



The previous siege had lasted eleven months; this went on for a whole year. The Marathas outside exercised their usual tactics, swooping down on foraging parties, cutting off supplies, and intercepting communications. At Lawrence's approach they melted away, and no wiles of his could draw them into the open field. The Mysore army gradually encircled the town more closely, until it was cut off from the surrounding country.

Lawrence heard from Captain Dalton that provisions for three weeks only remained to him, and made a hurried march for Trichinopoly. The Mysore force retreated into Srirangam, whence he was unable to drive them, though he succeeded in revictualling the town. Meanwhile Dupleix sent reinforcements under M. Astruc to Trichinopoly, and sent an expedition under a kinsman of Chanda Sahib to recover some of the strong places in the Carnatic, which the English of necessity had left insufficiently garrisoned.

A severe illness obliged Major Lawrence to retire into the Fort, instead of remaining in camp outside Trichinopoly with his men, and Astruc took his advantage. To the south of the English camp were the heights of the "Five Rocks"—"the key of the surrounding country." The sepoy left to guard them suddenly found themselves surprised by Astruc, who set his men then and there



to cover the base and flanks of the heights with fortifications, and made such speed that the work was finished by the time that poor Lawrence dragged himself out in a fruitless attempt to recover the position next day.

From the "Five Rocks" the French could prevent all supplies being brought in to Trichinopoly. If another height, the Golden Rock, were taken, there was no shelter between it and the city for Lawrence's army, already driven from its old camp. On a July morning, while most of his sepoy were receiving their rations, Lawrence heard the sound of firing, and saw French grenadiers swarming up the sides of the Golden Rock. Before he could collect his men, the French lilies were waving from the summit, and the French army was gathered at the base.

Before him were the rugged heights, where a triumphant band stood ready to hurl him back; behind him pressed the Maratha horsemen, eager to pull down their prey. From either flank of the rock came the rattle of the French artillery. On every side was death, whether he stood, or fell back, or advanced. "The Golden Rock is taken!" he cried; "it must be taken back!"

Astruc saw Lawrence draw up his men—only four hundred and twenty Europeans and five hundred sepoy in all—and lead them towards



the left of the base of the Golden Rock, where the whole French army waited for them. If the Englishman preferred to end it quickly, so much the better; the French were ready, their right against the left spur of the rock, and the Marathas were moving at Astruc's command to take the English in flank and rear. Only fifty yards separated them, when a sudden blaze from the rock overhead threw the French line into disorder.

Unnoted by Astruc, Lawrence had picked out certain of his grenadiers and sepoy, and bidden them scale the rock on its front, while he advanced. Silently, without pulling trigger, the men scrambled up, till they stood on the summit; then they fell upon their enemy. It was death or victory, and they knew it, and they changed death into victory, and sent the Frenchmen over the opposite side of the rock.

As their shots crashed into the French below, Lawrence's men fired, and then charged with fixed bayonets—and the French army wavered, broke, and fled. In vain Astruc threw himself among the fugitives, trying to rally them; flushed with victory as they had been some few moments ago, the surprise for the time had broken their nerve, and they ran, while the Marathas covered their retreat.

A military expert gives the verdict that "No



finer feat of arms has been performed in any part of the world than the assault by a handful of grenadiers of the Golden Rock, held by an enemy that had just conquered it, and whose army was formed up at its base."¹

In bitter mortification, Astruc went back to Pondicherry: his successor tried blockade and strategy with no effect, and was beaten in an attempt to intercept a convoy of provisions. Then Astruc returned with reinforcements, took back the Five Rocks and the Golden Rock, and recommenced a blockade. Lawrence waited till his own reinforcements arrived, and then on October 1st, 1753, marched out and offered battle. When Astruc declined it, Lawrence encamped for the night on the ground where his men were drawn up, and next morning won a decisive victory, driving the French across the Cauveri. Astruc was taken prisoner, with over a hundred of his army, and the rest retreated into the island of Srirangam.

"Je n'ai pas un homme de tête pour conduire la moindre opération," wrote Dupleix, after hearing of this reverse. For the time, he could do nothing to repair it, and his Directors were urging him to conclude the war. He began negotiations with the English, who were not averse to peace. They had

¹ Malleson.



not engaged in war, like Dupleix, led by a dream of empire, but to extend their trade, and military operations interfered with commerce. So they were ready to meet him half-way, save that they could not recognise him as Nawab of the Carnatic.

While they disputed this point, a new commandant at Srirangam had surprised the sleepy sepoy at one of the outworks of Trichinopoly before daybreak, and might have been inside the walls if the French troops could have refrained from firing off two captured guns with shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" The garrison woke up and let off their pieces indiscriminately, by good luck killing an English deserter who had undertaken to guide the French. In the darkness the attacking party could not find the gate without his help. Some were killed, some leaped from the outwork at the risk of broken bones, the greater number were taken prisoners.

So sure had they made of success that a messenger had been sent to Dupleix as soon as the outwork was taken to announce the capture of Trichinopoly. "Had not French petulance made them too soon discover themselves," wrote Lawrence, "they perhaps might have had time to execute their designs." As it was, another messenger arrived some hours later to tell of the disaster.



Again Dupleix turned to diplomacy, and French and English commissaries met to arrange the terms of peace. Neither side was unreasonable in their demands, but the East India Company would not give up the cause of their ally, Mohammad Ali—since he had been their pretext for war, they scarce could do less—while Dupleix obstinately persisted in claiming the title of Nawab of the Carnatic. A letter from Dupleix to Bussy describes how the French commissaries duly exhibited firmans and documents in support of their claim, all of which had been forged for the occasion. This seems to have troubled him not at all, but he speaks with righteous severity of the unjustifiable behaviour of the English, who declined to exhibit any documents whatever, “either false or genuine,” and expected their word to be taken without other formality.

Dupleix's obstinacy about a title is inexplicable in a man of his genius. Let who will call himself Nawab of the Carnatic, the Governor of Pondicherry, with Mme. Dupleix at his side, could make him dance to French piping. But he must have been overwrought by the long strain, and incapable of seeing clearly. Moreover, just at this time, Bussy had signed an agreement with the Prime Minister of the Deccan, whereby the French gained the provinces known as the Northern Sirkars, with



four hundred and seventy miles of sea-coast and a revenue of £400,000. The practical effect of this was to give them the mastery of the Deccan; should Dupleix bow before Mohammad Ali when he could rule Mohammad Ali's lord?

