

ey of grief attendant on human mutability, when the bowl of joy, sparkling at the laughing lip, is dashed from the drinker's grasp by the withering touch of unexpected misfortune, this may be fancied but not written. The borderers were in the saddle, Ralph Maxwell's pennon was flaunting in the wind, and as powerful a brown charger as ever bore a full armed knight upon a battle field, pawed the earth impatiently. Why dallies the lingering rider, while every face besides responded to the proud motto with which a king had once rewarded the alacrity of that gallant house, when their royal master had called them to his aid? Cold man, little knowest thou the pangs the lover feels when severed from a bride—and such a bride, too, as Mabel Foster. The knight of Carverlock guessed well the scene that was passing in the tower—'twas charity to end it. 'Sound to horse Hubert!' he said to an attendant; and ere the bugle note was answered by the mountain echo Dark Hugh was in the saddle. The riders silently remarked that their chief's vizor was down the word to march came broken through the close barred helmet; for, were the truth known, a moistened cheek was hidden beneath the steel head piece of the borderer.

As slowly the gallant horsemen passed through the winding strath, many a glistening eye was turned on the loved riders for the last time. Two female forms were seen upon the bartizan which overlooked the valley; one was the deserted bride, the other Hugh Maxwell's mother. In silent agony, poor Mabel's tear-dimmed eye followed the receding figure of her handsome lord, and a wild burst of lamentation marked her sorrow, when a huge rock shut the riders from her view. Well might the fair bride grieve!

'Long may that lady look in vain!  
She ne'er shall see his gallant train  
Come sweeping back.'

[To be Continued.]

#### SIR ROBERT PEEL AT HOME.

I there (at Drayton Manor) saw Sir Robert Peel in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of the population of his estates; Lady Peel still beautiful, passionately and modestly devoted to her husband; a charming daughter, since married to a son of Lord Camoys; three sons, one a captain in the navy, already renowned for the most brilliant courage; the second, who has just made a successful debut in the House of Commons; the third, still engaged in his studies; on the estate numerous and prosperous farmers, among whom was one of Sir Robert's brothers, who had preferred an agricultural life to any other career; great works of rural improvement, and more particularly of drainage, in progress, which Sir Robert Peel watched closely, and explained to us with an accurate knowledge of details. Altogether, a most beautiful domestic existence, grand, simple, and very active; in the interior of the house an affectionate gravity, less animated, less expansive, and less easy than our manners desire or permit; political recollections perpetuated in a gallery of portraits, most of them of contemporaries, some Sir Robert Peel's colleagues in Government, others distinguished men with whom he had been brought in contact. Out of doors, between the landlord and the surrounding population a great distance, strongly marked in manners, but filled up by frequent relations, full of equity and benevolence on the part of the superior, without any appearance of envy or servility on the part of the inferiors. I there beheld one of the happiest examples of the legitimate hierarchy of positions and persons, without any aristocratic recollections or pretensions, and amid a general and a mutual feeling of right and of respect.—*Guizot's Sir R. Peel.*

#### AN ARCTIC SUNSET.

As the sun approached the horizon towards midnight, the aspect of the heavens was truly beautiful, when at twelve o'clock his lower limb partially dipped, and again slowly ascended on its course, or rather our orb revolved on its own axis around him. The sky to the east, at the time, presented a most splendid appearance. A wide belt of refracted light extending along the horizon, resolved into its prismatic colours, imparted a degree of beauty to the heavens I had never before witnessed, and from the gorgeous and brilliant yet varied tints of colouring so wonderfully displayed to view, could not possibly be surpassed. As the sun touched the icy horizon towards midnight he presented the most splendid appearance I have ever witnessed, and one on which the naked eye could hardly for a moment rest, owing to a dazzling brightness surrounding the disc. It was free from those gorgeous and varied tints I have previously noticed, and now presented one vast sheet of silvery flame, illumining the horizon with a degree of magnificence to be seen in no other region of the world. It is one of those compensating sights icy regions alone can furnish, as the beautiful effect was entirely produced by the reflection of the sun's rays from its snow white surface.—*Dr. Armstrong's North West Passage.*

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—A German will keep awake for hours to study metaphysics. When an Englishman studies them it is to induce him to sleep.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

#### OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A tale of cruelty rouses the blood of an Englishman as the breeze stirs the ocean. The story of the Black Hole of Calcutta inspired every Englishman in India with the same thirst for vengeance that now fills the hearts and nerves the hands of all our countrymen who are doomed to listen on Indian soil to the fearful details of the atrocities committed at Meerut and Delhi. As soon as the news travelled to Madras, where the English were strongest, warlike measures were promptly taken. In October, 1756, a force was dispatched to the Hooghly, consisting of five King's and five Company's ships, having on board 900 European soldiers and 1,500 Sepoys, commanded by the invincible Col. Clive. As soon as this armament arrived at its destination, Calcutta was speedily recaptured, and the garrison of Fort William fled. On receiving intelligence of these events, the cruel and dastardly Nabob, Surajah Dowlah, at once altered his tone. When he seized Calcutta he had christened it 'the Port of God,' and vauntingly forbidden any Englishman thereafter to reside there. As commonly happens with men of his nature, he now fell from boasting to servility, from bullying to begging. If the invading force would remain at Calcutta, he offered to rebuild the factories, and give the English ample compensation for their losses. At first Clive was disposed to suffer chastisement to precede negotiation; but the crisis was a peculiar one. War had again commenced in Europe between England and France, and his presence was required at Madras; whilst the commercial servants of the Company were anxious to resume their posts. Accordingly negotiation commenced, marked throughout by the dishonesty and double-dealing of each of the contracting parties; a negotiation in the course of which the English officer sank to the lowest level of the Oriental intriguer; a negotiation which was the forerunner of a long train of perfidies, and which has left an eternal blot on the memory of Clive.

From Surajah Dowlah, perfidy might have been naturally expected. No one believed that he would keep his pledged word, or observe the stipulations of a treaty, if he could advantageously break through them. But who would have thought that the straightforward Englishman would surpass in treachery the treacherous Asiatic, and over-reach the craftiest of the crafty natives of Bengal. The Nabob, of course spoke the English fair, and then applied to their enemies, the French, who had a settlement at Chandernagore, for assistance. This piece of treachery had been foreseen. The English attacked the place, and all its military stores, with 500 European troops, fell into their hands. Having won the first trick, the odds were wonderfully in favour of Clive. A conspiracy was organized against the Nabob in his own palace at the head of which was Meer Jaffier, the commander of his troops. Clive had notice of the plot, and his determination was soon taken.—It was resolved that Surajah Dowlah should be deposed, and Meer Jaffier installed in his place as Viceroy of Bengal. Then it was that Clive stooped to artifices altogether unworthy of a brave man. He wrote kind and friendly letters to the Nabob, and at the same time plied Meer Jaffier with encouragements to revolt. What wonder was it that he should have met with treachery, whilst pursuing this indirect and slippery path? The agent employed originally to conduct the negotiations between Surajah Dowlah and the English, was a Hindoo named Omichund. This man was noted for his craft and rapacity, for his want of principle, and marvellous tact and discernment. He quieted the suspicions of the Nabob, transmitted secret intelligence to Clive, and communicated with the conspirators. Such a situation he resolved to turn to a lucrative account. All at once therefore, he demanded of Clive, a sum of £300,000, as a reward for his services. If this were not paid or promised him, he would reveal all to the Nabob. The demand was large, and the threat unexpected; but Clive met the difficulty by a piece of villany which the most astute scoundrel would never have dreamed of. Omichund had demanded, for a greater safety, that his reward should form the subject of a separate article, in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English. Two treaties were therefore prepared, by Clive's orders, in one of which only Omichund's name appeared. Meanwhile the plot prospered, and the day for striking the decisive blow which was to make the English lords paramount in Bengal, was at hand. Throwing aside the veil of dissimulation, Clive sent to apprise the Nabob that he should demand by force of arms satisfaction for the wrongs endured by his countrymen. Surajah Dowlah took the field, and the battle of Plassy, which in one short hour decided the fate of Bengal, followed.—Meer Jaffier, who had awaited the issue of the conflict without taking any part in it, was now proclaimed Viceroy, with all the circumstances of Oriental pomp. Then in the presence of Omichund was produced the treaty. As soon as the wretched man found out the trick that had been played upon him, he fell heavily to the ground, and from that moment relapsed into idiocy. Surajah Dowlah fell into the hands of his rival, and he who had shown no mercy to others, now supplicated for it in vain. At the

instance of Meer Jaffier's son a youth of 17, he was put to death in a secret chamber of the palace, where he had once indulged without stint, his cruel and voluptuous appetite.

