



Regiment, and six battalions of sepoy, guided by an Irishman once in Sindhia's service. The picquet ran to the wicket, and were admitted, while the assaulting party, having vainly tried to enter with them, remained outside, under a terrific fire of musketry and guns. It was useless to plant scaling-ladders, for the walls above bristled with pikemen. For a full hour they stood their ground, then, as the sun rose, they fell back a few yards, and Lake, watching from one of the batteries, cried out, "They run!"

It was only for a moment; rallied by their officers, they formed once more and came back, bringing the Maratha gun with them. "The God of Heaven certainly looked down upon these noble fellows," says James Skinner, who was at Lake's side, "for with two shots they blew open half the gate, and giving three shouts, they rushed in."

"The fort is ours!" cried Lake joyously, but no more than the first step had been gained; the Rajputs stood their ground, and every inch of the way to the second gate was won by hand-to-hand fighting. The second gate yielded with little trouble, and the storming party passed through the third gate with the fugitives; the fourth gate defied men and guns, and it seemed as if they had come thus far to no purpose. Then



Colonel Macleod of the 76th espied a little wicket gate, tried it, and found himself in the heart of the fortress, with his men—what was left of them—behind him. Aligarh was won, and Lake rode in triumph to the gate. "But when he saw his heroes lying thick there, the tears came to his eyes. 'It is the fate of good soldiers,' he said, and turning round, he galloped back to the camp."

There was commotion in Delhi. The officer commanding there was that same Bourquin who had overcome George Thomas, and on hearing of the fall of Aligarh, he spread abroad that Perron had gone over to the English, and forced Shah Alam to invest him as commander-in-chief of Perron's infantry. Lake, advancing from Aligarh, had come within six miles of Delhi; his weary men were scattered, some undressed, some cooking their dinner, after an eight hours' march, when at 11 A.M. he learned that Bourquin was upon him with twelve battalions of infantry, five thousand cavalry, and seventy guns, established in a strong position with a line of entrenchments in front and a swamp on either flank.

"That which in others would have been rash was in Lake prudent daring," says a military expert. Disregarding the smallness of his numbers and the weariness of his men, he sent out



his cavalry to attack the enemy, and fall back as if beaten. Bourquin's men pursued, the cavalry retreated farther still, and then opened for the passage of the British infantry, led by Lake himself, who had stolen up under cover of the long grass. "It was one steady but desperate charge of the bayonet against the cannon—for the men, though falling in scores, never took their muskets from their shoulders till within 100 paces of the enemy, when orders were given for the charge."¹

By seven o'clock in the evening the victory was complete. Lake wrote to the Governor-General, "I do not think there could have been a more glorious day, but as I may be thought partial, I will say no more."

Three days later, Shah Alam, released from a miserable confinement, sat under a tattered canopy in the Diwan-i-Khas, where, sixteen years previously, Ghulam the Rohilla had torn out his eyes, and greeted Lake his deliverer as "Sword of the State, Hero of the Realm, Chief of the Age." Though the Emperor was to the conquerors "an object of pity, stripped of authority and reduced to poverty," yet they knew that "almost every state and every class of people in India continued to acknowledge his nominal

¹ James Skinner.



sovereignty," that "the current coin of every established power was struck" in his name, and that he was everywhere regarded as the "only legitimate fountain of honours." The blind and feeble old man had the glamour of the past hanging about him, and when he acknowledged the English General as his protector and the commander of his army, it was not a barren compliment.

II.

Meanwhile Wellesley had gone in pursuit of the united forces of Sindhia and the Bhonsla.

Some time previously, when Sindhia's Europeanised army was the envy of every Raja in India, an old Maratha chieftain had objected to Sindhia's intention of building cantonments at Ujjain. "Our fathers, the first founders of the Maratha power, made their houses on the backs of their horses; gradually the house came to be made of cloth; and now you are making it of mud: take care that in a very short time it does not all turn to mud, and is never rebuilt." "Who is there dares oppose me as long as I have my infantry and guns?" asked Sindhia, while his court derided the warning. "Beware!" answered the



chieftain, "it is that very infantry and those guns that will be your ruin."

The warning came true. The Bhonsla would have kept to the old Maratha traditions, never risking a battle, hanging upon the enemy's flanks to cut off stragglers and supplies, melting away when he turned upon them—the tactics of the wolf-pack, which had broken the armies of Aurangzib. Jeswant Rao Holkar had sent a message—"If you fight like a sovereign" (*i.e.*, with a regular army), "you will be defeated; fight like a Maratha, and you will be successful." But Sindhia was vain of his battalions and his guns, and would prove them, although the last advice of Boigne, the man who made his army, had been to disband it rather than risk it in a conflict with the British.

On the 23rd of September, Wellesley beheld the enemy's line stretched along the northern bank of the river Khelna, their cavalry on their right, their infantry and artillery on their left, close to the village of Assaye. They were more than 50,000, and his men were only 4500. As he gazed on the long array, he was told that the enemy had neglected to guard the only ford across the Khelna. "They cannot escape us now!" he exclaimed, and he crossed the ford.

Even as he drew up his army for the attack,



information reached him that his native allies, the cavalry of the Peshwa and the Nizam, intended to go over to the enemy. He was unmoved. A little later, the officer commanding his right wing, when ordered to advance, sent word that the Maratha cannonade had killed his gun-bullocks and disabled his guns. Still impassive, Wellesley replied, "Well, tell him to get on without them."

They did "get on"; each man fought as if the victory depended on himself alone. The Maratha horse dashed down upon the thinned ranks of the 74th Regiment, and they parted to let the 19th Light Dragoons pass through them at full gallop. Cheered by the very wounded and dying over whom they rode, the dragoons "cut in and routed the horse, and dashed on at the artillery and guns." The infantry, covered by their charge, pressed forward, the enemy's first line was driven back, and Assaye was carried at the point of the bayonet.

"I cannot write in too strong terms of the conduct of the troops," Arthur Wellesley informed the Governor-General; he had certainly taken every opportunity of judging, having led two charges, and had two horses shot under him.