"Seventy years later, the man whom he most resembled in ambition, in genius, in the power of compelling others, came, under similar circumstances, at Dresden in 1813 and at Châtillon in 1814, to a similar resolution."¹

As with Napoleon, so with Dupleix, the resolution was fatal. The Directors of the East India Company had long bewailed to the English Government the restless ambition of M. Dupleix; the English Government made representations to France, regretting that one man should have it in his power to disturb the good understanding between the two nations, and let it be known that they were sending four ships and a regiment to India. It was nothing to the Directors of the *Compagnie* that Dupleix had nearly given France an Eastern empire; they saw their dividends falling, and they were weary of his urgency for men and money.

Thus it happened that France sent out a Commissary to treat for peace—a M. Godeheu, supposed to be the devoted friend of Dupleix, who had shown

¹ Malleson.



him great kindness, even to the saving of his life in youth. On his way to India Godeheu wrote protesting that he viewed his appointment merely as an opportunity of profiting by Dupleix's wisdom. When his ship arrived in Pondicherry Roads, Dupleix hurried down to embrace the man for whom he had waited with impatience as "the dearest of his friends." Once more he was hopeful, for two thousand troops were coming after Godeheu. The Raja of Tanjore, defeated by the Marathas, was half disposed to break with the English, thanks to his skilful manipulation, and he was dreaming of making perpetual alliance with Portugal and adding Macao to the possessions of the Compagnie.

Godeheu, surrounded by his guards, bowed coldly to the man who held out his arms to him, and produced a paper to be read at once. Dupleix unfolded it, found it to be an order for his immediate return to France with all his family, and turned to Godeheu for an explanation. Without allowing him time to speak, Godeheu put two other papers into his hand, one a demand for a detailed report upon the state of affairs, and the other an order from King Louis revoking his appointment as Governor.

At the first shock Dupleix grew pale, and made "a gesture of astonishment"; then he fixed his



piercing black eyes upon the Commissary as he asked whether he had any further orders. The Commissary had an order for the arrest of Dupleix should he offer any resistance, but he did not think it necessary to produce this. There was one glance of contempt for the false friend, and one sigh, ere Dupleix turned away to summon the Council at Godeheu's request.

The Council was gathered in the vast hall with marble colonnades where Dupleix had received the homage of princes. The Commissary bade his guards clear away the crowd who had pressed after them, ere his commission was read aloud. The members of the Council gazed round them in consternation, drawing in their breaths and staring at Dupleix, who sat with bent head on Godeheu's right, silent and impassive, only betraying his emotion by some feverish movements of his hands. When Godeheu's voice ceased, a chilling silence fell upon the assembly, broken by a single cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" Dupleix was standing before them, his arm uplifted, and all echoed his cry. Then he left the hall and the Council followed him.

Ten weeks later he started on his homeward voyage amid general lamentation. "Your departure is a thunderbolt," wrote Bussy, who only consented to remain at his post at Dupleix's



entreaty. The Viceroy of the Deccan bewailed "my uncle, Zafir Jung."¹ Throughout the country ran the word that the new Governor of Pondicherry understood nothing, and that it would be wise to make terms with Mohammad Ali and the English, who after all had gained the upper hand.

For Dupleix there were to be nine weary years of waiting, memorialising and petitioning to no purpose. The Compagnie refused to repay one penny of the £240,000 owing to him—aided and abetted by Godeheu, who threw Dupleix's chief witness into prison, and then reported to the Directors that the claim could not be established satisfactorily. Mme. Dupleix, for the first time in her life, failed her husband; she who had ruled as a princess in India could not endure poverty and neglect in France, and she died. His friends deserted him; Bussy broke off his marriage with Mdlle. Dupleix. "*J'ai sacrifié ma jeunesse, ma fortune, ma vie, pour enrichir ma nation en Asie. Mes services sont traités de fables; ma demande est dénoncé comme ridicule; je suis traité comme l'être le plus vil du genre humain. Je suis dans la plus déplorable indigence; la petite propriété qui me restait vient d'être saisie; je suis contraint de*

¹ "Zafir Jung Bahadur"—"Victorious in Battle,"—the name given by the Viceroy to Dupleix.



demander une sentence de délai pour éviter d'être trainé en prison."

So Dupleix wrote in a last appeal, and the document lay unheeded with others at the Ministère des Finances until they were scattered in the street by the mob of 1830.

In the beginning of November 1763, a Commissary was sent from the Châtelet to take an inventory of the contents of a certain house in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, only a few doors away from the Paris headquarters of the Compagnie des Indes Orientales. In one of the rooms on the ground-floor he noted "a dead body, male, extended on a bed with low posts." It was the body of the Marquis Dupleix, Zafir-Jung-Bahadur, Commander of Seven Thousand Horse, Governor of Pondicherry, Nawab from the Kistna to Cape Comorin.



IV.

A JACOBITE EXILE—1754-1766.

“L’humiliation pour la France, Pondichéry ruinée, incendiée, détruite de fond en comble, un grabat pour Dupleix mourant, le tête de Lally roulant sous la hache de bourreau ; voilà le dénouement tragique de cette lutte de dix ans pour la possession de l’Inde. Aux peuples qui s’abandonnent, aux gouvernements qui n’ont ni la volonté des sacrifices, ni l’intelligence politique, ni la tenacité, ni le courage, le désastre à la fin.”

—T. HAMONT, *La Fin d’un Empire Français
aux Indes sous Louis XV.*



IV.

A JACOBITE EXILE—1754-1766.

AT the outbreak of the Seven Years' War in 1756, the Directors of the Compagnie des Indes Orientales must have regretted the faithfulness with which M. Godeheu had carried out their instructions.

When Dupleix was treating for peace, a few months before his recall, Saunders had been willing to agree practically to everything that he required, save only in the matter of the title of Nawab of the Carnatic. The peace made three months after Dupleix had left India gave the English all that they had asked. The French had many native allies, the English at that time had only the half-hearted support of the Raja of Tanjore, yet both Companies agreed for the future to renounce all Moghul titles and dignities, and never to interfere in the differences of the princes of the country. Bussy had obtained a grant of



the Northern Sirkars to the French, yet it was now agreed that they had no exclusive rights there; and certain other territories, already their property by right of gift or possession, were to be divided between the Companies. One thing only did Godeheu leave undone of the things that he ought not to have done. He did not recall Bussy from the Deccan.

These measures greatly weakened Bussy's credit with the Viceroy, who was indignant that the succession to the Carnatic should have been decided without reference to him. If the French were not strong enough, said the Viceroy, there must needs be an alliance with the English, since no one could hope to remain on the throne of the Deccan without the support of one Power or the other.

