

**LIFE IN INDIA: OR, THE  
ENGLISH AT CALCUTTA. IN  
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Life in India: Or, The English at Calcutta. In Three Volumes, Vol. II by Mrs. Monkland

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**MRS. MONKLAND**

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**VOL. II.**

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## LIFE IN INDIA.

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### CHAPTER I.

If misfortune comes, she brings along  
The bravest virtues, and so many great  
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,  
Have in her school been taught, as are enough  
To consecrate distress, and make ambition  
E'en wish the frowns, beyond the smiles of fortune.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is now time that we should take a retrospective glance at the fate of those friends, of whom we have almost lost sight, since the capture of the *Cumberland*. It will be recollected that the passengers of the captured Indiaman were separated by order of Captain Lavardine, commanding the French frigate *Mars*, and that the separation had hardly taken place, when the re-capture of the *Cumberland* by his Britannic Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*, made the painful-

ness of their situation doubly felt by both parties. As the Company's Officers, after the removal of the ladies, were suffered to remain above on their parole, they were, like those on board the frigate, inactive spectators of the event in which they were all so nearly concerned. Upon the approach of a new enemy, the French had taken the precaution to send the seamen of the Cumberland below, and put them in irons. The officers and gentlemen passengers were suffered to remain unarmed in the great cabin, with a guard stationed at the door, who had orders to blow out the brains of the first man who attempted to stir. Nothing but their word of honour, which they had passed, and which to British souls is dearer than life, could have prevented them from rushing upon deck, to forward their own liberation, and that of their friends. But that bond was not to be loosed, and however unwillingly, they were forced to remain mere lookers on. Bently instinctively grappled for the hilt of his sword, when he saw the French frigate making sail, cutting off all probability of regaining those on board her.



“The villains,” he exclaimed in bitterness, “the cowardly, treacherous villains, have taken flight and left us, carrying with them those for whom freedom is valuable. O that I could meet that Frenchman—that pirate!” but instantly feeling the vanity of the wish, he rapidly paced his narrow apartment, as if by motion he could escape from the thoughts which tormented him—“But what can I do, unarmed and in prison.” Colonel Howard was too much engrossed by personal feelings of wrath and vexation, to heed those of his friend. Captain Kentledge, wholly occupied in the fate of his own ship, thrust his body out of the port, as far as he could stretch, regardless of the shot which whistled around him, and as the Bellerophon poured in a broadside, cried out in a tone of exultation, “That’s it, my lads!” “Well done!” “At them again!” “That will do!” and was quite in an extacy of delight, as the French colours were hauled down from the Cumberland, the union-jack hoisted, and he felt himself again a commander,—“Capitally done!” “That will do!” “Old England for ever!” “God save the king!”

As soon as the colours were struck, the French seamen, belonging to the Mars, were, by order of Captain Seagrove, sent on board the Belle-rophon, every sail set, and the order given to "chase." But the Mars was a fine sailer, and had the advantage of the wind, and was already far enough a-head. The crippled state of the Cumberland precluded the possibility of her being useful; and Captain Kentledge determined to stand on his own course, giving it as his own opinion, that the state of the weather favoured the Frenchman's escape. Bently ran up on deck, and from the maintop strained his sight to watch the issue of a chase upon which the happiness of his life seemed to depend. He was separated from Elizabeth Percy now. What accidents might occur to prevent their ever meeting again! But the dusk of the evening soon shrouded the ships in as deep a gloom, as the mystery which hung over his future prospects, and though all met in the cuddy at supper, to rejoice over their recent liberation, and drink health to Captain Kentledge upon his re-assumption of command, he did not join them;

he remained in the main-top, gazing in the direction where the ships had disappeared in the increasing depth of the twilight, until sea and sky, to his anxious and bewildered gaze, seemed no longer separable. The remainder of the voyage to him felt insupportably tedious; he spent much of his time in his own cabin, seldom quitting it, except at meals, or to take the requisite air and exercise. He applied himself to his professional studies with the closest attention, endeavouring to banish the anxiety which preyed upon his heart. But it was impossible for him to forget that Elizabeth Percy was a prisoner in the hands of he knew not whom, and carried he knew not where. Captain Kentledge, when he spoke upon the subject, confidently affirmed, that the Frenchmen would not encumber themselves with so many useless hands, but would undoubtedly land them in the first port they could make; whence, if French, they would be exchanged; or, if English, they could find their way to Calcutta. A ship, which they shortly after fell in with at sea, and which they spoke, informed them that the war