

ADVENTURE

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

APRIL, 1954 VOLUME 127, NUMBER 6

HENRY STEEGER, Publisher JAMES B. O'CONNELL, Editor

SHORT STORIES	THE BREAKOUT.....Jacob Hay	18
	THE INTRUDERS.....Evan Hunter	22
	ARMAMENTS RACE.....Arthur C. Clarke	34
NOVEL	WE, TOO, CAN DIE.....Paul Le Butt	38
PICTURE FEATURES	HOW TO LASSO A LION.....Walt Wiggins	14
	MARINE MAYHEM.....	30
IN THE NEWS	THEY WANT YOUR LAND.....Arthur Carhart	20
TRUE ADVENTURE	DEATH IS HIS COPILOT.....Frank Harvey	10
	I WAS A FISH PIRATE.....Virgil Burford	24
	YANKEE NABOB.....Alexander Powell	26
FEATURES	HELL DIVER.....	37
	DREAM CARS (Cartoons).....	28
	OUR FAR-FLUNG ADVENTURERS.....Russell B. Aitken	80
DEPARTMENTS	CAMPFIRE.....	4
	ASK ADVENTURE.....	6
	ASK ADVENTURE EXPERTS.....	8
	MEN'S MART.....	79

COVER PAINTING BY H. R. VAN DONGEN

Any resemblance between any character in fictional matter and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

Associate Publisher: THOMAS F. HARRAGAN

Production Manager: P. J. GLEASON

Research Manager: ROBERT STEPHENSON

Promotion Manager: PEYTON C. AUXFORD

Newsstand Sales Manager: IRA J. MOSHIER

Subscription Manager: JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO

ADV. REPRESENTATIVES:

Arthur Wilson & Associates, 40 East 50th St., New York, N. Y.

Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Henry, Simpson & MacIntosh, 816 West 5th, Los Angeles, Calif.

Published bi-monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., at 2256 S. Grove St., Chicago, Ill. Editorial and Executive Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President, John J. McVinish, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1954, by Popular Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Single copy 25c. Annual subscription for U.S.A., its possessions and Canada, \$1.50; other countries 50c additional. Title registered in U. S. and Canadian Patent Offices. Single copy, 25 cents. All correspondence relating to this publication should be addressed to 2256 S. Grove St., Chicago, Ill., or 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unavailable. The publishers will exercise care in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but assume no responsibility for their return.

Printed in the U.S.A.

ADVENTURE

CAMPFIRE

UNDERSTANDABLY intrigued by Virgil Burford's account of the salmon-poaching in Alaska ("I Was a Fish Pirate," page 24), we got off a short note to Walt Morey, the writer to whom Burford told the story. Who is Virgil Burford? we asked. And what has he done besides poach salmon?

This is the memorandum we got back:

"1. Virgil Burford is an adventurer.
2. He has done damned near everything.

"Mr. Burford's life of adventure began when he ran away from home as a kid and hit the open road. He has been a prize-fighter. He has been a carnival boxer and wrestler, taking on all comers. He has been a pile-buck and construction stiff. He has prospected for gold.

"For the past dozen years he has been adventuring in Alaska. There he has been a big-game hunter, fisherman, construction worker and deep-sea diver.

"He has seen Alaska by air, with the bush pilots, and tramped over hundreds of miles of that rugged land. He has seen Alaskan seas from the cabin of a 30-foot boat which he operated alone in some of the worst weather the North can throw at a man. He has seen the bottoms of those same seas, searching for sunken ships and treasure.

"Fish pirating, like shooting a giant Kodiak bear or diving for the first time, was a thing he tried just for thrills.

"In summation, I can say from experience that in fun or a fight, Burford is a fine man to have on your side."

We are filing the information away, in case we should run into fun or a fight.

THE moment of decision for Jacob Hay came, he says, when he was barely six years old. "My hopes of ever earning a sensible living vanished shortly after my entrance into the public schools of York, Pennsylvania. My teachers and I discovered simultaneously that I was constitutionally incapable of adding two and two. I never made it to subtraction.

"I decided to be a newspaperman." In 1941, clutching a diploma from Penn State, Hay started out to set the publishing world afire, but he never quite made it. As an ROTC second lieutenant, he was needed elsewhere.

After the war he spent a term at Oxford, wandered back home and launched himself into journalism again. Came the Korean War and another demand for Reserve officers, and Hay spent 17 more months wearing out shoes.

His story, "The Breakout" (page 18), he says, is the result of some news photos of returning Allied prisoners in Korea—before and after their first shaves.

"I was struck," he says, "by the amaz-

ing change in their appearance, and that's about it. That, and some long bull sessions with friends who had spent time in German prison camps in the last war."

FRANK Harvey is a reformed advertising man. The life he escaped, he says, consisted mostly of drinking three dry martinis for lunch, and spending whole days deciding whether to change a comma into a semicolon.

From this he went into the life of a freelance writer.

A graduate of Columbia University,



Harvey doctors engine of own plane.

Frank spent six years in the advertising department of Bethlehem Steel, put in three years as a Navy Air Force lieutenant, directed publicity for Daytona Beach, and spent another five years in advertising.

His assignments as a magazine writer have taken him from Fort Worth to Istanbul, and he has traveled in everything from his own Piper Super Cub to a jet bomber. A demon for on-the-spot reporting, he has risked his life countless times in such activities as flying through hurricanes, riding over the Caucasus Mountains with the Turkish cavalry and driving an automobile in the London fog.

He has done stories on practically every new airplane the Air Force flies. His story on a crop-duster pilot ("Death Is His Copilot") appears on page 10.

