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GRADE I

Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive



# MACAULAY'S ESSAY

LORD CLIVE

With Introduction and Notes

BY

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# LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY

*BY THE EDITOR OF THIS VOLUME*

**T**HOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on the 25th October, 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, had, as a young man, served as bookkeeper to an estate in Jamaica, and afterwards as sole manager. His experience of the evils of slavery led him ultimately to resign his position in Jamaica, and he was subsequently appointed second member of Council, and then Governor, in Sierra Leone, which had been colonized by liberated slaves under a company with a charter from the Crown and a board which included such names as those of Granville Sharpe and the famous William Wilberforce. The career of Zachary Macaulay in Sierra Leone was one of untiring philanthropy, and after his retirement from the post which he held there the rest of his life was devoted, in conjunction with Mr. Wilberforce and others, to the abolition of slavery.

The first two years of young Macaulay's life were spent in Birchin Lane, London. It lay behind Throgmorton Street, and within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. Subsequently the family removed to the High Street of Clapham, which is now called the Pavement, where the boy spent a quiet and happy childhood. He was very precocious, and from the time he was three years old he



## LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.

incessantly, lying for the most part on a rug before fire with his book on the ground and a piece of bread butter in his hand. While still a mere child he was to school to a Mr. Greaves, at Clapham. On that sion his mother told him that in future he would have study without bread and butter. "Yes, mama," he ed, "industry shall be my bread, and attention my er." Before he was eight he attempted, not unsuccessfully, to write a *Compendium of Universal History*. Fired eading Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion*, former of which he got entirely by heart, and the latter ost entirely, he determined himself to write a poem, led *The Battle of Cheviot*. Of this poem he wrote e cantos, of about one hundred and twenty lines each, wo days. At that time he also composed hymns and us other pieces.

hen about twelve Macaulay was removed to a private ol kept by the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Little Shelford, a ge near Cambridge. Mr. Preston was himself a Fellow rinity College, and through his influence and the unity of the University his boys were thoroughly im- with Cambridge ways of thought, and many of them remarkably successful at that University. In 1814 Preston removed to Aspenden Hall, near Buntingford, ertfordshire. In this secluded place Macaulay spent industrious years. "He read," says his biographer and ew, Sir George Trevelyan, "widely, unceasingly, more rapidly. The secret of his immense acquirements lay o invaluable gifts of nature—an unerring memory and apacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a ed page." At one period of his life he was known to hat if by some chance all the copies of *Paradise Lost* *The Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed he would under- o reproduce them from memory. "To the end," says

Trevelyan, "he read books more quickly than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves. 'He seemed to read through the skin,' said one who had often watched the operation."

In October, 1818, Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. He twice gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse, but never liked the labour of manufacturing Greek and Latin verse in cold blood as an exercise. In 1824 he obtained a fellowship, a distinction of which he was justly proud. In 1826 he was called to the Bar, and joined the Northern Circuit; but he never seriously regarded the Bar as a profession, and never got any practice worth mentioning. In 1825 Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was anxious to infuse new blood into that periodical. His attention was directed to Macaulay, with the result that in the same year appeared the well-known "Essay on Milton." The essay at once made Macaulay famous. Jeffrey himself, in acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript, wrote: "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." From this time forward appeared at intervals those brilliant essays that we know so well. The financial misfortunes of his father necessitated Macaulay's working for his own support and that of others. In 1828 he obtained through Lord Lyndhurst a Commissionership of Bankruptcy. The emoluments of this, together with his fellowship and what he earned from the *Edinburgh Review*, made up his income to about £900.

Public affairs now began to interest him much, and he longed to enter Parliament. Through the interest of Lord Lansdowne he was returned a member for the now extinct borough of Calne in 1830. His first speech in Parliament was in favour of Mr. Robert Grant's Bill for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities. His speech on Lord John Russell's

Reform Bill of 1831 established his reputation as a parliamentary debater, and assured his future political success. "Portions of the speech," said Sir Robert Peel, "were as beautiful as anything I have ever heard or read. It reminded one of old times." This great speech of Macaulay's was the foundation of his social success. He became a welcome guest in the most distinguished London drawing-rooms. "Yet," says Sir George Trevelyan, "he bore his honours quietly, and enjoyed them with the natural and hearty pleasure of a man who has a taste for society, but whose ambitions lie elsewhere."

After the passing of the Reform Bill, Macaulay's efforts in its favour were rewarded by his appointment as one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control, which for three quarters of a century, from 1784 onwards, represented the Crown in its relations to the East Indian Directors. His sympathy with India, and his interest in Indian topics, were great; and during the eighteen months which he spent at the Board of Control he made himself a thorough master of the affairs of that great country. It must be borne in mind that, in the midst of his political activity, Macaulay's literary activity was unabated, and that he was still writing for the *Edinburgh Review*. He subsequently became Secretary of the Board of Control, just before the general election of 1832, at which he was returned member for Leeds. In the new Parliament of 1832 his most remarkable speech was in favour of the India Bill, by which the East India Company was transformed from a commercial body into a Corporation charged with the functions of ruling Hindoostan. The measure was introduced by Mr. Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, who paid a warm compliment to the eloquence of Macaulay on that occasion.

Macaulay worked hard in his office, but he never allowed the cares of office to damp the playfulness, the boyish

elasticity of his nature. This is shown by his letters to his sisters, whom he adored, and who adored him. These letters, written in spare moments snatched from more serious business, often took the form of verse, such as—

I cannot all day  
Be neglecting Madras,  
And slighting Bombay  
For the sake of a lass.

The following, written also to his sister under the same circumstances, is an amusing account of his income :

Next Wednesday will be quarter-day,  
And then, if I'm alive,  
Of sterling pounds I shall receive  
Three hundred seventy-five.

Already I possess in cash  
Two hundred twenty-four,  
Besides what I have lent to John,  
Which makes up twenty more.

Also the man who editeth  
The Yellow and the Blue \*  
Doth owe me ninety pounds at least,  
All for my last review.

So if my debtors pay their debts  
You'll find, dear sister mine,  
That all my wealth together makes  
Seven hundred pounds and nine.

By the new India Bill it was provided that one of the members of the Supreme Council which was to govern our Eastern Empire should be chosen from among persons who were not servants of the Company. The salary was £10,000 a year. The post was offered to and accepted by Macaulay.

He sailed for India in 1834. During his four months'

\* The well-known cover of the *Edinburgh Review*.

voyage he was not idle. He read insatiably, as the following list of the books read will show. In it there appear Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Vergil*, *Horace*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Bacon de Augmentis*, *Dante*, *Petrarch*, *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, *Don Quixote*, Gibbon's *Rome*, Mill's *India*, all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's *History of France*, and the seven thick folios of the *Biographia Britannica*. We cannot here follow the details of his career in India. During his stay in that country he showed himself a strong advocate of the freedom of the Indian press, was instrumental in introducing to India an enlightened system of education, the effects of which are seen at the present day; and to him is largely due that admirable digest of criminal law known as the Indian Penal Code, which for so many years has been the handbook of every Indian civilian. In his reforms he encountered strenuous opposition, and the Anglo-Indian press teemed with abuse of him, couched in every form. Even verse—not of a very high order—was employed, as witness the following distich:

Soon we hope they will recall ye,  
Tom Macaulay, Tom Macaulay.

Macaulay passed through all this criticism and abuse with equanimity. While intent on the business of a great empire, he never ceased to woo literature. Homer and Vergil, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles—all that was best in Classical and English literature—were the companions of his leisure moments. In the beginning of the year 1838 he sailed for England. Some time after his return to England he again entered Parliament as member for Edinburgh, and became Secretary at War and a member of the Cabinet. He subsequently held the office of Paymaster of the Forces. His essay on *Lord Clive* appeared in January, 1840; about two years

after he left India. The essay on *Warren Hastings* appeared in October, 1841. Macaulay's greatest work—the work to which chiefly the remainder of his life was devoted—was his *History of England from the Revolution of 1688*. He showed marvellous industry in working up his materials, personally visiting the scenes of the various events. Of his poetical compositions his *Lays of Ancient Rome* are the most famous.

In 1857 Macaulay was raised to the peerage. He did not live to enjoy that honour long, but died on December 28th, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Macaulay's style is ornate and rhetorical; but his rhetoric is of the best kind, and never degenerates into bombast. His pages abound in happy illustrations drawn from a rich storehouse of knowledge. His language is clear, and his sentences, even when long, are never involved. It is interesting to examine his essays, say those on *Clive* and *Hastings*, and notice how little use he makes of the semi-colon and colon, employing chiefly the comma and period.

