

Strange as it may seem, the General is a dandy, still good-looking, and doubtless was a beau in his younger days. He still "makes up" remarkably well, though he is scarcely so agile as Palmerston. In his mind, however, he is slow and heavy. Age has told upon him, and he is now great only at a despatch or a protocol, in the concoction of which, so far as longitude and weight are concerned, he may be backed to beat our Premier hollow. Palmerston will groan when he sees the enormous state-paper which Cass has prepared upon the subject of the San Juan difficulty. Notwithstanding, we look upon the General as one of the ablest and most honest of the American statesmen.

LORD CLIVE.

On the 23rd of June, 1857—the centenary of the Battle of Plassey—a meeting was held in London to take steps for erecting a monument to Lord Clive. Great were the congratulations then heard, as to the mighty empire which had been consolidated during the century that had passed. Not many days after, the startling tidings came that the whole Bengal army was in revolt! But though the fabric of British power in India seemed to totter to its fall, not the less was the founder of that power worthy of monumental honour.

The statue of Clive was inaugurated on the 19th of January, at Shrewsbury. Among the notables assisting at the ceremony, were Earl Stanhope, (Lord Mahon,) Sir Charles Wood, and Colonel Herbert Edwardes, who made a speech worthy of the occasion.

"Some people," said Edwardes, "deprecate such memorials and call them hero-worship: in my judgment they are wrong. The giver of empires is, indeed, God; but God works through human means, and when he pleases to give empire to a people, he gives them a man like Clive, and, in honouring the instrument, we do but honour the Providence that yields it. Others there are who say they are quite willing to pay honour to a hero, provided that he be perfect, and that Clive was a man of imperfections; that they have read history, and know that his errors were as glaring as his services were great. They doubt if it be right to honour such a man. These objections I respect, though I think them hard, and leaning not only towards uncharity but ingratitude. Let us look along the ranks of our great patriots, or the defenders of our country by sea and land. I name no names, but ask you to review them in your memories, and say to whom should we have paid honour, to whom should we have given the public monument and the household niche, had we reserved our gratitude for a man without a flaw? The best of them could only have carved beneath his bust, 'I was a man!' If we, too, are men, let us honour what is good and great in our fellows, while we sorrow for their faults."

Here we catch the echo of Lord Macaulay's splendid essay, where he says: "Clive committed great faults; but his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temp-

tations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity."

From the same brilliant work of Macaulay we extract the account of the Battle of Plassey, and the summary of the character of Clive with which the essay concludes.



"The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but

from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

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

Lord Macaulay concludes his essay with the following statement of Clive's claims to enduring renown.

"From Clive's first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles XII, won great battles at a still earlier age; but those princes were surrounded by veteran generals of distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of the Granicus, of Reroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect, who at an equally early

age ever gave equal proof of talents for war was Napoleon Bonaparte.

"From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realized, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Duplex. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded Forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim when compared with the splendour of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one half of a Roman legion.

"From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern empire. When he landed in Calcutta in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich, by any means, in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days, compels us to admit that those faults were nobly repaired. If the reproach of the Company and of its servants has been taken away; if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any native dynasty; if to that gang of public robbers, which formerly spread terror through the whole plain of Bengal, has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit; if we now see such men as Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return, proud of their honourable poverty, from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth, the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high on the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list—in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior, History will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generations of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck."

SNAKES.

FROM my childhood the subject of natural history has had a certain attraction to me, a kind of horrible fascination, not unlike what is represented as the influence the reptile is said to possess over birds and small animals on which it preys. At twelve years of age I had an opportunity of testing