every where you may be regaled with a tankard of English beer, a bottle of French wine, and a slice of Dutch cheese. In the name of God, why should it be otherwise? Are not the inhabitants of the three nations equally social in time of peace in Europe? This friendly and generous intercourse, in some instances, produced its natural effects: the young people dancing and romping together, became fond of each other: the French forbade their servants from intermarrying with Protestants, the English theirs from the same connections with Roman Catholics; but love breaks down all barriers; the lovers meet at Chinsura, and a Dutch Presbyterian parson ties them up. What's to be done? Are both Companies to dismiss them from their service, for this compliance with the unalterable laws of nature, and leave the poor wanderers to beggary and disgrace? In thirty years residence in India, I do not believe that I heard of more than eight or ten of those forbidden matches, and some of the poor criminals were dismissed from the service of their Company, and turned adrift a prey to fortune. Abominable and damnable tyranny! Middleburg in Zealand, Ostend in Flanders, and the town of Dunkirk in France, are in almost similar situations. What tyrant of the human mind would think

think of opposing such natural connections? And if such a scourge to mental and natural liberty should arise, how could he prevent his subjects from emigrating? “Curse on all laws but those which love has made,” in such situations becomes a pious prayer. The instances which Mr. Macintosh gives of the defection and ingratitude of foreigners, are erroneous in argument, and false in conclusion. Neither Summero, Chavelier, or Moneron, owed any allegiance to Great Britain, but such as is due from prisoners of war. Major Polier was a Swiss officer in the Company’s service, but from principles of policy, was never permitted to rise higher than the rank of Major. He did not quit, but was driven out of the Company’s service. The man never did, nor ever will, associate with, or draw a sword in the cause of, the enemies of this country. He is now in Calcutta, and if the Company should restore him to the service, it would be such an act of justice as would do honour to their humanity. One branch of the legislature, and even the laws of this country, deemed Bolts an injured man. He was, and is, a busy, meddling, enterprising adventurer, a citizen of the world; but never, as I have heard, basely published falsehoods against a man to whom he had been obliged for more than board and lodging, as I shall prove Mr. Macintosh to have done, in more instances than one.

THE notes in this, as in former letters, hint at crimes of the blackest dye against the Governor General's honour. But why should he escape without being charged with treason, as well as all other dreadful crimes? He has escaped nothing but a charge of sodomy; and as that horrid crime against God and nature, is said to be constantly practised by that disgrace to human nature, the Vizier Affoph ul Dowlah, Nabob of Oude, and Mr. Hastings is reported to be gone up to his court at Allahabad, Mr. Francis or Mr. Macintosh's agents, may furnish them even with that, before the present session of Parliament is over: it will but complete the catalogue now exhibited to the nation against that much injured gentleman. I wish the reader to peruse this fiftieth letter, and the notes under it, and then determine for himself. So may I be judged, if the reading of it has not made me sick, and my head to swim round as if I was inebriated. To the owner and his friends I leave it, who alone, I think, can read it without shuddering, and feeling their blood run cold in their veins.

LETTER the fifty-first seems to have been accidentally, or perhaps designedly, misplaced. It contains general charges against the Company's servants on the coast of Coromandel, and a plan for fixing the line of succession to the Nabobship of the Carnatic. It is quite an easy matter for this
curious

curious adventurer to arrange the affairs of government for any state or kingdom; and this must be considered as a sportive flight of his imagination; at the same time never forgetting to lay a good load of criminality on the present managers, be they whom they may.

THE fifty-second letter opens with the cause of all his grievances; it is dated on the 13th of December, 1779; at which time he seems to have given up all hopes of the Governor General's sending the Swallow packet to Suez, by which means he had hoped to have come from that Arabian port over land to London, with dispatches to the East India Company. I would ask Mr. Macintosh, whether his letters of a prior date, in which the Governor General is so continually abused, had been written before this period or not? If they were, why did he constantly attend the levees, the concerts, and so often endeavour to draw the attention of that prodigious bad man, by the most accommodating and servile adulations? solicit favours from a person whom he had painted in such odious colours to his friends in London? The first paragraph of this desponding letter, he concludes with a philosophical reflection, "but I am pretty well inured to disappointments." Had he acted with that cunning peculiar to men of his stamp and character, he would have begun his abuse after he came to know that no packet could

could be sent, and then he would have had the plea of disappointment to have rested his revenge upon; now it impeaches, at least, his integrity; or am I mistaken? Statesmen have, perhaps, the privilege to bite the hand that feeds them with impunity. The truth of the matter is, he never once thought his conduct would be so rigidly scrutinized; nor will he care much about the consequences to his moral character, provided the Governor General shall be recalled, and his friend, Mr. Francis, have his place, and carry honest Mr. Macintosh out his secretaty, as has been already agreed upon.

He promises to bring home the letters himself, if he shall have no opportunity to send them; and as he left Calcutta about a month after the date of this fifty-second letter, I will conclude that he brought all the remainder home with him; and I shall go near to prove, that he never did send one of them to any real person in England, or any other country. I mean the letters dated at Calcutta, from the 15th of September, 1779, to the 24th of January, 1780. The letter now in hand, complains heavily of the filth and nastiness of the people and town of Calcutta; and though in it he endeavours to prove, that it is next to a miracle that they are not all destroyed by fires, yet when he has cause to lament the most terrible one that ever happened in Calcutta, which was
whilst

whilst he was there, his malice induces him to add,
 “ To these chappors (straw buildings), or to a
 “ *more suspicious cause*, is the loss of more than
 “ twenty-two lacks of rupees, consumed in one of
 “ the Company’s warehouses on the memorable
 “ fifth of November last, *confidently attributed.*”

LET us try what a little truth will do towards clearing the inhabitants of Calcutta from the above, and all the following aspersions, thrown on their characters in this letter, by the humane and charitable Mr. Macintosh.

WHEN the English first settled at Fort William, in Bengal, or Calcutta, the little body of merchants, instead of fixing themselves on the west side the river, as all the other Europeans had done before and since, determined on a very small spot of rising ground on the east side. If I remember right, their reasons for this choice were, that it was situated near to several populous villages, filled with cloth manufacturers, whom they wished to engage in their service; that they should be free from the incursions of the Mahrattas, who, in those days, were very troublesome to those settled on the east side of the river; that the anchorage for their ships was very good, and near the place on which they proposed to erect their little fort; and the ground itself did not cost them much money.

THE soil was a rich light clay, or rather a blackish mould, extremely fit for vegetation, but had a tendency in wet weather, to become quite a quagmire; this last quality they did not then suppose would become very troublesome to them. Brown sugar in brown paper in damp weather, gives no bad idea of it. Round their little fort, and close to it, by degrees, they built themselves very neat, useful, if not elegant, houses, a church, a court-house, &c. laid out walks, planted trees, and made their own little district neat, clean, and convenient. Carriages they had none, for there were no carriage roads then in the country, nor for many years after.

THE universal custom of the natives, when they obtain a small spot on which to build a hut, is to dig a hole, raise one part of the ground with the earth from the other, and make the walls of their house of the same materials from the same place, and then cover it with straw, tied on reeds or split bamboos: the hole in the ground is made smooth, and as deep as they can, and when the periodical rains set in, it becomes a little pond or tank, in which they wash their bodies and their cloaths, as directed by their religion. Vegetation is so quick and powerful, and shade so necessary, that in six months time, the little hut is absolutely hid from the eyes, and almost from the knowledge of every body but the inhabitants of neighbouring huts.

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A little path of a foot or two broad, is all those harmless people want to go from home into the common highway leading to the public market.

THOUSANDS of those huts are run up, wherever they are permitted to build near European settlements. If it is an unwholesome mode of living, (as it certainly would prove to wine-bibbers and flesh-eaters, neither of which those people ever taste,) I wonder how the nations in Asia continue so populous: it certainly has been their only way of living all over Hindoostan ever since the creation, or since that country was first peopled.

IN 1756, the Nabob Su Rajah ul Dowlah, a foolish intoxicated young tyrant, drove the English inhabitants of Calcutta first into their little fort, then on board their ships, or into the black hole, and plundered and destroyed part of the white town. But I must remember that I am writing a defence, not a history. When they returned, it was as conquerors, but mercy and justice attended close at their heels, let such historians as Mr. Macintosh say what they will to the contrary.

MUCH ground was cleared to make room for a new fort; many thousand huts thrown into the holes from whence they had been taken, to form roads and an esplanade; but every man who lost a hut,

a hut, had ground given him on which to make another, and always of more extent and value, than what had been taken away from him. But it requires the inhumanity and want of feeling of a Macintosh, to keep those simple creatures from crouding in upon you. Much was done by Governor Vansittart, Lord Clive, Governor Verelst, Governor Cartier, and Governor Hastings, to cleanse the town, and make it wholesome and convenient. Are such men as the above, to be charged with want of humanity? No man will believe it who ever knew them.

WHEN Mr. Hastings came to the government, he added some new regulations, and gave a degree more power to the officers of police, divided the black and white town into thirty-five wards, and purchased the consent of the natives to go a little further off; Mr. Francis, if he has a grain of truth in him, will own, how very clean and clear of chappor buildings, and other nuisances, the part of the town he lived in was, when he first arrived.

THERE are no stones, gravel, or other hard substances, within fifty leagues of Calcutta, with which to mend the roads. Burnt and broken bricks, are all the materials we have, and very expensive they are; for lay them down as thick as you will, so rotten is the soil, that in two years time,

time, it will be sunk a fathom deep: With Mr. Francis came the Judges of the Supreme Court, the laws of England, partial oppression, and licentious liberty. The common felons were cast loose, our household slaves emancipated, the merchants of the place told they need not pay duties on goods imported or exported, to the Company, if they pleased, for there was no law of England to compel them; and the natives were made to know, that they might erect their chappor huts in what part of the town they pleased. Mr. Francis, and Mr. Macintosh's great friend, Mr. Livius, the Military Store-keeper General, told me, that he built a chappor stable and coach house, close to his dwelling house, as much with the intention to prevent the common Bengal people from building smoaking huts there, as with a view to the having his servants, horses, and carriages, near at hand.

EVERY man permitted his own servants to erect straw huts against the outside of his house, but without digging holes, to prevent more disagreeable neighbours occupying the spot. All distinction of character and order was thrown down as much as if there had been a civil war in the town; and in fact, there was a civil and judicial war too; for the Council General and Supreme Court, who both arrived at the same time, went together by the ears about their different powers; and every inhabitant in the town, black and white, did

did that which seemed best to be done in his own eyes.