EVAN Hunter says that the idea for his story "The Intruders" (page 22), has been churning about in his mind ever since the days when he was a student at Hunter College in New York.

"I was living in the Bronx then," he says, "and commuting between there and school on the Lexington Avenue subway. One night I was going down the platform on 68th Street when I saw a man very much like the hero of my story.

"He was not young. He was short, and he was fat—unlike my hero. He looked tired. It was late at night, and I thought there might be danger for him on a subway platform, so I went to him and took his arm and asked if I might help.

"He swung his arm at me and shouted, 'Leave me alone! Leave me alone!'

"I left him alone, but I've never forgotten the sound of his voice or the tortured personality that must have produced that outburst. I carried the idea for a long time, and finally pitted a younger version of that man against a menace to society.

"The result is 'The Intruders.'"

IF IT were true that a rolling stone gathers no moss, Colonel E. A. Powell would probably be the baldest boulder in the whole neighborhood.

Colonel Powell, whose "Yankee Nabob" begins on page 34, describes himself as a professional onlooker, but in the course of onlooking he has racked up a considerable amount of mileage, covering most of the globe and striking up acquaintances with any number of kings, presidents, and dictators.

As a roving correspondent for American and English magazines, he has traveled by caravan and car across the Middle East from Arabia to Iran, by safari and river boat across Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, by elephant across the Himalayas to Nepal, on horseback through the interior of Ethiopia, and by plane across the Pacific, southeastern Asia, India, Persia and Russia. He has been an officer of the United States Foreign Service in Asiatic Turkey and Egypt, and a special representative of the Department of Agriculture in Central Asia. During World War I he covered the Belgian, French, British, Italian and German armies as a correspondent for the *New York World*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *London Daily Mail*, and later became an officer in the American Expeditionary Forces. In World War II he was political editor of the Office of Censorship and an official of the Foreign Economic Administration.

To fill in his idle time, Colonel Powell has written 32 books and several hundred magazine articles.

Nowadays he usually spends his winters in the tropics and the rest of the year at home in the Connecticut Berkshires. Since an almost-fatal accident three years ago, he's been trying hard to take it easy. ■ ■

Yankee Nabob

His own country was at peace, and had no use for his services. So he took himself to India, where he plunged into a career of war and adventure that is still a legend among the maharajahs

by ALEXANDER POWELL

FOR John Parker Boyd, former lieutenant in the Continental Army, the first sight of India in 1788 must have been a sobering contrast to all the descriptions he had heard from the returning sea captains back in Newburyport. The torrid beaches of the Coromandel Coast, the wretched peasant huts shaded by discouraged-looking palm trees, bore little resemblance to the wonderful fable that had drawn him half-way around the world with a promise of career and fortune.

Be it good or bad, though, for a born soldier such as Boyd, displaced at the end of the American Revolution by a Congressional Act disbanding every regiment in the United States Army, India was the only land of opportunity. The rest of the world was temporarily at peace, but here the native princes waged almost constant war upon each other. They needed the military skills of free-lance Westerners; and the free-lancers who succeeded in India were said to make fabulous fortunes.

This sort of situation was ideal for the tall, strikingly handsome young New Englander, who *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLIOTT MEANS

He had been betrayed. After all his victories, he was to know defeat.





YANKEE NABOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

stood gazing at the wretched coast from the deck of the brig *Dispatch*. In his late twenties, tough and courageous, imaginative and resourceful, restless for a uniform and adventure, he had struck a shrewd bargain with the brig's master, Adam Babcock, and sailed with him for Madras. For acting as supercargo and keeping the ship's accounts, he was given not only his own passage, but the carrying of two tons of freight out and back: two tons of cheaply-bought American goods of profitable sale in India; two tons of Oriental products that would command high prices back home in Newburyport.

If the coast had been disappointing, Madras itself must have been even more so. There were no marble palaces and tall white minarets, no rajahs riding elephants. There was only a sun-scorched shore, with a row of shipping offices, counting-houses and godowns; behind them the garish towers of Hindu temples rising above a sea of low, flat roofs; and, dominating both the town and the open roadstead, a walled and moated structure with cannon frowning from its ramparts and the red flag of England drooping in the listless air. This, Babcock told him, was Fort St. George, the headquarters south of Calcutta for the Honorable East India Company. For 200 years "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London Trading Into the East Indies" had been the dominant power in India.

When John Boyd stepped ashore to meet the future, he found that it was nowhere near Madras. Having only the haziest knowledge of India's geography and its size, he had not realized that the capitals of the important princes were hundreds of miles away, and that a journey to them would be arduous.

He had been in Madras some weeks when he was offered a commission in the forces of the "John Company," as the East India Company was commonly called. He wisely turned it down—the Company was full of elderly ensigns to whom promotion would never come—but he was rapidly using up his small capital, and some sort of employment was essential. There was a job as a "writer" in the counting house of Cabot and Boyd, the latter a distant relative. The salary was 40 pagodas (about \$20) a week, but it was the same sort of a job that Robert Clive had held in Madras, some 40 years earlier, before setting out on the road to military glory. Boyd took his high stool and bent over the ledger.

The long, hot days dragged slowly by until a year had passed. The restless impatience inside him was fed constantly by the talk of his fellow clerks. Their perennial topic was the power, the wealth and the dignities enjoyed by Western adventures in the service of the princes: the Comte de Boigne, Chevalier Dudrenec, Perron, Raymond, the renowned lighthorseman Skinner, the wild Irishman Thomas. They were living legends, these free-lancers, and the tales of their exploits were told and retold all the way from Mysore to Rajputana.