Sindhia, who had left the field after beholding



the defeat of his cavalry, had little heart to continue the war; the Bhonsla, who had not waited so long, made ineffectual efforts. The fortress of Asirgarh, on a spur of the Vindhya mountains, held to be the key of the Deccan, capitulated to General Stevenson in October, after an hour's cannonading, and the conqueror went on to Gawilgarh, a double fort commanding the main road across the mountain-range dividing Northern from Southern India. It was the gate of the Bhonsla's dominions, as the Bhonsla knew when he sent his army to fall upon the General. Unhappily for the Marathas, Wellesley was as well aware as they of the importance of Gawilgarh, and had effected a junction with Stevenson. At the village of Argaum he once more met the combined forces of Sindhia and the Bhonsla. The heavy fire of the enemy's guns at first disconcerted some of the sepoy battalions, although they had stood their ground at Assaye; but Wellesley rallied them, and they came back to their post, to hold it against a charge of the Maratha horsemen. Then Wellesley led three regiments of Madras native cavalry from the rear, and drove the Marathas before him, while on his right the 74th and 78th regiments received the *corps d'élite* of the Bhonsla's army, five hundred picked Arabs



from the north, and "marching calmly forward, swept them, almost to a man, into eternity."

After this, there could be no hope of relieving Gawilgarh. A story told of Colonel Wallace, one of the officers engaged in besieging it, may help to show how it was that Wellesley and Lake were able to conquer what seemed overwhelming odds. A heavy gun had to be transported under cover of night over a steep mountain; the artillery officer in charge of it, after repeated failures, declared that it was impossible to carry out his instructions. "Impossible, sir?" exclaimed Wallace, "impossible? Let us see!" He then called for a light, pulled the instructions from his pocket, and, having read them, said, "Oh no, not impossible! the order is positive." The gun was dragged into place, and less than three weeks after the battle of Argaum, the fort was taken. The Bhonsla signed a treaty, in which, like the Peshwa, he acknowledged British supremacy, and undertook to levy *chaut* no more.

Lake on his side had been busy. "In the course of a month peace and tranquillity was restored from Aligarh to the gates of Delhi." The day after the battle of Assaye, Lake left Delhi for Agra, then held by a strong garrison, and protected by several battalions of Perron's



army, which had not been admitted within the walls for fear they should claim a share from the treasure-chest. This greed proved the undoing of the garrison, for Lake first of all defeated the army outside, and then opened his batteries against the fortress, which surrendered.

He had still to deal with Sindhia's army. Its European officers had nearly all taken service with the English, tempted by the Company's offers, but the men were those who had kept Hindustan in fear, and at their head was a pundit, Abaji, who had the pertinacity and something of the genius of the early Maratha chieftains.

When Agra surrendered, Abaji made for the Jaipur territory, a favourite Maratha battle-ground, where he knew of a refuge among the Mewat hills, reached by a single pass which could be held against all comers. Lake hurried after him, and finding that he could not drag his heavy guns over the rain-sodden ground, left them behind, taking only the cavalry and infantry. On the night of October 31st he reached the camping-ground which Abaji had left in the morning; the pass was only thirty-three miles distant. At midnight once more Lake led on his cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow as they could; at sunrise he found the enemy posted



about the village of Laswari. There was no time to be lost. Placing himself at the head of his advance-guard, he charged the enemy's left, while the 29th Dragoons and 4th Native Light Cavalry rode along the front of the enemy's line, raked by the fire of seventy-four guns, "formed up as steadily as on parade," and endeavoured to turn the right. "British and Marathas got into a mess together," as Skinner describes it, and the cavalry retired with heavy loss, unable to carry the entrenchments.

By this time it was noon; the infantry had marched five-and-twenty miles, and reached the spot, and were panting to be at the enemy. But Lake made them halt and eat their breakfast; then once more he led them to the attack.

It was a magnificent battle, such as can never be seen again. The first British line advanced through a deadly cannonade; for some reason, the second was late in following them. Regardless of this, Lake was leading his men "in face of a fire which, for intensity, has rarely if ever been surpassed," when Abaji hurled his cavalry against them. Still the line held firm, and Lake ordered a counter-charge. His horse was shot dead under him; his son dismounted to give him his horse, and fell at his side, severely wounded. Then the British cavalry made their charge; like



a river in spate they rolled over the ground, and nothing could stand against them. The guns were carried, but still the Marathas held on grimly, like the dying wolves when the pack is broken up. When every position had been carried, and every gun taken, the survivors withdrew from the field.

As Lake rode back to camp, his men cheered him. "He took off his hat and thanked them, but told them to despise death as these brave fellows had done—pointing to the Marathas, who were lying thick around their guns."

Sindbia yielded to necessity, and made a treaty with his conquerors. That he broke it upon the first opportunity was probably no more than was expected by either side.

III.

A Muslin writer has remarked upon the habit of the Marathas, after quarrelling among themselves, to unite against a common foe, "as we are told of the serpent when cut asunder, that the dismembered parts have a separate existence, and seek again incorporation."

The truth of this was shown after Jeswant Rao Holkar, who had been levying *chaut* in Malwa



and Rajputana, declined to follow the example of Sindhia and the Bhonsla. Having paid his troops at the expense of one of Sindhia's towns, which he plundered of every article of value except the jewels that the women wore, he endeavoured to stir up the other princes of Hindustan to revolt. Failing for the moment, he moved towards Rajputana, and requested Lake to retire to Agra, "as your near approach to my victorious army appears likely to lead to unpleasant circumstances." Among his officers were three of English descent, and these he tortured and murdered, on a false suspicion that they were in correspondence with their fellow-countrymen.

Then Lake showed that he could beat Jaswant and his ally Amir Khan, the Pindari, in their own mode of warfare. "If they brought up guns, their guns were taken; if they attacked a district officer, he defended himself successfully with a handful of jail-guards and messengers. The armour-plated horsemen were overthrown or put to flight; the light cavalry could not always outmarch the British dragoons; the chiefs only saved themselves by the most headlong galloping."¹

Unluckily, the lesson failed to strike home, on account of the disaster which befell Colonel the

¹ Keene.



Hon. W. Monson, who, having advanced far into Malwa, and taken a hill-fort by escalade, "a most gallant and brilliant exploit," not finding a detachment from Gujerat that he expected to co-operate with him, and running short of provisions, decided in an evil hour to retreat. It happened to him as it had often happened to the Moghul armies in a similar situation. Holkar fell upon his rear-guard, with whom were a band of Hara Rajputs under the chief of Koelah, Umr Singh. Dismounting from his horse, the chieftain stood with his men to defend the passage of the stream, which was soon choked with their bodies. He died upon the field, as became a Rajput; his next in command was taken prisoner by the Marathas, and forced to sign a bond for ten lakhs of rupees as a penalty for siding with the English.

