Lord Clive

By

Lord Macaulay

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

K. Deighton

NIRMALA COLLEGE,
COIMBATORE.

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PREFACE.

MACAULAY'S two Indian Essays were written shortly after his return from India in 1838, and in some respects are equal to anything that ever came from his pen. His mind was at this period in the very hey-day of its strength and vivacity; his style—in some of the earlier Essays overloaded with ornament—had been chastened by self-discipline; to his hoards of learning, enriched with all that is grand and beautiful in the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature, to his study of the history of every age and clime, to his minute and insatiate industry, there had been added the breadth that comes of travel, of novel experiences, of a share in the practical art of government. The subjects, moreover, were well suited to his genius. They involved no subtle analysis of complex characters. They demanded no inquiry into abstract principles. They dealt with the actions of two great men who had pursued definite objects with unflinching tenacity, and whose practical natures were after Macaulay's own heart. They were suited to his genius in other ways. For in their treatment, while avoiding anything like tinsel rhetoric, he found scope for a certain pomp and pride and circumstance of

language well in harmony with scenes of Oriental magnificence and with the exercise of "that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and the unreal,"—a faculty which he recognized in Burke and himself possessed in abundant measure. It is true that as a historical sketch the Essay on Hastings is largely deformed by a prejudice due to political leanings and to an over-ready trust in Mill's far from trustworthy History. But this defect in no wise impairs the wonderful skill with which his narrative is built up out of unpromising materials, or takes aught from the light and colour which he has thrown over every incident, from the vividness of the panorama unrolled before us, or from the consummate art that perceives, as by instinct, where detail is an encumbrance and where detail can hardly be too detailed. In the case of Clive no snares beset his feet, hampering justice, hindering cordial praise. Free as he showed himself from all infection of the *lues Boswelliana*, his national pride was set aglow by deeds whose heroism asks the historian-herald's brightest blazon; sternly as he condemns that one deed of Clive's which forbids palliation, he was betrayed by no party ties into shading with too black a pencil transactions somewhat questionable in their political morality. Hence his portraiture of Clive may be accepted as a likeness, so far as the known records allowed of fidelity. And if it is not easy to give too high praise to the Essay as a work of art, our wonder is increased by a comparison between the book and its review. Sir John Malcolm's *Life of Clive* extends over three octavo

volumes numbering some twelve hundred pages. Their whole pith and marrow is extracted by Macaulay in some ninety pages of the same size. Macaulay remarks that the materials placed at the biographer's disposal cannot be said to have been "very skilfully worked up," and adds that if the author had lived to complete and revise his work, it "would probably have been improved by condensation and by a better arrangement." This is a most lenient judgment. For Malcolm did live to revise more than three-fourths of his work, and it is difficult to see how anything but a complete re-writing could impart much interest to what in its present shape is so clumsy a performance. The chief value of the *Life* is that it gives copious extracts from Clive's correspondence. Had this correspondence, of which we could have borne more, been connected by a slight thread of narrative, Malcolm's purpose would have been better served, though perhaps in that case we should have lost Macaulay's brilliant outline of a career that to Englishmen must ever be a pride and glory.

The results of Professor Forrest's researches among the Indian Records of Clive's time have not yet been published. By them no doubt much fresh light will be cast upon the history of the period; though in Clive's case we can hardly expect a reversal of public opinion similar to that which the revelations regarding Warren Hastings are gradually bringing about.

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INTRODUCTION.

EUROPEAN POWERS IN INDIA.

"WHEN," says Sir A. Lyall,* "the Pope Alexander Borgia issued his Bull dividing the whole undiscovered non-Christian world between Spain and Portugal, he awarded India to the latter power; whereupon the Portuguese proceeded with ruthless energy to establish their fortified settlements on the Indian coast, to seize points of vantage in the Indian Ocean, and to beat off all attempts by the Mahomedan sovereigns at Alexandria and Constantinople to resist European predominance in those waters." The pioneer of Portuguese enterprise in India itself, as apart from ventures in Eastern waters, was Vasco de Gama, who in 1498 landed on the Malabar coast. He, however, and his immediate successor, Alvarez Cabral, did nothing in the way of establishing a footing in the country, though they secured for Portugal the command of the Eastern seas and the monopoly of the Indian trade. It was Albuquerque who first effected a lodgment by the capture in 1510 of Goa, a city still retained by Portugal and the seat of

* *The Rise of the British Dominion in India*, p. 8.

their government. Firmly planted there, he entered into friendly relations with several native states, maturing plans of extensive colonization and further conquests. In the same year he seized upon the Island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, founding there a city which soon became the centre of the trade between India, Persia, and Western Asia, and in 1511 he wrested Malacca from the Malays. Here his conquests ended; but in 1530 the Portuguese obtained possession of Bombay, and in 1534 Diu and Bassein were added to their territories. Nevertheless their period of prosperity was but short, for in 1580 Portugal was annexed to Spain by Philip the Second; and though, on the recovery of her independence in 1640, she made some efforts to regain her former position in the East, she was obliged to sign a treaty which confined her to Goa and some minor ports on the west coast of India. By this time, too, the Dutch were rapidly ousting the Portuguese and had annexed most of her settlements. Their superior steadiness and enterprise gave them an advantage in the way of trade, their maritime power was fast becoming the greatest in Europe, and in dealing with the natives of India they were not hampered by that religious zeal which led the Portuguese into so many cruelties, nor addicted to that rapacity which made the successors of Albuquerque so hateful. Yet, though at one time they had settlements at Chisurah, Negapatnam, Pulicat, Bimlipatnam, and Sadras, these, with exception of the first, gradually passed into the possession of the English, and with the decline of the Dutch power in Europe, the intercourse of the nation with India ceased to be anything beyond that of a mercantile character. The

Danes for a short time had a slight footing in India, holding settlements at Tranquebar and Serampore, but their East India Company was extinguished in 1728 and their settlements were sold to the English in 1845. In 1722 the Emperor of Austria granted to the merchants of the Austrian Netherlands a charter authorizing the Ostend East India Company to trade, fit out armed vessels, build forts, and make treaties with Indian princes; but this interference with Indian trade alarmed the maritime powers, and on the representation of England, France, and Holland, the Emperor finally agreed by treaty to suppress the Ostend Company. Of the powers already mentioned none came into any serious and prolonged collision with the English. In regard to the French the case was different, and it is necessary to give more than a mere glance at the rivalry between the two great European powers who so long contended for mastery in the East. At the outset, the French companies engaging in the Eastern trade did not get farther than the isle of Madagascar. Three companies, not counting the commercial enterprise in the same direction organized by the Duke de la Meilleraye in 1654, followed each other in rapid succession. But it was not till 1666 that Colbert, Louis the Fourteenth's great finance minister, who had encouraged and helped the last of these three companies, determined to extend operations to India itself. With this object he nominated one Francis Caron as Director-General of French commerce in India. At the end of the year 1666 Caron landed at Surat and established there the first French factory. Working thence, he, by permission of the King of Golconda, set

up a second factory at Masulipatanam; and, his ambition growing, made an attempt to seize the island of Ceylon. Repulsed by the Dutch, the French then attacked and took Trinkámali. From this again they were ousted by the Dutch, and thereupon seized St. Thomé, a small Dutch settlement near Madras. Caron's success had been great, but his failure to capture Ceylon greatly disappointed the directors of the company, and at their instigation Caron was ordered by the Minister to return to France. M. Francis Martin, a trusted lieutenant of Caron, was then directed by his immediate superiors "to arrange with one of the native princes for the cession of a piece of land on which they might build, and which, fortified with care, might become the headquarters of the French possessions on the eastern coast of Southern India." * By the governor of the possessions of the King of Bijápur in the Karnátak, Martin was allowed to purchase a plot of land in the South Arcot division comprising the districts of Puducheri—now known as Pondichery—Villanur and Bahur. Of this territory possession was taken in April, 1674. Martin's difficulties were at first great, but he was a man of rare capacity, and in his dealings with the natives he displayed a tact which won their confidence and esteem. By-and-by he was allowed to enlist native soldiers for the protection of his little colony. When a year later Siváji descended upon the Karnátak and threatened to annihilate the French on the pretext that they were allies of his enemy Sher Khán, Martin expressed his willingness to acknowledge the supremacy of the Maráthas, and his submission