Bussy appeased him by driving a Maratha invasion out of Mysore, on condition that the Raja owned himself a vassal of the Deccan and paid arrears of tribute. Chased from the Viceroy's service by Court intrigues, he was back again in three months, reinstated in all titles and honours. But by good luck for the English, the three months chanced to be from the end of May to the middle of August 1756, when their settlements in Bengal were on the verge of being swept out of existence. Another opportunity for France had been lost—this time by no fault of her children.



Had Bussy then commanded the troops of the Deccan, it is possible that the flag of St George might not have been run up on Fort William at the New Year.

The next opportunity of retrieving the Compagnie's fortunes was ruined as soon as it arrived by the French Ministry, who were inspired by the outbreak of war in Europe to send out three thousand men to India, under a commander who was given superior rank to Bussy.

Thomas Arthur Lally, son of one of the "Wild Geese" who took flight from Ireland after James II.'s disastrous campaign and entered the French service, at first sight appears one of those gallant Irishmen who figure as the heroes of countless romances. A captain in Dillon's regiment at eight years old, he was taken by his father to a siege "that he might at least smell powder to gain his first step." Four years later, as "a holiday amusement," he was sent to mount his first guard. Grown to manhood, he went as unaccredited ambassador from Cardinal Fleury to Russia. For his services on the field of Fontenoy, when the Irish Brigade charged to the cry of "Remember Limerick," he was thanked by Louis XV. and the Dauphin in person, and nominated Brigadier. Had the War Office in Paris listened to his representations, France would have given better support to



Prince Charles Edward in the winter of 1745-46. Disguised as a smuggler, he made his way across to England in the wild hope of stirring an insurrection in the home counties. It was useless; the English Government had wind of the plot, and posted bills with his description at every cross-road between the coast and London. Back to the coast he went, and was impressed by a gang of smugglers. As they dragged him to their boat he heard them arguing whether it would not be a profitable speculation to hunt for this Lally, on whose head Government had set a great price. Thanks to his arguments in favour of the small profits and quick returns of smuggling, they decided upon a run across to France, and Lally's skilful pilotage ran them under the nose of a French cruiser. The smugglers were lodged in Boulogne prison, and Lally hastened to Versailles.

All that his Prince could offer him, an Irish peerage, Lally refused until the King should come to his own again. But he would never cease to serve Stuart interests wherever he might, and he would never lay down the sword against the English. "We dream of beating the English on this side of the water, since we cannot on the other," he wrote, and he went off to the campaign in the Low Countries, where he distinguished himself on every occasion. "His escapes were the



talk of the army." The highest compliment paid to him was that of Marshal Saxe—"On peut dormir tranquillement, Lally est à l'ennemi."

In spite of all his gallantry, a more unwise choice seldom was made, even by a Ministry, than the selection of Lally to command in India. He was past fifty, without any experience of the East either in peace or war. The "great gentleness of manner" that Voltaire noted in him in earlier days, had vanished, and there remained only the "stubborn fierceness of soul" and uncontrolled bitterness of tongue that raised for him hosts of enemies wherever he went. Though an Irishman, he could neither flatter nor cajole to gain his object, and was entirely destitute of imagination—two fatal defects for a man in his position.

Evil omens were plentiful. There was a story—probably one of those that are remembered or invented after the catastrophe—that three young men, going through Paris at night, passed a house where a *bourgeois* was celebrating his daughter's wedding, and insisted on joining the party; that one of them grossly insulted the bride, and was obliged to save himself from the consequences by confessing that he was Captain Lally and the others were nobles of the Court. The girl's father threw open the door. "You say you are nobles of the Court. I am the public executioner. Go,



and take heed lest it be not the last time you pass through my hands." There is no doubt about another story that when Admiral d'Ache at length brought his ship into Pondicherry Roads, having taken all but a year over the voyage, some of the guns which fired a salute from the city were loaded, and five balls went through the hull and rigging of the vessel which carried Lally. The sailors muttered gloomily, and many of the landsmen were dismayed.

Accordingly, all went wrong from the moment of Lally's setting foot on shore. As his French biographer says, it was no longer a question of picking up the crown of the Moghul Emperor to set on the head of the King of France, but of guarding a shop. Lally, who had dreamed in his young days of king-making, could not guard the shop. He had not the art of conciliating the rajas, and he never tried to conciliate the Council of Pondicherry, whom he made no secret of regarding as dishonest and imbecile. In many cases this was true, and he had some excuse for his stinging sarcasms when he found that not a man of the Council could tell him the strength of the English garrisons in the neighbourhood, or the number of rivers to be crossed between Pondicherry and a fort sixteen miles distant. But there were some points on which the Council



could have advised him, if he had not determined against listening to them.

No sooner had the French fleet dropped Lally on shore than it was defeated by the English fleet, and driven back to Pondicherry. Lally atoned for this by forcing Cuddalore to surrender. Though he was short of food, ammunition, guns, and mortars, and of money, he took Fort St David within five weeks of his landing in India, and would have attacked Madras if Admiral d'Ache would have agreed to transport his army thither. Now was the time to strike, he said, while the English were discouraged by their losses. But the Admiral said that he had no provisions and his men were all sick, and he sailed away to Ceylon to watch for English merchant ships.

Then Lally committed the only blunder unachieved by Godeheu, and ordered Bussy to leave the Deccan and join him. Bussy was thunder-struck, knowing that to obey would mean the abandonment of all his plans against Bengal, and the loss of the Deccan. "*Je frémis, monsieur,*" he wrote to Lally, "*mais j'obéis.*"

Thus the only man who could have saved the remnants of French dominion in the East was dragged away from the outpost which he alone could hold, at the bidding of a newcomer who understood the situation so imperfectly as to



write to the Governor of Pondicherry, "En quoy consiste le profit que notre Compagnie et notre commerce peuvent retirer des guerres et des paix de M. de Bussy?"

It was not likely that two such opposite natures as Bussy and Lally would work together, even if Bussy's heart had not been set upon a speedy return to the Deccan with the reinforcements for which he unavailingly importuned Lally. He had all the gifts which Lally had not. His geniality, blended with a high-bred dignity, and his charm of manner, his tact, coolness, and judgment, his skill in dealing with the men of all the varied races among whom he worked, wrought upon the officers under Lally's command, and they made no secret of their admiration. Lally jealously considered their homage as intended to spite himself, rather than as a just tribute to Bussy, whom he styled "*le plus cupide, le plus avare, le plus menteur, le plus pillard de tous les hommes.*" Bussy, forced to stand by while the army with which he might have founded an empire was thrown away in enterprises foredoomed to fail, grew bitter and resentful. Dupleix, still penning memorials which the Directors never troubled to read, was avenged, had he ever known it, for Bussy's desertion.