There were ways for him to use the time while he waited for his opportunity. There were nearly 150 vernaculars commonly spoken in India, and, except for a handful of government officials, very few Englishmen bothered to acquire even a rudimentary knowledge of any of them. Realizing that if he was to command native troops he must speak their language, Boyd hired a *babu* to teach him Urdu, the Mohammedan form of Hindustani. A natural linguist, within the year he could converse in it quite fluently. In the East India Company's library, he familiarized himself with Indian history.

DEBATING which of the native rulers was his best bet, he decided on the Nizam of Hyderabad, ruler of the largest state in India and reputedly the richest man in the world. But it was nearly 400 miles from Madras to the Nizam's capital. The journey itself would take at least a fortnight, and to make a favorable impression at an Indian court he must travel in befitting style, handsomely mounted, with a retinue of servants and an escort strong enough to protect him against the large roving bands of bandits and discharged soldiers. He estimated that the expedition would cost approximately 6,000 rupees: about \$3,000. His only friends in this strange land were those he had made during the past year, but he was a born salesman and, more important, he was the sort of man that others trusted and believed in. One Sunday he invited to his lodgings a number of young clerks and subalterns, together with a few men of larger means. He set forth his plans, promised a tempting return to those who were disposed to underwrite the project, and pointed out that it was a far safer investment than a lottery ticket.

Before the evening's end, Boyd's friends had subscribed 1,765 pagodas (about \$3,500), his note of hand being their only security. Another thing was as essential to his success as money: the approval and assistance of the East India Company. Possibly he did not know it, but the Company needed John Boyd as much as Boyd needed the Company. The giant monopoly was alarmed by the secret activities and growing power of the French military adventurers in the service of the princes. The armies of the great Mahratta leader, Sindhia of Gwalior, were commanded by Count de Boigne, one of the best military minds of his time. The Nizam of Hyderabad had 14,000 highly trained and well-armed men under General de Raymond. And no less than 600 French officers and instructors were employed by Tipoo Sahib, the ferocious "Tiger of Mysore." Were these three powerful princes to join forces, they could put half a million men into the field; the East India Company would be annihilated, and a French Indian Empire would rise on the ruins of British power.

To the astute statesmen who shaped the Company's policies the most effective

way to forestall such a combination was to make an alliance with the Nizam, who occupied a position of immense strategic importance between the Mahratta territories and Mysore. To accomplish this would require a man of unusual qualifications. He must be friendly to the English though not an Englishman. He must have the tact to win the confidence of the Nizam and to offset the influence of Nizam's military adviser, General de Raymond. And he must be a soldier.

The Company's highly efficient secret service had kept an eye on the young American ever since his arrival in Madras, and its reports were highly favorable. Out of a clear sky Boyd received an invitation to Government House, where the governor, the political adviser, and the general commanding the troops had an opportunity to size him up at a small dinner.

His modesty, poise, manners, military training and command of a native language convinced the trio that he measured up to their requirements. His social standing, so important in English eyes, was firmly established when he mentioned casually that he was grand-nephew of the last Earl of Kilmarnock, who, fighting for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden, was captured by the English and beheaded on Tower Hill. Before the evening was over, Boyd was informed that the government not only approved his contemplated journey to Hyderabad, but would also obtain for him the necessary passport, provide him with an armed escort, and instruct Major Kirkpatrick, the British resident in Hyderabad, to present him to the Nizam. Boyd could scarcely credit his astounding good luck. He did not know, of course, that he was being used as a pawn—or, perhaps, a knight—in the desperate undercover game that the British and French were playing with an empire for the stakes.

Realizing that he must have all the trappings to which the Oriental mind attaches such importance, he spared no expense in outfitting himself. His escort consisted of a detachment of sowars (cavalrymen), ordered to Hyderabad to relieve the guard at the British residency. He saw to it that all his servants were Moslems, for he was going to a Mohammedan country. On the advice of the governor, he engaged as a sort of majordomo, a former *jemadar* (lieutenant) of native cavalry who was familiar with the country between the coast and Hyderabad and with the dialects of its inhabitants. For himself he bought an Arab stallion, a showy but smooth-gaited gray. His personal armory consisted of a flintlock rifle weighing nine and a half pounds, a double-barreled shotgun, and a pair of dueling pistols. It took 80 bullocks to haul his supplies.

The first stage of the journey was by water from Madras to Pulicat, a small port on the Coromandel Coast. From here the expedition struck northward across the Madras Presidency to the lofty mountain range known as the Eastern Ghats, the boundary between the "English Lands" and the Nizam's

Dominions. Though impatient to reach his destination, Boyd had to accommodate his pace to that of the bullock train, and the trek across the high tableland of the Deccan was slow and tedious—except for one incident.

Along the way a village headman complained to Boyd that his people were being terrorized by a man-eating tiger. The American had no experience in big-game hunting but he volunteered to rid the village of the killer. Guided by an old *shikari*, or hunter, accompanied by the *jemadar* and two of the troopers, he followed the tiger's pad marks into a swale rank with tropical vegetation. They came upon the great beast suddenly, crouching in a thicket of tall grass, and one of the sowers put a musket ball into its shoulder. The infuriated animal, with a roar which reverberated through the jungle, sprang upon the man and pinned him to the ground, clawing him savagely. Boyd, who had remained mounted despite the warnings of the *shikari* and the *jemadar*, spurred his terrified horse to within a few yards of the snarling man-eater, flung himself from the saddle and shot the beast through the brain.

Late in the afternoon of the sixteenth day after leaving Madras, Boyd saw across the green Deccan plain the lofty walls and minarets of the great city, Hyderabad. Astride his gray charger, the *jemadar* at his elbow, the *sowars* in their scarlet-and-white uniforms clattering behind him, Boyd crossed the Purana Pul, the many-arched bridge spanning the Musi, showed his passport to an official at one end of the 13 gates which pierced the city wall, and rode into the Nizam's capital.