## SUMMARY

CLIVE's family, birth, and early years—Goes to Madras as a writer—Life at Fort St. George, depression, and attempted suicide—Capture of Fort St. George by the French—Clive escapes to Fort St. David—Solicits and receives a commission in the Army—War between the English and French companies—Ambitious schemes of Dupleix—Clive captures Arcot—Is besieged there by Rajah Sahib—Successful defence of Arcot—Further successes—Clive destroys the City of the Victory of Dupleix—Successful defence of Trichinopoly—Decline of French influence—Clive captures Covelong and Chingleput—Marriage and first return to England—Elected member for St. Michael, and unseated—Appointed Governor of Fort St. David, and returns to India—Capture of Geriah—Surajah Dowlah—The Black Hole of Calcutta—Clive marches against Surajah Dowlah—Negotiations with Surajah Dowlah—Omichund: Clive's deception of him—Battle of Plassey—Meer Jaffier receives Surajah Dowlah's throne—Surajah Dowlah put to death—Immense wealth falls to the East India Company and its servants—Presents to Clive—Appointed Governor of Company's possessions in Bengal—Attempt of Shah Alum to dethrone Meer Jaffier—He besieges Patna—Clive raises the siege—Intrigues of Meer Jaffier with the Dutch—Defeat of the Dutch by Clive—He returns again to England—Raised to the Irish Peerage—His life in England—Generosity towards relatives and friends—Enters the House of Commons—Enmity towards Clive at the India House—Demoralised state of Bengal—Clive requested to return to India, and consents—His reforms in the administration of Bengal—Return to England—Popular feeling turns against him—The Nabobs—Accusations in Parliament—Unsatisfactory nature of his acquittal—His death.

## LORD CLIVE

THE CLIVES had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George I. this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the 29th of September, 1725. 5 10

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob 15 20



Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market-Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of  
5 predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and half-pence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character  
10 of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from  
15 such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange therefore that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

20 Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youths now annually sent to the Presidencies of our Asiatic empire. The Company was then purely a trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles, for which rent was paid to the native governments. Its  
25 troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three or four ill-constructed forts, which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives, who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and  
30 were armed, some with swords and shields, some with bows and arrows. The business of the servant of the Company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial, and diplomatic business of a great country, but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes, and above all to

keep an eye on private traders who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid that they could scarce subsist without incurring debt; the elder enriched themselves by trading on their own account; and those who lived to rise to the top of the service often 5 accumulated considerable fortunes.

Madras, to which Clive had been appointed, was at this time perhaps the first in importance of the Company's settlements. In the preceding century Fort St. George had arisen on a barren spot beaten by a raging surf; and in the 10 neighbourhood a town, inhabited by many thousands of natives, had sprung up, as towns spring up in the East, with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. There were already in the suburbs many white villas, each surrounded by its garden, whither the wealthy agents of the Company retired, 15 after the labours of the desk and the warehouse, to enjoy the cool breeze which springs up at sunset from the Bay of Bengal. The habits of these mercantile grandees appear to have been more profuse, luxurious, and ostentatious than those of the high judicial and political functionaries who 20 have succeeded them. But comfort was far less understood. Many devices which now mitigate the heat of the climate, preserve health, and prolong life, were unknown. There was far less intercourse with Europe than at present. The voyage by the Cape was then very seldom accomplished 25 in six months, and was sometimes protracted to more than a year. Consequently, the Anglo-Indian was then much more estranged from his country, much more addicted to Oriental usages, and much less fitted to mix in society after his return to Europe, than the Anglo-Indian of the 30 present day.

Within the fort and its precinct, the English exercised, by permission of the native government, an extensive authority, such as every great Indian landowner exercised

within his own domain. But they had never dreamed of claiming independent power. The surrounding country was ruled by the Nabob of the Carnatic, a deputy of the Viceroy of the Deccan, commonly called the Nizam, who  
5 was himself only a deputy of the mighty prince designated by our ancestors as the Great Mogul.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese,  
10 and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged, no small calamity in a climate  
15 which can be made tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him; but when he landed at Fort St. George he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. The  
20 lad's shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself to strangers. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He  
25 pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected either from the waywardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years. "I have not enjoyed," says he, "one happy day  
30 since I left my native country;" and again, "I must confess at intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner. . . . If I should be so far blest as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that

I could hope or desire for would be presented before me in one view."

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his 5 leisure to reading, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuits.

But neither climate nor poverty, neither study nor the 10 sorrows of a home-sick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy 15 himself; and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for 20 something great.

About this time an event which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. Europe had been during some years distracted by the war of the Austrian succession. George II. 25 was the steady ally of Maria Theresa. The house of Bourbon took the opposite side. Though England was even then the first of maritime powers, she was not, as she has since become, more than a match on the sea for all the nations of the world together; and she found it difficult to 30 maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendancy. Labourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, a man of eminent talents and virtues, conducted an expedition to the

continent of India in spite of the opposition of the British fleet, landed, assembled an army, appeared before Madras, and compelled the town and fort to capitulate. The keys were delivered up; the French colours were displayed on 5 Fort St. George; and the contents of the Company's warehouses were seized as prize of war by the conquerors. It was stipulated by the capitulation that the English inhabitants should be prisoners of war on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French till it 10 should be ransomed. Labourdonnais pledged his honour that only a moderate ransom should be required.

But the success of Labourdonnais had awakened the jealousy of his countryman, Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry. Dupleix, moreover, had already begun to revolve 15 gigantic schemes, with which the restoration of Madras to the English was by no means compatible. He declared that Labourdonnais had gone beyond his powers; that conquests made by the French arms on the continent of India were at the disposal of the governor of Pondicherry alone; and 20 that Madras should be rased to the ground. Labourdonnais was compelled to yield. The anger which the breach of the capitulation excited among the English was increased by the ungenerous manner in which Dupleix treated the principal servants of the Company. The Governor and several 25 of the first gentlemen of Fort St. George were carried under a guard to Pondicherry, and conducted through the town in a triumphal procession under the eyes of fifty thousand spectators. It was with reason thought that this gross violation of public faith absolved the inhabitants of 30 Madras from the engagements into which they had entered with Labourdonnais. Clive fled from the town by night in the disguise of a Mussulman, and took refuge at Fort St. David, one of the small English settlements subordinate to Madras.

The circumstances in which he was now placed naturally led him to adopt a profession better suited to his restless and intrepid spirit than the business of examining packages and casting accounts. He solicited and obtained an ensign's commission in the service of the Company, and at twenty- 5 one entered on his military career. His personal courage, of which he had, while still a writer, given signal proof by a desperate duel with a military bully who was the terror of Fort St. David, speedily made him conspicuous even among hundreds of brave men. He soon began to show 10 in his new calling other qualities which had not before been discerned in him—judgment, sagacity, deference to legitimate authority. He distinguished himself highly in several operations against the French, and was particularly noticed by Major Lawrence, who was then considered as the ablest 15 British officer in India.

Clive had been only a few months in the army when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English Company, and the 20 young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did indeed return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he was thus wavering between a military 25 and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French Crowns; but there arose between the English and French Companies trading to the East a war most eventful and important, a 30 war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was

Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the  
5 end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West.  
10 He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern  
15 the motions, and to speak through the mouth, of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam. The arts both of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring  
20 Frenchman.

In the year 1748 died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary,  
25 the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha  
30 Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to make out

something like a claim of right. In a society altogether disorganized, they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel. 5

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India; this was indeed an attractive 10 prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoy, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated 15 and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every 20 part of the Carnatic.

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own 25 followers; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan; and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries, and *Te Deum* sung in the churches. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies; 30 and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mahommedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and, in the pageant which



followed, took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Sahib. He was entrusted with the 5 command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroy of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It 10 was rumoured that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honour or emolument could be obtained from 15 the government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises 20 of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which, in the short space of four years, 25 an European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vain-glorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had 30 obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung, and the elevation of Mirzapha, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes

were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pile and round it arose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognise Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahommed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness and to heighten his glory. At this moment the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

25

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of

India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would  
5 be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the  
10 execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him only two had ever been in action, and  
15 four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered  
20 it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which  
25 had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise,  
30 slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand

men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom 5 Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls 10 were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers 15 were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days 20 the young captain maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances any troops 25 so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little 30 band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the

Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, 5 or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari 10 Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared 15 that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried 20 negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that if his proposals were not accepted he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an 25 usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great 30 Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had

perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and

so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living  
5 mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of  
10 the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal  
15 to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened, by forced marches, to attack  
20 Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army,  
25 came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been intrusted to  
30 Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the

British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken, a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be rased to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

25

The government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterized Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good-humour in a subordinate capacity. But



Lawrence had early treated him with kindness; and it is bare justice to Clive to say that, proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first.

