

paper that bore the watermark of one of the Georges. To the second Lord Hardwicke was attributed the forgery; and his sudden death probably prevented his explaining what was doubtless done as a private joke, but was destined to make the tour of the civilised globe as a veritable piece of history.

The arrival of Cowper's postman has its parallel passage in Crabbe's poem of "The Newspaper," wherein is depicted the anxiety with which those who are "far from town wait till the postman brings his packet down once in the week." This was almost as bad as in the earlier days of Ben Jonson, who represents a country-woman coming to the newspaper office and saying, "I would have, sir, a groat's worth of any news, I care not what, to carry down this Saturday to our vicar." In the "Spectator," No. 452, is an admirably witty paper on the "general thirst after news," and the various ways in which that news was served up to the public so as to please its palate. Crabbe depicted the desire in such lines as these:—

"Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse,  
Would think it hard to be denied their News;  
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,  
Here mingle tastes and one amusement seek;  
This, like the public inn, provides a treat,  
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;  
And such this mental food, as we may call  
Something to all men, and to some men all."

Yet, at that period, the passion for reading newspapers was but scantily gratified; the "Times" had not yet made its appearance, and, throughout the whole kingdom, there were barely eighty public journals. Two years after Crabbe and Cowper had published their thoughts and views on newspapers, Bishop Horne (in 1787,) wrote these words:—"Curiosity is the appetite of the mind; it must be satisfied or we perish. Amongst the improvements, therefore, of modern times, there is none on which I find more reason to congratulate my countrymen than the increase of knowledge by the multiplication of newspapers. With what a mixture of horror and commiseration do we now look back to that period of our history when a written letter came down once a week to the coffee-house, where a proper person, with a clear and strong voice, was pitched upon to read it aloud to the company assembled upon the occasion! How earnestly did they listen! how greedily did they suck down every drop of intelligence that fell within their reach!" That is a vivid description of newspaper reading; and although the Bishop pities the condition of the people who were compelled to study their public journals vicariously, yet we may extend the "commiseration" to many thousands at the present day, who, being unable to read for themselves, are almost as badly off for news as were the throngs of people when—as we see in Macaulay's History—they hastened to Whitehall, during that period of the Restoration when the newspapers were suppressed—clamouring to pick up the merest fragment of intelligence. How popular would have then been the man who could have given newspaper readings!

#### THE GHOST OF JOHN KOOMPANEE.

WALKING along Moorgate Street one day, from the Railway Station to the Bank, my eye fell on the words EAST INDIA COMPANY. They were painted on the side of a doorway, amongst the names of sundry occupants of premises having a common entrance. The great house in Leadenhall Street, I knew, had for years been removed, and India is now ruled from an Imperial Palace in Whitehall. Could this be the East India Company?

or had I misread the words, and seen the name merely of some Indian trading house or firm?

Turning back, I read indeed the words—East India Company. Curious to see the local habitation of a company with a name once so great, I ascended the stairs, prepared with some question to justify the visit of a stranger. On opening the door not marked "private," a clerk emerged from an inner apartment, by whom, after some conversation, I was courteously shown the room where the Court of Proprietors hold their meetings. It is a large apartment, with little furniture besides table and chairs. A Mercator's map of the world, an oil painting representing Commodore Dance beating off the French fleet, and a framed print of the India House in Leadenhall Street, are the sole decorations of the walls. On the table lay some blue-books and ledger-like folios. A strange stillness pervaded the place, though in the very heart of the busy city. A General Court had been held a few days before, the chief business at which had been the re-election of two directors, who had retired by rotation, and the re-installation of Colonel Sykes, M.P., as Chairman.

