

**NOTES EXTRACTED FROM A  
PRIVATE JOURNAL WRITTEN  
DURING A TOUR THROUGH A  
PART OF MALABAR AND  
AMONG THE NEILGHERRIES**

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Notes Extracted from a Private Journal Written during a Tour through a Part of Malabar and among the Neilgherries by Robert Mignan

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**ROBERT MIGNAN**

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W. C. SAMSON, PRINTER,  
SHENDI' BABA'S.



TO  
THE OFFICERS  
OF THE  
BOMBAY EUROPEAN REGIMENT,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF REGARD AND RESPECT;

THIS VOLUME  
IS INSCRIBED  
BY THEIR SINCERELY ATTACHED COMRADE,

R. SIGNET.



### P R E F A C E.

EARLY in 1833, ill-health obliged me to quit Bombay, and in obedience to the orders of my medical advisers, accompanied by my lady and young family, I set out on a visit to Ootakamund, the principal settlement on the Neilgherry Hills.

The following pages, condensed from rough notes taken on the spots they attempt to describe, embrace the result of this excursion; and are published with the view of giving those of my brother officers, who may be compelled to resort thither under similar circumstances, some more correct ideas of the place, than I flatter myself, have hitherto appeared. In this attempt, no regular plan has been pursued. The descriptions are submitted to the reader, in the order in which they presented themselves to the writer; and provided that the portrait, on the whole, be a good likeness, it mat-



ters little in what order the various features are delineated.

As the trip engrossed but a very short period of my time, (though not a little of my money,) the reader, instead of a hot-pressed volume descriptive of a regular journey, will I trust be satisfied with this light and flimsy pamphlet—ready, like young winged chrysalis, to fly out of his mind, almost as soon as it comes into his sight. It is hoped, however, that although this thin *brochure* contains none of the enduring stuff, usually found in the unwieldy leviathans which flounder in the seas of literature, it may merit the perusal of those who are not disposed to condemn a book, from its deficiency in bulk; and though the picture, in every point of view, is very incomplete—it may not be pronounced an utter failure.

## NOTES

FROM A PRIVATE JOURNAL.

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ON the 15th of April 1833, I embarked in a patamar with my family, bound for the Malabar Coast ; and issuing from amidst the forest of masts, which maintain their station off the dock, and bunder heads, in the magnificent harbour of Bombay, dropped down with the tide to the middle-ground, with the wind at Northeast, and fine clear weather ; but night coming on before our tinal joined us from the shore, we anchored there.

On the 16th, we got under weigh with a fair breeze at seven A. M.—were off Severndroog at ten the next morning, and anchored in Rutnaghery roadstead the same hour on the following day.

The landing place at the little village of Rut-

nagherry, presented a very different appearance from that which is to be seen at the pier in Bombay :—no whiskered peons—no wrangling hamauls—no impertinent Parsees—no insolent servants—no groups of lounging banians—no busy and bustling natives. At Rutnagherry all is stillness. When I stood upon the poop of the boat, and looked around me, and saw only a few naked children on the beach, and one old bum-boat pushing from the shore, I could not but feel what a solitude was presented to our view.

It had been my intention to land at Rutnagherry, but the morning was so windy, and the sea so rough, that I did not think it worth a wetting to attempt the shore. It was besides, desirable not to lose the advantage of a good wind. We therefore weighed anchor, and coasted along at a considerable distance from the shore, gradually increasing the depth of water, till we at last lost sight of land altogether.

In our progress thus far, the children were much amused by the floating sea-snakes and medusæ, which abound along the western coast, and which,