IN August and September, the waters from the inland provinces come down in consequence of the heavy periodical fall of rain, in such inundations, that at high water at Calcutta, which is twice in twenty-four hours, the level of the lower part of the town is four feet below the surface of the river. At this time of the year it rains incessantly, and all the lower floors of common houses are under water, except such as stand near to the old fort, or where the first European houses were built.

WHILST the settlement was in this situation, unsettled in its civil government, a relaxed police, and half under water, Mr. Macintosh landed. Now, gentle reader, turn to his letter once again, and tell me who they were that have caused all this disorder? We hear that Mr. Hastings has charmed the Judges into order (no matter how,) and has persuaded them to join him in framing some municipal laws, in order to begin the work of police anew. The inhabitants have submitted to a tax of ten per cent. on the rent of houses, and fifteen per cent. on the rent of warehouses, (so my letters per Belmont inform me.) Sir Robert Chambers, an honest man even in Mr. Macintosh's opinion, is at the head of it. But to prevent so salutary a plan having its due effect,
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another Act of Parliament, and more *good men* from this country, must be sent out to learn the natives [to speak English, and bring them again into the town, to nourish them under the eyes of our houses once more. Does General Smith, Mr. Rouse, and other gentlemen, who are about to throw all down and begin again, imagine the inhabitants of Calcutta will thank them for more ministerial pests to their society, or are those worthy patriots only paving the way for their own exaltation ?

LETTER the fifty-third is entirely judicial. So unbounded are this great man's abilities, that he can give the best plan for every thing at a dash. To have expected candour or true information from him, in the story of Nundcomar, would have been foolish. The man was hanged three years before he saw Calcutta : but as Mr. Farrer, a Member of the House of Commons, was the Rajah's first Council, I shall turn my back on Mr. Macintosh, whilst I tell Mr. Farrer, that his new friend and fair cousin, has not stated one single fact truly or fairly.

I do not know what Mr. Macintosh means by saying, in page 192, volume the 2d, " it was their
 " will and pleasure to seize the person of the mi-
 " nister of Nundcomar, to conduct him to Cal-
 " cutta, to detain him a prisoner under a military
 " guard,

“ guard, until the arrival of the Supreme Council in October 1774.” Is the particle *of*, in the above paragraph, accidentally foistered in? if so, then Nundcomar is meant by the word *prisoner*, and in that case, I set it down as falshood the first, for the man was not a prisoner. If he means to say that Mr. Hastings intended to recommend him, or did recommend him, in any shape or way at all, to Gen. Clavering, I call it falshood the second. If he means by the “ Civil Chief ” Mr. Hastings, and that he then, and not till then, renounced the Bramin, it is a double falshood : first, that Mr. Hastings ever placed any confidence in Nundcomar himself; and secondly, that he intended to put him on, or recommend him to the General; and I do pronounce them to be falshoods third and fourth. As to the Rajah’s charges against the Governor General, they were exhibited just five months after the Majority arrived, and very opportunely for their affairs, as Mr. Francis well knows, and a friend of mine has lately made clearly to appear.

NUNDCOMAR, by residing for many years under the protection of the English flag, in the town of Calcutta, was subject, as well as any other man, to the criminal laws of England. If forgery was not a capital offence, the Judges must answer that. If he suffered contamination by commitment, he was already contaminated, for he had been committed

mitted to prison before, by an officer of the cutcherry court, and for the same offence.

THE forgery was not committed more than nine years before ; for the man whose estate it was intended to (and did) defraud, died in 1769, and the Rajah was hanged in 1775—Falshood the fifth. When the forgery was committed, Nundcomar was not a servant of the Nabob, in any shape or degree whatever ; he was out of all kind of employment, and lived under the English protection in Calcutta, as a private man—Falshood the sixth:

His charges against the Governor, were like all his other charges, as has been proved by a friend of mine, in a Letter to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. That the Governor General had nothing to do with the commitment, one way or other, is also proved in the same Letter. And I am authorized to say, that if Mr. Farrer, or any other man, will controvert that fact, my friend will appear, and dispute the matter with them fairly—I will therefore denominate it falshood the seventh. The Rajah did eat, wash, and go through the ablutions of his religion, in as perfect a manner in prison, as if he had been at home in his own house : this was the opinion of other Bramins and Pundits, or Doctors of the Law—Falshood the eighth. Who Mr. W. W. and Mr. J. L. mean, I know not ; but no person that the Sheriff put on

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the corrected *venire*, were struck off; except they mean some gentlemen for whom the Council General applied to the court, requesting they might be excused from serving on juries at the assizes, because without their attendance in the civil offices of government, the current business of the state must stand still. Of those secretaries, deputy secretaries, and office assistants, there were, I believe, half a dozen excused, before the juries were impanelled. This application surely was not criminal in Mr. Hastings, more than any other member of the Council General, who all joined in the application. Your assertion, therefore, makes falsehood the ninth.

SIR Robert Chambers did want to have the man tried on some other statute; and he also wanted to refer the matter to the King in Council, after he had joined in the condemnation of the Rajah, on as full conviction of his guilt, as any man in court felt. Sir Robert was shewn the original copy of a petition to the King, to pray his Majesty's mercy in favour of a great merchant, who had been condemned to death at the quarter sessions of oyer and terminer, held at Calcutta, in the year 1762; to which petition was the name of Maha Rajah Nundcomar Bahadar: He was then also an inhabitant protected by the laws and flag of England, against the enmity and projected vengeance of Cossim Ally Cawn, the then Nabob.—Who do you mean

mean by the conspirators, the lawyers, the judges, the prosecutors, the juries, the evidence for the crown, or the majority of the civil government? Governor Hastings falls under none of those denominations of men. But that I know you hate all information which would lead you into the knowledge of a little truth, I could name five gentlemen, who, out of the few you allow to be honest men at Bengal, were on the grand jury, and agreed, without a single dissenting voice, to find the bill against the Rajah. I will tell you more; of twenty-three who formed the grand jury, (and your Saint Charles Grant, as well as myself, was one of them,) not one single man objected to sign an address of thanks to the Judges, for their patient and upright dealing in that point of duty. But these are little matters of fact, below the notice of the great law-giver, Mr. Macintosh. Will Mr. Farrer, or Mr. Francis, assist you in this unhappy dilemma, or not? Ask them. Here is something more than bold assertion against you; you are directly charged with having been guilty of asserting nine different falsehoods in one letter only.

THE fifty-fourth letter sets out with giving the initials of the gentlemen's names at Bengal, who hold contracts. To contract for the doing all sorts of public business, is the constant, uniform, and perpetual orders of the Company, to all their settlements abroad. General Clavering declared, that

men in office, in all parts of the world that he had known, were so abominably corrupt in their principles, that government could not trust them with the disbursements of public money, (yet he was himself a chick of the last Minister's hatching,) and that it was his determination to put every thing to contract, agreeable to the Company's orders. Many of the gentlemen whom Mr. Macintosh has marked by initials, held their contracts under the Majority, and only became criminal, from their having accepted the same terms from Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Templer, the young gentleman who is so *handsomely* spoken of by Mr. Macintosh, is one of the Company's servants, of about nine years standing. Immense sums of money had been paid by the Company for *elephants*, to supply the wants of the army. Mr. Templer made strict enquiry how those useful animals were taken, and made tame for use. When he was well informed in the business, he gave in proposals to the Council Board, and I believe for the first time, during the administration of General Clavering. The lad was so completely master of the subject, and gave such reasons to prove, that by superintending the taking of the wild elephants himself, he could serve the Company with more certainty, and much cheaper, than they had been heretofore, his proposals were accepted: and was I writing an account of the Chittagong province, I would entertain the reader with

with the manner how those stupendous animals are taken in the woods, what means are used to tame them, and in how short a time they are brought into service, under the conduct of one man, or perhaps a little boy; with what prodigious services those noble animals render their owners, and at what a trifling expence: But I am now writing simple observations on the works of the Bengal Lycurgus, or rather Draco, in which I am not allowed to range into the regions of wild nature, or stop to pay the tribute due to the generous, useful, and docile elephant. I have a most pernicious animal in hand, who, with an infernal spirit, has usurped the form of a human creature; but thank God, his dark soul shines out in his face. Look at it, you who know him, and say, am I right, or not?

Mr. Templer's contract expired whilst this great man was at Bengal, who knowing every thing equally well, persuaded some of the Company's younger servants to offer to take the contract on lower terms. I suppose he was to have had a part, for he can take elephants in springes, as countrymen catch woodcocks. Mr. Templer was called before the Board, where he so fully explained the situation he was in, the vast number of people he had then employed, in taking and taming the wild elephants, the great stock he had on hand, ready to deliver when called upon, but not yet delivered;

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in short, he convinced not only government, but every honest man in the settlement, that the new proposals were only given in at lower prices, to force Mr. Templer to sell his stock to them, on their own terms.

MR. Samuel Touchet being one of the very few whom Mr. Macintosh allows to be an honest man at Bengal, he will not be displeased with my giving an instance of that gentleman's conduct, in contracting on terms similar to the above. This young gentleman is son to the great merchant of the same name, formerly of London, and being actuated by a spirit always to be encouraged, set up on his own private credit, a very extensive sugar and rum manufactory, and does now, at a time our armies cannot be supplied with French brandy, or Batavia arrack, serve the military and marine with five hundred leaguers of rum, made in Bengal, annually. Besides this, his adventurous and great mercantile spirit, induced him to undertake a most extraordinary and extensive silk manufactory. The Company paid in 1767, sixteen rupees per seer for their filature silk : this gentleman now contracts to deliver it to them equally good, at twelve rupees per seer. I have observed with great concern, that this true son of an English merchant, was several times on the brink of bankruptcy. That is now over. He is quite a boy to me ; and I have, and now do, smart severely for having been born with too strong a propensity

a propensity to mercantile speculation. Let the Company pursue their true interests, and not suffer such excellent young servants to fail, for want of a little necessary support, in undertakings so great and beneficial to them, and to this country.

I SHALL now give two instances on the other side. I have known Mr. Hastings thirty years; and can say with truth, that nothing gives him more real pain, than when any of his private friends make proposals for a contract. He is so very averse to it, that I do not know a thing so likely to cool his attachment to an individual. I have cause to wish that I had followed his advice. Being in a great way of business, and in possession of twenty-four ships, snows, and sloops, navigating the seas on my own credit, without one man being concerned with me, in stock or block, I took a contract to serve the Company with Pegue teak timbers and plank: I served them honestly, and they paid me fairly; but I lost 67,000 rupees by the contract, as has been proved by my books delivered into the hands of my assignees.

