

The Great Fight for India



V2'L

N14

21321

GOVERNMENT HIGH SCHOOL, TUMKUR.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

for

1913-14

IN THE CHAIR

I

Prize

Awarded to.

E. V. Ganapathi Iyer

of the

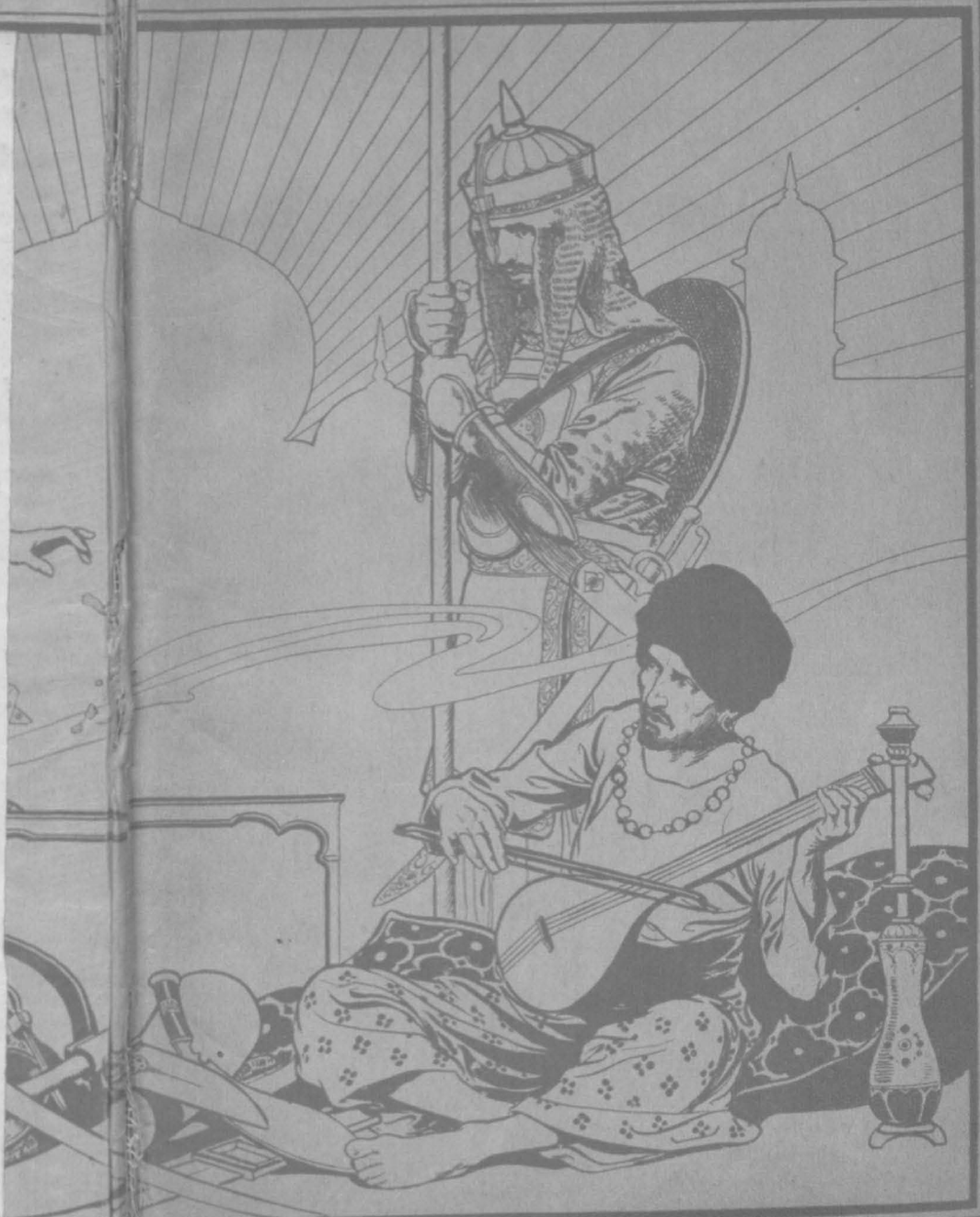
V

Form

Sh. Krishna Srinivas

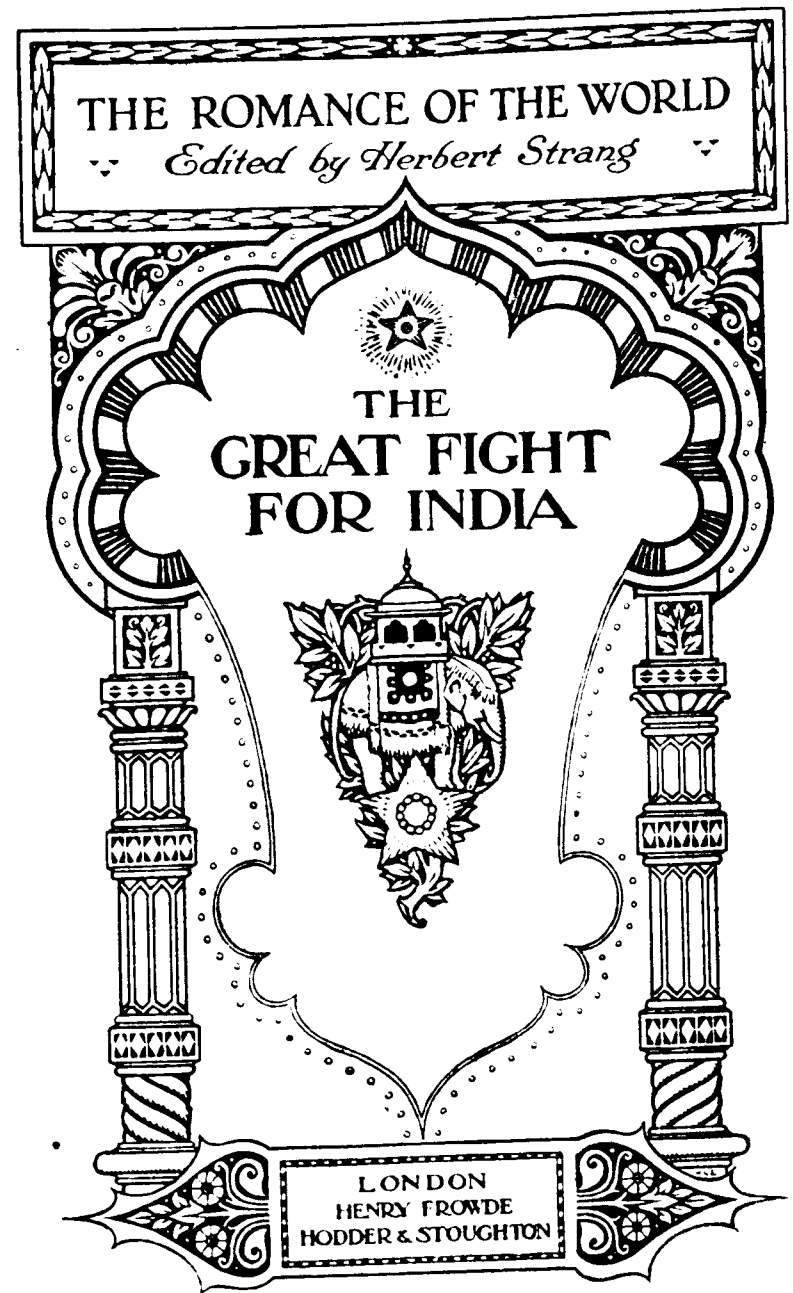
Dated 11/11/14

Head Master.





ESCAPE OF SURAJA DOWLA FROM PLASSEY



V2⁶L

N14



NOTE

THE present volume contains narratives of famous episodes in our conquest of India, from the time of Robert Clive to the disastrous Retreat from Kabul. It does not claim to be a complete history of our struggles with France and the native races; but an idea of the general course of the Great Fight may be gained from the introductory and connecting sections.

HERBERT STRANG

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRANCE AND ENGLAND	1
THE SIEGE OF ARCOT	4
(From Orme's " <i>History of British Military Transactions in Hindustan</i> ")	
PROGRESS OF CLIVE	22
(From Gleig's " <i>Life of Robert, Lord Clive</i> ")	
THE GHERIA PIRATES	29
(Adapted from various sources)	
THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA	38
(From <i>The Narrative of J. L. Holwell</i>)	
CAPTURE OF CHANDERNAGORE	60
(From Ives's " <i>Voyage to the East Indies</i> ")	
THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY	72
(From Orme's <i>History</i>)	
SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM	83
(From " <i>Narrative Sketches of the Conquest of Mysore</i> ")	
THE WAR WITH HOLKAR	93
(From " <i>Memoirs of Colonel Skinner</i> ")	
AMIR KHAN	105
(From the same)	
THE DEFENCE OF KORYGAUM	114
(From Duff's " <i>History of the Marathas</i> ")	
THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON	120
(From McGregor's " <i>History of the Sikhs</i> ")	
THE SIEGE OF MULTAN	129
(From " <i>A Year in the Punjab</i> ," by Major H. B. Edwardes)	
THE RETREAT FROM KABUL	141
(From Kaye's " <i>War in Afghanistan</i> ")	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ESCAPE OF SURAJA DOWLA FROM PLASSEY (see page 81)	<i>To face page</i>
	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CLIVE IN THE TRENCHES AT ARCOT	14
LIEUTENANT PATTINSON AT THE DEFENCE OF KORYGAUM	118
RETREAT OF THE BRITISH ARMY FROM KABUL	144
MAP OF INDIA IN 1757	viii



THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

FRANCE AND ENGLAND

THE French, although they had early realized the possibilities of India, and were only a little behind the other European nations in establishing themselves there, did not come into any prominence until the end of the seventeenth century. As merchants they were distinctly inferior to the English and Dutch. Their East India Company, ostensibly a private concern, was in fact controlled by the State, and in the early days seems to have relied on privateering expeditions for the greater part of its profits.

Nevertheless, for about a century, the French continued, slowly but surely, to gain a firm footing in India. They had factories at Surat and other places on the Malabar coast, and an important settlement at Chandernagore, near the town of Hooghli, on the river of that name in Bengal. But the chief centre of their activity was Pondicherry, a strongly fortified position on the Coromandel coast, about eighty-five miles south of Madras. The acquisition of this territory by the French caused real alarm to both English and Dutch. The latter appear to have taken no steps to counteract the danger; but our people were more prudent. They purchased from a native prince the town of Tegnapatam, situated about twelve miles south of Pondicherry, which they converted into the strong and important settlement of Fort St. David.

In the year 1742 the office of governor of the French settlements in India was bestowed on Joseph Dupleix. A vain and ambitious man, he no sooner found himself in office than he began to formulate plans for securing to the French an ascendancy over all the other powers in the East. At this time the Mogul dynasty, which had ruled for nearly three centuries with undisputed authority, was tottering to its fall. Successive invasions by the Marathas, a tribe which, originally confined to a limited district of the Deccan, had in later days spread itself over the whole of India, threatened the Empire with dismemberment. Already its subahdars or governors, and even the nawabs, their deputies, were aspiring to independence. This was Dupleix's opportunity. Many of the disputants for territorial possessions were so evenly matched that neutrals of comparatively small resources could, by throwing their weight on one side or the other, determine the result. He decided to keep his eyes open for such chances, and form any alliances that might seem expedient.

While Dupleix was thus scheming for French aggrandizement in India, the war of the Austrian succession had broken out in Europe. France and England took opposite sides in the quarrel; and though at first it was hoped that their differences might be settled without any disturbance of the *status quo* in India, the hope was not realized. In 1746 a French fleet under La Bourdonnais, Governor of Mauritius, appeared in Indian waters, and was met by a squadron of the English near Negapatam, on the Coromandel coast. After an engagement lasting till nightfall, the English were forced to retreat.

La Bourdonnais then landed with an army and laid siege to Madras, the principal seat of English commerce in that part of India. The garrison, after a weak resistance, capitulated, and a treaty was entered into, by the terms of which Madras was to be restored to the English on payment of a ransom.

Dupleix, who all along had denied La Bourdonnais' right to negotiate this treaty, refused, on the departure of the latter, to ratify it, or to give up Madras on any terms whatever. Indeed, he tried to follow up the victory by the capture of Fort St. David, to which the seat of the English government had been temporarily removed. In this he was unsuccessful; and the arrival of Admiral Boscawen with a fleet consisting of seven ships of the English navy and eleven of the Company, caused him to beat a hurried retreat. The English now carried the war into the enemy's camp by an assault on Pondicherry. All the men who could be spared from Fort St. David, including 2,000 sepoys, were sent to join Admiral Boscawen's land forces, and the united army was further augmented by the arrival of some troops belonging to the Nawab of Arcot, a native ruler whom Dupleix had offended.

In spite of its strength, the expedition was a failure. Pondicherry was not only powerfully fortified and garrisoned, but its natural position rendered it very difficult of attack. Between the besieging army and the town lay a morass, which, by means of a backwater, had been flooded. Cannon were mounted on the edge of the morass, but the distance was too great to enable them to do much damage. A bombardment

attempted by the ships was unsuccessful for the same reason. Admiral Boscawen continued the siege for five days, and then, satisfied that it was useless, returned to Fort St. David.

Soon after the abortive attempt to reduce Pondicherry, the war between England and France in Europe came to an end with the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. One result of this was the restoration of Madras to the East India Company, and the cessation of direct hostilities between the French and English nations in the East. But the struggle for supremacy did not really cease. Dupleix pursued his policy of pitting one native ruler against another for his own advantage; while the English, smarting under their defeats at Madras and Pondicherry, were only too ready to espouse any cause which would lead them into conflict, even unofficially, with their old enemies, the French.

THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

ROBERT, afterwards Lord, Clive was born on the 29th of September, 1725, at Moreton Say, a small parish near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. He was the eldest of the thirteen children of Richard Clive, an attorney and petty landowner, whose family had been settled in Shropshire for several generations.

As a boy, Clive appears to have given many indications of that pugnacity and dogged determination which distinguished him throughout life. At Market Drayton, where for a time he went to school, he headed the boys of the town in a war of revenge against certain shopkeepers who had incurred his displeasure. It is said

that, on the breaking down of a mound of turf by means of which he and his followers had contrived to turn a dirty water-course into the shop-door of one of the offending dealers, Clive threw himself into the gutter and filled the breach until the dam had been repaired. On another occasion, when in search of a smooth stone with which to make ducks and drakes, he climbed to the top of the church tower, and let himself down over the parapet wall, to a distance of at least three feet.

Clive first went out to India as a junior clerk in the service of the East India Company. He was located at Madras, where he appears to have made few friends, and to have suffered much from home-sickness. To one of his restless temperament, clerical work was abhorrent; and the uncongenial occupation, combined with his loneliness, brought on acute depression of spirits. Relief came with the outbreak of war between France and England. Many of the Company's civil servants then joined the army, and Clive, one of the first to volunteer, found his true vocation in the pursuit of arms.

Having served with distinction during the siege of Fort St. David, he was given a commission in the Company's army in the spring of 1747, and the following year accompanied the force which co-operated with Admiral Boscawen in the attack upon Pondicherry. Clive had charge of one of the advanced batteries which were opened against the defences of the town. The fire being very hot, his ammunition was soon expended, and, instead of sending one of his men, he himself ran to the rear for a fresh supply. From our subsequent knowledge of him, there

6 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

can be no doubt that this departure from custom was due to an excess of eagerness on Clive's part. But it gave one of his fellow officers an opportunity to make a remark reflecting on his courage. Clive demanded an apology, and, as this was not forthcoming, immediately challenged his traducer. On the way to the ground, the latter, irritated by something Clive had said, struck him in the face. Swords were drawn on the instant; but the place being public, many people interfered and stopped the duel. A judicial investigation followed, as a result of which Clive's character was vindicated, and his opponent ordered to make a public apology in front of the battalion. This removed the original cause of complaint, but Clive still wanted satisfaction for the blow he had received. He again challenged the officer, and, the invitation being declined, shook his cane over his head and told him he was a coward. Apparently he was, for he did nothing further to retrieve his reputation, and was soon afterwards obliged to hand in his papers.

On the declaration of peace between France and England, Clive returned for a time to his clerical duties at Madras. But the work was now more distasteful than ever, and when, in 1749, an expedition was fitted out for the purpose of restoring an exiled raja to the throne of Tanjore, Clive joined it. Chiefly owing to his exertions, the usurper was defeated, and a treaty concluded, by which the town and harbour of Dovecotta, at the mouth of the Coleroon, passed into the possession of the English.

Meanwhile, Dupleix, the Governor of Pondicherry, in pursuit of his schemes for the advancement of French power in India, had entered

THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

7

into an alliance with Chanda Sahib, a claimant for the nawabship of Arcot. Their united forces proved too much for the ruling Nawab, who was defeated and killed. The immediate consequence of this victory was the grant to the French of a considerable territory in the neighbourhood of Madras. Dupleix caused flags to be hung out to mark the boundaries of his new possessions, and these, being seen from Fort St. David, caused a good deal of alarm amongst the English, who readily promised assistance to Mohammed Ali, the son of the vanquished Nawab. Their army, under Captain Gingen, was defeated at Volconda, and forced to take refuge in Trichinopoly, where they were soon afterwards besieged by Chanda Sahib and the French.

Clive, now promoted to the rank of captain, led a relief party to Trichinopoly, and, in spite of some sharp encounters with the French, succeeded in getting through. From what he saw of the strength of the enemy, he was convinced that, unless some diversion could be created, the town must fall. Accordingly, he made his way back to Fort St. David, and proposed to the authorities that an attack should be made on Arcot, the capital of Chanda Sahib's possessions. His suggestion was agreed to, and at the head of a force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys, he at once set out for Arcot. News being carried to the city that the English had been seen ten miles off, marching with apparent unconcern through a storm of thunder, lightning and rain, the garrison were so much impressed by their fortitude that they immediately evacuated the fort. Clive, on his arrival, took possession without opposition.

The acquisition of the fort of Arcot soon produced the effect which had been expected from it. Chanda Sahib detached 4,000 of his troops, horse and foot, from Trichinopoly. On the road to Arcot they were joined by his son, Raja Sahib, with 150 Europeans from Pondicherry, and together with the troops already collected in the neighbourhood, entered the city on the 23rd September. Raja Sahib then fixed his head-quarters in the palace of the Nawab.

Captain Clive, finding himself on the point of being closely besieged, determined to make one vigorous effort to drive the enemy out of the town. On the 24th at noon, the greater part of the garrison, with the four field-pieces, sallied out of the north-west gate. This faced a street, which, after continuing about seventy yards in a direct line to the north, turned off to the east and formed another street. At the end of this street, on the left hand, was situated the Nawab's palace. It fronted a third street, which, striking to the south, continued on the eastern side of the fort. The square interval between these three streets and the northern wall of the fort was filled with buildings and enclosures. Captain Clive, intending to place the enemy between two fires, ordered a platoon under the command of Ensign Glass to march up the street on the eastern side of the fort, while he himself, with the main body, advanced along the street leading from the north-west gate. He found the French troops, with four

field-pieces, drawn up at the end of the cross-street in front of the palace.

Captain Clive's party no sooner came in sight of them than a hot cannonade ensued in the cross-street, at the distance of only thirty yards. In a few moments the French were driven from their guns and ran into the palace; but by this time the troops of Raja Sahib had taken possession of all the houses in the street. Secure under this cover, they kept up a continual fire from their musketry, with such good aim, that fourteen men, who pushed to bring away the French guns, were all either killed or wounded.

Captain Clive then gave up his intention of bringing off the enemy's cannon, and ordered his men to enter a large chawadi¹ on one side of the street. Thus sheltered, the artillery maintained a running fire on the enemy, the while they worked their way round to the north street. The troops then quitted the chawadi, and, joining their guns, proceeded to the fort without molestation. Ensign Glass's platoon returned at the same time. They had encountered and put to flight three or four hundred of the enemy's sepoy, who were posted as an advance guard in an enclosure adjoining the street which led to the palace.

The garrison suffered this day the loss of fifteen Europeans, who were either killed on the spot, or died afterwards of their wounds. Amongst

¹ A kind of inn or shelter, enclosed on three sides with walls, but open in front, where the roof is supported by pillars.

10 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

them was Lieutenant Trenwith, who, perceiving a sepoy about to fire at Captain Clive, pulled him on one side, and was himself shot through the body. Lieutenant Revel, the only artillery officer, with sixteen other men, was likewise disabled.

The next day Raja Sahib was joined by 2,000 men from Vellore, commanded by Murtaza Ali. They took possession of all the avenues leading to the fort, which seemed little capable of sustaining the impending siege. Its extent was more than a mile in circumference; the walls were in many places in ruins; the rampart was too narrow to admit the firing of artillery; the parapet low and slightly built; several of the towers were decayed, and none of them capable of receiving more than one piece of cannon. The ditch was in most places fordable, in others dry, and in some choked up. Between the walls of the fort and the ditch was a space, about ten feet broad, intended for a *fausse-braye*; but this had no parapet at the scarp of the ditch. The fort had two gates, one to the north-west, the other to the east. Both of them were large piles of masonry, projecting forty feet beyond the walls; and the passage from these gates was, instead of a drawbridge, a large causeway crossing the ditch.

From the time of their arrival the garrison had worked indefatigably to remove and repair as many of these inconveniences and defects as the smallness of their number could attend to. They had also endeavoured to burn down

THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

11

several of the nearest houses; but, having no woodwork in their construction, excepting the beams which supported the ceiling, they resisted the blaze. The enemy's infantry now took possession of these houses, and opened fire upon the ramparts, wounding several of the garrison before night, when they retired.

At midnight Ensign Glass was sent with two men, and some barrels of gunpowder, to blow up two houses which most annoyed the fort. The party was let down by ropes over the wall, and, entering the houses without being discovered, made the explosion, but with so little skill that it did not produce the intended effect. On their return, the rope by which Ensign Glass was getting into the fort, broke, and the fall rendered him incapable of further duty. So that, at the beginning of the siege, the garrison was deprived of the services of four of the eight officers who set out on the expedition; for one was killed, two wounded, and another returned to Madras. The troops fit for duty were reduced to 120 Europeans and 200 sepoys. They were besieged by 150 Europeans, 2,000 sepoys, 3,000 cavalry, and 5,000 peons.¹

The store of provisions in the fort was only sufficient for sixty days, which rendered it necessary to send away all the inhabitants, excepting a few artificers; and the enemy permitted them to pass through their guard without molestation.

Amongst those who remained was a mason,

¹ Native infantry.

who had been for many years employed in the fort. He gave information that there was an aqueduct underground known to very few, but which, if discovered by the enemy, would enable them to drain the only reservoir of water in the fort. The man was rewarded for this seasonable intelligence, and employed to prevent the mischief by choking up a part of the aqueduct within the walls.

For fourteen days the enemy, not yet furnished with battering cannon, carried on the siege by firing from the houses with musketry, and a bombardment from four mortars. The bombardment did but little damage; and, to avoid the effect of the musketry, none of the garrison was suffered to appear on the ramparts, excepting the few men immediately necessary to avoid a surprise. Notwithstanding this precaution, several were killed, and more wounded; for the enemy, secure in the houses, and firing from the resting-places, took such excellent aim that they often hit a man when nothing but his head appeared above the parapet.

Murtaza Ali, a few days after his arrival, pretended to be dissatisfied with Raja Sahib, and removed his troops to a different part of the city, whence he sent a messenger offering to assist the garrison in an attack on the quarter of Raja Sahib. Captain Clive mistrusted his professions; but, alive to the advantage of keeping such a number of the enemy's troops inactive, pretended to approve of the proposal and carried on a correspondence for several

days. Then Murtaza Ali, suspecting his scheme was detected, rejoined the army.

On the 24th October the French troops received from Pondicherry two eighteen-pounders and seven pieces of smaller calibre, with which they immediately opened a battery to the north-west. It was so well served that their very first shot dismounted one of the eighteen-pounders in the fort, and the next entirely disabled it. The garrison mounted the other eighteen-pounder; but this, after a few shots, was also dismounted. Thereafter it was employed only in parts of the fort where it was not exposed to the enemy's artillery. The three field-pieces were likewise cautiously reserved to repulse the enemy when they should storm; so that their battery, firing without much opposition, in six days beat down all the wall lying between two towers, and made a practicable breach of fifty feet.

In the meantime the garrison were employed in making works to defend it. A trench was dug just under the rampart, and another some distance behind, both of which were scattered with crows'-feet. Behind the trenches the walls of a house were pulled down to the height of a breastwork, whence a row of palisadoes was carried along on each end of both trenches, and continued up the rampart to the parapet. A field-piece was planted on one of the towers which flanked the breach without, and two small pieces of cannon on the flat roof of a house within the fort, opposite the entrance. In this

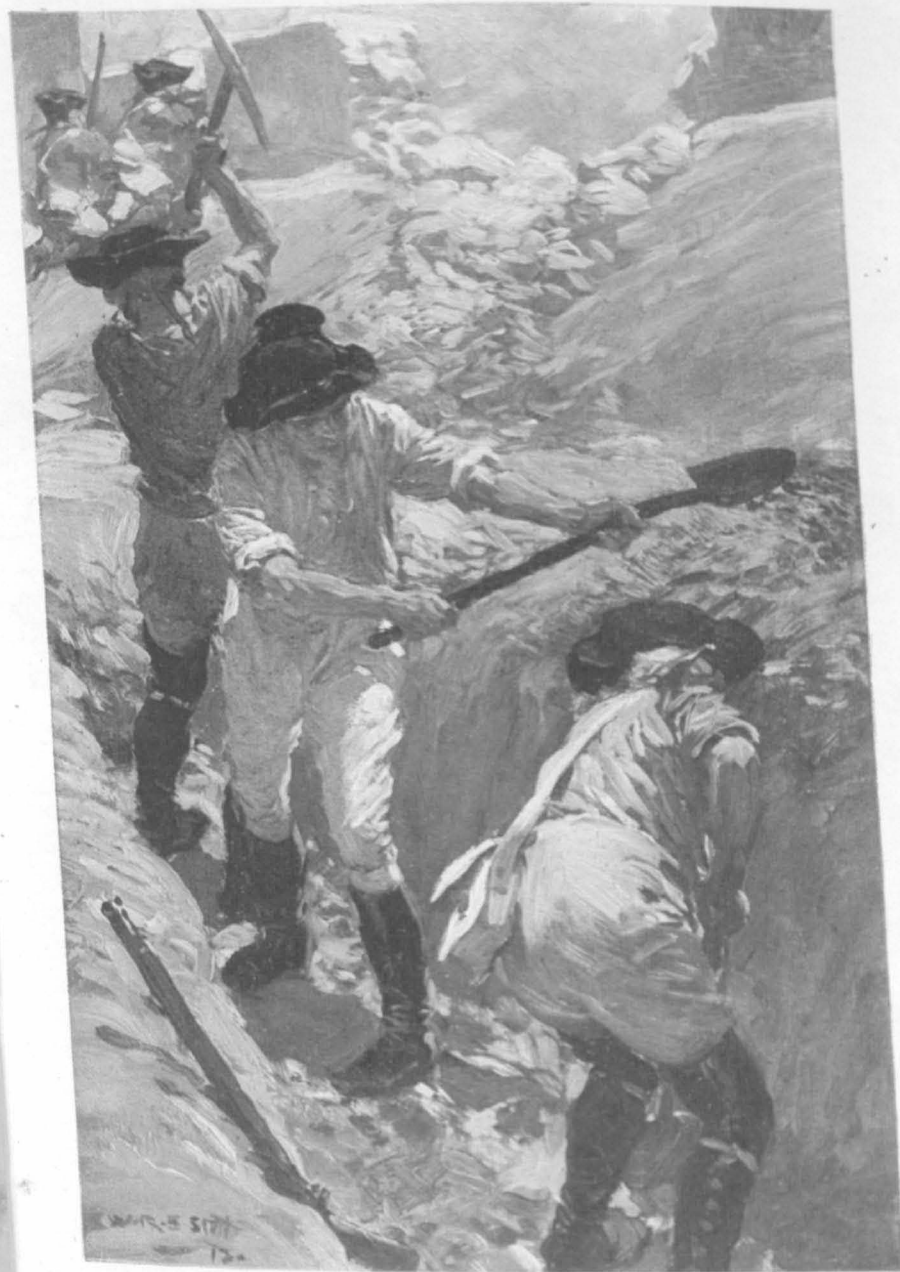
14 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

work, as, indeed, in all other, the officers took their share equally with the common men. The enemy, informed of these preparations to defend the breach, did not think it safe to attack until they had made another. They had by this time burst one of their eighteen-pounders, and removed the other, with one nine-pounder, to a battery which they had erected to the south-west.

