

THE CAMEL AND THE ARAB.

THE Arab, his country, and his camel, are in wonderful harmony with each other. Without the camel, the deserts, which contain so many tribes of freemen, would be uninhabitable, and one can imagine the camel without the Arab, as little as the Arab without the camel.—Its large soft eye looks from under its long eyelashes at its master with an expression of recognition which one can hardly doubt, is affection. He talks to it, and it seems to understand him; he sings, and it quickens its steps, reviving from the fatigues of the way. The genuine Arab never beats his camel, he guides it with his voice, or with a light wand touching one ear or the other to make it turn to the right or left, or gentle tapping it on the crown of the head, which it instantly lowers, and breaks into an amble; or if he wishes it to go still quicker, he presses its shoulder with his bare heel.—*Hamilton's Sinia, &c.*

MARSHAL DAVOUST'S CHARACTER.

DAVOUST constituted himself the spy of the Emperor, and made daily reports to him. He took advantage of private conversations to denounce his friends, and many a ruined man was ignorant for a long time of the cause of his disgrace. Davoust had some degree of probity; but the Emperor, by his gifts, so surpassed the limits of his possible wants, that he would have been most culpable had he enriched himself by illicit means. His income reached the enormous sum of 1,500,000 francs. Fond of discipline, and providing carefully for the wants of his troops, he was just, but harsh to his officers, and was not loved by them. He did not want for courage; and while possessing but slight abilities and education, he displayed immense perseverance, great zeal, and feared neither suffering nor fatigue. Of a ferocious character, on the slightest pretext and without any ceremony, he hung up the inhabitants of conquered countries. I saw, in the environs of Vienna and Presbourg, the roads and trees furnished with his victims.

PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

WITH an energy and a spirit worthy of these stirring and eventful times, the various material resources of the country are already in a new and hopeful course of extensive and important development. The mines and quarries alone, give employment to many thousands of persons, and the surplus labour is being rapidly absorbed by the new works which are gradually starting into existence, even to the remotest corners of the island; in the far off and all but depopulated wilds of Kerry, and in the solitudes of Connemara and Donegal, the busy hum of industry is heard in the hills, and the sound of the anvil resounds through their vales. This unwonted gleam of prosperity would seem already to have new strung the energies of a naturally warm-hearted, clever and impulsive people; and it is earnestly to be desired that an accelerated intercourse between the two countries will continue to foster and incite this onward career, to obliterate all narrow-minded, national and party prejudices, and to engender a liberal spirit, and a universal desire for intellectual enlightenment, till the Celt, in every essential sense of the word, is anxious and emulous to go hand in hand with Saxon advancement—that in heart and verity we may be one people, as we are the subjects of one sovereign, and are the children of one Common Parent, even of Him who hath garnished the isles, and sent forth His word for the good of His people, on the due appreciation and following of which, alike depend personal happiness and national prosperity.—*Wolsworth's Aims of Ireland.*

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

LANNES had gone to meet the enemy. Cannon and ammunition were absolutely necessary for him, and must be provided. I formed the boldest and most audacious design (!), and I immediately put it in execution, with the permission of the First Consul; I attempted to pass the artillery along the main road by night in spite of the proximity of the fort. I commenced my experiments with six guns and six limbers, by taking the following precautions. I covered the wheels, chains, and all the ringing parts of the carriage with twisted hay, spread along the road dung, and all the mattresses to be found in the village, and substituted fifty men for the horses; for these might have been heard; a horse if killed would have stopped the whole expedition, while men made no noise, and if killed or wounded, as they were not attached to the carriage, they would not stop the progress.

VALUE OF POUNDLING HOSPITALS.

SHAME and despair are fearful prompters to weak woman, who hears in her anguish, the fiery hiss of the world's scorn, and beholds its mocking finger pointing her out as a lost one. And many a tender and gentle woman, whose soft white hand never before inflicted injury on a living thing, has, in a moment of mental agony and moral bewilderment, clutched, with a groan of frenzy, the neck of her infant, and crushed out its little life in the mad hope of hiding one crime by the commission of a greater.