I WILL ask leave to say a little more of myself, because I know this pamphlet will be read by, a great military man, whom this part of my address points at. I was a licensed free merchant in Bengal, and at one time allowed, amongst others, to deal in salt: I bought a great quantity at the Company's

pany's sales ; it lay at a mart a hundred miles from Calcutta. The value of the rupees of Benares, or of Oude, called Vizary rupees, were well known in Bengal. It happened that the Company paid the King's tribute of twenty-six lacks of rupees, through the medium of the commanding officer of their army, stationed at or near Allahabad. Some advantage arose to the commanding officer, in having the Company's money coined into Vizary rupees to pay the King. I say not who it was, whether with, or without, the connivance of the commanding officer, but somebody caused those rupees to be re-coined into so base a metal, that they were not of half the value they ought to have been. Some artful fellows came down the country with boats loaded with those infamous Vizary rupees. Numbers of merchants sold their goods to them, and took this base coin in payment, and before it was discovered, my agent sold all my salt for the same money. The poor creature came to Calcutta overjoyed with the news ; but the discovery of the imposition which he suffered, in receiving bad money, killed him, and helped to ruin me,

THERE was not a man in Calcutta, but called those rupees the General's rupees. His friends said that he did not coin them—That may be true. When he was examined himself, by a Committee of the House of Commons, he said that he never in his life had any concerns in the mint business.

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When he was asked in what coin he paid the King's tribute, he replied he would answer that when it should come before the House.—Very fair, very wise, and no ways dishonest, such answers! But he should have accepted such from others lately examined.

I SMARTED severely by these blasted rupees; and in some letters I wrote on other mercantile affairs, I mentioned this story, and the General's name at full length; for he had left the country before I received the rupees, or he would have heard of it verbally; for I hate to mince matters; and nothing vexed me more, than that my agent permitted the letters to be published at all with initials. The General has seen me often, spoken to me too; had he mentioned the books, he would have had the story given to him just as I have now obtruded it on the public.

POOR Mr. Billi (a private secretary to the Governor General) was urged on by a young man who wrote under him in the office, to give in proposals for a contract, and obtained one: Whilst the young man lived, and managed the business, ruin was kept at a distance; but no sooner was he dead, than Mr. Billi discovered his mistake: the contract is now held by some one else; and he, poor man, has retired in a state of bankruptcy, with a ruined constitution, and a broken heart, to Chittagong, to pine out the remainder of his life.

THE contract to serve the army with bullocks, had been taken on such plan, as Mr. Macintosh would have had somebody offer for the elephant contract, until one person bidding constantly under another, brought it to such a very low ebb, that General Sir Eyre Coote observed, that the bullocks could no where be found but on paper, and said, as war had been commenced in all parts of India, it was his opinion, that the Company most certainly would want them, and it would be better to give a shilling for a real able and serviceable beast in the field, than sixpence for a paper one.

THE great and constant complaint brought home against Governor Hastings, is, that he neglects his friends in his public capacity. How many of Mr. Francis's particular friends are now in office at Bengal? Need I mention the Fowkes, Messrs. Moore, Livius, Collins, with fifty of the Company's other servants, besides some who accompanied him to Europe, that have made fortunes in offices, from which the Governor could have removed them without the least injustice, had he been splenetic? Yet their growlings rumble in the wind, and join in the cry against Mr. Hastings, with no better grace than Mr. Macintosh himself; the only difference is, they whisper the idle tales which he gleans up, and publishes to the world.

In the course of thirty years residence in India, Mr. Hastings must have formed friendships for men in and out of the Company's service, who had grown old with him. His private purse was always open to them, and in some instances to a degree almost blameable, but his public situation never of use: Careless to a proverb in money matters himself, it was a subject on which he never talked. I would maintain the man in food and raiment, separate from the governor, for the pay and batta of a Major in the Company's service, in any part of the world. And as for the fortunes of those he called his private friends, I will mention a few of such as died insolvent, or became bankrupts, whilst Mr. Francis was at Bengal; Mr. Charles Playdell, Dr. Hancock, Mr. John Robinson, Mr. Evans, Mr. Glover, Mr. Billi, Mr. Thomas Motte, Mr. Montaigut, and Mr. Joseph Price: most of them residents in India for as long a time, and some of them longer, than the Governor himself, and the rest absolutely of his domestic friends, and of his household; and their names occur to my mind at once, without lifting the pen from the paper in order to recollect, or I could double the list. I should really be obliged to Mr. Francis, to favour me with a list half so long, of men of any fortune at all, obtained by Mr. Hastings's favour—I even dare him to it—Pledging myself at the same time, to give him a much longer list of names of men now in England, who
made

made their fortunes under the government of him and his friends—This is fair play—I call him to the contest in civil, though plain English—There goes my glove—Say you, War-Office Statesman, will you or your swarthy Solon take it up?

THE fifty-fifth letter of this author, is a strong, but highly caricature likeness of the manners of the Europeans in general who serve in Asia. The pomp and state he reports them to live in, comes but to the share of those few, who live long enough to rise by slow degrees, and after many years service, to the highest offices in the state. The lazy and indelicate custom of being dressed and undressed in the manner he describes, never is practised by any but such as grow very corpulent, and not always by them: it was a sight so rare, that I always used to ridicule and laugh at the very few lazy good natured fellows, whom I saw indulge themselves in it. The very pointed description which he gives and applies generally, made me endeavour to recollect from whom he drew it; and I now remember that he was lodged and boarded gratis, in the most open, generous, and friendly manner, by a plump, good natured, hospitable soul, as ever existed, who loves a convivial life, and a smart Cleopatra, as well as Mark Anthony ever did, but without his vices: He was introduced to the acquaintance and protection of this facetious tubbelied son of Bacchus, by Parson Yates; and every
part

part of this jolly fellow's house, was as open and free to his friends as to himself; and knowing, as I do, the forward impertinence of this abuser of the laws of hospitality, I am convinced that his assurance has carried him into the most private apartments of this child of good nature, which unseasonable intrusion of his sprung the hen bird, and gave him the opportunity to see the gentleman dress or be dressed. In general, the young gentlemen, as soon after their arrival as they can, muster money to buy a horse, ride from a little before daylight until eight o'clock, then breakfast, and go directly to the public offices, where they write hard until two or three o'clock at noon, then dine, and if all their daily business is done, they drink tea, visit the ladies, and perhaps dance with them, or sup with them, or, which is more common, attend them in their visitings, which is always in the evening; after which they go home, and are fast asleep by twelve o'clock. Gaming and drinking is not known to the younger servants, who value a character with their superiors: and those amongst them (which are by no means few) who early feel the powers of ambition, give up those innocent and powerful indulgences, to the severe study of the country languages, and reap, in early employments of trust and consequence, the advantages the loving and merry rogues give up to the attendance on the ladies. Mr. Macintosh knows that the former are mostly North, and the latter South, Britons,

or

or from Teague or Taffyland; fellows who never begin to think of making money, until they can dance and dangle after the ladies no longer.

His notes on this letter, as on all others, mark the baseness of the man's disposition; otherwise he would never have reserved a card of invitation to a concert, sent him by the Governor's lady, whilst yet a mere stranger in the place, in order to exhibit it to the world, as a proof of the profligacy of the Bengal inhabitants. I hope that they will take care what strangers they treat so kindly, after Mr. Macintosh's book shall reach them. When he observes that the gentlemen introduce their hookas, and smoak in the company of the ladies, why did he not add, that the mixture of sweet scented Persian tobacco, sweet herbs, coarse sugar, spice, &c. which they inhale by means of the long tube or snake, comes through clean water, and is so very pleasant, that many ladies take the tube, and draw a little of the smoak into their months; and almost all ladies like the smell of it, as it goes off directly, and never remains in their cloaths, or the furniture of the rooms?

To sum up the whole criminality of the charge, the Company's servants sip tea, dine at two, drink a few glasses of wine, smoak sweet scented tobacco, wear clean linen, kiss a girl, and go to sleep. Even Mr. Macintosh's fair cousins, would not condemn
a young

a young fellow for doing all this. For my part, in thirty years residence, I never could find out one single luxury of the east, so much talked of here, except sitting in an arm chair, smoaking a hooka, drinking cool water, (when I could get it,) and wearing clean linen.

HEAR me, you English mothers and daughters; grudge not to your sons and brothers the above indulgences; it is all that nineteen in twenty of them ever enjoy, for leaving of your parental and fraternal embraces in the blossom of life, to end their days in foreign land, and never see you more. It includes their sins too: for let this mouth piece of party, and vile scandalizer of private character, say what he will, as many Englishmen go from Bengal to heaven, in proportion to their number, as do from Great Britain: But it is a national misfortune to lament the loss of a Clive and Vansittart dead, whom our popular orators abused whilst living; and the same men now turn their venomous, half-informed eloquence, against a Hastings. May God forgive them for the sin of prostituting such superior parts to so vile a purpose. Their patronage of Macintosh may be labouring in their vocation: the season over, they will spurn the traitor from their sight: and that will be the ultimate reward of such a statesman's stalking-block as Mr. Macintosh most certainly is.

THE fifty-sixth letter leads me into a subject; which I touch on with great reluctance; it is unpopular too:—General Clavering is dead; he had the good fortune to die with the character of a great and good man:—Why will his friends not let his ashes rest in peace?—May they bring up his name, and recall his memory to our minds, for no other purpose than to make invidious comparisons, and draw damnable conclusions, to the destruction of the moral characters of the living, and I not speak a little truth in defence of those living, but absent men, because the General happens to be dead? Preach such doctrine to the dogs; I'll have none of it.

Mr. Francis very often screens himself under the the names of General Clavering and Colonel Monson, when he urges arguments false and infamous in the extreme, against Governor Hastings. Here his agent, Mr. Macintosh, is using the same weapons, to destroy his character, and to turn in to ridicule Sir Eyre Coote, on whose military abilities and sound judgment, hang all the national hopes of retaining our possessions on the Coromandel coast, and our military character in Asia, opposed to as great a military genius, and consummate statesman, as ever Asia produced; who would, if not prevented by the English arms, soon re-establish the Mogul empire in Asia, and fix it in his own family. This much approved officer voted against Mr.

Francis

Francis in council, when the Governor General proposed the sending of him to the coast with troops and money, which in its consequences, hath saved us, and retrieved our affairs. This fatal crime Mr. Francis cannot forget, nor ever will forgive, because it has shewn too plainly, the motives for all the opposition he made to Mr. Hastings's public measures. He therefore furnishes his *sable saint*, Mr. Macintosh, with minutes and papers from the Company's records, to enable him to attempt to turn the General into a foolish, whimpering, whining, avaricious old woman. Let the friends of Sir Eyre Coote but read the fifty-sixth letter of this man's works, in the second volume, and then say whether I have misrepresented the matter or not.