In order to convince Raja Sahib that they were in a condition to execute even labours not indispensably necessary, the garrison now thickened the highest tower of the ramparts, and raised on the top of it a mound of earth, to a height which commanded the palace, over the interjacent houses. On this mound they hoisted a vast piece of cannon, which, according to the tradition of the fort, had been sent from Delhi by Aurangzeb,¹ drawn by 1,000 yoke of oxen. There were several iron balls belonging to it, each weighing seventy-two pounds. The cannon was laid on the mound, and loaded with thirty pounds of powder, which was fired by a train carried to a considerable distance on the ground. The shot went through the palace, to the no small terror of Raja Sahib and his principal officers; and, as this was the only effect intended, the cannon was fired only once in the day, at the time when the officers assembled at the head-quarters. On the fourth day it burst.

The enemy, to avenge this affront, filled up a large house with earth well rammed down,

¹ One of the Great Moguls. Died in 1707.



CLIVE IN THE TRENCHES AT ARCOT

and upon this base raised a square mound of earth to such a height that it commanded not only the gate, but every part of the fort. Hence they intended to fire on the rampart with musketry and two small pieces of cannon. They were suffered to go on with their work until they had completed it and mounted the cannon. Then the garrison began to fire from the reserved eighteen-pounder, and in less than an hour the mound gave way, and tumbled at once, killing some men, and disabling many.

Notwithstanding the numbers of the enemy's guards which surrounded the fort, the garrison, by means of able spies, carried on a constant correspondence with Madras and Fort St. David. The Company's agents in these places, having received some recruits from Europe, formed a relief party of 100 Europeans, who, with 200 sepoy, set out from Madras under the command of Lieutenant Innis. Before they had advanced thirty miles on their way to Arcot, they were surrounded in the town of Trivatore by 2,000 of the Raja Sahib's troops, detached, with twenty Europeans and two field-pieces, from the city. The English party, having no cannon, were so severely annoyed by the enemy's that Lieutenant Innis, as the only resource, made a push with all his Europeans to drive them from their guns. The attempt succeeded, but not without a sharp contest, in which twenty of the English were killed, and a greater number wounded. This loss deterred the rest from continuing their march, and they retreated to

Poonamallee, a fort belonging to the Company, fifteen miles west of Madras.

On the 24th October the enemy opened their battery to the south-west. The part of the wall against which they directed their fire was in a very ruinous condition, but it had the advantage of being much less exposed than any other to the fire from the houses. The garrison kept up a constant fire of musketry against the battery, and several times drove the enemy out of it. The breach, however, increased every day.

The retreat of Lieutenant Innis had left the garrison little hopes of relief from the settlements; but at this time their spirits were raised by the prospect of other resources. A body of 6,000 Marathas, under the command of Morari Rao, had lain for some time encamped at the foot of the western mountains, about thirty miles from Arcot. They had been hired by the King of Mysore to assist Mohammed Ali; but the retreat of the English and the Nawab's troops to Trichinopoly had been represented in the neighbouring countries so much to their prejudice that the Nawab's affairs were thought to be desperate, and his allies were suspected of having little intention to support him. From this persuasion the Marathas remained inactive.

Captain Clive now found means to send a messenger to inform them of his situation, and to request their approach to his relief. The messenger returned to the fort with a letter from Morari Rao, in which he said he would not delay a moment in sending a detachment of

his troops to the assistance of such brave men as the defenders of Arcot, whose behaviour had convinced him for the first time that the English could fight.

Raja Sahib, hearing of their intentions, sent forward a flag of truce, with proposals for the surrender of the fort. He offered honourable terms to the garrison, and a large sum of money to Captain Clive; but threatened, if his offer were not accepted, to storm the fort and put every man to the sword.

Captain Clive, in his answer, reproached the badness of Chanda Sahib's cause; treated Raja Sahib's offers of money with contempt; and said that he had too good an opinion of his prudence to believe that he would attempt to storm until he had got better soldiers than the rabble of which his army was composed. As soon as the messenger was despatched, the flag of truce was pulled down; but numbers of the enemy remained near the ditch, parleying with the sepoys, and persuading them to desert. They were several times warned to retire, but, continuing to disregard the injunction, were dispersed by a volley of small arms, which killed several of them.

Lieutenant Innis's party, reinforced to the number of 150 Europeans, and with four field-pieces, was now advancing under the command of Captain Kilpatrick; while on the 9th November a detachment of Marathas arrived in the neighbourhood, and intercepted some ammunition going to the enemy. They like-

wise attempted to enter the town; but finding every street and avenue barricaded, contented themselves with plundering and setting fire to some houses in the outskirts of it.

By this time the enemy had, from their battery to the south-west, made a breach much larger than that to the north-west, for it extended near thirty yards. But the ditch before it was full of water, and not fordable; and the garrison had counterworked this breach with the same kind of defences as the other.

Raja Sahib, exasperated by the answer he had received to his summons, and alarmed by the approach of the Marathas and the detachment from Madras, determined to storm the fort. In the evening, a spy brought intelligence of this to the garrison; and at midnight another came, with all the enemy's dispositions, and the hour of attack, which was to begin at the dawn of the day, by the signal of three bombs.

Captain Clive, almost exhausted with fatigue, lay down to sleep, ordering himself to be awakened at the first alarm.

It was the 14th November, the time of the festival which commemorates the murder of the brothers Hassan and Hosein.¹ This is celebrated by the Mohammedans of Hindustan with a kind of religious madness, some acting, and others bewailing the catastrophe of their saints with so much energy that several die of the

¹ Two grandsons of Mahomet. The former was poisoned by one of his wives, the latter slain by the troops of a rival. They are venerated as saints by the Mohammedans.

excesses they commit. They are likewise persuaded that whoever falls in battle against unbelievers, during any of the days of this ceremony, will instantly be translated into the higher paradise, without stopping at any of the intermediate purgatories. To the enthusiasm of superstition was added the more certain efficacy of inebriation; for most of the troops, as is customary during the agitations of the festival, had eaten plentifully of bhang, a plant which either stupefies or excites the most desperate excesses of rage. Thus prepared, as soon as the morning broke, the army of Raja Sahib advanced to the attack. Besides a multitude which came with ladders to every part of the walls that were accessible, there appeared four principal divisions. Two of these advanced to the two gates, and the other two were allotted to the breaches.

Captain Clive, awakened by the alarm, found his garrison at their posts, according to the dispositions he had made. The parties who attacked the gates drove before them several elephants, who, with large plates of iron fixed on their foreheads, were intended to break them down. But the elephants, wounded by the musketry, soon turned and trampled on those who escorted them. The ditch before the breach to the north-west was fordable; and as many as the breach would admit mounted it with a mad kind of intrepidity. Some sat down with great composure in the *fausse-braye*, under the tower where the field-piece was planted, and

waited there, to relieve those who were employed in the attack.

The latter passed the breach, and some of them even got over the first trench before the defenders gave fire. It fell heavily, and every shot did execution. A number of muskets were loaded in readiness, which those behind delivered to the first rank as fast as they could discharge them. The two pieces of cannon from the top of the house fired likewise on the assailants, who in a few minutes abandoned the attack. Another body, and then another, succeeded, only to be driven off in the same manner. In the meantime bombs, with short fuses, were thrown into the *fausse-braye*, and by their explosion drove the crowd, who had seated themselves there, back again over the ditch.

At the breach to the south-west, the enemy brought a raft, and seventy men embarked on it to cross the ditch, which was flanked by two field-pieces, one in each tower. The raft had almost gained the *fausse-braye*, when Captain Clive, observing that the gunners fired with bad aim, took the management of one of the field-pieces himself. In three or four discharges he had flung them into such confusion that they upset the raft and tumbled into the ditch. Some of them were drowned, and the rest, intent only on their own preservation, swam back and left the raft behind.

In these different attacks the enemy continued the storm for an hour. Then all at once they relinquished their attempts at annoyance, and

employed themselves earnestly in carrying off their dead. Amongst these was the commander of their sepoys, who fell in the *fausse-braye* of the northern breach. He had distinguished himself with great bravery in the attack, and was so much beloved by his troops that one of them crossed the ditch and carried off his body, exposing himself during the attempt to the fire of forty muskets.

It seemed as if the enemy expected that the garrison would permit them to fulfil this duty to their friends; but, finding that they suffered severely in attempting it, they at last retreated and disappeared. Their loss, during the storm, was computed to be not less than 400 men killed and wounded. Of these, very few were Europeans; for most of the French troops were observed drawn up, and looking on at a distance. The loss of the defenders was slight—four Europeans killed and two sepoys wounded.

Many of the garrison being disabled by sickness or wounds, the number which repulsed the storm was no more than eighty Europeans (officers included), and 120 sepoys; and these, besides serving five pieces of cannon, expended 12,000 musket cartridges during the attack.

Two hours after, the enemy renewed their fire upon the fort, both with their cannon and with musketry from the houses. At two in the afternoon they demanded leave to bury their dead; which was granted, and a truce allowed until four. They then recommenced, and continued their fire smartly till two in the morning,

when, on a sudden, it ceased totally. At day-break, news was brought that the whole army had abandoned the town with precipitation.

On receiving this joyful news, the garrison immediately marched into the enemy's quarters, and took possession of four pieces of artillery, four mortars, and a large quantity of ammunition, which they brought in triumph to the fort. During the time that the garrison were shut up in the fort, forty-five Europeans and thirty sepoys had been killed, and a greater number of both wounded. Most of them suffered by the enemy's musketry from the houses.

Thus ended the siege of Arcot, maintained for fifty days, under every disadvantage of situation and force, by a handful of men, in their first campaign, with a spirit worthy of the most veteran troops. Their young commander had conducted himself throughout with indefatigable activity, unshaken constancy, and undaunted courage. Although he had at this time neither read books, nor conversed with men capable of giving him much instruction in the military art, the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot were such as are dictated by the best masters in the science of war.

PROGRESS OF CLIVE

ON leaving Arcot, Clive was joined by a number of Morari Rao's warriors, and also by some troops from Madras. With these reinforcements, he made himself master of the fort of Timery,

destroyed a corps which had been sent from Trichinopoly to Raja Sahib's assistance, and reduced Conjeeveram, into which the French had thrown a garrison. A more important engagement was the battle of Coverspak, where Clive, though greatly inferior in numbers, defeated the main body of Raja Sahib's army, assisted by four hundred Frenchmen. On this occasion he captured nine pieces of cannon, took sixty Europeans prisoners, and left fifty others, with three hundred sepoys, dead on the field. His own loss was comparatively trifling.

Returning with his army to Fort St. David, Clive was soon afterwards summoned to Madras, where the seat of the English government in this part of India had now been re-established. His brilliant achievements were much appreciated at a time when the other English commanders were smarting under successive defeats; and a second attempt to reach Trichinopoly having been decided upon, Clive was asked to take charge of the relief force.

Affairs were not going well at Trichinopoly. Captain Gingen confined himself to the castle, and Mohammed Ali, whose palace was protected by the guns of the fort, remained with his troops in the town. It was determined to force the enemy's lines from without; and to the command of the troops about to be employed on this service, Clive was nominated. But before he had time to organize his corps and commence his march, Major Lawrence arrived from England, and the command, as was fitting, devolved at once upon him. Clive, however, took his own

24 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

share, and played a very conspicuous part in the operations which followed.

It was the object of Lawrence to force his way into Trichinopoly; it was the obvious business of the besiegers to prevent this; and a smart affair occurred, of which the brunt fell on Clive's division, and of which the results were unfavourable to the enemy.

Lawrence made good his entrance into the beleaguered city, and began at once to change the whole order of the war. His force, if somewhat inferior in point of numbers to that of the enemy, was better organized and far better commanded. Indeed, Dupleix complained, and not without reason, that there was nobody at his disposal to execute the plans which he formed; and if they, in their turn, charged Dupleix with personal cowardice, his exceeding carefulness never to bring himself under fire seems to indicate that they had justice on their side.

However this may be, the movements of M. Law,¹ to whom the blockade of Trichinopoly had been entrusted, both dissatisfied his superior, and indicated on his own part a grievous lack of military talent. He suffered himself, with all his army, to be shut up in the island of Srirangam; he made a false move under the idea of helping M. d'Auteuil, whom Dupleix despatched at the head of a separate corps to relieve him; and in a night action, rashly brought on, sustained

a heavy loss. As the part played by Clive in this latter affair was a remarkable one, it is necessary that I should describe it more at length.

The island of Srirangam is formed by the severance of the river Coleroon into two branches, which would again unite at no great distance from Trichinopoly but that an artificial bar had been created by the erection there of a huge earthen mound. The island is holy ground in the eyes of the Hindus, and contains one of the most celebrated pagodas of which southern India can boast. There M. Law established his headquarters, Chanda Sahib inhabiting a separate wing of the pile.

Clive suggested that between the passages of the Coleroon and the roads which led to Pondicherry a strong post should be established; and Lawrence consenting, the author of the design was put at the head of the detached corps and took up his ground at the village of Samayapuram, which, with its two pagodas, he proceeded to fortify.

He was in this position—very strong, and commanding with his heavy guns all the approaches to the island—when the advance of M. d'Auteuil was reported to him. He determined to attack the enemy on his march; but d'Auteuil, receiving tidings of his intention, retreated to Utatur, and Clive, not finding his enemy where he expected him to be, returned to his lines.

Meanwhile, M. Law had been informed of Clive's manœuvre. He calculated, fairly enough,

¹ Nephew of John Law of Lauriston, the Scotsman who settled in Paris in the early years of the 18th century, and started the National Bank.

that the English camp would be left in charge of a weak squad, and he resolved to strike at it. With this view he sent a corps across the river as soon as it became dark, which arrived about midnight at the English picquets. The corps in question consisted of seven hundred sepoy and eighty Europeans—of whom forty were deserters from the English army. These being in front, answered the challenge of the English sentries, and the column was permitted to pass.

The scene which followed baffles all attempt at minute description. Not aware that Clive with his main body had returned, the officer in command of the French detachment moved on as far as the lesser pagoda, and might have done almost what he liked had not his Europeans opened their fire too soon. Clive sprang from his bed, a musket-ball having broken a chest on which his head was supported. He ran to the greater pagoda, where the European part of his force lay, and found them already under arms. Neither party seemed to be aware for a considerable length of time of the real nature of their respective positions. Clive, running among the French sepoy, scolded and struck at them as if they had been his own men, till he received from one of them a wound in the thigh. He pursued his assailant, who took to his heels, as far as the lesser pagoda, and there for the first time discovered that an enemy was in the heart of his camp: but his presence of mind never forsook him.

He told the French sentinel who stood at the

door that he came to offer terms, and, several soldiers of that nation throwing down their arms, Clive gave them into the charge of a guard of sepoy. The sepoy carried their prisoners to what they assumed to be their own stronghold, and handed them over to a French sergeant who was in possession of it, and who, in his turn, was so completely confused that he permitted the sepoy to depart unhurt.

By degrees, however, things took some form. Clive, divining all that had happened, kept his troops in hand till daylight came in, and then, attacking the enemy on all sides, cut them to pieces. He had a narrow escape ere the business ended: for one of the deserters, while parleying about submission, fired at him, and killed two non-commissioned officers on whose shoulders he leant, loss of blood having rendered him unable to stand upright.

Soon after this rebuff, Chanda Sahib, seeing that his affairs were become desperate, entered into a secret negotiation with the leader of the Tanjorean contingent in the camp of the besiegers for the purpose of being passed, in disguise, beyond the lines. The Tanjorean, according to the usage of his nation, proved false. He threw Chanda Sahib into chains, and made a boast of the value of the prize which he had won; but he gained little by this proceeding. The English, Mohammed Ali, and the Marathas all claimed the captive; whereupon the Tanjorean, rather than submit to the humiliation of giving him up, put the unfortunate Nawab to death.

Meanwhile, the operations against M. Law had not been suspended for a moment. Post after post was wrested from him, till in the end he shut himself up in the pagoda, and there waited for relief to come. But it never came at all. A second attempt by M. d'Auteuil to reach him was intercepted by Clive, the French detachment dispersed, and the castle of Volconda taken. M. Law now felt that his case was desperate; and after the endurance of great suffering for lack of provisions, he laid down his arms on capitulation.

The destruction of this army was a heavy blow to Dupleix, yet he did not sink under it. On the contrary, he threatened, bribed, intrigued, and expended his private fortune in stirring up dissensions among the allies of the English, and, the elements of discord being ripe, he fully succeeded. He could not, however, prevent Major Lawrence from winning a decided victory over his nephew under the walls of Gingy, nor stay the progress of Clive, who, at the head of such an army as probably no officer except himself would have trusted, reduced in succession the two strong fortresses of Chingleput and Covelong. The force which was set apart for the performance of this service comprised five hundred newly raised sepoys and two hundred recruits from London, the sweepings of the streets and of the jails. So entirely unsoldierlike were these people in all their habits, that when their new commander first brought them into the field they ran away at the sound of their own fire;

and once, when a cannon-shot struck a rock near them, and, by the splinters which flew off, killed and wounded a few, the panic became such as even Clive could with difficulty arrest. Indeed, one of the heroes disappeared altogether, and was not found till next day, when they discovered him hidden at the bottom of a well. Still, by judiciously accustoming them to danger, and bringing them little by little under fire, Clive raised their spirit in the end to such a height that he took one castle by assault, and, after destroying in an ambuscade a party sent out from the other, compelled it to surrender. But he had overworked himself by these gigantic exertions, and found it necessary to seek repose.

THE GHERIA PIRATES

IN the year 1752 Clive married and returned to England. He was made much of in London, where his fame, as the hero of Arcot, had preceded him. Although not yet twenty-eight years old, he had acquired a comfortable fortune, and sought to enter public life as a member of Parliament. But his candidature was unsuccessful; a natural extravagance of living dissipated the greater part of his fortune; and at the end of three years his thoughts began to turn once more towards India. The East India Company, sensible of his great abilities, were only too glad to avail themselves of his services. They appointed him Governor of Fort St. David; and, in order to guard against the jealousy which there prevailed between the King's officers and those of the

Company's army, obtained for him a lieutenant-colonel's commission under the Crown.

Clive departed from England with three companies of royal artillery and three hundred European infantry. On his arrival at Bombay, he found the English fleet, under Admiral Watson, in the harbour. The Admiral was meditating an attack on Gheria, a rocky fortress occupied by a pirate chief named Angria. Clive readily agreed to co-operate with him, and, having assumed command of the Bombay forces, in addition to those he had brought with him, sailed on board the fleet for Gheria.

The Malabar coast, from Cape Comorin to Surat, is intersected by a large number of rivers flowing into the sea. These rivers, in the early part of the eighteenth century, were the haunt of Maratha pirates, who interfered greatly with the native trade between India and Arabia and Persia. At length the Mogul emperor, for the protection of his Mohammedan subjects, fitted out a fleet, under the command of an admiral known as the Sidi, and made war upon the pirates. Chiefly owing to the daring and resource of one Kunaji Angria, the Sidi was defeated. But the victory was no gain to the sovereign of the Marathas; for Angria, although promoted in office and suitably rewarded, soon afterwards revolted and set up as an independent ruler.

By means of a well-equipped fleet, he made himself master of place after place along the coast, including the Maratha fortress at Suvarnadurg and the Portuguese fortress of Gheria. His successors, who adopted in turn the dynastic name of Angria, followed up Kunaji's conquest, until by the year 1750 the ruling Angria was in

possession of a strip of territory on the mainland a hundred and eighty miles long and about forty broad, together with many small adjacent islands.

For the defence of this little piratical state Angria's Marathas constructed a number of forts, choosing admirable positions and displaying no small measure of engineering skill. From these strongholds they made depredations by sea and land, not only upon their native neighbours, but also upon the European traders, English, Dutch and Portuguese; swooping down on unprotected merchant vessels and even presuming to attack warships. Their fleet consisted of grabs and gallivats, craft peculiar to the Malabar coast. The grabs had sometimes two masts, sometimes three, and ranged from 150 to 300 tons burthen. They were built to draw very little water, being broad in proportion to their length, and had prows projecting like those of the old Mediterranean galleys. Each carried two pieces of cannon, nine or twelve pounders, pointing forwards through portholes cut in the bulkhead, besides broadside cannons. The gallivats were built after the same style as the grabs, but were of smaller dimensions, the largest rarely exceeding 70 tons. Generally speaking, their armament consisted of petteraroes fixed on swivels in the gunwale, though some of the bigger ones were able to mount as many as six or eight pieces of cannon, from two to four pounders. Several expeditions had been directed against the Marathas, but always in vain; and when in 1754 the chief of that date, Tulaji Angria, known to Europeans as the Pirate, burnt two large Dutch vessels of fifty and thirty-six guns

respectively, and captured a smaller one of eighteen guns, he boasted in his elation that he would soon be master of the Indian seas.

But a term was about to be put to his insolence and his depredations. On March 22nd, 1775, Commodore William James, commander of the East India Company's marine force, set sail from Bombay in the *Protector* of forty-four guns, with the *Swallow* of sixteen guns, and two bomb vessels. With the assistance of a fleet sent by the Maratha raja, he bombarded the island fortress of Suvarnadrug, hitherto believed to be impregnable, and reduced the parapets to ruins. The garrison made the best defence they could, but the gunners were shot down by musket fire from the round-tops of the English ships, and when a shell set fire to a thatched house within the fort, the inhabitants were too much alarmed to attempt to extinguish the flames; the blaze spread, a powder magazine blew up, and the people, including the greater part of the soldiers, fled to the shore, and tried to make their escape in eight large boats. The commander of the fort kept up the fight for some time longer, hoping to receive succour; but under cover of the fire of the ships Commodore James landed half his seamen, who rushed up to the gate, and cutting down the sally-port with their axes, forced their way in.

After leaving Suvarnadrug, the English proceeded northwards to the island of Bancoote, another of the Pirate's fortresses, which surrendered to their arms. The Maratha raja, Ramaji Punt, delighted with these successes against fortified places which had for nearly fifty years been deemed impregnable, offered the English

commodore an immense sum of money to proceed against others of Angria's forts; but with the fleet at his disposal it was considered too hazardous, and the monsoon approaching, the commodore was recalled to Bombay.

The Pirate was not to be left long in peace, however. In the November following the naval squadron under the command of Admiral Watson arrived at Bombay, and, the fair season having now returned, the opportunity was considered favourable for renewing the attack on Angria. Mr. Watson readily promised to assist with the force under his command, and it was determined, if practicable, to strike at the root of the Pirate's power by attacking Gheria, the capital of his dominions, and the principal harbour and arsenal of his marine force. As it was years since any Englishman had seen this place, which rumour credited with the strength of a Gibraltar, Commodore James was first sent forward, with three ships, to reconnoitre. He returned to Bombay at the end of December, and described Gheria as it really was, very strong indeed, but far from being inaccessible or impregnable. Upon his representation, it was resolved to proceed to the attack as soon as the ships could be got ready and arrangements made.

Accordingly, on a bright, cool February morning—cool, that is, for Bombay—the vessels weighed anchor and sailed slowly out of the harbour. All Bombay lined the shores; natives of every hue and every mode of attire; English merchants; ladies fluttering white handkerchiefs. Such an expedition had never been undertaken against the noted Pirate before, and the report of Commodore James had given the authorities

84 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

good hope that this pest of the Malabar coast was at last to be destroyed.

It was an inspiring sight as the vessels, rounding the point, made under full sail to the south. There were six line-of-battle ships, six Company's vessels, five bomb ketches, four Maratha grabs, and forty gallivats. The *Tyger* led the van. Admiral Watson's flag was hoisted on the *Kent*, Admiral Pocock's on the *Cumberland*. On board the fleet were 200 European soldiers, 300 sepoys, and 300 Topasses—mainly half-caste Portuguese in the service of the Company, owing their name to the topi¹ they wore. To co-operate with this force, which was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Clive, a land army of 12,000 Marathas, horse and foot, led by Ramaji Punt, had been for some time investing the town of Gheria.

At this time of year the winds were so slight and variable that it was nearly a week before the fleet arrived off Gheria. The famous fortress was situated on a promontory of rocky land, about a mile long and a quarter broad. This was joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus of sand, beyond which lay an open town of some size. The shore was fringed with palmyras, mangoes and other tropical trees, and behind the straw huts and stone buildings of the town, leafy groves clothed the sides of a gentle hill. In the harbour, which formed the mouth of a river, ten of Angria's vessels were lying, while from the docks situated on the sandy isthmus came the busy sound of shipwrights at work. The rocky walls of the fort were fifty feet high, with round towers, long curtains, and some fifty embrasures. The left shore of the harbour

¹ Hat.

was flat, but to the south of the fort rose a hill of the same height as the walls of rock. Such were the headquarters of the notorious pirate, Tulaji Angria, the last of the line which had so long terrorized the Malabar coast.

Before the vessels had anchored, one of the grabs left the main fleet and ran into the harbour. It bore a message from Admiral Watson to Tulaji Angria, summoning him to surrender. The answer returned was, that if the Admiral desired to be master of the fort he must take it by force, as Angria was resolved to defend it to the last extremity. The ships remained at anchor outside the harbour during the night. Next morning a boat put off from the town end of the fort conveying several of Angria's relatives and some officers of Ramaji Punt's army. It by and by became known that Tulaji Angria, leaving his brother in charge of the fort, had given himself up to Ramaji Punt, and was now a prisoner in his camp. The visitors had come ostensibly to view the squadron, but really to discover what were Admiral Watson's intentions in regard to the disposal of the fort, supposing it fell into his hands. The Admiral saw through the device, which was no doubt to hand the fort over to Ramaji Punt, and so balk the English of their legitimate prize. Admiral Watson made short work of the visitors. He told them that if Angria would surrender his fort peaceably he and his family would be protected; but that the fort he must have. They pleaded for a few days' grace, but the Admiral declined to wait a single day. If the fort was not immediately given up, he would sail in and attack it.

It was evident that hostilities could not be

avoided. About one o'clock Captain Henry Smith of the *Kingfisher* sloop was ordered to lead the way, and, weighing anchor, stood in before the afternoon breeze. The fleet, in two divisions, came slowly in his wake. Each ship covered a bomb ketch, protecting the smaller vessels from the enemy's fire.

The engagement began with a shot from the fort at the *Kingfisher*. The shot was returned, and a quarter of an hour later, while the fleet was still under full sail, the *Kent* flew the signal for a general action. One by one the vessels anchored at various points opposite the fortifications, and soon a hundred and fifty guns were blazing away at the massive bastions and curtains, answered vigorously by Angria's two hundred and fifty. All was now excitement. The deafening roar of the guns, the huge columns of smoke that floated heavily over the fort, and sometimes enveloped the vessels, the bray of trumpets, the beating of tom-toms, the shouts of men, made up a scene at once stirring and fearful.

About three o'clock a shell set fire to one of the Pirate's grabs—one that had formerly been taken by him from the Company. Leaving its moorings, it drifted among the main fleet of pirate grabs, which lay lashed together near at hand. They were soon alight. The fire rapidly spread to the dockyard, caught the unfinished grabs on the stocks, and before long the whole of Angria's shipping was a mass of flame.

Meanwhile the bombardment had made little impression on the fortifications, and it appeared to the Admiral that time was being wasted. Accordingly he gave orders to elevate the guns

and fire over the walls into the interior of the fort. A shell from one of the bomb ketches fell plump into one of the outhouses of the palace and set it on fire. Fanned by the west wind, the flames spread to the arsenal and the storehouse, licking up the sheds and smaller buildings until they reached the outskirts of the city. The crackling of flames was now mingled with the din of artillery, and as dusk drew on, the sky was lit up over a large space with the red glow of burning. By half-past six the guns on the bastions had been silenced, and the Admiral gave the signal to cease fire.

Clive now entered into consultation with Admiral Watson on board the *Kent*. During the afternoon a cloud of horsemen had been observed hovering on a hill eastward of the city, and being by no means sure of the loyalty of the Maratha allies, Clive had come to the conclusion that it was time to land his troops. The Admiral concurring, preparations were at once made, and by nine o'clock the whole battalion had landed.