II

MADRAS had been drab and squalid, but Hyderabad surpassed his wildest expectations. The seat of the most powerful ruler in India, its street scenes were incredibly colorful, fantastic, exciting. A *nawab* lolled in a gilded *howdah* atop a richly caparisoned elephant. Superbly mounted chieftains in silks and velvets rode past, followed by retinues of armed retainers. Women, veiled to the eyes, peered from between the curtains of palanquins borne by Negro slaves. Arab soldiers of the Nizam's bodyguard, in barber-pole-striped turbans, pushed their way arrogantly through the crowds of pedestrians. Long strings of swaying camels padded along bearing bales of merchandise from China, Persia and Arabia. This was the gorgeous Oriental city of Boyd's dreams.

Drawing rein before the British residency, a sprawling old palace set in a fine park on the bank of the Musi, he was greeted by Major Kirkpatrick, a genial Irishman with a cavalry mustache.

Within 48 hours after Boyd's arrival in Hyderabad, a message came from the Master of Ceremonies: His Highness had graciously consented to receive the British envoy and Boyd Sahib, the American traveler, at the Gosha Mahal Palace the following day at noon.

As the cortege swept into the great courtyard of the Gosha Mahal, drums rattled, bugles shrilled, and an honor guard from one of the Nizam's Arab

regiments presented arms. At the entrance to the palace they were greeted ceremoniously by high officials.

The pompous Master of Ceremonies conducted the Westerners through a bewildering series of corridors and apartments floored with colored marbles, many lined with carved and gilded columns, past two guards with bared scimitars, and servants bent double in profound salaams, to a richly furnished reception room. Here they were bidden to wait until His Highness was pleased to receive them.

Presently, marching in double file and perfect unison to the tap of a drum, a singular little procession of soldiers passed down the broad corridor outside the reception room. The soldiers were women, perhaps two dozen of them, none under six feet tall, all of superb physique and light-skinned. They suggested a band of young Dianas. Their tunics reached only halfway down their thighs, displaying long, slim legs. Each carried a short Persian bow and wore a quiver of arrows over her shoulder.

"The Nizam's Archer Guard," Kirkpatrick told him. "The Amazons. They're mostly Georgians and Circassians. His Highness is immensely proud of them. His agents scour the country between the Black Sea and the Caspian to find girls who are up to specifications. Every one must be at least six feet tall, of perfect physique, and good-looking. Did you notice anything peculiar about them?"

"There was something odd about their figures," Boyd said uncertainly. "They looked a bit lopsided."

"Of course they're lopsided," Kirkpatrick agreed, chuckling. "Their right breasts have been cut off so as not to interfere with drawing the bowstring."

THE durbar hall, corresponding to a European throne room, was a magnificent chamber, perhaps 50 yards long. In the center, on a dais about two feet high, stood a low, square divan heaped with silken cushions. Four columns, enameled and incrustated with precious stones, supported a silken canopy.

Kirkpatrick had carefully rehearsed Boyd in the etiquette of approaching the Nizam. At a signal from the Master of Ceremonies the resident and his companion strode halfway to the dais, halted, clicked their heels together, and bowed from the waist like automatons, stepped off three more paces and bowed again, advanced to within a yard of the dais and bowed a third time. Straightening up, Boyd found himself looking into the piercing, crafty eyes of the middle-aged, sallow-skinned, black-bearded man who, bolstered by cushions, sat cross-legged on the divan—His Highness, Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad and the Deccan.

The simplicity of the Nizam's dress was in striking contrast to the apparel of the ministers and courtiers surrounding him. His *khalat*, a loose garment resembling a dressing gown, was of heavy, dark-gray silk, girt at the waist with a flowered *kamarband*. His trousers, of white cotton, were cut like Jodhpur breeches, skin-tight from the knee down,

and his feet were thrust into slippers of soft, red leather. On his head was a low, round cap of black Persian lamb.

"I understand, Boyd Sahib," the Nizam began abruptly, speaking in Persian, the language of all the Mohammedan courts in India. "that you have just come from Madras. You are welcome in my Dominions. But why did you make such a long and tiring journey?"

His words were translated into English by the interpreter from the residency.

"I have come to Hyderabad in the hope of entering Your Highness' military service," Boyd replied frankly. "I am a retired officer of the American Army, which has been recently reduced for political reasons, and am desirous of remaining in the profession of arms."

"My government has informed me," put in Kirkpatrick, who, like many Anglo-Indian officials, spoke Persian, "that Mr. Boyd is a gentleman of standing in his own country and that Your Highness can place confidence in him."

Coming from such a source, this was a recommendation from the East India Company itself.

Ali Khan beckoned to his Minister of War and exchanged a few words with him. Then he spoke briefly to the interpreter.

"His Highness," the latter translated, "is graciously pleased to offer Boyd Sahib the command of two *kandsolars* of infantry, each of five hundred men, and the rank corresponding to that of a lieutenant colonel in the British Army."

"And the pay?" Boyd asked.

The interpreter looked inquiringly at the war minister, who said shortly, "The pay will be two thousand rupees a month." This was slightly more than \$1,000.

Boyd's Yankee love of bargaining now boldly asserted itself. Ignoring the interpreter, he addressed himself directly to the Nizam in Urdu: "I assume, Your Highness, that I am to be paid by the lunar month."

"Certainly not," Ali Khan answered sharply, also in Urdu. "By the solar month, of course, as is the custom in European armies."