I SHALL say nothing of the lavish praises which he bestowed on Mr. Wheler, that Chairman of the Court of Directors, made a Bengal Counsellor by the Ministry, who had first made him a Director from a Linen Draper—This was still in his own line, though a kind of falling off from a post of honour, to a post of profit. So much cannot be said of the Clerk from the War-Office. Let them enjoy the incense offered to them in so dirty a crucible.—Other men will be ashamed that they have ever sat down in his company—nor will they do it again.

BUT observe the assurance of the man, lamenting in so serious a stile, the misfortunes of this country, that Sir Eyre Coote did not do as General Clavering did, leave the army to itself, without ever once going out to see it, or to view one single post in the whole kingdom of Bengal, Bahar, or Orissa, but continued in Calcutta, doing all he could, to remove Governor Hastings out of the chair, that he might himself get into it. Neither Mr. Wheler, Mr. Francis, or Mr. Macintosh, were ever out of Calcutta above a dozen miles on parties of pleasure—Yet these are the great men whom ministry have lifted up to save Bengal—A Linen Draper from Cheapside, a Clerk from the War Office, and a Creolian Spy, without one of them understanding a single word of the country language! If this succeeds, who would not become a patriot?

THAT the Governor General of Bengal, would make but an indifferent successor to Sir Clement Cotterell, is certain; his address would not be admired by the court ladies, though his person is certainly genteel, and his appearance as much that of a gentleman, as most men of the age he lives in. But it is not for personal qualities that he is admired or hated: Mr. Macintosh found him possessed of a quality which is always fatal to impostors; modest to an extreme himself, he detests impudence in other men. Never could the Governor indulge him

him with a moment's conversation, but he wanted to press upon him some of his crude ideal plans for the government of Bengal; offered to explain to him the cause of all our misfortunes and mismanagements on the coast of Coromandel, (where Mr. Macintosh had resided a month;) how he should set about getting possession of the French Islands; and pressing of him to peruse his volumes of manuscript remarks; and all this at a time when Mr. Hastings had the whole weight of the national concerns in Asia on his head. Besides this, the Governor's vast experience enabled him to discover that his counsellor was an arrant impostor, who, at the very time he had the impudence to take up his time, was only endeavouring to catch some expression that might accidentally drop from him, and which he would turn into ridicule with Mr. Francis, and his other enemies. Mr. Barwell used to say, that the man diverted him highly, in seeming to suppose that he believed all that was said, when he has sat an hour patiently, to hear his plans for the reformation of the world—So that we see the Governor lost his good opinion by shewing that he thought him a knave, and Mr. Barwell for laughing at him for a fool.

LETTER the fifty-seventh begins with one of those adominable falsehoods, which makes me exclaim, in the words our great poet has put into the mouth of Othello, "Patience, thou rose lipped

“Cherubim, thou here lookest grim as hell!” Mr. Macintosh affirms, that a third of the lands in Bengal, have run into woods and waste, from the cruel oppression of the Europeans having driven away the native inhabitants. Major James Rennel (one of the first land surveyors now in the world, and who has broken up and almost ruined his constitution in the Company’s service, in a laborious examination of their districts in Bengal, maps of every part of which he has presented to the Company, in a stile and taste that reflects great honour on that branch of science) after fifteen years experience of Bengal, declares quite the reverse. I am almost ashamed to reason with such a man as Mr. Macintosh, because I believe he will laugh at me, and say amongst his friends, this warm Welchman believes I am serious, and will not see that the work has been prepared and held in readiness to be published just in the nick of time, to confirm our friends in their ideas of Mr. Francis’s honesty, and Mr. Hastings’s depravity, until an act shall pass the House of Commons, to appoint the first Governor of Bengal, and recall the latter.

I HAVE heard many of the Company’s servants declare, that had not the famine interposed, and carried off such vast numbers of ryots, and poorer kind of people, that the provinces of Bardwan, Midnapore, Chittagong, and the twenty-four Purgannah lands, held by the Company since the establishment

establishment of Jaffier Ally Cawn in the Nabob or Subahship of Bengal, would have doubled the number of their inhabitants. If this man, or his friends for him, as I have known others, should say true, "but they come from the upper Provinces, where they stood at rack rent under their native landlords," I ask what becomes of your argument of European oppression? However, the increase of people has happened; whether they dropped from the clouds, or sprung up spontaneously with the rice in the fields, came from other provinces, or increased from their own stock, the fact stands the name; and the annual increase of revenue, easily collected, proves, beyond a doubt, the lenity of the English collectors in the Company's own provinces.

THE old story of the Rohilla war is here again introduced, with the same candour with which the Majority handled it in all their first letters to the Company from Bengal, in the year 1774, and beginning of 1775, before they had found out the usefulness of Nundcomar's daringness of spirit, to furnish them with *arzeys* and *baromets*.

This letter seems to have been intended as a take-ave blow at the character of Mr. Hastings, and contains innumerable downright assertions, of his having been guilty of every vice with which he has, in a hundred instances, been charged by the

the same men, but not in one instance proved to have been so.

COLONEL Champion, who commanded the army in the expedition into Rohilcund, and Colonel Galliez, the second in command, are now in England, as well as many other officers who acted under them; if they are content to be supposed capable of acting in the bloody scene of extirpating a whole nation of innocent people, what shall I say! Mr. Macintosh, with his usual candour, introduces a letter of Colonel Champion's to Governor Hastings, in which he says the Vizier told him, that he had settled all money matters with Mr. Hastings, (and so he had.) Before the treaty of Benares, the contingent expences of the Company's troops stationed to defend Sujah ul Dowlah's dominions, had been so inaccurately ascertained, that the officers commanding those troops, often applied in vain, both to the Company's agents and to the Nabob's, for payment of their contingent bills. Colonel Upton had caused to be built, for the convenience of the troops, some temporary sheds, to screen the soldiers from the violence of the season; the Nabob thought the Company ought to pay the expence, the Governor and Council thought the Vizier should bear it, and of course, the Colonel lay out of his money. This was a charge which in the adjustment of the demands on both sides, at the treaty of Benares, had been forgotten, and
Colonel

Colonel Champion was desired to apply to the Nabob for it. "He had settled all claims of the Company with Mr. Hastings in the treaty," and therefore was somewhat out of temper, on a fresh application being made for payment of contingent bills, for work done before the late treaty. What is there in this, which does not always happen in the adjustment of pay and allowances for auxiliary troops? Luckily for the cause of truth, it was a demand made by Colonel Upton, an old friend of General Clavering, and was by the Colonel explained to the General. But the very jakes of scandal must now again be rumaged, to furnish matter for charges against the Governor General. Colonel Upton made the peace with the Mahrattas, was a friend of the party; but even his name must be brought in, when it will serve the purpose of Mr. Francis.

If these travels be admitted for any thing but what they are, a collection of vile falsehoods, I will renounce all confidence in history. After this, I have a right to believe that Pizarro, Cortez, and all the immediate followers of the great Columbus, may have been as innocent of rapine, blood, and murder, as I know Lord Clive and Mr. Hastings to have been. The first were Spaniards, and so were the historians who have recorded their deeds; the last were Englishmen, and so Mr. Macintosh calls himself, which is also a falsehood.

SINCE

SINCE I have read this work, I have lost all confidence in Cicero. I believe that he was a coward, and for that reason the more likely to be a liar. He was an orator too ; and I have lately read a production, said to have been drawn up by a man, whose harrangues I have often heard compared to his, and those of Demosthenes, in which there are insinuations, as injurious to the honour of Governor Hastings, Vice Roy of Asia, as ever the first wrote against Cataline, or the last against Philipp, Zemindar or Rajah of Macedon. Verras, Governor of Sicily, may, for all I can now believe to the contrary, have been as good a man as Governor John Cartier, who diminished his private fortune by feeding the poor, during the famine at Bengal, and now plants turnips at a little farm in Kent ; as honest and humane a gentleman, as any Roman or Sabine warrior of them all ; yet he, by such men as Mr. Macintosh, has been called a monopolizer of rice, and starver of the poor.

THE stroke of art which the man has employed to induce people to believe that he was four years on his travels, is matchless.

“ STILL harping on my daughter.” Mr. Macintosh knows very well, that even his friend Mr. Francis, hath declined to charge Mr. Hastings any longer with being the author of the Mahratta war. The Chairman of the Secret Committee

tee of the House of Commons, sitting on India affairs, has also given up that post as untenable. but honest master Mac is governed by the old ~~trick~~ maxim, "Continue to throw dirt, some of it will stick." Many people will see the travels, who never saw or heard of the numberless ways that prodigious piece of stale calumny has been overset. If, by reasserting it again, only one vote in the House of Commons, shall be obtained, so much the better for the cause. Besides, that long refuted tale now revived, serves to swell the bulk, and raise the price of the books.

It is not commonly known, that in all the Company's settlements abroad, there reigns a kind of rage amongst the younger servants, to become proficient in the Persian, Moors, Bengal, and Malabar languages, in particular the first, in which all the Hindoostan histories of Asia have been written, as well as many very curious and diverting fables. The young gentlemen exercise themselves in translating different parts of those writings into English: They reason and dispute with their *munchees* (tutors) in Persian and in Moors: They communicate their translations to each other. I have seen a smart criticism on Colonel Dow's History of Hindoostan, that would make no small figure in a monthly review. Those scraps of manuscripts are in every body's hands: and the history
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we have in this work, of the Mahratta state, is the production of Mr. Horsely, one of the Company's servants at the Presidency of Bombay, who was sent as a kind of Ambassador from that Presidency to the Council General at Bengal. He composed it in his passage down, to refresh his memory, that he might not be at a loss to answer any questions which the Governor General should put to him. The young gentlemen at Bengal, know how great a proficient Mr. Hastings is in all the learning of Asia, and they are afraid to appear before him, to talk on a subject of which they know little or nothing.

I saw the manuscript from which this 58th letter has been formed, in the hands of Mr. Thomas Motte, who said it was a very ingenious composition of my friend the Malabar Ambassador. Mr. Macintosh hath dressed it, and given it his own turn of stile and manner, and, I believe, preserved the historical part very justly: the reflections and conclusions are entirely his own. Men who have seen the world, and studied the human heart, will be at no loss to know what a noble collection such a man might make of scraps of Asiatic learning, amongst such a number of young students, whose vanity he knew so well how to gratify, by promising to publish their compositions on his return to Europe.