The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was ill qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking over his own interests and those of France at the court of that Prince.

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

The health of Clive had never been good during his

residence in India ; and his constitution was now so much impaired that he determined to return to England. Before his departure he undertook a service of considerable difficulty, and performed it with his usual vigour and dexterity. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French 5 garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. [Clive undertook the task, and with five hundred sepoys and two hundred recruits who had just landed from England, and who were the worst and lowest wretches that the Company's crimps could pick up in the lowest dens of London, 10 succeeded in capturing both places.]

Clive returned to Madras victorious, but in a state of health which rendered it impossible for him to remain there long. He married at this time a young lady of the name of Maskelyne, sister of the eminent mathematician, 15 who long held the post of Astronomer Royal. She is described as handsome and accomplished ; and her husband's letters, it is said, contain proofs that he was devotedly attached to her. Almost immediately after the marriage, Clive embarked with his bride for England. He returned 20 a very different person from the poor slighted boy who had been sent out ten years before to seek his fortune. He was only twenty-seven ; yet his country already respected him as one of her first soldiers. The East India Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms, and 25 bestowed on him a sword set with diamonds. With rare delicacy, he refused to receive this token of gratitude unless a similar compliment were paid to his friend and commander, Lawrence.

Clive's relations had very substantial reasons for rejoicing 30 at his return. Considerable sums of prize money had fallen to his share ; and he had brought home a moderate fortune, part of which he expended in extricating his father from pecuniary difficulties, and in redeeming the family estate.

The remainder he appears to have dissipated in the course of about two years. He lived splendidly, dressed gaily even for those times, kept a carriage and saddle horses, and, not content with these ways of getting rid of his money, 5 resorted to the most speedy and effectual of all modes of evacuation, a contested election followed by a petition. [He was elected member for St. Michael, one of those wretched Cornish boroughs which were swept away by the Reform Act in 1832; but a petition was presented against 10 his return, and he was unseated.]

Ejected from Parliament, and straitened in his means, he naturally began to look again towards India. The Company and the Government were eager to avail themselves of his services. A treaty favourable to England had indeed been 15 concluded in the Carnatic. Dupleix had been superseded, and had returned with the wreck of his immense fortune to Europe, where calumny and chicanery soon hunted him to his grave. But many signs indicated that a war between France and Great Britain was at hand; and it was therefore 20 thought desirable to send an able commander to the Company's settlements in India. The Directors appointed Clive governor of Fort St. David. The king gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and in 1755 he again sailed for Asia.

25 The first service on which he was employed after his return to the East was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory, and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria, whose barks had long been the terror of the 30 Arabian Gulf. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron in the Eastern seas, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fastness by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

After this exploit, Clive proceeded to his government of Fort St. David. Before he had been there two months, he received intelligence which called forth all the energy of his bold and active mind.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long 5 possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of 10 spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighbourhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo merchants of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of 15 Chowringhee contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators, covered the site of the present Citadel, and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which 20 the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain.

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and 25 Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the 30 name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally

unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody ever dared to reason with him ; and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good-will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at the last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offence punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds ; and, when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them ; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced

by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest. 15

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left to the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in 25

vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

5 Nothing in history or fiction approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who even in that extremity retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer  
10 was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water  
15 with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died  
20 away in low gaspings and moans. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had  
25 already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number,  
30 were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was

to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that any thing could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with 5 some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the 10 female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah in the meantime sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in 15 the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade Englishmen to dwell in the neighbourhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God. 20

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the 25 Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry—fine troops and full of spirit—and fifteen hundred sepoy composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who 30 had more subjects than Lewis the Fifteenth, or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.



The Nabob was revelling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe ; and it had never occurred to him as possible, that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off ; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains, than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news, that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigour. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war ; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs ; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and

apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat, though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious 5 a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto he had been merely a soldier carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valour, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as 10 a statesman; and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great ability, and obtained great success, is unquestionable. But it is also unquestionable that the transactions in which he now began to take a part 15 have left a stain on his moral character.

The negotiations between the English and the Nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents, Mr. Watts, a servant of the Company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native 20 merchants resident at Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the Nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between 25 them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure the Hindoo talents—quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance, and the Hindoo vices, servility, greediness, and treachery.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an 30 Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards

Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs 5 against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and 10 to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the 15 artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Near five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. 20 The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he 25 had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He 30 countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the meantime his wretched maladminis-

tration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company had disgusted all classes of his subjects—soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mohommedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against 5 him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the 10 committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation, but Clive's voice was given in favour of the conspirators, and his vigour and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful 15 assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return Meer Jaffier promised ample compensation to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the committee. 20

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the Nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. 25 All was going well; the plot was nearly ripe; when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread 30 of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy; and he determined to take advantage of his

situation and to make his own terms. He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery and appalled by the danger, knew not what course  
5 to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own arts. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy; and then they  
10 might punish him by withholding from him not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive.

His advice was taken. But how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded that an  
15 article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red, the former real, the latter  
20 fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned; the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favour.

But another difficulty arose. Admiral Watson had scruples about signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and  
25 acuteness were such that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken his suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly  
30 from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by

announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honour of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that 5 Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; 10 and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his 15 confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, 20 not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared 25 his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He 30 retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed ; and at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep ; he heard, through  
5 the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

10 Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone,  
15 he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through  
20 many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team  
25 of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which  
30 inhabits the northern provinces ; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were

English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several 5 of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, 10 was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever 15 more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, 20 their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great 25 Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But, as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his 30 ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honours due to his rank.



But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to 5 march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him. The 10 wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders 15 accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his 20 palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoy. For his residence had been assigned a palace, which was 25 surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honour, placed him on it, presented to him, after the 30 immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter; for it is remarkable that, long as

he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and with the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language. He is said indeed to have been sometimes under the necessity of 5 employing, in his intercourse with natives of India, the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired when a lad in Brazil.

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfil the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A 10 conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichund came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favour of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had up to that 15 day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Scrafton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, "It is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Scrafton in Hindoostanee, "the red treaty 20 is a trick. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived; but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though little troubled by scruples of conscience in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been 25 touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ him in the 30 public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He who had formerly been distinguished by the strength of his understanding and the simplicity of his habits, now

squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself dressed in rich garments, and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.

5 Omichund was not the only victim of the revolution. Surajah Dowlah was taken a few days after his flight, and was brought before Meer Jaffier. There he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries implored the mercy which he had never shown. Meer  
10 Jaffier hesitated; but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who in feebleness of brain and savageness of nature greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which in a short time the ministers of death were sent. In this act the  
15 English bore no part; and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings, that he thought it necessary to apologise to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy.