* Malleson. *Dupleix*, p. 17.

was accepted. A worse peril was in store for him and for the French possessions. Pondichery was in 1693 attacked and captured by the Dutch, and it seemed as if French influence in Southern India had come to an end. But four years later the peace of Ryswick restored Pondichery, and Martin was sent back as Governor, this time with troops and military supplies sufficient to meet any attack to which the place was likely to be exposed. Besides being Governor of Pondichery, Martin was also made Director-General of all the French possessions in India. His government of Pondichery was to the end of his life, in 1706, conducted with the same prudence, tact, and success as in its earlier days, and at his death he left a colony of 40,000 natives grouped around the rising and prosperous town which owed its existence to his skill and energy. He left behind also, what was more valuable still, a cordial understanding between the French and the native states with whom he had been brought into contact, an understanding which was to serve his successors in good stead when more exciting times came. But the prosperity of the company at home was by no means commensurate with the prosperity of its chief settlement in India; and once more a re-organization took place. The prospect then grew fairer, and fortunately the administration since Martin's death had been in the hands of two men of first-rate capacity, Lenoir and Dumas. Shortly after the latter of these took office, he was involved in matters of a very serious nature. For Pondichery was again threatened by the Maráthas who had invaded the Karnátak and overthrown Dost Ali, an ally of the French, at the

Damálcheri Pass where the Nawáb perished. His widow and dependents sought and obtained refuge with Dumas; and on his refusal to surrender them, the Marátha chief threatened to destroy the French settlement. Dumas, however, negotiated so adroitly that he was left in peace, and the Nawáb's successor, Safdar Ali, was so impressed with the conduct of Dumas, that on the departure of the Marátha he ceded territory to the French which brought in a yearly revenue of Rs.10,000. The King of Delhi also conferred upon Dumas the title of Nawáb and the rank of Commander of 4,500 horse—dignities which Dumas obtained permission to transfer to his successor. This successor was the celebrated Dupleix, the history of whose rule is almost the history of French power in India. Dupleix assumed his Governorship in October, 1741, and with his advent, and as a result of his policy, we enter upon the struggles between the French and the English which were to be continued with little intermission until, shortly after his fall, the French power in India was completely broken. On his arrival Dupleix found many causes for anxiety. The lands of the French settlement were suffering from the effects of the Marátha invasion, the Karnátak was threatened by the Subahdár of the Dakhan, and there were indications that in Europe a war between France and England was imminent. So far from Dupleix receiving a generous support from home, his directors were pressing upon him the necessity of reducing expenditure and of suspending all outlay upon the fortifications of Pondichery, which were very inadequate for defence. The latter order

he took upon himself to disobey, spending a good deal of his own private fortune upon the work and being rewarded not only by the grateful acknowledgments of the directors, but shortly afterwards by the more substantial good fortune of beating off the English attack. For, on the breaking out of the war of the Austrian succession, France and England took opposite sides, and their quarrel in Europe was quickly echoed in the East. At first the French had the better of it. Madras was captured in 1746 by the French admiral Labourdonnais, and Dupleix took possession of the place. His next attempt was upon Fort St. David. Here, however, failure awaited him, the French forces being beaten back to Pondichery and that place itself being blockaded by the English admiral, Boscawen. It was now that Dupleix's wise precautions bore fruit. Pondichery held out till the monsoon set in and compelled the fleet to weigh anchor. In 1749 the Peace of Aix la Chapelle necessitated the restitution of Madras; but though in point of territory the French had gained nothing from the struggle in India, their capture of Madras and the failure of the English to take Pondichery, had put the French much higher than the English in the estimation of the native states— a result which meant a great deal in the re-opening of hostilities that so shortly followed. The occasion of this re-opening was a quarrel between native powers arising out of the disputed succession to the Vice-royalty of the Dakhan, the rivals each invoking European aid. The French espoused the cause of Muzaffar Jang, whom his father had nominated as his successor, the English lent their aid to Nádir Jang, the second son, who had

seized his father's treasure and proclaimed himself Subahdár; while confederate with the former was Chanda Sahib, son-in-law of Dost Ali, and claimant of the Nawábi of the Karnátak, with the latter, Anwár-ud-din, the actual Nawáb. In the first encounter at Ambur Anwár-ud-din was defeated and slain. But Nádir Jang, who had not yet come into the field, remained to be reckoned with; and Chanda Sahib having neglected to follow out Dupleix's instructions to seize Trichinopoli without delay, his troops abandoned him on the approach of Nádir Jang's army and fell back on Pondichery. The consequence was that the whole of the Karnátak fell into the possession of Nádir Jang, who was joined by Muhammad Ali, son of Anwár-ud-din, and, more important still, by Major Lawrence with six hundred Englishmen under his command. Dupleix, smarting at the failure of his plans due to Chanda Sáhib's folly, was as resolute as ever, and at once took measures to repair the mistake. A further disappointment was in store for him. D'Auteuil, to whom he gave the command of the French force sent to oppose Nádir Jang, failed him owing to the insubordination of his officers and men, and was obliged to retire upon Pondichery. Severely punishing these renegades, Dupleix planned a surprise of Nádir Jang's camp and put the execution of his design into the hands of a brilliant young officer named De la Touche, having in the interval since D'Auteuil's failure won over several of the nobles in Nádir Jang's service. The surprise was a complete success, and the Subahdár hastily retreated on Arcot. His retreat left Muhammad Ali without support. He was, however,

reinforced by 20,000 men sent him by Nádir Jang, and by a force of 400 Englishmen and 1500 sipáhis under Captain Cope. The combined forces made an attempt upon the position of D'Auteuil, but were beaten back with loss, and a difference between the two commanders breaking out during the retreat, the English returned to Fort St. David, while Muhammad Ali encamped on the river Panár. Dupleix saw the falseness of the position thus taken up, and sent D'Auteuil to storm his camp. This operation was successfully carried out and Muhammad Ali fled to the fortress of Gingi, then regarded by the natives as impregnable. Bussy, who was soon to make himself so famous, marched upon the place, defeated the troops in front of it, gained the town, and in the darkness of the night escaladed the citadels on the summits of three steep mountains, covered by a cordon of advanced works. This daring exploit made a great impression. "It roused Nádir Jang," says Malleson, "from the careless dissipation of his easy life. It terrified Muhammad Ali. It produced the general conviction that the French were irresistible." Dupleix offered terms to Nádir Jang, but these were refused. A period of inaction ensued owing to an unusually fierce rainy season. This pause Dupleix turned to account by intriguing with the chiefs on whom Nádir Jang so largely depended, and Nádir Jang, sick of a protracted campaign which gave so little room for the indulgence of his sensual pleasures, was before long ready to accept the terms that had been offered by Dupleix three months earlier. Orders were therefore sent to D'Auteuil to suspend military operations pending the