They bivouacked on the shore, in expectation of storming the fort next day. At daybreak an officer was sent into the fort with a flag of truce to demand its surrender. This being refused, the Admiral ordered his ships to warp within a cable's length of the walls in three fathoms and a quarter of water, and the attack was renewed by sea and land, Clive gradually advancing and worrying the enemy with his cannon. At two o'clock a magazine in the fort blew up, and not long after, just as Clive was about to give the order to storm, a white flag was seen fluttering at one of the bastions. A messenger was sent

to the governor to arrange the capitulation, but when he was met by prevarication and pleas for delay, the bombardment was once more resumed. A few minutes of this sufficed to bring the defenders to reason, and by five o'clock the English flag flew upon the walls.

Clive postponed his entry until dawn on the following morning, when he made his way to the palace. All the English officers were impressed by the strength of the fortifications. Besides Angria's two hundred and fifty cannon, an immense quantity of stores and ammunition fell into the hands of the captors. In the vaults of the palace were found silver rupees to the value of £100,000, and treasure worth £30,000 more. The capture had been effected with the loss of only twenty killed and wounded.

Whilst the fleet were employed in taking on board the plunder, the Marathas sent detachments to summon several other forts, which surrendered without making any resistance. Thus in less than a month they got possession of the territories wrested from them, and held for seventy years against every opposition, by the Pirates of Gheria.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA

IN the year 1756 the Subahdar of Bengal died, and was succeeded by his grand-nephew, a young man named Suraja Dowla,¹ whose hatred of the English was well known. He was no sooner settled on his throne than he began to seek an excuse for driving these objectionable strangers from the kingdom.

¹ The accepted spelling is Siraj-ud-Daula, but the more familiar form is here retained.

War was again threatening between France and England in Europe, and the Presidency at Calcutta, with a view to providing against contingencies, started to improve their fortifications. This was the Subahdar's first grievance. He demanded an explanation; was told the truth and became highly indignant at the audacity of the English in bringing their hostilities into his dominions.

But a more definite cause of complaint was soon forthcoming. A native prisoner in the hands of Suraja Dowla escaped from his guards and found an asylum at Calcutta. A messenger was dispatched to remonstrate with the Governor, but as he entered the town in a sort of disguise he was thought to be an impostor, and dismissed from the Company's territory. No more was needed to turn the Subahdar's resentment into action. He seized the English factory at Cossimbazar, near Murshidabad, and took its chief, Mr. Watts, a prisoner, at the same time threatening to level Calcutta with the earth.

The Presidency were now very eager to appease the Subahdar. They offered to submit to any conditions which he might impose; and, trusting to the success of their humility and prayers, neglected too long the means of defence. Suraja Dowla pretended to listen to them, but all the time continued his preparations. He was greedy of riches, with which, in the imagination of the natives, Calcutta was crammed; and, being assured of an easy conquest, had no intention of turning aside from his purpose.

The outposts of Calcutta were attacked on the 18th of June, 1756. There was little military skill in the place, and it was badly defended.

After a short resistance, a general council decided upon retreat. Some English ships being at anchor in the river, it was arranged that the women and effects should be put on board next day, while the men engaged in the work of defence were to follow at night. There was hardly a chance of mishap, for the natives always close their operations at dusk, and would have suspected nothing from the silence of the garrison. But by some strange inadvertence no orders were published as to the mode in which the plan was to be carried out. When the embarkation commenced next morning everybody imagined he was to shift for himself, and hurried on board by the first conveyance. To add to the confusion, the ships, being doubtful of the security of their position, began to move farther down the river. In a short time panic seized the fugitives. Imagining themselves about to be deprived of the means of retreat, Mr. Drake, the Governor, and Captain Minchin, the commander of the troops, set the example by jumping into a boat; others quickly followed, and soon every available boat was on its way to the ships. Nor did they return. In spite of the cries of the deserted, and subsequent signals of distress from the fort, the ships sailed off, leaving some hundred and fifty of their fellow-countrymen to the tender mercies of the Subahdar.

The command of the abandoned garrison was, by general consent, given to Mr. Holwell, who exerted himself with great vigour to preserve order and maintain the defence. But after a few days he saw that his efforts were hopeless, and endeavoured, by throwing letters over the wall, to signify his wish to capitulate. During

a temporary pause in the fire of the garrison, while awaiting an answer, the enemy approached the walls in numbers too great to be resisted, carried the place by storm, and made all the inhabitants prisoners. The following narrative, penned by Mr. Holwell himself, describes what happened when the Subahdar entered Calcutta.

BEFORE I conduct you into the Black Hole, it is necessary you should be acquainted with a few introductory circumstances. The Subah and his troops were in possession of the fort before six in the evening. I had in all three interviews: the last in Durbar before seven, when he repeated his assurances to me, on the word of a soldier, that no harm should come to us. I believe that what followed was the result of revenge and resentment in the breasts of the lower jamadars,¹ to whose custody we were delivered, for the number of their order killed during the siege. Be this as it may, as soon as it was dark, we were all, without distinction, collected into one body, and made to sit down quietly under the arched verandah, or piazza, to the west of the Black Hole prison. Besides the guard over us, another was placed at the foot of the stairs at the south end of this verandah, to prevent any of us escaping that way.

The factory was now in flames to the right and left of us; to the right the armoury and laboratory, to the left the carpenter's yard. Various were our conjectures on this circumstance. The

¹ Native subalterns.

fire advanced with rapidity on both sides; and it was the prevailing opinion that they intended to suffocate us between the two fires. This impression was confirmed by the appearance, about half-past seven, of some officers with lighted torches, who went into all the apartments to the right of us. Apprehending that they were setting fire to them, we presently came to a decision to rush on the guard, seize their scimitars, and attack the troops upon the parade, rather than be thus tamely roasted to death. But, to be satisfied of their intentions, I advanced to see if they were really setting fire to the apartments, and found the contrary; for, in fact, they were only searching for a place to confine us in.

Soon afterwards, that part of the guard which was drawn up on the parade advanced to us with the officers who had been viewing the rooms. They ordered us all to rise and go into the barracks to the left of the court of guard. The barracks, you may remember, have a large wooden platform for the soldiers to sleep on, and are opened to the west by arches and a small parapet-wall, corresponding to the arches of the verandah without. In we went most readily, expecting to pass a comfortable night on the platform. But no sooner were we all within the barracks than the guard advanced, and, with their muskets presented, ordered us to go into the room at the southernmost end, commonly called the Black Hole prison. This stroke was so sudden, so unexpected, and the throng and

pressure so great upon us, that there was no resisting. Like one agitated wave impelling another, we gave way and entered, few amongst us, the soldiers excepted, having the least idea of the dimensions or nature of the place. If we had, we should at once have rushed upon the guard, and been cut to pieces as the lesser evil.

Being amongst the first to enter, I got possession of the window nearest the door, and took Messrs. Coles and Scott into the window with me, they being both wounded, the first, I believe, mortally. It was now about eight o'clock.

Figure to yourself, my friend, the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action, on a close, sultry night in Bengal, thus crammed together in a cube of about eighteen feet, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any circulation of fresh air. Death in its cruellest form must, I saw plainly, be the inevitable result of such confinement.

Amongst the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old jamadar, who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his countenance. I called him to me, and in the most persuasive terms of which I was capable, urged him to get us separated, half in one place, and half in another; promising that in the morning he should receive a thousand rupees for the act of tenderness. He said he would attempt it, and withdrew; but in a few moments returned and

told me it was impossible. I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him two thousand. He withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and told me it was not practicable; as it could not be done save by the Subah's order, and no one dared awake him.

During this interval, the uneasiness of my companions gradually increased. We had been only a few minutes confined when every one fell into a profuse perspiration. This brought on a raging thirst, which increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture.

Before nine o'clock, every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Our situation was much more wretched than that of so many miserable animals in an exhausted receiver; no circulation of fresh air sufficient to continue life, nor yet enough divested of its vivifying particles to put a speedy period to it.

Soon everybody excepting those situated in and near the windows began to grow delirious. "WATER! WATER!" became the general cry. And the old jamadar before mentioned, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring some skins of water. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought; but the clamour was so loud it became impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. I had told myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might outlive the

night; but now I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale.

Our only means of conveying the water into the prison was by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself and Messrs. Coles and Scott (notwithstanding the pain they suffered from their wounds) supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will know that it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation; the cause still remained. Though we brought full hats within the bars, there ensued such violent struggles to get at them, that before they reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cupful left. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame.

Oh! my dear sir, how shall I give you a conception of what I felt at the cries and ravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who had no hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divest themselves of expectation! And others calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection, and who knew they were really dear to me! Think, if possible, what my heart must have suffered at feeling and hearing their distress, without having it in my power to relieve them: for the confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window, the only chance they had for life, to force their way to the water, and the throng and press was beyond bearing. Many, forcing their passage

from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their way, who had less strength, and trampled them to death.

Can it gain belief that the scene of misery proved entertainment to the brutal wretches without? But so it was. And they took care to keep us supplied with water that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, holding up lights to the bars so as to lose no part of the inhuman diversion.

For about two hours I kept supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broken with the weight against them. By eleven o'clock my two companions had been pressed to death, and I myself was nearly so.

For a while they preserved a respect and regard for me, more, indeed, than I could well expect, our circumstances considered. But soon all distinction was lost. Many people for whom I had a real esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet; and were now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier, who, by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window. These held fast by the bars over me, till I became so pressed and wedged up I was deprived of all motion.

Determined at length to give up everything, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, that they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window, to die in peace. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the

corner of the prison, where I seated myself on the platform.

My thirst now grew insupportable, while the difficulty of breathing much increased. Moreover, I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of the heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These obliged me to get up again, and seek the relief which I knew only fresh air could give me. By an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, I gained the window opposite me, and with one hand seized a bar.

In a few moments, my pain, palpitation and difficulty of breathing ceased; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for "WATER, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" and they had still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, "GIVE HIM WATER, GIVE HIM WATER!" nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk. But from the water I found no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it.

I had come into the prison without coat or waistcoat. The season was too hot for the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were under the verandah. Whilst I was at this second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeve. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store; our mouths and noses often meeting in the contest. This

plunderer, I found afterwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death. He has since assured me that he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give you a more lively idea of the melancholy state and distress we were reduced to.

By half-past eleven, the greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, few retaining any calmness, save the ranks next the windows.

They all now found that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasinesses; and "AIR! AIR!" was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that the Subah, Monickhund, etc., could be loaded with, were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man rushing towards the windows with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to heaven to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows. Others, who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort for the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks. Many to the right and left sank with the violent pressure, and were soon suffocated.

I need not, my dear friend, ask your commiseration when I tell you that in this plight, from half-past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees in my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head, a Dutch sergeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a topass bearing on my right. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and, as he held by two bars, was immovable.

When I had borne this conflict above an hour, I was quite exhausted, and towards two o'clock, finding that I must quit the window, or sink where I was, I resolved on the former.

In the rank close behind me was a ship's officer named Carey, who had behaved with much bravery during the siege. This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air. I told him I was determined to give up my life, and recommended him gaining my station. On my quitting he made an attempt to do so; but the Dutch sergeant who sat on my shoulder forestalled him.

Poor Carey expressed his thankfulness, and said that he, too, would give up his life; but it was with the utmost labour that we forced our way from the window, several of the inner ranks appearing to be dead standing. He laid himself down to die: and his death I believe was very sudden; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great, and, had he not retired

50 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

with me, I should never have been able to force my way.

I was at this time sensible of no pain and little uneasiness. I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Reverend Mr. Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison.

When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought that I should be trampled upon when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation.

Of what passed in this interval to the time of my resurrection from the hole of horrors, I can give you no account; and, indeed, the particulars mentioned by the gentlemen who survived were so excessively absurd and contradictory, as to convince me that very few of them retained their senses.

My own escape from absolute death was as follows: When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no intreaties could prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them to make a search for me in hopes that I might have influence enough to gain a release from the scene of misery. Accordingly, Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from there; and imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of.

At this juncture the Subah, who had received an account of the havoc death had made amongst us, sent one of his jamadars to inquire if the chief survived. They showed me to him, and told him they believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the Subah, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning.

The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life; and a few minutes after the departure of the jamadar, I was restored to my sight and senses. But oh! sir, what words shall I adopt to tell you the whole that my soul suffered at reviewing the dreadful destruction round me? I will not attempt it; and indeed, tears (a tribute I believe I shall ever pay to the remembrance of this scene, and to the memory of those brave and valuable men), stop my pen.

I had soon reason to know that the particular inquiry made after me was not due to any dictate of favour, humanity, or contrition. When I came out, I found myself in a high fever, and, not being able to stand, threw myself on the wet grass without the verandah. Here a message was brought me that I must immediately attend the Subah. Not being capable of walking, they were obliged to support me under each arm, and on the way one of the jamadars advised me, as a friend, to make a full confession where the treasure was buried in the fort, or in half an hour I should be shot off from the end of a cannon. The intimation gave me no manner of concern; for, at that juncture, I should have esteemed

death the greatest favour the tyrant could bestow upon me.

Being brought into his presence, he soon observed the wretched plight I was in, and ordered a large folio volume to be brought for me to sit on. I endeavoured two or three times to speak, but my tongue was dry and without motion. He ordered me water. As soon as I got speech, I began to recount the dismal catastrophe of my companions. But he stopped me short, telling me he was informed of great treasure being buried, or secreted in the fort, and that if I expected favour I must disclose its whereabouts.

I urged everything I could to convince him there was no truth in the information; or that, if any such thing had been done, it was without my knowledge. I reminded him of his repeated assurance to me the day before; but he resumed the subject of the treasure, and all I could say seemed to gain no credit with him. I was ordered prisoner under Mir Maddan, General of the Household Troops, and with me Messrs. Court, Walcot and Burdet. The rest who survived the fatal night gained their liberty. The dead bodies were thrown into the ditch of our unfinished ravelin, and covered with the earth.

We were conveyed in a hackery¹ to the camp on the 21st of June, in the morning, and, loaded with fetters, were stowed all four in a sepoy's tent, about four feet long, three wide, and three high; so that we were half in, half out. All night it rained severely. Dismal as this was,

¹ Native bullock cart.

it appeared a paradise compared with our lodging the preceding night. I now became covered from head to foot with large, painful boils, the first symptom of my recovery; for until these appeared, my fever did not leave me.

On the morning of the 22nd they marched us to town in our fetters, under the scorching beams of an intensely hot sun, and lodged us at the Dockhead in the open small verandah, fronting the river.

On the 24th we were embarked on a large wollack,¹ containing part of Bandu Sing's plunder, etc. She bulged ashore a little after we set out, and broke one of her floor timbers: however, they pushed on, though she made so much water she could hardly swim. Our bedstead and bedding were a platform of loose, unequal bamboos laid on the bottom timbers; so that when they had been negligent in bailing, we frequently waked with half of us in the water. We had hardly any clothes to our bodies and nothing but a bit of mat, and a bit or two of old gunny-bag² which we begged at the Dockhead to defend us from the sun, rains and dews. Our food was only rice and the water alongside, which, as you know is neither very clean nor very palatable in the rains. But there was enough of it without scrambling.

In short, sir, though our distresses in this situation were doubtless very deplorable, yet the consideration of our being so providentially a remnant of the saved, made everything else

¹ Barge.

² A coarse canvas.

54 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

appear light to us. Our rice-and-water diet, designed as a grievance to us, was certainly our preservation; for could we (circumstanced as we were) have indulged in flesh and wine, we had died beyond all doubt.

When we arrived at Hooghli fort, I wrote a short letter to Governor Bisdorn, advising him of our miserable plight. He had the humanity to dispatch three boats after us, with fresh provisions, liquors, clothes and money; none of which reached us. But, "Whatever is, is right." Our rice and water were more salutary and proper for us.

Matter ridiculous and droll occurred in the course of our trip. But these I will postpone for a personal recital, that I may laugh with you, and will only mention that my hands alone being free from imposthumes, I was obliged for some time to turn nurse, and feed my poor distressed companions.

When we came opposite to Santipur they found the wollack would not be able to proceed further, for want of water in the river; and one of the guard was sent ashore to demand light boats to carry prisoners of state under their charge to Murshidabad. The zamindar of the district, giving no credit to the fellow, mustered his guard of pikes, beat him, and drove him away.

This raised a most furious combustion. Our jamadar ordered his people to arms, and the resolution was to take the zamindar and carry him bound a prisoner to Murshidabad. Accordingly, they landed with their fire-arms, swords

and targets; when it occurred to one mischievous mortal amongst them that the taking me with them would be a proof of their commission, and the high offence the zamindar had committed.

I urged the impossibility of my walking, covered as my legs were with boils, and several of them in the way of my fetters. But I might as well have petitioned tigers, or made supplication to the wind. I was obliged to crawl. They told me it was my business to obey, and that I should remember I was not now in the Kella of Allinagur. Thus was I marched in a scorching sun, near noon, for more than a mile and a half; my legs running in a stream of blood from the irritation of my irons, and myself ready to drop at every step with excessive faintness and unspeakable pain.

When we came near the cutcherry of the district, the zamindar, with his pikes, was drawn up ready to receive us; but as soon as they presented me to him as a prisoner of state, estimated and valued to them at four lakhs¹ of rupees, he confessed himself sensible of his mistake, and made no further show of resistance. The jamadar seized him, and gave orders to have him bound and sent to the boat; but on his making further submission, and promising to get boats from Santipur to send after us, he was released and matters were accommodated.

I was become so very low and weak by this cruel travel, that the stony-hearted villains, for their own sakes, were obliged to carry me part

¹ 100,000.

of the way back, covering me from the sun with their shields.

We departed directly, in expectation of boats following us, but they never came; and the next day (I think, the last of June), they pressed a small open fishing-dingy and embarked us on that, with two of our guard only, as any more would have sunk her. Here we had a bed of bamboos, somewhat softer, I think, than those of the great boat. But we were very distressed for room, and during the whole of the trip were exposed to one regular succession of heavy rain and intense sunshine, with nothing to defend us from either.

By the good nature of one of our guard, Shaiké Bodul, we now and then got a few plantains, onions, parched rice, with jaggery,¹ and the bitter grain called curella; all which were to us luxurious indulgences, and made the rice go down deliciously.

On the 7th of July, early in the morning, we came in sight of the French factory. I had a letter prepared for M. Law, the chief, and prevailed with my friend Bodul to put in there. On the receipt of my letter, M. Law, with much politeness and humanity, came down to the waterside, and remained near an hour with us. He gave the Shaik a present for his civilities, and offered him a considerable reward and security if he would permit us to land for an hour's refreshment. But he replied that his head would pay for the indulgence. After M.

¹ Sugar in process of refinement.

Law had given us a supply of clothes, linen, provisions, liquors and cash, we left his factory with grateful hearts and compliments.

We could not, as you may imagine, long resist trenching on our stock of provisions; but, temperate as we thought ourselves, we were all disordered more or less by this first indulgence. A few hours afterwards I was seized with a painful inflammation in my right leg and thigh.

Passing by our fort and factory at Cossimbazar raised some melancholy reflections amongst us. About four in the afternoon we landed at Murshidabad, and were conducted to, and deposited in, an open stable, not far from the Subah's palace in the city.

Here we had a guard of Moors placed on one side of us, and a guard of Gentoos¹ on the other; and being destined to remain in this place of purgatory until the Subah returned to the city, I can give you no idea of our sufferings. The immense crowd of spectators, who came from all quarters of the city to satisfy their curiosity, so blocked us up from morning till night, that I may truly say we narrowly escaped a second suffocation, the weather being very sultry.

The first night after our arrival in the stable I was attacked by a fever; and that night and the next day the inflammation of my leg and thigh greatly increased. But all terminated the second night in a regular fit of the gout in my right foot and ankle, the first and last of the kind I ever had. How my irons agreed with this new

¹ Hindus.

visitor I will leave you to judge; for I could not by any entreaty obtain liberty for so much as that poor leg.

During our residence here, we experienced every act of humanity and friendship from M. Law and Mynheer Vernet, the French and Dutch Chiefs of Cossimbazar, who left no means untried to procure our release. Our provisions were regularly sent us from the Dutch Tankfall in Coriembabad; and we were daily visited by Messrs. Ross and Ekstone, the Chief and Second there.

The whole body of Armenian merchants, too, were most kind to us; and we were not a little indebted to the obliging good-nature of Messrs. Hastings and Chambers, who gave us as much of their company as they could. They had obtained their liberty by the French and Dutch Chiefs becoming bail for their appearance. This security was often tendered for us, but without effect.

On the 11th of July the Subah arrived in the city, and with him Bandu Sing, to whose house we were removed that afternoon in a hackery. Here we were confirmed in a report which had before reached us that the Subah, on his return to Hooghli, made inquiry for us when he released Messrs. Watts, Collett, etc., with intention to release us also; and that he had expressed some resentment at Mir Maddan for having so hastily sent us up to Murshidabad. This proved a very pleasing piece of intelligence, and gave us reason to hope the issue would be more favourable to us than we had expected.

Though we were here lodged in an open bungalow only, yet we found ourselves relieved from the crowd of people which had stifled us at the stable, and once more breathed the fresh air. We were treated with much kindness and respect by Bandu Sing, who generally passed some time or other of the day with us, and feasted us with hopes of being soon released.

On the 15th we were conducted in a hackery to the Kella in order to have an audience of the Subah, and know our fate. After waiting above an hour in the sun opposite the gate, we were told that we should have no admittance to the Subah that day, and were deposited again at our former lodgings, the stable, where we had the mortification of passing another night.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th the Shaik waked me with notice that the Subah would presently pass by to his palace of Mutijil. We roused and desired that the guard would keep the view clear for us. When the Subah came in sight, we made him the usual salaam; and when he came abreast of us, he ordered his litter to stop, and us to be called to him. I addressed him in a short speech, setting forth our sufferings, and petitioned for our liberty. The wretched spectacle we made, must, I think, have made an impression on a breast the most brutal; and if he is capable of pity or contrition, his heart felt it then. I think it appeared in spite of him in his countenance. He gave me no reply; but ordered two men immediately to see our irons cut off, and to conduct us

wherever we chose to go. Having repeated this order distinctly, he directed his retinue to go on. As soon as our legs were free we took boat, and proceeded to the Tankfall, where we were received and entertained with real joy and humanity.

Being myself once again at liberty, it is time I should release you, sir, also from the unpleasing journey I have led you in this narrative of our distresses, from our entrance into that fatal Black Hole. And shall it, after all, be said, or even thought, that I can possibly have arraigned or commented too severely on a conduct which alone plunged us into these unequalled suffering? I hope not.

CAPTURE OF CHANDERNAGORE

CALCUTTA did not long remain in possession of the Subahdar. As soon as the news of its fall reached headquarters, preparations were begun for its recapture. General Lawrence being an invalid, the task was entrusted to Clive, who, with an army of 900 European infantry, 1500 sepoy and a few field-pieces, met and defeated a strong body of the enemy at Budge-Budge, near Calcutta. He then entered the city, and, having stationed some troops there, went on to Hooghli, about twenty-three miles farther up the river, which place he also captured.

Suraja Dowla, finding that the English were stronger than he had imagined, now tried to enter into an alliance with the French. But the latter did not respond to his overtures. Their trade had suffered considerably during the pre-

vious hostilities, and they were anxious to enter into a treaty of peace with the English in Bengal. In the circumstances, the Subahdar might have resigned himself to the loss of Calcutta; but the capture of Hooghli, undertaken solely with a view to plunder, enraged him so much that he marched with a large army and surrounded Calcutta. Clive determined on a bold move. Instead of waiting to be attacked, he sallied out with his troops and surprised the camp of the Subahdar. The English suffered heavy loss; but Suraja Dowla was so impressed by their daring that he deemed it prudent to enter into an accommodation.

Before the treaty of neutrality with the French could be ratified, three ships arrived at Calcutta from Bombay and one from Madras, all bearing troops. With such additions the English force was considered capable of taking the French settlement of Chandernagore, even if protected by the Subahdar's army. Clive therefore dismissed the French deputies, who were waiting to sign the treaty, and advanced, on the 14th of March, 1757, against Chandernagore. He was assisted by the fleet, under Admiral Watson, which bombarded the town from the sea. The French defended themselves with great gallantry, buoyed up by the hope of assistance from Suraja Dowla, who had sent peremptory orders to the English to desist. But the fire from the ships was irresistible, and before the Subahdar could put his army in motion, the fort had been reduced.

TOWARDS the end of February, Colonel Clive left his camp near Calcutta, and, crossing the Ganges, turned his face towards Chandernagore,

which place he invested on the 13th of March. The following day the enemy sallied out, but were met by Captain Coote, who soon made them retreat. On this they quitted their outer works, and we became masters of the town, and the batteries in and about it, with very little loss.

As soon as everything was in readiness on board the fleet, the ships moved up the river with the flood tides. To the great mortification as well as astonishment of the French (who had flattered themselves that it would be impracticable for us to bring up our largest ships) the *Kent*, *Tyger* and *Salisbury* appeared in sight of the fort on the 18th, and, turning the point of Chandernagore Reach, anchored off the Prussian Octagon. As soon as we came to an anchor, the French threw a shell, and fired a shot or two, to try if they could reach our ships; but they fell short.

Our preparations for the attack of the place had been carried on so openly that the French were well aware of them, and had adopted every possible means to frustrate our design. Just below the fort of Chandernagore there was a large bank of sand, which made the passage very narrow. To block up this channel they had sunk three ships loaded with ballast; but the masts showed above the water. Three other large ships lay at anchor above the fort. These, it was said, were prepared as fireships, to be sent down with the tide to burn our squadron in the middle of the night. The Admiral resolved

to be beforehand with them, and gave orders that all the boats of the ships should go up as soon as the night came on, and endeavour to cut their cables. This was accordingly done, and they all drove upon the sands. It afterwards appeared that the crews belonging to those ships had been taken out to reinforce the garrison.

The attack on the fort would probably have taken place next morning had the tides in the river been favourable; but, unfortunately for us, they served either too early in the morning, or too late in the afternoon. This circumstance obliged the Admiral to postpone the attack for two or three days. In the meantime he sent Lieutenant Hey with a flag of truce to the governor, demanding a surrender of the place, which he politely but resolutely refused to give up. Mr. Hey having observed as he passed that the hulls of the vessels sunk in the river were not deep under water, Mr. John Delamotte, the master of the Admiral's ship, was sent to sound around them; and notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy to interrupt him by an incessant firing of their cannon, he brought back the agreeable news that there was room for our ships to pass with safety between them. But besides the obstruction which we expected to meet with from these sunken vessels, the French had erected two batteries of heavy cannon to render this narrow pass still more difficult and dangerous. One of these was constructed in the form of a half-moon, and lay on the very brink of the river, within musket shot of the sunken vessels; the

other was a fascine-battery on the glacis of the fort, and was intended to rake our ships fore and aft. The cannon on their south bastion could also be brought to fire down the river.

The disposition made for attacking the fort was as follows: The *Tyger* was to be placed against the N.-E. bastion; the *Kent* against the curtain between the bastions opposite the gate; and the *Salisbury* against the S.-E. bastion. Before we began the attack, it was deemed advisable that Colonel Clive should erect a battery on the side of the river, to fire on the south face of the enemy's S.-E. bastion, so that, in case of an obstinate resistance, we might make a breach by means of a cross fire from ships and battery. To enable them to carry this plan into execution, the army were obliged to make themselves masters of the half-moon battery, which they did with great gallantry, driving the enemy's troops before them into the fort.

All being now ready, the Admiral was anxious to begin the attack; but the flood-tide in the afternoon was so very late that the ships could not be placed in their proper stations while there was sufficient daylight to direct our fire. The enemy would, therefore, have had a great advantage over us; for though the nights were too dark for us to distinguish the embrasures of their fortifications, yet they could plainly see the hulls of our ships. That another day might not be lost, however, the Admiral ordered lights to be placed on the masts of the sunken vessels, with blinds towards the fort, that we might see to pass

between them a little before daylight, without being discovered by the enemy.

