

I will find out what the Governor has done about M. Cornet's petition that was presented yesterday and write it another day.

I reported the contents of the letter written by Mahfuz Khân to acknowledge the letter of congratulation and the nazar sent him on his receiving the title of Nawâb. He writes that he has received the nazar and requests me to pay his compliments to the Governor.

Mahfuz Khân always used to address me as 'Agent of trade' just as he addresses the merchants; but instead of this, he now addresses me as 'Ânanda Rangappan, supreme in strength and valour.' Madanânda Pandit said that the Governor should be informed of this new form of address. Accordingly I did so. The Governor smiled and said, 'Mahfuz Khân is right to call you "Ânanda Rangappan, the pre-eminent in strength and valour," for you carry out the orders given by me who enjoy all success.' Just then, M. Paradis, M. Le Maire, M. Cayrefourg, M. Robert and other Europeans came. The Governor told them of this and said that Mahfuz Khân should have addressed me thus long ago, instead of waiting till now to abandon my former title, because I had proved my valour and strength by my conduct. So they laughed together.

The Governor then took me aside and said, 'Before the men-of-war arrive, a sloop will come in with the news from Europe. I am sure the despatches will arrive before the men-of-war. You

will see it for yourself. When the men-of-war left Europe, many English, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch merchants and farmers were ruined, and confusion reigned all over Europe.' To this, I replied, 'Two or three years ago I told you about the prophecy made by a European, that the troubles would come to an end in 1748 and that peace would be restored. By God's grace, it will surely come to pass here also.' He said, 'Surely it will. God will protect us.'

A hundred soldiers and a hundred sepoys were sent this morning to meet the detachment that went to fetch the silver. There is nothing more worth writing.

*Sunday, July 14.*¹—I went this morning to speak to Wazî'-ud-dîn Khân, formerly Killedar of Gingee, who arrived here the evening of the day before yesterday. He was dressed like a Faqir—it was pitiable to see him. He was the eldest son of his father's first wife and returned from the country when his father died. His father sent him thither fearing that he would trouble him for a share of his wealth if he were allowed to remain here. [The son, on his return, succeeded to] 60,000 pagodas in ready money as well as jewels set with diamonds, grain, women's laced cloths, horses, palankins, camels and all that befitted his rank. Moreover he was the Killedar of Gingee, and son of Nawâb

¹ 3rd Âdî, Vibhava.

S'aadat-ul-lah Khân's sister-in-law, Khân Bahâdûr's aunt. But all this availed him nothing, for God did not favour him, and destined him to become a Faqîr. Who can resist his fate? He could hardly give me pân supârî. Accepting it, I took leave and then went to the Governor's.

Râjô Pandit sent me the letter written by 'Alî Naqî Sâhib to Chandâ Sâhib's house. I took it to the Governor and interpreted it as follows:—'It is said that Chandâ Sâhib after halting the other side of the Kistna has crossed with 70,000 horse. Murtazâ 'Alî Khân has made proposals to Chandâ Sâhib and is resolved to execute them. They are:—That Chandâ Sâhib should receive Trichinopoly, his son, 'Abid Sâhib, Gingee Fort and the country as it was before it was attached to the Carnatic, with the titles of Nawâb and Faujdar, and Murtazâ 'Alî Khân, Vellore. But Muhammad 'Alî Khân, Chandâ Sâhib's elder brother, wishes to seize the Fort of Arni and the Conjeeveram Country, demolish the Vishnu and Siva temples there and build mosques thereon.' Their plans are like a pot made of parched flour.¹ But I do not know what God designs.

I told this news to the Governor thinking that I had best not conceal it from him. He said, 'As they are assigning to each his share, why have they given none to me? Have I been helping Chandâ

¹ I.e. Useless.

Sâhib's people for nothing? Have they not demanded a share for me too? Have not Chandâ Sâhib's wife and sons written about it?' He was as excited and angry as though everything had been settled and he was to get nothing. I cannot describe his annoyance, and indeed I do not understand it. But, perceiving his thoughts, I spoke accordingly, lest otherwise I should inflame his anger:—'These are not Chandâ Sâhib's proposals,' I said, 'but only what Murtazâ 'Alî Khân wishes—that is all. When Chandâ Sâhib divides the spoil and gives his portion to each, he will certainly give you a share—his son has told me so.' Though I spoke reassuringly, he still doubted and asked whether Chandâ Sâhib would not fall in with Murtazâ 'Alî Khân's proposals. I replied, 'First of all, why should Chandâ Sâhib consent? He is marching with 70,000 horse to conquer the whole country of Arcot and Trichinopoly. Will he permit Murtazâ 'Alî Khân to become Nawâb and content himself with Trichinopoly? When he is meaning to win the Nawâbship for himself, and is marching at the head of a large army to take advantage of the deaths of the Moghul and Nizâm-ul-mulk, will he suffer another to seize the country? Murtazâ 'Alî Khân may have made proposals, but when Chandâ Sâhib arrives, he will show what he thinks and tell him to content himself with his fort. He will first give you your share and only then attend to his own business.' When I spoke thus in soothing terms, he said,

'That is true. It does not matter whether he helps Chandâ Sâhib or not. We shall help him. Besides, does he need anyone's help? They will scatter at the mere sight of the 70,000 horse. He needs no one's help; but remind Chandâ Sâhib's son that he must remember my share, and arrange for me to receive it.'

Then, as M. Paradis had just arrived, I came away. When they were still talking together, I and the Nayinâr went and reported that, when a certain spy was visiting a relation, an oil-seller of Tiruppappuliyûr, one of his enemies had induced head-peon Muttu, with promises of money, to seize and imprison him; that Muttu had reported in due course to Madame that the man was a spy; and so he had been chained, legs and neck, and made to carry earth; and that he had died to-day. The Governor at once ordered the body to be burnt. After ordering the Nayinâr to have this done, I went to the nut-godown.

There I wrote to Arunâchala Chetti, Muttayya Chetti, and other Company's merchants who had gone to Lâlâpêttai, telling them not to sell the Company's broad-cloth lying in the fort, but to send it back and only to sell the copper. I wrote this letter and gave it to some merchants, desiring them to have the goods sent down soon. Then at noon I came home.

The following is a letter that was written by Sînappayyan at Kârikâl to his elder brother Râma-

chandra Ayyan on Thursday, *Suthâshtami*¹ in the month of Âdi last:—

'Before the feet of the most pure, the honourable Râmachandra Ayyan, I, Srînivâsan, prostrate myself in the past, present and the future with love and petitions.² Up to this day, Thursday, *Suthâshtami*, in the month of Âdi, my health has been good. Be pleased to write to me of your welfare and prosperity. In your letter to Subba Nâyakkan about our business, you wrote that you could not repeat in a letter what Mahârâja Râja Srî Ranga Pillai said when you told him of it, and you said that this money must be collected from Tiruvêngadam and no one else. So you wrote in detail. I was much astonished at it. Has the Honourable Pillai written that we were at fault in these matters? Can he say so, when we are giving our whole attention to his affairs, and neglecting our own? If we were to send him our accounts, could we not make them great? He knows all this. You have been writing that you have attended to all his affairs as he desired. I too have been acting in obedience to your orders. But all will blame me in order to serve their own purposes. This is true; but how can I help it? Now Tiruvêngadam and Kandappan are working together. In all these matters Kandappan has secretly helped him, and was present when

¹ The 8th day after the new moon.

² The form of salutation appropriate to addressing one older than the writer.