receipt of further instructions. D'Auteuil at the moment was ill, and the command had devolved upon De la Touche. That officer, carefully maintaining the secret correspondence with the disaffected nobles of Nádir Jang's army, had learnt from them that the Subahdár had no intention of adhering to the terms into which he had expressed his willingness to enter. He therefore wrote to Dupleix that his orders had come too late, as he had arranged with the confederate nobles to make the attempt upon the Subahdár's camp that night. The attack was accordingly made, and, the chiefs keeping to their engagement with De la Touche, the troops about Nádir Jang began to fall back, and the Nawáb of Cuddapah, one of the leading rebels, coming up shot him through the heart. Muzaffar Jang was at once recognized as Subahdár, and proceeded to Pondichery to show his gratitude to Dupleix. There at the "first formal meeting," says Malleson, "Muzaffar Jang, in open darbár, conferred upon the French Governor the title of Nawáb of the territories between the river Krishna and Cape Comorin, including Maisur and the entire Karnátik; he bestowed upon him as a personal gift the village of Valdávar, with the lands depending upon it; he created him a Commander of Seven Thousand, one of the highest honours known under the Mughals; he directed that the French coins should be the recognized currency of Southern India; he confirmed the sovereignty of the French Company over Masulipatam and Yanáon, and finally assured Dupleix that he was the adviser to whom he would turn in all his political actions."* Dupleix refused to accept the

* *Dupleix*, pp. 91, 2.

dignity of Nawáb of the Karnátak, and begged the Subahdár to confer it upon Chanda Sáhib, which was accordingly done. The result of De la Touche's victory was profitable to the French in many ways. It gave them a large sum of ready money, and extensive territorial acquisitions. But it also enabled them to spread their nets over a wider area. For the Subahdár proposed that a French force, paid from his treasury, should be stationed at his capital under the command of a French officer. The proposal was eagerly accepted, and Bussy with three hundred men accompanied the Subahdár to Haidarábád, where he gained a paramount influence in the Vice-regal councils, while at the same time the French Government was relieved of the burden of maintaining a larger force than Pondichery required for its defence. All was now going well for French interests,—Muhammad Ali having accepted conditions which left Chanda Sáhib without a rival,—when only a few weeks later Muzaffar Jang was killed in suppressing an outbreak of the very chiefs to whose intrigues he owed his elevation to the throne. Muzaffar Jang left one son, an infant, and Bussy recognizing that in India minorities always give incentives to intriguers, promptly determined to instal on the throne Salábat Jang, uncle of this infant, and so maintain the influence which the French had already gained. Salábat's gratitude was shown by the cession of fresh territory, and the French power in India was now at its highest pitch. Through Bussy and the Subahdár Dupleix's "influence," says Malleson,* was "supreme in the territories now known as the territories of the Nizám. It was soon

* *Dupleix*, pp. 96, 7.

to become supreme in the territories called by the English the 'Northern Sirkárs,' comprising Ganjám, Vizagapatam, Godáveri, and Krishna. It was supreme in the territories subsequently known as the 'ceded Districts,' comprising Cuddapah, Karnúl, and Belláry. Through Chandá Sáhib, it was equally supreme in the Karnátak, with the exception of Trichinopoli, held by Muhammad Ali, and of Tanjore, governed by its own prince. Excepted, too, must be Madras and Fort St. David, in which, however, at the moment, the English showed few signs of life. Apparently their influence had sunk to zero. For the moment, then, the astute ruler of Pondichery had triumphed all along the line. He could not detect the presence of the vestige of a cloud on the horizon. His one enemy, Muhammad Ali, had offered to come into his scheme. The English were inactive, and apparently hopeless of interfering with his plans. What was there, then, which could possibly prevent the successful development of his far-reaching schemes? He could detect nothing. The English equally could detect nothing. Yet, though they knew it not, there was brooding amid the silence of Fort St. David a man who did accomplish that apparently impossible feat." The man was of course Clive. But, before coming to Clive's appearance on the scene, we have to note several mistakes made by the French at the very moment when the opportunity seemed to have come for consolidating their supremacy. Muhammad Ali had agreed on certain conditions to recognize Chanda Sáhib as Nawáb of the Karnátak and to surrender Trichinopoli with its dependencies. One condition was that he should receive a subordinate province in lieu of the Karnátak, and a guarantee to this effect had been given him by Dupleix. When, however, he was pressed to fulfil his part of the agreement, Muhammad Ali hesitated and then asked for fresh guarantees. Meanwhile he was imploring aid from the English, and on a promise being made him of an English force, he threw off the mask and refused to give up Trichinopoli. Dupleix at once sent D'Auteuil with 400 Frenchmen and some guns to co-operate with Chanda Sáhib in seizing the place. D'Auteuil blundered and disobeyed his instruction. But De Gingen, commander of the English contingent sent to Muhammad Ali's aid, also blundered and gave D'Auteuil an opportunity, which, if promptly seized, would have enabled him to end the struggle with a crushing defeat. This opportunity was neglected, but another soon offered itself. Again the French and their allies allowed victory to slip through their hands; and as the result of a long series of operations, the French were completely worsted, Chanda Sahib perished, and Muhammad Ali was left master of the Karnátak. But his position was by no means secure. His allies, the Maráthas and the troops of Maisur, fell out among themselves, and ultimately both contingents left him. These discords for some time tied Muhammad Ali's hands, and when at last he was able to quit Trichinopoli, it was necessary to leave behind him a garrison of 200 Englishmen and 1500 sipáhis for the protection of that fortress against his former allies. The breathing time thus given to Dupleix had been utilized by him in disciplining the drafts sent out

from home. Good fortune attended him in another way, for Clive and Lawrence had been forced by ill-health to return to Madras, and the command of the English forces was left in the hands of De Gingen. That officer, under instructions from the Governor of Madras, sent a detachment to seize the fortress of Gingi. The attempt was a failure owing to the promptitude with which Dupleix had thrown in reinforcements, and the success of the French had the usual effect upon the native powers. Both the Maráthas and the Maisur troops offered active co-operation on condition of being allowed to prosecute their own design against Trichinopoli. Encouraging them in this undertaking, Dupleix felt himself strong enough to assume the offensive against the English, and sent a force to blockade Fort St. David. A disaster resulted. For Lawrence, roused from his sick bed at Madras, encountered De Kerjean about two miles from Fort St. David, and, in an action in which the European forces on both sides fought with splendid courage, thoroughly routed him. Closely following upon this misfortune came the news that De la Touche, from whose arrival Dupleix hoped so much, had perished at sea with 700 soldiers. This was a terrible blow. But Dupleix would not give in. With his Marátha and Maisur allies he planned an investment of Trichinopoli, and kept Lawrence well occupied in his endeavour to relieve the beleaguered place. In vain did Lawrence attempt to force an engagement. As soon as he approached, the allies withdrew within their intrenchments. Reinforced by 200 men from Madras, Lawrence determined upon an assault. But

