

by kindred motives, levelled both vainglorious extravagances with the ground.

It would seem opportune, at this point, to remark that when Aurungzebe, the Emperor, or Padishah, familiarly spoken of as the "Great Mogul," died—the fabric of governance by native-born chiefs of India was plainly observed to be falling to pieces. There was under him (as before) a system, perpetuated, in the main, by his successors—component districts or provinces of a federated whole, over which subhadars were given the political oversight, there being next to them in authority the Nawab—*Anglice* Nabob—although some historians have looked upon these as virtually the same position. However this may be, the Padishahs were, for the most part, either spineless weaklings or indolent voluptuaries. Though none was behindhand in rigorously exacting homage from his dependents, he rather preferred the quiescent rôle of a luminary, around which they, as satellites, were deferentially to revolve. They—and the Subhadars and Nawabs, generally speaking, as well—were putty, whose handler of Caucasian origin, whether British or French, having the required finesse, could twist and roll as it might please his fancy. Macaulay has compared them to the later Merovingian kings—Chilperic and others—puppets obeying the strings pulled by the Maires-du-Palais, of the stamp of Pepin le Gros, or his son, Charles Martel. Chunda Sahib was, however, an exceptionally capable man.

Verse XLIII.—Thaumaturgy was brought into play here, if it ever has been in the world's history. The ramshackle defences of Arcot were so turned to account by Clive that an attacking force, outnumbering the garrison by 15 or 20 to 1, were held at bay for seven weeks. This wonderful achievement is, after the insertion of Lord Macaulay's brilliant description of it, summed up in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* as follows: "In India, we might say, in all history there is