

as on the previous occasion, take place on the northern side of the river, and had covered the approaches there with a series of additional fortifications, while on the other side he had done but little. So despondent was he that he called together his principal officers, and said to them, "We have arrived at our last stage. What is your determination?"

His advisers took no brighter view of the prospect than he did himself. They had unanimously opposed the war, had warned Tippoo against trusting to the French, and had been adverse to measures that could but result in a fresh trial of strength with the English. The Sultan, however, while not attempting to combat their opinion, had gone on his own way, and his officers now saw their worst fears justified. They replied to his question, "Our determination is to die with you."

On the day after arriving before Seringapatam, the British attacked the villages and rocky eminences held by the enemy on the south side of the river, and drove them back under the shelter of their guns. General Floyd was sent with the cavalry to meet the Bombay force and escort it to Seringapatam. This was accomplished, and although the whole of the Mysore cavalry and a strong force of infantry hovered round the column, they did not venture to engage it, and on the 14th the whole arrived at the camp before Seringapatam.

The Bombay force, which was commanded by General Stuart, crossed to the north bank of the river, and took up a position there which enabled them to take in flank the outlying works and trenches with which Tippoo had hoped to prevent any attack upon the western angle of the fort, where the river was so shallow that it could be easily forded.

Tippoo now endeavoured to negotiate, and asked for a conference. General Harris returned an answer, enclosing the draft of a preliminary treaty with which he had been supplied before starting. It demanded one-half of Tippoo's territories, a payment of two millions sterling, and the delivery of four of

his sons as hostages. Tippoo returned no reply, and on the 22nd the garrison made a vigorous sortie, and were only repulsed after several hours' fighting.

For the next five days the batteries of the besiegers kept up a heavy fire, silenced every gun in the outlying works, and compelled their defenders to retire across the river into the fort. Tippoo now sank into such a state of despondency that he would listen to none of the proposals of his officers for strengthening the position, and would not even agree to the construction of a retrenchment, which would cut off the western angle of the fort, against which it was evident that the attack would be directed.

He knew that if captured there was little chance of his being permitted to continue to reign, and had, indeed, made that prospect more hopeless by massacring all the English prisoners who had, by his order, been brought in from the hill-forts throughout the country on his return to Seringapatam, after the repulse he had suffered in his attack on the Bombay force. On the 2nd of May the batteries opened on the wall of the fort near its north-west angle, and so heavy was their fire that by the evening of the 3rd a breach of sixty yards long was effected. General Harris determined to assault on the following day. General Baird, who had for four years been a prisoner in Seringapatam, volunteered to lead the assault, and before daybreak 4,376 men took their places in the advance trenches, where they lay down. It was determined that the assault should not be made until one o'clock, at which time Tippoo's troops, anticipating no attack, would be taking their food, and resting during the heat of the day. The troops who were to make the assault were divided into two columns which, after mounting the breach, were to turn right and left, fighting their way along the ramparts until they met at the other end. A powerful reserve under Colonel Wellesley was to support them after they had entered.

When the signal was given the troops leapt from the



trenches, and, covered by the fire of the artillery which at the same moment opened on the ramparts, dashed across the river, scaled the breach, and, in six minutes from the firing of the signal gun, planted the British flag on its crest. Then the heads of the two columns at once started to fight their way along the ramparts. At first the resistance was slight; surprised and panic-stricken, the defenders of the strong works at this point offered but a feeble resistance. Some fled along the walls; some ran down into the fort; many threw themselves over the wall into the rocky bed of the river. The right column in less than an hour had won its way along the rampart to the eastern face of the fort, but the left column met with a desperate resistance, for as each point was carried, the enemy, constantly reinforced, made a fresh stand. Most of the officers who led the column were shot down, and so heavy was the fire that several times the advance was brought to a standstill. It was not until the right column, making their way along the wall to the assistance of their comrades, took them in the rear, that the Mysoreans entirely lost heart.

Taken between two fires they speedily became a disorganised mass. Many hundreds were shot down, either in the fort or as, pouring out through the river gate, they endeavoured to cross the ford and escape to the north. As soon as the whole rampart was captured, General Baird sent an officer with a flag of truce to the Palace, to offer protection to Tippoo and all its inmates, on condition of immediate surrender. Two of Tippoo's younger sons assured the officer that the Sultan was not in the Palace. The assurance was disbelieved, and, the princes being sent to the camp under a strong escort, the Palace was searched. The officer in command, on being strictly questioned, declared that Tippoo, who had in person commanded the defence made against the left column, had been wounded, and that he had heard he was lying in a gateway on the north side of the fort. A search was immediately made, and the information proved correct. Tippoo was found lying

there, not only wounded, but dead. He had indeed received several wounds, and was endeavouring to escape in his palanquin, when this had been upset by the rush of fugitives striving to make their way through the gate.