a reconnaisance in force showed him that the attempt would not succeed, and shortly afterwards he received despatches from Dalton, in command at Trichinopoli, telling him that he was blockaded on all sides and had but three weeks' supplies of provisions. It was imperative, therefore, to hurry to Dalton's relief. Reaching Trichinopoli, Lawrence marched out to attack the French at Srivangam, but his force was too weak for active operations against the island, and, being still in poor health, he withdrew within the fort. The French leader, Astruc, now took up a commanding position, which, if he could maintain it, would enable him to cut off all supplies from Trichinopoli and so compel its surrender. Lawrence attacked Astruc, and inflicted such a defeat that he resigned his command and returned to Pondichery. He was succeeded by Brennier, whom also Lawrence completely routed. During his flight to the banks of the Káveri, Brennier was unexpectedly joined by Astruc with large reinforcements. Astruc took the command, but only to be again defeated by Lawrence. While this struggle was still undecided Dupleix received instructions from home to make peace with the English. The Directors of the Company, unable to see in the same light with Dupleix the advantages to be derived from his extensive ambition, mortified at the expenditure of lives upon unsuccessful projects, and clamorous at the falling off of their dividends, were determined that the operations of the Company should be restricted to the original and legitimate objects of its existence. Dupleix himself was not unwilling to have peace, so long as it could be purchased without the sacrifice of the con-

cessions he had received from the Subahdár. But the English Governor would not listen to the terms offered, and Dupleix, who had received reinforcements from France, determined not to give up the game without another throw. A secret attack upon Trichinopoli was organized with great skill. It was well nigh successful, for the defenders were taken asleep and one of the chief batteries captured. At this moment some French soldiers, elate at their good fortune, were foolish enough to fire upon the town. The garrison was aroused; the English had the great advantage of knowing where they were, while the French, their guide having been killed, were morally and literally in the dark. The result was that three-fourths of their force was made prisoners. The blow was fatal to Dupleix. Nothing was left him but to make such terms as he could with the Governor of Madras. Negotiations began, but whatever other concessions Dupleix was prepared to make, he would not give way in regard to the Nawábi of the Karnátak which had been conferred upon him. The Commission empowered to make peace therefore broke up, and hostilities were resumed. Some slight successes had inspirited Dupleix when the news came that M. Godeheu was on his way to relieve him of his Governorship. On Godeheu's arrival Dupleix, ruined in fortune and in reputation, returned to France, where, after years vainly spent in seeking for justice and for restitution of the money which, on Godeheu's representations, had been infamously withheld from him, he died a pauper in 1764. Meanwhile Godeheu had effectually made peace with the English by surrendering everything that Dupleix thought it vital to retain.

Godeheu was succeeded by M. Duval de Leyrit, who followed the same policy of non-intervention in native disputes which Godeheu had laid down. But in 1756, when war again broke out between France and England, the French Ministers awoke to the fact that they had blundered terribly in not supporting Dupleix's designs. A large force was despatched to India, a force supposed to be sufficient to drive the English out of southern India. It was under the command of the celebrated Lally, who, from his earliest youth, "had been trained in the French armies, had merited at Fontenoy the commendations of Marshal Saxe; who had taken part in the '45, and had fought at Laffeldt." Even before Lally's arrival De Leyrit had been compelled, much against his will, to resume the policy of Dupleix, and had sent D'Auteuil to surprise the English at Trichinopoli. D'Auteuil effected nothing. Saubinet, who displaced him, at all events compelled the English to act on the defensive, and in a short time he was strongly reinforced by the arrival of the first detachment of Lally's troops under the Chevalier de Soupire. At this moment southern India was almost denuded of English troops, the greater portion having been sent to assist Clive in Bengal, and a splendid opportunity was given for decisive action. Yet, De Soupire, who had taken command, determined to await Lally's arrival. With that event active measures were resumed. But Lally, great soldier as he was, had none of Dupleix's tact and diplomacy. He scorned the natives; he made enemies of his colleagues in the government of Pondichery; he unwisely summoned Bussy from the Court of the Subahdár, and Moracin

from the Northern Sarkárs, and by replacing the latter by the Marquis of Conflans, who was a complete stranger to Indian politics, he sacrificed the influence that had been so hardly gained by Dupleix and was so essential to French interests. Nevertheless, Lally at first gained some striking successes. He took without difficulty both Gudalur and Fort St. David, and was only hindered by want of funds from pushing on to Madras. In his need he endeavoured to wring money from the Rája of Tanjor. Failing in this, he was about to assault the Rája's stronghold when news reached him that the French fleet had been beaten off the coast, and that the English were threatening his base. Returning to Pondichery, and obtaining three lakhs of rupees which the Admiral had taken from a Dutch vessel, he marched upon Arcot, which fell without a blow. Then, joined by Bussy and Moracin, he pushed on to besiege Madras. After taking the Black Town and effecting a breach in the fortifications, he was about to make a night assault when the English fleet appeared off the coast. On the following day he was constrained to raise the siege. Another serious disappointment awaited him. One of the Rájas of the Northern Sarkárs seized the opportunity of Bussy's withdrawal to assert his independence, and Clive had despatched Colonel Forde with a small number of troops to his assistance. Forde met Conflans, defeated him, conquered the whole of the Northern Sarkárs, and compelled the Subahdár of the Dakhan to transfer his alliance from the French to the English. Lally himself was soon to meet with a crushing reverse. After many delays and many mischances, he rejoined

his army at Wandiwash, and marched with it to Arcot. During his absence Eyre Coote had taken Wandiwash. Lally now made an effort to regain the place. But on the 21st of January, 1760, he was attacked and routed by Eyre Coote. The victory of the English was decisive. "It dealt," says Malleson,* "a fatal and decisive blow to French domination in India; it shattered to the ground the mighty fabric which Martin, Dumas, and Dupleix had contributed to erect; it dissipated all the hopes of Lally; it sealed the fate of Pondichery." Arcot, Devikota, and Karikál at once fell into the hands of the English. In September Pondichery was invested. On the 15th of January following it surrendered. Lally, taken prisoner, was sent to England, and, when allowed to return to France, met at the same hands the same cruel treatment with Dupleix. One more attempt was to be made to restore French influence in India. Though the Treaty of Paris in 1763 restored Pondichery to France, yet on the renewal of war in 1778 it was again seized by the English, and with it Chandranagar and Mahé. All now seemed lost, when the war with Haidar Ali again aroused the hopes of the French. Haidar Ali had never forgiven the English for refusing to help him, as they were by treaty bound to do, against the Maráthas. When, therefore, the English took Mahé, which he considered under his protection, he seized the pretext to declare war. In a short time having out-manœuvred Munro, beaten Baillie, and captured Arcot, he had laid siege to Wandiwash, Vellor, Ambar, Permakol, and Chengalpat. Further, he had got be-

**History of the French in India*, p. 560.

tween Sir Eyre Coote and Madras, and, following that general on his way to Pondichery, from which the small English garrison had been expelled by the French, he carefully occupied the strong places on the way. Coote was now between Haidar and the sea, cut off from the inland, and with his supplies exhausted. To secure his destruction, all that Haidar needed was that the French fleet under D'Orves should keep command of the sea for a short time. This D'Orves refused to do, and, on his quitting the coast, English vessels arrived with provisions from Madras and saved Coote's force. Haidar, thus left to himself, fought two battles with Coote, in the former of which he was beaten, while in the latter, though not beaten, he found it wiser to retreat. But about this time the French despatched a powerful squadron under the greatest of her admirals, Suffren, with a force of nearly 3000 men under the renowned Bussy. Pending the arrival of Bussy, the French land force was placed under the command of Admiral Duchemin who had come out in charge of the fleet of which D'Orves had failed to make any use. Duchemin and Haidar joined hands at Permakol, and to meet an army of 60,000 native troops backed by 2000 Frenchmen Coote could number but 12,000 men, of whom 2000 were Europeans. Yet so great was his anxiety to prevent the fall of Wandiwash that Coote offered battle to the overwhelming army opposed to him. Haidar was eager to accept the offer, but Duchemin preferred to await Bussy's arrival and would not take the responsibility of an engagement. Before Bussy reached India, Haidar was dead, and Bussy himself when he landed proved a