"Sir," Boyd pointed out, "Your Highness is a Mohammedan ruler and the lunar calendar is used in all Mohammedan countries."

Such unseemly haggling scandalized Kirkpatrick, but a ghost of a smile flitted across the Nizam's saturnine features.

"So be it," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You shall be paid with each new moon. Now I understand why Americans are so successful in business."

In the formal agreement Boyd made two other stipulations: that he would never be called on to bear arms against the British, and that his troops would be paid regularly and promptly. As a consequence of this policy his troops were always unfailingly loyal to him.

III

IN A letter written to his father about this time, Boyd describes the army of the Nizam: 150,000 infantry, 60,000 cavalry and 500 elephants, each of which bore a "castle" containing a nabob and his retainers, plus a trained force of

14,000 men, with 30 guns, under the command of a French soldier of fortune, General François de Raymond.

Boyd now had at his disposal the raw material for which he had hankered. He proceeded to weld, temper and sharpen it into a formidable weapon. From dawn until dark the camp assigned to him resounded to brisk commands, the blare of bugles, the measured tramp of feet. His battalion was soon recognized as the best-trained unit in the Hyderabad Army. In less than a year, the Nizam gave him the command of a brigade and promoted him to brigadier general. And this despite the opposition of the French clique under Raymond, who were becoming increasingly resentful of the rapid rise of the American.

England and France were engaged in an unseen war for the domination of India, a struggle characterized by plots and counterplots, by intrigue, bribery and assassination. The French revolutionary government in Paris was in correspondence with the Indian princes, and the French officers in their service were fomenting an insurrection against the British.

The impending storm broke in 1790, when Tippoo Sahib, the Sultan of Mysore, who was hand in glove with the Jacobins in Paris, suddenly invaded the territory of his neighbor, the Rajah of Travancore, who sought the protection of the British. The outcome of the conflict depended on the Nizam, who, because of the size of his army and the pivotal position of Hyderabad, held the balance of power.

Raymond brought immense pressure on the Nizam to declare in Tippoo's favor, in which case all India would have been plunged into war. It was largely due to Boyd's advice that Ali Khan decided instead to make an alliance with the British and join them in making war on the Tiger of Mysore.

The Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, who had surrendered at Yorktown, came down from Calcutta to sign the treaty of alliance and assume command of the allied army which was to invade Mysore. Boyd's brigade formed part of the joint expeditionary force. As a brigade commander and as an intelligence officer, he played a distinguished part in the Mysore War. He participated in the taking of Bellary, an enormously strong fortress on the frontier of Mysore, in the storming of Bangalore, and in the siege of Seringapatam, Tippoo's island capital in the Cauvery River.

While attempting at great risk to locate a ford where the troops could cross the river under cover of darkness, he was captured by the enemy, together with one of his officers, a Captain Todd.

They were taken before the tyrant himself, who gave them their choice between swearing allegiance to him and entering his service, or going to the torture chamber. Todd saved his skin at the price of his honor, but the American defied Tippoo to do his worst. Until the end of the war he was confined in an underground dungeon, so low that he could not stand erect, at Chuli Mysore.

The treaty of peace, which Lord Cornwallis concluded with Tippoo, stripped the ruler of Mysore of half his domin-

ions, and a considerable part of the conquered territory was awarded to the Nizam. As Ali Khan had espoused the British cause largely on Boyd's advice, he showed his gratitude by bestowing on the American munificent gifts of gold, revenue-producing properties, and diamonds from Golconda.

During Boyd's long absence with the army in Mysore, the influence of the French clique in Hyderabad had materially increased, and British prestige had correspondingly diminished. It was common gossip that General de Raymond was planning a *coup d'état* with the object of seizing the city, ousting the British and dethroning the Nizam, or, at least, compelling him to accept a French protectorate. The French force, 15 battalions of infantry and several batteries of artillery, was encamped about five miles outside the capital. On the opposite side of the city was the British residency, guarded by about 200 Company troops.

Late one hot summer's night, Boyd, asleep in his quarters, was awakened by a courier from Kirkpatrick, who wrote that Raymond was preparing to attack the residency that very night and begging the American to hasten to his assistance. Boyd did not hesitate. Ordering the buglers to sound the assembly, he placed his brigade under arms, and under cover of darkness took up a position along the road leading from Raymond's cantonments to Hyderabad, so that he could take the French in the flank. Boyd had prepared a neat trap and the French would have been annihilated had they entered it. But he wished to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. So when Raymond's advance guard came marching unsuspectingly down the road, and was challenged by Boyd's pickets, the Frenchman, realizing his peril, halted his column and countermarched to his camp.

Had it not been for Boyd's prompt and fearless action the small British force would have been surrounded and probably annihilated, the Nizam would have had to break his treaty of alliance with the British and accept a French protectorate or lose his throne. This placed Ali Khan under still greater obligations to the American. Although he had rewarded Boyd with the utmost munificence after the Mysore campaign, he now made him a gift of a *lakh* of rupees, or so it was reported, which was about \$50,000 at the prevailing rate of exchange. Boyd was now in a position to finance a venture of which he had long dreamed: to be his own boss, to raise and lead a partisan corps of his own. The Nizam accepted his resignation with great reluctance, for he had come to put implicit faith in the loyalty and good judgment of the American. The two parted on the friendliest of terms.

IV

THOUGH war was the principal vocation of India's antagonistic races, they knew nothing of its science but relied on the strength of countless numbers. Aside from the French-trained contingents, the armies of the princes were ill-armed hordes, impossible to maneuver, subject to panic, resentful of discipline.