The shower of wealth now fell copiously on the Company  
20 and its servants. A sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, in coined silver, was sent down the river from Moorshedabad to Fort William. The fleet which conveyed this treasure consisted of more than a hundred boats, and performed its triumphal voyage with flags flying and music  
25 playing. Calcutta, which a few months before had been desolate, was now more prosperous than ever. Trade revived; and the signs of affluence appeared in every English house. As to Clive, there was no limit to his acquisitions but his own moderation. The treasury of Bengal  
30 was thrown open to him. There were piled up, after the usage of Indian princes, immense masses of coin, among which might not seldom be detected the florins and byzants with which, before any European ship had turned the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the stuffs and spices

of the East. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

Meer Jaffier could be upheld on the throne only by the hand which had placed him on it. He was not, indeed, a mere boy ; nor had he been so unfortunate as to be born in the purple. He was not therefore quite so imbecile or quite so depraved as his predecessor had been. But he had none of the talents or virtues which his post required ; and his son and heir, Meeran, was another Surajah Dowlah. The recent revolution had unsettled the minds of men. Many chiefs were in open insurrection against the new Nabob. The viceroy of the rich and powerful province of Oude, who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, was now in truth an independent sovereign, menaced Bengal with invasion. Nothing but the talents and authority of Clive could support the tottering government. While things were in this state, a ship arrived with despatches which had been written at the India House before the news of the battle of Plassey had reached London. The Directors had determined to place the English settlements in Bengal under a government constituted in the most cumbrous and absurd manner ; and, to make the matter worse, no place in the arrangement was assigned to Clive. The persons who were selected to form this new government, greatly to their honour, took on themselves the responsibility of disobeying these preposterous orders, and invited Clive to exercise the supreme authority. He consented ; and it soon appeared that the servants of the Company had only anticipated the wishes of their employers. The Directors, on receiving news of Clive's brilliant success, instantly appointed him governor of their possessions in Bengal, with the highest marks of gratitude and esteem. His power was now boundless, and far surpassed even that

which Dupleix had attained in the south of India. Meer Jaffier regarded him with slavish awe. On one occasion, the Nabob spoke with severity to a native chief of high rank, whose followers had been engaged in a brawl with some of the Company's sepoy. "Are you yet to learn," he said, "who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The chief, who, as a famous jester and an old friend of Meer Jaffier, could venture to take liberties, answered, "I affront the Colonel! I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass!" This was hardly an exaggeration. Europeans and natives were alike at Clive's feet.

It is but justice to say that Clive used his power ably and vigorously for the advantage of his country. He sent forth an expedition against the tract lying to the north of the Carnatic. In this tract the French still had the ascendancy; and it was important to dislodge them. The conduct of the enterprise was intrusted to an officer of the name of Forde, who was then little known, but in whom the keen eye of the governor had detected military talents of a high order. The success of the expedition was rapid and splendid.

While a considerable part of the army of Bengal was thus engaged at a distance, a new and formidable danger menaced the western frontier. The Great Mogul was a prisoner at Delhi in the hands of a subject. His eldest son, named Shah Alum, destined to be, during many years, the sport of adverse fortune, and to be a tool in the hands, first of the Mahrattas, and then of the English, had fled from the palace of his father. His birth was still revered in India. Some powerful princes, the Nabob of Oude in particular, were inclined to favour him. Shah Alum found it easy to draw to his standard great numbers of the military adventurers with whom every part of the country swarmed.

An army of forty thousand men, of various races and religions, Mahrattas, Rohillas, Jauts, and Afghans, were speedily assembled round him ; and he formed the design of overthrowing the upstart whom the English had elevated to a throne, and of establishing his own authority throughout 5 Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

Meer Jaffier's terror was extreme ; and the only expedient which occurred to him was to purchase, by the payment of a large sum of money, an accommodation with Shah Alum. But Clive treated the suggestion with a scorn worthy of his 10 strong sense and dauntless courage. "If you do this," he wrote, "you will have the Nabob of Oude, the Mahrattas, and many more, come from all parts of the confines of your country, who will bully you out of money till you have none left in your treasury. I beg your Excellency will rely on 15 the fidelity of the English, and of those troops which are attached to you." He wrote in a similar strain to the governor of Patna, a brave native soldier whom he highly esteemed. "Come to no terms ; defend your city to the last. Rest assured that the English are staunch and firm 20 friends, and that they never desert a cause in which they have once taken a part."

He kept his word. Shah Alum had invested Patna, and was on the point of proceeding to storm, when he learned that the Colonel was advancing by forced marches. The 25 whole army which was approaching consisted of only four hundred and fifty Europeans and two thousand five hundred sepoys. But Clive and his Englishmen were now objects of dread over all the East. As soon as his advanced guard appeared, the besiegers fled before him. 30

The conqueror returned in triumph to Fort William. The joy of Meer Jaffier was as unbounded as his fears had been, and led him to bestow on his preserver a princely token of gratitude. The quit-rent which the East India

Company were bound to pay to the Nabob for the extensive lands held by them to the south of Calcutta amounted to near thirty thousand pounds sterling a year. The whole of this splendid estate, sufficient to support with dignity the highest rank of the British peerage, was now conferred on Clive for life.

But the gratitude of Meer Jaffier did not last long. He had for some time felt that the powerful ally who had set him up might pull him down, and had been looking round for support against the formidable strength by which he had himself been hitherto supported. He knew that it would be impossible to find among the natives of India any force which would look the Colonel's little army in the face. The French power in Bengal was extinct. But the fame of the Dutch had anciently been great in the Eastern seas; and it was not yet distinctly known in Asia how much the power of Holland had declined in Europe. Secret communications passed between the court of Moorshedabad and the Dutch factory at Chinsurah; and urgent letters were sent from Chinsurah, exhorting the government of Batavia to fit out an expedition which might balance the power of the English in Bengal. The authorities of Batavia, eager to extend the influence of their country, and still more eager to obtain for themselves a share of the wealth which had recently raised so many English adventurers to opulence, equipped a powerful armament. Seven large ships from Java arrived unexpectedly in the Hoogley. The military force on board amounted to fifteen hundred men, of whom about one half were Europeans. The enterprise was well timed. Clive had sent such large detachments to oppose the French in the Carnatic that his army was now inferior in number to that of the Dutch. He knew that Meer Jaffier secretly favoured the invaders. He knew that he took on himself a serious responsibility if he attacked the forces of a friendly power;

that the English ministers could not wish to see a war with Holland added to that in which they were already engaged with France ; that they might disavow his acts ; that they might punish him. He had recently remitted a great part of his fortune to Europe, through the Dutch East India 5 Company ; and he had therefore a strong interest in avoiding any quarrel. But he was satisfied that, if he suffered the Batavian armament to pass up the river and to join the garrison of Chinsurah, Meer Jaffier would throw himself into the arms of these new allies, and that the English 10 ascendancy in Bengal would be exposed to most serious danger. He took his resolution with characteristic boldness, and was most ably seconded by his officers, particularly by Colonel Forde, to whom the most important part of the operations was intrusted. The Dutch attempted to force a 15 passage. The English encountered them both by land and water. On both elements the enemy had a great superiority of force. On both they were signally defeated. Their ships were taken. Their troops were put to a total rout. Almost all the European soldiers, who constituted the main strength 20 of the invading army, were killed or taken. The conquerors sat down before Chinsurah ; and the chiefs of that settlement, now thoroughly humbled, consented to the terms which Clive dictated. They engaged to build no fortifications, and to raise no troops beyond a small force necessary 25 for the police of their factories ; and it was distinctly provided that any violation of these covenants should be punished with instant expulsion from Bengal.

Three months after this great victory Clive sailed for England. At home, honours and rewards awaited him, not 30 indeed equal to his claims or to his ambition, but still such as, when his age, his rank in the army, and his original place in society are considered, must be pronounced rare and splendid. He was raised to the Irish peerage, and



encouraged to expect an English title. George III., who had just ascended the throne, received him with great distinction. The ministers paid him marked attention ; and Pitt, whose influence in the House of Commons and in the country was unbounded, was eager to mark his regard for one whose exploits had contributed so much to the lustre of that memorable period. The great orator had already in Parliament described Clive as a heaven-born general, as a man who, bred to the labour of the desk, had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia. Indeed, since the death of Wolfe, Clive was the only English general of whom his countrymen had much reason to be proud.

The wealth of Clive was such as enabled him to vie with the first grandees of England. There remains proof that he had remitted more than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds through the Dutch East India Company, and more than forty thousand pounds through the English Company. The amount which he had sent home through private houses was also considerable. He had invested great sums in jewels, then a very common mode of remittance from India. His purchases of diamonds, at Madras alone, amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds. Besides a great mass of ready money, he had his Indian estate, valued by himself at twenty-seven thousand a year. His whole annual income exceeded forty thousand pounds ; and incomes of forty thousand pounds at the time of the accession of George III. were at least as rare as incomes of a hundred thousand pounds now. We may safely affirm that no Englishman who started with nothing has ever, in any line of life, created such a fortune at the early age of thirty-four.