very different man from the Bussy of earlier days. He would undertake nothing, and would sanction nothing. He allowed himself to be blockaded in Gudalur by an English force inferior in the number of its Europeans, and when news arrived that peace had been signed between France and England, he readily entered into an armistice, and soon afterwards the Peace of Versailles put an end to the war. Since that time no attempt has been made to found a French empire in India, and the only result of Dupleix's ambitious and, for the time being, well calculated projects, has been that England in great measure following his initiative has made herself mistress of the whole peninsula. Colonel Malleson, in his *Life of Dupleix*, from which I have already quoted, and from which this sketch of the French in India has been derived, says with a good deal of justice,* "Now that the lapse of nearly a century and a half has cleared away the passions and prejudices of that exciting period; now that from the basis of accomplished facts we can examine the ideas and conceptions of the men who were the pioneers of European conquest on Indian soil, there lives not a candid Englishman who will deny to Dupleix the credit of having been the first to devise the method by which European predominance on Indian soil might be established. His work did not endure, because it was his misfortune to be compelled to employ inferior tools, whilst his rivals were led by men of extraordinary capacity. It did not last because just at the moment when his plans might have been realized he was recalled at the instance of

* Pp. 160, 1.

the immemorial enemy of France, on the eve, more over, of a war, which for the seven years that were to follow, was to try the resources of France against that very enemy. But the effect of his schemes survived him, the ground he had so well watered and fertilized, the capabilities of which he had proved, was almost immediately after his departure occupied by his rivals, with the immense result which is one of the wonders of the present day." That Dupleix was the first to start on the right road towards European conquest in India will probably be allowed on all hands. Whether, if he had been better served, the result in the long run would have been affected, is a different question, and the view held by Malleson and others has been ably criticized by a writer to whom I have already referred, Sir Alfred Lyall. "To those," he says,* "who maintain that, but for the blindness of the French Government towards the ideas of Dupleix, the blunders of colleagues or subordinates, and the final disavowal of Dupleix, France might have supplanted England in India—the true answer is that these views betray a disregard of historic proportion, and an incomplete survey of the whole situation. They proceed on the narrow theory that extensive political changes may hang on the event of a small battle, or on the behaviour at some critical moment of a provincial general or governor. The strength and resources of France and England in their contests for the possession of empires are not to be measured after this fashion, or to be weighed in such nice balances. It may even be questioned whether the result of the

* *Rise of the British Dominion in India*, pp. 79, 83, 4.

confused irregular struggle between the two Companies in the Indian peninsula told decisively one way or the other upon the final event. The Carnatic war, being unofficial, was necessarily inconclusive, for neither French nor English dared openly to strike home at each other's settlements; while even if this had been done indirectly through native auxiliaries, the home governments must have interfered earlier. The system of private or auxiliary war gave Dupleix this temporary advantage against the English, that it was necessarily confined to the land, where he was the stronger; for as the two nations were at peace their fleets could not take part in it. On the outbreak of national hostilities three years later, the naval strength of England came into play with decisive effect. . . . The true state and inevitable tendency of the contest between the two nations in India has been recognized by M. Marion, in his study of the history of French finance between 1740 and 1754. In defending Machault d'Arnouville, the Controller-General of that period, from the imputation of having sacrificed an empire in Asia by recalling Dupleix, he shows that if the French Government had retained his services and supported his policy, the ultimate event could not have been materially changed. The whole fabric of territorial predominance which Dupleix had been so industriously building up was loosely and hastily cemented; it depended upon the superiority of a few mercenary troops, the perilous friendship of Eastern princes, and the personal qualities of those in command on the spot. It was thus exposed to all the winds of fortune, and had no sure foundation. The first thing needful before any solid dominion

could be erected by the French in India was to secure their communications with Europe by breaking the power of the English at sea; but this stroke was beyond the strength of the French in 1754. . . . When the Seven Years' War began in 1756, the French did make a vigorous attempt to regain command of the water-ways; and it must be clear that to their failure in that direct trial of naval strength, far more than to their abandonment of the policy of Dupleix, must be attributed the eventual disappearance of their prospects of establishing a permanent ascendancy in India."

THE RISE, GROWTH, AND DECLINE OF THE MARÁTHA POWERS.

In Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings mention of the Maráthas is necessarily frequent, and it will probably be convenient to students to have some connected narrative of the part they have played in Indian history. The following brief sketch, taken in the main from Mr. H. G. Keene's monograph on Mádhava Ráo Sindhia and Sir A. Lyall's history of the *Rise of the British Dominion in India*, will, I hope, enable them to follow the fortunes of this race, more especially in regard to its points of contact with the British power.

Maháráshtra, a tract of country bounded on the west by the ocean, on the north by the Narbada, on the east by the Wainganga, and on the south by the Krishna rivers, was a Hindu kingdom in very early times, with its capital at Kalyán, near the modern city of Bombay. The name *Marhat* for its inhabitants occurs in the history of Muhammad Tughlak in the fourteenth century, and shortly afterwards we find mention of them in connection with the Musalmán kingdom of Bijápur, where they were known as light cavalry, and seem to have taught the Bijápur Musalmáns that system of guerilla warfare to which the kingdom owed its ability to resist its enemies for nearly two hundred years. But the growth of this extraordinary race dates from the reign of the Emperor Sháh Jáhán, and the period which will be dealt with in this sketch extends only from about 1650 to 1818. Sháh Jáhán's efforts to overthrow the Bijápur dynasty brought about the first troubles. At that time the nominal ruler of Bijápur was a minor, and the regency was held by a Marátha captain, Sháhji Bhonsla. Sháhji resisted Sháh Jáhán's attempts, and from this period the Maráthas began to assert themselves as a distinct power. Their activity was first shown in raids upon immediate neighbours, but these were mere spasmodic acts of plunder directed by no systematic policy. When, however, the Muslim power in the Dakhan began to crumble to pieces they adopted wider aims, and fully organized the practice of levying contributions on the subjects of other states, till at last their incursions came to spread over almost the whole

peninsula. It was not territorial power, at all events until a much later period, that they desired. The elaborate requirements of ordered rule they gladly left to others, so long as a descent upon fertile provinces and rich hoards gave them booty to be squandered in reckless enjoyment, and means for the subsistence of an ever-increasing host of free lances. The black-mail they modestly exacted was twenty-five *per cent.* of the revenue of the invaded territory, and so merciless was their style of warfare, and so swift and irresistible their swoop, that for the most part no serious effort was made to escape their exactions. The germs of an organization, which in its development made the Maráthas the most formidable power the English later on had to reckon with, were planted by Sháhji's son Siváji, who raised a regularly paid army, possessed himself of forts, and finally assumed the functions and insignia of a king. So large a stride towards consolidation was made under his rule that at the death of Aurangzeb, or shortly afterwards, the civil administration of the Hindus in Maháráshtra had developed into a well-knit power. Under the Rája, its nominal head, was a council of eight, whose president bore the title of Peshwa. The first of these Peshwas was Báláji Viswanáth, who had entered the service of Sáhu, Siváji's grandson. By his conspicuous business abilities he shortly became the most important person in the government, and vigorously addressed himself to the task of confirming order and a settled system of rule in Maháráshtra. The right to levy *chauth* in the six imperial provinces of the Dakhan had been formally ceded to Sáhu in 1709. This concession was confirmed to Báláji, and in return the Rája of Maháráshtra was bound to pay a fixed annual cess to the imperial treasury, and to provide the emperor with a specified force of Maráthas whenever called upon to do so. The Rája was in fact to be nominally a vassal of the emperor, but the compact gave to Báláji's schemes a firmness of foundation they had hitherto lacked. In the midst of his efforts at consolidation of power, Báláji died in 1720, and was succeeded by his son, Báji Ráo, a man even more remarkable than his father, and with wider range of ambition. He aimed, indeed, at supreme power in Hindustán, entered into a long war with the Nizám-ul-mulk in the south, made himself master of the rich provinces of Málwa and Orissa, and attempted the conquest of the Karnátak. He also contrived to acquire for his descendants the office of Peshwa as an hereditary dignity, and the leadership of the Maratha confederation which was shortly to branch out in four principal chiefships, that of the Bhonsla Rája in Berár, the Gaekwár in Baroda, Holkar in the south of Málwa, and Sindhia in the north-east of the same province. But a severe reverse was in store for the Maráthas. Success had tempted them too far; for the Mughal power being shattered, and Ahmad the Abdáli having retired to Afghánistán with