I REMEMBER,

I REMEMBER, that on my going in the Christmas week, in the year 1779, to the house of Mr. Shore, to read and sign the Calcutta petition to government against the Judges, that gentleman said, "Captain Price, why you have imported the wandering Jew; the man knows every body, and every thing." "I believe, Mr. Shore," said I, "that Mr. Macintosh may have swallowed the universal history, and that he can spew up any part of it, when and how he pleases." "But I do assure you, Price," replied Mr. Shore, that he is "a man of great consequence: I have seen letters from him to Lord North, and almost every one of the Ministry." "That may be, Mr. Shore; but have you seen any letters from them to him?" "No, I have not: But I see, Captain Price, that you do not like the man." "I own the fact, Mr. Shore; I have found him ungrateful, and I believe him to be an impostor." And so the conversation ended. When Mr. Shore shall see how the man has behaved, he will give me credit for my observation.

As Mr. Macintosh possesses a tolerable stock of school learning, has great industry, and a very happy knack at writing, how much is it to be lamented that he did not obtain from Mr. Horsely, his historical remarks on Arabia. That gentleman resided at Mocha some years, as factor from the East India Company, and understands the Arabian language

language, as well as the Persian. We have no good history of that extraordinary country, antient or modern. I have been at it often, had with me all the histories which I could pick up, that treated on it, (I mean English, mind that; for I am no scholar, nor pretend to be one,) but I could not trace one single feature of the manners or customs of the people who inhabit it, or landscape of the country, which described it better than it did New Zealand. In the first it seldom rains; in some part of the last always. It is the richest uncultivated spot on the surface of the globe, for such an original genius as Mr. Macintosh seems to possess, to work on; and as none of his countrymen are there, who, by their rapacity, could disturb his passions, he might have given us something honest and worth reading. But, perhaps, telling simple truth is so repugnant to the nature of the man, that he can do nothing in the writing way, unless he shall be indulged in defaming the characters of individuals. I am induced to think so, from not having met with one single letter in fifty-eight, that is entirely free from it.

THE fifty-ninth letter is a kind of continuation of the foregoing, except that in it, he gives up some of his former fallhoods, and sets out with new ones. All his information formerly obtruded on Lords North, Stormont, and Governor Hastings, relative to the dangerous treaty concluded with the Mahrattas,

Mahrattas, by the Chevalier St. Lubin, is now proved by himself to be false; and Mr. Hastings is charged with holding him up, in order to justify his intentions in commencing a Mahratta war. Here he gives the lie direct to his friend Mr. Francis's letter to the Court of Directors, and dams his own first volume into waste paper. If, by writing to the English Minister, Ambassador, and Governor, he proves himself to have been guilty of the most daring falsehoods, in the whole story of the French adventurer St. Lubin, why was he so angry with the French officers of police, and governors in Asia, for confining such a false intelligencer? Or did they keep him as a proper tool, on whom to impose, and urge on to write fallacious accounts, to mislead the English Ministry? If the reader knew the man but half so well as I do, he would allow me no small degree of credit for the above remark. Indeed, I begin to think, that he and his friend Mr. Francis, have fallen out, and that he now publishes his history against the positive injunctions of that gentleman, and that he will follow it with a key to all the lies and scandal to be found in his work, and lay them directly to the account of Mr. Francis, because he has not come up to his price, in order to stop his mouth. There is no other way of accounting for the extraordinary contradiction of his own former letters. I know a person now in England, who declares publicly, that Mr. Francis made the gentlemen who were of his

his family at Bengal, pay a part of his household expences; and there are other very extraordinary instances of his economy, which may be produced. Mr. Macintosh hath very heavy demands on Mr. Francis for secret services, and will not permit his wages of iniquity to be curtailed, and this may have begot a breach between the parties. We shall soon see whether I am out in my intelligence or not.

MANGULORE is not the capital of Hyder Ally's dominions; it is a sea-port town on the coast of Malabar; nor will it admit of large vessels into the harbour, without unloading and dismasting of them. Indeed, there is never more than thirteen feet water on the bar at any time of the year. Even Hyder Ally's cruizers cannot go in and out, but at particular times of the tide, otherwise the fleet under Sir Edward Hughes, would not have been able to destroy them in the manner they did, by coming on them by surprise, on the outside the harbour's mouth: the inside is well guarded by strong forts, which ships cannot come near enough to batter. I have been in the harbour with a small vessel four different times, before Hyder Ally possessed the country. It is a very fertile province, produces much rice, in which article there is a large trade to the port of Muscat, and both the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, which brings in large sums of money; this, and its pepper and sandal wood

wood for the China trade, makes it so very valuable a possession, and induces Hyder Ally Cawn, to guard it so well.

As to his putting the French in possession of it, or even permitting them to hoist a flag, except at a factory house, as the Portuguese, Danes, Dutch, and even Count Bolts has been permitted to do, it is no such thing. No doubt, but that in peace and in war time, all the European nations carry mortars, cannon, shot, small arms, &c. in vast abundance there, to exchange for the articles of trade abovementioned, and many others. From this port to the French Islands, in the north east monsoon, and back again in the south west, safe and constant communication is kept up. I have left the port of Mangulore myself at twelve o'clock at night, with a fresh land wind, and stood out directly to sea, in a deep loaded merchantman, to avoid the pirates which some years ago much infested that coast, and the next evening made the Laccadiva Islands, distance two degrees and a half from Mangulore, due west. With the south west winds, the French ships from Bourbon and Mauritius, run from the Laccadiva Islands to Mangulore, with the same ease, and in as few hours, without risk, but of meeting some accidental English cruiser coasting the Malabar.

As to Europeans who run from their national colours, and enter into the service of the country powers,

powers, I have heard one of the best officers the Company ever had in command of their Madras army, say, that he considered them no otherways than as so many Seapoys : for acting under blacks, they become mere blacks in spirit, and almost complexion, from the dirty naked manner in which they live for want officers to make them do their duty, and keep themselves clean ; and so restless and discontented are they at all places, and in all times, that they are for ever shifting from colours to colours. I could give three or four instances of the whole body of Europeans throwing down their arms in action, on their black master's army beginning to give way. Governor Law, with four hundred Frenchmen, surrendered to General Camac, when he beat the Mogul's army in Bengal, almost without a blow. Hyder Ally calls them his *bogs* ; and his officers treat them with the utmost contempt. Latterly, indeed, he has formed a corps of artillery, from the various people of various nations of Europeans who have offered their services to him ; but he will not trust them out of his sight ; and has the art to play the renegadoes of one nation against those of another, in such a manner, as to make them all suspicious of one another, and afraid of him. Those who imagine that the French King's officers of credit, will act with such a motly tribe of raggamuffins, are much mistaken ; and such who believe that Hyder Ally Cawn will ever permit two or three thousand of them

them to act in his service, under their own officers, know little of the man. His constant demand is, bring me good cannon, the best small arms, and a few artillery men; it is all I want: I have soldiers enough. Whenever the French do land more than three or four hundred men in Asia, they must, and will, act on their own bottom; for their pride will not suffer them to be commanded by a black fellow: and Hyder Ally's knowledge of the real views of all European states, whose subjects come to India, will never permit him to suffer an army of Europeans, which he cannot surround and cut off in an hour, to come into his country willingly.

“THESE potatoes,” said he to his eldest son, “are very palatable, and a good addition to other roots in a curry; but they are like the men from whose country they come; if you suffer too many of them to take root in your soil, you will never get them out again: remember that, boy, when I am gone.”

SUCH have all Mr. Macintosh's stories been about the adventurer Chevalier St. Lubin; poor devil! He no more made a treaty of any consequence with Hyder Ally, than with the Mahrattas. He had out-gasconaded his own countrymen, and out-lied even his half countryman, Cousin Macintosh, and continues blustering about Hyder's

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camp,

camp, writing stories of the conduct of the English Governors and commanding officers, similar to his cousin's, which, could we come at, would prove that he reports Mr. Hastings to be an artful villain, who is so cunning that nobody can cheat him; General Coote such an old woman, that he and Hyder Ally Cawn, are on the point of taking him and his whole army prisoners; that their nation hath suffered an irreparable loss, on Mr. Francis' going out of India, for whilst he remained, he would not permit that cunning fellow, Mr. Hastings, to do any thing which could hurt them; that Mr. Wheler had been roused out of his dream of approaching glory; and what was worse than all, their great friend and bubble, Mr. Macintosh, the spy, had slipped out of the hands of Captain Daniel, and was gone home, to publish what would prove himself to be both knave and fool, and much hurt the French cause in Asia.

THE sixtieth letter is almost a literal copy of what was represented to be the situation of the Bombay affairs transmitted by Mr. Horsely to the Governor General and Council of Bengal, and is, I believe, the freest in the whole collection, from abuse. Poor Ragoboy, indeed, is introduced as usual; nor does Mr. Farmer escape quite shot free. It has been published in twenty different forms and shapes, in pamphlets of this man's own writing,

writing, (as I shall presently shew,) and in the catchpenny productions of others:

THE next letter, No. 61, has been taken from the latter part of his pamphlet on the same threadbare tale, and shews the insolence of this writer, in contriving means to pick the pockets of the public, by giving them stale dishes new tossed up, only a little higher seasoned with scandal. I fancy that the bookseller hath paid so much for the copy in the lump, and taken all consequences on himself. In that case, to compleat the work, and fit it for a second edition, I freely make him a present of these remarks and observations, to enhance the value, and reimburse him his money, and pay his extreme temerity, in giving to the public so charitable an account of the conduct of his countrymen in Asia. Debrett, in Piccadilly, has not been used well, if he is not concerned in this worthy business; for I am sure he advertised, and puffed off the several pamphlets sufficiently, which contained the embryo of this full grown monster, and ought not to be neglected. The great pains he took to circulate Mr. Macintosh's lies against me, hereafter to be mentioned, deserves better treatment; and if I was he, I would not work any more in the service of such ungrateful masters.