Meanwhile Monson struggled on through mud and incessant rain. His guns sank into a quagmire, and had to be left to the care of another Hara, the Raja of Bondi. The wild Bhils, who, forgetting their own traditions, were the friends of Holkar, the Rajputs' enemy, murdered the wives and children of the sepoy's while the force was trying to cross a flooded river, in which many were drowned. Holkar harassed them incessantly, and though driven back nearly every



time, always returned. The baggage had to be abandoned. After three months of this misery, the survivors reached Agra "in flying and detached groups."

During the long retreat the older sepoys and native officers continually heartened the younger English officers, who were not so well seasoned as they, telling them, "Cheer up, for we will carry you safely into Agra." When some of these faithful comrades straggled back to Agra, long after the rest, their noses and ears cut off by Holkar's orders, because, when prisoners in his power, they had refused to take service with him, the fury of the English was almost uncontrollable. A little later, when Lake attacked Holkar's camp, his prisoners expected similar treatment, and were astonished beyond measure to be dismissed with the present of a rupee for every man, and the message, "Tell your chief that none but cowards are cruel to their prisoners."

Holkar, who had fled from his camp "at the first discharge of a galloper gun," now conceived an audacious plan—to surprise Delhi and secure the Emperor's person. Colonel David Ochterlony, the British Resident at the Emperor's Court, had for all defence between two and four thousand men, one-third of whom had to remain on guard in the palace. One corps of irregular cavalry



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went over to the enemy, and another had to be sent away, while a battalion of infantry mutinied. The remainder of the garrison had to defend a city seven miles in circumference, its only protection a ruinous wall, in many places too weak to support a gun, and surrounded on all sides by trees, scrub, and ruins.

For eight days and nights they held out against 15,000 infantry, backed by nearly 200 guns and 60,000 horse. Ochterlony, who knew the sepoy, served out a ration of sweetmeats to his men, who had no time to cook food, and promised them half a month's extra pay when the enemy should be repulsed.

On October 14th Holkar sat watching a nautch; in the centre of the room was a spear on which was transfixed the head of a private of the 76th Regiment, his prisoner, strangled by his order, and the nautch-girls danced round it. Next day Lake was at hand, and Holkar was in full retreat towards Bhurtpore, ravaging and burning the villages on his line of march.

Believing that he had left the English nearly forty miles behind him, he was again watching a nautch, when he received news that Monson had attacked the main body of his infantry at Dig, and defeated them, regaining fourteen of the guns lost in the retreat from Malwa. Before



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the next morning broke he was awakened by an explosion. It was the explosion of an artillery tumbril belonging to Lake's force, but he was told it was the morning gun from Fatehgarh, and believed it. His men, wrapt in their blankets, still slept in true Maratha fashion beside their horses, when showers of grape hailed upon them, and ere they could spring to their feet the 8th Light Dragoons were among them.

Holkar mounted his horse, and never drew bridle till he had left the camp eighteen miles behind him. Lake's cavalry, who had made a forced march of fifty-eight miles in the night, pursued the Marathas for ten miles more. They had lost scarcely twenty men; they had broken Holkar's army, and his prestige, so that never again did he muster half the number that he had commanded on the day before Lake surprised him.

All his forts in the Deccan were captured already, and Indore, his capital, had surrendered without resistance. Dig, belonging to his ally, the Raja of Bhurtpore, was stormed, and the only stronghold where Holkar might find refuge was Bhurtpore itself.

Popular tradition said that vast treasures were hidden within the fortified town, but hitherto its walls and bastions, and its deep moat, had kept



out the attempts of all who would have possessed themselves of the wealth hoarded through centuries. "To take Bhurtpore" was the local equivalent for "Ding down Tantallon, build a brig to the Bass."

Nevertheless, Lake hoped that it might be taken by sheer audacity, like Aligarh, and did not lose hope till his men had been beaten back, in four separate assaults, with heavy loss. Then he sent for his battering train, and would have laid siege with all due form, if the Raja, who was becoming uneasy, had not sued for peace.

He obtained it, against the better judgment of many persons, because Sindhia was giving trouble again. It will be remembered that Sindhia's great uncle, Madhaji, had captured Gwalior from the Rana of Gohad. In the general redistribution of property Lord Wellesley had restored it to the Rana. Sindhia, who, by a great stretch of imagination, had persuaded himself that Gwalior was his ancestral property, took offence, and his ministers widened the breach. He plundered and imprisoned the British Resident in his camp, and received Holkar and Amir Khan with great demonstrations of friendliness.

Lord Wellesley had the impetuous Irish temper, and when crossed by his masters at home was in the habit of offering his resignation. More



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than a year previously he had consented, with great show of reluctance, to remain at his post for another twelvemonth. The British Ministry and the Directors of the East India Company were growing alarmed at the growth of dominion and expenditure, and resolved upon peace, retrenchment, and reform. They could hardly be blamed for taking Wellesley at his word, but at least they owed him the courtesy of telling him that his successor was appointed, instead of leaving him to hear it from private letters.

The successor was Lord Cornwallis, who, a few years before, had taken the field against Tipu Sahib at the head of the Company's army. Now old and feeble, as soon as he arrived he announced his intention of "giving up all lands west of the Jumna without reference to their political condition." Three months later he was dead, and was duly commemorated at Ghazipur by a monument so hideous that Bishop Heber suggested turning it into a campanile for a church.

His death brought no change for the better, since his post was temporarily filled by the senior member of Council, Sir George Barlow, who immediately proceeded to renounce all that had been won at great cost.

While Sindhia had been negotiating, Holkar had been perpetrating atrocities in the country near the Sutlej, until utterly defeated by Lake, and



forced to sue for a treaty. He undertook to surrender Tonk, Bondi, and all places north of the Bondi hills—to none of which he had any claim except that of the strong hand. Under Wellesley, Barlow had been a zealous upholder of the "forward" policy, which may have occasioned some astonishment that his conscience now refused to allow him to ratify this treaty. Bondi was given over to the mercy of Holkar. Sindhia kept Gwalior and Gohad, and was left free to wreak his vengeance upon Jaipur, whose Raja had lent fitful assistance to the English during the war. The British Government undertook to enter into no treaties with the princes of Rajputana, or to interfere with "the arrangements" that Sindhia might make with them.

"This is the first time," said the envoy of Jaipur to Lake, "since the British government was established in India, that it has been known to make its faith subservient to its convenience."

Lake, whose clean soldier's mind was incapable of understanding political exigencies, resigned his civil power to Barlow, vowing that never again would he put his hand to treaties which were to be negatived at headquarters. His hands had been clean throughout his service, and when he went home, to die a poor man, English and natives alike united to give him such a farewell as no other public servant ever had received.