It would be unjust not to add that Clive made a creditable use of his riches. As soon as the battle of Plassey had laid the foundation of his fortune, he sent ten thousand

pounds to his sisters, bestowed as much more on other poor friends and relations, ordered his agent to pay eight hundred a year to his parents, and to insist that they should keep a carriage, and settled five hundred a year on his old commander Lawrence, whose means were very slender. The whole sum which Clive expended in this manner may be calculated at fifty thousand pounds. 5

He now set himself to cultivate Parliamentary interest. His purchases of land seem to have been made in a great measure with that view, and, after the general election of 1761, he found himself in the House of Commons, at the head of a body of dependents whose support must have been important to any administration. In English politics, however, he did not take a prominent part. His first attachments were to Mr. Fox; at a later period he was 15 attracted by the genius and success of Mr. Pitt; but finally he connected himself in the closest manner with George Grenville. But in truth all Clive's views were directed towards the country in which he had so eminently distinguished himself as a soldier and statesman; and it was 20 by considerations relating to India that his conduct as a public man in England was regulated.

At the head of the preponderating party in the India House had long stood a powerful, able, and ambitious director of the name of Sullivan. He had conceived a 25 strong jealousy of Clive, and remembered with bitterness the audacity with which the late governor of Bengal had repeatedly set at nought the authority of the distant Directors of the Company. An apparent reconciliation took place after Clive's arrival; but enmity remained 30 deeply rooted in the hearts of both. The whole body of Directors was then chosen annually. At the election of 1763 Clive attempted to break down the power of the dominant faction. The contest was carried on with a

violence which he describes as tremendous. Sullivan was victorious, and hastened to take his revenge. The grant of rent which Clive had received from Meer Jaffier was, in the opinion of the best English lawyers, valid. It had been  
5 made by exactly the same authority from which the Company had received their chief possessions in Bengal, and the Company had long acquiesced in it. The Directors, however, most unjustly determined to confiscate it, and Clive was forced to file a bill in chancery against them.

10 But a great and sudden turn in affairs was at hand. Every ship from Bengal had for some time brought alarming tidings. The internal misgovernment of the province had reached such a point that it could go no further. During the five years which followed the departure of Clive from  
15 Bengal, the misgovernment of the English was carried to a point such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society. Cruelty indeed, properly so-called, was not among the vices of the servants of the Company. But cruelty itself could hardly have produced greater evils  
20 than sprang from their unprincipled eagerness to be rich. They pulled down their creature, Meer Jaffier. They set up in his place another Nabob, named Meer Cossim. But Meer Cossim had parts and a will ; and, though sufficiently inclined to oppress his subjects himself, he could not bear  
25 to see them ground to the dust by oppressions which yielded him no profit, nay, which destroyed his revenue in the very source. The English accordingly pulled down Meer Cossim, and set up Meer Jaffier again ; and Meer Cossim, after revenging himself by a massacre surpassing in atrocity that  
30 of the Black Hole, fled to the dominions of the Nabob of Oude. At every one of these revolutions the new prince divided among his foreign masters whatever could be scraped together in the treasury of his fallen predecessor. The immense population of his dominions was given up as a

prey to those who had made him a sovereign, and who could unmake him. The servants of the Company obtained, not for their employers, but for themselves, a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. They forced the natives to buy dear and to sell cheap. They insulted with impunity 5 the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. They covered with their protection a set of native dependants who ranged through the provinces, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared. Every servant of a British factor was armed with all the power of 10 his master; and his master was armed with all the power of the Company. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta, while thirty millions of human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness.

At length the state of things in Bengal began to excite 15 uneasiness at home. A succession of revolutions; a disorganized administration; the natives pillaged, yet the Company not enriched; every fleet bringing back fortunate adventurers who were able to purchase manors and to build stately dwellings, yet bringing back also alarming accounts 20 of the financial prospects of the government; war on the frontiers; disaffection in the army; the national character disgraced by excesses resembling those of Verres and Pizarro; such was the spectacle which dismayed those who were conversant with Indian affairs. The general cry was that 25 Clive, and Clive alone, could save the empire which he had founded.

This feeling manifested itself in the strongest manner at a very full General Court of Proprietors. Men of all parties, forgetting their feuds and trembling for their dividends, 30 exclaimed that Clive was the man whom the crisis required, that the oppressive proceedings which had been adopted respecting his estate ought to be dropped, and that he ought to be entreated to return to India.

Clive rose. As to his estate, he said he would make such propositions to the Directors as would, he trusted, lead to an amicable settlement. But there was a still greater difficulty. It was proper to tell them that he never would  
5 undertake the government of Bengal while his enemy Sullivan was chairman of the Company. The tumult was violent. Sullivan could scarcely obtain a hearing. An overwhelming majority of the assembly was on Clive's side.

Clive was in consequence nominated Governor and Com-  
10 mander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal. But he adhered to his declaration, and refused to enter on his office till the event of the next election of Directors should be known. The contest was obstinate; but Clive triumphed. Sullivan, lately absolute master of the India House, was within  
15 a vote of losing his own seat; and both the chairman and the deputy-chairman were friends of the new Governor.

Such were the circumstances under which Lord Clive sailed for the third and last time to India. In May, 1765, he reached Calcutta; and he found the whole machine of  
20 government even more fearfully disorganized than he had anticipated. Meer Jaffier, who had some time before lost his eldest son, Meeran, had died while Clive was on his voyage out. The English functionaries at Calcutta had already received from home strict orders not to accept  
25 presents from the native princes. But, eager for gain, and unaccustomed to respect the commands of their distant, ignorant, and negligent masters, they again set up the throne of Bengal to sale. About one hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling was distributed among nine of the most  
30 powerful servants of the Company; and, in consideration of this bribe, an infant son of the deceased Nabob was placed on the seat of his father. The news of the ignominious bargain met Clive on his arrival. In a private letter, written immediately after his landing, to an intimate friend, he

poured out his feelings in language which seems to us singularly touching. "Alas!" he says, "how is the English name sunk! I could not avoid paying the tribute of a few tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation—irrecoverably so, I fear. However, I do declare, by that 5 great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, and to whom we must be accountable if there be a hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt." 10

The Council met, and Clive stated to them his full determination to make a thorough reform, and to use for that purpose the whole of the ample authority, civil and military, which had been confided to him. Johnstone, one of the boldest and worst men in the assembly, made some show of 15 opposition. Clive interrupted him, and haughtily demanded whether he meant to question the power of the new government. Johnstone was cowed, and disclaimed any such intention. All the faces round the board grew long and pale; and not another syllable of dissent was uttered. 20

Clive redeemed his pledge. He remained in India about a year and a half; and in that short time effected one of the most extensive, difficult, and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. This was the part of his life on which he afterwards looked back with most pride. 25 He had it in his power to triple his already splendid fortune; to connive at abuses while pretending to remove them; to conciliate the good-will of all the English in Bengal, by giving up to their rapacity a helpless and timid race, who knew not where lay the island which sent forth their 30 oppressors, and whose complaints had little chance of being heard across fifteen thousand miles of ocean. He knew that if he applied himself in earnest to the work of reformation, he should raise every bad passion in arms against

him. He knew how unscrupulous, how implacable, would be the hatred of those ravenous adventurers who, having counted on accumulating in a few months fortunes sufficient to support peerages, should find all their hopes frustrated.

5 But he had chosen the good part; and he called up all the force of his mind for a battle far harder than that of Plassey. At first success seemed hopeless; but soon all obstacles began to bend before that iron courage and that vehement will. The receiving of presents from the natives

10 was rigidly prohibited. The private trade of the servants of the Company was put down. The whole settlement seemed to be set, as one man, against these measures. But the inexorable Governor declared that, if he could not find support at Fort William, he would procure it elsewhere, and

15 sent for some civil servants from Madras to assist him in carrying on the administration. The most factious of his opponents he turned out of their offices. The rest submitted to what was inevitable; and in a very short time all resistance was quelled.