Mentioning my little adventure a few days after to a friend in the India Office at Westminster, he gave me the following curious statistics. The East India Company now consists, besides the proprietors of stock, of a Chairman, five Directors, a Secretary, and a Clerk. For the offices in Moorgate Street they pay a rent of £250 per annum. Of all the vast territories and establishments once in their possession they now hold nothing, all having been transferred to the Imperial Government. Even the far-famed Oriental Library and Museum have passed from their hands. The Court of Directors now simply hold in trust the Capital Stock, and also the Security or Cumulative Fund, to wit, £2,000,000 invested in 1834 in the Funds for the redemption of the Company's Stock; which sum, by re-investment of the proceeds, now amounts to nearly 6½ millions. The dividends guaranteed by the British Government are paid at the Bank of England, and may be redeemed by Parliament in the year 1874. The Capital may then be purchased at £200 for £100 Stock. If the purchase should be found inconvenient, the existence of the Company may be prolonged, no doubt to the satisfaction of the proprietors of stock, who are now guaranteed 10½ per cent. dividend. The Company receive a grant of £800 per annum from the Secretary of State for India, for defraying salaries and incidental expenses. A Court of Directors is held once a month, and a General Court of Proprietors twice a year.

Of all the strange "revolutions of empire" which this world has seen, none have been stranger than the rise and fall of the East India Company. It is little more than a century since the grant of the Dewanee territory laid the foundation of the British empire in the East. For a century and a half before 1765, there had been a succession of chartered Companies of "merchants trading to the East Indies." Footing had been obtained in various places, by favour or by purchase, where factories were established, and forts erected, gradually raised to the name and rank of Presidencies. Within the narrow limits of these possessions, clerks and supercargoes plied their trade, by permission of the native rulers.

When Clive drew the sword in the service of the English merchants, the age of conquest began. What names crowd the annals of the Company's Raj in half a century! Hastings, Coote, Cornwallis, Lake, Wellesley! John Company became Koompanee Bahadour, lord of an empire with more than a hundred millions of subjects, and an army of nearly half a million of men. The

Rajahs of the East had almost all become tributaries and servants of the Company, and if any retained a nominal independence, an English Resident was the real lord of the land. Still conquest or annexation went on, till in the days of Napier and Dalhousie the Company ruled from the sea to the Himalayas. Not without checks and reverses was this progress, such as the Affghan War, the Sikh invasion, and, most perilous of all, the Sepoy revolt. But the shadow of native empire passed away when the last of the Moguls died a prisoner in Burmah. The descendants of the proudest princes of the East are now pensioners of the British Parliament, and the ambition of native kings is to be decorated by the English Viceroy with the order of the Star of India.

In London the visible sign of the passing away of the Company's Raj was the sale of the East India House and its contents in Leadenhall Street. Huge bills on the walls and pillars had announced the event.

"A poster on the pillars set for show.  
What is't? Some bulletin of Indian battles?  
A kingdom taken in? why, surely, no!  
A sale by auction of the goods and chattels!"

One week in May 1862, a crowd assembled in the building, a crowd very different from that which used to fill the Court Room in former times. An auctioneer took the place of the Chairman of Directors. "Going, going, gone!" resounded, with the accompanying emphatic rap of the hammer, till nothing remained to tell of the long connection of the pile with "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

"Going!—what's going? Gone!—ah, gone indeed!  
Generals and Governors who graced this board;  
The grave Durbar that bade the soldier speed,  
The feast that welcomed home his conquering sword.

"Gone;—Clive, the country boy, of Plassy dreaming;  
Hastings, arraigned by Justice Judge than earth's;  
Cornwallis, Elphinstone, and Wellesley, seeming  
Noble by more nobility than birth's;

"Heber's pale lips, in pious hymnals moving  
For all those millions of his Eastern sheep;  
Napier, his good sword drawn, rough, just, and loving;—  
Theirs, and a thousand memories these walls keep.

"Gone now! A crowd of Hebrews—broker, touter—  
Stands in the place of those majestic men.  
Oh! mighty moralist, of self-praise scooter,  
Point here a moral—sharpen hence a pen."

Well, the fashion of this world passeth away. It does so not only as an inevitable law, but oftentimes as a beneficent arrangement; and it cannot be doubted that the affairs of India will be better administered by the direct authority of the Crown, influenced by the whole-some power of public opinion.