The gateway was, indeed, almost choked up with the bodies of those who had been either suffocated in the crush or killed by their pursuers. On his palanquin being overturned, Tippoo had evidently risen to his feet, and had at the same moment been shot through the head by an English soldier, ignorant of his rank. In the evening he was buried with much state by the side of his father, in the mausoleum of Lal Bang, at the eastern extremity of the island. It was with great difficulty that, when the British soldiers became aware of the massacre of their countrymen a few days before, they were restrained from taking vengeance upon his sons and the inmates of the Palace. In the assault 8,000 of the defenders were killed, while the loss of the British during the siege and in the assault amounted to 825 Europeans and 639 native troops. An enormous quantity of cannon, arms, and ammunition was captured, and the value of the treasure and jewels amounted to considerably over a million pounds, besides the doubtless large amount of jewels that had, in the first confusion, fallen into the hands of the soldiers.

As Dick, after the fighting had ceased, went, by order of the general, to examine the prisoners and ascertain their rank, his eye fell upon an old officer whose arm hung useless by his side, broken by a musket-ball. He went up to him and held out his hand. "Mirzah Mahomed Bucksly!" he exclaimed, "I am glad to meet you again, although sorry to see that you are wounded."

The officer looked at him in surprise. "You have spoken my name," he said, "but I do not know that we have ever met before."

"We have met twice. The first time I was, with a friend, dressed as one of Tippoo's officers, and came to examine the



state of Savandroog ; the second time we were dressed as merchants, and I succeeded in effecting the liberation of my father. Both times I received much kindness at your hands. But far more grateful am I to you for your goodness to my father, whose life you preserved. I see you still carry the pistols I left for you, and doubtless you also received the letter I placed with them."

"Thanks be to Allah," the old colonel said, "that we have thus met again! Truly I rejoiced, when my first anger that I had been fooled passed away, that your father had escaped, and that without my being able to blame myself for carelessness. Your letter to me completed my satisfaction, for I felt that Heaven had rightly rewarded the efforts of a son who had done so much and risked his life for a father. Is he alive? Is he here? I should be glad to see him again; and indeed, I missed him sorely. I have been here for two years, having been appointed to a command among the troops here."

"My father is well, and is in England. He will, I know, be glad indeed to hear that I have met you, for he will ever retain a grateful remembrance of your kindness. Now I must finish my work here and will then go to the general and beg him to give me an order for your release."

An hour later Dick returned with the order, and carried Mahomed Bucksy off to the Rajah's camp. Here his arm was set by one of the surgeons, and he was so well cared for by the Rajah, Dick, and Surajah, that a fortnight later he was convalescent, and was able to join his wife in the town. "I am thankful," he said, on leaving, "that my life as a soldier is over, and that I shall never more have to fight against the English. Tippoo was my master, but it is he who, by his cruelty and ambition, has brought ruin upon Mysore. I have saved enough to live in comfort for the rest of my life, and to its end I shall rejoice that I have again met the son of my friend Jack."

The capture of Seringapatam was followed at once by the

entire submission of the whole country. A descendant of the old Rajah of Mysore was placed upon the throne. His rule was, however, but a nominal one. A very large amount of territory was annexed; the island of Seringapatam was permanently occupied as a British possession; the new rajah was bound to receive and pay a large military force for the defence of his territories, not to admit any European foreigners into his dominions, to allow the Company to garrison any fort in Mysore that might seem advisable to them, and to pay at all times attention to such advice as might be given him as to the administration of his affairs. He was, in fact, to be but a puppet, the British becoming the absolute rulers of Mysore. The family of Tippoo, and the ladies of the harem, were removed to Vellore, where they were to receive a palace suitable to their former rank and expectations, and allowances amounting to £160,000 a year.

Thus Mysore, one of the most ancient and powerful of the kingdoms of India, fell into the hands of the English, owing to the ambition, bigotry, and besotted cruelty of the son of a usurper.

Dick's part in all these operations had been a busy, although not a very dangerous one. The only share he had taken in the active fighting had been in the battle at Malavilly, where having been sent with a message to Colonel Floyd, just before he led the cavalry to the assault of the column that had attacked the 33rd, he took his place by the side of the Rajah and his cousins, whose troop formed part of Floyd's command, and joined in the charge on the enemy. He had, however, rendered great services in the quartermasters' department, was very highly spoken of in the despatches of General Harris, and his name appeared, as promoted to the rank of major, in the list of honours promulgated by Lord Mornington at the termination of the campaign.