20 But Clive was far too wise a man not to see that the recent abuses were partly to be ascribed to a cause which could not fail to produce similar abuses, as soon as the pressure of his strong hand was withdrawn. The Company had followed a mistaken policy with respect to the remunera-

25 tion of its servants. The salaries were too low to afford even those indulgences which are necessary to the health and comfort of Europeans in a tropical climate. Clive saw clearly that it was absurd to give men power, and to require them to live in penury. He justly concluded

30 that no reform could be effectual which should not be coupled with a plan for liberally remunerating the civil servants of the Company. The Directors, he knew, were not disposed to sanction any increase of the salaries out of their own treasury. The only course which remained open

to the Governor was one which exposed him to much misrepresentation. He appropriated to the support of the service the monopoly of salt, which has formed, down to our own time, a principal head of Indian revenue; and he divided the proceeds according to a scale which seems to have been not unreasonably fixed. 5

He had quelled the opposition of the civil service; that of the army was more formidable. Some of the retrenchments which had been ordered by the Directors affected the interests of the military service; and a storm arose, such as even Cæsar would not willingly have faced. It was no light thing to encounter the resistance of those who held the power of the sword, in a country governed only by the sword. Two hundred English officers engaged in a conspiracy against the Government, and determined to resign their commissions on the same day, not doubting that Clive would grant any terms rather than see the army, on which alone the British empire in the East rested, left without commanders. They little knew the unconquerable spirit with which they had to deal. Clive had still a few officers round his person on whom he could rely. He sent to Fort St. George for a fresh supply. He gave commissions even to mercantile agents who were disposed to support him at this crisis; and he sent orders that every officer who resigned should be instantly brought up to Calcutta. The conspirators found that they had miscalculated. The Governor was inexorable. The troops were steady. The sepoy, over whom Clive had always possessed extraordinary influence, stood by him with unshaken fidelity. The leaders in the plot were arrested, tried, and cashiered. The rest, humbled and dispirited, begged to be permitted to withdraw their resignations. Many of them declared their repentance even with tears. The younger offenders Clive treated with lenity. To the ringleaders he was inflexibly 10 15 20 25 30



severe ; but his severity was pure from all taint of private malevolence. While he sternly upheld the just authority of his office, he passed by personal insults and injuries with magnanimous disdain. One of the conspirators was accused  
5 of having planned the assassination of the Governor ; but Clive would not listen to the charge. "The officers," he said, "are Englishmen, not assassins."

While he reformed the civil service and established his authority over the army, he was equally successful in his  
10 foreign policy. His landing on Indian ground was the signal for immediate peace. The Nabob of Oude, with a large army, lay at that time on the frontier of Bahar. He had been joined by many Afghans and Mahrattas, and there was no small reason to expect a general coalition of  
15 all the native powers against the English. But the name of Clive quelled in an instant all opposition. The enemy implored peace in the humblest language, and submitted to such terms as the new Governor chose to dictate.

At the same time the government of Bengal was placed  
20 on a new footing. The power of the English in that province had hitherto been altogether undefined. It was unknown to the ancient constitution of the empire, and it had been ascertained by no compact. Clive applied to the Court of Delhi for a formal grant of the powers of which  
25 he already possessed the reality. The Mogul was absolutely helpless ; and, though he murmured, had reason to be well pleased that the English were disposed to give solid rupees, which he never could have extorted from them, in exchange for a few Persian characters which cost him nothing. A bargain  
30 was speedily struck ; and the titular sovereign of Hindostan issued a warrant, empowering the Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

It would have been easy for Clive, during his second administration in Bengal, to accumulate riches such as no

subject in Europe possessed. He might indeed, without subjecting the rich inhabitants of the province to any pressure beyond that to which their mildest rulers had accustomed them, have received presents to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds a year. The neighbouring 5 princes would gladly have paid any price for his favour. But he appears to have strictly adhered to the rules which he had laid down for the guidance of others. The Rajah of Benares offered him diamonds of great value. The Nabob of Oude pressed him to accept a large sum of money and a 10 casket of costly jewels. Clive courteously, but peremptorily refused; and it should be observed that he made no merit of his refusal, and that the facts did not come to light till after his death. He kept an exact account of his salary, of his share of the profits accruing from the trade in salt, and of 15 those presents which, according to the fashion of the East, it would be churlish to refuse. Out of the sum arising from these resources he defrayed the expenses of his situation. The surplus he divided among a few attached friends who had accompanied him to India. He always boasted that his last 20 administration diminished instead of increasing his fortune.

One large sum indeed he accepted. Meer Jaffier had left him by will above sixty thousand pounds sterling in specie and jewels; and the rules which had been recently laid down extended only to presents from the living, and did not 25 affect legacies from the dead. Clive took the money, but not for himself. He made the whole over to the Company, in trust for officers and soldiers invalided in their service. The fund which still bears his name owes its origin to this princely donation. 30

After a stay of eighteen months, the state of his health made it necessary for him to return to Europe. At the close of January, 1767, he quitted for the last time the country, on whose destinies he had exercised so mighty an influence.

His second return from Bengal was not, like his first, greeted by the acclamations of his countrymen. Numerous causes were already at work which embittered the remaining years of his life, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

5 His old enemies at the India House were still powerful and active ; and they had been reinforced by a large band of allies whose violence far exceeded their own. The whole crew of pilferers and oppressors from whom he had rescued Bengal persecuted him with the implacable rancour which

10 belongs to such abject natures. Lying newspapers were set up for no purpose but to abuse him ; and the temper of the public mind was then such, that these arts, which under ordinary circumstances would have been ineffectual against truth and merit, produced an extraordinary impression.

15 The great events which had taken place in India had called into existence a new class of Englishmen, to whom their countrymen gave the name of Nabobs. These persons had generally sprung from families neither ancient nor opulent ; they had generally been sent at an early age to the

20 East ; and they had there acquired large fortunes, which they brought back to their native land. It was natural that, not having had much opportunity of mixing with the best society, they should exhibit some of the awkwardness and some of the pomposity of upstarts. It was

25 natural that, during their sojourn in Asia, they should have acquired some tastes and habits surprising, if not disgusting, to persons who never had quitted Europe. It was natural that, having enjoyed great consideration in the East, they should not be disposed to sink into obscurity at home ; and

30 as they had money, and had not birth or high connection, it was natural that they should display a little obtrusively the single advantage which they possessed. Wherever they settled there was a kind of feud between them and the old nobility and gentry, similar to that which raged in France

between the farmer-general and the marquess. This enmity to the aristocracy long continued to distinguish the servants of the Company. More than twenty years after the time of which we are now speaking, Burke pronounced that among the Jacobins might be reckoned "the East Indians almost 5 to a man, who cannot bear to find that their present importance does not bear a proportion to their wealth."

The Nabobs soon became a most unpopular class of men. Some of them had in the East displayed eminent talents, and rendered great services to the State; but at home their 10 talents were not shown to advantage, and their services were little known. That they had sprung from obscurity, that they had acquired great wealth, that they exhibited it insolently, that they spent it extravagantly, that they raised the price of every thing in their neighbourhood, from fresh 15 eggs to rotten boroughs, that their liveries outshone those of dukes, that their coaches were finer than that of the Lord Mayor, that the examples of their large and ill-governed households corrupted half the servants in the country, that some of them, with all their magnificence, could not catch 20 the tone of good society, but, in spite of the stud and the crowd of menials, of the plate and the Dresden china, of the venison and the Burgundy, were still low men; these were things which excited, both in the class from which they had sprung and in the class into which they attempted 25 to force themselves, the bitter aversion which is the effect of mingled envy and contempt. But when it was also rumoured that the fortune which had enabled its possessor to eclipse the Lord Lieutenant on the race-ground, or to carry the county against the head of a house as old as 30 Domesday Book, had been accumulated by violating public faith, by deposing legitimate princes, by reducing whole provinces to beggary, all the higher and better as well as all the low and evil parts of human nature were stirred against

the wretch who had obtained by guilt and dishonour the riches which he now lavished with arrogant and inelegant profusion. The unfortunate Nabob seemed to be made up of those foibles against which comedy has pointed the most  
5 merciless ridicule, and of those crimes which have thrown the deepest gloom over tragedy, of Turcaret and Nero, of Monsieur Jourdain and Richard III. A tempest of execration and derision, such as can be compared only to that outbreak of public feeling against the Puritans which took  
10 place at the time of the Restoration, burst on the servants of the Company. The humane man was horror-struck at the way in which they had got their money, the thrifty man at the way in which they spent it. The Dilettante sneered at their want of taste. The Maccaroni black-balled them  
15 as vulgar fellows. Writers the most unlike in sentiment and style, Methodists and libertines, philosophers and buffoons, were for once on the same side. It is hardly too much to say that, during a space of about thirty years, the whole lighter literature of England was coloured by the  
20 feelings which we have described. Foote brought on the stage an Anglo-Indian chief, dissolute, ungenerous, and tyrannical, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy, yet childishly eager to be numbered among them, squandering his wealth on pandars and  
25 flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly hot-house flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs, and jaghires. Mackenzie, with more delicate humour, depicted a plain country family raised by the Indian acquisitions of one of its members to sudden  
30 opulence, and exciting derision by an awkward mimicry of the manners of the great. Cowper, in that lofty expostulation which glows with the very spirit of the Hebrew poets, placed the oppression of India foremost in the list of those national crimes for which God had punished England

with years of disastrous war, with discomfiture in her own seas, and with the loss of her transatlantic empire. If any of our readers will take the trouble to search in the dusty recesses of circulating libraries for some novel published sixty years ago, the chance is that the villain or sub-villain of the story will prove to be a savage old Nabob, with an immense fortune, a tawny complexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart.