At length, the glorious morning of the 23rd of March arrived, and upon the ships getting under sail, the Colonel's battery, which had been finished behind a dead wall, began firing away on the S.-E. bastion. The *Tyger*, with Admiral Pocock's flag flying, took the lead, and about six o'clock in the morning got very well into her station against the N.-E. bastion. The *Kent*, with Admiral Watson's flag, quickly followed her; but before she could reach her proper station, the ebb tide unfortunately made down the river, and caused her anchor to drag. Before she brought up, she had fallen abreast of the S.-E. bastion, and from her mainmast aft, was exposed to the flank guns of the S.-W. bastion also. Moreover, by driving down into the *Salisbury's* station, she threw this last ship out of action, to the great mortification of her captain, officers and crew. While the *Kent* and *Tyger* were approaching the fort, the French kept up a terrible cannonade upon them, without any resistance on their part; but as soon as the ships came to an anchor, they returned it with such good will as to astonish their adversaries. Colonel Clive's troops at the same time got into those houses which were nearest the fort, and from there greatly annoyed the enemy with their musketry.

The fire now became general on both sides, and was kept up with extraordinary spirit. The flank guns of the S.-W. bastion galled the *Kent* very much; and the Admiral's aides-de-camp

being all wounded, Mr. Watson went down himself to Lieutenant William Brereton, who commanded the lower deck battery, and ordered him particularly to direct his fire against those guns. They were accordingly soon afterwards silenced. At eight in the morning several of the enemy's shot struck the *Kent* at the same time; one entered near the foremast, and set fire to two or three thirty-two-pound cartridges of gunpowder, which the boys held in their hands ready to charge the guns. By the explosion the wad-nets and other loose things took fire between decks, and the whole ship was so filled with smoke that the men, imagining a shell had actually fallen into her, cried out that she was on fire in the gunner's store-room. This struck a panic into the greater part of the crew, and seventy or eighty jumped out of the port-holes into the boats that were alongside the ship. The French presently saw this confusion on board the *Kent*, and, in order to take advantage of it, kept up as hot a fire as possible upon her. The fire, however, was soon extinguished, and Lieutenant Brereton, running to the ports, upbraided the seamen for deserting their quarters. "Are you Britons?" he cried. "Are you Englishmen, and fly from danger? For shame, for shame!" This reproach had the desired effect; to a man they immediately returned into the ship, repaired to their quarters, and renewed a spirited fire on the enemy.

In about three hours from the commencement of the attack the parapets of the north and south bastions were almost beaten down; the guns were

mostly dismounted, and we could see from the main top of the *Kent* that the ruins from the parapet and merlons had entirely blocked up those few guns which otherwise might have been fit for service. We could discern, too, that there had been a great slaughter among the enemy. Finding that our fire rather increased than slackened, they presently hung out the white flag, and a cessation of hostilities took place. The Admiral then sent Lieutenant Brereton (the only commissioned officer on board the *Kent* who was not killed or wounded) and Captain Coote of the King's regiment, to the fort with a flag of truce. They soon returned, accompanied by the French Governor's son, with articles of capitulation, and these being settled by the admirals and colonel, we soon afterwards took possession of the place.

It must be acknowledged that the French made a gallant defence, for they stood to their guns as long as they had any to fire. We never could learn how many of their men were killed and wounded in the whole; though they confessed that they had forty carried off dead from the S.-E. bastion. The N.-E. bastion was also cleared of its defendants twice, and among many others who were wounded there was one Lee, a corporal and deserter from the *Tyger*, who had pledged himself to throw two shells out of three into the *Tyger*; but while he was bringing the mortars to bear for that purpose, he was disabled by a musket bullet from the *Kent's* top. He was afterwards sent home a prisoner to England.

On our side, three of the *Kent's* lower-deck guns were dismounted and the same number of the upper-deck. The ship received 138 cannon shot through her side next the fort, besides being greatly damaged in her masts and rigging. Thirty-seven of her men were killed upon the spot, and seventy-four wounded in a greater or less degree. Among the dead was Mr. Perreau, the Admiral's first lieutenant. Captain Speke was dangerously wounded in the leg, and the same shot carried off the thigh of his son, Mr. William Speke, who afterwards died of the wound.

The number of the slain on board the *Tyger* almost equalled those of the *Kent*. Admiral Pocock himself was slightly wounded and Mr. Philips, the master, mortally. His mate, Mr. Pater, lost his arm. The whole number sent to the hospital from this ship was forty-one.

Every human bosom must commiserate the death of the many gallant British youths who fell in this day's action. The killed and wounded on shore were trifling. The enemy were so much employed against the ships that the army had but one killed, and ten wounded. On board the two ships, however, they were so numerous that I would willingly forbear any further mention of the mournful scene, were it not for the behaviour of Captain Speke and his son, a youth of sixteen years of age. This was so truly great that I must beg leave to describe it.

When Admiral Watson had the unhappiness to see both the father and son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them and

tried to alleviate their distress. The captain, who had observed his son's leg to be hanging only by the skin, said to the Admiral, "Indeed, sir, that was a cruel shot, to knock down both the father and the son!" Mr. Watson's heart was too full to make the least reply; he only ordered them both to be immediately carried to the surgeon. The captain was first brought down to me in the after-hold, where a platform had been made, and told me how dangerously his poor Billy was wounded. Presently the brave youth himself appeared, but had another narrow escape, the quarter-master who was bringing him down being killed by a cannon-ball. His eyes were overflowing with tears, not for his own, but for his father's fate. I tried to assure him that his father's wound was not dangerous, and this assertion was confirmed by the captain himself. He seemed not to believe either of us, until he asked me upon my honour, and I had repeated to him my first assurance in the most positive manner. He then became calm; but on my inquiring into the condition of his wound, he immediately asked me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him until his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him that the captain had already been properly attended to. "Then," replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow-sufferer, "pray, sir, look to and dress this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me!" I told him that he also had been taken care of, and begged of him with some importunity to let me examine his own wound. He submitted

to it, and observing, "Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint!" I replied, "My dear, I must!" Upon which he clasped both his hands together, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, offered up the following short, but earnest petition: "Good God, do Thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy my father's son!" When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer he told me he was all submission. I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee, and during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, nor uttered a groan that could be heard at a yard distance.

The reader may imagine what, in this dreadful interval, the brave, but unhappy captain suffered. But whatever were his feelings, we had no expression of them, other than the silent trickling tears declared. Both the father and the son, the day after the action, were sent with the rest of the wounded back to Calcutta. The father was lodged at the house of his brother-in-law, and the son was with me at the hospital. For the first eight or nine days I gave the father great comfort by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy, and in the same manner I gratified the son in regard to the father. But alas! from that time, all the good symptoms which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth began to disappear. The captain easily guessed, by my silence and the expression of my face, the true state his boy was in; nor did he ever after ask me more than two questions concerning him, so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his

generous mind to add to my distress. The first was on the tenth day, in these words, "How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?" I replied that if he lived to the fifteenth day from the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth, however, he died; and on the sixteenth, the brave man, looking me steadfastly in the face said, "Well Ives, how fares it with my boy?" I could make him no reply, and he immediately attributed my silence to the real cause. He cried bitterly, squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half-hour, when he wished to see me again. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene.

The dear youth had been delirious the evening preceding the day on which he died, and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me an incoherent note, written by himself in pencil, of which the following is an exact copy: "If Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in when he is told he is dying, and is yet in doubt whether his father is in a good state of health. If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honour this chit, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me. The boy waits an answer." Immediately on the receipt of this note, I visited him, and he still had sense enough left to know who I was. He then began with me: "And is he dead?" "Who, my dear?" "My father, sir." "No, nor is

he in danger, I assure you ; he is almost well." "Thank God ! Then why did not they tell me so ? I am now satisfied, and ready to die." At that time he had a locked jaw, and was in great distress, but I understood every word he so inarticulately uttered. He begged my pardon for having, as he expressed it, disturbed me at so early an hour, and before the day was ended, surrendered up a valuable life.

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

CLIVE was now due, according to his instructions, to return to Madras ; but he felt that, having gone so far in Bengal, he must go farther. The power of the French had been broken, but Suraja Dowla was still to be reckoned with. While he remained at the head of affairs, there could be no security, either for the new conquests or the older settlements of the English. Clive weighed the matter up, disregarded his instructions, and remained.

His plans were sufficiently ambitious. Hitherto he had been content to defend the interests of his countrymen against the forces of the Subahdar ; now he determined to assume the aggressive, attack and dethrone his enemy, and set up a new ruler in his stead. To any one but Clive such a project must have seemed pure madness. He had only a handful of troops at his disposal, most of them imperfectly trained sepoys, while Suraja Dowla could, at the lowest estimate, put 50,000 men into the field. But the English leader hoped much from the disaffection of the Subahdar's generals, and, in particular, from Mir Jafar, the commander-in-chief. The latter,

being a member of the royal house, was fixed upon as the most suitable person to occupy the throne in room of Suraja Dowla. Clive caused him to be approached, found that he was willing to play the part assigned to him, arranged an alliance, and at once set about his preparations for the attack.

According to the agreement with Mir Jafar, the Indian general, with his own troops and those of as many other commanders as it should be in his power to win over, was to join the English at Katwa. This plan was not carried out. When Clive reached Katwa, he received a letter from Mir Jafar stating that Suraja Dowla's suspicions had been aroused, and it would, therefore, be impossible for him to join the English before the day of battle. He promised, however, to desert the Subahdar during the action, and so decide the fortune of the day.

The mind of the English commander was disturbed. It seemed to him that Mir Jafar's good faith was not to be depended on, and, in his own words, he "thought it extremely hazardous to march 150 miles up the country, pass a river which is only fordable in one place, and risk a battle, when, if defeat ensued, not one man would have returned to tell it."

Nevertheless, after holding a council of war, he determined to take the risk. The army was ordered to cross the river the next morning, and a little past midnight arrived at Plassey. At this place a part of the Subahdar's army had been entrenched for some time. The Subahdar himself, with the remainder of his forces, reached it about the same time as the English.

In the following account of the battle of Plassey

Suraja Dowla is referred to as "the Nawab," the name given him by the English, although the higher title of Subahdar was his by right.

THE grove of Plassey extended north and south, about eight hundred yards in length, and three hundred in breadth, and was planted with mango trees, in regular rows. It was enclosed by a slight bank and ditch, but the ditch was choked with coarse weeds and brambles. The angle to the south-west was two hundred yards from the river, but that to the north-west not more than fifty.

A little to the north of the grove, and on the bank of the river, stood a hunting-house of the Nawab's, surrounded by a garden wall. The river, a mile before it reaches this house, curves to the south-west in the shape of a horse-shoe, forming a peninsula about three miles in circumference, of which the neck, from the stream to the stream again, is not more than a quarter of a mile across.

A little to the south of this peninsula was the beginning of the Indian entrenchment. The southern face, fronting the grove of Plassey, extended in a straight line about two hundred yards inland from the bank of the river. It then turned to the north-east, and continued in that direction for about three miles. In the angle thus formed was a redoubt, on which cannon were mounted. East of the redoubt, but without the camp, stood a hillock covered with trees. Some distance to the south of hillock and redoubt

was a small tank or pond, and a hundred yards farther to the south was another, and much larger tank. Both of these were surrounded by a large mound of earth at the distance of some yards from the margin of the water.

At daybreak, the enemy's army, consisting of 50,000 foot, 18,000 horse, and 50 pieces of cannon, issued from many different openings of the camp, and began to advance towards the grove. The greater part of the foot were armed with matchlocks, the rest with various arms—pikes, swords, arrows, rockets. The cavalry, drawn from the northern regions, were much stouter than any which serve in the armies of Coromandel. The cannon were mostly of the largest calibres, twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, and were drawn by forty or fifty yoke of white oxen, bred in the country of Purnea. Behind each cannon walked an elephant, trained to assist at difficult tugs, by shoving with his forehead against the hinder part of the carriage. Forty vagabond Frenchmen, under the command of one Sinfray, appeared at the larger tank—that nearest the grove—with four pieces of light cannon. Two larger pieces were halted in a line with this tank, close to the bank of the river. Behind these posts 5000 horse and 7000 foot took their stand. The rest of the army, in large columns of horse and foot, extended in a curve from the left of the hillock near their camp to the ground about eight hundred yards east of the southern angle of the grove of Plassey. In all the openings between

the columns were interspersed the artillery, two, three and four pieces together.

Colonel Clive, viewing the enemy's proceedings from the top of the hunting-house, was surprised at their numbers, as well as the splendour and confidence of their array. Judging that if his own troops remained in the grove, the enemy would impute the caution to fear, and so grow bolder, he drew them up in a line with the hunting-house, facing the nearest tank. They were 900 Europeans, including 100 artillerymen and 50 sailors; 100 topasses and 2100 sepoys. Their artillery consisted of eight field-pieces, all six-pounders, and two howitzers. The battalion, with three field-pieces on each side, were in the centre. To the right and left of them were the sepoys, in two equal divisions. The other two field-pieces and the howitzers were posted behind two brick kilns, about two hundred yards in front of the left division of sepoys.

The first shot was fired by the enemy, at eight o'clock, from the tank. It killed one, and wounded another of the grenadier company, which was posted on the right of the battalion. This, as a signal, was followed by a steady fire from the rest of the Nawab's artillery on the plain. But most of their shot flew too high.

The two advanced field-pieces answered the fire from the tank, and those with the battalion acted against the different divisions of heavy artillery on the plain. Firing out of the reach of point-blank shot, they hit none of the enemy's guns; nevertheless, every shot took effect, either

in one or other of the bodies of infantry or cavalry.

But ten for one killed was no advantage in such a disparity of numbers; and in half an hour the English had lost ten Europeans and twenty sepoys. Colonel Clive, therefore, ordered the whole army to retire into the grove. The enemy, elated by this retreat, advanced their heavy artillery nearer, and fired with greater vivacity than before. But their shot only struck the trees; for the troops were ordered to sit down, whilst the field-pieces alone answered the enemy's cannon from behind the bank. Explosions of powder were frequently observed amongst their artillery.

At eleven o'clock Colonel Clive consulted his officers at the drum-head, and it was resolved to maintain the cannonade during the day, but at midnight to attack the Nawab's camp. Soon after this decision was come to, a very heavy shower covered the plain, damaging the enemy's powder, and causing their fire to slacken considerably. But the English ammunition served on.

The Nawab had remained in his tent out of reach of danger, continually flattered by his attendants and officers, of whom one half were traitors. About noon he was informed that Mir Mardan, the best and most faithful of his generals, had been mortally wounded by a cannon-ball. The misfortune disturbed him to excess. He immediately sent for Mir Jafar; and when he entered the tent, flung his turban

78 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

on the ground, saying: "Jafar, that turban you must defend." The other bowed, and with his hands on his breast, promised his utmost services. But on his return to his troops, he dispatched a letter to Colonel Clive, informing him of what had passed, and advising him either to push forward on the instant, or to attack the Nawab's camp at three the next morning. This letter the messenger was afraid to deliver whilst the firing continued.

In the meantime, the Nawab's fears increased. One of his officers, taking advantage of them, counselled him to return to his capital. His advice prevailed, and the Nawab ordered the army to retreat into the entrenchments.

Accordingly, about two o'clock, the enemy ceased the cannonade, and were seen to be yoking the trains of oxen to their artillery. As soon as these were in motion, their whole army turned and marched slowly back towards the camp. Sinfray, with his party and field-pieces, still maintained his post at the tank, and as this was a good station from which to cannonade the enemy during their retreat, Major Kilpatrick advanced from the grove with two companies of the battalion and two field-pieces to dislodge him. He sent information of his intention, and the reason of it, to his commander, who, worn out with fatigue, was lying down in the hunting-house.

Clive, on receiving the message, immediately started up, and ran to the detachment. Sharply reprimanding Kilpatrick for making such a

motion without his orders, he commanded him to return to the grove and bring up the rest of the army. Then, placing himself at the head of the detachment, he proceeded to the tank, and forced Sinfray to retreat with his field-pieces, to the redoubt of the entrenchment.

As the main body of the English troops were advancing to the tank, that part of the Nawab's army which had formed opposite the south-east angle of the grove of Plassey, halted, faced, and advanced towards the north-east angle. These were the troops of Mir Jafar; but, their signals not being understood, three platoons of the line were detached to oppose them. Firing with a field-piece, these soon stopped the approach of the supposed enemy.

The army, meanwhile, having arrived at the tank, got all their field-pieces upon the mound, and from there began to cannonade into the Nawab's camp. Their fire brought many of the troops out of the entrenchment, and several pieces of their artillery were preparing to return, when Colonel Clive advanced nearer, and posted half his troops and artillery at the lesser tank, and the other half on a piece of rising ground about two hundred yards to the left of it. From these stations the cannonade was renewed with more efficacy than before, and killed many of the oxen which were drawing the artillery, thus throwing all the approaching trains into disorder.

On the other hand, the Frenchmen with Sinfray plied their field-pieces from the redoubt; whilst matchlocks from the entrenchments, from

80 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

ditches, hollows, and every hole or shelter, as also from the bushes on the hillock east of the redoubt, kept up a constant though irregular fire. The cavalry also advanced several times, threatening to charge, but were always stopped by the quick firing of the field-pieces. Nevertheless, the English suffered as much in this as they had during all the former operations of the day.

At length the troops of Jafar began to move away from the field of battle, without joining the rest of the Nawab's army. This convinced Colonel Clive who they were, and he determined to make one vigorous effort for victory by attacking Sinfray's redoubt and the eminence to the east of it, where an ambuscade was suspected.

Two divisions of the army were appointed to the two attacks, and the main body advanced in the centre, ready to support both, and to act, as occasion should offer, of itself. The division on the right gained the eminence without firing or receiving a single shot. At the same time the left marched up to the redoubt, which Sinfray, again deserted by his allies, quitted without further resistance, and without carrying off his field-pieces. Thus the whole of the English army entered the camp at five o'clock, without meeting any obstacle other than the tents, artillery, baggage and stores, abandoned by an army which out-numbered them ten to one, and which was now flying before them in all directions.

The cause of the sudden panic was the flight

of the Nawab. Hearing that Mir Jafar remained inactive on the plain, and that the English were advancing to storm his camp, Suraja Dowla had mounted a camel, and fled at the utmost pace of the animal, accompanied by about 2000 horsemen. The victory was decided, and was confirmed by the arrival of the messenger with the letter sent by Mir Jafar at noon. Soon after came another, when Colonel Clive immediately returned with a note, requesting Mir Jafar to meet him the next morning at Dandpur.

The English soldiers being told that they should have a donation of money, received the orders to march on to Dandpur with acclamation, and showed no desire to stop for the plunder which lay spread around them. They halted, however, until the commissaries had taken possession of as many oxen as sufficed for the artillery and carriages of the army, their own being much inferior to the Nawab's. A detachment was sent forward, under Major Coote, to pursue, or rather to observe if the enemy rallied; and the whole army arrived at eight o'clock, and rested at Dandpur. This important victory was gained with little loss. Only sixteen sepoy were killed and thirty-six wounded, many of them slightly. Of the Europeans, about twenty were killed and wounded. Six of the killed and ten of the wounded were of the artillery, as were also the only two officers who were wounded during the different operations of the day.

The advantages secured to the English by the

victory of Plassey were many and far-reaching. They not only obtained from the new Subahdar, Mir Jafar, a large sum of money and extensive territories in Bengal, but the control of the whole province, military and civil, gradually passed into their hands. Mir Jafar was only a figure-head. He could do nothing without the permission of his English allies, by whom his policy was dictated and much of his revenue collected.

The position of the Company was further strengthened some years later by the capture of Pondicherry. French power, already seriously crippled by the loss of Chandernagore, was unable to survive the fall of their last and most important stronghold. During the next half-century, they made several attempts to re-establish themselves in India; but their prestige with the natives was gone, and they failed.

Clive—to whose efforts, first as a soldier and in later days as President of Bengal, the growth of our Indian Empire owed so much—finally returned to England in 1767. He had been rewarded with a peerage, was immensely wealthy, and at first received nothing but admiration and homage. But the period of his prosperity soon waned. Like all successful men, he had many enemies, and these never ceased to work against him. He was accused of the appropriation of public money to his own use; and, though finally acquitted of the charge, the strain told on his health and produced keen depression of spirits. He died by his own hand in 1774, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine.

SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM

At the time of Clive's final departure from India the three chief native rulers were: Nizam Ali, Subahdar of the Deccan; Haidar Ali, Sultan of Mysore; and Mahdu Rao, Peshwa of the Marathas. The last was the most powerful, and, consequently, the most feared by the British Government, who seem to have made up their minds that sooner or later a Maratha war was inevitable. But it was with Mysore that hostilities first took place. They began in 1766, when Haidar attempted the conquest of Malabar, and in so doing threatened the safety of the English trading settlements. An understanding was soon arrived at, as Mysore was on the point of being invaded by the Marathas, and Haidar found it expedient to devote all his energies to defence. But a feeling of resentment remained, and in 1780 the war broke out afresh. Haidar now received powerful backing from the French, who, unable any longer to face the English by themselves, were nevertheless ready at all times to espouse the cause of our enemies. Several battles were fought with varying results, but on the whole the campaign was a disastrous one for the English, and, after three years of desultory warfare, they sued for peace.

In the meantime Haidar Ali had died, and his son, Tipu Sultan, occupied the throne of Mysore. This monarch, in his mode of war, and his treatment of those who offended him, had revived all the unpleasant characteristics of the old Mohammedan conquerors. His cruelty was a

84 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

by-word throughout India, and the progress of his armies was marked by devastation and sorrow. While he entered into a treaty of peace with the English, he apparently considered himself entitled to disregard its conditions whenever it suited his purpose, and he did not, as was his duty, release his prisoners of war. Some of them he put to death, others he kept in close confinement for many years. Those who escaped with their lives were forced to embrace the Mohammedan religion and to do menial work, while many were tortured from time to time merely to gratify the cruel instincts of the "Tiger of Mysore."

It was a foregone conclusion that our relations with such a man could not long remain friendly, and in 1790 the Governor-General, having entered into an alliance with Nizam Ali and the Marathas, again declared war on Tipu. The result this time was very different. The Mysoreans lost place after place, until they were driven back upon their capital, Seringapatam. Tipu fought desperately, and had recourse to all sorts of expedients for the improvement of his position, including an attempt on the life of the Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis. But neither resistance nor intrigue availed him. The ultimatum had gone forth: either he must surrender on the terms offered by the English commander or his capital would be taken from him by assault. Tipu made a virtue of necessity and surrendered. He engaged to give up one half of the territories conquered by him prior to the war; to pay an indemnity of three crores and thirty lakhs of rupees (£3,300,000); to release all English prisoners in his hands; and to deliver

up his two eldest sons as hostages for the performance of the treaty.

These engagements were duly carried out, and for six years peace prevailed. But Tipu was only awaiting his opportunity. His hatred of the English increased rather than diminished with the passage of time, and it was well known that he was negotiating with the French for assistance in the event of his renewing the war. At last, in 1798, his chance seemed to have arrived. The Emperor Napoleon, then at the height of his power in Europe, was beginning to look around for other worlds to conquer. His eyes turned towards India, where his countrymen had sustained so many and disastrous defeats, and he determined to revenge himself on the English by seizing their possessions and expelling them from the East. To this end, he opened up communications with Tipu, who readily promised his co-operation. It was agreed that a large French army, consisting of 5000 to 10,000 European and 20,000 to 30,000 African troops should unite with 60,000 Mysoreans for an attack on Bombay. Fortunately, the British Government got to hear of the scheme almost as soon as it was mooted, and, treating Tipu's attitude as equivalent to a declaration of war, proceeded at once to the conquest of Mysore.

The main army under General Harris assembled in January 1799, at Vellore, and on the 11th of February was joined by Nizam Ali's troops, nominally commanded by Mir Alam, but really by Colonel Arthur Wellesley (afterwards famous as the Duke of Wellington). On the same day the united army marched towards Mysore, and on the 26th of March was met

86 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

by Tipu at the village of Malavalli. The Mysoreans fought with great bravery, but were unable to withstand the charges of the English cavalry, who drove them from their position and forced them to fall back on Seringapatam. General Harris at once followed up, and on the 5th of April laid siege to the island capital. The following extract from the correspondence of an officer of the 73rd Regiment gives some idea of the difficulties of the task with which the English general was now faced.

On the 25th of April it was our turn for the trenches. On gaining our station (at sunset) we found that an approach had been carried on from the eight-gun battery, and a new parallel finished, about two hundred yards in advance of the other, and about twice that distance from the walls of the fort. It was decided to erect a four-gun battery of eighteen-pounders, on the right flank of this parallel, and a working party from the 73rd Regiment, with the Scotch Brigade, and some sepoy, were engaged on the work all through the night. The guns being already in the trenches, the battery was opened in the morning with the usual success, and continued to fire the whole of the following day.

Orders had been given to erect the breaching battery still closer, and as the enemy were in possession of a four-gun stockaded redoubt and covered way, which would infallibly enfilade it when finished, the 73rd and Scotch Brigade were instructed to drive them from the post before being relieved. The plan of attack was

for the flank companies of the 73rd, supported by two from the battalion, and a proportion of sepoy, to advance from the four-gun battery, while the Scotch Brigade and some sepoy pushed on from the other angle of the parallel.

Sunset was fixed on for the time, and it came all too soon for many a brave fellow! All was bustle and noise; General Stuart's and our batteries began a heavy fire of guns and howitzers on the fort, and the enemy returned it with double the number, together with showers of rockets. At last the signal was given, and on we rushed. Scarce had we cleared the battery, when one of our grenadier officers and a number of the men fell, killed and wounded. I received a smart tap on my left shoulder, and thinking I was wounded put up my right hand to feel; but much to my satisfaction I found it was my epaulet only that had been shot away. I assure you I did not stop to look for it, but pushing on soon got to the contested post. Just as I reached it, Captain Hay, of the Scotch Brigade, fell dead by my side, and soon afterwards two lieutenants of their grenadiers and their adjutant were wounded.

I was now the only officer in advance. The enemy were closing in upon us on all sides, in great numbers; our men, at the same time, falling very fast. I found the remnant of my party, and some more of our officers coming up we charged, driving the enemy from the post. We were now without the least cover from the fire of the fort, to which we were so near as two

or three hundred yards. The enemy, perceiving the weakness of our numbers, again advanced to attack us; and as all our ammunition was expended, we expected nothing less than to be cut off. Fortunately, however, the flank companies, and part of the battalion of the 74th Regiment, arrived to our assistance.

At first they kept up a smart fire upon the enemy by sub-divisions; but finding it was to no purpose, and that our men fell very fast, another charge was determined on.

Our men and officers were now entirely exhausted with fatigue; and having lost their shoes and stockings (in spite of gaiters, which we all wore) in the muddy bed of an aqueduct we had previously drained, the 74th Regiment, fresh and just come to the trenches, undertook this service, while we kept possession of the post. They drove the enemy with great slaughter to the very gates of the fort; but had themselves a number of men killed, and many officers and men wounded. On returning they jointly occupied the place with us, and we now began, under cover of night, to bury ourselves in the ground, notwithstanding a very heavy fire of grape, round, and every description of shot the enemy could collect, and throw in upon us from the fort.

At this time I lost a good friend, and the service of a valuable officer, in the person of Lieutenant Irwin, of the 74th Regiment, who fell near me with a grape shot through his head, and another through the body. We remained

pretty quiet, and got up a tolerably good, covered way (having only the random fire from the fort to disturb us), till about nine o'clock, when they began to hoist the blue lights on the wall of the fort. These lights are made of the same composition as our post fires; but the people of this country burn it in such large quantities that it throws an amazing light around, and enables them to see things at a considerable distance; it was awfully grand! In an instant every tongue was hushed, and instead of the spades and pickaxes resounding with the noise of arduous labour, every man was endeavouring to conceal himself from the penetrating eyes of the enemy.

About ten o'clock, three very strong columns of troops came out of the fort, apparently determined to drive us off. One column advanced to our front, and occupied a strong breastwork at about twelve yards distance; another gained our left flank, and cut off our communication with the trenches; while the third passed over a bridge on our right, which we had neglected to take possession of, and gained a position in our rear; but, fortunately, there was a river between us. I know not what *your* idea may be of our situation, but I believe there were few of *us* who expected ever to see the camp again. However, we had orders to defend the post, and were determined to do our best.