His regiment was among those selected for the occupation of Mysore, and, a month after the capture of the city, he ob-



tained leave to return to England. He stayed for a week at Tripataly, and then took an affectionate farewell of his uncle, the rancee, his cousins, and Surajah, and sailed from Madras a fortnight later.

The ship in which he was a passenger was accompanied by two other Indiamen, and when a fortnight out they encountered a French frigate, which, however, they beat off, and arrived in England without further adventure.

As soon as he landed, Dick drove to the house where his father and mother had taken up their residence on their arrival in England; but he found to his surprise that, eight months before, they had moved to another, in the village of Hackney. He proceeded there, and found it to be a considerably larger one than that they had left, and standing in its own grounds, which were of some extent.

He had written to them after the fall of Seringapatam, and told them that he should probably sail for England about six weeks later.

As the vehicle drove to the door, his father and mother ran out. His father grasped his hand, and his mother threw her arms round his neck with tears of joy.

As soon as the first greeting was over, Dick saw a young lady in deep mourning standing on the steps. He looked at her for a moment in surprise, and then exclaimed,—

“It is Annie Mansfield!”

Annie held out her hand and laughed.

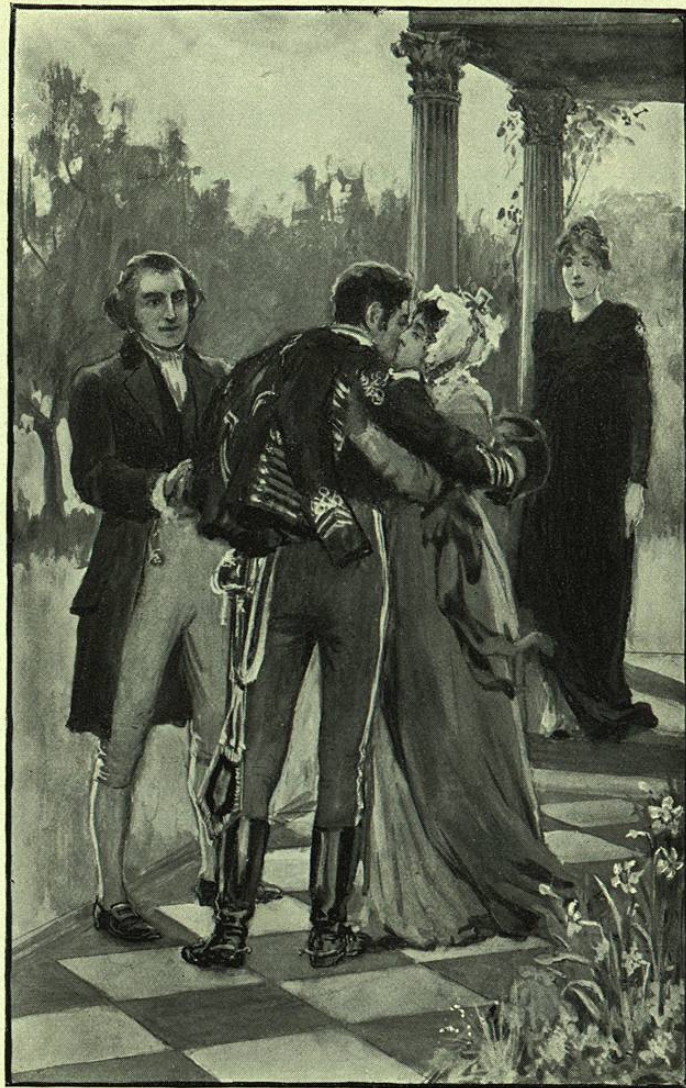
“We are both changed almost beyond recognition, Dick.”

Then she added demurely, “The last time, I had to ask you——”

“You sha’n’t have to ask me again, Annie,” he said, giving her a hearty kiss. “My first impulse was to do it, but I did not know whether your sentiments on the subject had changed.”

“I am not given to change,” she said. “Am I, Mrs. Holland?”

“I don’t think you are, my dear. I think there is a little



A HEARTY WELCOME AWAITS DICK ON HIS RETURN.



spice of obstinacy in your composition. But come in, Dick; don't let us stand talking here at the door when we have so much to say to each other."

He went into the sitting-room with his father and mother, where Annie presently left them to themselves.

"Why, father, the privateers must have done well indeed!" Dick said, looking round the handsome room.