They moved at the pace of their enormous supply trains, hauled by plodding bullocks which seldom covered more than four or five miles a day. Their straggling camps were formed without any attempt at security or order; every trooper sleeping where he pleased, his girl and his horse beside him. An army on the march was really a moving city, with at least three camp followers—jewelers and armorers, beves of dancing-girls, and bands of licensed thieves—to every fighting man.

Boyd's corps was the very antithesis of this: small, compact, well armed, highly mobile and under iron discipline. It had four battalions of infantry, a troop of cavalry, a battery of artillery, and a company of storm troops known as "Allygools," with a total strength of 1,507 men. There were three captains, two lieutenants, one ensign, two sergeants and seventeen gunners, all of them Europeans, some of them deserters from the Company's forces or from various independent commands. Boyd insisted that these subordinates possess not only higher than average military ability but a high sense of honor. He was particularly fortunate in his choice of a second in command, Major William Henry Tone, a cultured and brilliant young

Irishman, who, until his death in battle in 1802, remained Boyd's closest friend.

The feature that distinguished Boyd's corps from all the others was its extraordinary mobility. He mounted part of his infantry on horses or camels, his guns and baggage on elephants. Unretarded by hordes of camp followers or plodding bullock trains, his movements were bewilderingly rapid. His corps became known as the *Cherri Foug*: the Flying Army.

He garbed his men in cotton tunics trimmed with gaudy colors and towering leather shakos. He himself wore a uniform resembling that of an American cavalry officer—a shell jacket with buff facings, fawn-colored breeches, gleaming jackboots and a turban of sky-blue muslin interwoven with gold wire.

The training and equipment of his corps had severely strained Boyd's resources, and he realized that he must find employment without further loss of time. It was alarming how rapidly his funds dwindled when it came to feeding and clothing eleven hundred men. His financial anxieties abated when Tone, who had been making the round of the native courts as a sort of salesman, reported that the Gaekwar of Baroda, an immensely rich prince of northwest India,

was prepared to employ the corps on lucrative terms.

A few days later, after a review by the Nizam and the British resident, the Flying Army marched out of the north gate of Hyderabad with its colors flying and its native musicians playing to the best of their ability "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Boyd was a proud man as he turned in his saddle and saw his little command stretching out behind him: the Sepoys, with their towering *shakos*, marching in perfect alignment under slanting lines of steel; the turbaned sowars riding amidst a forest of lances; the elephants rocking and rolling along.

It took a fortnight to cover the 400 miles between Hyderabad and the Nerbudda, the boundary between Hindustan proper and the Deccan. Boyd's tent had been pitched on a bluff above the river, and his men, their animals ranged in long picket lines, were starting their evening campfires, when his attention was attracted by two clouds of dust rapidly approaching along the riverine plain. Calling for his telescope, he leveled it at the dust clouds. Half a dozen riders, whose lathered mounts were plainly nearing exhaustion, were being hotly pursued by a much larger party in brilliant but unfamiliar uniforms.

Such episodes were commonplace in eighteenth century India, but Boyd, always on the side of the underdog, ordered the officer commanding his cavalry to drive off the pursuing horsemen and bring the fugitives into camp.

The six riders were caked with dust. Two had been slightly wounded, and all were swaying in their saddles from exhaustion. When they had washed and refreshed themselves, and their wounds had been treated, Boyd invited the fugitives to his tent for supper. All were obviously men of consequence, but it was the youngest member of the party, a slim, handsome haughty lad in his late teens, who made himself the spokesman. He introduced himself as Jaswant Rao, a prince of the famous house of Holkar and heir to the throne of Indore.

Tukoji Holkar, Maharajah of Indore, had died five years before, when Prince Jaswant was a boy of 13. The Maharajah's favorite wife, Ahalya Bai, had been made queen-regent of Indore until Jaswant reached his majority. At the time of his death, Tukoji Holkar had been at war with Daulat Rao Sindhia, ruler of the neighboring state of Gwalior, who had tried to bring Indore into the great Mahratta confederation. The struggle had been continued by Tukoji's widow. Driven from her capital city of Indore, she had re-established the seat of government at Maheshwar, an ancient city on the Nerbudda, and her army in the field was valiantly resisting the vastly larger forces of Sindhia. The young prince, Jaswant Rao, had been on his way back to Maheshwar, after visiting the Indore forces in the field, when Boyd's men saved him from capture by a scouting party of Sindhia's cavalry.

V

THE following morning Jaswant Rao insisted that Boyd accompany him across the Nerbudda to Maheshwar.

There he presented him to the queen-regent, Ahalya Bai. She was a comparatively young woman, very beautiful, and famous throughout India for her ability and munificence.

It would seem that the lovely queen of Indore and the dashing American soldier fell in love at sight. Boyd wrote to his parents that "Ellie Bye," as he always called her, had given him and his officers handsome presents, had engaged the services of his corps at a figure which put an end to all his financial anxieties, and had given him a house in the gardens of the palace.

Within 24 hours of Boyd's arrival in Maheshwar it was common gossip in the bazaars that the queen had taken the *feringhee* free-lance as her lover.

This arrangement, eminently satisfactory to Boyd, was not at all pleasing to the minister known as the Divan, the head of the council of state, who had been the queen's lover until Boyd's advent. This powerful official, who had been a trusted minister of Tukoji Holkar, was in fact a spy in the pay of the ruthless Sindhia.

The Indore army, fighting on the frontier, was in a bad way. It had suffered heavy losses in its battles with Sindhia's battalions, trained by the French free-lance, Comte de Boigne. Ahalya Bai employed Boyd to reorganize and reinvigorate her forces and authorized him to triple the strength of his own corps, thus giving him nearly 6,000 effectives. His own pay was 60,000 rupees a year, which, with numerous allowances, perquisites and gifts, gave him an annual income not far from \$50,000. A palace, a staff of servants, and a stable of fine horses were placed at his disposal.