Colonel Wallace of the 74th commanded, and strictly enjoined the officers not to let the men fire, but to keep as snug as possible, and if the

enemy attempted to enter, then to keep them out with the bayonet. A very heavy fire of musketry and rockets now commenced on us from all sides, and continued the whole night; but though they frequently threatened, they took care to keep out of the reach of our soldiers' bayonets. In this state we remained during the night, and morning only rendered our situation more desperate. The enemy, who had fired at us in the dark indiscriminately, were now able to take deliberate aim, and the soldiers fell very fast, without the satisfaction of returning a single shot. Finding they could not provoke us to fire again, the enemy advanced to the top of the trench, and lifting up large stones dropped them in upon us. One of them struck me so forcibly on the right arm, as to raise a doubt in my mind whether it was not broken. Our brave soldiers at last lost their tempers, and irritated by the repeated blows, jumped up, and swore that if they were not allowed to fire, it could be no harm to throw back the stones; and one and all began to return them as fast as they came. Serious as our situation then was, I could not help laughing heartily.

At last the contest ended in the usual way; a plan being previously arranged, about ten o'clock the Scotch Brigade, which was on the left, charged down the front. At the same time a party from the camp attacked those in the rear, and we advanced from the right. They were completely surrounded, and received such a severe check as to deter them from again

advancing to their old ground. In fact, they were well employed the remainder of the day in carrying off the killed and wounded; which last description of our own men now drew our attention, for we had had no time to look to them before. My share of that business rested with my own company, and that of my before-mentioned much-valued friend. I had two graves dug alongside the river, in one of which I laid him, and in the other, four of the finest soldiers in the light company. They had no parson to read the funeral ceremony, but they had the blessing and sighs of their surviving comrades. On inquiry, I now found that out of fifty men I had at the commencement of the attack, I had lost four killed and thirteen wounded, several of the latter shortly after dying of their wounds. The other companies lost some more and some less.

We now remained unmolested, except by the fire from the garrison. But about four o'clock in the afternoon, a violent storm of thunder, lightning and rain, set in, which filled the trenches; and I was so cold in my wet clothes, after having been scorched to death the whole day previous, that I would have given the world for a glass of any kind of spirits. That, however, was a luxury hardly to be got in camp, much less in our then situation.

At last the wished-for relief arrived (ten o'clock at night), and after being in the trenches for the space of fifty-two hours without the least rest, we had to return to camp, up to the

middle in mud and water, along so slippery a track, that in some places we could not keep on our feet without much difficulty; and all this while marching without shoes and stockings. About two o'clock in the morning I had the pleasure once again to enter my tent, and, thanks to a good constitution, I do not feel myself the worse for that or any other fatigue I have experienced during the campaign.

On the 3rd of May the breach in the north-west bastion of the fort of Seringapatam was reported practicable, and the assault was fixed for the following day. The command of the storming party was given, at his own request, to General (afterwards Sir David) Baird. This officer had been confined for four years in the dungeons of Tipu Sultan, and it was recognized that he had a special claim to lead in punishing the tyrant.

The storming of the fort was carried through without a hitch. About noon on the 4th, General Baird stepped from his position in the trenches, drew his sword, and shouted: "Come, my brave fellows, follow me and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!" Instantly the columns of grenadiers dashed across the river, and, in face of a very heavy fire of cannon and musketry, reached the breach. The rapidity with which they ascended the ladders, and their daring courage when on the walls, soon demoralized the enemy, who fled in all directions. In less than ten minutes the fight was over and the victory won.

The sultan, who had not expected the attack to be made so soon, was seated at his mid-day meal when the alarm sounded. He immediately ran to take command of the troops; but, finding that the grenadiers had already entered the breach, and his people were falling all around him, he made for a sally-port, where, amongst a crowd of fugitives, he was overtaken and slain. Thus ended the career of Tipu Sultan, one of the most inhuman monsters the world has ever known.

By the victory of Seringapatam, English dominion was established over the greater part of Mysore. Some territory in the north-east was ceded to the Nizam; but all Kanara, from the neighbourhood of Goa to Cannanore, the district of Wynaad, in the south-west, south and east, and the whole of Tipu's possessions south of the 12th degree of latitude, passed into the hands of the English. They also obtained, "in full right and sovereignty for ever," the fortress of Seringapatam and the island on which it is situated.

THE WAR WITH HOLKAR

WAR with the Marathas, long foreseen by those responsible for the government of the Company's Indian possessions, had been delayed from a variety of causes. For years Tipu had kept the Maratha army almost constantly employed; later, civil war divided it into factions and diverted its attention from the neighbouring states. The Peshwa, Baji Rao, was little more

94 THE GREAT FIGHT FOR INDIA

than a pageant ruler, the real power being in the hands of two great territorial chieftains: Dowlut Rao Sindhia and Jeswuut Rao Holkar. The former, in all his operations, pretended to act in the Peshwa's name and interests, but Holkar was openly hostile to his hereditary sovereign. A series of conflicts between the two leaders ended in the triumph of Holkar; and Baji Rao, afraid for his life, fled from his capital and threw himself on the protection of the English. As it was now part of the policy of the Company to maintain order and preserve the *status quo* in India, a British force, under General Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) marched to Poona and restored the Peshwa to his throne.

Strange to say, the first person to take offence at this proceeding was Sindhia, Baji Rao's reputed friend. Indignant at the interference of the Feringhis in matters which were not their concern, he patched up his quarrel with Holkar, and prepared to punish the insult which he considered had been offered to his country. He was not very successful. In the Deccan General Wellesley, and in Hindustan Lord Lake, inflicted on him a succession of defeats which soon brought him to his senses and obliged him to sue for peace. On the 17th of December, 1803, a treaty was entered into, by which he ceded a considerable portion of his territories to the Company and bound himself to furnish troops for mutual defence.

But the Maratha war was by no means over. Holkar, though he had stood aloof and offered no opposition to Sindhia's plans, was unwilling to act in concert with him; but as soon as he heard of his rival's final defeat, he made arrange-

ments for carrying on the war on his own account. Lord Lake, the commander-in-chief, marched to oppose him, and on the 15th of May, 1804, took possession of Rampura, a Rajput fort situated sixty miles south of Jaipur, and the only stronghold possessed by Holkar north of the river Chumbul. The Maratha chief then retreated to the other side of the river, and was pursued by a detachment of five native battalions under Colonel Monson, Lord Lake meanwhile falling back on Agra.

It was not long before Holkar had turned the tables on Monson. The English commander's troops were suffering much from the excessive heats, their provisions were nearly exhausted, and they were cut off from any hope of assistance by the main body of the army. Holkar attacked them with his cavalry in the Mokundura Pass, and forced them to retreat to Rampura. Here they were reinforced by two battalions of sepoys, with four six-pounders and two howitzers, a body of cavalry, and a supply of grain forwarded by Lord Lake. Still it was not considered safe to try conclusions with the enemy, and, after spending a few days at Rampura, a second retreat was decided upon. Disaster attended it. Holkar pursued them most of the way to Muttra, cutting up large bodies of the soldiers; desertions took place every day; the rains set in and impeded their progress; famine stared them in the face. At Muttra all sense of discipline was lost. The troops broke and ran, caring for nothing but their own safety; and in various straggling bodies made their way to Agra.

Among the officers who had accompanied Colonel Monson on this most disastrous retreat

was Captain James Skinner, of Skinner's Irregular Horse, or, as they were more generally known, "Skinner's Yellow Boys." Born in India in 1778, of mixed European and native parentage, Skinner joined Sindhia's Maratha army at the age of eighteen, and by his great daring and skill in military tactics, soon rose to the rank of captain. He took part in all the important campaigns of Sindhia, including the war with Holkar, and appears to have wished for nothing better than to end his days in the service of one whom he always regarded as a just and generous employer. Greater things were in store for him, however. The outbreak of the Maratha war made it impossible for him any longer to continue in the employment of Sindhia, and, with a number of English adventurers, who, like himself, had been officers in the Maratha army, he offered his services to Lord Lake. In ordinary circumstances, the commander-in-chief would have welcomed the assistance of a man who knew the country and the people so well, but there was a difficulty. Skinner refused to act against his old master. The treaty of peace with Sindhia put matters right, for Skinner had, of course, no scruples about opposing Holkar, with whom he had so often before been in conflict. His men had followed him to the English service, and during the remainder of the Maratha war they rendered invaluable aid to our army.

"Skinner's Yellow Boys" were so called on account of the uniform they wore. They are described as a very handsome corps, with yellow tunics, red turbans, girdles edged with silver, black shields and long spears. They were not among those who fled in disorder towards the

end of Monson's retreat, and, as will be inferred from the following narrative, their commander had little sympathy for the panic-stricken sepoys.

THIS was the termination of both retreats, for Colonel Macan now arrived and took command of this unfortunate detachment, which had run all the way from Muttra to Agra without seeing an enemy. Colonel Macan marched us to Secundra, and brought the whole force into order; regular picquets were thrown out and rounds observed; cavalry regiments poured in every day, and Lord Lake, with the Europeans, was expected to arrive from Cawnpore. Holkar took possession of Muttra, assembled all his troops, and sent his brigade under command of Harnaut, to attack Delhi. The second cavalry was reported by its commanding officer "refused to cross." Colonel Macan went to the spot determined to shoot the first man who should refuse. The regiment was ordered to parade, and move to the ghat.¹ The Colonel then ordered the first troop to cross, when not a man refused, and it was found out that they had never got orders to do so. Colonel Gordon was immediately removed, and a new commander appointed. Had there been a few more Macans in the service many a disgraceful thing might have been avoided.

Holkar's horse now made their appearance and daily skirmishes took place. Had Colonel Macan possessed full powers, we should soon have destroyed Holkar, who now was enjoying

¹ Landing place.

himself at Muttra, revelling in the *lāl sharāb*¹ and brandy of the stores left there by the detachment. Luckily for us, this had such an effect upon his health that he could not move from his bed. At Muttra he remained a month issuing *parwanahs*² and sending collectors to the Duab and bestowing *parganas*³ in *jirga*⁴ on everybody who would join him. Among the rest he sent a man named Allahmir with one hundred horsemen to Major Wood, who commanded the fort of Aligarh, with a command to deliver up the fort to him immediately, or he would not spare a man. The Major, although he had a battalion and provisions for several months in the fort, was so much alarmed at this threat, that he actually promised to give up the fort in fifteen days, and wrote off to Lord Lake, who by this time had arrived at Mynpuri with all the European troops, informing him of the treaty he thus had made with Holkar's subah. I need not state his lordship's answer—the world will easily judge of its nature.

In the meantime his lordship was approaching Agra, where our army, increased by five regiments of native cavalry, was in excellent order under Macan's command. At the commencement of Monson's retreat, we had in our pay about 20,000 Hindustani horse in different places and under various officers. Since then, of them all, my corps was the only one which had remained staunch; the rest had all gone over to the enemy. Delhi was now besieged by Holkar's brigade, while our army at Agra was looking out

for Lake as earnestly as the Mussulmans, after a month's fast, look out for the new moon of the Id.¹ At length, on the 3rd September, 1804, he arrived at the tomb of Ilimad-u-Daulut, having with him three regiments of dragoons, one of European foot, the famous 76th, and about fifteen or sixteen companies of sepoys.

My corps was now ordered to cross the river and join Lord Lake, which was done. Next morning they were paraded, when his Excellency inspected them, praised them highly for their fidelity, increased their pay ten rupees per horse, and promised that they should have bread for life. He then ordered the European troops to cross, and directed Major Worsely, with the fifteen companies of sepoys, to proceed to the Duab and drive all Holkar's collectors from there, after which he was to rejoin the army at Muttra. His Excellency then gave four galloper-guns to my corps, and directed me to join Major Worsely.

His lordship joined the army and commenced his march for Muttra on the 1st October, attended by the whole of Holkar's horse, amounting, by the nearest calculation, to 40,000 men, who did their best to harass him on the way. But Holkar soon discovered that he had a very different person to deal with from Monson. Lord Lake kept the Jumna on his right, his baggage being between the river and the line, and reached Muttra in four or five marches, skirmishing all the way.

¹ Mohammedan festival.

¹ Red wine. ² Permits. ³ Jurisdictions. ⁴ Council.

Major Worsely, on his part, made a round to Muttra; took several mud forts, hung up some of the subahs who fought; and after a sharp and troublesome business, arrived in a few days at Hauseaganj opposite to Muttra. An able, steady, and active soldier, Major Worsely received well-deserved praise for his zealous services, and was ordered to cross and take post in the town of Muttra, with six companies of sepoys. The remaining part of his force, with my horse, were directed to stand fast at Hauseaganj, under the command of Major Munro; and as the Jumna was not fordable at this point, a bridge of boats was ordered to be made ready from the Hauseaganj ghat to the town. Lord Lake had encamped on the west bank of the river in the old Maratha cantonments; and Colonel Down with the reserve, consisting of the remains of Monson's detachment, amounting to about 2000 sepoys, was pitched between the army and the town.

All this time Holkar was actively engaged in cutting up small detachments coming with supplies from Agra; so that in a few days provisions and forage failed, and large bodies were forced to go out for forage daily. Day and night was the camp surrounded with Holkar's horse. Several mornings we attacked them with all the cavalry and infantry; but the moment they saw us they vanished, and no sooner had we returned to camp and unsaddled than there they were again, surrounding the camp, and quietly dismounting. Not less than from 10,000

to 20,000 of these horse were thus constantly hovering about the camp, and such became the scarcity that three sers¹ of atta² were selling for a rupee.

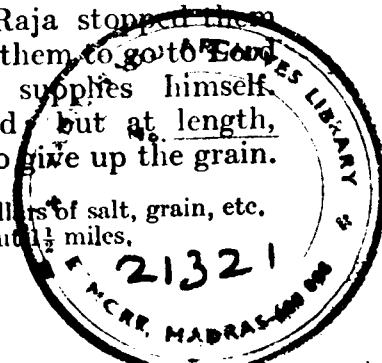
My corps were directed to work hard in the Duab to remedy this scarcity, and get grain wherever it was to be found. I used to go out in the morning, plunder the villages and send in whatever I could lay hold of; but it seldom exceeded the day's consumption, and the minds of the soldiers became so unsettled, and desertions so common again, that the troopers on duty were found galloping over to the enemy from their posts; and in order to prevent such shameful desertions, Lord Lake was forced to place a sepoy with each trooper vedette, with orders to shoot the trooper if he should move towards the enemy. This state of anxiety and hardship continued for six days, and to add to it, alarming accounts arrived from Delhi; the Resident entreating Lord Lake to come to his assistance with all despatch.

This his lordship was well disposed to do; but the army was just then waiting for the banjaras³ that were on their way from Cawnpore. They came unmolested until within two cos⁴ of Hathras, when the Raja stopped them and said he would not permit them to go to Lord Lake; but would take the supplies himself. The banjaras at first refused, but at length, being bribed, they promised to give up the grain.

¹ A measure=2 lb. ² Flour. ³ Pedlars of salt, grain, etc.

⁴ Measure of length=about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

V25



When this information reached Lord Lake he sent for me and asked whether I thought I could bring them away. I replied that if his lordship would leave it to me, I would either bring off the supplies, or lose my life in the attempt; on this he shook me by the hand, and declared he never would forget my services.

I took my leave, and, returning to camp, collected all my harkaras,¹ and as the banjaras were only eighteen cos distant, I laid a dak² of harkaras, just to let me know when they should begin loading to go into the fort. The second day, about midnight, information was brought me, and I immediately saddled and set off with all my horse, 1200 in number. On reaching within a cos of them, I halted until my spies gave me information that they were all ready and would move if I did not prevent them. I left my brother with 800 men, and with 400 I dashed in amongst them, crying out that Lord Lake had sent me to their assistance. At first they began throwing down their loads, declaring they would not go with me; but I ordered all who should attempt throwing their loads to be put to death; and several were accordingly killed. When they saw this, and found me determined, and perceiving my brother coming up with the large body, they gave in. So I ordered them to march towards Muttra, which they did.

By the time the sun had risen, I had got a cos off clear with my prize. But when the news reached the Raja he ordered all his horse to

¹ Couriers.

² Post-relays.

saddle, and pursue me. I still pushed on, but when I had made two more cos, I ordered my brother with 600 men to go on with the convoy, and if any of the fellows should attempt throwing down their loads, to put them at once to death. I halted myself with the other 600 to show front to the Raja, and two hours afterwards I perceived his sowari¹ coming on. I now formed my party into two portions, and made them a speech, telling them that I had promised Lord Lake either to bring in the banjaras or die. They were all staunch, and declared in reply that they were ready to die with me. My brother had gained some four or five cos when the Raja came up to me with, I think, about 1200 men. I formed and showed front, when he sent a man to me to inquire who I was, and by whose authority I had taken the banjaras?

I gave my name accordingly, and said that I had Lord Lake's hukam,² which was the best in Hindustan. He sent in reply to order that I should give up the banjaras, or he would instantly punish me. I replied that the banjaras and my head should go together, and that he had full liberty to do what he liked. He then sent on a few skirmishers in front, who fired at us, but some of my yellow boys soon sent their horses back without their riders. When the Raja saw I was determined, and was not to be frightened, he asked me if I would take his wakil³ to Lord Lake. I replied that I would not take him now, lest the people might think that

¹ Party, cavalcade

² Authority.

³ Agent.

I had gained the banjaras by some false promise; but, that if he would send him after, I would be his friend, and try to obtain his forgiveness. To this he agreed, and then marched back towards his fort.

For my part, I thanked the Almighty for my success, and joining my brother, arrived in the evening at Hauseaganj. The first person I saw was Major Worsely, who shook me warmly by the hand and said that Lord Lake ought never to forget that day's work. I crossed and went to Lord Lake, who was at dinner; but hearing that I had arrived, he immediately came out and asked me, "Well, have you succeeded?" "Yes, my lord," was my reply; on which he also shook me by the hand, and declared he never would forget me or my corps. He then asked me to come in to dinner; but I told him that having been eighteen hours on horseback, I was pretty well knocked up; but that I should wait on his lordship in the morning.

I returned to my tent accordingly, and ordered for all my sowars¹ a ser of sweetmeats each, which, through Major Worsely's assistance, I got from the town, and then ate my dinner. Next morning I called on his lordship and reported the banjaras at 60,000 bullocks all loaded with atta. On this, he again shook me by the hand, and taking the sword he wore at his own waist presented it to me with 20,000 rupees. The banjara jamadars were also all handsomely rewarded and ordered immediately to cross,

¹ Troopers.

These banjaras gave just seven days' supply to the army, which enabled it to march, on the 12th of October, to the relief of Delhi, leaving Colonel Worsely with his force to guard the town of Muttra. Colonel Munro and my corps were detached towards Anupsheher in order to meet and escort into camp a large convoy consisting of a lakh of banjara bullocks loaded with atta, wheat, and kanja;¹ and having met them, we accordingly proceeded with them to Delhi, which place Lord Lake reached in eight or ten marches, much harassed all the way by Holkar's horse.

AMIR KHAN

WHEN the war with Holkar had been going on for about a year without any decisive result, the operations of the English were complicated by the appearance of a new and powerful enemy. This was the Nawab Amivo-ud-Daula Mohammed Amir Khan, a celebrated leader of Pathan freebooters. Amir Khan formed an alliance with Holkar, and at once began to take a prominent part in the war. He was a man of great personal strength and daring, and his experience of guerrilla warfare made him a difficult enemy to subdue. In the operations against him Skinner's Yellow Boys were always to the fore.

AT noon the same day I was sent off with 1000 horse to relieve the party at Bareilly, who were surrounded in the gaol of that place. General Smith himself followed us. I reached

¹ Rice.

the place a little before dawn on the 18th, and found that Mir Khan had just left it. We followed him as far as the Ramgunga, and overtaking his rearguard, cut up three hundred of his sowars; after which we returned to Bareilly. An hour after sunrise General Smith, with the cavalry, reached the place.

Our arrival at the time we did was the most fortunate thing possible, for the sibandis¹ who were on duty would have given up the Europeans and treasure; and it is impossible to describe the joy with which we were hailed by the whole party, which had been surrounded by the Mir in this fortified place. Next morning we marched in pursuit; but Mir Khan led us such a dance that for several days we were all in the dark as to whither he had gone, and we kept marching backwards and forwards until we reached Shereghurrie, when I fell in with and made prisoners of some pindaris,² from whom I made out the proper direction. As soon as this was done, I went secretly to General Smith, and volunteered to go disguised into the Mir's camp, and learn what he was about. To this, after a good deal of hesitation, General Smith agreed, and accordingly, putting on a native's dress, I took ten of my most confidential sowars, and giving out to my corps that I was going upon urgent business to Muradabad I went straight to Sherekote, where I met with Mir Khan's foragers, and with them went into their camp.

My ten sowars had brethren in Shahmut

¹ Irregular garrison militia. ² Marauders.

Khan's camp, and within it we remained all night. Early in the morning Mir Khan, who was pitched on the banks of the Ramgunga river, near Ufzulghur, wanted to march; but the Maratha pindaris, who had all been insulted the day before by the Pathans, insisted on the Amir giving up the offenders. This was refused by the Pathans, upon which both parties drew up to fight. All this information was sent off by me to General Smith, by harkaras; and when I saw that the fellows were not likely to settle their disputes that day I thought it would be an excellent thing if I could bring the troops upon them. A foraging party belonging to Shahmut Khan being just about to go out, I took the opportunity of quitting the camp with it, especially as Mir Khan by this time had settled the dispute, and was promising to march next morning.

I had not gone two cos, when I met one of my own spies, who informed me that the army was just going to encamp at Sherekote. On this I galloped off, and met General Smith, to whom I gave all this information, and begged that the troops might push on, as he might never again meet with so good an opportunity. The General thanked me for my exertions and pushed on to Sherekote, where he left the baggage under the protection of the 3rd Regiment of native cavalry, 400 sowars and about 700 najibs¹ of mine. In the meantime I changed my horse and dress, and then showed them the road.

¹ Infantry.

We came up with the enemy about 2 p.m., but Mir Khan had got intelligence of our approach, and having sent his baggage on to Ufzulghur, was standing his ground with all his horse, and a small body of 300 foot, which he had entertained at Rampur. As our line came up, there was a nullah just in our front, the ford of which I was directed to point out to the horse artillery. I accordingly accompanied Captain Stark on this service, showing him the ford, where the troops crossed and formed in two lines, keeping the river on our right flank.

Mir Khan now broke up his force into three parts: one, being commanded by himself, advanced to our left; one, commanded by his brother Shahmut Khan, took its way to our right; while the third and smaller one, with the unfortunate 300 foot, remained in our front. These fellows opened their matchlocks upon us; but a few rounds from the horse artillery forced them to advance to the shelter of a hollow that was in our front. The 27th Dragoons dashed forward to cut them up; but the fellows, who must have been mad, rushed sword in hand with their flags upon the dragoons, penetrated their ranks, and caused some confusion in the regiment. Major Dean, however, charged them with a squadron of the 8th, and cut them to pieces.

Shahmut Khan then charged the right, but was repulsed with great loss by the gallopers and the 29th Dragoons. Mir Khan in person charged my corps on the left with a large party. My men behaved most gallantly, giving fire with

their matchlocks at the word of command; and then, drawing swords, they charged and repulsed them with great slaughter. We killed two of their sirdars¹ and took one prisoner, with ten stand of colours, among which were two golden ones and 200 horses. My brother Robert's conduct this day surpassed all I had ever seen him perform before. One of my gallopers on the left having got rather far away from the corps and unlimbered about a hundred yards from my flank, an officer of Mir Khan's, with about forty sowars, charged and took the gun. My brother (Lieutenant Skinner) observing this, immediately charged them with twenty choice men, retook the galloper and cut down the officer with his own hand.

The Amir now retired out of cannon reach and formed into one mass before us; but it being now 4 p.m. General Smith thought it proper to retreat to his baggage. Mir Khan, on the other hand, had been so sickened with the gallopers that he would venture on nothing; but retreated to Ufzulghur. He certainly gave us fine opportunities for a charge this day; but it was thought that their parties were too large, and were only kept off by our gallopers. My loss was five men killed and thirty wounded; the General gave great praise to our corps, and reported our exertions to Lord Lake, who gave orders to the resident at Delhi to present me with a fine Persian sword.

We marched in pursuit of Amir Khan towards

¹ Officers.

Muradabad, which direction he had taken from Ufzulghur; and arriving at six in the evening, we deposited there all our sick and wounded. My brother was ordered with 500 sowars to Anopsheher, while we marched towards Chaundousi. On arriving there, we found that Mir Khan had been beforehand with us, having burned the cantonments, and laid the town under contribution; after which he took his way in the direction of Bareilly. On the 8th we made a forced march and took up our position on the bank of Ramgunga, where the river was fordable, in order to prevent his crossing; and scarcely had we pitched, when the dreadful intelligence was brought me that my brother was surrounded by Amir Khan in a ruinous serai¹ in Sumbul, into which he had thrown himself on hearing of the Amir's approach.

From the account given me by the messenger, it appeared that when the party were thus hemmed in, Amir Khan had written to the risaldars² desiring them to give my brother up, and that he would give each of them three months' pay as a reward. This they refused contemptuously, upon which the Amir advanced with 10,000 men, dismounted towards the serai, and sent the same message again, to which he received the same reply.

My brother now, in order to test the men's fidelity, addressed them and told them, that if, by giving up his single life, they could save 500, he was quite willing to give himself up, and go as

¹ Inn.

² Captains.

a prisoner to Amir Khan. They replied that when they were all destroyed he might go, but not as long as they lived. That they did not mind numbers—hundreds, they said, were daily destroyed at Bhartpur; they also were soldiers hired to die, therefore let them die like soldiers.

My brother then wrote to Amir Khan, declaring that he had always believed him to be a brave soldier, but that his conduct this day, in attempting to seduce and delude the soldiers under his command, whose courage and fidelity he should soon have experience of, had proved him to be a coward, that he despised him and dared him to come on. As soon as the messenger was despatched, he told his men to kneel down and offer their last prayers to God to grant them courage, and to die like brave men. The storm now took place on all sides, but it was nobly repulsed by my men. Many of the enemy got up on the walls, and were cut down from them in trying to get over. Three times did they assault, and each time they were repulsed with great slaughter. When it got dark the spy left my brother, having spent all his ammunition except a few rounds. During the night he took the shoes from off his horse's feet, and cut them into slugs, of which he distributed five to each man, which, with five bullets remaining to each, was all he had to repel the multitude around him. But the men remained staunch and firm to him, and he besought me to come to his aid without delay.

I went instantly to General Smith, entreating

him to march, or to allow me to go to my brother's assistance, saying that I would cut my way through Mir Khan's troops, and get into the serai, which was only twenty cos off, in time to save him. But, as it was 3 p.m. before the letter reached me, General Smith declared that it was useless; that the Amir must have either destroyed the party or gone off from the place, as Colonel Burn was in that quarter. As for him, he could not, he said, leave the ford. This hope failing me, I was utterly at a loss how to act, when the following stratagem occurred to me, and I instantly put it in practice. I wrote a letter to my brother, saying I had just received his, and had shown it to the General, who was about to march with his whole force in an hour or two; in the meantime, he must keep the Amir in play by proposing terms of surrender. One of my harkaras, who had been brought up in my family, volunteered to have this delivered to Mir Khan, and ten of my sowars, who were equally confidential, took in hand to play him a trick in aid of the plan. To the harkara I promised 800 rupees, and 1000 to the sowars. They all left me at 4 p.m., and General Smith himself agreed to march at midnight.

The harkara and sowars got within a cos of Mir Khan's position about dawn of day, and got information that my brother was still safe, and had repulsed another storm on the last evening. Being a clever fellow, he came to the following arrangement with the sowars, namely,

that just at daybreak they should set fire to several stacks of karbi (corn-straw) that were in the fields, while he should contrive to be taken by the picquets, and of course be brought before the Amir. This he easily made out, and being taken to Mir Khan, he confessed at once that he had been sent by me, who was very much attached to my brother. That he had understood the sahib had been taken prisoner, and was in his camp, so he had come to fulfil the service he engaged to perform as a faithful servant. That the Amir might do with him what he pleased, only let him be permitted to see his master.

Mir Khan had the letter read, and then asked the harkara when the army would move. He replied that the orders issued were that they should move at midnight. Whilst this was going on, the sowars had put fire to the stacks, and then they chased in a few camp followers, who had gone out upon business of their own. In a moment the cry arose that the English had arrived, upon which Mir Khan immediately saddled and mounted, ordered the harkara to receive a few stripes, and in a few hours not one of them was to be seen. The harkara and the sowars then went to my brother, who welcomed them very warmly.