LETTER the sixty-second sets off with a striking instance, that marvellous historians should possess strong memories, or they will be in danger of tripping. This wide waste of unexplored country, had been traversed a very little while before by Mr. Macintosh's own friend, the military Ambassador, Colonel Upton, who had with him a large suite, composed of good and experienced officers; a clergyman named Smith, thought by Mr. Maskaline to be a very great astronomer; two land surveyors, both excellent draftsmen; and every conveniency which could possibly be applied to the obtaining a perfect sketch of the several passes, woods, mountains, rivers, fords, towns, and villages in their rout. They were as long in their passage from Culpee to Poonah, or to the residence of the Paishwah, the Mahratta Minister, that an army of fifty thousand men might have trod the same ground in one third of the time. The reason of their slow approach was so evidently calculated to give time to observe the nakedness of the land, that at the very first audience Colonel Upton obtained with the Mahratta Ministers, they charged him with the dissingenuity of the proceeding. The route and map of the country, then so accurately taken, and all the officers and people that remained of Colonel Upton's party, were given to and joined with Colonel Lesley's army, to direct and assist him in his march over the very same ground. Perhaps Major Renel, to whom the Company owe so much for his
compleat

compleat surveys of all their provinces, may be able to shew Mr. Macintosh a sketch of it; as all such routs and marches of our armies in Asia, are sent to him to compleat his general map of the continent of India Proper; a work that will do honour to this nation, and, I hope, pay that great and accurate geographer well for his trouble; as no man of science, or lover of history, should be without his book of provincial maps, or his general map, now I believe at the engraver's. But Mr. Hastings furnished Colonel Upton (who was himself a man of science) with all those helps, and that is a crime his bitter enemies, Messrs. Francis and Co. will never forgive him. I wish the reader would look even into the common maps of the continent of India, for the route from Allahabad to Poonah, and if he finds a navigable river, I will engage to drink it up. Cataracts from the mountains, and deep fords in the vallies, caused by the rains which fall at that time of the year, no doubt but there were; but if Colonel Lesley, or Colonel Goddard, saw a single boat in their passage, after they left the banks of the Ganges, and reached the hilly country, then am I mistaken; for in the whole route, an account of which I saw in India, the constant complaint was, that the want of bamboos and earthen jars, proper to make rafts to pass the artillery, stores, &c. over the fords caused by the rain water, prevented the army from advancing. But this letter has also appeared in the figure

figure of a pamphlet, as indeed have all the remaining ones in the second volume, under the various denomination of the rise and progress of the Mahratta war, Rohillo war, New Fort contract, Bullock contract, &c. the birth and death of all which, I shall fully explain. I pass on to letter the sixty-sixth, which concludes the author's works at Bengal, which he winds up with the most severe reflections on Governor General Hastings and Sir Eyre Coote, and, as usual, bestows great encomiums on his new master, Mr. Philip Francis, in whose service he was now on the point to embark, on board the ship Ganges, Captain Richardson, for Europe, with manuscript accounts of all the disputes which had happened in the Council General of Bengal, for the preceding six years. Those he had engaged to digest on his passage home, and spew up again on his arrival in England, with quantum sufficit of his own phlegm, and therewith gorge the nation in all shapes and forms, from daily squibs in the news papers, to the present two volumes in octavo.

His first letter, after he had left Bengal, is addressed to George Livius, Esq. a gentleman who brooded under the wing of Mr. Francis, (on his first arrival,) and soon after, by his influence, obtained the office of Military Storekeeper General, over the head of a Company's servant, a several years prior standing, who acted as first assistant in
the

the same office ; an instance of cruel supercession never before known in the service, except by appointment from home ; and Mr. Bride, the young gentleman who was made to suffer this unmerited degradation, was at the same time informed, that if he resigned, or refused to serve in the office under his new and ignorant master, (I mean ignorant of the duties of his office,) he should have no other. Necessity has no law : Mr. Bride continued to act and to pine at his hard fate, until he found relief from shame and disgrace in the grave. This instance of the conduct of the majority, and that of Mr. Hastings, in suffering Mr. Livius to continue in the office, in bar to the claim of one hundred and twenty senior servants, because he made it a rule never to retaliate their cruelty to his friends on theirs, is what I could not pass by unnoticed ; but shall not indulge myself in one more, though I know a hundred instances of the same nature. Refutation, not accusation, being what I have in hand.

Mr. Macintosh himself appears here again in his true character : in the second paragraph, Captain Richardson, of the Ganges, and the Captain of the General Barker, are charged with a designed breach of orders, on the 2d night, for parting company, though both ships were loaded for Europe, and were to stop at Madrafs, and could have

have no interest or inducement for leaving each other.

THE sportive gambols of the innocent children, (whose complexions must have been dismal indeed, if they exceed the mulatto tinge of his own,) disturb the philosopher so much, that he at once forgets the piteous stories he has told us (all through the first volume) of his sufferings in the different French ships, and declares his now situation to be worse than any he had ever experienced. Does this man expect our belief of what he says in his first volume, every part of which he himself so flatly contradicts in the second?

I do not know who his other male companions were. Capt. C— C— I believe, means Captain Cowe, the person who spoke of the political execution of the Rajah Nundcomar, at Westminster. What a field of information have the gentlemen of the Select Committee missed by not sending for Mr. Macintosh? I hope, for the good of the public, this hint of mine will not come too late: if they want more evidence, let the colour of it be what it may, I think, from this work, that honest master Mac is their man. Captain Walker was in the ship too. I remember how I used to envy that sensible man the good opinion of the ladies, who always used to mortify me, by observing what a polite and genteel man he was. Is he be-
come

come brutish in his old age? I will not believe it: because I find that an old fellow must be more than commonly polite, to obtain the notice of the sex, even in this land of plenty: and the charge is quite new against the Bengal gentlemen, whose extreme attention to the ladies, hath long since given cause to call Calcutta the Ladies Paradise. But I left it in a Dutch ship, nine days before Mr. Macintosh; and if I believe that the gentlemen of the place, from the Governor down, (except very few,) were all villains, why not believe Mr. Macintosh when he asserts, that they were also vulgar brutes? Major Webber was a man who improved on him much; I can account for that: Major Webber went out a lad, Captain with General Clavering, not in the service of the Company; but he soon had a regiment of horse given to him in the service of the Nabob of Oude. He possessed political principles extremely well suited to those of our traveller, &c.

THOUGH Mr. Livius understood the hint of whom it was that Mr. Macintosh wished to have had with him, his English readers do not, so I must tell them. It was, Madam, or Sir, no less a man than Mr. Philip Francis, whom Mr. Macintosh had endeavoured to persuade to leave the foolish attempt to make an honest man of Mr. Hastings, and go on with him and attack him here; that plan

plan failing, he undertook the business himself, as shall presently be made to appear.

THE last part of this letter is a key to all which follows. He dreaded a coalition of the two parts of the Supreme Council, which would render all his schemes of ambition and defamation abortive : it will, he says, be necessary to keep *friends properly advised* ; that is, if Mr. Francis should be induced to pretend friendship to Mr. Hastings, and he, Macintosh, was not properly and regularly advised of it, he might, by following the instructions with which he left Bengal, be as likely to do harm as good to the cause, by his projected plan of a general attack on the morals and common honesty of some of the Company's servants at Bengal ; as the dreaded coalition, if it took place, would involve all parties alike.

WHAT an old dolt am I to have taken so much pains to prove what Mr. Macintosh, in his last letter, written in India, fairly confesses ; that is, his hope of being sent back in time to save India ? Sir Thomas Rumbold he neither condemns nor acquits ; but with great candour helps him on a little in the public opinion. Mr. Whitehill and General Monro, he gives hints to and advises. But the villainous speculation and mismanagement at the Madras Presidency, is nothing to the same evils at Bengal. He had sagacity enough to foresee,

fee, that there would be Committees of Investigation into the conduct of our officers in India, (for he was at home before they were formed,) but it does not yet appear, that either of the Committees have taken his evidence or his advice. How (if Mr. Hastings should escape both those fiery ordeals) will he be able to answer to his conscience, his country, and his friends at Bengal, his not offering to appear at one or both these awful tribunals, the members of which seem almost as angry with the Governor General as Mr. Macintosh himself, and perhaps would have been glad of receiving positive proof of the treason, the treachery, the baseness, and the avarice of Governor Hastings? They have, it should seem, overlooked all those high crimes and misdemeanors, and found on the Company's records, only that he is ambitious of the name of Conqueror, and that he has thrown down a sop to the Great Law Cerberus, to stop his mouth, whilst he goes on with his plan for bringing the war, which he *did not begin*, to a happy conclusion: they will not accept of anonymous evidence, conveyed in initials, which few of them understand, nor will they ultimately condemn a fellow subject unheard. Perhaps they may enquire who this prodigy of knowledge, Mr. Macintosh, is; and he has friends enough amongst the late and present Ministry, no doubt, who will gratify their curiosity; if not, I will not leave them totally in the dark. It would be ingratitude in me

to

to suffer the Nation, and the East India Company, to lose the use of your vast abilities, Mr. Macintosh, at a time when the dangerous situation of the national affairs, requires all hands aloft to trim the sails and steer the ship. Your attachment to the East India Company, and their servants abroad, is, no doubt, laudable; but those peddling monopolizers must not engross all your extensive political virtues to themselves; that would be monopolizing indeed! No, no: to save your modesty, and take off their eager anxiety for the means how to find you out, I have an excellent plan: my friends in Parliament shall recommend you as being a proper person to fill the office of Secretary of State for the Asiatic department; that, you know, will be dividing of you fairly between State and Company. Don't blush, now: This is not a time for foolish modesty. I can prove from your own letters, that you think yourself equal to the task. But, your gratitude to Mr. Francis: you cannot leave the dear man. D—mn Mr. Francis: What have Statesmen to do with gratitude? Come, come; do not be an ass; take my advice; offer yourself a candidate for the office. Why, man, you know more of Asiatic affairs than any body will believe!

Mr. Macintosh left Madras in April; no sooner is he at sea, but he finds out that the King's ship, whose Captain directed their course, was

was as badly managed as the helm of state on shore: It is clear that nothing can go right, on shore or at sea, where he does not hold the tiller, or turn the wheel.