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XII.

WHEN THIEVES FELL OUT—1805-1820

"In tempore vespere, et ecce turbatio; in matutino, et non subsistet; haec est pars eorum, qui vastaverunt nos, et sors diripentium nos."



XII.

WHEN THIEVES FELL OUT—1805-1820.

THE "Time of Troubles" was not ended; thanks to Barlow's masterly inactivity, Central India was in worse plight than ever.

The Marathas by themselves, in the degradation to which they had fallen since the deaths of Madhaji Sindhia and Ahalya Bai, were capable of ruining any state, and they had allies who could outdo them at their worst.

In the days before the last battle of Panipat the Maratha armies had been swelled by bands of freebooters of the worst type, commonly known as Pindaris,¹—men of various races, with no common creed or interest, held together only by the lust of plunder. In later years both Sindhia and Holkar availed themselves of their services, which they paid by an occasional permission to

¹ The word was said to be derived from *Pinda*, an intoxicating drink.



the leaders to keep part of the lands they seized from other people, and a general leave to plunder "even beyond the usual licence given to a Maratha army."

Encumbered by neither tents nor baggage, carrying only grain for their horses and bread for themselves, the Pindaris would ride forty or fifty miles a day till they reached the district marked for their attention. Then, dividing into small bands, they swept the country systematically, never exposing themselves to danger if they could help it, but falling upon peaceful villages and defenceless cultivators. They ravished the women, they killed the children, they tortured the men in nameless ways in order to extract what little money they might have been able to hoard; they drove the cattle before them, and destroyed everything that they could not carry. If overtaken, they dispersed in all directions; but they could ride where regular troops might not follow, and they usually had finished their work before any force could be mustered to attack them—although, we are told, they would break off their labours five times a day in order to say their prayers.

"The very scavengers of Marathas," one who knew them well calls the Pindaris; and they richly deserved the name. The Maratha occa-



sionally redeemed his treachery and cruelty by bravery, as on the field of Laswari; the Pindari had no redeeming qualities. "If any of our people ever had them," observed an intelligent Pindari to Sir John Malcolm, "the first effect would be to make them leave our company." If the Marathas were the wolves, the Pindaris were the hyænas.

The evil that they caused could not be measured only by the waste fields and burning villages and disfigured corpses left in their track; many of the lesser chieftains whom they harried, unable to protect their lands from the spoiler, became robbers in their turn and preyed upon others. "What else could we do?" asked the minister of a petty state in Malwa. "There was no other class but plunderers left in Malwa." The very Bhils, emboldened by the general anarchy, came down from their hills and forests to rob those weaker than themselves. In many districts the husbandman durst not plough his field without taking shield and lance with him, while a watchman stood on an earth-tower to give the alarm if any one were seen approaching. And all the while the Maratha armies were going up and down the land, levying contributions from towns and provinces, indifferent as to who might be the overlord, and Barlow sat still and made no sign.



Countries wasted by famine, or by evil beasts or tempest, have sought to propitiate their gods by a virgin sacrifice, as we know from such diverse sources as the legend of St George and the folk-tale of the Brown Bear of Noroway. There was to be a virgin sacrifice ere Malwa and Rajputana could be delivered from the scourge.

Had the Rajput princes held together they might have driven off the Marathas, or at least have made a good end. But it was the ill-luck of all the chief states of Rajputana to be governed at this time by rulers who were unworthy of all the traditions of their race. The Rana of Udaipur was weak, the Maharaja of Jaipur was a vulgar profligate, the Raja of Jodhpur was a ruffian. Each was at war with the other, and Sindhia and Holkar ravaged their dominions at will, and laid waste Kotah and Bondi to avenge the help given to the English, who would not lift a finger to save the kinsmen of those Haras who had covered Monson's retreat.

Now the Rana of Udaipur's daughter, the Princess Kishna, had grown to marriageable age in these troublous years, and was reputed to be the loveliest maiden in India. Sindhia himself had asked her in marriage; but though the fines levied by Sindhia and Holkar had reduced her



father to such dire poverty that he had stripped the ladies of his family of their jewels, "the sun of the Hindus," the first among the Rajputs, could not stoop so low as to give his daughter to a Maratha. Rather than this, she should marry the Maharaja of Jaipur, who had asked for her, though his clan, the Kachwahas, were little esteemed in Udaipur, and the Maharaja was said to be the most dissolute prince of his age.

Then the Raja of Jodhpur claimed the princess: she had been betrothed to his brother, he said, who had died before the wedding-day, and therefore belonged to him by rights as his brother's heir.

It shows to what degradation the Rajput princes had fallen, that both the rival claimants appealed to the Marathas for aid. The Jaipur Maharaja backed his arguments with a bribe, and Holkar sent Amir Khan's Pindaris to his aid, while Sindhia lent some of his ruffians. Then followed war between the princess's suitors, while Amir Khan plundered the territories of both indiscriminately. There was battle and murder, and dead men's bones whitened the roads; and the English, to whom appeal was made, still sat inert, although by this time Barlow had been superseded by Lord Minto.

The Rana, helpless and broken, sued for peace,



and was told by Amir Khan that he should have it at a price. Let "the Flower of Rajast'han" die, and end the contention for her hand.

It was expedient that one should die for many; the father yielded. Royal blood might only be shed by royal blood, and therefore the Rana's half-brother was sent to the zenana. He looked on Kishna Bai, and at the sight his dagger fell from his hand and he confessed his purpose.

The women burst into cries and lamentations, while Kishna, serene as a virgin martyr, rebuked their clamour. "Why grieve, my mother? I fear not to die. Am I not your daughter? A Rajput maiden is destined for sacrifice, and often enters this world but to be sent from it. Let me thank my father who has allowed me to live till now."

Her father's sister undertook to compound a poisoned draught. As in the legends of the martyrs, twice the victim drank and received no hurt. When the cup was brought for the third time, she smiled, and wished that it might be the last. Then with the cry, "This was the marriage to which I was foredoomed!" she dropped down at the feet of her attendants.



II.

The sacrifice of the virgin princess was the turning-point for Rajputana. "A shudder went through the length and breadth of the land," and in the following year reached as far as 'The Times' office, whence, in April 1811, came an obituary notice more remarkable for good intentions than for correctness, since it styled Kishna Bai "this second Helen." That such a deed should be done under the eyes of the English Mission in Sindhia's camp was felt as an intolerable disgrace.