Such, as far as we can now judge, was the feeling of the country respecting Nabobs in general. And Clive was 10 eminently the Nabob, the ablest, the most celebrated, the highest in rank, the highest in fortune, of all the fraternity. His wealth was exhibited in a manner which could not fail to excite odium. He lived with great magnificence in Berkeley Square. He reared one palace in Shropshire, and 15 another at Claremont. His parliamentary influence might vie with that of the greatest families. But in all this splendour and power envy found something to sneer at. On some of his relations wealth and dignity seem to have sat as awkwardly as on Mackenzie's Margery Mushroom. 20 Nor was he himself, with all his great qualities, free from those weaknesses which the satirists of that age represented as characteristic of his whole class. In the field, indeed, his habits were remarkably simple. He was constantly on horseback, was never seen but in his uniform, never wore 25 silk, never entered a palanquin, and was content with the plainest fare. But when he was no longer at the head of an army, he laid aside this Spartan temperance for the ostentatious luxury of a Sybarite. Though his person was ungraceful, and though his harsh features were redeemed 30 from vulgar ugliness only by their stern, dauntless, and commanding expression, he was fond of rich and gay clothing, and replenished his wardrobe with absurd profusion. Sir John Malcolm gives us a letter worthy of Sir Matthew

Mite, in which Clive orders "two hundred shirts, the best and finest that can be got for love or money." A few follies of this description, grossly exaggerated by report, produced an unfavourable impression on the public mind.

5 But this was not the worst. Black stories, of which the greater part were pure inventions, were circulated touching his conduct in the East. He had to bear the whole odium, not only of those bad acts to which he had once or twice stooped, but of all the bad acts of all the English in India,

10 of bad acts committed when he was absent, nay, of bad acts which he had manfully opposed and severely punished. The very abuses against which he had waged an honest, resolute, and successful war, were laid to his account. He was, in fact, regarded as the personification of all the vices

15 and weaknesses which the public, with or without reason, ascribed to the English adventurers in Asia. We have ourselves heard old men, who knew nothing of his history, but who still retained the prejudices conceived in their youth, talk of him as an incarnate fiend. Johnson always

20 held this language. Brown, whom Clive employed to lay out his pleasure grounds, was amazed to see in the house of his noble employer a chest which had once been filled with gold from the treasury of Moorshedabad, and could not understand how the conscience of the criminal could

25 suffer him to sleep with such an object so near to his bed-chamber. The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil,

30 who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story was a worthless ugly lad of the name of Hunt, since widely known as William Huntington, S. S. ; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable

impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive.

[In the meantime the impulse which Clive had given to the administration of Bengal was constantly becoming fainter and fainter. His policy was to a great extent abandoned ; 5 the abuses which he had suppressed began to revive ; and at length the evils which a bad government had engendered were aggravated by a fearful famine. None of Clive's acts had the smallest tendency to produce such a calamity. But in the eyes of his countrymen he was the Nabob, the Anglo- 10 Indian character personified, and while he was building and planting in Surrey, he was held responsible for all the effects of a dry season in Bengal.

Parliament had hitherto bestowed very little attention on our Eastern possessions ; but at length, in 1772, it felt 15 that it could no longer neglect the affairs of India. A committee of inquiry was chosen by ballot, and by this committee the whole history of that great revolution which threw down Surajah Dowlah and raised Meer Jaffier was sifted with malignant care. Clive was subjected to the 20 most unsparing examination and cross-examination ; and he afterwards bitterly complained that he, the baron of Plassey, had been treated like a sheep-stealer.

At length the charges came in a definite form before the House of Commons. Burgoyne, chairman of the committee, 25 was the accuser. Thurlow, the Attorney General, was among the assailants. Wedderburne, the Solicitor General, strongly attached to Clive, defended his friend with extraordinary force of argument and language. It is a curious circumstance that, some years later, Thurlow was the most 30 conspicuous champion of Warren Hastings, while Wedderburne was among the most unrelenting persecutors of that great though not faultless statesman.]

The Commons resolved that acquisitions made by the arms



of the State belong to the State alone, and that it is illegal in the servants of the State to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves. They resolved that this wholesome rule appeared to have been systematically violated by the English  
5 functionaries in Bengal. On a subsequent day they went a step farther, and resolved that Clive had, by means of the power which he possessed as commander of the British forces in India, obtained large sums from Meer Jaffier. Here the Commons stopped. When it was moved that Lord Clive  
10 had abused his powers, and set an evil example to the servants of the public, the previous question was put and carried. At length, long after the sun had risen on an animated debate, Wedderburne moved that Lord Clive had at the same time rendered great and meritorious services to  
15 his country ; and this motion passed without a division.

Clive was now secure in the enjoyment of his fortune and his honours. He was surrounded by attached friends and relations ; and he had not yet passed the season of vigorous bodily and mental exertion. But clouds had long been  
20 gathering over his mind, and now settled on it in thick darkness. From early youth he had been subject to fits of that strange melancholy "which rejoiceth exceedingly and is glad when it can find the grave." While still a writer at Madras, he had twice attempted to destroy himself.  
25 Business and prosperity had produced a salutary effect on his spirits. In India, while he was occupied by great affairs, in England, while wealth and rank had still the charm of novelty, he had borne up against his constitutional misery. But he had now nothing to do, and nothing to wish for.  
30 His active spirit in an inactive situation drooped and withered like a plant in an uncongenial air. The malignity with which his enemies had pursued him, the indignity with which he had been treated by the committee, the censure, lenient as it was, which the House of Commons had pronounced, the

knowledge that he was regarded by a large portion of his countrymen as a cruel and perfidious tyrant, all concurred to irritate and depress him. In the mean time, his temper was tried by acute physical suffering. During his long residence in tropical climates, he had contracted several 5 painful distempers. In order to obtain ease he called in the help of opium; and he was gradually enslaved by this treacherous ally. To the last, however, his genius occasionally flashed through the gloom. It was said that he would sometimes, after sitting silent and torpid for hours, rouse 10 himself to the discussion of some great question, would display in full vigour all the talents of the soldier and the statesman, and would then sink back into his melancholy repose.

On the twenty-second of November, 1774, he died by his 15 own hand. He had just completed his forty-ninth year.

Clive committed great faults. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity. 20

[From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. From his second visit dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. From his third visit dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern Empire.] 25



## NOTES

Page 1. 13 'lineaments,' outlines, features.

2. 15 'slender parts,' poor abilities.

18 The English East India Company was founded in the year 1600, in the reign of Elizabeth. The Company secured the monopoly of trade in India, engaging to meet the expenses of employing soldiers and agents, and of carrying out such functions as the English Government might have been expected to undertake.

33 'diplomatic business,' the business in which ambassadors are usually employed.

3. 2 'monopoly,' exclusive privilege of trading.

13 'the prophet's gourd,' Jonah's gourd, "which came up in a night, and perished in a night." (*Jonah* iv. 10.)

27 'Anglo-Indian' here means an Englishman living in India. What is an Anglo-Saxon?

32 'precinct,' the district immediately surrounding it.

4. 6 The Great Mogul held his court at Delhi.

5. 18 Wallenstein, a native of Bohemia, a famous general in the Thirty Years' War. He is the hero of one of Schiller's plays. It is said that when a youth he fell from a window-ledge two stories high, receiving no injury. From this circumstance he thought he possessed a charmed life.

25 The Emperor Charles VI. of Germany, previous to his death, had tried to secure the succession to his Austrian dominions to his daughter Maria Theresa by promulgating a new law called the Pragmatic Sanction. On his death there were two rival claimants in opposition to Maria Theresa. England was for her, France against her.

6. 8 'parole,' their word of honour not to escape.

32 'Mussulman,' a believer in the Koran. What is the plural?

Page 7. 32 Tamerlane is also known as Timor the Tartar. His descendant, Baber, founded the Mogul Empire, which was afterwards greatly strengthened by the great Emperor Akbar, who died in 1605. Who wrote a play called *Tamburlaine the Great*?