We had marched about nine cos when information reached us of my brother's safety and Amir Khan's flight, and next morning my brother joined me at Circey, and was cordially welcomed for his gallant conduct, not only by me, but by

the whole army. The whole affair met with praise from General Smith, and was reported to his Excellency, Lord Lake, who wrote a Persian letter to the men, applauding them for their conduct. My brother's loss in this business was ten killed and about fifty wounded. That of Mir Khan was about a thousand in both. The harkara and sowars were very handsomely rewarded, and we all resumed our march after Amir Khan, who had retired in the direction of Amroha.

THE DEFENCE OF KORYGAUM

IN 1805 Holkar sued for peace, and his example was followed some time later by Amir Khan, who had nothing to lose and much to gain by coming to terms with the English. But even yet the Maratha war could not be said to have ended. From time to time our dominions were invaded by predatory tribes, and though various expeditions were sent out against them, their activity never quite ceased. In 1817 the feeling of resentment, long smouldering in the breasts of the Marathas, burst into flame, and a formal resumption of hostilities was the consequence. This time the leader of the belligerents was the Peshwa, Baji Rao himself, and it was felt that nothing short of his total defeat and removal from authority would suffice to maintain peace. An energetic campaign, conducted in the first place by General Smith and afterwards by General Sir John Malcolm, terminated as the English authorities had planned. Baji Rao surrendered, resigned for himself and his successors all claim

to the throne of Poona, and was removed to Bithur, near Cawnpore, on the Ganges, there to pass the remainder of his days as a pensioner of the Government.

During the war with the Peshwa many fine examples of heroism in trying circumstances were given by our soldiers. Of these, the defence of Korygaum, described below, is perhaps the most celebrated.

THE battalion commenced its march from Serur on the last day of the year, at eight o'clock in the evening. It consisted of little more than 500 rank and file, and was supported by two six-pounders, well manned by twenty-four Europeans of the Madras artillery, under a sergeant and a lieutenant. It was also accompanied by 300 of the newly raised irregular horse, and the whole were under the command of Captain Francis Staunton.

Having marched all night, by ten o'clock on the morning of New Year's Day, 1818, Captain Staunton reached the high ground above the village of Korygaum on the Beema, where he beheld the whole of the Maratha horse, consisting of about 25,000, on the opposite side of the river. He continued his march towards the bank, and the Peshwa's troops believed that he intended to ford; but as soon as he had gained the neighbourhood of the village, he took post in it.

Korygaum is a moderate-sized village, immediately overhanging the steep bank of the Beema; but owing to the immense bed of this river, which

is never filled except during the rains, the channel occupied but a small space between the banks, so that the village was fifty to sixty yards from the water. There is a mud wall which, at one time, probably surrounded the village, though it is now full of large breaches on the side next the river, and on the east is completely open.

Most of the Peshwa's infantry, in number about 5000, had gone up in advance towards the Bhor Ghat, east of Poona; but on first descrying the battalion, orders were sent to recall them. As soon as they arrived, three bodies of 600 choice men in each, consisting of Arabs, Gosains,¹ and regular infantry mixed together, advanced on three different points, under cover of the bank of the river, and supported by two guns to storm the village. A continued shower of rockets was at the same time poured into it, and many of the houses were set on fire.

Captain Staunton had selected a commanding position for the guns; but, unfortunately, the interior of the village was not sufficiently reconnoitred, as there was a strong square enclosure commanding most of the streets, of which the enemy obtained possession, and whence they could not be dislodged. The village was immediately surrounded by horse and foot, and the storming party was supported by fresh troops. All access to the river was speedily cut off; Captain Staunton was destitute of provisions, and this detachment, already fatigued from want of rest, and a long night march, now under a

¹ Men living under vows of poverty, etc.

burning sun, without food or water, began a struggle as trying as ever was maintained by the British in India. Every foot of ground was disputed, several streets were taken and retaken, but more than half the European officers being wounded, the Arabs made themselves masters of a small temple towards the east side of the village, generally used as a choultry,¹ where three of the officers were lying wounded. Assistant-Surgeon Wingate, one of their number, got up, and went out, but was immediately stabbed by the Arabs, and his body cruelly mangled. Lieutenant Swanston, who had two severe wounds, had the presence of mind to advise his remaining companions to suffer the Arabs to rifle them unresistingly, which they did, but committed no further violence; and, in the meantime, a party of the battalion, under Lieutenant Jones and Assistant-Surgeon Wyllie, arrived to their rescue, re-took the choultry, avenged the death of Mr. Wingate, and carried their companions to a place of greater safety.

The sufferings of the wounded became extreme from thirst; and the men who continued the conflict were fainting, or nearly frantic from the dreadful privation of water. Some of the artillerymen, all of whom bore a very conspicuous part in this glorious defence, proposed to Captain Staunton that they should surrender if terms could be obtained. His determined refusal did not satisfy them, and Lieutenant Chisholm, their officer, being killed, the enemy, encouraged by

¹ Lodging place: properly *chawadi*.

this circumstance, rushed upon one of the guns and took it. Lieutenant Thomas Pattinson, adjutant of the battalion, lying mortally wounded, being shot through the body, no sooner heard that the gun was taken, than getting up, he called to the grenadiers "once more to follow him," and seizing a musket by the muzzle, rushed into the middle of the Arabs, striking them down right and left, until a second ball through his body completely disabled him. Lieutenant Pattinson had been nobly seconded; the sepoys thus led were irresistible, the gun was re-taken, and the dead Arabs, literally lying one above another, proved how desperately it had been defended.

The body of Lieutenant Chisholm was found by his gun with the head cut off. Captain Staunton judiciously took advantage of the circumstance by pointing it out to the men, and telling them such was the way all would be served who fell, dead or alive, into the hands of the Marathas; on which they declared that they would die to a man, and the conflict was resumed by all with the most determined valour. Captain Staunton, Lieutenant Jones, and Assistant-Surgeon Wyllie were the only officers who remained fit for duty, and manfully persevered in continuing the defence. Their situation towards evening was very hopeless; Captain Staunton had apprised Colonel Burr of the difficulties he laboured under, and an unavailing attempt from Poona had been made for his relief. As the night fell, however, the vigour of the attack relaxed, and the men were able to



LIEUTENANT PATTINSON AT THE DEFENCE OF KARYGAUM

procure a supply of water. By nine o'clock at night the firing ceased, and the village was evacuated by the Peshwa's troops.

Next morning, the 2nd of January, the Maratha army was still hovering round the village, and Captain Staunton opened his guns upon them as soon as he could see. They appeared to draw off in the direction of Poona; but they had heard of General Smith's approach, who was hastening forward with a very small force, in hopes that the Peshwa might be encouraged to make a stand; but Captain Staunton not knowing of General Smith's advance, and having reason to believe the enemy was in wait for him on the route to Poona, gave out that it was his intention to proceed thither. As soon as it was dark, however, taking as many of the wounded with him as he could carry, he moved out of the village: at first in the direction of Poona, then changing his route, he retreated to Serur, where he arrived next morning with a loss of 175 men in killed and wounded, of whom twenty were of the small detachment of artillery. Besides these, about one-third of the auxiliary horse were killed, wounded and missing.

The Marathas lost 500 or 600 men, and have the generosity on all occasions to do justice to the heroic defenders of Korygaum. During the conflict, the Peshwa sat on some rising ground on the opposite side of the river, about two miles distant. Gokla, Appa, Dessaye, and Trimbakji, directed the attacks, and at the time Trimbakji entered the village, Baji Rao frequently expressed

his impatience, and asked his commanders "where were now their boasts of defeating the English, when they could not overcome one battalion?"

THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON

THE Sikhs, during the time of Ranjit Singh, had always been friendly to the English. Their aims and interests were identical with ours, for they had taken Peshawar from the Afghans and were the sworn enemies of Dost Mohammed. But after the death of Ranjit in 1839 their feelings began to change. We had finally withdrawn from Afghanistan, and were of no more use to them there; on the other hand, we had annexed all the countries on their eastern frontier, where they were most desirous of making new conquests.

The situation thus created, though it did not form an excuse for war, seemed likely to lead to it. A nation of soldiers, trained from childhood to carry arms, the Sikhs could not readily settle down to peaceful pursuits. They wanted some field for the display of their military prowess, and with the exception of Afghanistan—a poor country, offering few opportunities for plunder—it was only to be found in our dominions. Quarrels amongst themselves and the forbearance of the English authorities, put off the evil day; but at last, in 1845, an overt act of hostility brought matters to a crisis.

A formidable army, subject to no control, after hovering for some time on the frontier, crossed the Sutlej into British territory on the 13th of December. There was no reason for the movement, and it was rightly treated as equivalent

to a declaration of war. Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, who had his headquarters at Ambala, set out at once for Ferozepore, the nearest town on the enemy's line of march. At the same time another division of the army was dispatched from Ladiana, and the two forces met at Mudki, where the Sikhs gave battle.

The contest began at three in the afternoon, and lasted till after dark. The Sikhs, better supplied with heavy artillery and vastly superior in numbers, held their own for some time. Then the British infantry advanced, bayonet in hand, and stormed the enemy's position. At close quarters, the Sikhs were no match for our soldiers, who drove them from post after post with great slaughter and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre. The victory, however, was dearly purchased. We lost close on a thousand men in killed and wounded, among the former being Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Ghazni and Jellalabad.

After the battle of Mudki, the Sikhs fell back on the village of Firozshuhur, where they occupied an entrenched camp about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. Here they were attacked by Sir Hugh Gough, who now had the assistance of the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, as his second in command. The engagement, though marked by many acts of gallantry on the part of the English, was an indecisive one, and a third battle took place soon afterwards at Aliwal. This time the result was more satisfactory. The Sikhs were completely surrounded, and driven back on the river Sutlej, across which they fled in the utmost confusion, leaving many of their guns behind them.

But they were not yet subdued. Two severe disasters in the field had taught them that they were no match for the English in open fight; but at Firozshuhur they had been able to offer a stubborn resistance under cover of their entrenchments. Resolved to pursue that plan of warfare in future, they recrossed the river to the village of Sobraon, which they entrenched and occupied with 30,000 of their best troops. Sir Hugh Gough, apprised of their position, moved forward to the attack, and on the morning of the 9th February, 1846, took possession of the neighbouring village of Little Sobraon.

ON the evening of the 9th, some Sikh guns had been heard in the direction of the river, and it was supposed that they were signal ones, announcing the approaching event. But it appeared that this was not the case; for on Captain Grant's battery of horse-artillery guns beginning at daybreak to play on the entrenchment from Little Sobraon, the Sikh drums were heard distinctly beating to arms. When the sun rose and dispelled the fog, a magnificent sight presented itself on all sides. In front were the gun and mortar batteries forming a semi-circle, while Rhodawala was seen in the rear, filled with armed men. Masses of European infantry covered the plain, and every thing portended deadly strife.

On the margin of the Sutlej on the left, two brigades of Major-General Sir Robert Dick's division, under his personal command, stood ready to commence the assault against the enemy's extreme right. The 7th brigade, in

which was the 10th foot, reinforced by the 58rd foot, and led by Brigadier Stacey, was to head the attack, supported at 200 yards distance by the 6th brigade, under Brigadier the Hon. T. Ashburnham, which was to move forward from the entrenched village of Rhodawala, leaving, if necessary, a regiment for its defence. In the centre Major-General Gilbert's division was deployed for support or attack, its right resting on the village of Little Sobraon.

Major-General Sir Harry Smith's division was formed near the village of Guttah, with its right thrown up towards the Sutlej; Brigadier Cureton's cavalry threatened by feigned attacks the ford of Harriki, and the enemy's horse, under Raja Lal Singh Mir, on the opposite bank. Brigadier Campbell, taking an intermediate position in the rear, between Major-General Gilbert's right, and Major-General Sir Harry Smith's left protected both. Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, under whom was Brigadier Scott, held in reserve on our left, ready to aid, as circumstances might demand, the rest of the cavalry.

It has been mentioned that the British guns from Little Sobraon had given the Sikhs warning of our approach. But it was half-past six before the whole of our artillery fire was developed. Nothing could be grander than the effect of the batteries when they opened, as the cannonade passed along from the Sutlej to Little Sobraon, in one continued roar of guns and mortars; while, ever and anon, the rocket, like a spirit of fire, winged its rapid flight high above the

batteries in its progress towards the Sikh entrenchment. Well might the commander-in-chief call the opening of the cannonade "most spirited and well directed." The Sikh guns responded with shot and shells, but neither appeared to do much execution; the latter were seen bursting in mid-air long ere they reached the British batteries; while some of the shot passed over Rhodawala and struck the ground in front of General Gilbert's division. It now became a grand artillery concert, and the infantry divisions and brigades looked on with a certain degree of vexation, lest the artillery should have the whole work to themselves! The commander-in-chief was determined to give full play to an arm which he did not possess to an efficient extent in other hard-fought battles. It was reported that the guns were to play for four hours at least; but the rapid firing nearly exhausted the ammunition before half that time had elapsed; and it was once more to be proved that the British infantry were not to remain mute spectators of a battle.

Tej Singh, by all accounts, maintained his confidence in the strength of his position when attacked; and his French officer, Monsieur Mouton, is said to have assured him that it was utterly impossible for the British to make good their entrance. Compared with Firozshuhur, the works at Sobraon were fortifications, in the construction of which no labour had been spared; the utmost ingenuity of the Sikhs and their European advisers was exerted to render this.

their last stronghold, impregnable; and so the Frenchman believed it to be.

The effect of the British cannonade was, as has since been proved by an inspection of the camp, most severely felt by the enemy; but it soon became evident that the issue of this struggle must be brought to the arbitrament of musketry and the bayonet.

At nine o'clock, Brigadier Stacey's brigade, supported on either flank by Captains Horsford's and Fordyce's batteries, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lane's troop of horse artillery, moved to the attack in admirable order. The infantry and guns aided each other correlatively. The former marched steadily on in line, which they halted only to correct when necessary; the latter took up successive positions at the gallop, until, at length, they were within 300 yards of the heavy batteries of the Sikhs. But notwithstanding the regularity, coolness, and scientific character of this assault, which Brigadier Wilkinson well supported, so hot was the fire of cannon, musketry and zamburkas¹ kept up by the Khalsa troops that it seemed for some moments impossible that the entrenchment could be won under it.

Persevering gallantry triumphed, however, and the whole army soon had the satisfaction to see Brigadier Stacey's soldiers driving the Sikhs in confusion before them within the area of their encampment. The 10th foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Franks, now, for the first time, brought into serious contact with the enemy, greatly

¹ Small pieces of ordnance like the falconet.

distinguished themselves. This regiment never fired a shot until it had got within the works of the enemy. The onset of Her Majesty's 53rd foot was as gallant and effective. The 43rd and 59th Native infantry, brigaded with them, emulated both in cool determination.

Meanwhile, orders had been sent to General Gilbert to move forward to Stacey's support. We happened to be with a portion of Gilbert's division when the order arrived from the Governor-General, and the troops immediately advanced. Onward they went; but if intended to support Stacey on the right of the enemy's position they missed the object, for they unfortunately came in front of the centre and strongest portion of the encampment, unsupported by either artillery or cavalry. Her Majesty's 29th and the 1st European Light Infantry with undaunted bravery rushed forward, crossing a dry nullah, and found themselves exposed to one of the hottest fires of musketry that can possibly be imagined; and what rendered it still more galling was that the Sikhs were themselves concealed behind high walls, over which the European soldiers could not climb.

To remain under such a fire without the power of returning it with any effect would have been madness: the men would have been annihilated. Thrice did Her Majesty's 29th Regiment charge the works, and thrice were they obliged to retire, each time followed by the Sikhs, who spared none, and cut to pieces the wounded. Similar was the fate of the 1st European light infantry,

who, in retiring, had their ranks thinned by musketry, and their wounded men and officers cut up by the savage Sikhs. To the latter, the nullah presented an admirable defence, for the slope was towards them, while the Europeans on the high bank were completely exposed. At length, the second division, which at Firozshuhur had driven the Sikhs before them, capturing their guns at the point of the bayonet, and entering their encampment, were led to the right of the entrenchment at Sobraon.

As these attacks of the centre and right commenced, the fire of our heavy guns had first to be directed to the right, and then gradually to cease; but, at one time, the thunder of full 120 pieces of ordnance reverberated in the mighty combat through the valley of the Sutlej; and, as it was soon seen that the weight of the whole force within the Sikh camp was likely to be thrown on the two brigades that had passed its trenches, it became necessary to convert the demonstration into close and serious attacks, with skirmishers and artillery of the centre and right.

The battle raged with inconceivable fury from right to left. The Sikhs, even when at particular points their entrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, strove to regain them by the fiercest conflict, sword in hand. Nor was it until the cavalry of the left, under Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, had ridden through the openings in the entrenchments, made by our sappers; and the 3rd Dragoons, galloped over and cut down the obstinate defenders of batteries

and field works; and the weight of three divisions of infantry, with every field artillery gun which could be sent to their aid, had been cast into the scale; that victory finally declared for the British. The fire of the Sikhs first slackened, and then nearly ceased; and the victors pressing them on every side, precipitated them in masses over their bridge, and into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered hardly fordable. In their efforts to reach the right bank through the deepened water they suffered a terrible carnage from our horse artillery.

Hundreds fell under this cannonade; hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. This awful slaughter, confusion and dismay, were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their generous conquerors, if the Khalsa troops had not, in the earlier part of the action, sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangling every wounded soldier, whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy.

I must pause in this narrative, especially to notice the determined hardihood and bravery with which our two battalions of Gurkhas, the Sirmur and Nussiri, met the Sikhs whenever they were opposed to them. Soldiers of small stature, but indomitable spirit, they vied in ardent courage in the charge with grenadiers of our own nation, and armed with the short weapon of their mountains,¹ were a terror to the Sikhs throughout this great combat.

¹ The kukuri, half bill-hook, half falchion.

Seventy guns were supposed to be in the entrenchment at Sobraon, and of these, sixty-seven were captured, with upwards of two hundred camel swivels (zamburkas), as well as numerous standards. Before noon the battle was over, having lasted, without intermission, from day-break. It might be well termed a glorious fight, and complete in its results. The battles of Mudki, Firozshuhur and Aliwal, though great ones, were less decisive; they had, indeed, weakened the power of the Sikhs, but that of Sobraon had completely broken it.

THE SIEGE OF MULTAN

WITH the battle of Sobraon the first Sikh war came to an end. The commander-in-chief marched to Lahore and took military possession of the citadel, after which terms were dictated to the Maharaja. All the Sikh territories on the left bank of the Sutlej and that tract on the right bank known as the Jalindar Doab were confiscated; the numbers of the Lahore army were limited by treaty; and a body of British troops was left to garrison the capital.

The heavy war indemnity demanded by Sir Henry Hardinge made it necessary for the Lahore government to pay more attention to the revenues than they had hitherto done. This brought them into conflict with several of the Sikh chiefs, and in particular with one, Mulraj, diwan¹ of the province of Multan, who was openly aspiring to independence. Mulraj refused to pay the sum demanded of him, and

¹ Head administrator.

a body of troops was dispatched to bring him to his senses. An encounter took place, in which the government forces were defeated and compelled to retire. Eventually, through English mediation, Mulraj abandoned his hostile attitude; but, rather than pay tribute, he announced his intention of resigning the charge of the province. Mr. John Lawrence, the Resident, believing he was not sincere, gave him time to reconsider the matter. But Mulraj persisted, and at last a new diwan was appointed.

He set out for Multan accompanied by two British officers, Mr. P. A. V. Agnew of the civil service and Lieutenant W. A. Anderson of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers. Mulraj received them at the fort, handed over the keys, and allowed them to put two Gurkha companies in possession. Why he should have done so is not clear, unless he changed his mind at the last moment. For the British officers had no sooner started to return to their camp than they were set on by some of Mulraj's followers and severely wounded. With the assistance of Khan Sing, the newly appointed diwan, and some Gurkhas, they succeeded in getting back to the camp, which, in anticipation of an attack, they began to put in a state of defence. But the Lahore troops provided for this escort refused to act, and the following day Mulraj's men rushed in, made Khan Sing prisoner, and barbarously murdered the two officers.

Mr. Agnew, before he died, had found time to report these occurrences to the Resident and also to Lieutenant Edwardes, who, with a party of irregulars, was employed in settling the country and collecting the revenue in the neigh-

bourhood of Leiah. The Resident's first impulse was to order the advance of the British movable column from Lahore on Multan; but the probable disaffection of the whole Sikh army restrained him, and he communicated with the commander-in-chief. The latter, then at Simla, was against taking immediate action, which he considered would be "uncertain, if not altogether impracticable," in view of the advanced season of the year. With this opinion the Governor-General agreed, and the punishment of the rebels was postponed.

Meanwhile, however, Lieutenant Edwardes had begun to advance on Multan. His whole force consisted of twelve infantry companies and 350 sowars, with two guns and twenty zam-burkas; but he recruited his strength among the Afghans of the neighbourhood; and at Girang on the Indus was joined by a Sikh infantry regiment, which gave him a grand total of about 4000 men. Lieutenant Edwardes, who knew the country and the Sikh methods of warfare, was quite satisfied with this small force, which he believed to be adequate for the task before him. As it turned out, his confidence was justified. In spite of the disaffection of some 800 men, he drove Mulraj's adherents before him as he advanced, capturing place after place, until he arrived at the village of Kincyree. Here he was met by the rebel army under Mulraj's brother-in-law, Rang Ram, and a pitched battle took place. The English, though greatly out-numbered, were victorious and the enemy fled in disorder. They made one more stand at Suddusam, then shut themselves up within the walls of the city of Multan.

So strong did Lieutenant Edwardes now feel that he wrote to the Resident offering to undertake the siege of Multan by himself, without any assistance from the regular troops. His offer was not accepted; but the unexpected turn which affairs had taken induced the Resident to dispatch General Whish, with 8000 men of the Punjab forces, 32 pieces of siege ordnance and 12 horse-artillery guns, "for the reduction of the town and fort of Multan."

The troops arrived early in September, 1848, and, having been joined by the irregulars under Lieutenant Edwardes, soon obtained possession of the suburbs of Multan.

It was not intended that the irregular troops should take any share in the actual operations of the siege. On them devolved the duty of keeping open the communications with the rear, protecting dépôts, and escorting military stores to the army. But finding that the Bombay division could not, without a harassing amount of duty, maintain possession of the long line of suburbs it had seized, Lieutenant Lake and I volunteered to relieve it of the charge of Sidi Lal-Ke-Beyd, and thus leave the whole of the British force at liberty to prosecute the siege without fear of its left flank being turned. The offer was accepted, and handsomely acknowledged by General Whish; and in this position the besieging armies remained throughout the siege, with the Bengal division on the right, the Bombay in the centre, and the irregulars on the left.

On the 29th, two thousand of the enemy made a sally from the Delhi Gate of the city, and attacked the irregular position, but were dislodged from the gardens they had occupied, and driven back within the walls, after an hour and a half's hard fighting. The palm was this day carried off by a new volunteer, Mr. MacMahon, who had joined me only a few days before, and who now earned his title to be brought especially to notice, by encountering in single combat the leader of the enemy's infantry, a powerful Sikh, whom he killed with one blow which divided his head.

So kindly indeed did this gentleman take to the work that the men I had given him to command, and who thought themselves responsible for his safety, proceeded to take him back with bent and dripping sword, to the spot where, side by side with Sir Henry Lawrence, I was directing the movements of the troops.

On the 30th of December, a shell from a mortar laid by Lieutenant Newall of the Bengal Artillery, pierced the supposed bomb-proof dome of the Grand Mosque in the citadel, which formed the enemy's principal magazine, and descending into the combustibles below, blew the vast fabric into the air.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, rose up that mass of smoke and costly ruin, followed by an explosion which seemed to shake both armies at their posts. The dark volume expanded as it mounted in the sky, and hundreds of separate circles (each with its own tale of perished arch or

minaret) might be seen wheeling with the varying rapidity of the impetus they had received, and the burden that they bore. Then at a vast height the heavy cloud stood still, like some great tree, and its shadow fell as night over the camps below. All action was suspended; not a gun was fired; every eye was turned up with awe, and watched the strange vision gradually sink and disappear. And when it passed away, and of that late lofty but desecrated fane of the Moslem not a single vestige was to be seen, the besieging army raised one long shout of triumph, and again plied the instruments of destruction.

On the 2nd of January the breach in the Khani Barj bastion of the city was declared practicable; and a second at the Delhi Gate was thought "sufficiently good to allow of an attempt being made upon it as a diversion." General Whish determined to try both; and a party from the Bengal division was told off for the Delhi Gate breach, and one from the Bombay division for the breach at the bastion. The irregular force was to assist both by a diversion on the left. The diversion was commenced at one, and the assault by a sign from the batteries at three p.m.

The storming party of the Delhi Gate had no sooner emerged from the suburbs than they found themselves on the edge of a deep intervening hollow; after crossing which, under a heavy fire of matchlocks, they "found to their surprise the city wall in front, about thirty feet in height, unbreached, and totally impracticable."

They had the mortification, therefore, of retiring; but repaired at once to the breach at the Khani Barj bastion to assist their more fortunate comrades in the city.

The bastion was assaulted by three companies of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers, under Captain Leith. They found the breach easy to be surmounted, but it was re-entrenched inside, and a terrific struggle ensued for victory, in which the gallant Leith was severely wounded, and carried off the field. His place was taken by Lieutenant Gray; and Colour-Sergeant John Bennet of the 1st Fusiliers having planted the colours of Old England on the very crest of the breach, and stood beside it till the flag and staff were riddled with balls, the Fusiliers remembered the legends of their ancient corps, and closing with the rebels, soon made the city of Multan their own. Then arose from every crowded height and battery, whence the exciting struggle had been watched, the shouts of applauding comrades; and through the deafening roar of musketry, which pealed along the ramparts, and marked the hard-earned progress of the victorious columns through the streets, both friend and foe might distinctly hear that sound never to be forgotten—the "Hurrah!" of a British army after battle.

Thus fell the blood-stained city of Multan. Where are now the citizens who hooted on the murderers of Anderson and Agnew?—the idolaters who, with fresh-painted foreheads, and garlands of flowers in their hands, prostrated

themselves with joy before their unconscious gods, and thanked them for the death of the Christians? Silent—shame-stricken—hiding in holes and corners—invisible, or kneeling in the mud for mercy—mercy from the Christian conqueror, to whose countrymen they had shown none!

No sooner did Mulraj see that the breach in the city walls was carried by the British, than he closed the gates of the fort upon the unsuccessful defenders of the city, and thus left three-fourths of his army at the mercy of their enemies. He retained with himself in the citadel only the three thousand picked men required for its defence.

The indignant garrison of the city, deserted on one side by the master whose miserable existence they had prolonged, and pursued on the other up every street and alley by the British, saw no hope left for them in Multan; and scrambling over the western walls, or issuing at the Lohari gate, concealed themselves till night among the Afghan suburbs; then, under cover of the darkness, dispersed and fled, without gain or honour, to their distant homes.

Never did broken vessel, left high and dry on some inhospitable shore after a storm, exhibit a more perfect wreck than the city of Multan, on the 3rd of January, 1849. Its streets were strewn with slain, chiefly Sikhs, whose long religious locks, spread wildly out on the ground, gave their dead a demoniac look, which no one who has walked over a Sikh battle-field can forget.

There was scarce a roof or wall in the city which had not been penetrated by the English shells; and whole houses, scorched and blackened by the bombardment, seemed about to fall over the corpses of their defenders. A more awful scene of retribution I never saw!

Soon, however, was this City of the Dead alive again with armed men. It was determined to attack the fort from the city side, as well as the north-east; and British regiments were poured in to occupy the various posts pointed out by the engineers.

On the 4th of January a brigade of the Bombay division marched round, and encamped on the north of the fort; and communicating by picquets and patrols with the Bengal division on the east, and with a detachment of irregulars on the west, completed, for the first time, the investment of Multan.