The retribution for his sins soon fell upon Jaswant Rao Holkar. His temper, always violent, had become ungovernable through drinking cherry brandy, and working by day and night at the foundries where his cannon were being cast. At the time when Amir Khan was demanding the death of the princess, his master, after having been tied with ropes to prevent his murdering the women in the zenana, had sunk from a violent maniac to a speechless idiot, fed with milk like a baby. No cure could be found; some said that he was bewitched by an evil spirit in his palace; others recalled how, in one of his forays into Udaipur territory, he had



plundered the shrine of Krishna at Nathdwarra—an insult to his own religion that had appalled every Hindu in his army.

Amir Khan seized upon the contents of the treasury, and a quarrel for the regency ensued between Tulsi Bai, the mistress of Jaswant, who had taken her from her husband, and various other disreputable persons. One of these, a certain Dherma, formerly Jaswant's servant, now promoted to command of the infantry, attempted a *coup-d'état*, and took possession of the lunatic, under the pretext of carrying him to the wonder-working shrine of Mahadeo, near Udaipur. Finding himself hard pressed by Amir Khan, he sent Jaswant, his son, and Tulsi herself, into the jungle, as a prelude to making away with them all. This was going too far; the army rebelled, and took Dherma prisoner. He had shown many of Holkar's qualities, and might have risen to an equal "bad eminence," but his opportunities were cut short by Tulsi, who ordered his immediate execution. The executioner, from stupidity or carelessness, slashed at his neck with one hand. Dherma looked sternly upon him: "Take two hands, you rascal; after all, it is the head of Dherma that is to be cut off."

Amir Khan was now indisputably the master, and he ravaged from Nagpur to Jodhpur, in the



name of Holkar's unlawful son by a potter's daughter, whom Tulsi Bai and her confederates had proclaimed heir to the madman. The government was supposed to be in the hands of Tulsi, of whose unspeakable wickedness there is no need to tell; the Maratha ladies of her day had an evil reputation, and she was the most shameless of them all. With mutinies on one side and assassinations on the other, the regency continued to exist through a few squalid years, until the general upheaval.

Sindhia, in the meantime, was continuing his depredations wherever he thought himself secure from collision with the English. The Peshwa, under pretence of friendship, was contriving fresh mischief, inspired and abetted by his favourite, Trimbakji, once a spy, now his pander.

Everywhere the cry went up for the help of the English. "When will you take this country?" a faquir had asked Mountstuart Elphinstone in 1801. "The country wants you. The Hindus are villains." "All enjoy rest under the protection of the English, and all are comforted by their justice," sighed a Muslim chronicler, a few years later. Still the Directors at home clung to the policy of non-intervention. The Prince Regent had obliged them to send out his favourite Lord Moira as Governor-General. A



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man of nearly sixty, who had "no better record than that of a fair soldier and a zealous courtier," seemed a safe appointment, no doubt, and they knew nothing of the private journal in which Moira noted: "Our object ought to be to render the British Government paramount, in effect, if not declaredly."

He had not been long in office before the Pindaris went so far as to stir the blood of even a Court of Directors. In the cold weather of 1815-16, some 23,000 of them had been at work in the country between Nagpur and the Bay of Bengal, and in ten days succeeded in killing 182 of the inhabitants, wounding 500, and torturing over 3000, while doing damage to the amount of a million sterling. After this, Moira received permission to go so far as "repelling and chastising the invaders."

If the English broom was to sweep clean, there must be no holes and corners left where evil-doers could harbour. Negotiations with the Maratha and Rajput states upon this question met with varying success. The Regent for the imbecile Bhonsla was easily brought to see where his best interests lay; Sindhia played fast and loose, now posing as the friend of the English, now trying to stir the other Maratha states and



the Gurkhas to war. Amir Khan, on receiving a grant of territory, settled down into a responsible ruler and faithful ally. Nothing could be done with the Holkar regency, and the Peshwa was becoming little better than the Pindaris. His favourite, Trimbakji, had lately hired assassins to murder the envoy of the Gaikwar of Baroda—a most respectable Brahman, whose crime was that he had refused to allow his wife to visit the Peshwa's palace, in which no honourable woman could set foot.

The Resident at Poona was Mountstuart Elphinstone—one of the most honoured names in the history of British rule in India. His unflinching insistence at last brought the Peshwa to sign a treaty whereby he became the feudatory of the Company, and to yield up Trimbakji to the justice of the English.

The murderer was confined in the fort of Tannah, on that island of Salsette with which Raghoba had bribed the Bombay Council before the first Maratha war. To the fort, one day, came a Maratha horsekeeper asking for employment. When his service had come to a sudden end, it was remembered that he groomed his horses within earshot of the prisoner's window, and that he sang Maratha ballads as he worked.



One, evidently a favourite, as it was continually repeated, ran somewhat in this fashion :—

“Behind the bush the bowmen hide,
The horse beneath the tree;
Where shall I find a knight will ride
The jungle paths with me?
There are five-and-fifty coursers there,
And four-and-fifty men;
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his steed,
The Deccan thrives again.”¹

One evening the prisoner disappeared; he had escaped to the jungle paths, and in a few months was stirring up insurrection, with the connivance of the Peshwa.

III.

In 1817, Moira (now become Lord Hastings) collected the largest army that had ever assembled under the English flag in India. The central force, under his own command, was to bar Hindustan against the Pindaris; the Madras army was to march up from the Deccan, under Sir Thomas Hislop, its commander-in-chief, while the Bombay army held Gujerat. The intent was not only to surround the Pindaris and sweep them

¹ Bishop Heber's translation.



up, but to overawe any of the native powers who might give trouble.

First of these was the Peshwa, who was sending his agents to corrupt the sepoys, and even the European officers in the British service, garrisoning his forts, and recruiting an army. As a good beginning, he proposed to get rid of Elphinstone, either by murdering him at a conference, as Sivaji had murdered the envoy of Aurangzib, or by setting Trimbakji to attack the Residency by night. All the English were to be murdered likewise, except a surgeon who had cured many sick among the Marathas.

A European regiment was on its way to Poona. To gain time was important, and Elphinstone seemed to credit all the Peshwa's civilities, while making what preparations he could against the storm. Long afterwards, old soldiers would tell of the strain of those days at the end of October and the beginning of November, how Elphinstone watched all one night on the terrace, knowing that the Peshwa's guns were yoked, and his horses saddled for an attack which happily was deferred, and how the sepoys, true to their salt, rejected the overtures of the Peshwa's agents, and brought his rupees to their officers.