That the change from the Company's rule to that of the British Crown was a change for the better, is doubted by none but a few who have grown grey in the old service. The Sepoy Mutiny hastened a crisis which had long been impending. The genius and virtue of many of the Company's servants had veiled the evils of the Company's rule. So long ago as 1784, the year when "the Board of Control" was established by Parliament, Cowper the poet thus wrote:—"The Charter constitutes them a trading Company, and gives them an exclusive right to traffic in the East Indies; but it does no more. It invests them with no sovereignty; it does not convey to them the Royal prerogative of making war and peace, which the King cannot alienate if he would. But this prerogative they have exercised, and, forgetting the terms of their institution, have possessed themselves of an immense territory, which they have ruled with a rod of iron, to which it is impossible they should even have a right, unless such a one as it is a disgrace to plead—

the right of conquest. The potentates of this country they dash in pieces, like a potter's vessel, as often as they please; making the happiness of thirty millions of mankind a consideration subservient to that of their own emolument; oppressing them as often as it may seem a lucrative purpose; and in no instance that I have ever heard, consulting their interest or advantage. That Government, therefore, is bound to interfere, and to unking these tyrants, is to me self-evident." In verse as well as prose Cowper denounced the "corporate misrule" of the Company, while admitting the personal virtues of many of the rulers and of their servants:—

"Men, immaculate perhaps,  
In all their private functions, once combined,  
Become a loathsome body, only fit  
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.  
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin  
Against the charities of domestic life,  
Incorporated seem at once to lose  
Their nature, and disclaiming all regard  
For mercy and the common rights of man,  
Build factories with blood, conducting trade  
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe  
Of innocent commercial justice red."

Grievous wrongs were certainly perpetrated, and glorious opportunities neglected, under the old régime. May the lessons and warnings not be lost under the Imperial rule of our Eastern possession!

But descending from these high themes, let us muse on the strange contrast between the existing condition of the East India Company and its former state when enthroned in Leadenhall Street.\* A few quiet gentlemen meet in a hired room and transact some routine business. What a change from the scenes in the General Court Room in the olden time! The Chairman then sat with as much dignity and authority as the Speaker of the House of Commons. The business before the Court was often as momentous as that which occupied the Imperial Parliament. There were set speeches and smart debates, motions and counter-motions, amendments and adjournments, stormy and even riotous meetings. Hear Lord Macaulay's account of the Courts: "All the turbulence of a Westminster election, all the trickery and corruption of a Grampond election, disgraced the proceedings of this assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. Fictitious votes were manufactured on a gigantic scale."† At a later period the discussions about the permission of missionaries to carry the gospel to the East were marked by turbulent scenes. All honour is due to the noble-hearted men in the direction who persevered in their efforts in the cause of Christianity. Their labours, we doubt not, averted many a judgment, and prolonged the time of the Company's probation.

The General Court Room, until the abolition of the trade of the Company, was the old Sale Room. Four times

\* According to tradition, the first members of the company met for business in a room of the Nag's Head Inn, opposite Bishopsgate Church, where there is now a Friends' Meeting House. The next generation provided themselves with a building for their own exclusive use. This was in Leadenhall Street, on a part of the present site. There is a view of it among the prints in the British Museum, quite unique, which originally figured on the shop bill of William Overley a joiner in the locality. It was an edifice of timber and plaster, adorned with quaint carving and lattice work, corresponding to the style of the Elizabethan age, as appears from that cut. Above the windows was a painting which represented a fleet of merchantmen tossing on the waves. At the top, in the centre, a huge square-built wooden mariner looked down upon the passengers in the street, with the figure of a dolphin at each corner. The new East India House was erected in 1726, except the portico, which was added in 1797. Views of the old and new India House were given in the "Leisure Hour" for 1861.

† In 1763, Clive laid out £100,000 in the purchase of stock for nominal proprietors, whom he brought down to the debates.

a year, in March, June, September, and December, the Tea Sales were here held, amidst tumult and uproar, as great as marked any of the political debates. Above a million pounds of tea were sometimes sold in a day. There were about thirty firms of tea brokers, whose representatives were attended by a dense body of tea dealers. The sales were effected amidst shouting and howling far out-sounding the tumult of the Bourse at Paris, and the noise used to startle even the butchers in Leadenhall Market. But all through the year the great house in Leadenhall Street was a scene of busy life. How could it be otherwise, with its multitude of officials and departments? There was the military department, the shipping department, the Examiner's office, the Accountant's office, the Transfer, the Treasury, and we know not how many other branches of business and administration. In 1833 the Act was passed by which the monopoly of trade was doomed, and it was then that the name of "the East India Company" was authorized. In 1838 a Parliamentary return gave the number of persons on the Home Establishment at 494, with salaries amounting to £134,454. This number included porters, watchmen, messengers, and other attendants. Before the closing of the trade there were above 400 clerks in the Home Establishment. Twenty years ago there were still 150. Now there is one solitary clerk in the employment of the East India Company!