The campaign opened well for France. The



native Governor of Arcot was bribed to surrender the town, and the army arrived at Madras at the beginning of December 1758.

As some writers have noticed, it is from Madras that the popular conception of India among the unlearned of this country has been derived. The impossibly blue sky, the dark-green rollers breaking upon a bright sandy beach, the tufted palm-trees and clustered banyans, the dark-skinned natives, all may be seen in the coloured pictures upon missionary boxes, or in missionary publications. The city is the oldest British possession in India: it was as long ago as 1639 that Mr Francis Day, on behalf of the Company, rented a strip of coast-land, a mile broad and six miles in length, and on the island between the heavy surf of the Bay of Bengal and the malodorous black ooze of the river Koum laid the foundations of Fort St George, or White Town. It was holy ground, for near it was the spot where St Thomas, the Apostle of the Indies, had suffered martyrdom: an early traveller, noticing the number of victims to elephantiasis in Madras, has no doubt that they were the descendants of the men who slew the blessed martyr.

Lally's first attack was upon the native quarter, Black Town, which was little defended either by men or by fortifications, and fell an easy prey.



The camp-followers enriched themselves with plunder, for Lally could not maintain the discipline enforced by Bussy, who had once mulcted a grenadier of a hundred rupees for picking an orange in a garden near his camp.

Within the walls of White Town was Stringer Lawrence; and the Governor, George Pigot, had the wisdom to leave the defence to him. An unpublished journal in the Record Office at Madras¹ thus begins the story of the siege: "In order to dispose the garrison with spirits and as a Reward for the Bravery, it is resolved to publish to them in case the enemy shall be either defeated or compelled to raise the siege, the sum of Rs. 50,000 shall be divided amongst them five days after their defeat or retreat." With truly British stolidity, after this they elected the Mayor and Sheriffs of Madras on the proper day, and fired the usual salute of nine guns, which were pointed at the enemy's quarters, "in honour of the new Mayor, and it is hoped with good effect upon the enemy."

One of Lally's best officers was taken prisoner, another mortally wounded, at the beginning of operations, and his army was entirely out of hand. The men who should have been at work in the trenches were hunting for treasure in the Black

¹ Quoted in Forrest's 'Cities of India.'



Town, and even some of the officers spent more time in guarding their plunder than in doing their duty. An English post had been left untaken on the way from Arcot, and its garrison now made constant attacks upon the French rear, aided by a detachment of cavalry from Tanjore. From the ramparts of Madras, French deserters, of which there were some two hundred within the city, held out a bottle of wine and a purse, or shot letters on arrows into the camp, tempting the besiegers to join them. The besiegers had neither powder, shot, or provisions; money and men sent from home were intercepted at the Isle of France by Admiral d'Ache, and supplies trickled irregularly and uncertainly from Pondicherry. Well might Lally write, "*Le désordre ne se comprend pas, et il est sans remède. L'enfer m'a vomì dans ce pays d'iniquité.*"

When by incessant labour in the trenches he had succeeded in constructing two batteries, and had thrown shells by night and fired cannon by day for six weeks, almost at the same time as a breach was made in the walls, he heard that an English fleet was on its way from Bombay. He ordered an assault, in spite of his engineer officers, who declared it would be fruitless. All was ready for the night of February 16th, when in the afternoon the English ships were seen in the bay. It



was hopeless; he had no bombs, and scarcely any powder, his native troops had disappeared, lacking their pay, and the Europeans were threatening desertion. Next day he broke up camp and retreated, and at Pondicherry the men whose inertness and ill-will had contributed to his failure, made open demonstration of rejoicing.

While Lally was staking everything upon the capture of Madras, the Deccan was lost to France. Three months after Bussy's departure, a petty Raja in the Northern Sirkars seized Vizagatapam, looted the French factory, and then ran up the English colours and appealed for English help. In the teeth of all his Council, Clive sent Colonel Forde to Vizagatapam, although it left Bengal almost undefended. Forde, confronted with a superior force, and with the army of the Viceroy on his right and a French corps on his left, captured Masulipatam, and obliged the army occupying it to surrender. Then came what the Viceroy had foretold: he was obliged to sign a treaty whereby he gave up Masulipatam and the Northern Sirkars, undertaking to dismiss all Frenchmen in his service, and to give no help or protection to the enemies of the English, who, on their side, agreed to protect him against his foes.

Misfortunes crowded thick and fast upon the French during 1759—that wonderful year in



which, as Horace Walpole said, an Englishman was obliged to ask every day, "What new victory?" for fear of missing one in the Gazette. There was defeat and mutiny. Lally fell ill. D'Ache, beaten in a naval action off Fort St David, sailed away with his fleet, never to return. The English had captured the town and fort of Wandiwash; Lally regained the town by a *coup de main*, and while he was besieging the fort, with the assistance of Bussy, his Maratha scouts hurried in to tell him that Colonel Eyre Coote was at hand, coming to its relief.

As Coote advanced, the French guns played upon his line, and seemed to cause some disorder. Lally, sword in hand, called upon his European cavalry to charge. Not a man obeyed. It was not until he had displaced their two chief officers that the rank and file would follow him, and the delay gave time for the English to bring up two cannon. Only a few men were injured by the discharge, but panic seized the remainder, and they fled, leaving Lally alone with his A.D.C. a few paces from the English grenadiers.

Unhurt, but with his clothing riddled with balls, he galloped to his infantry, and they responded to his cry. Their charge broke the English line, which re-formed, and the columns were mixed in hopeless confusion. Bussy on the



left, leading his men to recover an intrenchment carried by the English, had his horse shot under him and was taken prisoner. The French army fell back, the cavalry, who had regained their courage too late, covering the retreat of the infantry, and enabling Lally to save his park of artillery. All in turn had failed him, and as he returned for the last time to Pondicherry he heaped bitter curses upon the heads of those whose "infernal plot" had succeeded.

Bussy returned to France as soon as he was released. His life's work had been undone in a few months, and he was left with such consolation as could be derived from the considerable fortune that he had carried away with him.