They would tell "how the 'Old Toughs'" (103rd Regiment, now 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers),



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“the only European corps within reach, marched seventy-two miles straight up over the ghauts to Poona, with only a single three hours’ halt *en route*; how they closed up their ranks, and entered the British lines with band playing and colours flying; and how not a straggler dropped behind, for all knew ‘that there must be a battle soon.’”

“Their arrival was the signal for the Peshwa to throw off the mask, and as the British Residency was untenable, our troops moved out to take up a safer position at Kirkee, about three miles from the city of Poona; and as they marched they saw all the houses of the Resident and his suite fired by the enemy, who swarmed out of the city. As they formed in line of battle, they anxiously watched the native regiments coming up on their flank, for that was the moment for successful treachery, if the native soldiers were untrue! Not a sepoy, however, in the British ranks wavered, though before the junction was complete a cloud of Maratha cavalry poured down upon them, dashed through the opening left between the two lines, enveloped either flank of the little army, and attacked the European regiment in the rear. Then, as a last resource, the European regiment faced about their second rank, and kept up such a steady rolling fire to front and rear at the same time, that but few of the eager horsemen



ever came within spear's length of the British bayonets."¹

A few days later, General Smith's arrival at Poona drove the Peshwa to Satara and re-established order in the city. It was just at this time that a new detachment arriving from Calcutta brought the cholera to Hastings's army, and in ten days twenty thousand officers, soldiers, and camp-followers were swept away. The track of the army through Bundelkhund was strewn with the dead and dying, and the Marathas thought that the pestilence had come to fight on their side.

It was too much for the newly-born virtue of the Regent of Nagpur, who had begun by doing all that was asked of him, in the hope that the English would allow him to succeed his imbecile brother, the Bhonsla. Mr Jenkins, the Resident, found his house surrounded by the Nagpur troops, called in the brigade of Madras Native Infantry from cantonments, and stationed it on the Sitabaldi hill, behind the Residency. Here they were assailed by the Nagpur army, led by a band of Arab mercenaries. The fighting went on from sunset till two o'clock in the morning, when the Arabs captured one of the twin peaks of the hill, and turned the gun stationed there upon the

¹ Sir B. Frere.



northern peak. Then the army closed round for a general assault, while from the sepoy's quarters, where the Arabs had broken in, came the cries of women and children.

With the brigade were three troops of Bengal native cavalry, under Captain Fitzgerald, who had been posted in the Residency grounds. Repeatedly, as he watched the danger thickening, he had asked leave to charge, and each time the commanding officer refused it. Now, when the day seemed lost, he sent yet another message, and received for answer, "Tell him to charge at his peril." "At my peril be it!" was Fitzgerald's exclamation, as he galloped out with his men. Down upon the main body of horse he charged, scattered them, cut the infantry with them to pieces, and rode back with the captured guns. The sight put heart into the sepoy infantry, who now charged in their turn. The Nagpur army was driven off—eighteen thousand men worsted by less than fourteen hundred.

In the beginning of December, Malcolm, then in hot pursuit of Chitu, the worst of all the Pindari leaders, entered Holkar's territory, and to his great surprise found himself withstood by Holkar's army. Tulsi Bai and her advisers had been professedly the friends of the English, but a political crisis had just occurred; the household troops



were weary of her infamous rule and determined to end it. Having enticed Mulhar Rao from his tent, they seized upon the woman and her chief minister. On a December night they carried her down to the banks of the Sipra river; she begged for life, she cast the blame of her sins upon others, she offered her pearls as a bribe, and her shrieks roused the camp from slumber, but as an eye-witness testified, "not a foot stirred and not a voice was raised to save a woman who had never shown mercy to others." She was beheaded, and her body cast into the river.

A few hours later Malcolm crossed the Sipra at Mahidpur with scarcely 2000 bayonets, and engaged "20,000 of the best cavalry in India, with infantry and heavy guns." The result was a severe defeat for Holkar's troops, and his ministers were obliged to sue for peace, at the price of renouncing all claims upon Rajputana, and all territory south of the Satpura range.

The operations against the Peshwa cannot be told in detail; generally, it may be said with Skinner on another occasion, that "the British and the Marathas got messed up," for while the van of Hislop's Fourth Division was chasing the Marathas, the Maratha cavalry were sometimes pressing the rear-guard and baggage of the division.



On New Year's Day, 1818, Captain Staunton, in command of the 2nd Battalion 1st Bombay Native Infantry, was on his way from Sirore to reinforce the troops at Poona, then threatened with an attack from the Peshwa's army. By ten o'clock in the morning he reached the village of Koreigaom, built on a large mound overlooking the river Bhima, and saw the Peshwa's cavalry, twenty-five thousand strong, on the opposite bank.

In the centre of the village, where two ways intersect, was an open space where stood the village temple, and the rest-house for travellers. Here was the only shelter for the wounded through the long day when Staunton held the village with five hundred men and two guns against the host, while the Peshwa watched from an eminence overlooking the plain. There was no cover save a mud wall, breached in many places, and open on one side. There was no food, and no water; for though the sepoys could see the sacred Bhima running within a hundred yards of them, no man could cross that space under the fire of the Peshwa's army, and return.

The men had marched all night. The sun smote down upon them, half their officers were killed or disabled, and the enemy, having taken the temple, had slaughtered the wounded. The men were dropping with thirst and weariness, and



still fresh assailants swarmed upon them, driven by the taunts of the Peshwa, who asked Trimbakji and his officers where were their boasts of defeating the English when they could not overcome one battalion?

Chisholm, the artillery officer, fell dead, and the Arab mercenaries rushed in upon the guns, and took one. The artillerymen began to murmur of surrender upon terms. Then from the place where he lay mortally wounded, with a shot through the body, rose the gigantic adjutant, Thomas Pattinson, son of a Cumberland clergyman. "Follow me once more!" he cried, and seizing a musket from a fallen sepoy, swung the butt of it against the Arabs, knocking them down right and left. His men, who adored him, followed, and the gun was brought back as he dropped, with another mortal wound.

By the evening no officer was left fit for duty except Staunton himself; "then the young assistant-surgeons, Wylie and Wingate, leaving their wounded, took their swords, and calling the almost exhausted men to follow them, twice led them to the charge." Wingate was killed. Then night came down, the attack weakened, and the men could draw water.

All next day Staunton stood waiting for another attack, and when night came again, retreated to



Sirore. In spite of having withstood the Peshwa's army, his men knew that they had failed to reach Poona, and we are told that "they came into cantonments with drooping heads." They were consoled by the welcome they received—all save Pattinson, who survived to reach Sirore with the rest, and could not be brought on his deathbed to realise anything but that the detachment had failed to obey orders.