HONESTY and sound policy quit every man charged with the affairs of government as soon as he lands; and all seamanship flies to the shore, where he embarks on board ship. Mr. Macintosh advises every body, but nobody minds him. Sir Hector Monro, who was a very fool at the siege of Pondicherry, when Mr. Macintosh was confined in the French ship Briffon, and could not come to him to give him advice, becomes wise and prudent, as soon as he has an opportunity to give the General some hints at Madrafs. It is very unfortunate that the only men (Mr. Francis, Sir Hector Monro, and Governor John Whitehill) who would ever pay any attention to him, have all of them made but lame work of it. The improper time of the year for the ships sailing from Madrafs, is out of the question; all the misfortunes of the voyage, go down to the commanding officer's account. If Mr. Macintosh hath not somebody whose moral, religious, or professional character, he can abuse, his life would be miserable; and the commendation given to Captain Vandeput and Sir Thomas Rumbold, seems only introduced to heighten the guilt of the unfortunate Commander in Chief, who, I suppose, would not

not mind some letters of intelligence or advice sent him by Mr. Macintosh, as was his constant custom to do to all great men and commanders, whether on shore or at sea. Never was there a Prince, Minister, Governor, Ambassador, Admiral, Commodore, or General, near to whom Mr. Macintosh was, but he pestered with his advice. Myself, and even my poor pilot, who had served twenty years to his trade in Bengal river, could not escape him; because the man was then in charge of the ship, and of course, the only great man whom he could then advise. The King's Commodore, during the whole of this marine letter, was always running the fleet into dangerous places; out of which good luck, mere accident, and Captain Vandeput, saved them. I served with Captain Vandeput in India, and always, until this moment, wished that he had had the command of the fleet home, as I wish him all credit, knowing him to be an excellent officer, but if he had had it, nothing could have saved him from the venom of this viper's pen. Perhaps the Captain may think, after reading his letters, that praise from such a man as Mr. Macintosh defiles more.

THE seventieth letter contains a description of the Island of Madagascar, not his own, but from a French account in print; of their various attempts to conciliate the affections of the Islanders, in which

which they never could succeed; nor will they suffer a slave from those islands to be landed at the Mauritius. The King, his Ministers, and other great men of the island, escape his lash, and are only called pimps. Even those poor beings had sagacity enough to distinguish between such Captains of the King's ships who deserved respect, from those who did not. From that single remark, I will wager with him five guineas, that the commanding officer of the King's Squadron, had discovered him to be an intruding, forward, impertinent fellow, and in consequence, kept him at a proper distance.

I NEVER was at St. Helena, so am glad to slip by the seventy-first letter, as I did by that island in a Dutch ship, a few months before him, and come with as much pleasure to his last letter, as I should to the end of a long journey over the barren desert of Arabia, swinging see-saw on the back of a camel, between a sultry sky and parching sand, without one spot of verdure, or a single tree, on which to refresh the eye, for forty days together.

THOUGH they left St. Helena with a fair wind on the 5th of November, which did not leave them until they were near the channel on the 6th of January, (which proves that for so large a fleet, they must have sailed very fast, on a Rhomb line
of

of more than ninety miles in twenty-four hours, which, for heavy sailing merchantmen, is very expeditious,) yet Mr. Macintosh's gloomy soul could not be at peace. Chance, not conduct, brought them safe home at last. However, as the good-natured people of Ireland seem to have tuned the jarring strings of his discordant mind into some degree of harmony, I will take the opportunity to slip away for the present, but shall meet him again at Philippi.

THE fair lady of whom he took such particular care in Ireland, had been obliged to come home from India on account of her health. Her children had contributed to that noise and disorder, which had so much disturbed our philosopher on his first leaving Bengal, as to induce him to think of changing of his ship: the lady had left her husband behind her in India, one of those pernicious Chiefs of Provinces, of whom he complains so much. The gentlemen are now in England, and will, I hope, return him thanks for all *favours* at once.

MR. Macintosh, though a very correct and pains-taking writer, cannot furnish matter for a single letter from the resources of his own mind: he must have some subject laid before him, at which to cavil or to pull to pieces, in order to build

build up again, and obtrude it on the world for his own.

At the Cape of Good Hope, he met with a very worthy man, Colonel Gordon, Commandant of the Dutch forces at that place, a most ingenious gentleman, who has studied the Natural History of Africa: from this half countryman, Mr. Macintosh obtained his information, not only of that country, but also the materials for forming the account which he has given of the state of the Dutch Company's affairs in Europe and in Asia, to be met with under letter A, in the Appendix. But he makes no acknowledgement of favour or of gratitude even to Scotchmen. From the same gentleman he borrowed the works of Mr. Adam Smith, on which he exercises his talents with great temper, laudable candour, and, I think, in many places, with accuracy, penetration, and judgment. Spring the game, and Macintosh has the art to run it down; and as in this instance he reasons coolly and fairly, without heat or passion, I suspect that Mr. Smith is also a North Briton. I know very well, that had not Commodore Johnson been of that nation, his not having sent a few hundred men, or going directly himself with his whole fleet, to have taken possession of the Cape, after the affair at Port Prayo, he would not have escaped the sharp critic eye of our sun-burnt Numa.

THE predilection, or extreme national regard of *Scotchmen* for one another, is so generally confessed, even by themselves, that I cannot help taking notice of the same propensity in this *mungrel Scot*.

AT Bengal, he found but nine honest men amongst all the Company's younger servants, and seven of them are *Scotch*. The Board of Trade, consisting of eleven members, not having a *Scotchman* amongst them, he sends to hell in a string, save only their Secretary, the most canting Presbyterian, methodistical, sniveling Oliverian, *Scotland* ever produced. At Madras, he could find only one man fit to entrust with making a peace with Hyder Ally Cawn, and he is also a very young servant, and a *Scotchman*, Mr. Brodie: but Mr. Macintosh joins with Mr. Brodie his own dependent, a black *statesman out of place*. I may be told that all this is mere matter of accident; but in the experience of thirty years residence in India, I never found it other ways: no settlement of the Company was ever without a faction of them: they attract each other, and stick as close together, as the amber and the straw. No man of any other nation can be served in a province where the Chief is a *Scot*, whilst a *Scotchman* is to be found. I could instance some extraordinary cases, known to every old Indian. I speak to the fact, without pretending to account for what in itself
may

may be laudable in a *Scotchman*, for any thing that I know to the contrary. The difficulty lies in finding a single exception to this their universal custom. I suppose that there may be in *Scotland* as great a portion of learned, brave, kind, worthy, generous men, as in any other nation; but this bias to favour their countrymen, the best of them cannot resist; and they carry it to such an unjustifiable extreme in the English foreign settlements, that the East India Company never yet have permitted one of them to become a Governor. The last Ministry supplied their service with quantum sufficit for years to come. If Lord Macartney, (if he is not an Irishman) at Madrafs, and Mr. Macpherson, at Bengal, do not fill all the offices with young bonny lads from the same country, I shall wonder at it. If Mr. Hastings did deviate so much from his natural good nature, as to shew to Mr. Macintosh, "*a haughty boldness, and manners forbidding in the highest degree,*" it must have happened from his recollecting that he had been basely betrayed and sold by two former adventurers from that nation, Mr. John Stuart and Colonel Macleane, who were the very prototypes of this predatory politician. He would not be deceived by a third; and that sent Macintosh over to Mr. Francis; for there was no Scotch attraction in the service above David Anderson; him he found Mr. Francis's particular friend, and him he celebrates.

I ONCE knew a Physician who was a Scotchman; a man of more real worth, in every degree, could not easily be found: I almost idolized him for the pure unblemished goodness of his heart: every body loved him. He was so universal a favourite, that no less a wit than Sir John Clarke observed, that it was a very lucky circumstance for the married men in the settlement, that the Doctor was not given to intrigue, for such were his powers, few women would escape him. As I really loved the man, and was every day at his house, or he at mine, I once asked him to explain to me, if he could, that extraordinary and universal phenomenon of *Scotch personal* attachment to their own countrymen. Before he had time to answer, I was sorry that I had put the question. I know none, Sir, said he, (with uncommon warmth) but such as induce sheep to herd with sheep, in preference to mingling with swine. We turned from each other without another word; but soon afterwards met: ‘Friend Price,’ says the Doctor, (beginning the conversation with his usual good-nature) ‘you are fond of playing at Chess, and I have heard you say, that nothing is so difficult to bear with temper, as the triumphs of a conquering adversary. We Scotchmen are sensible of the partiality you speak of; it is, I believe, in our nature, in our blood; but we are so often charged with it as a crime by you South Britons;

‘tons, that we cannot bear it a whit better than
‘you can the being triumphed over at Chéfs.’

I HAD once a Scotch officer in my ship named David Anderson, to whose fidelity, capacity, and honour, I afterwards trusted ships and cargoes with great confidence, and with great safety, whom I heard candidly confess, that this uncommon national attachment hung so long upon him, that he had sailed two voyages second mate with a Scotch Captain, when he might have gone chief mate with an English one; and that if he ever came to the command of a ship, he would have Scotch officers. He kept his word, and I, who was owner of the ship, and knew the real integrity of the man, let him have what officers he pleased. I do not charge Macintosh with it, as being a crime even in the moiety of a Scotchman, any more than his attention to his fair French cousin; but all writers ought to know, that to make their works valuable, historians should be impartial.

UNDER letter C, in the Appendix, we find committed to his care, some extracts from the Company's records: they may be fair extracts, for any thing I know to the contrary; but as they have been furnished to him by Mr. Philip Francis, it may be worth while to take his opinion on the subject

subject of giving extracts from the Company's books.*

THE reasoning in the body of Mr. Francis's minutes, I have nothing more to say to, than that I suspect the original was drawn up by Mr. Ducarrell. I cannot help introducing a circumstance much talked of at Calcutta. It happened that at one time, Messrs. Anderson and Ducarrell were out of Calcutta, and Mr. Hastings, knowing that Mr. Shore was the only man that Mr. Francis had left to assist him in drawing up minutes, contrived, as it was reported, to order Mr. Shore on an embassy to the Rajah of Kishnagur, with whom he had once resided as Collecting Chief.

“ Extract of Secret Consultations, Fort William, Oct. 31, 1774-

“ As for the rest, I do not think that any opinions which may
 “ arise in the Vizier's mind from his construction of an order
 “ which ought not, and probably will never come to his know-
 “ ledge, are to be put in competition with the safety of one third
 “ of our army: that the Vizier should be even supposed to
 “ know the secrets of our consultations or orders, argues a
 “ breach of trust and fidelity in some of our ministerial officers,
 “ which, without particular charge and proof, I cannot admit as
 “ an argument in our deliberations.

P. FRANCIS.”

I would ask Mr. Francis, whether, when he was employed in transcribing volumes of extracts from the Company's records, with which Mr. Macintosh was loaded home, in order to their publication in all the daily papers, he was, or was not, guilty of a breach of trust and fidelity? or is what would be a high crime in a clerk, only venial in a counsellor?

Mr.