Lally's work, too, was done. One after another, all the French towns and forts were taken by the English or surrendered by incapable defenders. The case of Pondicherry was hopeless. No help came from France, and the inhabitants would do nothing to save themselves now that the supreme hour had come. Some openly rebelled, some secretly conspired; all thwarted every one of his proposals. The town was covered with bills, accusing him of having sold the French to the enemy. A letter threatening him with death was found on his table. Suffering from the climate, and from an internal complaint, Lally struggled,



for four months, to make head against his enemies within and his enemies without. But in vain he flung himself against the English lines: when a disastrous storm damaged the fleet and destroyed the siege-works and ammunition, he lay in bed, too ill to move, and the cowards who gloried in bringing all his plans to nought would not fall upon the enemy at the moment when they might have swept them from their position around the city. Neither the "eternal sarcastic smile" with which Lally had irritated their susceptibilities at his first coming, or the torrents of invective and entreaty which he poured forth in his extremity, had any effect.

In the afternoon of January 16th, 1761, the garrison of Pondicherry "drew up under arms on the parade before the citadel, the English troops facing them. Colonel Coote then reviewed the line, which, exclusive of commissioned officers, invalids, and others who had hid themselves, amounted to 1100, all wearing the face of famine, fatigue, or disease."¹ Pondicherry had surrendered unconditionally, and the garrison and inhabitants were prisoners of war.

The closing scenes were in keeping with the rest of the story. When Lally, half dead, was carried out of the fort in a palki, he was attacked

¹ Orme.



by a crowd, among whom were two members of his Council, and saved from being torn to pieces only by some English cavalrymen, who rushed up, sabre in hand. A quarter of an hour later, his intendant, an old man and nearly blind, was cut down as he tried to follow Lally, and his corpse stripped and dragged about the town. It was well known that he carried with him valuable evidence of the misdoings of the civil and military authorities in Pondicherry, and when these had been put where they could do no harm, no man troubled to look for his murderers.

Having done nothing to avert the disaster, Court, Ministry, and populace in France were furious that it should have occurred. Of course it was any one's fault but that of the men who had disgraced Dupleix for trying to give France an empire, and had subordinated Bussy to a chief who was unfit for an Eastern command. "*Nous sommes trahis!*"—then, as many times afterwards, it was the cry, and a scapegoat was soon found.

Lally had been set free on parole in September—on the day after that on which George III. had been crowned King of Great Britain and France, while Lally's Prince watched from a corner of Westminster Hall, vowing that he did not envy the young man. On arriving in France, Lally found none but enemies. In spite of past services



to France, an Irishman was an alien, and every one was convinced that Lally had sold the French possessions to the English, and, moreover, could tell how much he had received for them. Even the coachmen in the streets would cry to an offending horse, "Hue, Lally!"

Warned by a pitiful few that a *lettre de cachet* was on its way, Lally would not escape. "I bring hither my head and my innocence" were his words ere he surrendered himself at the gate of the Bastille.

There was more than a year of imprisonment to be endured ere came the mockery of a trial before the Parlement of Paris. Without counsel, without a single friend to encourage him, the weary old man—he was past sixty—fought for his life before judges who were determined to condemn him. For over three years the torture continued, until Lally was adjudged guilty of having betrayed the interests of the king, of his state, and of the Compagnie des Indes Orientales.

One of his judges voted for breaking him on the wheel, and though this was changed to beheading, with confiscation of all his goods, he was made to suffer all that the vindictive hate of small-minded men could devise. Kicked by a jailer, dragged in a cart to the Place de Greve, his hands bound, a gag between his lips, he was hacked to pieces by a clumsy or brutal executioner.



"There is not another man in all India," wrote Eyre Coote on taking Pondicherry, "who could have kept on foot for the same length of time an army without pay, and receiving no assistance from any quarter."

"Lally était un grand fripon," wrote Mme. du Deffand on his execution, "et, de plus, il était fort désagréable."

The traveller to Pondicherry in these days will see nothing of the old fortifications which Lally defended; Eyre Coote's army blew them up before they marched away. But the language spoken is still French, and at the head of the pier still stand the eight grey pillars which Bussy brought to Dupleix, an earnest of his capture of Gingi. Bussy's tomb is in the old cemetery, near the Cathedral. To the west of the pier are piled some carven fragments from the Gingi temples, and upon them, towering over gods and dancing women and distorted monsters, is a figure in the court dress of the reign of Louis XV., one hand on his sword, the other grasping a half-rolled paper, the wide and lofty head thrown back, the eyes gazing far away. It is the statue of Dupleix, erected by France in remorse that came just a hundred years too late. The Pondicherry paper which described its unveiling in 1870 also told the public that the first Prussians had crossed the French frontier.



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V.

SOME RULERS IN BENGAL—1756-1765

"Where the East India Company have Suffer'd here abroad by the Knavery
in their Servants £1000, they Suffer'd at least £10,000 by employing of fools."
—Governor PITT to the E.I.C.

F



V.

SOME RULERS IN BENGAL—1756-1765.

THE scene must now change from the south to Bengal.

Learned historians deny any foundation to the story that the English trade in Bengal owed its foundation to Gabriel Boughton, an English surgeon. The legend runs that the Princess Jahanara, daughter of Shah Jahan and the queen for whom he built the Taj Mahal, was grievously disfigured with burns, and the Englishman who restored her to health and beauty, when bidden to name his own reward, asked that his countrymen might trade in Bengal, duty free. At least the historians allow some credence to another story, that Boughton's cure of a lady in the harem of Shah Jahan's favourite son gained leave for the Company to build a factory at Hughli.

At first they were forbidden to fortify it in any way, but an opportune rebellion of certain rajas in the west, at the end of the seventeenth century,



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brought them instructions from Aurangzib to defend themselves, and they raised walls and bastions round a factory about twenty miles from Hughli, lately erected by a certain Job Charnock. One of the phantom emperors who succeeded Aurangzib was taken ill just as he was about to celebrate his wedding, and again a doctor in the Company's service was able to work a cure where the hakims had failed. William Hamilton's fee was a grant from the emperor to this factory of land extending for ten miles along either bank of the river, and the City of Palaces began to arise.

"Calcutta is a wonderful city," sings an Indian historian and poet, at the beginning of the nineteenth century—

"Its buildings are heart-attracting and delightful.
The hat-wearing Englishmen who dwell in them
All speak the truth and have good dispositions."