As a boy Boyd had dreamed of power, glory, fortune. Now those dreams had become realities which far exceeded his youth's imagination. Only the greatest nobles were permitted to ride in palanquins or on elephants. Boyd kept both.

Though shrewd in business matters, he enjoyed luxuries and liked to indulge his expensive tastes. While he was on a visit to Bombay, Tone had written him from Maheshwar: "Do not show your nose here again without an elephant. It is absolutely necessary for the honor of the Service." He entertained magnificently, sending to Paris for a solid-silver dinner service. He ordered a carriage from a noted English coach-maker and when he drove out he was preceded by running footmen and followed by an escort of lancers. From London he imported coats of "superfine scarlet broadcloth" and white kersey breeches; from France silk dressing gowns, embroidered linen and diamond shoe buckles; from Spain casks of 50-year-old sherry.

Apparently Boyd's family remained in ignorance of or failed to credit the astounding good fortune of their wandering boy, for he carefully preserved a letter written him by his brother, Ebenezer, a prosperous and sanctimonious Boston merchant, in 1793:

"By the accounts we have of the situation of the soldiery in India I think that the prospect is very discouraging as to a person ever making a fortune in the military line. . . . Relinquish then, my dear Brother, all pretensions to a

profession that is incompatible with the positive injunctions of our blessed Savior. Return to us, my friend. I say, return to us without further delay. Your country affords ample employ to honest industry, which, under the divine auspices, has increased its wealth within the last 6 years to an astonishing degree. Attend to my entreaties and may the moment of our embrace be near at hand."

Boyd's sporadic letters to his family and friends fail to clarify the singular series of events leading up to one of the most remarkable exploits of his career—the engagement which became known as the Battle of the Pice.

VI

INDIAN armies were never paid regularly. Pay of Indore forces fighting on the frontier was so greatly in arrears that there was ominous discontent and grumbling among the men. Recognizing the danger of mutiny, the council of state, presided over by the Divan, ordered that the amount due the soldiery should be dispatched to the frontier in rupees, annas and pice, the last being bronze coins about the size of a dime. A considerable quantity of coins, contained in canvas sacks, were packed in iron-bound chests for transportation by wagon train.

The route from Maheshwar to the headquarters of the field army led across a wild and sparsely settled region. Since the Mahratta cavalry occasionally raided far behind the Indore lines, orders were given that the pay wagons should have ample military protection. As the bulk of the Indore troops were in the field, Boyd was called upon to furnish the escort. It consisted of four companies of infantry, a small detachment of cavalry, and four field guns. This not inconsiderable force was to have been commanded by Major Tone. At the last moment Boyd, bored with palace life, announced that he would take personal command.

Boyd's unexpected decision perfectly suited the Divan, who saw in it a heaven-sent opportunity to get rid of his American rival without arising suspicion and regain the affections of the queen. Being familiar with the region between Maheshwar and the frontier, the Divan prepared a sketch map showing the best route for Boyd to follow and the best places for him to camp at night. Having no reason to distrust the minister, Boyd fell in with his suggestions. The Divan then dispatched a report to Sindia's headquarters at Ujjain.

The second night out from Maheshwar, and only a day's march from his destination, Boyd bivouacked at a spot which the Divan had recommended because of its proximity to a small spring. Although he was well behind the Indore lines, he neglected no precautions. Instead of encamping beside the spring, he posted his troops on a low hill, two sides of which were protected by the deep gullies called *mullahs*. He placed his infantry and guns in a semicircle on the brow of the hill, with the wagons containing the pay chests in the rear. At the foot of the hill he established a line of pickets. Half a mile farther out he set up a screen of mounted patrols. His

position was as strong as the terrain permitted, but as a final precaution, Boyd made the rounds of the outposts, enjoining the utmost vigilance on the men.

He was awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the sound of galloping hoofs and the harsh challenges of sentries. His patrols came tearing in to report that they had come in contact with a large force of enemy cavalry.

They could not determine its strength in the darkness but estimated it at several thousand horsemen. This estimate was none too high, for the Mahrattas, it developed, outnumbered Boyd's little command by 10 to one. He quickly realized that this was no hit-and-run raiding party, but a powerful force operating according to a prearranged plan.

The enemy, commanded by a Mahratta noble named Balla Rao, attacked just as the night was fading into dawn. They advanced on a broad front, the troopers riding knee to knee in massed squadrons. The front rank of each wave was armed with lances, the second, with curved, razor-edged blades called *tulwars*.

Boyd had disposed his infantry along the brow of the hill in three ranks—one prone, one kneeling, one standing—with orders that they were not to fire under any circumstances until he gave the command. His four small field pieces, their muzzles depressed, were posted so that they could sweep the slope up which the enemy horse must come. The pay wagons and the horses had some measure of protection in a small depression behind the firing-line, and there too were stationed the handful of musicians, whom Boyd ordered to strike up some inspiring air when the action began.

JUST as he had completed his preparations, his artillery officer, a young Frenchman named Pedron, came running up, his face ashen.

"Sir," he said breathlessly, saluting, "I have to report that we have no shot for the guns! They have been removed from the caissons!"

"What the devil do you mean?" Boyd demanded. "Who has removed the shot from the caissons?"

"I've no idea, sir," replied Pedron. "I inspected the caissons the evening before we left Maheshwar and everything was in order then."

