

Verse LXXXII.—As a consequence of his having thus employed the mailed fist, which, no one probably, could, on occasion, come down with more hardly than Clive, Sir Robert Fletcher, the principal fomenter of the disaffection, was dismissed from the service; though his associates—an incident going to approve the blandness and clemency of the ruler's disposition—were, in most cases, on making due submission, pardoned and restored to their rank.

Verses LXXXIV-LXXXVIII inclusive, and part of LXXXIX.—As warrant for what might be conceived to be an overdrawn picture of the transformation Clive's genius wrought in India, the author has thought well to present, slightly condensed, his own review of the work he carried out there, which is incorporated in one of those passionate appeals by which he urged upon his countrymen its propriety and beneficence. No candid balancer of the scales has, so far as the author knows, deemed the recital an exaggeration. "After the Court of Directors had in the highest terms approved of the conduct of the Commission who had restored a government of anarchy and confusion to good order, who had made a peace with Suraj Dowlah by which they obtained upwards of £600,000 for the Company; who had quelled both a civil and military mutiny; who had established discipline and subordination in the army." \* \* \*

Verse LXXXIX.—"*Grown emulous of the Cid.*" The patronymic of this extraordinary being, who looms so large in the records of Spanish chivalry, and to whom superhuman faculties were by many ascribed, was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar.

Verse xc, line 4—The author had scarcely ventured to proclaim this view when he found himself aptly supported by a writer, whose name is not disclosed, living in the country itself. Speaking of the posture of affairs when Clive sailed for England after his first Bengal administration, the reviewer says: "It seemed as if the soul had departed from the government of Bengal."