We must now revert for a short time to the affairs of the English in Southern India. When war was declared between France and Great Britain, in 1756, the French Government determined to strike a decisive blow in India.—An armament was accordingly collected at Brest, the command of which was entrusted to the celebrated and unfortunate Count de Lally. This distinguished officer belonged to an Irish family who had followed James II. into his inglorious exile. Like many of his compatriots he entered the French army, and the Most Christian King had no better or braver servant. His courage and capacity were conspicuously displayed at Fontenoy, where he received promotion on the field. The Irish regiment which he commanded was celebrated through the French ranks for its intrepidity. This regiment, 1,080 strong, was now confidently dispatched, with its commander, to cope with the English in the deserts, jungles and rice-fields of Hindoostan. A misfortune of ill omen marked Lally's departure from Europe. His men carried on board with them a malignant fever, which thinned their ranks and depressed their spirits. At length the surf-beaten coast of Coromandel was reached, and Fort St. David besieged. A panic now seized on the English. They remembered former disasters, and expected nothing less than entire expulsion from the Carnatic. They remarked with terror the superiority of the French fleet, and their apprehensions were aggravated by the rumoured success of the celebrated Bussy in the Deccan. Fort St. David soon capitulated, and Lally proceeded in triumph to Pondicherry, where an exultant *Te Deum* was sung in honor of his victory. It was now believed that siege would be at once laid to Madras. But Lally was without money, or the means of transporting his siege material. He was unpopular with the native races, altogether regardless of their sacred rights and religious prejudices, and entirely unacquainted with the intricacies of Oriental intrigue. Bussy, who knew the country better, joined him at Pondicherry, and tendered advice and assistance. The two commanders could not, however, agree in their plans and purposes. At length Lally, entirely absorbed in one scheme, the expulsion of the English, raised the necessary funds, and marched against Madras. He was carrying on the siege with skill and intrepidity, amidst unexampled difficulties, when suddenly, to the consternation of his troops, an English fleet appeared in the Roads. With the deepest mortification he was compelled at once to abandon his position, and draw off his dispirited army. The English now became the assailants. They defeated the French in the field, attacked and carried Pondicherry, thus achieving a victory in Southern India equal to the most splendid successes of Labourdonnais and Duplex. The fate of Lally must now be told. Sick and disheartened, in the eyes of impartial observers, an unlucky but not disgraced commander, he was carried prisoner to England. At his earnest supplication he was permitted to repair to Paris, on his parole, to meet the accusations of his enemies.—On his arrival, he was thrown into the Bastille. From thence he was ignominiously transferred to a common prison, to await his trial like an ordinary culprit. A spirit of disaffection was rife in the French capital, and a cruel King and cowardly court determined to sacrifice Lally to appease the popular fury. All the lacqueys of the palace clamoured for his blood, and the obsequious tribunals condemned him to a felon's death. When he heard his doom, the unhappy man attempted to stab himself with a pair of compasses, with which he had been tracing in his dungeon the course of his expedition on the coast of Coromandel. He was taken to execution in a dung cart, with a gag in his mouth, the third and most miserable Indian victim to the cruel and tricky policy of the old regime, soon to expiate its crimes and follies in the blood-bath and fiery horrors of the First Revolution. In spite of the police and popular clamour, this judicial murder did not pass unrequited. One voice, the same which had made Europe ring with the wrongs of Calas, and which by eloquence and importunity obtained justice for the French protestant, was raised in behalf of Lally. The voice was that of Voltaire, who, at the head of the intellectual aristocracy of his nation, never compromised by servility the Republic of Letters, and who, sensitively alive to every form of human suffering, was never slow to recognize and proclaim, with all the force of his fiery genius, the wrongs of the unfortunate!

