

Mêlugiri Chetti waited till noon to visit me privately, and then said, 'You know that I was to have a letter about Gingee to be delivered to M. Barthélemy, when he should promise to do as you wish within a week. Why is the matter delayed? I fear that things may go wrong, and only Râmayya Pillai's father has prevented that till now. Now at least write the letter and give it.' I was astonished at his words. Who is he to talk to me thus without fear or forethought? I gave him rope enough to see how far he would go. But he could not understand, and talked large. Râmayya Pillai spoke to him, and he has spoken to me. Meditating this, I replied, 'What! a thing like him to threaten me! Who and what is he? When formerly he was a starving outcaste living on alms, I restored him into caste, provided for his food, made a man of him again, and introduced him into M. Barthélemy's service. Has he forgotten all this? But now that he has a little money, he has lost his wits, and acted thus and sent me witless messages. How dare he act thus? He will learn wisdom from what will befall him to-morrow. You are like a rustic selling beans, not a man who serves a gentleman or a *dorai*. The Marquis Duplex listened to his wife's words, treated me as an enemy, and did his utmost against me. Before his time,

Kanakarâya Mudali used underhand means against me; yet what did he achieve? When my father was imprisoned for ten days in M. [Hébert's] time, forty or fifty thousand was spent to get the matter heard even in Europe, with the result that orders came to imprison M. [Hébert] here and put him in irons, and confiscate his property; and he was sent in irons¹ to Europe, to receive due punishment. Such was my father. You are but a mosquito. Why should I fear your threats? You will learn better when you go to the gallows to-morrow. As he is my man, a plant planted by me, I have borne with him all this time. How comes it that you did not know this, and behave accordingly? Hitherto I have been patient. You are of Sunguvâr's family; and so long as you are with [Râmayya], you must give him advice. Why do you always sing to his tunes? Take my advice. Go.' Thus I dismissed him.

When I went to the Fort this morning, the council was examining the letters received from Europe in order to deliver them to the proper persons. As all were thus busy, I went upstairs to pay my respects to M. Barthélemy and the other councillors and then went to the sorting-godown, as there was no

¹ *Sc.*, in arrest.