It was a peculiarity of this siege of Multan, that it was not only shared in by regular and irregular troops, but by British seamen. Commander Powell, of the Honourable East India Company's Navy, had from the very commencement largely assisted the operations against Multan, by rapidly conveying troops and military stores, and cutting off the enemy's boats by means of the steamers of the Indus flotilla under his command. No sooner had the siege been regularly begun, than this indefatigable officer conceived the design of assisting the artillerymen, by volunteering to work one of the heavy batteries with sailors of the Indian navy.

The gallant offer was accepted; and throughout the siege these "jolly tars" took watch and watch with their comrades on the shore. It was a fine sight to see their manly faces, bronzed by long exposure to the burning sun of the Red Sea or Persian Gulf, mingling with the dark soldiers of Hindustan, or contrasting with the fairer, but not healthier, occupants of the European barrack. They looked on their battery as a ship; their eighteen-pounders as so many sweethearts, and the embrasures as port-holes. "Now, Jack, shove your head out at that port, and just hear what my little girl says to that 'ere pirate, Moll Rag!" was the kind of conversation you heard on board of the sailor-battery as you passed.

Either the "pirates" derived more than usual annoyance from this amphibious attack, or the sailor-battery had been erected in a position most galling to the garrison; for, on the 9th of January, they bent such a storm of shells on it as to set fire to the fascines of which it was composed, and burn the battery to the ground. The guns were with the greatest difficulty withdrawn, and powder saved, by the exertions of the seamen.

On the night of the 12th of January, the garrison made an unsuccessful sortie on the British trenches, and were repulsed by Major Napier, the directing engineer on duty, and Lieutenant Galloway, at the head of a party of Her Majesty's 10th Foot. This was the only exhibition of enterprise made by the garrison

during the siege, though their defence was desperate.

On the 14th, the British sappers crowned the crest of the glacis at the north-east angle of the citadel with a cavalier, only fifteen feet from the edge of the ditch, and so close to the enemy that they threw brickbats into it from the neighbouring bastion.

On the 19th, General Whish examined two breaches which had now been effected by the artillery in the vast fortress before them, one on the north face and one on the south, and both seemed very nearly practicable. The same evening Mulraj asked permission to send a confidential agent to the General; and he was told in reply that, if his object was surrender, he had better do so at 8 a.m. next day, and any messengers sent with any other communication would be immediately made prisoners. No answer being received to this, orders were issued for storming both breaches on the morning of the 21st; but the counterscarp on the city side not having been blown in, the assault was postponed till 6 a.m. on the 22nd.

Mulraj was now reduced to the last extremity. The interior of the fortress was a wreck; a constant storm of shells was falling into it day and night, rendering it impossible for a man inside to move; and two breaches had been made so practicable, that dogs and horses, whom the rebels drove over as an experiment, walked up and down with ease. Large numbers, too, of the garrison had deserted and either surrendered

to me or been taken prisoners by the investing cavalry; while those who yet remained told the diwan plainly that he must either sally out at the head of his troops, and cut his way through the besiegers, or immediately surrender, as flesh and blood could stand the British fire no longer.

Mulraj hesitated and again attempted to parley, but his overtures were not allowed to arrest the progress of the siege. All night the guns thundered at the breaches, and the shells burst over the heartbroken garrison. At day-break, the British troops took up their final positions to storm the broken fortress of Multan. At 7 a.m., Diwan Mulraj intimated his wish to come out and surrender, and the British batteries ceased firing.

At 9 a.m., the murderer of Agnew and Anderson gave himself up to justice.

Thus ended the siege of Multan. It occupied twenty-seven days, and effected two practicable breaches. In it the British loss was 210 men killed and 982 wounded; and upwards of thirteen thousand shot and twenty-six thousand shells were poured into the fort and city.

The besieging army did not march away to other fields without performing its last melancholy duty to the memory of Agnew and Anderson.

The bodies of those officers were carefully—I may say affectionately—removed from the careless grave where they lay side by side, and, wrapped in cashmere shawls, were borne, by the soldiers of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers

(Anderson's own regiment), to an honoured resting-place on the summit of Mulraj's citadel. By what way borne? Through the gate where they had been first assaulted? Oh no!—through the broad and sloping breach which had been made by the British guns in the walls of the rebellious fortress of Multan.

The capture of Multan, did not, as was hoped, put an end to trouble in the Punjab. Many of the chiefs were in sympathy with Mulraj, and the latter's defeat was the signal for a general rising all over the country. But the second Sikh war did not last long. Two important battles were fought: the first, at Chilianwala, though fiercely contested, was indecisive; the second, at Gujrat, resulted in a great victory for the English and the annexation of the Punjab.

Practically all India was now ours, but there were still a few districts whose rulers retained nominal independence. During the next five years all of these, including Oude, a large and fertile state, were annexed to the Crown. At the same time, as a result of a second war with Burmah, we obtained important concessions on our eastern frontier, which made the British East Indian Empire a solid and compact whole.

THE RETREAT FROM KABUL

As the result of internal disturbances in Afghanistan, the rightful ruler, Shah Shuja, fled, and Dost Mohammed made himself Amir. His alliance with Russia caused Lord Auckland, the

Governor-General, to declare war on him, and Sir John Keane with 21,000 men occupied Kabul and Kandahar. Shah Shuja, after thirty years of exile, entered the capital in state, and was once more seated on the throne of his fathers. His rival, Dost Mohammed, fled on the approach of the allied forces, but was ultimately captured and removed to Hindustan. Everything seemed to favour the plans of the Government. The people of Kabul, if not exactly enthusiastic, raised no objection to the restoration of their former sovereign. Courts were held in the palace, commands issued, honours dispensed; and no man questioned the authority by which these things were done.

But the adherents of Dost Mohammed were only biding their time. They had the country behind them; for Shah Shuja, from his long absence, was a stranger amongst his own people, and the manner of his return, at the head of an army of foreigners and infidels, irked the proud spirit of the Afghans. Intrigues went on from the first. When most of our troops retired, leaving only a few thousand men under the command of General Elphinstone to assist in maintaining order, the popular unrest soon became apparent. Rebellious words paved the way to deeds, and on the 2nd of November, 1841, Sir Alexander Burnes, the British resident, and the members of his household were barbarously murdered.

This was the signal for a general uprising. The British troops were attacked in cantonments, and their commissariat stores seized. Unable to cope with the fanatic hordes now arrayed against them, the English sent urgent requests for

reinforcements, first to General Nott at Ghazni, then to Brigadier Sale at Jellalabad. The former sent as many troops as he could spare; but the snow, which lay four or five feet deep between Ghazni and Kabul, soon forced them to abandon the march. Sale, who had reached Jellalabad only with the greatest difficulty, was now besieged in the fort and could not spare a man.

In these circumstances, General Elphinstone began to think of coming to terms with the rebels. A conference was arranged, and Sir William Macnaghten, the Government envoy, rode out, accompanied by three officers and some troopers, to treat with Akbar Khan, eldest son of Dost Mohammed. He never returned. While pretending to negotiate, the Afghan chief suddenly turned upon him and shot him dead; the three officers were carried away and imprisoned in Akbar Khan's fort.

There now seemed no hope for the army except in retreat, and a junction with Sale at Jellalabad was decided upon. But the difficulties of getting safely away from Kabul were so great that, in spite of the proved treachery of the rebels, another attempt was made to negotiate with them. Akbar Khan promised that if all the coin in the public treasury, all the artillery except six guns, and all the muskets not required by the soldiers, were given up to him, he would do his best to ensure the safety of the army. His terms were acceded to, and our part of the bargain was carried out. But the Afghan chief took no steps to fulfil his promise, and General Elphinstone, convinced that further delay would only add to our difficulties, ordered an advance from cantonments on the 6th of January, 1842.

HAD the whole of Elphinstone's army crossed the Kabul river before noon, and pushed on with all possible dispatch, it might have been saved. But the delays which arose on that dreadful morning sealed the fate of the force. The day was well-nigh lost. It was a day of suffering and confusion, presaging worse suffering and confusion to come. The advanced guard under Brigadier Anquetil moved out with some order and steadiness, but in a little while the rush of camp followers destroyed all semblance of military array. They mixed themselves up with the soldiers—a vast overwhelming assemblage of ten or twelve thousand men. It was vain to attempt to manage them. On they went, struggling through the snow—making scant progress in their confusion and bewilderment—scarcely knowing whether they were rushing on to death.

The main body under Brigadier Shelton, with its strings of baggage-laden cattle, was moving out of cantonments during the greater part of the day. The rearguard manned the cantonment-walls, and looked down upon a scene of uproar beyond the imagination to conceive. The enemy, as the English advanced, began to be busy at their work of plunder. Dashing in among the baggage, they cut down the helpless camp-followers, and carried off whatever they could seize. The snow was soon plashed with blood. From the opening in the ramparts to the bridge across the river streamed one great tide of soldiers and camp-followers, camels and



RETREAT OF THE BRITISH ARMY FROM KABUL

ponies; and at the bridge there was an enormous mass of struggling life, from which arose shouts, and yells and oaths—an indescribable uproar of discordant sounds.

At six o'clock the rearguard marched out of cantonments, and, moved by one common thirst of plunder, the Afghans poured themselves upon the abandoned homes of the English. The Feringhis had left little behind them. They had destroyed almost everything they could not carry away. But at all events there were buildings standing there—buildings erected by the English for their own purposes—insolent monuments of the Feringhi invasion. The work of the incendiary commenced. The mission-house, the General's quarters, and other public buildings were soon ablaze; and the British army, now scattered over the whole line of country between Kabul and Begrami, some already at the halting-ground and others only now starting on their dreary march, looked out through the frosty night at the great conflagration, which lit up the sky like a stormy sunset, and for miles around reddened the great coverlid of snow.

Not until two hours after midnight did the rearguard reach its camping-ground, on the right bank of the river, near Begrami. They had now only accomplished five or six miles of their journey; but they had seen enough to fill them with horrible forebodings of the fate that was in store for them. The road was strewn with dying wretches, smitten by the unendurable cold. The miserable people of Hindustan—the weaker

women and young children—had already begun to lay themselves down to die in the snow. Even the sepoy were sinking on the line of march, and quietly awaiting death.

The night was one of suffering and horror. There was no order—no method in anything that was done. The different regiments encamped anywhere. Soldiers and camp-followers, horses, camels and baggage-ponies, were huddled together in one inextricable mass. Nothing had been done to render more endurable the rigour of the northern winter. Some of the weary wretches never rose again; others awoke to find themselves crippled for life by the biting frost.

In the morning the camp-followers struggled on ahead, and many of the sepoy went with them. Discipline was fast disappearing. The regiments were dwindling down to the merest skeletons. It was no longer a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight. The enemy were pressing on our rear; seizing our baggage; capturing our guns; cutting up all in their way. Our soldiers, weary, feeble, and frost-bitten, could make no stand against the fierce charges of the Afghan horsemen. It seemed that the whole rearguard would speedily be cut off.

The Nawab Zemaun Khan had ever borne himself as a worthy enemy. He had exerted himself on the preceding day to control the fierce passions of his countrymen, and now he wrote to Major Pottinger, exhorting him to arrest the progress of the retreating army, and promising

to send supplies of food and firewood, and to disperse the fanatic bands which were hovering so destructively on our flanks. Pottinger went to the General; and the General consented to the halt. Shelton, on the other hand, was eager for an advance. He believed that their only chance of safety lay in a rapid forward movement, shaking off the camp-followers as they went. In this conviction he hurried forward to Elphinstone and implored him to proceed. But the General was not to be moved; and the army halted at But-Khak.

Here Akbar Khan appeared on the scene, with a body of some six hundred horsemen. Pottinger saw him in the distance, and dispatched Captain Skinner, with a flag of truce, to communicate with him. Skinner brought back a friendly message. The sirdar, he said, had reproached the British authorities for their hasty movement on the preceding morning; but added that he had come out to protect them from the attacks of the Ghazis. His instructions were to demand other hostages as security for the evacuation of Jellalabad; and to arrest the progress of the troops, supplying them with everything they required until such time as intelligence of the retirement of Sale's force should be received. "It was too late to send a reply," wrote Pottinger in his report of these proceedings, "and nothing was determined; but some persons persuaded the General to abandon his intention of marching by night." And so the doomed force, whilst the enemy were mustering to block up the passes in

advance, spent another night of inactivity and suffering in the cruel snow.

There was no shelter—no firewood—no food. The sepoy burnt their caps and accoutrements to obtain a little temporary warmth. One officer narrates how he and eleven others “crowded round the hot ashes of a pistol-case, and with some bottles of wine still remaining, tried to keep off the effect of the cold.” They then all huddled together and lay down on the ground to sleep.

Next day Skinner again went out to meet the sirdar. It was proposed that the army should either halt on their present ground at But-Khak, or make their way to Tezin, there to await intelligence of the evacuation of Jellalabad. Three hostages were demanded as security for Sale's retreat—Major Pottinger, Captain Lawrence and any other officer whom the former might select. Pottinger named Colin Mackenzie, than whom there was not in all the army a braver or a better soldier, and those three officers placed themselves in the hands of Akbar Khan.

It was agreed that the force should push on to Tezin, there to await certain tidings of the evacuation of Jellalabad. Between But-Khak and Tezin lies the pass of Kurd-Kabul. For a distance of five miles it runs between precipitous mountain-ranges, so narrow and so shut in on either side that the sun rarely penetrates its gloomy recesses. Into this terrible defile the disorganized force now struggled in fearful confusion. In vain did Akbar Khan issue his orders; in vain did his principal adherents exert them-

selves to control the hordes of fanatic Ghilzais, who poured upon our struggling rabble a deadly fire from their jezails. Pent in between the walls of the narrow pass, now splashing through the mountain torrent, now floundering through the snow which filled the hollows, or was banked up beside the stream, the wretched fugitives fell an easy prey to the Ghilzai marksmen, who shot them down from the hill-sides. It was not a time to think of saving anything but human life. Baggage, ammunition, public and private property were abandoned; and the sepoy suffered their very firelocks to be taken out of their hands.

That night the force again halted in the snow, now deepened by a heavy fall, which, as the army neared the high table-land of Kurd-Kabul, had increased the bitterness of the march. At early morn there was another rush of camp-followers and undisciplined sepoy to the front; but the march of the troops, which had been ordered at ten o'clock, was countermanded by the General. Akbar Khan was then offering to supply the force with provisions, and to do his best for its future protection. At his suggestion a halt was ordered by Elphinstone; and the perishing troops sat down in the snow, which another march would have cleared, for a day of painful uncertainty.

The native troops led by Shah Shuja's cavalry now began to bethink themselves of escaping from the horrors of the retreat by going over to the enemy. The General had paraded the ruins of the different regiments to repel an anticipated attack; and Captain Grant, the adjutant-general,

British force made its way down the steep descents of the Haft-Kotul, into a narrow defile strewn with the remains of the camp-followers and soldiers, who had pushed on in advance of the column. As they passed down the defile the enemy opened a destructive fire on their rear, then commanded by Shelton. With a handful of Europeans he repulsed their attacks, though obliged to nurse his ammunition by a watchful check on its expenditure. "Nobly and heroically," says Shelton in his rapid narrative of the march, "these fine fellows stood by me." The gallantry of these few men was, for a time, the salvation of the whole.

After another attempt at negotiation, resulting only in the same demand for the disarming of the remnant of the force, it was determined, at Shelton's suggestion, that a desperate effort should be made to reach Jugdulluck by a rapid night march. Enfeebled by starvation, the troops were little able to struggle forward on their perilous march over a difficult country, and in the face of an active enemy. But despair gave them strength; and when the order was given, having spiked their last remaining gun, they moved off lightly and quietly.

It was a bright frosty night. For some miles they proceeded unmolested. But when, at Seh-Baba, the enemy again opened a fire upon their rear, the camp-followers rushed to the front, and when firing was heard ahead of the column again fell back on the rear. Thus surging backwards and forwards, these miserable camp-followers, in the wildness of their fear, overwhelmed the

handful of soldiers who were still able and willing to show a front to the enemy, blocked up the road, and presented to the eyes of the Afghan marksmen a dark mass of humanity which could not escape their fire even under cover of the night.

Soon after daybreak the advance reached Kutter-Sung. They were still ten miles from Jugdulluck. Halting only till the rearguard had come up, they pushed on with an energy which at the commencement of the retreat might have saved the force from destruction. Shelton, with a few brave men of the rearguard, faced the overwhelming crowd of Afghans in a way worthy of British soldiers. Keeping them from closing in upon the column, but suffering terribly under the fire of their jezails, they made their way at last to the ground where the advance had halted, near some ruined walls on a height by the roadside. A party of officers, who had extended themselves in line on the height to show an inspiring front to the enemy, received them with a cheer.

The hot fire of the enemy's jezails drove the survivors of the Kabul army to seek safety behind the ruined walls, near which they had posted themselves. Withdrawn from the excitement of the actual conflict, the men now began to suffer agonies of hunger and thirst. They scooped up the snow in their hands and greedily devoured it. But it only increased their torments. There was a stream of pure water near at hand, but they could not approach it without being struck down by the fire of the enemy. The ever active commissariat officer, Johnson,

found among the camp-followers three bullocks, which were instantly killed and served out to the famishing European soldiers.

But the respite was short. The men had lain down in the snow, to snatch a little brief repose after a long vigil of thirty hours, when the enemy poured in volley after volley upon their resting place, and compelled them to quit the enclosure in which they had bivouacked. Individual acts of heroism were not wanting at this time to give something of dignity even to this melancholy retreat. A handful of the 44th Regiment here made a gallant rush at the enemy and cleared all the ground before them. Thinking that our whole force would follow them, the Afghans fled in dismay. But the little party was soon recalled to the main body, which again retired behind the ruined walls; and again the enemy returned to pour upon them the destructive fire of their terrible jezails.

All night long and throughout the next day the force halted at Jugdulluck. In the meanwhile Skinner had returned with a message from the sirdar, inviting the General, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson to a conference. They went, and were received with every possible demonstration of kindness and hospitality. Food was placed before them, and draughts of tea satisfied their thirst. Through Captain Johnson, who understood the language, the wishes of the General were conveyed to Akbar Khan. The sirdar promised to send provisions and water to the famishing troops, but insisted on retaining the General, Shelton and Johnson, as hostages

for the evacuation of Jellalabad. Elphinstone earnestly entreated permission to return to his troops, urged that, as commanding officer of the force, his desertion would appear dishonourable in the eyes of his countrymen, and promised, on returning to camp, to send Brigadier Anquetil in his place. But the sirdar was inexorable; and so General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson remained as hostages in the hands of Akbar Khan.

The sirdar was implored to save the remnant of the unhappy force; and he promised to exert all the authority he possessed to restrain the tribes from their unholy work of massacre and plunder. But the petty chiefs of the country between Jugdulluck and Jellalabad came flocking in; and it seemed impossible to control their hatred and vindictiveness.

Mohammed Shah Khan undertook to work upon their known love of money, and asked whether the British were prepared to pay two lakhs of rupees for safe-conduct to Jellalabad. The General assented to this, and Mohammed Shah Khan undertook the office of mediator; but it was long before he could bring about any satisfactory arrangement. At length, towards evening, he brought intelligence that everything had been peaceably settled, and that the remnant of the British army would be allowed to proceed unmolested to Jellalabad.

But scarcely had he announced this consoling intelligence when the sound of firing was heard to issue from the direction in which the British

troops were bivouacked. By the order of the General, Captain Johnson had written to Brigadier Anquetil, directing him to have the troops in readiness to march at eight o'clock on the following morning. But the letter was not dispatched in time, and about eight o'clock, on the evening of the 12th, the few remaining men—now reduced to about a hundred and twenty of the 44th and twenty-five artillerymen—resumed their perilous march. The curse of camp-followers clung to them still. The teeming rabble again came huddling against the fighting men; and the Afghans, taking advantage of the confusion, stole in, knife in hand, amongst them, destroying all the unarmed men in their way, and glutting themselves with plunder.

They did not, this time, escape. The soldiers turned and bayoneted the plunderers; and fought their way bravely on. But there was a terrible fate awaiting them as they advanced. The Jugdulluck Pass was before them. The road ascends between the steep walls of this dark, precipitous defile, and our wretched men struggled onward, exposed to the fire of the enemy, till on nearing the summit they came suddenly upon a barricade, and were thrown back in surprise and dismay. The enemy had blocked up the mouth of the pass. Barriers, made of bushes and the branches of trees, opposed the progress of the column, and threw the whole into inextricable confusion. The camp-followers crowded upon the soldiers, who, in spite of the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, fought with a desperate

valour worthy of a better fate. The Afghans had been lying in wait for the miserable remnant of the British army, and were now busy with their cruel knives and their unerring jezails. The massacre was something terrible to contemplate. Officers, soldiers and camp-followers were stricken down at the foot of the barricade. A few, strong in the energy of desperation, managed to struggle through it. But from that time all hope was at an end. There had ceased to be a British army.

At this fearful Jugdulluck barrier, twelve of our best and bravest officers found their last resting-place. Here fell Brigadier Anquetil, upon whom, after the departure of Elphinstone and Shelton, had devolved the command of the column. He had been the chief of Shah Shuja's force; was held in esteem as a good officer; but during almost the entire period of the siege had been incapacitated by sickness from taking a prominent part in the military operations which had ended in so much disaster and disgrace. Here, too, fell Major Thain, who had gone out to India as the friend and aide-de-camp of General Elphinstone, and in that capacity had followed his chief to Kabul. And here, too, fell Captain Nicholl, of the horse artillery, who with his men, all through the dangers of the investment and the horrors of the retreat, had borne themselves as gallantly as the best of English soldiers in any place and at any time. Even in the midst of danger, now charging on horse, and now on foot, were those few resolute artillerymen. With mingled admiration and awe the enemy

marked the desperate courage of the "red men," and shrank from a close conflict with what seemed to be superhuman strength and endurance.

At this Jugdulluck barrier it may be said that the Kabul force ceased to be. A few officers and a few men cleared the barricade; and struggled on towards Gandamak. About day-break they reached that place; and the sun rose upon a party of some twenty officers and forty-five European soldiers. The enemy were mustering around them. Every hut had poured forth its inhabitants to murder and to plunder. There were not more than two rounds of ammunition remaining in the pouches of our men. But they had not lost all heart. Their numbers were as one to a hundred—most of them already wounded, but they were resolute not to lay down their arms whilst a spark of life remained. A messenger came from the chief of the district with overtures to the senior officer present, Major Griffiths, of the 37th Native Infantry. Whilst he was on his way to the sirdar, the enemy mustered around them and called upon them to give up their arms. The refusal of the brave men, followed by a violent attempt to disarm them, brought on a hand-to-hand contest. The infuriated mob overwhelmed the little party of Englishmen, and cut them up almost to a man. Captain Souter, of the 44th regiment, who had wrapped the regimental colour round his waist, and a few privates, were taken prisoners. The rest were all massacred at Gandamak.

A few, however, had pushed on from Surkhab,

which lies between Jugdulluck and Gandamak, in advance of the column. One by one they fell by the way, until the number was reduced to six. Captains Bellew, Collyer and Hopkins, Lieutenant Bird, and Drs. Harpur and Brydon, reached Fatehabad alive. They were only sixteen miles from Jellalabad. A prospect of salvation opened out before them all; but only one was suffered to escape. Some peasants in the vicinity of Fatehabad came out, spoke to the fugitives, and offered them bread to eat. They thought that a little food would strengthen them to toil on to the end of their painful journey; and the agonies of hunger were hard to endure. But again there was death in delay. Whilst our officers tarried for a few minutes to satisfy the cravings of nature, some of the armed inhabitants of the place sallied out and attacked them. Bellew and Bird were cut down. The others rode off; but were pursued and overtaken, and three of the remaining number were slain; Dr. Brydon alone escaped to Jellalabad. Wounded, and worn out by famine and fatigue, he struggled onward, borne by a jaded pony, till the walls of the fort appeared in sight, and a party came out to succour him.

So perished the last remnant of a force which had left Kabul numbering 4500 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers. The frost and the snow had destroyed more than the jezails and the knives of the Afghans. It was not a human enemy alone with which those miserable men had to contend. It was theirs to war against, a climate more perilous in its hostility than the inexorable foe.

As soon as the story of the retreat from Kabul became known to Government, a strong army under General Pollock, was dispatched to Afghanistan. Having relieved Jellalabad, and joined forces with Sir Robert Sale, it marched at once to Kabul, inflicting a succession of defeats on the enemy by the way.

At Gandamak a messenger arrived from Akbar Khan, offering submission on any terms General Pollock might be pleased to dictate, provided he would stay the advance of his army on the capital. The offer was refused, and on the 16th of September, 1842, the English re-entered Kabul and planted the Union Jack on the ramparts of the Bala Hisar palace.

It was not intended that the occupation should be permanent. Shah Shuja had been murdered, and the Government now knew enough of the state of feeling in Afghanistan to convince them that any further attempt to restore the old dynasty must be foredoomed to failure. All they desired was to vindicate the honour of our soldiers. Akbar Khan had fled, so it was impossible to deal with him; but the Great Bazaar, where the mutilated remains of Sir William Macnaghten had been exposed to view, was blown up with gunpowder.

General Pollock finally quitted Kabul for Hindustan on the 12th of October. He took with him the English officers and their wives who had been left as hostages in the hands of Akbar Khan. One only was missing: General Elphinstone, who, broken down with illness and anxiety, had breathed his last some months before.

SOME BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

PUBLISHED BY
HENRY FROWDE and HODDER & STOUGHTON

Herbert Strang's Library

THIS is a new series of standard books for boys and girls, comprising the great works of history, fiction, biography, travel, science, and poetry with which every boy and girl should be familiar, edited by Mr. HERBERT STRANG.

Each volume is prefaced by a short introduction, giving a biographical account of the author, or such information concerning the book itself as may be useful and interesting to young readers. Notes, maps, and plans are given where necessary.

The text of the books, many of which were not written primarily for children, is carefully edited both in regard to matters that are inherently unsuitable for their reading, and to passages that do not conform to modern standards of taste. In these and other respects the Editor will exercise a wide discretion.

The Library is illustrated with colour plates, reproduced by three-colour process from designs by H. M. BROCK, JAMES DURDEN, A. WEBB, and other well-known artists; and is issued in the following editions—

- (1) With a picture cover and coloured frontispiece, at 6d. net.
- (2) In decorated cloth boards, with two colour plates, at 1/-.
- (3) In elegant cloth binding, with full gilt side and back, and four coloured plates, at 2/-.
- (4) In handsome cloth binding, with a picture panel on the cover, gilt edges, and four coloured plates, at 2/6.

The following volumes are now ready:—

- Adventures in the Rifle Brigade. By SIR JOHN KINCAID.
Westward Ho! By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
The Life of Wellington. By W. H. MAXWELL.
The Boy's Country Book. By WILLIAM HOWITT.
What Katy Did. By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOR.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Herbert Strang's Library (continued)

- Tales from Shakespeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.
 Mungo Park's Travels.
 The Coral Island. By R. M. BALLANTYNE.
 True Blue. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
 Little Women. By LOUISA ALCOTT.
 Good Wives. By LOUISA ALCOTT.
 Tales from Hans Andersen.
 Tom Brown's Schooldays. By THOMAS HUGHES.
 The Life of Nelson. By ROBERT SOUTHEY.
 Quentin Durward. By SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 Ivanhoe. By SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 A Book of Golden Deeds. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.
 A Wonder Book. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
 Stories from Grimm.
 Life and Voyages of Columbus. By WASHINGTON IRVING.
 Tanglewood Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
 Battles of the Peninsular War. By SIR W. NAPIER.
 Mr. Midshipman Easy. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.
 Curiosities of Natural History. By FRANK BUCKLAND.

The Countryside Series

- The Farmer's Fields
 An English Forest
 An English Park
 Beside the Brook
 Woodland Voices
 Flowers of the Farm

Picture boards, with imitation bark design, and special end paper. 6d. net each.

These little books contain very full and accurate descriptions of the English countryside. Not only will they please little readers by their entertaining accounts of birds and animals, trees and flowers, but they will also impart a great deal of useful information about the unceasing round of operations on the farm, the work of the forester, the miller, and the gamekeeper. Each book contains four plates in colour, in addition to a large number of illustrations from photographs.

Books for Girls

CHRISTINA GOWANS WHYTE

Uncle Hilary's Nieces. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 6/-.