"I have nothing to grumble at on that score, Dick, though they have not been so lucky the last two years. But it is not their profits that induced us to move here. You saw Annie was in mourning. Her father died nearly a year ago, and at her earnest request, as he said in his will, appointed us her guardians until she came of age, which will be in a few months now. As he had no near relations, he left the whole of his property to her, and having been in India in the days when, under Warren Hastings, there were good pickings to be obtained, it amounted to a handsome fortune. She said that she should come and live with us, at any rate until she became of age; and as that house of ours, though a comfortable place, was hardly the sort of house for an heiress, she herself proposed that we should take a larger house between us. And so here we are. We shall stay here through the winter, and then we are going down to her place at Plymouth for the summer. What we shall do afterwards, is not settled. That must depend upon a variety of things."

"She has grown much prettier than I ever thought she would do," Dick said. "Of course I knew she would have grown into a woman, but somehow I never realised it until I saw her, and I believe I have always thought of her as being still the girl I carried off from Seringapatam."

In a few minutes Annie joined them, and the talk then turned upon India, and many questions were asked as to their friends at Tripataly.

"I suppose by this time, Annie—at least, I hope I may still call you Annie?"



"If you call me anything else, I shall not answer," she said indignantly.

"Well, I was going to say, I suppose you have got a good deal beyond words of two letters now?"

"I regard the question as an impertinent one. I have even mastered geography, the meaning of which word you may remember you explained to me, and I have a partial knowledge of history."

The next day Dick met an old friend, Ben Birket. Dick had kept his promise and had written to him as soon as he returned to Tripataly with his father, and a few weeks after Captain Holland's return, his old shipmate came to see him and his wife. Ben had for some time thought of retiring, and he now left the sea and settled down in a little cottage near. Captain Holland insisted upon settling a small pension upon him, and he was always a welcome guest at the house. His delight at Dick's return was extreme.

"I never thought you would do it, Master Dick, never for a moment, and when on coming home I got your letter, and found that the Captain and your mother were in England, it just knocked me foolish for a bit."

Three weeks later, Dick told Annie that he loved her. He spoke without any circumlocution, merely taking her hand one evening, when they happened to be alone together, and telling her so in plain words. "I know nothing of women, Annie," he said, "or their ways. I have been bothering myself how to set about it, but though I don't know how to put it, I do know that I love you dearly. All these years I have been thinking about you—not like this, you know, but as the dear, plucky little girl of the old days."

"The little girl of old days, Dick," she said quietly, "is in no way changed. I think you know what I thought of you then; I have never for a moment wavered. I gave you all the love of my heart, and you have had it ever since. Why, you silly boy," she said, with a laugh, a few minutes later, "I had

begun to think, that, just as I had to ask you for a kiss in the old times, and again when you met me, I should have to take this matter in hand. Why, I never thought of anything else. Directly I got old enough to look upon myself as a woman, and young men began to come to the house, I said to my dear father,—

"It is of no use their coming here, father. My mind has been made up for years, and I shall never change."

"He knew at once what I meant."

"I don't blame you, my dear," he said. "Of course you are young at present but, he has won you fairly, and if he is at all like what you make him out to be, I could not leave you in better hands. He will be home in another three or four years, and I shall have the comfort of having you with me until then. But you must not make too sure of it. He may fall in love out there; you know that there is plenty of society at Madras."

"I laughed at the idea."

"All the pretty ones either come out to be married, or get engaged on the voyage or before they have been there a fortnight. I have no fear, father, of his falling in love out there, though I don't say he might not when he gets home, for of course he thinks of me only as a little girl."

"Well, my dear," he said, "we will get him and his father and mother to come down as soon as he gets home. As you have made up your mind about it, it is only right that you should have the first chance."

"It was not to be as he planned, Dick, but you see I have had the first chance, and it is well it was so, for no one can say how matters would have turned out if I had not been on the spot. Do you know, Dick, I felt that when you rescued me from slavery, you became somehow straightway my lord and master. As you carried me that night before you, I said to myself I should always be your little slave; and you see it has come quite true."



“I don't know about that, Annie. We are in England now, and there are no slaves ; you will be the mistress now, and I your devoted servant.”

“It will be as I say, Dick,” she said tenderly. “I feel that to the end of my life I shall remain your willing slave.”

There was nothing to prevent an early marriage. It was settled that Captain and Mrs. Holland should retain the house, which indeed they could well afford to do, and that Dick and Annie should reside there whenever they were in town, but that, as a rule, they would live at the estate her father had purchased, near Plymouth. Their means were ample, for during the eight years he was in the Service Dick's £12,000, had, as his father had predicted, doubled itself, and Annie's fortune was at least as large as his own. Dick had good reason to bless to the end of his life his mother's plan, that had resulted in the double satisfaction of restoring his father to her, and in winning for himself the woman whom he ever regarded as the dearest and best wife in the world.

THE END.