Unhappily, some fifty years before he wrote his verses the hat-wearing Englishmen were not regarded with favour in Bengal, whatever their virtues might have been. For many years the ruler of Bengal and Bihar—nominally viceroy for the Emperor of Delhi, but in reality his own master—had been the great Nawab Aliverdi Khan, who lived from youth to the age of eighty years, hearing no music, abstaining from all intoxicating



drink, and looking upon no woman who was not his wife. Cruel and unscrupulous, he was also wise, and in some degree just. So long as he lived the three European nations—English, French, and Dutch—who traded in Bengal, were unmolested, in spite of some of his counsellors, who looked jealously at their rapid increase of wealth. “They are like bees,” he said, “who produce honey when left in peace, but attack those who foolishly disturb them,” and his last injunction to his successor was to leave the English alone.

That successor, Siraj-ud-daula, the son of his daughter, was one of the few characters in history who seem to have had no redeeming qualities. About twenty years old at the time of his grandfather's death in 1756, he was already notorious for his lust and cruelty. His agents, in disguise, spied upon the Hindu women as they bathed in the Ganges, and carried them off. He was often seen at the ferry when the river was high, ordering the ferry-boats to be upset or sunk, so as to have the pleasure of seeing men, women, and little children struggling and drowning in the deep waters. His delight in torture and death was useful when reasons of state required the removal of some great noble or minister; Aliverdi Khan then would leave the business to his grandson,



retiring to one of his houses or gardens outside Murshidabad,¹ that he might not be disturbed by the cries of the victims.

Siraj-ud-daula had a grudge of long standing against the English. "On certain occasions they refused him admission into their factory at Cosimbazar and their country houses, because, in fact, this excessively blustering and impertinent young man used to break the furniture, or, if it pleased his fancy, take it away." With the French, on the other hand, he was on good terms, and from time to time they cultivated his friendship with gifts, while the English did not even send the usual presents on his accession.

During the last illness of Aliverdi Khan, the Europeans in Bengal, fearing a contested succession, had repaired their old fortifications or added to them. The young Nawab's first act was to send an order that all new fortifications were to be pulled down. The French, who had taken care to send away the Nawab's spies with a bribe, submitted petitions, and were told that they were at liberty to repair, provided that they built no new fortifications. Mr Drake, the Governor of Calcutta, absolutely refused obedience. In the days of Aliverdi Khan, when the Marathas were raiding Bengal, leave had been given to the

¹ Then the capital of Bengal.



English to surround Calcutta with an entrenchment always known as "the Maratha ditch." Rumour said that Mr Drake had professed himself content to fill up the ditch, if it were the Nawab's wish, "provided that he might use the heads of Moors" (*i.e.*, Muslims).

It is unlikely that Mr Drake said anything of the kind, but whether the taunt were uttered by some thoughtless youth in his presence, or invented for the occasion, Mr Drake's refusal gave Siraj-ud-daula the opportunity he needed. Springing up in anger and pulling out his sword, he swore that he would exterminate all the Feringhis, and the only person who dared remonstrate was his mother. In vain she wondered that a soldier should stoop to war upon mere traders: her son was not to be moved. It was well known that many nobles, in fear of him, had fled to the English, or sent their treasures to Calcutta, thinking that he could not seize them there. Had not the son of one of his uncle's ministers escaped to Calcutta with all his private fortune, and the fortune of that same uncle—who was supposed to have been poisoned in order to clear the way for Siraj-ud-daula? There was wealth untold behind the walls that the stiff-necked English refused to raze to the ground at his bidding, and he meant to have it.



The English factory at Cossimbazar surrendered without firing a shot, and the Nawab demanded that M. Jean Law,¹ head of the French factory, should come with him to help in the attack upon Calcutta. "Calcutta is yours," he said. "I give you that place and its dependencies as the price of the services you will render me, but if you refuse the offer I make you, you will soon see me fall on you."

French and Scotch chivalry alike revolted, and Law replied that it was impossible to fight against the English, with whom France had no quarrel. The Nawab "swore he would have what he wanted, whether we wished it or not," says Law, who wasted much time in trying to appease him. At the risk of his own life, and of ruin to his Company, Law still refused to march to Calcutta, and the only part which the French took in the ensuing tragedy was to succour some of the English prisoners with clothes, food, and money, and to save two or three beautiful Englishwomen from the lust of Siraj-ud-daula. The Dutch, it may be as well to note, had refused to make common cause with the English against the enemy, and it is hardly necessary to say that no acts of mercy are recorded of them.

What took place at Calcutta in June 1756 is too

¹ Brother to the besieger of Trichinopoly.



well known to need a description here; those who have heard of no other event in Indian history know of the "Black Hole." After this the Nawab returned to Murshidabad, and levied contributions upon the French and Dutch factories, to indemnify himself for the trouble and expense of putting down the English. Great was now his contempt for all Europeans; "a pair of slippers," he said, "is all that is needed to govern them."

So great was the desire of all parties to see the tyrant humbled, that the French would not interfere with the vengeance of the English when it became known in Bengal, at about the same time that France and England were again at war, that Clive was coming from Madras with Admiral Watson's fleet.

The Hindu governor left in charge of Calcutta was at a nautch when he heard that the English had come back to claim their own. His garrison scarcely waited to exchange shots before they bolted, and he fled to Murshidabad to tell his master that the newcomers were very unlike those who had sailed down the river with Mr Drake, six months ago. His words were confirmed by a small force which went up the river past Chandernagore, without hindrance from the French, captured the fort at Hughli, then "the second city in the kingdom," and destroyed the magazines.



This news, to use the expression of a native historian, "took the cotton out of the ears" of Siraj-ud-daula, who marched from Murshidabad to Calcutta with his army and artillery. On a February morning he was roused from sleep by volleys of musketry; and if the thick fog had not hidden his tent, he would have been a prisoner in the hands of Clive. As it was, he suffered heavy losses, and was thankful to make peace upon the terms dictated by the English—restoration of all privileges that they had ever enjoyed, and full compensation for all they had lost by his seizure of Calcutta.

Again the Nawab tried for a French alliance; the French hated him, and would have preferred to remain neutral, but France and England were again at war, and they could not afford to reject an ally. Siraj-ud-daula might have taken action on their behalf but for a catastrophe at Delhi.

While all these things were happening in Bengal, Ahmad Shah Daurani, an Afghan who had been invading Hindustan with great industry and perseverance for some years past, had taken the capital and despoiled the inhabitants of everything that had escaped the notice of his old master, Nadir Shah. Siraj-ud-daula, "the most cowardly of men," fancied that he might be the next victim, and thinking the English the stronger



party in Bengal, wrote in terror to Clive, promising him Rs. 100,000 a month in return for his protection.