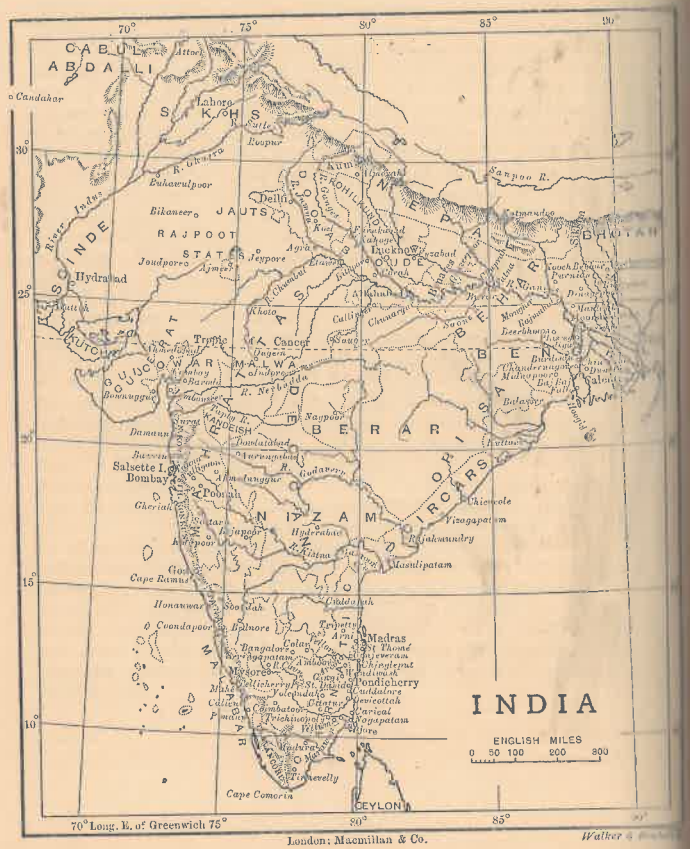
his plunder of Dehli and the Panjáb, Raghunáth Ráo, brother of Báji Ráo, supported by the contingents of Sindhia and Holkar, marched northward, seized Dehli, pushed on to Lahore, drove out the governor left by Ahmad, and substituted a Maratha administration in the Panjáb. This insolence was too much for Ahmad. In the winter of 1759-60 he came sweeping down into the Panjáb, retook Lahore, drove the Maráthas out of the northern country, and defeated Holkar and Sindhia with heavy loss. The Peshwa despatched from Puna a large force to repair these disasters, and in January, 1761, the Afgháns with their Musalmán allies met the Maráthas on the field of Pánipat. The result was a decisive victory for the Afgháns, and the Maráthas were for the time swept out of Northern India. The defeat was a crushing blow to Báji Ráo, and he died in the following June of a broken heart. His mantle fell on the celebrated Mádhava Ráo, otherwise called Mádhoji, an illegitimate son of the slipper-bearer, Mahádji Sindhia, who for his fidelity to Báláji Viswanáth had obtained a fief in Northern Málwa and made Ujjain his head quarters. During the next dozen years the various Maratha powers rapidly recovered from the blow inflicted on them at Pánipat, and were soon threatening every prince and state in India from the Satlaj river southward to Cape Comorin. In Western India they were supreme; in Rájputána and Central India they plundered at their leisure, and they were incessantly making predatory incursions north-eastward into the fertile plains watered by the Ganges and the Jamna to harry the lands of the Oudh Wazir, of the Pathán settlement in Rohilkhand, and of the Musalmán chiefships about Dehli, Agra, and Allahábád. In 1771 they were demanding the surrender of Kora and Allahábád made over to the emperor by the East India Company in return for his grant of the Diwáni, and in 1773 they came into collision with the English by threatening the territory of the Rohillas, and though driven back they still remained a menace to the English frontier. A much more serious struggle with the English power was soon to be entered upon in Western India. There a Marátha chief, Raghunáth Ráo, who had been deposed from power at Puna, sought aid from the Company, and this the Bombay Government unwisely promised on condition of his ceding the district of Bassein and the island of Salsette. The result was a protracted and unsatisfactory contest with the chief Marátha powers in which the English, weakly led, blundered from one expedition to another, found themselves unable to restore their *protégé*, and gained nothing but the enduring resentment of the Maráthas, who might much better have been left to settle their quarrels among themselves. So wide, moreover, was their range of operations that the English had to encounter them in the south, where they took the side of England's inveterate enemy, Haidar Ali, at the same time that

Sindhia was threatening in the north-west, and the Peshwa was equally active near Bombay. Sindhia was by this time fast becoming the most powerful chief of the confederation, and had extended his conquests from Central India northward towards Agra and Dehli. In the collision which took place with the English his fortress at Gwáliár was captured; and Sindhia, never very eager to match himself against a power which he hoped might be useful to him as an ally in the wide-reaching aims of his ambition, was not unwilling to come to terms. It was arranged, therefore, that he should be allowed to prosecute his designs upon those portions of country round Dehli which were still retained by the Mughal emperor, on condition of his mediating between the English and the Marátha confederates. By the treaty of Sálbai, in which the English had to make considerable sacrifices, the war came to an end, Gwáliár and Ujjain, together with all his previous possessions south and west, being restored to Sindhia. From this time forward till his death Sindhia stands out as the prominent figure of Marátha power and influence. One by one his chief opponents, the Játs, Rájputs, Patháns, Ráthors, and Musalmáns yielded to his arms or to his policy. By 1792 he had wrung from the Mughal emperor the title of Vicegerent of the empire, the whole powers of which he thenceforth virtually wielded as his own, and in the autumn of that year he shattered the forces of his great rival in the Marátha confederation, Holkar of Indor. Early, however, in 1794 his life came to a sudden end, and the English were freed from a presence, which, if actively arrayed against them, might have had serious consequences to the consolidation of their mastery in India. Mádhaji Sindhia's power passed into the hands of his grand-nephew, Daulat Ráo; but his death by no means marked any collapse of Marátha activity. In 1795 their ubiquitous forces marched down upon the Nizám at Haidarábád, dispersed his army, and forced him to an ignominious surrender. In 1798 Daulat Ráo Sindhia was firmly established at Puna, and was the most considerable prince in Central and Northern India. Holkar and the Rája of Nágpur were masters of large forces and extensive territory, and none of them had forgotten their hostility to the English. What might have been the result of a general combination can only be surmised. But, fortunately for the British power in India, no such policy prevailed. On the contrary, in 1801 Sindhia, Holkar, and the Rája of Nágpur were at each other's throats in a fierce struggle for supremacy. There was also bitter enmity between the Peshwa and Holkar; and when in 1803 Sindhia came to the assistance of the former, a great battle ensued in which the allied armies were utterly crushed. The result was one by which Lord Wellesley, then Governor-General, took care to profit. For the Peshwa now sued to the English for their help, and taking refuge at Bassein close to Bombay, signed a treaty of general defensive alliance