Let us now return to Bengal. Meer Jaffier, raised to the throne by the English, could only be maintained there by the arm of England.—He had not long exercised the rights of Sovereignty when he was menaced by an army under the eldest son of the titular Great Mogul (then a prisoner at Delhi,) but Clive appeared and the host vanished. The awe-struck Orientals began to suspect that the English Colonel possessed some wondrous talisman. In vain did the treacherous Viceroy, alarmed at the power of his creators, seek the assistance of other European races to prevent the growth of English power. The Dutch were prevailed

on to send a force to the Hooghly; but the dauntless Clive attacked the armament by land and water, again obtaining a decisive victory.—The treachery and misconduct of Meer Jaffier was soon punished by his deposition, and, under English auspices, Meer Cossim, his son-in-law reigned in his stead. Meer Cossim was a man of more than ordinary ability, but stained with all the vices of the Oriental character.—He was selfish, false, crafty and cruel. Like his predecessors, he bitterly felt the humiliation of the English yoke, and cordially hated those whom he was constrained to call his benefactors. Smarting under the impotence of English officials, who often disputed his orders, and derided his power, he began cautiously to take steps to assert and secure his independence.—He surrounded Monghir, on the Ganges, where he held his court, with strong fortifications; formed a train of artillery, and augmented his forces. The English were alarmed, and attempted negotiation; the melancholy result of which was the murder of their envoy. Hostilities now commenced. Mr Ellis, a distinguished servant of the Company at Patna, with his family and about two hundred Englishmen, fell into the hands of Meer Cossim, and were detained in Patna. Meanwhile the English arms prospered. Clive had sailed for England, but officers, trained in his school, remained to uphold the terrors of his name. Monghir itself was forced to surrender, and Patna alone remained unreddeed. Then, in rage and despair, Meer Cossim perpetrated an act of barbarity equal in horror and infamy to the catastrophe of the Black Hole. He ordered the murder in cold blood of Mr Ellis and all the English captives. His own army murmured, and suggested that arms should be put in the hands of the prisoners for their defence. When no one else would undertake the cruel deed, a fit instrument was found in a German mercenary named Somers, orientatised into Sumroo, who so faithfully executed the tyrant's orders that even the infant son of Mr Ellis did not escape the butchery. Thirty of Meer Cossim's own subjects, who were suspected of favouring the English, were included in the massacre.—After the perpetration of this horrible crime, the Nabob and the assassin Somers sought and found refuge in the kingdom of Oude.—Meer Jaffier was then reinstated Viceroy of Bengal.

The Nabob (or ruler) of Oude, was at this time Sujah-ul-Dowlah, the Vizier of the Great Mogul. This prince espoused the cause of Meer Cossim, who, through his assistance, was able to take the field with an army of 50,000 men. To oppose this force the English had only 9,000 men, of whom about 1,200 were Europeans. This small force was much weakened by insubordination. They, indeed are in great error, who suppose that a mutinous spirit is a new thing in the Indian army. In a more or less aggravated form, it has frequently displayed itself at every epoch of the English rule in Hindoostan, though never on so large a scale or under such remarkable circumstances, as in the late revolt in Bengal. Fortunately, at this period the officer in command of the Company's force, Sir Hector Monro, was a man of determination and spirit. With prompt severity he repressed revolt and restored discipline; and as soon as subordination resumed its reign in the British ranks, an opportunity arrived for measuring their strength with the enemy. In October, 1764, the battle of Buxar was fought, in which the English were completely victorious, and soon after the envoy of Sujah-ul-Dowlah waited on Monro with overtures of peace.—But the English General would listen to no terms unless the murderers of his countrymen were given up. In vain was he tempted with bribes which would have made him one of the wealthiest of English Commoners; bribes larger than had sufficed to corrupt many less scrupulous English officers. With the bluntness of the soldier and the indignant scorn of the Englishman, he met these dazzling offers with a speech more honourably to his military character than all his achievements on the field.—'If the Nabob,' he said, 'would give me all the lacs in his treasury, I would make no peace with him until he had delivered up those murdering rascals, for I never could think my receiving eleven or twelve lacs of rupees a sufficient atonement for the blood of those unfortunate gentlemen who were murdered at Patna, nor a sufficient atonement to their weeping friends, parents and relations.'

The conduct of Monro on this occasion stands out in honourable contrast to the corrupt practices which were, at this period, almost universally prevalent amongst the Company's servants in Bengal. From the highest to the lowest, they were tainted with the vice of cupidity in its coarsest form. From Meer Jaffier, after the battle of Plassy, Clive accepted as a present between £200,000 and £300,000, and when the morality of the proceeding was afterwards called in question before a committee of the House of Commons, he defended himself by asserting that he might have had more. 'By God, Mr Chairman,' he said, 'at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation.' At the worst Clive was not so meanly mercenary as the majority of his compatriots in India. Mr Vansittart, President of the Council, was accused of receiving seven lacs of rupees (above £80,000) for concluding a humiliating and disgraceful treaty with Meer Cossim, and his defence was