From the London Weekly Dispatch. OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

On the death of Meer Jaffier, in 1765, corruption assumed its most shameless aspect in the English Council-board at Calcutta. Nine of the Company's servants shared amongst themselves a large bribe to set up as Viceroy an infant son of the Nabob, and they compelled this poor boy to confer the Deputy-Governorship of the province on a Mussulman, instead of on his friend and favorite, the Hindoo Nuncomar, whose name soon became famous in connection with Warren Hastings. About this time, we must add, Sujah-ul-Dowlah surrendered himself to the English, having permitted Cossim and Somers to escape, in accordance with his pledged word. The German found a last refuge among the Jats, a half-savage race, and the Nabob among the Rohillas.

When the name of Clive begins to disappear from the scene of his triumphs, that of Warren Hastings becomes inseparably associated with English transactions in the East. This remarkable man, who was destined to fill so large a space in the history of his times, came out to Bengal as a writer, in 1750. His first employment was in the ordinary traffic of the Company, and he was so engaged at one of their factories when Surajah Dowlah attacked Fort William. With many of his countrymen, he fell into the hands of the tyrant, and was sent prisoner to Moorshedabad. Escaping thence, he was able to join the invading army of Clive as a volunteer, and after the battle of Plassy, he was appointed Resident at the Court of the English-made Viceroy. In 1761 he was appointed by the Company a member of their Council at Calcutta, and it will be remarked that he became initiated into the secrets of Government at the worst period of the English rule in India. That his heart was hardened by the exhibitions of callous cruelty and shameless venality of which he was the eye-witness, cannot be doubted. He also made the dangerous discovery that the directors of the Company estimated the worth and utility of their servants by the amount of their annual dividends, and though they might not suggest the commission of a criminal act, they were glad enough to profit by it when committed. Not very scrupulous by nature, a little Indian experience converted Hastings into the ablest and most remorseless agent that the Court in Leadenhall-street had ever possessed. That body was not slow to discover his capacity, nor unwilling to make use of it. In 1769, after four years' absence in England, they appointed him a Member of the Council of Madras, and in 1772 he became the Chief of the Government of Bengal.

The crimes of Hastings have been made familiar to the English reader by the splendid eloquence of Burke and the studied rhetoric of Sheridan; whilst his defence has been undertaken by a Clergyman of the Church of England, and a more temperate judgment passed on his character and career by the greatest essayist and historian of our time.—Within the brief limits of the present sketch, we can only record the principal acts of his administration, and leave the reader to judge between the assailants and the assailed. Determined by any means and at any cost, to recruit the finances of India, he entered into a compact with the Nabob of Oude, which all men of common humanity (except his biographer, the Rev. Mr Gleig) have termed most nefarious.—The ruler of Oude panted to subjugate a brave people, fair-skinned, civilised and courteous, called the Rohillas; and Hastings, for £400,000 agreed to lend him an English army for the purpose. In vain did the poor Rohillas appeal to English mercy and English honour. Their country was ravaged by an invading army, and their chiefs fell before the English fire. 'More than a hundred thousand people,' says Macaulay, in summing up the history of this infamous transaction, 'fled from their homes to pestilential jungles, preferring famine and fever and the haunts of tigers, to the tyranny of him to whom an English and a Christian Government had for shameful lucre, sold their substance and their blood, and the honor of their wives and daughters.'

We have already incidentally mentioned the name of Nuncomar. This man was a Brahmin, of high caste, clever, false and knavish, as became his order. He had excited the wrath of Hastings, who never forgave, and had lost a lucrative post through his instrumentality. A struggle for vengeance and victory soon took place between the two men. The Indian watched his opportunity, and a change in the Government of Bengal furnished him with it.—Four councillors, the chief of whom was Philip Francis, the alleged author of 'Junius,' came to India to assist Hastings (who was hereafter to be called Governor-General), at the Council Board. A Chief Justice was also despatched from England, chosen from amongst the sweepings of Westminster Hall. In Francis, Hastings found a determined foe; in Impey, the Chief Justice, an obsequious friend. To this council came Nuncomar with charges against the Governor-General; charges of corruption and cruelty which at least one of them was eager to believe. Nuncomar triumphed, but it was only for an instant. Swift and sudden vengeance was in store for the crafty Hindoo. He was arrested on a charge of forgery, committed six

years before, tried by Impey, and adjudged, according to English law to die. The sentence struck the natives of Bengal with consternation. By their laws a Brahmin could under no circumstances be put to death, and the crime for which Nuncomar was condemned, was regarded by them, Mr Macaulay observes, 'in much the same light in which the selling of an unsound horse for a sound price is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey.' However, the law took its course. Impey would not allow him time to appeal to the clemency of the English Crown, and the great Hindoo was ignominiously hanged.