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS."

IV.

In tracing the origin of various insignia that are emblazoned in the arms of many families, historical incidents are brought to light that would otherwise be buried in oblivion. And to this circumstance may be attributed much of the interest that is centred in heraldry by those who have studied more than its rudiments. Though the records existing concerning the grants of arms are comparatively few, yet are they too numerous for all to be chronicled in our columns. The anecdotes previously related have, many of them, been replete with interest, and the following traditions and narratives (at random strung) respecting the armorial bearings of some of our titled notables are not less entertaining.

In the arms of the Duke of Norfolk are two separate charges, each of which possesses historic interest. In the first quarter, on a bend argent, is an escutcheon or, with a demi-lion pierced through the mouth with an arrow. This alludes to the circumstance of the body of King James IV of Scotland being found pierced with an arrow after the battle of Flodden Field, September 9th, 1513, when the Earl of Surrey gained a great and decisive victory over the Scots. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," states that so fiercely was this battle fought that the Scots lost upwards of 10,000 men, and that "there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there." On the Earl of Surrey's return to England, he was created Duke of Norfolk by King Henry VIII, who also augmented his paternal coat of arms with the before-mentioned charge. The third quarter, which is checky or and azure, bears



the insignia of the Warrens, Earls of Surrey, who, having in bygone times the grant of licensing public-houses, ordered that every licensed innkeeper should display the Warren arms upon the exterior of his house, a circumstance that gave rise to the frequent and familiar sign of The Chequers.

The singular crest borne by Lord Exmouth, of the wreck of the Dutton, East Indiaman, upon waves of the sea on a rocky shore off Plymouth garrison, with the motto "Deo adjuvante" (God being my helper), had its origin in a valorous deed performed by the first baron, when Sir Edward Pellew. The gallant knight was refitting his frigate, the *Indefatigable*, at Plymouth, in January, 1796, when a violent storm arose, which drove ashore, as a perfect wreck, the Dutton transport, which was conveying the Queen's Own Regiment of Foot to the West Indies. Sir Edward and his lady had engaged to dine on the same day with a friend, who, on their arrival at his door, communicated to them the distressing intelligence. Immediately on hearing it, Sir Edward opened the opposite door of his carriage, and disappeared with marvellous rapidity, followed by his friend. On the latter's arrival at the Hoe, he found the knight struggling through the breakers, and in the act of mounting the ship's deck by means of the mainmast, which had fallen ashore. Arrived on board, he immediately assumed authority, and exerted himself with so much calmness, intrepidity, and skill, that, with the exception of a few drunken sailors, all on board, including many women and children, were got safely on shore, while he was among the last who left the ship. His Majesty King George III, hearing of the circumstance, created Sir Edward a baronet, and awarded the crest before indicated.

The Marquis of Lansdowne bears in the first and fourth quarterings of his arms a magnetic needle pointing to the polar star, a charge that refers to the arctic discoveries made by his ancestor, Sir William Petty, a successful and celebrated navigator. The first crest, of a bee-hive, alludes to the industry of the knight; and the second crest, of a sagittarius, an astronomical emblem, to his fame as an astronomer.

The present Viscount Downe is lineally descended from Sir William D'Aunay, who held, *temp.* Richard I, a high command in the army of English Crusaders, when serving before Acon. In memory of a daring deed of valour performed by his ancestor, the noble lord bears as his crest a demi-Saracen in armour, couped at the thighs, and wreathed about the temples proper, holding in the dexter hand a ring, or, stoned azure, and in the sinister a lion's gamb erased or, armed gules. During the Holy Wars, it was customary for the infidel champions to challenge the Christian warriors to single combat whenever opportunities presented themselves. Upon one occasion, when Sir William was riding at some distance from the

