

the complete and rapid triumph of Lord Combermere overawed the native chiefs, checked the disposition to revolt, and more strongly confirmed the supremacy of Great Britain throughout the East.

ADVENTURE WITH A BENGAL RHINOCEROS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bengal *Hurkaru* says that, being on a visit at the quarantine station at Edmontone Island, he was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance close to the residence at Middleton Point, on Saugor Island. I was requested (says he), being a killer, to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparation for a regular set-to. A stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, I there, in company with the resident at the Point, took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first cheroot had not been quite burnt out when a noise from the jungle in our rear warned us of an approach. From the noise I thought it was an elephant. Our anxiety, you may be sure, was very intense. However, in a few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it, and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was our friend. His approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move.

The second volley (for we were well armed, having two double-barrels each) disturbed him; he turned sharp round and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were, at the distance of fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide; but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously towards the tank. We had another beautiful view of him, and again fired together as before, when I am sorry to say the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounding me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home; and at that time of night, and in such a place, with such an animal in our neighbourhood, it was no joke. My friend took a cutlass, and I took two of my guns. We cautiously descended the tree, and made good our retreat.

A month and a half passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner. The artillery of the station (two 6-pounders) were placed in his path, and there we agreed to watch his approach. Everything was got in readiness, the moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree in the evening. The first start which we made was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet as I was levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank, and the other to take him if he came in a different direction. A long tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the tree all night, but we could not get a shot at him.

Another night passed in like manner, but the third night, at ten o'clock, our old friend once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance; but when he did come I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire he charged full at me. But he was too late; the fatal spark had done its duty, and the canister met him half-way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable. It gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend, who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of the confusion a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run nearly fifty yards, and there fallen to rise no more. Many of the shot had taken effect—one (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and the hind quarter.

His dimensions were twelve feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, seven feet high, and thirteen in circumference. Altogether he was a perfect monster. On opening him one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him. Five of our balls were cut out. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the Point in distress.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

MAJOR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is that between these officers no cordiality existed. Little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike, frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of the other.

The 21st Regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted. Unfortunately that evening the mess-table had been deserted for the theatre, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend was most necessary. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, loaded his pistols, sent for Captain Boyd to an inner mess-room, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of

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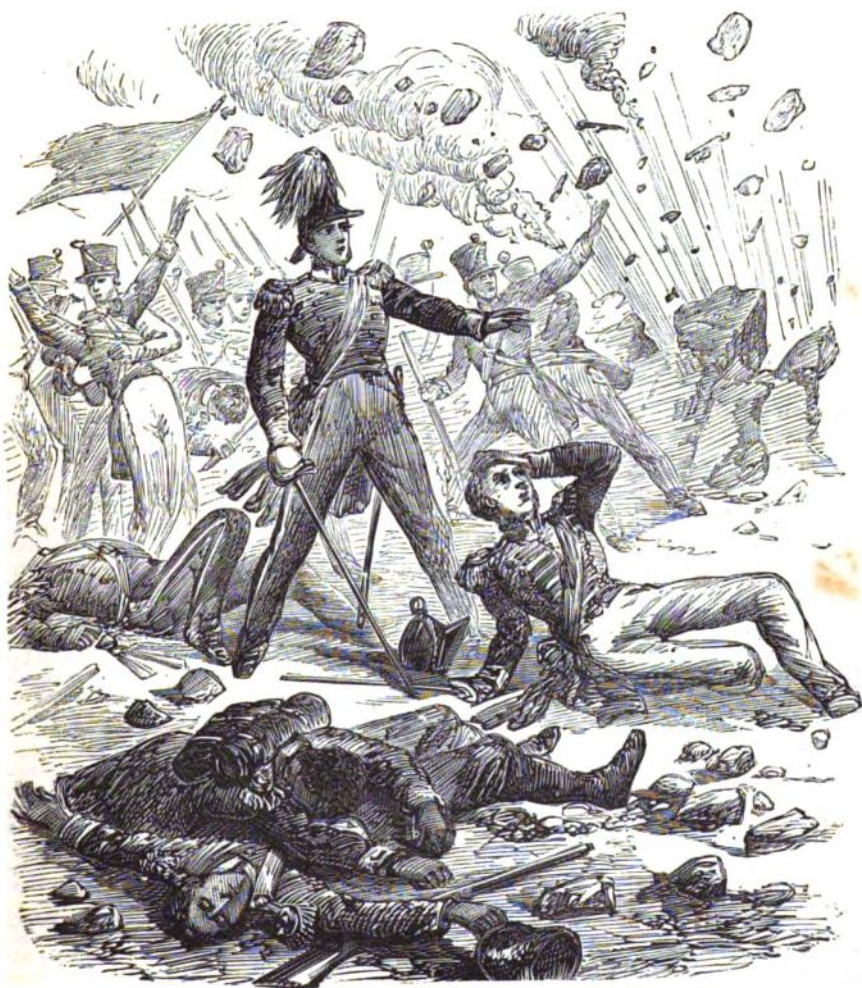


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[NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD COMBERMERE.]

THE CAPTURE OF BHURTPORE.

DURING the Burmese Expedition that formed the subject of our last narrative an outbreak occurred in Central India. The friendly Rajah of Bhurtpore having died, Doorjun Saul, a usurper,

seized that formidable fortress, gathered round him a host of discontented chiefs, and defied the British to dislodge him. With so open and so impudent a challenge there was only one mode of dealing: Lord Combermere, the commander-in-chief, advanced on Bhurtpore with an imposing