

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

this power on a human being, namely, on myself; but it will not be a matter of surprise that I had neither courage nor philosophy enough to avail myself of it. It happened on this wise.

My young readers must know that the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, which they visit with so much pleasure, are of comparatively recent formation, and that, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, embryo naturalists had a much smaller space for the study of animal nature. In the Strand, near Waterloo Bridge, before the late alterations and improvements removed the old edifices, there stood a large building called Exeter Change. The lower part was an arcade or bazaar, once the resort of fashion and beauty; the upper part was Cross's Menagerie. At the entrance, flanked by huge whales' tusks, stood as porter a beef-eater, in the orthodox Henry VIII's costume, as always it used to be seen in her Majesty's palace, at the Tower, and on the stage. This man had often attracted my notice as I passed, and I determined to accept his invitation to "walk hup and see the wonderful hanimals from all parts of the world," the first time I had a shilling to spare.

In accordance with this resolve, I went one day, prepared to commence my examination of the wild beasts by a good look at that curious animal, the beef-eater. He was not there, however; the tusks alone stood sentinels; but I passed them unchallenged, and mounted the stairs. At the top a man met me who was hurrying down, to his dinner, he told me, (and he evidently appeared frightened lest the beef-eater should have too great a start of him); he opened the door of a small side-room, and bade me wait there and amuse myself until he snatched a mouthful of "vittals," as he called it. Closing the door after him, he departed, and I took a survey of the room and its contents.

It was a curiously shaped room, occupying, apparently, a corner nook or angle of the building. It was lighted by one small dingy window, which admitted only a subdued sort of twilight, and threw a gloomy hue on what might have passed for a necromancer's den. The walls were fitted up with hutches and cages which contained birds and small animals, and overhead swung some dried carcasses of crocodiles, sea-devils, and other curious reptiles, terrestrial and marine. These certainly did not improve the appearance of the place, nor counteract the gloomy effect of the dim yellow light. Under the window was a huge chest, of the contents of which I was for a time profoundly ignorant.

A quarter of an hour might have elapsed, and I was still looking at the birds, when a tap at the window made me turn round, and I was horrified at beholding a huge boa-constrictor half out of the chest, with his head against the glass. The exclamation that broke from me made him turn towards me. Now was the time to have tested his powers of fascination; but whatever my head might have dictated, I only know that my legs took the initiative, for in one bound I was at the door, and in a second had closed it behind me, whilst I shouted at the top of my voice.

The man who had left me there, and the beef-eater, both appeared in great amazement, and, with their

mouths full, demanded what was the matter. A few words told them, and the keeper went into the room, caught hold of the serpent and began hauling him down, hand over hand, as a sailor does a hawser. Thrusting him into the chest, he shut down the lid and fastened it.

"Young gen'lman," said he to me, "you're in luck, you are; do you know that 'ere sarpent's been asleep for a month, and proper hungry he must be: it's a wonder he ha'n't boned you."

"What," said I, "would he have eaten me?"

"Wouldn't he!" answered the man, "in a jiffy. Why, he eat two men—niggers they was—of the party what catched him, and he crushed my—what d'ye call him? the chap as was keeper here afore me—ah, prydioessor—to a jelly."

"Indeed," said I, as white as a sheet; "but how was it he did not crush you just now, then?"

"Oh, he funks me, he does," replied the keeper; "my eye was on him all the time. It was all my eye, it was."

Not long after this occurrence, I saw either the same snake, or his companion, crush an unfortunate rabbit that had been provided for him; and when I saw the difficulty he had in swallowing it, I thought what a fool I was to swallow the lies the keeper had told me. When I taxed him with them, he only grinned and said, "I told you it was all my eye."

Half-a-dozen years after the above adventure, I was in India, and on a visit to a friend at H—pore, when a ludicrous circumstance occurred in connection with a snake, which still makes me laugh when I think of it.

Two young ladies were on a visit also, at the same house, and occupied the room next to mine. They were very lively, and used to talk and laugh at a great rate, after they retired to their room. I could distinguish their voices through the closed doors, but of course not sufficiently to know what was said. One night, just after I had safely ensconced myself within my mosquito curtains, I heard a faint shriek from one of my fair neighbours, and an exclamation which sounded very like, "A snake, a snake!" I immediately jumped up, slipped on my trowsers and dressing-gown, and, tapping at the door, asked what was the matter, and if I could be of any service. The young ladies said there was a snake in their room; but they declined my services, saying they would call a servant, who, they knew, slept in the verandah just outside their room. They then unfastened the outer door, and with some difficulty awoke the man and made him comprehend what was required of him.

In a short time I heard fits of laughter, peal after peal, so hearty and vivacious that I was fain to join, though I could not imagine what there could possibly be of a risible nature. The next morning my curiosity was gratified.