with the British government, under which a strong subsidiary force, to be furnished by the English and paid by the Peshwa, was to be permanently stationed within his territory, and all his foreign relations were to be subordinated to the policy of England. The remaining Marátha powers, however, still had to be dealt with. And they now broke out into open hostilities, the chief of Nágpur organizing a league against the English, and with Sindhia marching up to the frontier of Haidarábád. Holkar refused to join the league, and the Gaekwár held aloof. The confederates therefore paused, hoping to win over Holkar. But Lord Wellesley, who was as anxious to bring matters to a crisis as they were to gain time, gave orders to General Wellesley, who was facing Sindhia in the west, and to General Lake, who was moving upon Sindhia's possessions in the north-west, to press the war with vigour. Accordingly General Wellesley called upon Sindhia and the Nágpur Rája to withdraw their army from the Nizám's borders. This they refused to do, and the consequence was the battle of Assaye in which Wellesley obtained a decisive victory. He next inflicted a severe defeat upon the troops of the Nágpur Rája at Argáon, and took by storm the hill forts of Gáwilgarh. Lake was equally active in the north-west. He took Aligarh by assault, dispersed Sindhia's force before Dehli, besieged and captured Agra, and finally at Láswári routed the last of Sindhia's regular army. "The result," says Sir A. Lyall,* "of these well-contested and hardly won victories was to shatter the whole military organization upon which Sindia's predominance had been built up, to break down his connection with the Moghul court in the north, and to destroy his influence at Poona as the most formidable member of the Maratha confederacy. Both Sindia and the Nagpore Rája, finding themselves in imminent danger of losing all their possessions, acquiesced reluctantly in the terms that were dictated to them after the destruction of their armies. The treaty of Bassein was formally recognized; they entered into defensive treaties and made large cessions of territory. Sindia gave up to the British all his northern districts lying along both sides of the Jumna river; he ceded his sea ports and his conquests on the west coast; he made over to them the city of Delhi and the custody of the Mogul emperor; he dismissed all his French officers, and accepted the establishment, at his cost, of a large British force to be stationed near his frontier. The Rája of Nagpore restored Berar to the Nizám, and surrendered to the British government the province of Cuttack, on the Bay of Bengal, which lay interposed between the upper districts of Madras and the south-western districts of Bengal." Holkar still remained to be reckoned with. He had been hoping to profit by Sindhia's discomfiture, and now thought to take

* *Rise of the British Dominion in India*, pp. 227, 8.

advantage of his defenceless condition. He was, therefore, summoned by Lake to retire within his own territories, and on his refusal was attacked by the British troops. Although for a time Holkar had followed Sindhia's example of maintaining a staff of European officers and of drilling his troops after the European fashion, he had before this returned to the traditional Marátha tactics of rapid cavalry movements. His object was to evade a regular engagement, and it was not without a prolonged effort that Lake surprised and finally dispersed his bands. Holkar at last took refuge in the Panjáb, whence he returned only to sign a treaty on terms similar to those imposed upon Sindhia and the Nágpur Rája. For some years there was peace between the English and the Maráthas. But in 1816 the Bhonsla Rája of Nágpur, with whom Lord Hastings had concluded a subsidiary treaty detaching him from the Marátha confederation, repented an engagement which tied his hands, and began to concert hostile measures with the Peshwa, who also was impatient of the restrictions placed upon him by alliance with the English. The latter, however, before actually plunging into another struggle realized the danger he incurred of being stripped of all his possessions, and again entered into negotiations with the English whereby, in exchange for an increased subsidiary force, he made further cessions of territory, and virtually renounced all pretensions to supremacy in the Marátha confederation. His good faith was of short duration. In the following year he broke into open hostility and attacked the British troops at Puna, the Nágpur Rája imitating him in his outbreak. Their combination quickly proved ineffectual. The Peshwa was routed and his forts seized. In 1818 he surrendered, and the greater part of his territories passed under the British sovereignty, he being allowed to reside at Bithúr on a pension of £80,000 a year, the non-continuance of which after his death made an enemy of his adopted son, Dhundu Panth, commonly known as "Nana Sahib." The Nágpur State had also to cede several important districts, and thenceforth the Marátha powers ceased to exist except as feudatories of the British rule.



NIRMALA COLLEGE,
COIMBATORE.

LORD CLIVE.

We have always thought it strange that, while the history of the Spanish empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Yet the victories of Cortes were gained over savages who had no letters, who were ignorant of the use of metals, who had not broken in a single animal to labour, who wielded no better weapons than those which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fish-bones, who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster, half man and half beast, who took a harquebusier for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were at the same time quite as highly civilised as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, vice-

roys whose splendour far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected, that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course of a few years, one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is, to most readers, not only insipid but positively distasteful.

Perhaps the fault lies partly with the historians. Mr. Mill's book, though it has undoubtedly great and rare merit, is not sufficiently animated and picturesque to attract those who read for amusement. Orme, inferior to no English historian in style and power of painting, is minute even to tediousness. In one volume he allots, on an average, a closely printed quarto page to the events of every forty-eight hours. The consequence is, that his narrative, though one of the most authentic and one of the most finely written in our language, has never been very popular, and is now scarcely ever read.

We fear that the volumes before us will not much attract those readers whom Orme and Mill have repelled. The materials placed at the disposal of Sir John Malcolm by the late Lord Powis were indeed of great value. But we cannot say that they have been very skilfully worked up. It would, however, be unjust to criticize with severity a work which, if the author had lived to complete and revise it, would probably have been improved by condensation and by a better arrangement. We are more disposed to perform the pleasing duty of expressing our gratitude to the noble family to which the public owes so much useful and curious information.

The effect of the book, even when we make the largest allowance for the partiality of those who have furnished and of those who have digested the materials, is, on the whole,

greatly to raise the character of Lord Clive. We are far indeed from sympathizing with Sir John Malcolm, whose love passes the love of biographers, and who can see nothing but wisdom and justice in the actions of his idol. But we are at least equally far from concurring in the severe judgment of Mr. Mill, who seems to us to show less discrimination in his account of Clive than in any other part of his valuable work. Clive, like most men who are born with strong passions and tried by strong temptations, committed great faults. But every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council.

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 the First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great merit 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 twenty-ninth of September, 1725.

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 re-

member to have heard from their parents how Bob 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 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 every where the character 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 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.

Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youths whom the East India College now annually sends 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 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 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 scarcely 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 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 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, 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 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, which in our time has often been performed within three months, was then very seldom accomplished in six, 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 present day.