In the following month, at Ashta, General Smith overtook and defeated the Peshwa, who escaped from the field. His chief adviser, Gokala, died, sword in hand, covering his retreat—a most undeserved sacrifice, since, in one of his attempts to negotiate with the English, the Peshwa had thought to conciliate them by offering to poison Gokala. The army was broken up, and the Peshwa was left to wander from place to place, without friends or resources.

Thus, one after another, all the refuges whither the Pindaris had been used to retreat were taken from them, and the cordon was drawn tighter until all the robber bands were dead or dispersed. "There was not one hour of their hunted existence when they tried to fight like men."¹ There was something of dramatic retribution in the fate of Chitu, who, from his lair in the forests between

¹ Keene.



the Nerbudda river and the Vindhya mountains, had terrorised all within his reach. The few followers left to him urged surrender to the English mercy. But Chitu feared that the punishment for his sins would be banishment from India, and would not face it; in his broken and miserable slumbers he was heard continually to shriek "Black water!" meaning the sea over which the English would send him. At the last, he was separated from all his followers, starving and alone, and the English were tracking him through the jungles by the print of his horse's hoofs. In a tiger's den they found a mangled body, and a sword and a letter-case, which proved that the wild beast who had preyed upon Central India had become the prey of a wild beast in his turn.

"The Pindaris were virtually, and as an institution, abolished"; the Peshwa threw himself on the mercy of the English. There remained to put everything into place, now that the sweeping was accomplished.

The Raja of Bondi at last was rewarded for his fidelity. All the districts taken from him by the Marathas—some of which had been alienated for fifty years—were restored. The other Rajput states were also delivered from the spoiler, and came under British protection. An English



officer has described the condition of the state of Udaipur, when at length the argent snake of Sindhia on its orange field had been displaced. "In a space of 140 miles, all was desolate; even the traces of the footsteps of man were effaced. The babul and gigantic reed, which harboured the boar and the tiger, grew upon the highways; and every rising ground displayed a mass of ruins. Bhilwara, the commercial *entrepôt* of Rajputana, which, ten years before, contained 6000 families, showed not a vestige of existence. All was silent in her streets—no living thing was seen except a solitary dog, that fled in dismay from his lurking-place in the temple, scared at the unaccustomed sight of man."

Now that the spoiler was cast forth, the people assembled from all directions whither they had fled, and came back to rebuild their homes with joy and singing. In a very short time the effects of the sweeping were evident. "A year or two ago, if you had come this way, you would have been killed for the food you carried," said the dwellers in a wild region of Bondi to an Englishman; "now, you might travel with gold."

Nagpur passed under British administration, till the child who was heir to it came of age. The young Holkar was left under the tutelage of a Resident, with dominions considerably shorn.



The Peshwa was deposed, and spent the rest of his life at Bithur, on the Ganges, near Cawnpore; he left an adopted son, remembered to this day as "the Nana Sahib," who was to avenge his quarrel with the English.

One of the least-deserving actors in the story profited the most. Sindhia, whose double-dealing had been detected and exposed repeatedly, who had been withheld from open war only by the neighbourhood of a British division, was confirmed in the possession of various territories which his army had torn from their long-established owners in Bundelkhund, just before the Pindari War.

Elphinstone declined a baronetcy, as an honour which he "would have to share with half the aldermen of London," and was not given the Bath—which he would have accepted gladly—or any other distinction.

Trimbakji was consigned to prison, under a guard of Europeans and sepoy. He showed no anxiety about his children, for whose safety Elphinstone cared, but was much concerned over his weekly accounts, and once set the whole garrison in an uproar over some *giri*¹ which, he declared, had been stolen from him.

¹ Rancid butter.



CSL

XIII.

THE MEN OF THE HILLS—1814-1826

“In this reign a war broke out with the British in the Terai, but, depriving them of wisdom, the Raja saved his country. Then, calling the British gentlemen, he made peace with them, and allowed them to live near Thambahil.”—VANSAVALI (GENEALOGICAL HISTORY) OF NEPAL.



XIII.

THE MEN OF THE HILLS—1814-1826.

To the north of India, where the snow-covered peaks of the Himalayas form the barrier to the forbidden plateau of Tibet, the lower hills—in many places higher than the Alps—are intersected by rivers flowing down to the sacred Mother Ganges. In the valleys, a sturdy race, with the narrow eyes and high cheek-bones of their Mongol ancestry, had dwelt for many generations, before they were invaded by a people fleeing from the Muslim invaders who overran Northern and Central India in the twelfth century. The new-comers called themselves Rajputs; their chief claimed to be of the royal house of Udaipur, and distorted fragments of its history are embedded in the records of Nepal. Intermarrying with the inhabitants of the valleys, in course of time they lost the outward characteristics of the Rajput, while retaining his love of fighting. Their first capital was at a place



named Gurkha, from which they took the name by which they are best known. Later on, the seat of government was at Kathmandu, on the bank of the river Gandak, surrounded by lofty mountains, a town indescribably filthy and extraordinarily picturesque, with wide-eaved houses covered with elaborate wood-carvings, and temples like those on a Chinese tea-tray, hung with tinkling bells and adorned with glittering brass. The staircase of every house was like a ship's hatchway, so that at need each householder could turn his dwelling into a fortress—a useful precaution in a land where fighting was the only recreation for men.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century the Gurkhas had made efforts to widen their boundaries, sometimes triumphant, sometimes defeated by their neighbours. Their aggressions upon Tibet brought an invading army from China, and they were driven to appeal to the English, from whom they obtained much good advice, and a commercial treaty. Seeing no advantage in either, the Gurkhas then turned their attention to districts either owned or protected by the English, and at the end of the year 1813 seized a tract including two hundred villages beyond the forests that bordered Nepal on the south.



Lord Moira, who had arrived in Calcutta to take office in October, represented to the Nepal Government that these villages were part of the territory of the Raja of Oudh, lately ceded to the English, and demanded their surrender within twenty-five days. The Nepal Government replied by sending troops over the frontier to attack the British post of Bhotwal, where they killed eighteen of the police force, and murdered the head officer who had surrendered to them.