Among the house-servants, or bearers, as they are called, (from one of their duties being to carry a palanquin, though now-a-days seldom required of them, carriages and buggies having superseded that mode of transit,) was an old man, with an exceedingly comical face. He had had a paralytic

stroke, which had drawn his face on one side and his mouth all awry, and he wore the daub of yellow paint on his forehead, which is the mark of a particular caste of Hindoo, making a combination of comicality and ugliness that would have made a white man's fortune on the stage. This old fellow, on being awakened by the young ladies, and told to bring a stick to kill a snake with, seized a heavy watchman's club that lay at hand, and entered the room, leaving his blanket and turban behind him. On the snake being pointed out to him behind a box, he moved the obstruction, and deliberately sat down to pound the reptile to a jelly; and it was his attitude and extraordinary appearance that elicited the shouts of laughter I had heard.

One of the girls drew figures excellently, and afterwards made the old man sit for a sketch of the scene, which is now in my possession and before me as I write, (whereby hangs a tale, but which has nothing to do with my story). The face and attitude are inimitable. I took an early opportunity of asking Ram Sing (the old bearer) if he knew why his likeness was taken?

"I suppose," he replied, "that the young ladies want to remember me for delivering them from great danger."

"Danger!" I repeated. "What danger?"

"From the bite of the poisonous snake," he said.

"Why, then, did they laugh so heartily? They, at least, could not have feared the danger you speak of."

"Ah, Sahib," replied the old man, with a compassionate glance, "there is no understanding English ladies; they laugh when they should cry, and they cry when they should laugh."

"Well, then," said I, "granting that they should have cried for fear of the snake, when did you ever know them to cry when they should have laughed?"

"The other day, when they had English letters, Sahib. Kurreem Bux, who understands a little of your language, says he was present when they read their letters, and he heard them say, 'Our dear mother quite well again, and our brother married; how pleasant!' and then they threw themselves into each other's arms and cried. Ah! there's no understanding English ladies, that's certain."

Wondering if the time will ever come when the English and the natives of India *will* understand each other, I left the old man to his cogitations.

The old bearer pounding the snake reminds me of an adventure that befell a chum of mine, when stationed at Delhi. Langford and I were old friends, having proceeded to India in the same ship, and lived together whilst doing duty with the —th regiment, at Barrackpore. We were then separated for a few years, having been posted to different regiments, and in this interval Langford had got leave to England on medical certificate. The course of relief had brought our regiments to the same station, Delhi, and we renewed our intimacy, and chummed together, neither of us being married.

I found my companion much changed, more so than the advance from bright boyhood to grave manhood warranted. When I last saw him, he

was a joyous creature, without a care or thought beyond the present: not that he was selfish, far from it, for he would do anything for a friend; but his spirits were so buoyant, his energy so great, his faculty for enjoyment so unbounded, that even the apathetic natives brightened up at his approach, whilst his presence amongst his countrymen was always gladly hailed, insuring as it did the banishment of *ennui*.

But now what a difference there was! Care sat on the lofty brow; gravity marked the lines about the mouth; the happy expression had vanished, and the laughing eye had become dull and absent. Many a time had I wondered what could have caused such a remarkable change, and once I had questioned him on the subject; but he showed such reluctance to unburthen his mind, and so much pain when his gravity was noticed, that I gave over the attempt, and confined myself to endeavours to engage him in conversation on general topics. Sometimes the subject would animate him, and when his attention was engrossed with it, and his mental powers brought out, then, and then only, he was like his former self. At last a curious and somewhat ludicrous circumstance was the cause of his bestowing his confidence on me.

Early one morning in November, we were dressing for parade in our respective rooms, and I was just finishing my ablutions, when I heard a loud and continued stamping in Langford's room, and my name shouted at the top of his voice. I quickly went to him, and was not a little surprised to find him with one boot on, stamping violently on the ground, while the perspiration ran down his face as much from fright as from the exertion.

"Ah! B——," said he when I entered, "I am done for now; there's a snake in my boot, and I feel his fatal fangs running into me."

Directing his bearer to send for the doctor, and get a glass of brandy quickly, I suggested to my friend that by this time the reptile must be pounded to a jelly, and that he had better lie down and have his boot taken off.

"No," said he, "I feel him biting me still;" and again he set to work stamping, till he was obliged to leave off from exhaustion. He then threw himself down on his bed; and the bearer coming in with the brandy, I gave Langford a wine glassful, and told the bearer to take off the boot.

His master, however, ordered him to hurry for the doctor, and then motioning me to sit close beside him, he said: "The brandy has done me good, but it is only temporary; I cannot have long to live, and I wish to unburthen my mind to you, my dear kind friend, whilst I have strength for it." I pressed his hand, and tried to comfort him, by suggesting that the snake might not be a poisonous one; there were many that were harmless, and why should he take for granted that this was a deadly one? etc.

He shook his head, and said he had long had a presentiment that he should die soon; that death would have been welcome, if it had only come on the field of battle instead of in such a way. "But I must lose no time," he continued, "in telling you the cause of my despondency, which I know has

long puzzled and vexed you as well as all my friends."