Within the fort and its precincts, the English governors exercised, by permission of the native rulers, 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

governed by the Nabob of the Carnatic, a deputy of the Viceroy of the Deccan, commonly called the Nizam, who was himself only a deputy of the mighty prince designated by our ancestors as the Great Mogul. Those names, once so august and formidable, still remain. There is still a Nabob of the Carnatic, who lives on a pension allowed to him by the English out of the revenues of the province which his ancestors ruled. There is still a Nizam, whose capital is overawed by a British cantonment, and to whom a British resident gives, under the name of advice, commands which are not to be disputed. There is still a Mogul, who is permitted to play at holding courts and receiving petitions, but who has less power to help or hurt than the youngest civil servant of the company.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 the Second 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 maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendency. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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-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 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 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 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 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 war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

The empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and

splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindostan, amazed even travellers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys who held their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of Oriental despotism and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house produced a long series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. Fierce tribes of Hindoos, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the government from the mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite, however, of much constant maladministration, in spite of occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy, on the whole, retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But throughout the long reign of Aurungzebe, the state, notwithstanding all that the vigour and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without co-operated with

an incurable decay which was fast proceeding within; and in a few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition.

The history of the successors of Theodosius bears no small analogy to that of the successors of Aurungzebe. But perhaps the fall of the Carlovingians furnishes the nearest parallel to the fall of the Moguls. Charlemagne was scarcely interred when the imbecility and the disputes of his descendants began to bring contempt on themselves and destruction on their subjects. The wide dominion of the Franks was severed into a thousand pieces. Nothing more than a nominal dignity was left to the abject heirs of an illustrious name, Charles the Bald, and Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple. Fierce invaders, differing from each other in race, language, and religion, flocked, as if by concert, from the farthest corners of the earth, to plunder provinces which the government could no longer defend. The pirates of the Northern Sea extended their ravages from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, and at length fixed their seat in the rich valley of the Seine. The Hungarian, in whom the trembling monks fancied that they recognised the Gog or Magog of prophecy, carried back the plunder of the cities of Lombardy to the depths of the Pannonian forests. The Saracen ruled in Sicily, desolated the fertile plains of Campania, and spread terror even to the walls of Rome. In the midst of these sufferings, a great internal change passed upon the empire. The corruption of death began to ferment into new forms of life. While the great body, as a whole, was torpid and passive, every separate member began to feel with a sense, and to move with an energy all its own. Just here, in the most barren and dreary tract of European history, all feudal privileges, all modern nobility, take their source. It is to this point that we trace the power of those princes, who, nominally vassals, but really independent, long governed, with the titles of dukes, marquesses and counts, almost every part of the dominions which had obeyed Charlemagne.

Such or nearly such was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe. A succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile vice-royalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which

was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyæna and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominious black-mail. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the ricefields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar; and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driveller among the later Carlovingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honour. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad.

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the Lord of India? Was another Baber to descend from the mountains, and to lead the hardy tribes of

Cabul and Chorasan against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahommedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar.

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 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. 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 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 Frenchman.

The situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty; and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion, by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the West and analogies drawn from the feudal system. If it was convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so. He was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as an hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was *de facto* dissolved, and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindostan.

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, 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 Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the com-

petitor 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 disorganised, 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.

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 prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated 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 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 every where. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own 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; 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 Kistna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Sahib. He was intrusted with the 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 Viceroys of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It was rumoured that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limits to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honour or emolument could be obtained from 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 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, 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 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 pillar, 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 every where 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.

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 efforts 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 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 execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoys 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 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 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 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, 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 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 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 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 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 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 band to its chief surpassed any thing 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, 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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, 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 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.

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 characterised 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. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. Though himself gifted with no intellectual faculty higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. "Some people," he wrote, "are pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct every thing as it fell out;—a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier; for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

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 not qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice; and he defended himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of fire-arms. He was thus under the necessity of intrusting to others the execution of his great warlike designs; and he bitterly complained that he was ill served. 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 after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of capacity; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed every where. 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 garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. But the only force available for this purpose was of such a description that no officer but Clive would risk his reputation by commanding it. It consisted of five hundred newly-levied 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 flash-houses of London. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and marched with them to Covelong. A shot from the fort killed one of these extraordinary soldiers; on which all the rest faced about and ran away, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Clive rallied them. On another occasion, the noise of a gun terrified the sentinels so much that one of them was found, some hours later, at the bottom of a well.

Clive gradually accustomed them to danger, and, by exposing himself constantly in the most perilous situations, shamed them into courage. He at length succeeded in forming a respectable force out of his unpromising materials. Covelong fell. Clive learned that a strong detachment was marching to relieve it from Chingleput. He took measures to prevent the enemy from learning that they were too late, laid an ambuscade for them on the road, killed a hundred of them with one fire, took three hundred prisoners, pursued the fugitives to the gates of Chingleput, laid siege instantly to that fastness, reputed one of the strongest in India, made a breach, and was on the point of storming when the French commandant capitulated and retired with his men.

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, 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 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. There was then general peace in Europe. The Carnatic was the only part of the world where the English and French were in arms against each other. The vast schemes of Dupleix had excited no small uneasiness in the city of London; and the rapid turn of fortune, which was chiefly owing to the courage and talents of Clive, had been hailed with great delight. The young captain was known at the India House by the honourable nickname of General Clive, and was toasted by that appellation at the feasts of the Directors. On his arrival in England, he found himself an object of general interest and admiration. The East India

Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms, and 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.

It may easily be supposed that Clive was most cordially welcomed home by his family, who were delighted by his success, though they seem to have been hardly able to comprehend how their naughty idle Bobby had become so great a man. His father had been singularly hard of belief. Not until the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England was the old gentleman heard to growl out that, after all, the booby had something in him. His expressions of approbation became stronger and stronger as news arrived of one brilliant exploit after another; and he was at length immoderately fond and proud of his son.

Clive's relations had very substantial reasons for rejoicing 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, resorted to the most speedy and effectual of all modes of evacuation, a contested election followed by a petition.

At the time of the general election of 1754, the government was in a very singular state. There was scarcely any formal opposition. The Jacobites had been cowed by the issue of the last rebellion. The Tory party had fallen into utter contempt. It had been deserted by all the men of talents who had belonged to it, and had scarcely given a symptom of life during some years. The small faction which had been held together by the influence and promises of Prince Frederic, had been dispersed by his death. Almost every

public man of distinguished talents in the kingdom, whatever his early connections might have been, was in office, and called himself a Whig. But this extraordinary appearance of concord was quite delusive. The administration itself was distracted by bitter enmities and conflicting pretensions. The chief object of its members was to depress and supplant each other. The prime minister, Newcastle, weak, timid, jealous, and perfidious, was at once detested and despised by some of the most important members of his government, and by none more than by Henry Fox, the Secretary at War. This able, daring, and ambitious man seized every opportunity of crossing the First Lord of the Treasury, from whom he well knew that he had little to dread and little to hope; for Newcastle was through life equally afraid of breaking with men of parts and of promoting them.

Newcastle had set his heart on returning two members for St. Michael, one of those wretched Cornish boroughs which were swept away by the Reform Act in 1832. He was opposed by Lord Sandwich, whose influence had long been paramount there: and Fox exerted himself strenuously in Sandwich's behalf. Clive, who had been introduced to Fox, and very kindly received by him, was brought forward on the Sandwich interest, and was returned. But a petition was presented against the return, and was backed by the whole influence of the Duke of Newcastle.

The case was heard, according to the usage of that time, before a committee of the whole House. Questions respecting elections were then considered merely as party questions. Judicial impartiality was not even affected. Sir Robert Walpole was in the habit of saying openly that, in election battles, there ought to be no quarter. On the present occasion the excitement was great. The matter really at issue was, not whether Clive had been properly or improperly returned, but whether Newcastle or Fox was to be master of the new House of Commons, and consequently first minister. The contest was long and obstinate, and success seemed to