

**LEGENDS,  
BALLADS, &C.**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649484942

Legends, Ballads, &c. by Sir James Abbott

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SIR JAMES ABBOTT**

**LEGENDS,  
BALLADS, &C.**



LEGENDS,  
BALLADS,

&c.

---

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY SANDERS, CONES AND CO., No. 65, COSSITOLLAH.

1854.



## DIALOGUES OF THE DEPARTED.

SCENE,——LONDON.

*Enter Ned, and the Ghost of Bill.*

*Bill.*—What ! Ned ! already back ! so soon hast found  
Hesperian fruits on arid orient ground ?  
At my own science, lad, thou'st beat me hollow,  
(And yet methinks I've got a splendid swallow.)  
For tho' I bolted things more crude than iron,  
Sold mane, tail, whiskers of the British Lion,  
Distrain'd poor Ensign's hard-earn'd daily rations,  
Made Britain kiss the breech of black-skinn'd nations,  
Yet full six years I plied each pliant thumb,  
Scrap'd, cabbag'd, claw'd, before I made a plumb,  
And thou—in half that space fly-flush and mellow !  
In very truth, Ned, you're a splendid fellow !  
What left I thee unclipt to meet the charge ?  
I sold the Agra-gun—did'st sell the Taj ?\*

\* There are some who will think the following an over-estimate of Splendid Ned. The Author believes it to be a just statement of his genius and his faults. From the latter, he suffered too deeply to be prejudiced in favour of the worthy under consideration. These lines appeared in the *DeWai Gazette* in 1847.

Taj.—Although our English rendering of this name softens it into Tax, derivable from *moomtar'h*, yet I think the native opinion is in favour of the j.—Taj Muhal, the Crown Palace, from its supposed resemblance to a Crown.

I did my best ; but not a knave would buy it ;  
 They talk'd of risings of Pathan and Ryutt,  
 A slight phlebotomy had laid them quiet,  
 Whilst a cool million to account, had met  
 My zeal, with pension fat and coronet.  
 Aye ! let men sneer, but groping in the gutter  
 Is process neat t' anoint your bread with butter ;  
 For all, there ta'en, be there *but* little of it,  
 Is downright gain, and cent per cent of profit.  
 But you, I hear, Ned, made exposé ugly  
 On those old lumbering gates, you dragg'd from Ghuznee,  
 Why ! what the deuce, man, did you lack for fuel,  
 Or old deal planks mistake for crown and jewel ?  
 Is't true, as say the prints, in cuerpo stark,  
 You danc'd and caper'd, Ned, before your ark ?  
*Ned.*—Peace Babblers ! peace !—what manly foot would wind  
 The tortuous slimy trail thou'st left behind,  
 You see me here, not infamously rich  
 With foul, fat, loathsome rakings of the ditch ;  
 But, poor and honest, able with a frown  
 To brow-beat bullies, look a lion down.  
 Brief was my reign, but brilliant to the last !  
 I found an Empire tottering—fix'd it fast,



Broke with my legions Scind's deep-serried spears,  
 The Indus freed, and prison'd th' Emirs,  
 The Gwalior leopard's fangs and claws did lop,  
 And veteran sepoy's bless'd with—lollipop ;  
 Macassar'd well the lion's mane and chin,  
 And made him roar, to keep his windpipe in :  
 Drill'd the Police, a predatory band ;  
 Of gaunt, fell wolves made watch-dogs for the land.  
 And best and brightest ! crowning act of all,  
 Snubb'd the Greengrocers in their leaden hall,  
 And therefore am I here.

*Bill.*—Fie on thee, Ned !

'Twas like a naughty boy, to quarrel with your bread !  
 Learn from my case, a truth, too lightly heard,  
 Benignant virtue works her *own* reward.  
 But thou art here, for thine unjust decree,  
 'Gainst Scind. Fate turns the tables round on thee ;  
 For, mark me, Ned, if there's injustice flagrant,  
 It is to flay a flint or rob a vagrant.  
 When your *fat man* is eas'd of hide and tallow,  
 'Tis for *his* health and leaner mortals' swallow,  
 But when your grasp at Donald's breeks you dart, Sir,  
 Justice feels pinch'd, and you *but* catch a Tartar.  
 And what the fruits your outrag'd treaties bear ?  
 A drowthy quicksand—hungry sepulchre !

None in my justice can such flaw discover :  
 The vassal States liv'd out my reign in clover,  
 Cut throats, burn'd towns, and plundered fields at will !  
 What matter, so they paid their tribute still ?  
 The plunder'd, murder'd Ryutt's widow came,  
 The orphan wept, the army hiss'd for shame ;  
 Orphan and widow sent I to the devil,  
 The Treaty binds us not to intermeddle,  
 And if, like fools we've whilome brook'd the expence,  
 There's one among ye now *can* chink the pence !  
 For I came, not to spend, but as ye ken all,  
 To rake each filthy drain and sink and kennel.

*Ned.*—And that was treachery of the basest brand.  
 Ceasing to guard, we're robbers of the land,  
 Arm'd by the Ryutt's gold, ye'd no more right  
 To stand inert, and witness lawless might,  
 Than hath your Watchman idly to await,  
 Whilst thieves creep in, or burglars force your gate.  
 That dastard course of thine more shame hath cost,  
 To British faith than twenty battles lost.  
 A word had charm'd, disarm'd each robber horde,  
 Sav'd, blest :—You knew, yet would not speak that word.  
 The British flag by thee was taught to wave  
 O'er outrag'd faith, and honor's gory grave.

*Bill.*—Oh ! yes ! you're lean and fierce, a dangerous man ;  
I'm sleek and meek, digesting all I can.  
Yet, tho' 'twas pleasant, gazing round my board,  
To think, how hungry Ensigns would have roar'd  
O'er one least morsel of the hundred there ;  
Each dish bore label of the curse " Forbear,"  
In that atrocious climate, where a cat  
Turns pale at cream and faints at collop'd rat,  
For, if above a score I gulp'd, poor sinner,  
I felt quite puff'd, and went mad after dinner.  
But you, Ned, took a course to sense repugnant,  
Kept lean yourself, and made the army rampant,  
Were hand and glove with each hard-pated rattle,  
That lov'd to give and take good blows in battle,  
And 'stead of starving them, and growing fatter,  
Condemn'd, as base, my master-piece Half-Batta.  
Short-sighted Ned, O Heretic in creed !  
What *was* a soldier made for, *but* to bleed ?  
They still could sweat.—'Tis true as it is shocking,  
I saw, one morn, an *Ensign*—with,—*a stocking*.  
And thus it fell, that rising somewhat early,  
And prowling round, without your hurly, burly,  
Of guards, tin-kettles, aides-de-camp and scarlet,  
I caught, fly-fresh from sleep, the rosy varlet,