Mr. Francis having not one of his assistants at hand, fell sick, and could not attend at the Council table, but desired that he might have all minutes sent to him, and he would consider them, and give his opinion at a future meeting. After Mr. Hastings had laughed at him for his school-boy truancy for ten days or a fortnight, he wrote privately to Mr. Shore to return to Calcutta; this Mr. Shore let Mr. Francis know, and he instantly grew better. This recovery Mr. Wheeler announced at the Council Board. Mr. Hastings said that he had known as much two days before; adding, that Mr. Shore was coming down. Whether Mr. Wheeler comprehended the jest or no, I know not; but Mr. Francis, after having taken a few doses of salts, to save appearances, by making pale his visage, returned to his duty.

Mr. Macintosh cannot help nibbling in notes on the works of others, where it does not suit his purpose to disguise them, and call them his own.

His first note shews how much this man and Mr. Francis think and act alike; the latter in his famous letter to the Court of Directors, after his arrival in England, and which the Select Committee of the House of Commons have thought worth preserving in their Appendix to a Report on judicial affairs; though Mr. Francis himself, seems

seems averse to the saying any thing on that subject. What strikes me is, that in that letter, he charges the Governor General with having extended the military disbursements, from 80 lacks of rupees, up to 214 lacks per annum. In the very same letter, he acquits him of being the cause of the wars which brought on that great increase of military expences. Here his echo returns the sound, like a lying spirit from a dark cave, making the money sterling, in order that it may have more weight with his English readers, and says, "and yet Mr. Hastings has invariably
 "pursued plans of extending conquests, and wast-
 "ing the Company's funds, by an increase of the
 "military establishment, from about six hundred
 "thousand pounds, to about two millions of Eng-
 "lish pounds annually."

I wish the Lord Advocate of Scotland would be so kind as to inform the public, whether Mr. Francis, in acquitting the Governor General of being the cause of the wars in India, or Mr. Macintosh, in accusing Mr. Hastings with commencing wars in order to extend conquests, speaks the truth: they cannot both do it.

Was a Member of Parliament to urge an argument in the House of Commons, tending to charge his Majesty's present Ministers with having extended the national military expences from one
 million

million and a half sterling, the peace establishment of this kingdom and all its then dependencies in the year 1764, to the enormous sum of the present army, and other military estimates and contingencies, how would the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, Esq. handle such a politician? What torrents of merry, flowery, ironical, and severe eloquence, would he not pour forth to turn into ridicule, or sink into contempt, the ignorant senator who shall offer to take up the time of the House, with an argument which confounded a war and a peace establishment as one and the same thing; and that the difference was to be attributed to no other cause but that of ministerial profusion and extravagance! yet this argument, amongst other *Cowish* evidence, has been imposed on a certain Committee, in order to criminate Governor General Hastings, and they have sent it under their sanction round the land.

It would be thought invidious, otherwise I would state on paper, the number of effective troops which the Company have now in the field in India, and their annual expence on Mr. Francis's calculation, and then take an equal number of national troops and auxiliaries, now in our pay, with the sums the nation pay for them, the difference would soon make appear, on which side the world economy is most practised. I may one day do this, and send it to General Richard
Smith,

Smith, in order to make my court to him, against we meet in Bengal, when he has done with the job in hand : such kind of comparisons will be of use ; for he may have to defend himself some time hence against Demostheneses, Ciceroes, and Lord Advocates, in the very same place he arraigns others. It has happened once already ; why not again, if he shall be put in the way ?

I HAVE laboured through this voluminous author without once looking back ; for as his whole production tends to one single point, viz. the destroying the Governor General's character, in order to raise that of Mr. Philip Francis on its ruins, he has collected all the scandal of Europe and Asia into one point of view, and I found no end in refuting his vile stories. He landed, he says, in England some time in January 1781. I shall now inform the reader what this worthy man has employed himself about since.

IN the month of February, 1781, the daily papers began to be stuffed with paragraphs, abusive of Governor Hastings. His friends could not devise the cause. Mr. Barwell had left India the preceding March, after having reconciled Governor General Hastings with Messrs. Francis and Wheler : the conditions of the peace were, that Mr. Hastings should be left to disengage the Company

pany from the embarrassments of the Mahratta war, without interruption, and that the two other gentlemen should attend to the current business of the government. Mr. Barwell arrived in July, and every body at the India House was well pleased to find that the disputes, which had impeded and disturbed their affairs for six years together at Bengal, were now at an end. The reader must not forget, that Mr. Macintosh had some information given to him of the proposed coalition ; for in his letter to George Livius, Esq. dated ship Ganges, Madrafs, February 23d, 1780, the last paragraph runs thus, “ I cannot avoid to express
 “ my hearty desire to know in what degree, upon
 “ what conditions, and to what purposes, the so
 “ much (by me) dreaded coalition has taken
 “ place. Indeed, it may be proper and useful to
 “ keep friends truly advised, as well to guard
 “ against misrepresentations of the general system,
 “ as to be able to refute all allegations of parti-
 “ cular or personal natures.”

No sooner had Mr. Barwell left Bengal, but Mr. Francis returned to the attack of all Mr. Hastings's measures, and that in so violent a manner, that it brought on the duel between them. Nothing can be more self-evident, than that Mr. Macintosh had orders, by the same vessel which brought over Mr. Barwell, to go on with the attack in the daily papers, (as I shall presently shew,) for

for that Mr. Francis had only seemingly consented to the coalition, in order to get Mr. Barwell out of the way, and thereby turn the Majority in the Government in his favour, when he should be able to thwart all Mr. Hastings's plans in such a manner, as perhaps would drive him home. That this advice was sent to Mr. Macintosh, as desired by him in the above paragraph of his last letter to Mr. Livius, I now proceed to prove.

Nobody could tell from what quarter the abuse on Governor Hastings in the news papers derived: who should suspect a duplicity in the *good man*, Mr. Francis, supporting the author? He, *honest gentleman*, was on the other side the world, and had made a solemn declaration of his future good intentions towards the Governor; and that if he could not approve all Mr. Hastings's measures, yet a general peace was so necessary to the Company's affairs, he would not interrupt him in his plans for bringing about that desirable end.

In the mean time, Mr. Macintosh went on at home. I was sick in my chamber, when, on the 23d of March, I saw in the London Courant, a paper containing twenty charges against Governor General Hastings, accompanied by a letter to Mr. Sullivan, defying that gentleman to defend him on the subject of the charges. The 16th charge was
couched

couched in the following words, "The Bengal
"marine, commonly called the Musquito fleet."

THAT single line convinced me, that Mr. Macintosh, or some friend of his, was the author, but I did not know that he was in England. I had never written a line in a news-paper in my life, nor knew well how to go about it. I was convinced the man who had drawn up the charges, knew nothing of the affairs of Bengal, and that I could beat him out of his charges one after the other, by a single letter on each. I was vexed, and that added to my fever; but on the first intermitting day, I wrote a letter to the printer, calling on this *Junius Asiaticus* (note the man's vanity, Junius with a vengeance!) to defend his charges. With this I sent my name and place of abode to the printer; and the next day the letter appeared: it was an attack upon his first charge, which Mr. *Junius Asiaticus* did not expect, nor could resist. I had hooked the *great spotted fish*, and was determined not to let him escape. I beat him from his first signature to that of *Philo Junius Asiaticus*, then to *Consistency*, then to *Nauticus*, to that of *No Party Man*, and then out of the paper. All this time I was confined to my room. I said not a word to any man on the subject; but as many of my old India friends were so kind as to come and see me, I shewed them the news-papers. Some of them said the charges were so like what

General

General Richard Smith constantly alluded to at the meetings of the Proprietors at the India House, that they supposed it was him. I said I did not think that. I knew that General Smith did not like Mr. Hastings, from the circumstance of his having convinced the world, how much the General had been mistaken in his ideas of the true character of that Royal Poltroon and Scourge of Mankind, Sujah ul Dowlah; but the General was of too warm a temper, too steady a friend, and too violent an enemy, to stoop to the infamous work of attacking a man's character in a common news-paper, under any modification or qualification of signature whatever. Such is the consequence of such infamous stabbing in the dark, that every declared opponent of Mr. Hastings, was suspected to have had a hand in this infamous anonymous attack. At length, I came to know that Mr. Macintosh had been in England ever since the preceding January; I had not a doubt but that he was the man who had published all the trash in the papers; but in serious matters, a man should be certain of his assertions. Nothing, I think, would sink my spirits in the hour of trial so much, as having a bad cause; and as one of two combatants must always be in the wrong, false pride or sudden passion alone, between generous men, can produce duels.

I WROTE

I WROTE a letter for the same paper, in which I described Mr. Macintosh so accurately, that he run to the printer and demanded the name of the author. "The printer said he had the gentle-
 "man's name, but would not give it up, except
 "he would declare himself to be the person de-
 "scribed in the letter complained of." This he would not do; but complained heavily of being abused himself, though he had began the abuse on me (who had befriended him) as the fitter out and commander of the Musquito fleet; so true is it that scandalizers do themselves bear satire the worst of any men. I saw no more of his letters in the papers; but he had only changed the mode of attack; for in one of seven different pamphlets which he published, made up from the very materials in which his Travels in the form of letters now appear, he asserted that "the Royal Char-
 "lotte (the ship I had commanded at Bengal) had
 "cost the Company 57,000 rupees in ballasting
 "only." This was plain English, and coming to the point. I had a petition before the Court of Directors, many of whom I had known abroad, but had not teized them by visits or solicitations. I knew if they thought my petition had justice for its support, I should have something done for me; if not, I must be content to go without. But such an attack as this was too pointed to leave such a temper as mine much at ease: I wrote a letter to the Court of Directors, denying the fact, offering myself

myself to refute it. I published the letter in the daily papers, but nobody appeared. Some time afterwards I went with a friend to Almon and Debrett's shop, and asked for the pamphlet in which the attack stood; it was brought me, I believe, by Mr. Debrett himself. In a good-natured tone, I asked him, "where Mr. Macintosh, the author, was." "You know him," "do you?" says Debrett. "O, yes," replied "why does he not set his name to so valuable a performance? Where does he live?" "At a grocer's shop in Queen Ann's Street, east," replies a boy, who was getting me some other pamphlets. I took a bill of parcels, signed for the money I paid for what I had bought, and desired they might be sent to a friend's house in Swallow Street. Debrett advertised the pamphlet in the public papers twenty times after he knew of the complaint I had made against it: But such men as he must sell what they buy; and if they keep clear of the law, it is all they care for. What are the characters of their fellow subjects to them? Let every man who cares sixpence about the matter take care of his own; they are labouring in their vocation; the public is a great animal, on whom they prey, and if they live by it, what care they for the feelings of others? Mr. Murray, the Printer of the Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, reasons in the same way, I suppose. The nation has not lately been treated with a new atalantis; and