Clive realised that there could be no peace in Bengal until Siraj-ud-daula was crushed, and he knew that a French alliance would make the Nawab inconveniently strong. He could not be generous to the French at the expense of his own nation and his own employers; he must act at once, and technically he was within his rights, since he knew that war had been declared between France and England. But if he remembered the generosity of the French at the time of the "Black Hole," he cannot have marched with a light heart upon Chandernagore, where they had their headquarters in Bengal.

With Admiral Watson's help, it was no great matter to knock the crumbling fortifications to pieces. Driven from post to post, the French "stood to their guns so long as they had any to fire," as an English eyewitness recorded, and at last withdrew into the Fort. The batteries were covered with dead and wounded, the bastions undermined; there was no disgrace in hoisting the white flag. Civilians were allowed to go where they pleased, with their effects; the garrison were made prisoners of war.

Law was forced to leave Cossimbazar with his



garrison. The Nawab sent for him, and told him, "in a shamefaced way," that he must surrender to the English or leave Bengal. "Your nation is the cause of all the importunities I now suffer from the English. I do not wish to put the whole country in trouble for your sake. You ought to remember that when I had need of your assistance you always refused it. Take what road you please, and God protect you." Ever shifty, he tried to deprecate Law's anger with a promise to send for him again "if anything new should happen." "Send for me again?" was Law's scornful answer. "Rest assured, my Lord Nawab, that this is the last time we shall see each other."

It was a true prophecy. The Nawab's cruelty and greed had left him no friends. "He spared no one, not even his relatives, from whom he took all the pensions and all the offices which they had held in the time of Aliverdi Khan. Was it possible for such a man to keep his throne?" His nobles intrigued against him, and he was betrayed on all sides. "Scarcely had he formed any project when it was known to the lowest of his slaves."¹ Mir Jafar Ali Khan, his Moghul Commander-in-Chief, wrote to Clive offering to come over to the English in any general engagement if he might rule in Bengal and Bihar instead of Siraj-ud-daula.

¹ Law.



On June 23, 1757, the armies met at Plassey, and after hard fighting on both sides, an English bayonet charge put to flight the host of the Nawab. At the end of the day, Mir Jafar went over to the English camp, and the Nawab, who had mounted a swift camel, was on the road to Murshidabad.

"Misfortune has no friend," says the native chronicler in telling this story, and Siraj-ud-daula found it true. Even when he opened his treasury to his soldiers, it availed him nothing. Robbed and deserted, he fled away from Murshidabad with such jewels as he had been able to save, and took boat for Patna, where he hoped to find Law.

When he had gone some way, he ordered his servant to land and get a light for his *hukka*. The man saw a hut in the jungle and asked the occupant for fire. Now the owner of the hut was a man who had lately turned faquir, after having his ears and nose cut off by order of Siraj-ud-daula. He recognised the servant, who had the Nawab's bejewelled *chillam* in his hand, and asked him what he was doing in the jungle. The servant, either a fool or a traitor, told what had happened, and the faquir, leaving him in the hut, hurried with the story to the governor of the nearest town. Law arrived in the neighbourhood a few hours too late to save the wretched Nawab, who was seized and sent back to Murshidabad, where Mir Jafar's



son took effectual measures to prevent his giving further trouble.

Mir Jafar was made Nawab in his stead on condition that he paid the expenses of the war. To dethrone one king and set up another over a country as large as Great Britain was no small feat for a body of merchants, who had been driven with shame from their settlement twelve months before they entered Murshidabad as conquerors.

II.

After the first, the change of rulers seemed to have effected little improvement in Bengal. The new Nawab, forgetting that he owed his throne to the English, grew weary of being under Clive's tutelage, and bethought himself of another European alliance.

Accordingly, he made overtures to the Dutch to introduce a large European force into their factory at Chinsurah. The fact that England and Holland were officially at peace with one another in Europe did not prevent the Dutch Government from sending a fleet from Batavia, nor did it prevent the Dutch commander from seizing upon British vessels, hauling down their colours, and carrying off their guns and stores.



Clive had taken precautions beforehand by blocking the river, so as to prevent the Batavian fleet from entering it. He now seized the ships, and sent an expedition to cut off the Dutch troops before they could reach Chinsurah.

The expedition was commanded by Colonel Forde, just returned from his triumph in the Deccan. He was not concerned about the strength of the enemy, but he demurred to attacking a nominally "friendly" Power, and wrote to ask for an order in Council. The letter was brought to Clive as he sat at the card-table, and he took out a pencil and wrote on one of the cards in his hand: "Dear Forde, fight them immediately, I will send you the order in Council to-morrow." Then he called for another pack, and went on with his game, while Forde went in pursuit of the Dutch, whom he overtook within sight of Chinsurah, and beat in half an hour.

Shortly after this, Clive's health obliged him to return to England, leaving very incompetent successors, who fell out with Mir Jafar. The Nawab was an old man, becoming imbecile, and his habit of lavishing upon dancing-girls the money with which he should have paid his troops led to inconvenience and disorders. Nevertheless, it was unseemly that when he was deposed—"persuaded to resign" was the phrase used by



the Council of Calcutta—in favour of his son-in-law, Mir Kasim, that part of the agreement with Mir Kasim should stipulate for a gratuity of twenty lakhs of rupees¹ for the Council.

Their punishment came swiftly. In a little while they were quarrelling with Mir Kasim over the customs duties of Bengal. The trouble had been caused in great measure by the insolence and dishonesty of certain Bengali agents whom the Company employed to carry on their inland trade. These men, "of no character or position," "lorded it over the country, imprisoned ryots and merchants," and gave legitimate grounds for Mir Kasim's bitter complaints. The dispute was aggravated by the unwisdom of Mr Ellis, head of the English factory at Patna, who openly proclaimed war, and seized upon the fort and the city. He held them for about six hours, at the end of which time the Nawab's troops recovered every position, and Ellis and his garrison were obliged to surrender.

In the war with the English that ensued, Mir Kasim's army was thrice defeated. "Furious and half-disordered in his mind," he commanded that all his English prisoners at Patna should be executed forthwith. His native officers refused to obey him. "Arm the English, and we will fight them like soldiers."

¹ £200,000.