Two other alleged crimes stain the memory of Hastings—his conduct to the Rajah of Benares and to the Princesses of Oude. In 1778 war again broke out with France, and Hastings was in want of money. In this extremity he cast his eyes on the unfortunate Cheyte Sing Rajah of Benares, a rich tribute payer of the English Government. From this potentate he demanded, in addition to the annual tribute, a contribution of £50,000 for two years, and he continued to renew his demands till the Rajah seeing that the object was to deprive him of his possessions, refused compliance. With a few Sepoys, the Governor-General hastened to Benares. The servile submission of Cheyte Sing could not soften the harsh plunderer; he again demanded money, and when the Rajah hesitated and evaded, he arrested him. This act of tyranny committed in the Holy City roused the wrath of the populace. Hastings well nigh fell a victim to his cruelty and temerity. But an English force soon reached Benares; Hastings was rescued, and the domains of the Rajah annexed to the English possessions. Still greater cruelties and indignities awaited two noble ladies called the Begums or Princesses of Oude. The reigning Nabob of Oude was a worthless and sensual despot, who had extorted large sums of money in the shape of loans, from his mother. This scoundrel entered into an infamous plot with Hastings to rob the treasures of the late Nabob, in the hands of the Begums.—In furtherance of this scheme, a British force took possession of the palace of the Princesses at Fyzabad; seized and infamously tortured the two eunuchs, who had been the mistresses of the late Nabob; and forced the Begums into close captivity in their own apartments, where they were nearly starved to death. These transactions were afterwards exposed in all their deformity, with unequalled eloquence, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Against these revolting crimes the admirers of Hastings plead his successful administration of the Government of Bengal. He plundered Princes, but he restored order to the finances; he let the prestige of English courage out to hire, and he leagued himself with strong ruffians against the weak and defenceless; but the dividends were punctually paid in Leadenhall-street, and John Company prospered under his rule. That he possessed great energy and sagacity cannot be denied. Though not a military man, he knew how to direct military operations, and during his tenure of power he had to contend with one of the most formidable foes the English ever met with in India, the renowned Hyder Ali, sovereign of Mysore. This Prince attacked with fury the English garrisons in the Madras presidency, and routed them behind their walls as well as on the field. In this emergency Hastings displayed a soldier's spirit and a statesman's wisdom. He sent a strong force to Madras under Sir Eyre Coote, and on the decisive field of Porto Novo, Hyder Ali was defeated, and the English settlement saved. Such are the principal features of the famous administration of Warren Hastings, which was brought to a peaceful close in the year 1785.

From the middle of the 18th century to the close, the Anglo-Indian was an unpopular and suspected person in his native country. Even riches, pretty generally the passport to John Bull's good opinion, could not reconcile the Englishman to the Nabob. His manners, speech and appearance were all against him. In the swarthy or jaundiced visage, men read tales of hideous cruelty and gross rapacity. The haughty tones and insolent demeanour bespoke the habit of command and despotic dominion, such as Englishmen could not tolerate, over trembling slaves. Even those who, by great achievements, had won illustrious names, could not escape the general doom. When in 1774, Clive died by his own hand, it was uniformly believed that he had been impelled to the fatal act, by the Demon of Remorse. The better informed knew that he was subject to a depression of spirits and a constitutional melancholy, which even the bustle of active life had sometimes failed to dissipate, and which, in the early part of his career, had twice led him to attempt suicide; but the multitude beheld in the sad event the sure retribution which attends on gigantic crime, and, in the fitful state of mind which preceded it, recognised the awful terrors of a guilty conscience, and shuddered at the fearful spectacle of a splendid intellect overthrown by the pursuing wrath of avenging furies, haunting their victim by night and day, till, in wild despair, he sought relief and refuge in the grave. The growth of Indian fortunes was also watched by our upper and middle classes with jealousy and displeasure. Large sums were transmitted to England by men less illustrious than Clive; stately mansions were occupied by Nabobs who

had realised in India, in a few years, the means of splendour, which neither unremitting toil nor conspicuous ability could have amassed in England in a lifetime. These great gains it was said, had been acquired by the foulest practices; the field of Indian enterprise was monopolized by greedy conscienceless adventurers, the name of England was dishonoured by the corruption and cruelty of her degenerate sons in Hindoostan.