The Divan's agents had done their work well. Swiftly, under cover of darkness, they had managed to abstract the shot and part of the powder without being seen. Boyd realized that this was the work of traitors, but he had no reason to suspect the Divan.

"Bring up the pay chests," he ordered. "Place them behind the guns. And hurry! We've precious little time."

Pedron dispatched his gunners on the run. They came back staggering under the iron-bound chests, each filled to the brim with coins.

"Double charges of powder," Boyd ordered. "Now ram in the coins right up to the muzzle. We shall fire at point-blank range."

Scarcely had the guns been loaded and trained, then the brazen clangor of

trumpets came from beyond a low rise in the plain. The first wave of Mahratta horses came into view, their lance tips and sword blades gleaming in the early-morning sun. India's finest light horsemen, they came on, first at a walk, then at a trot, and, when their bugles shrilled the charge, at a dead run, roaring their battle cries, brandishing their weapons, shaking the earth with their thunder.

Boyd did not give the order to fire until the avalanche of horsemen had breasted the slope and was within a few lance-lengths of his firing line. Then he spoke in a great voice, and his musketry and artillery spat flame. The fire of his well trained infantry was deadly, but the effect of the thousands of small, thin, sharp-edged coins, with which his guns were loaded, was horrifying.

The troopers in the leading wave were literally blasted from their saddles and the second wave, unable to check its momentum, crashed like a giant breaker upon the tangled heaps of dead and dying men. Mahratta horsemen gasped out their lives in pools of blood, some of them almost cut in half by the blast of coins. Terribly mutilated, horses galloped about frantically, their intestines dragging on the ground. A few troopers miraculously succeeded in charging right up to the firing line, thrusting with their lances or swinging their *tulwars*, only to be bayoneted or shot down. The action was over almost in seconds; the survivors of the charge spurred from the field, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

Toward mid-morning a Mahratta officer, accompanied by a bugler and a trooper bearing a flag of truce, approached Boyd's lines with a message from the Balla Rao. Infuriated by the repulse, Balla Rao gave the American the choice between surrender and annihilation. Boyd curtly informed the officer that he proposed to keep on fighting.

Toward nightfall Balla Rao launched another charge. Again the tidal wave of bearded warriors almost reached the crest of the hill before they were mowed down, as by a giant scythe.

During the night Balla Rao prepared for a third assault by bringing up infantry and field guns. Meanwhile, Pedron reported that the coins were entirely exhausted, and the infantry commander said that his men were almost out of powder and ball. To prevent the needless slaughter of his men Boyd displayed a flag of truce.

But he dictated the terms of surrender: "To march into the enemy camp with drums beating and colors flying, to stack our arms and not to suffer the loss of private property, nor a detention of more than three days." Balla Rao accepted the terms. Boyd rode down the hill at the head of his troops, who had suffered negligible losses, his field music playing *Yankee Doodle*.

At the end of the stipulated period of detention Boyd's men were permitted to return to Maheshwar, disarmed but covered with glory. When Boyd himself demanded his release in compliance with the terms of surrender, Balla Rao replied by offering to double his pay if he would enter the service of Sindhia and intimat-

ed that if he refused he would be put to torture. "I answered," Boyd wrote a friend, "that their Prince was not rich enough to bribe an American and that I could not be frightened by threats."

Taken under heavy guard to a castle in Ujjain, an ancient fortress-city in Gwalior, he was imprisoned for three months, guarded by a half-company of grenadiers. Eventually he bribed a sentry to deliver a message to Comte de Boigne, who commanded Sindhia's army. The chivalrous Frenchman, indignant that the terms of surrender had been violated by Balla Rao, ordered Boyd's immediate release and provided him with an escort to Maheshwar.

VII

AHALYA Bai welcomed him with open arms. She reimbursed him with Oriental munificence for his losses, increased his pay and appointed him *sirdar* of her army.

Shortly after his return he was commanded to accompany the queen to a ceremony on the *maidan* in Maheshwar.

Drawn up on the drill plain was the Flying Army, the veterans of the Battle of the Pice in the front rank. Before them was set a wooden block and beside it swayed an elephant from the royal stables, frescoed with yellow and vermilion paint. Presently there marched onto the *maidan* a detachment of Indore troops, headed by drums and trumpets. In their midst, laden with chains, and naked save for a breechclout, was Ahalya Bai's discarded lover, and Boyd's betrayer. The former minister was led before the stony-faced queen and made to kneel with his head on the block. At a signal from Ahalya Bai the mahout spoke to the elephant. The great beast raised one of its ponderous front feet and brought it down on the traitor's head, crushing it like an eggshell.

Boyd remained for another year in the service of Ahalya Bai. Then Jaswant Rao, the young prince whom he had saved from capture, attempted to seize the throne of Indore, and Boyd, reluctant to become involved in a civil war, resigned.

For a time he held an important com-

mand in the service of the Peishwa of Poona, but in the last year of the eighteenth century, offered a colonelcy in the reconstituted American Army, he returned to the United States after an absence of eleven years.

He commanded the regular troops under Governor William Henry Harrison during the campaign against the Indian confederation organized by Tecumseh, saved the army from disaster at the Battle of Tippecanoe, was promoted to brigadier general upon the outbreak of the War of 1812, led the invasion of Upper Canada, and took part in General Wilkinson's inglorious expedition down the St. Lawrence River.

Appointed port officer of Boston by another gallant fighter, Andrew Jackson, he died in 1830: not as he would have wished, sword in hand, at the head of charging squadrons, but quite peacefully in his bed. It is said that when he died a melancholy trumpeting aroused the neighborhood of Beacon Hill. It was the elephant he had brought back from India and kept in his garden for old time's sake. ■ ■