Don't think, gentle or simple reader, that I am going to betray my friend's confidence and reveal his secret. This much alone I may disclose, that my friend believed he had been cruelly treated by a lady to whom he was deeply attached.

While he was in broken snatches telling me his pathetic tale, the doctor arrived.

The boot was taken off, and he looked serious as blood was discovered on the stocking. I tilted over the boot and shook out—what do you think, reader?—not a crushed and mangled snake, but a roll of soft flannel and a small nail. The boots had not been used for some little time, and these articles had somehow dropped into one of them, and of course the more Langford stamped, the deeper the tack went into his heel. We, that is, the doctor and I, burst into a loud laugh, and the former facetiously dubbed Langford "Achilles" on the spot. When he had taken his leave, I brought to my friend a letter I had lately received from home, in which, strange to say, occurred the name of the very lady of whom I had just heard, with a reference to somebody whom I now saw must be meant for my friend Langford. It was not Annie W—, but a cousin of the same name, the announcement of whose marriage had upset his equanimity!

I never saw such a sudden change as this news made in my friend. He was no longer a moping misanthrope, but, shaking off his lethargy and despair together, he became a subdued likeness of his former self. He soon after went home on a year's leave of absence (urgent private affairs), and in the course of two years or so I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. L., and of witnessing the happiness I had been the humble means of promoting.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

It is wandering along the sunny glens of Andalusia, or over the mountain steeps of its grim sierras, some crumbling aqueduct or embattled watch-tower should meet your gaze, as often enough they would—if then you should say to your "tio," (or uncle,) as the muleteer is called in Andalusia, "Whose works were those?" he would answer, "Los Arabes;" and, if your momentary musing on the fortunes of Mahomet and his successors should cause the tio Don Ramon, or Pepito, to doubt whether any country so out-of-the-way as Arabia was mentioned in your geography book, he would bespeak your attention by treating his mule to a bit of rope's end, (as is usual with him when desirous of being impressive,) and supplement "los Arabes" by "los Moros," "los Saracenos." These three appellations are indifferently used for designating the Mussulman conquerors of Spain; and when those stern warriors of Mahomet had fallen from their high estate; when, mile by mile, they were driven from Granada into the mountain wilds of the Alpujarras, and Sierra Nevada, preparatory to their bodily expulsion from Spain in the years 1611 and 1612, the terms "Moriscos," and "Mo-

ritos," were applied to them by way of contempt and derision.

Nominally, it is the Morisco or Morito race that the Spaniards are doing battle with at this time, urged on by much of that undying hatred of race which characterized the worst epoch of the Inquisition, and, to understand the full force of which, it is necessary to have lived amongst the Andalusian Spaniards, as I have lived, dwelling in little mountain hamlets for months together.

The Arab conquest, and occupation of Spain, constitutes an historical episode of long-enduring interest. The first flood of Mohammedan invasion occurred A.D. 711, and the invaders, reinforced from time to time, spread over the length and breadth of the Iberian peninsula. Certain tracts, however, there were, which the Arabs never succeeded in conquering, and even upon the land of which the hostile hoofs of Moorish cavalry never trod. The highlands, of what we now call the "Basque provinces," were thus circumstanced. A moment's inspection of some good map of Spain will at once furnish explanation of this. The Basque provinces are not only mountainous, but far removed from the Mediterranean coast, whence the conquerors reinforced their legions with fresh troops from Africa. Though the Mussulman occupation of Spain did not finally cease until the year 1612, yet, so early as the thirteenth century the Spaniards had recovered nearly all their once lost ground, except that fairest and most fertile portion, the beautiful Granada. Here, until the year 1492, an almost unmixed Mussulman population subsisted; the fact being on record, that when the city of Granada, (capital of the Moorish kingdom of that name,) was conquered by the troops of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1492, only one family of Christian freemen was discovered therein—the family of a Catalonian merchant, who had long established a factory in the Moorish capital.

Nevertheless, up to the period of final Moorish expulsion from all Spain, in 1612, a Mohammedan population, held in the condition of serfdom, was distributed, more or less, all over the Spanish peninsula, except in the Basque provinces. Amongst the Arab bondsmen, those of Arragon and Valencia were conspicuous. There they were almost exclusively the cultivators of the soil, and practised, far more generally than Christian Spaniards, the mechanical arts. It was an act, on the part of Spain, less unjust than impolitic, to have persecuted and finally driven away the Moriscos. Spanish mechanical art and Spanish agriculture received a blow thereby, from which neither has completely recovered. At the present time, whole regions may be traversed in the south of Spain, blessed with the most delicious climate in the world, perhaps, and having a soil which would be transcendent in fertility, but for the lack of water. These arid spots were once supplied with this inestimable boon, as the remains of aqueducts, constructed with much engineering skill, testify; but this was only so long as they were occupied by the Moors.

Why call the Mussulman conquerors of Spain Moors? Are the natives of Morocco, at the time being, lineal descendants of the Spanish Mussul-