Then the Nawab turned to a scowling fellow, who had once been in the service of the East India Company, and was now in command of two battalions in the Bengal army. In the province of Trèves, where he was born, he had been known as Walter Reinhard. When he came to India he called himself Somers; his morose look and sullen bearing made his comrades in the French army of Southern India turn this into Sombre, and the natives corrupted it into "Somru." He undertook to do what was required "with ardour and alacrity," and sent to the prison to borrow all the knives and forks from the English captives, declaring that he meant to invite them to sup with him next evening. When the hour for the meal was near, he surrounded the prison with two companies of sepoy, and sent for Ellis and eight others to come into a little outer court. "They were all terribly mangled, and cut to pieces, and their bodies thrown into a well in the square." Then the sepoy ascended to the roof of the house, and fired down upon the captives assembled below. Some took refuge in the inner rooms, and defended themselves with bottles, plates, bricks, and fragments of furniture, until they were overpowered. The sepoy themselves were horror-stricken; some refused to fire unless arms were



given to the captives, vowing that they were soldiers, not butchers, but they were struck down by Somru, who set them an example by murdering the infant child of Mr Ellis. At length, by curses and blows, the sepoy's were forced to complete their work. Neither age nor sex was spared, and certain natives of Patna, who had been taken prisoners with the English, shared their fate. The bodies were thrown into a well near that in which Ellis and his companions were lying.

The English were not slow in taking revenge; driven out of Patna, Mir Kasim fled to the Nawab of Oudh, accompanied by Somru, who saw clearly that his old master's day was over, and therefore plundered him of all that he could, and transferred his allegiance to Oudh.

"It was a rule," it was said, "with Somru, to enter the field of battle in column at the safest point; form line, facing the enemy, fire a few rounds in the direction where they stood, without regard to the distance or effect; form square, and await the course of events. If victory declared for the enemy, he sold his unbroken force to him to great advantage; if for his friends, he assisted them in collecting the plunder."¹ On the field of Buxar, seeing that the English were prevailing, he withdrew his brigades and guns from

¹ Sleeman.



action at a critical moment, and the united forces of Oudh and Bengal suffered a crushing defeat.

When the Nawab sued for peace, one of the conditions laid down by the Company was the surrender of Mir Kasim and Somru. The Nawab replied that he regretted he could not surrender Mir Kasim, as he knew not where he might be, having had him set upon a lame elephant and turned out of the camp the day before the battle. As for Somru, though his cautious tactics made him of little use as an ally, he was too dangerous an enemy to be attacked openly; but the Nawab would undertake to invite him to a banquet, and have him assassinated in the presence of any emissary whom the Company might send as a witness.

It surprised and annoyed the Nawab to find this offer rejected. Nevertheless, to his relief, the English did not farther press him for the surrender of the murderers, who, like the Nana Sahib and Tantia Topee after the massacre of Cawnpore, went each his way. Mir Kasim escaped into the Rohilla country, and after many years and many intrigues, ended his miserable life "unlamented even by his own family," says a native historian, in such dire poverty that his last shawl had to be sold to buy him a winding-sheet.



100 SOME RULERS IN BENGAL—1756-1765.

Somru wandered up and down the country, always carrying poison hidden in his clothes, for fear of falling into the hands of the English.

Mir Jafar was replaced in office, and when he died, which he did in a few months, he was succeeded by his son, an indolent profligate, who was glad to allow the Company to collect the revenues and provide for the defence of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa, so long as they gave him a yearly pension. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, when the arrangement had been concluded, "I shall now have as many dancing-girls as I like!"



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VI.

KINGS OF THE SOUTH—1761-1782

“The defeat of many Braithwaites and many Baillies will not ruin the English. I may ruin their resources by land, but I cannot dry up the sea.”
—HAIDAR ALI, 1780.



VI.

KINGS OF THE SOUTH—1761-1782.

WHILE French and English were fighting it out in Bengal and the south, the young Raja of Mysore—who, be it remembered, had sent a force to help the English and Mohammad Ali at the siege of Trichinopoly—was extremely malcontent.

His kingdom extended over about half the territory of the modern State of Mysore, a fertile and wealthy State which had enjoyed long peace, thanks to its distance from Delhi, and the tribute that it paid to the Marathas. In his capital at Seringatapam he had wealth and jewels and elephants, and all that the heart of a prince could desire—save freedom. The real ruler of Mysore and of the Raja was the Prime Minister.

For some time the Raja had chafed under his tyranny, before the old Rani, widow of a former Raja, suggested that something might be done,



with the help of a young man of Afghan descent, who had commanded the Mysore contingent in the campaign against the French. His name was Haidar¹ Ali, and he was wont to claim descent from the last of the Adil Shahi Kings of Bijapur, overthrown by Aurangzib; his father had been an officer in the Moghul service. He was wholly illiterate, "and addicted to low pursuits," but clever enough. He had profited by the confusion, after the head of the usurping Viceroy of the Deccan had been struck off upon the battlefield, to secure a good share of the dead man's treasure, before bringing his army home to Mysore, and he had succeeded in getting rid of the Marathas when a misunderstanding over the payment of *chaut*² had brought them into the Raja's territory. He was a keen soldier and sportsman, and all the thieves, scoundrels, and ruffians in the countryside were eager to take service with him, attracted by his "humble and agreeable manners," and his praiseworthy custom of making no deduction from a soldier's pay.

When the matter was set before him, Haidar saw no objections. With the help of a clever Brahman who kept Haidar's accounts—a necessary

¹ "The Lion."

² *Chaut*—the tribute levied by the Marathas as a condition of not attacking towns and districts—similar to *Danegeld*.



ally for the soldier who to the end of his days never achieved more penmanship than to scrawl an inverted H on official documents—a palace revolution was effected. The Minister was sent about his business, and the unlucky Raja found that he was no more his own master than before, Haidar having taken up the reins of government.

The first revolution having been successful, Raja and Rani now had the inspiration to try another. Haidar's Brahman was bribed to help them, and called in the Marathas, his fellow-countrymen, who attacked Seringapatam, and obliged Haidar to ride nearly a hundred miles in twenty-four hours to escape them, leaving his treasure, his artillery, and his family behind him. But the Raja enjoyed his freedom only for a little while. The Marathas were recalled to Poona; Haidar returned with a following, surprised the Mysore camp, and was acknowledged by the army. In return for life and a yearly income, the Raja was compelled to give him all authority, and henceforth had as little to say in the administration of Mysore as had the Emperor of Delhi in the Deccan or Oudh.

He was obliged, moreover, to surrender the Brahman who had been his confederate. The Rani and the ladies of the Palace begged earnestly for his life, and Haidar vowed to cherish the Brahman as if he were his parrot. A parrot is