Grievous, indeed, was the oppression, great the miseries inflicted by Europeans on the natives of India. In our rapid summary of events we have omitted to mention the famine which desolated, nay, almost depopulated Bengal, in 1770. Through the occurrence of a terrible drought in that year, the rice crops, on which the inhabitants of the province mainly depended for their sustenance, almost entirely failed. To their eternal dishonour, notwithstanding the strict prohibition of the Court of Directors against the interference of their servants in the inland trade, (we quote the words of Mr Adolphus, the historian of the reign of George III.) this opportunity was eagerly seized by interested and unprincipled individuals, to enhance the public misery, and accumulate immense fortunes from the groans of famine and despair. Of the horrors that ensued, scarcely a parallel is to be found in history. The streets of Calcutta were choked with the bodies of the dead and dying, and 100 servants of the Company were daily employed in removing corpses, and throwing them into the Ganges. That river soon became so full of human carcases, that fish was no longer used as an article of food. When in the midst of these calamities, whilst the Hindoo mother in vain implored the passer by to bestow a few grains of rice on her starving children, it transpired that large sums of money had been shipped to England, and that the scarcity was a source of profit to the English taskmaster, the tide of indignation set in stronger than ever against the Company and its servants. Whilst the nation was in this temper, in 1773, at the instance of General Burgoyne, the conduct of Lord Clive was subjected to Parliamentary investigation, and qualified Parliamentary censure. On a greater occasion, and before a world-famous tribunal, the whole system of English government in the East, was made the subject of protracted inquiry in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, on his return to England, for high crimes and misdemeanours.

Reverting once more to the progress of our dominion in the East, we must direct attention to the military transactions of the English in the southern part of the peninsula. We have already referred to the vigorous measure taken by Warren Hastings against the formidable Hyder Ali. This man, from a very humble origin, had raised himself to a throne, and founded a Mahomedan kingdom, which proved extremely troublesome to the English. The kingdom was that of Mysore, which comprehended a very fertile track of country, consisting almost entirely of an elevated table land, watered by many fertilizing streams, and lying between the Carnatic and the Malabar coast.—In this district the superior energy of the Mussulman was everywhere observable. Hyder availed himself, as far as he could, of European science, drilled some of his troops in the European fashion, and attracted to his dominion European officers. The English soon felt his growing power, and, with varying success, engaged with him in many sanguinary conflicts, till in 1769 a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded between them. Peace, however, was not of long duration. Shortly afterwards, Hyder became involved in a war with the Maharrattas, and when, according to the terms of the treaty, he required the assistance of his allies he was met with a cold refusal. Exasperated by this treatment, he threw himself into the arms of the French, who supplied him with arms and ammunition. The authorities of Madras, in their turn, engaged soon afterwards in hostilities with the Maharrattas, and these in revenge formed a coalition with Hyder Ali, who was now resolutely determined to expel from Indian soil a race whom no concessions could satisfy and no treaties bind. Then it was that Hyder, pouring his army through numerous mountain passes, burst like a torrent on the Carnatic. In July, 1780, the foe was within nine miles of Madras; the white houses of the merchants were menaced with destruction, and terror and dismay seized on the feeble Government of the Presidency. Two British armies however, took the field, and one of these, under Colonel Baillie, gained a splendid but fruitless victory over a large division of Hyder's army. A sad reverse awaited the British arms. Col. Baillie was compelled to surrender to the barbarian at Perambakum, and his officers and men were subjected to all the excesses of Oriental savagery. Sitting in state in his tent, Hyder compelled the English officers to present him with the heads of their slain comrades, and appeared to enjoy the pangs of the wounded.—Very pitiable, as may be imagined, was the condition of those who had fallen into his power.—They were marched or rudely carried, to Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore, where they were confined in crowded, suffocating cells, and loaded with irons. Some of the prisoners were forcibly compelled to embrace the Mahomedan faith, and brutally subjected to the rite of circumcision. Col. Baillie died in prison. A still