Until the death of their father, the course of life of Uncle Hilary's nieces had run smooth; but then the current of misfortune came upon them, carried them, with their mother and brothers, to London, and established them in a flat. Here, under the guardianship of Uncle Hilary, they enter into the spirit of their new situation; and when it comes to a question of ways and means, prove that they have both courage and resource. Thus Bertha secretly takes a position as stock-keeper to a fashionable dressmaker; Milly tries to write, and has the satisfaction of seeing her name in print; Edward takes up architecture and becomes engrossed in the study of "cupboards and kitchen sinks"; while all the rest contribute as well to the maintenance of the household as to the interest of the story.

"We have seldom read a prettier story than . . . 'Uncle Hilary's Nieces' . . . It is a daintily woven plot clothed in a style that has already commended itself to many readers, and is bound to make more friends."—*Daily News*.

The Five Macleods. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 6/-.

The modern Louisa Alcott! That is the title that critics in England and America have bestowed on Miss Christina Gowans Whyte, whose "Story-Book Girls" they declare to be the best girls' story since "Little Women." Like the Leightons and the Howards, the Macleods are another of those delightful families whose doings, as described by Miss Whyte, make such entertaining reading. Each of the five Macleods possesses an individuality of her own. Elspeth is the eldest—sixteen, with her hair "very nearly up"—and her lovable nature makes her a favourite with every one; she is followed, in point of age, by the would-be masterful Winifred (otherwise Winks) and the independent Lil; while little Babs and Dorothy bring up the rear.

"Altogether a most charming story for girls."—*Schoolmaster*.

The Story-Book Girls. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, olive edges, 6/-.

This story won the £100 prize in the *Bookman* competition.

The Leightons are a charming family. There is Mabel, the beauty, her nature, strength and sweetness mingled; and Jean, the downright, blunt, uncompromising; and Elma, the sympathetic, who champions everybody, and has a weakness for long words. And there is Cuthbert, too, the clever brother. Cuthbert is responsible for a good deal, for he saves Adelaide Maud from an accident, and brings the Story-Book Girls into the story. Every girl who reads this book will become acquainted with some of the realest, truest, best people in recent fiction.

"It is not too much to say that Miss Whyte has opened a new era in the history of girls' literature. . . . The writing, distinguished in itself, is enlivened by an all-pervading sense of humour."—*Manchester Courier*.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

A NEW ALBUM FOR GIRLS

My Schooldays. In four forms: Velvet Calf, boxed, 8/6 net; Padded Leather, 6/- net; Leather (or Parchment tied with ribbon), 5/- net; Cloth, olivine edges, 2/6 net.

An album in which girls can keep a record of their schooldays. In order that the entries may be neat and methodical, certain pages have been allotted to various different subjects, such as Addresses, Friends, Books, Matches, Birthdays, Concerts, Holidays, Theatricals, Presents, Prizes and Certificates, and so on. The album is beautifully decorated throughout.

J. M. WHITFIELD

Tom who was Rachel: A Story of Australian Life. Illustrated in colour by N. TENISON. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 5/-.

This is a story of Colonial life by an author who is new to English readers. In writing about Australia Miss Whitfield is, in a very literal sense, at home; and no one can read her book without coming to the conclusion that she is equally so in drawing pen portraits of children. Her work possesses all the vigour and freshness that one usually associates with the Colonies, and at the same time preserves the best traditions of Louisa Alcott. In "Tom who was Rachel" the author has described a large family of children living on an up-country station; and the story presents a faithful picture of the everyday life of the bush. Rachel (otherwise Miss Thompson, abbreviated to "Miss Tom," afterwards to "Tom") is the children's step-sister; and it is her influence for good over the wilder elements in their nature that provides the real motive of a story for which all English boys and girls will feel grateful.

BESSIE MARCHANT

A Girl of the Northland: Illustrated in Colour by N. TENISON. Crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 5/-.

The scene of this story is laid in British Columbia. Mr. Scarth learns of the whereabouts of what is alleged to be a valuable gold find. He starts to make his fortune, and in his absence his family have great difficulty in making ends meet. One of the daughters opens a store and supplies household commodities of all kinds to the country round about. One day an empty canoe is brought down the river, which is quickly recognised as the one in which Mr. Scarth went away; and in it is a packet of what appears to be gold, but which an Alaskan miner pronounces to be "false hope." Finally word is brought to Olive by an Indian runner that her father is in dire straits in the ice and snow; and it is only after many exciting adventures in which she displays heroic courage and perseverance that she manages to rescue him.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

MARJORY ROYCE

The Unwilling Schoolgirl. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 5/-.

Ethne St. Ives passes the first dozen years of her life in luxury at the house of a maiden aunt; but on the death of the latter she is sent to school, very much against her will. At school, she rebels against authority, and is in danger of being universally disliked for her airs and affectations. At length, however, she learns to appreciate the joys of friendship and the value of corporate spirit, and develops into a very lovable character. The characterisation in this story is excellent; the individual schoolgirls are admirably differentiated, and there is a charming portrait of the head mistress, who deals wisely and tenderly with her self-willed and rebellious charge.

MRS. HERBERT STRANG

The Girl Crusoes: A Story of Three Girls in the South Seas. With Colour Illustrations by N. TENISON. Cloth 3/6; decorated picture boards, cloth back, 2/6.

It is a common experience that young girls prefer stories written for their brothers to those written for themselves. They have the same love of adventure, the same admiration for brave and heroic deeds, as boys; and in these days of women travellers and explorers there are countless instances of women displaying a courage and endurance in all respects equal to that of the other sex. Recognizing this, Mrs. Herbert Strang has written a story of adventure in which three English girls of the present day are the central figures, and in which the girl reader will find as much excitement and amusement as any boy's book could furnish.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

The Quest of the Blue Rose. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 5/-.

After the death of her mother, Sylvia Sherwood has to make her own way in the world as a telegraph clerk. The world she finds herself in is a girls' hostel in a big northern city. For a while she can only see the uncongenial side of her surroundings; but when she has made a friend and found herself a niche, she begins to realise that though the Blue Rose may not be for her finding, there are still wild roses in every hedge. In the end, however, Sylvia, contented at last with her hard-working, humdrum life, finds herself the successful writer of a book of children's poems.

"Miss Letts has written a most entertaining work, which should become very popular. The humour is never forced, and the pathetic scenes are written with true feeling."—*School Guardian*.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

Edited by Mrs. HERBERT STRANG

The Green Book for Girls.

The Red Book for Girls.

Each of these books is a miscellany for girls, containing a large number of complete original stories by popular writers; extracts from great authors; articles and poems. The volumes are illustrated with twelve plates in colour by HUGH THOMSON, W. R. S. STOTT, N. M. PRICE, CHARLES PEARS, and other artists, and numerous black-and-white drawings. Crown 4to, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, 5/-; cloth, 3/6; picture boards, cloth back, 2/6.

BRENDA GIRVIN

The Girl Scout. Illustrated in Colour by N. TENISON. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olive edges, 3/6.

This is the story of a patrol of Girl Scouts, and the service they rendered their country. Colonel Norton announces that some silver cups, which he values as souvenirs of the time when he could win races and gymnastic competitions, have been stolen, and calls on the Boy Scouts to catch the thief. Aggie Phillips, sister of the boys' leader, hears of this, and at once organises a girls' patrol to help solve the mystery. In tracing the thief, the girls manage to entrap two foreigners, who, in all kinds of disguises, try to get hold of valuable papers in the hands of the Colonel. Meanwhile the boys continually follow up the tracks left by the girls, or are purposely misled by Aggie. The girls win the prize but arrange to join forces with the boys.

E. L. HAVERFIELD

The Ogilvies' Adventures. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olive edges, 3/6.

Hester Ogilvie and her elder, but less energetic, sister, daughters of a Canadian who is unable to support the whole of his family, are invited to spend a few years with their English uncle, Sir Hubert Campion, in order to finish their education. Hester is unable to please her uncle in any way, as his view of a finishing education differs very much from her own. At length she runs away to London to make her own living, but is taken back, and through a great service she does her uncle, he agrees to help her to carry out her original plans. Finally, he arranges that the Canadian and English branches of the family shall live together.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

E. L. HAVERFIELD

Audrey's Awakening. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, olive edges, 3/6.

As a result of a luxurious and conventional upbringing, Audrey is a girl without ambitions, unsympathetic, and with a reputation for exclusiveness. Therefore, when Paul Forbes becomes her step-brother, and brings his free-and-easy notions into the Davidsons' old home, there begins to be trouble. Audrey discovers that she has feelings, and the results are not altogether pleasant. She takes a dislike to Paul at the outset; and the young people have to get through deep waters and some exciting times before things come right. Audrey's awakening is thorough, if painful.

"Is far above the average tale of school and home life."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

The Conquest of Claudia. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, olive edges, 3/6.

Meta and Claudia Austin are two motherless girls with a much-occupied father. Their upbringing has therefore been left to a kindly governess, whose departure to be married makes the first change in the girls' lives. Having set their hearts upon going to school, they receive a new governess resentfully. Claudia is a person of instincts, and it does not take her long to discover that there is something mysterious about Miss Strongitharm. A clue upon which the children stumble leads to the notion that Miss Strongitharm is a Nihilist in hiding. That in spite of various strange happenings they are quite wrong is to be expected, but there is a genuine mystery about Miss Strongitharm which leads to some unforeseen adventures.

"A convincing story of girl life."—*School Guardian*.

Dauntless Patty. Illustrated in Colour by DUDLEY TENNANT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, olive edges, 3/6.

Patricia Garnett, an Australian girl, comes over to England to complete her education. She is unconventional and quite unused to English ways, and soon finds herself the most unpopular girl in the school. Several times she reveals her courage and high spirit, particularly in saving the life of Kathleen Lane, a girl with whom she is on very bad terms. All overtures of peace fail, however, for Patty feels that the other girls have no real liking for her, and she refuses to be patronised. Thus the feud is continued to the end of the term; and the climax of the story is reached when, in a cave in the face of a cliff, in imminent danger of being drowned, Patty and Kathleen for the first time understand each other, and lay the foundations of a lifelong friendship.

"A thoroughly faithful and stimulating story of schoolgirl life."—*Schoolmaster*.

"The story is well told. Some of the incidents are dramatic, without being unnatural; the interest is well sustained, and altogether the book is one of the best we have read."—*Glasgow Herald*.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

ANNA CHAPIN RAY

Sidney: Her Summer on the St. Lawrence: Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 3/6.

Miss Anna Chapin Ray is one of the most popular present-day writers for girls, both in this country and America. Her books are always fresh and vigorous, written with dash and spirit, and with an entire absence of sentimentalism. Moreover, the characters that develop and the problems that arise as the stories proceed are such as have their counterpart in the world of the modern girl. Sidney is a bright and lively girl who goes to spend a long summer holiday with Auntie Jack and a little colony of cousins and girl friends on the St. Lawrence. Each of these different characters is drawn with Miss Ray's incisive touch: from the melancholy Wade, whose life is darkened by fear of a chronic chest complaint—but this shadow is happily removed—to the garrulous, self-sufficient Bungay, Sidney's irrepressible four-year-old brother, who is the cause of not a little merriment.

Nathalie's Sister. Illustrated in Colour by N. TENISON. Crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 3/6.

Nobody knows—or cares—much about Nathalie's Sister at the opening of this story. She is, indeed, merely Nathalie's sister, without a name of her own, shining with a borrowed light. Before the end is reached, however, her many good qualities have received the recognition they deserve, and she is Margaret Arterburn, enjoying the respect and admiration of all her friends. Her temper is none of the best: she has a way of going direct to the point in conversation, and her words have sometimes an unpleasant sting; yet when the time comes, she reveals that she is not lacking in the qualities of gentleness and affection, not to say heroism, which many young readers have already learned to associate with her sister Nathalie.

Nathalie's Chum. Illustrated in Colour by DUDLEY TENNANT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 3/6.

This story deals with a chapter in the career of the Arterburn family, and particularly of Nathalie, a vivacious, strong-willed girl of fifteen. After the death of their parents the children were scattered among different relatives, and the story describes the efforts of the eldest son, Harry, to bring them together again. At first there is a good deal of aloofness owing to the fact that, having been kept apart for so long, the children are practically strangers to each other; but at length Harry takes his sister Nathalie into his confidence and makes her his ally in the management of their small household, while she finds in him the chum of whom she has long felt the need.

"Another of those pleasant stories of American life which Miss Anna Chapin Ray knows so well how to write."—*Birmingham Post*.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

ANNA CHAPIN RAY

Teddy: Her Book: A Story of Sweet Sixteen. Illustrated in Colour by ROBERT HOPE. Crown 8vo, decorated cloth cover, olivine edges, 3/6.

"Teddy is a delightful personage; and the story of her friendships, her ambitions, and her successes is thoroughly engrossing."—*World*.
"To read of Teddy is to love her."—*Yorkshire Daily Post*.

Janet: Her Winter in Quebec.

Illustrated in Colour by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, decorated cloth cover, olivine edges, 3/6.

"The whole tone of the story is as bright and healthy as the atmosphere in which these happy months were spent."—*Outlook*.
"The sparkle of a Canadian winter ripples across Anna Chapin Ray's 'Janet.'"—*Lady's Pictorial*.

L. B. WALFORD

A Sage of Sixteen. New Edition. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 3/6.

Elma, the heroine of this story, is called a sage by her wealthy and sophisticated relations in Park Lane, with whom she spends a half-holiday every week, and who regard her as a very wise young person. The rest of her time is passed at a small boarding-school, where, as might be supposed, Elma's friends look upon her rather as an ordinary healthy girl than as one possessing unusual wisdom. The story tells of Elma's humble life at school, her occasional excursions into fashionable society; the difficulties she experiences in her endeavour to reconcile the two; and the way in which she eventually wins the hearts of those around her in both walks of life.

ANNIE MATHESON

A Day Book for Girls. Containing a quotation for each day of the year, arranged by C. E. BROCK. Leather, 2/6.

ANNIE MATHESON, with Colour Illustrations by C. E. Brock. net; cloth, 2/6. Containing emblematic design in gold, 3/6. net; cloth, 2/6. net.
Miss Annie Matheson is herself well known to many as a writer of hymns and poetry of a high order. In "A Day Book for Girls" she has brought together a large number of extracts both in poetry and prose, and so arranged them that they furnish an inspiring and ennobling watchword for each day of the year. Miss Matheson has spared no pains to secure variety and comprehensiveness in her selection of quotations; her list of authors ranges from Marcus Aurelius to Mr. Swinburne, and includes many who are very little known to the general public.

Books for Children

A Book of Children's Verse. Selected and Edited by MABEL and LILIAN

QUILLER-COUCH. Illustrated in Colour by M. ETHELDREDA GRAY. Large 4to, cloth, gilt side and back, 15/- net; Édition de luxe, bound in vellum, £2 2s. net.

This is a splendid anthology of children's verse. In addition to the old favourite poems, the volume contains many by modern authors, and others not generally known. The work of selection has been carried out with great care, and no effort has been spared to make the volume a worthy and comprehensive introduction to English poetry. The book is illustrated by a series of magnificent plates in colour.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated in Colour by NOEL POCOCK. 7/6 net, in box.

Printed on excellent paper, in bold type which children will find easy to read, its chief feature is the magnificent set of nearly two dozen full-page coloured illustrations by Mr. Noel Pocock. The artist has found the task thoroughly congenial, and has never done more vigorous and original work. The illustrations will be found a very pleasant change from the usual type of fairy-story picture, Mr. Pocock having preferred to choose unhackneyed subjects.

Edited by Mrs. HERBERT STRANG

The Rose Fairy Book. With Twelve Illustrations in Colour and many in black-and-white by LILIAN GOVEY. Cloth, 6/- net.

This is a collection of fairy stories—old and new—some of the best-known favourites of the nursery, together with tales that have the charm of novelty. All of them have been carefully edited and simplified for the reading of quite small children, whose interests have been consulted also in the choice of a large bold type, and the provision of an unusually large number of pictures and decorations. The editor believes that the more tastefully a book is produced, the more carefully will children cherish it; and the pains taken with this volume should make it a gift-book that will be long treasured.

E. NESBIT

Harding's Luck. New Edition, with frontispiece in colour and Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, olive edges, 5/-.

Mrs. Nesbit, one of the most popular writers for young people, here tells of the amusing adventures of a little cripple boy, Dickie Harding, beginning at the time when he buys a packet of Artistic Bird-seed, which he plants in his garden expecting a crop of gaily-coloured parrots. Then, losing his way while following a Punch and Judy show, he meets a burglar who persuades him to do him a favour or two, in the way of opening doors of large houses at night. After many adventures—strangely enough some of these take place in the reign of James I.—he finds that he is really the heir to a great name and estate. The story is told in Mrs. Nesbit's most entertaining manner.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE PENDLETON SERIES

The Pendleton Twins. By E. M. JAMESON, Author of "The Pendletons," &c. With Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, olive edges, 5/-.

The adventures of the Pendleton Twins begin the very day they leave home. The train is snowed up and they are many hours delayed. They have a merry Christmas with plenty of fun and presents, and in the middle of the night Bob gives chase to a burglar. Nora, who is very sure-footed, goes off by herself one day and climbs the cliffs, thinking that no one will be any the wiser until her return. But the twins and Dan follow her unseen and are lost in a cave, where they find hidden treasure, left by smugglers, buried in the ground. Len sprains his ankle and they cannot return. Search parties set out from Cliffe, and spend many hours before the twins are found by Nora, cold and tired and frightened. But the holidays end very happily after all.

"Miss Jameson's books are written with such humour and lightness of touch that they hold the young readers, and not only amuse but instruct them."—*Dundee Courier*.

The Pendletons. By E. M. JAMESON. New Edition. Illustrated in Colour. Crown 8vo, cloth, olive edges, 3/6.

"Young people will revel in this most interesting and original story. The five young Pendletons are much as other children in a large family, varied in their ideas, quaint in their tastes, and wont to get into mischief at every turn. They are withal devoted to one another and to their home, and although often 'naughty,' are not by any means 'bad.' The interest in the doings of these youngsters is remarkably well sustained, and each chapter seems better than the last. With not a single dull page from start to finish and with twelve charming illustrations, the book makes an ideal reward for either boys or girls."—*Schoolmaster*.

Peggy Pendleton's Plan. By E. M. JAMESON. New Edition. Illustrated in Colour by S. P. PEARSE. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olive edges, 3/6.

To many young readers the Pendleton children are quite old friends, as indeed they deserve to be, for they are so merry, so full of fun and good spirits, that nobody can read about them without coming to love them. In the opening chapter of this book the family meet together in solemn conclave to discuss plans for the holidays, which have just commenced. Every one of them has a favourite idea, but when the various selections are put to the vote, it is Peggy Pendleton's plan that carries the day. All the other children think it splendid. What that plan was, and what strange adventures it led to, are here set forth.

The Book of Baby Birds. By FLORENCE E. DUGDALE. Illustrated in Colour by E. J. DETMOLD. 4to, picture boards, cloth back, 6/- net.

The Book of Baby Beasts. By FLORENCE E. DUGDALE. Illustrated in Colour by E. J. DETMOLD. Large 4to, picture boards, cloth back, 6/- net.

These two books contain a series of simple little talks about baby animals and baby birds respectively. Each chapter is accompanied by a charming picture in colour by E. J. DETMOLD, whose work as an illustrator is well known, and whose characteristic delicacy of colouring is faithfully reproduced.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Queen Mab's Daughters. From the French of JEROME DOUCET. Illustrated by HENRY MORIN. Cloth, gilt top, 6/-.

This book consists of twelve stories, each concerned with an episode in the life of one of Queen Mab's daughters. These are very enterprising and adventurous princesses, somewhat wilful, indeed; and their activities, innocent though they are, often bring them into hot water. They fall into the hands of witches and wizards, and are the means of releasing from enchantment an equal number of princes who have been changed into bears, eagles, monkeys, and other animals by the powers of witchcraft. Their adventures are related with the charming daintiness wherein French fabulists, from Perrault downwards, have excelled; and the book is a decided acquisition to the store of fairy literature in which all children delight.

Edited by Mrs. HERBERT STRANG

The Green Book for Children.

The Red Book for Children. 256 pages, crown 4to, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 5/-; cloth, 3/6; picture boards, cloth back, 2/6 each.

These are two books of stories and verse for little folks, the greater part being specially written, and the remainder carefully selected from standard books for children. There is an illustration on nearly every page, in addition to which there are sixteen plates in colour in each book by artists of repute, and many pages in two-colour.

LUCAS MALET

Little Peter: A Christmas Morality for Children of any Age. New Edition. Illustrated in Colour by CHARLES E. BROCK. Demy 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt top, 3/6.

This delightful story introduces to us a family dwelling upon the outskirts of a vast pine forest in France. There are Master Lepage who, as head of the household and a veteran of the wars, lays down the law upon all sorts of questions, domestic and political; his meek wife Susan; their two sons, Anthony and Paul; and Cincinnatus the cat—who holds as many opinions and expresses them as freely as Master Lepage himself; and—little Peter. Little Peter makes friends with John Paqualin, a queer, tall, crooked-backed old charcoal-burner, whom the boys of the village call "the grasshopper man;" but this is not surprising, since Little Peter makes friends with everyone he meets, and all who read about him will certainly make friends with him.

"It is quite an ideal gift book, and one that will always be treasured."—*Globe*.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

VIOLET BRADBY

The Capel Cousins. Illustrated in Colour by C. E. BROCK. Crown 8vo, picture boards, cloth back, 2/6.

The children in the Capel family hear that a cousin from South America is to live with them until his education is finished. On his arrival he is found to be very frank and outspoken, accustomed to say just what he thinks; and as his cousins are more reserved, the misunderstandings are by no means few. In time, however, he becomes used to English ways, and his good nature and cleverness win his cousins' admiration and affection. Mrs. Bradby writes as one who knows children thoroughly, and her pictures of home life are very charming.

FLORENCE E. DUGDALE

In Lucy's Garden. Illustrated in Colour by J. CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, picture boards, cloth back, 2/6.

Miss Dugdale describes Lucy's garden from month to month, the plants that grow there, the insects that visit it, and the imaginary beings with which Lucy peoples it. Little ones who have gardens of their own will enjoy reading about Lucy's, especially when they know that she was capable of understanding what the apple trees and leaves and roses had to tell her about things in general and themselves in particular.

TERTIA BENNETT

Gentleman Dash. Illustrated in Colour by P. H. JOWETT. Crown 8vo, picture boards, cloth back, 2/6.

This is a book that will appeal to all lovers of animals. Gentleman Dash is a fine collie who lives at a big house with a number of other dogs and cats. In spite of his handsome appearance, however, Dash sometimes falls so far from dignity as to run away and steal meat from butchers' shops. Then he is brought back and punished, and the other four-footed members of the family come round and offer sympathy—which is not pleasant. The relations that exist between the various dogs and cats of the establishment are friendly on the whole, though not invariably so. In the course of their conversations, the animals throw fresh light on the problems of life as viewed from the kennel and the yard.

ALICE MASSIE

The Family's Jane. Illustrated in Colour by JOHN CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, picture boards, cloth back, 2/6.

This is the story of a little girl's search for her lost brothers and sisters. At first Jane did not know that she had any brothers or sisters, and she used to feel lonely. Then one day, quite by accident, she discovered that such was indeed the case, although for some unexplained reason they did not live at home and she had been kept in ignorance of them. Then Jane set to work to reunite the dismembered family. The fact that Jane was only eight, and some of the others were quite grown up, with children of their own, did not turn her from her purpose, and eventually her efforts had the happy issue which they well deserved.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The Children's Bookcase

Edited by E. NESBIT

"The Children's Bookcase" is a new series of daintily illustrated books for little folks, which is intended ultimately to include all that is best in children's literature, whether old or new. The series is edited by Mrs. E. Nesbit, author of "The Would-be Goods" and many other well-known books for children; and particular care is given to binding, get-up, and illustrations. The books are issued in the following styles—

- (1) Printed in two colours, bound in art cloth with photogravure panel, 3/6 net.
- (2) Printed in two colours, bound in cloth, 2/6 net.
- (3) Printed in two colours, bound in paper boards with cloth back, 1/6 net.
- (4) Printed in one colour, bound in picture boards with cloth back and gilt-foil lettering, 1/- net.

Mrs. Overthrew's Remembrances.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

The Little Duke. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Sonny Sahib. By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN (Mrs. Everard Cotes).

The Water Babies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Old Nursery Stories. By E. NESBIT.

Cap-o'-Yellow. By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

Granny's Wonderful Chair. By FRANCES BROWNE.

The Children's Sunday Bookcase

EDITED BY
J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS

The little volumes in this series are all of a devotional and instructive character, and are intended to form a simple and helpful guide to little children in Bible subjects. The Editor has only carried out such alterations in the text of the original editions as were necessary to make it more readily understood by children; certain expressions which have lost their meaning in the light of present-day knowledge have been slightly modified, and difficult passages simplified.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The Children's Sunday Bookcase (continued)

The books are illustrated in colour, and are issued in three styles:—Leather, 2/6 net; cloth, 1/6 net; picture boards, 1/- net.

The following volumes are now ready:—

The Children's Story of the Life of Jesus.

The Children's Pilgrim's Progress.

The New Line upon Line. With Preface by the BISHOP OF DURHAM.

The New Peep of Day. With Preface by the BISHOP OF DURHAM.
(Containing Vols. I and II of the original edition.)

CECIL ALDIN'S Coloured Picture Books

Most children are lovers of animals; and no more interesting picture books for little folks are to be had than the following volumes of animal studies by Mr. Cecil Aldin. In all his work the artist combines fidelity to nature with an irresistible humour in a remarkable way. The illustrations are accompanied by short, bright, descriptive letterpress.

Cecil Aldin's Merry Party: Some further Adventures of the members of Cecil Aldin's Happy Family. Picture boards, cloth back, 7/6 net.

Cecil Aldin's Happy Family: Being the Adventures of Hungry Peter, the Pig; Rufus, the Cat; Humpty and Dumpty, the Rabbits; Rags, the Dog; Master Quack, the Duckling; and Forager, the Puppy. Picture boards, cloth back, 7/6 net.

These books contain some of the best work that Mr. Aldin has yet published. The drawings are executed in his best style, and although each member of his "Happy Family" and "Merry Party" has been drawn from life, Mr. Aldin has managed to introduce a considerable element of humour. Each book contains many illustrations in colour, six of which are double-page pictures, and the remainder single full-pages.

"Here we have Cecil Aldin at his very best."—*World*.
"The nursery will love it dearly."—*Manchester Guardian*.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Cecil Aldin's Coloured Picture Books (continued)

Mac: The adventures of a Scotch terrier among strangers.

The Twins: The Adventures of Two Troublesome Puppies.

Each of these books contains twenty-four full-page pictures in Colour, and special end paper. Strongly bound in picture boards, cloth back, 6/- net each.

Field Babies. Baby Animals of the Field.

Farm Babies. A Day in the Life of a Venturesome Duckling.

Zoo Babies. Pictures of Baby Animals at the Zoo, with Short Intervues by G. E. FARROW.

Each volume containing twenty-four Coloured Plates, printed on stout paper specially made for the books, and strongly bound to withstand wear and tear. Bound in cloth, 5/- each; picture boards, 3/6 each.

The Peek-a-Boo Series

By CHLOE PRESTON

The Peek-a-Boos are a novel and entertaining order of little people, merry, adventurous and—rotund. Their inventor, Miss Chloe Preston, has imagined them in all kinds of attitudes, and has described their doings from the time they get up in the morning until they go to bed at night. Both pictures and text are delightfully original and spirited; and there is little doubt that the Peek-a-Boos, like the Teddy Bear, will become popular knights of the Nursery Round Table.

The Peek-a-Boos' Holiday. Eighteen Plates in Colour with humorous verses.
Size 9 in. by 13½ in., 6/- net.

The Peek-a-Boos in Winter. Eighteen Plates in Colour with humorous verses.
Size 9 in. by 13½ in., 6/- net.

The Peek-a-Boos. Twelve Plates in Colour with humorous verses. 3/6 net.

The Peek-a-Boo Japs. Twelve Plates in Colour with humorous verses. 3/6 net.

The Peek-a-Boos among the Bunnies. Eight Plates in Colour and numerous black and white sketches by CHLOE PRESTON and G. HOWARD VYSE. 2/6 net.

V2 'L