Moira had come from England with instructions to continue the policy of peace and retrenchment; he had found the Calcutta Treasury nearly empty, and he knew that, sooner or later, he must sweep Central India clear of the Pindaris and reduce the Marathas to order. But to allow the Gurkhas to go unpunished would be to degrade British prestige in India to a level even lower than had been reached under the guidance of Sir George Barlow and the Court of Directors. So, after vainly requiring an apology from the Nepal Government, he prepared for a campaign at the end of the rainy season, during which it was impossible to bring troops through the Terai, the long strip of malaria-haunted forest beyond the British frontier. Meanwhile, the Nepal Government, "with a baseness and barbarity peculiar to themselves," as the Governor-General's pro-



clamation indignantly declared, "endeavoured to destroy the troops and the subjects of the Company on the frontier by poisoning the water of the wells and tanks in a tract of considerable extent."

To meet the expenses of the war two millions were borrowed from the Nawab of Oudh—a loan that was destined to bring no good to borrower or to lender.

Four divisions were employed against the Gurkhas' little army of twelve thousand men; the largest, eight thousand strong, under Major-General Marley, was to march direct upon Kathmandu, while the next largest, under Ochterlony, attacked the Gurkha positions at the western extremity of their line. Another division, under Major-General Gillespie, was to occupy the Dehra Dun, a valley above the first range of hills, and then move westward to Ochterlony's support; the weakest division, under General Wood, was to move from the Gorakhpur frontier through Bhotwal. On paper, it seemed an effective scheme for crushing a few thousand hillmen, undisciplined and imperfectly equipped, and it might have worked out more or less according to expectation, had not one of the commanders been rash, while two were inert.

The first division to move was that under Rollo Gillespie, whose story is more suggestive of a



melodrama than of history in the days of stocks, pigtailed, and breech-loading rifles. Born of Scotch parents in Ireland, he insisted upon becoming a soldier, in spite of his father's opposition. Before he was one-and-twenty he had fallen in love at first sight with a beautiful stranger, married her privately, and killed his adversary in a duel across a handkerchief. On his way to join his regiment, the 20th Light Dragoons, in Jamaica, he was shipwrecked, and, on his arrival, nearly died of yellow fever. Having volunteered for an expedition against the French in San Domingo, he undertook to go with a flag of truce to demand the surrender of Port-au-Prince, and after swimming on this errand from the English squadron to the shore, with his sword in his teeth, was on the point of being shot for a spy by the enraged governor, when it occurred to him to make a masonic sign, which instantly changed the enemies into friends. Wrecked again on his return to England, his next adventure was in a theatre at Cork, where he unbonneted one of the audience who refused to show the usual signs of respect at the singing of "God Save the King," and having handled his man severely in the consequent scuffle, was obliged to escape in the dress of a soldier's wife from the warrant issued against him for assault and battery. On a return to the West



Indies, being attacked in his house one night by eight assassins, he killed six with his sword and put the other two to flight, and did not die of his wounds afterwards.

He was on his way through the Continent in 1805 to join the 19th Light Dragoons, to which he had exchanged, when he was warned in a theatre at Hamburg by a muffled man, who proved to be no other than the notorious Napper Tandy, that the French were about to make a descent on Hamburg to capture him. Hiding at Altona till the danger was over, he pursued his way overland, with no worse *contre-temps* than that of nearly being carried off and sold as a slave on his passage across the Euxine Sea, and narrowly escaping murder at the hands of an Arab chief who had taken a fancy to Colonel Gillespie's arms, but being attacked with a sudden ailment, was propitiated by a dose of medicine from the Colonel's store, which "wrought like a devil unchained."

He had scarcely taken up the command at Arcot, when, at the incitement of the sons of Tipu, who had been sent to live at Vellore after the capture of Seringapatam, certain native regiments broke out in mutiny—a foretaste of the horrors of fifty years later. The July moon was rising in the sky when the European barracks at



Vellore were surrounded by men who poured in a deadly fire at every door and window. The sick in the hospital were butchered, and the officers in their quarters. Two officers and a remnant of the men contrived to fight their way through the mutineers to the house above the city gate, and held out there, while a messenger swam across a ditch haunted by crocodiles to take the news to Arcot eight miles away.

Had it not been for an accident Gillespie himself would have spent that night at Vellore, and probably would have been murdered with the rest. As it was, he was taking his early morning ride, when a man on a staggering horse called to him that the devil was loose in Vellore. At once he rode to the barracks, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the call. With his dragoons and his galloper guns tearing after him, he was on the road to Vellore, where Tipu's tiger standard was floating in the morning breeze. It was Tipu's sons who had egged on the mutineers, and had feasted them at a banquet after the massacre of the English.

As Gillespie's small slight figure, far in advance of his men, came within eyeshot of the gateway where the survivors still held out, an old sergeant, who had served in San Domingo, exclaimed, "If Colonel Gillespie be alive, he is now at the head of



the 19th Dragoons, and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East!"

Standing beneath the house Gillespie called for a rope. There was none, but the garrison fastened their belts together and let them down.¹ As he rose in the air the enemy's bullets spattered round him like hail; not one hit its mark, and he leaped, unscathed, among the handful of men who were left of the garrison of Vellore.

Then came the crash and the roar of the galloper guns bursting the gates. The dragoons seized the fort, and the mutineers scattered. Some dropped from the walls and escaped, some were killed, many more were taken prisoners.

Tipu's sons were removed to Calcutta, but remained in receipt of the pensions paid to them by the Company.

After this exploit, a campaign against the Dutch in Java, in which he repeatedly carried positions by sheer audacity, had increased Gillespie's natural recklessness. He did not understand that in the Gurkhas he had an enemy as brave as himself, who would not of necessity retreat because he advanced.

¹ Modern critics deny this incident, tradition has always affirmed it. The story has been told by Mr Newbolt better than by any one else, and his version gives the belts.



Finding that the hill fort of Kalinga, the key to the Dun, garrisoned by a small force of Gurkhas, was in his way, he decided that it must be taken before he could advance westward to support Ochterlony. "The fort stands on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and covered with an impenetrable jungle; the only approaches commanded, and stiffly stockaded. It will be a tough job to take it," he wrote to a friend, at the end of October, "but I think I shall have it, *sub auspice Deo!*"

The Governor-General, remembering what had happened when Lake attempted to storm Bhurt-pore, had issued strict orders that every fortress should be bombarded. Gillespie was too much of an Irishman to obey orders that he thought unnecessary, and three days after the writing of that letter, his troops assaulted Kalinga at four separate points.

Impetuous to the last, finding that his batteries did not do as much execution as he intended, he gave the signal for the assault some hours before the time arranged, and the result was a pitiful fiasco. The King's Royal Irish, who took the lead gallantly, were obliged to fall back for want of proper support. Those who should have come to their aid did not appear, and afterwards pleaded in excuse that Gillespie's orders never