8. 11 Marshal Saxe was the famous French commander during the war of the Austrian Succession. He gained the battle of Fontenoy in 1745. Frederic is of course Frederic the Great, king of Prussia.

27 Anaverdy Khan should properly be Anwar-ud-din Khan.

9. 18 Edmund Burke delivered a speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, which can still be read.

34 'palanquin,' a covered carriage borne on the shoulders of men.

'pageant,' a showy procession.

11. 29 'commissary' is an officer who looks after the supplies of an army.

12. 15 'factors,' trade agents.

14. 26 'poltroons,' cowards. The word originally meant a sluggard, one who lies a-bed, from Italian *poltro*, a bed, couch.

34 'The Fatimites.' The Arabian Dynasty named Fatimites, which from 909 till 1171, ruled over Egypt and the northern part of Africa, and latterly over Syria and Palestine, claimed to be descended from Fatimah, the daughter of Mahomet, who was married to Ali, the cousin of the Prophet. Their religious beliefs differed considerably from those of the orthodox Mahomedans.

15. 6 'The Prophet of God' was Mahomet.

9 'Moslem,' Mahomedan.

14 The Houris were nymphs of paradise.

18 'bang,' a narcotic drug made from wild hemp.

33 'moat,' the ditch round a castle or fort.

16. 2 'fanaticism,' religious frenzy.

16 'Sepoys,' native soldiers in the service of Europeans.

17. 15 'malevolence,' ill-feeling.

16 'policy,' prudence.

24 'trophies,' memorials of victory.

18. 8 'intrigue,' plotting, the carrying on of secret designs.

21 'galleys,' convict ships.

23 'diplomas,' documents conferring some privilege.

Page 19. 4 'crimps,' agents employed to seize men and force them to become soldiers or sailors.

20. 3 'evacuation', literally, emptying; here it means getting rid of his money, emptying his pockets.

14 'calumny,' slander, a false accusation.

'chicanery,' trickery, mean or unfair artifices to perplex a cause or obscure the truth.

21. 24 'jurisdiction,' legal authority.

27 'Aliverdy Khan'; properly, Ali Vardi Khan.

22. 3 'generous,' noble; literally, well-born.

10 'buffoonery,' vulgar jests

15, 16 So the Roman Emperor Domitian used to amuse himself by killing flies

23. 22 'malefactor,' a criminal, literally, an evil-doer

25 At the summer solstice the sun is vertical over the Tropic of Cancer, and the days are at their longest.

24. 28 'charnel-house,' a place for the bones of the dead.

25. 3 'execrable,' detestable; literally, deserving of curses.

13 'harem,' the women's apartments.

28. 22 'oscillated,' wavered, swayed like a pendulum.

29. 21 'ramifications,' branches.

31. 10 'power,' a force of soldiers So in Burns' song, *Scots wha hae*, we find, "See, approach proud Edward's power."

32. 22 'firelocks,' old-fashioned muskets. 'Pikes' were long wooden poles, with an iron barb or spike at the end

35. 4 'facility,' ease.

14 'dissimulation,' hypocrisy, concealment of what one actually is or thinks.

36. 32 A byzant was a gold coin struck at Byzantium (Constantinople). The word is sometimes spelled bizant, bizantine, and bezant. Their value varied; one presentation byzant was worth £15.

39. 34 'quit-rent,' rent by which a tenant is discharged.

42. 11 'the King of Prussia,' Frederic the Great

11 General Wolfe was killed at the storming of Quebec in 1759.

Page 44. 23 'parts,' abilities, talents.

45. 6 The fiscal authorities were those who controlled the revenue

23 Verres was a Roman governor of Sicily, noted for his cruelty and extortion. He was prosecuted by Cicero. Pizarro was the first Spanish invader of Peru, also noted for his cruelty.

47. 27 'connive at,' to wink at

48. 13 'inexorable,' not to be moved by entreaty

16 'factious,' quarrelsome.

49. 11 Julius Caesar quelled by one word the mutiny of his tenth legion.

50. 23 'ascertained by no compact,' secured by no agreement or treaty

27 A rupee is a silver coin, equal to about two shillings

51. 17 'churlish,' rude. A churl is a rustic, and churlish conduct is such as might be expected from an uneducated rustic

52. 17 'Nabobs' Those who read Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* will find a good example of the so called Nabob in Jos Sedley

53. 1 The 'farmers general' were farmers of the revenue, that is, they purchased from the State the right of collecting the revenue. They were rich upstarts, and were very unpopular

5 'Jacobins' The Jacobins were a faction in the French Revolution, so called from the Jacobin Club, which first met in the hall of the Jacobin Friars, in Paris, October, 1789

14 16 So, in Sir Walter Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*, Meg Dods says, "Nabobs indeed! The country's plagued wi' them. They have raised the price of eggs and pooty [poultry] for twenty miles round."

31 The *Domestick Book* was a record made by direction of William the Conqueror of the condition of the land of England and its value, as compared with what it had been in the reign of Edward the Confessor

54. 6 'Turcaret' The leading character in Le Sage's comedy of the same name. He was a *traitant*, or farmer of the revenue.

7 'Monsieur Jourdain' is a rich upstart in Moliere's comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*

13-14 The Dilettante and the Maccaroni were two clubs. The Dilettante was founded in 1734 by certain gentlemen who had travelled

in Italy, to encourage at home a taste for those objects which had contributed to their enjoyment abroad. They encouraged art and archæology, and sent out two expeditions to Asia Minor and Greece with valuable results. It was mainly through them that the Royal Academy obtained a charter. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Charles James Fox, David Garrick, and many other eminent men, belonged to the Dilettante Society, which met in the Thatched House Tavern. The Maccaroni Club was founded by a number of young men who had visited Italy. It was probably so called from their favourite dish. The members of the club were distinguished by the absurdity of their dress. They first inundated London in 1772.

20 'Foote Samuel Foote, actor and dramatist, lived from 1720 to 1777. He acted "Sir Matthew Mite" in the *Nabob*, a comedy of his in three acts. After the production of the *Nabob*, two members of the East India Company called upon him with the intention of castigating him. But he had tact enough to keep them talking until he had disarmed their resentment, and induced them to stay to dinner.

26 'jargon,' confused talk

27 'a lac of rupees' = 100,000 rupees, £10,000

'jaghires' (pronounce *ja, heers*) A 'jaghír' (as it is now spelt) is pretty much the same as a *fief*, except that it was rather an assignment of land *revenue* than a grant of *land*. Both Hindoo and Mahomedan kings assigned the *land revenue* of particular areas to powerful individuals, on condition of their maintaining and supplying troops. The former called the grant by a different name. The latter called it a 'jaghír.' The holder of a 'jaghír' is called a *jaghírdar*.

Henry Mackenzie was a Scotchman, who lived from 1745 to 1831. He is best known by his novel, *The Man of Feeling*, though he wrote other novels, and also some plays. He also published a serial called *The Lounger*, in which he sometimes wrote under the name of "Margery Mushroom."

54. 31 Macaulay alludes to the following passage from Cowper's poem *Expostulation*

"Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,  
Exported slavery to the conquered East?  
Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,  
And raised thyself, a greater, in their stead?  
Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,  
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,  
A despot big with power obtained by wealth,  
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?  
With Asiatic vices stored thy mind,  
And left their virtues and thine own behind,  
And having trucked thy soul, brought home the fee,  
To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee."



*Page 55.* 28 The Spartans were noted for the strictness and simplicity of their lives.

29 The old Greek city of Sybaris, in the south of Italy, was noted for its luxury, and has given us the word Sybarite, as denoting a luxurious person.

34 Sir John Malcolm wrote a biography of Clive, the publication of which evoked this essay of Macaulay's.

56. 19 Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1785), well-known as the author of *The Rambler*, *The Idler*, *The Lives of the Poets*, an English Dictionary, and many other works. Macaulay has written an essay on Dr. Johnson. What other famous literary man bore the name of Johnson?

20 Lancelot Brown, born in 1715, died in 1783, was a well-known landscape gardener and architect. He was known as "Capability Brown." He laid out or remodelled the grounds at Kew, Blenheim, and Nuneham Courtenay.

32 The Rev. William Huntington was born near Cranbrook, in Dorsetshire, in 1744, and died in 1813. He is the author of a book called *The Bank of Faith*, and also of one called *The Arminian Skeleton*. Regarding his title S.S. he wrote, "As I cannot get a D.D. for want of cash, neither can I get a M.A. for want of learning, therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean 'sinner saved.'"





