

dren, he could not afford to give them much schooling, so he brought up the boys in his own ship under his own eye from their earliest years. His youngest son was James, who thus lived at sea, amid influences of the worst kind, at a time when the mercantile marine of Great Britain was at its lowest moral point. When the war with America began the youth sought a career on land, in which his love of adventure could be gratified. There he served; there he took part in the battles of Bunker Hill and Long Island. The close of the War of Independence set him loose for other deeds. Returning to England, so good a sailor and fighter found no difficulty in securing a mate's berth on one of the East India Company's famous traders and passenger ships. The high spirits of the youth and his knowledge of navigation commended him to his messmates and his officers alike; but he had not been long at Calcutta when he found that money was to be made, as well as a reputation to be gained, in the local mercantile or transport service; for that he left the *East Indiaman*.

These were the days of the war with Republican France and with the Mohammedan ally of the French, Hyder Ali, succeeded by his son, "Citizen" Tippoo. The great colonel, afterward Sir Eyre Coote, had defeated M. Lally at Wandewash, had captured the capital of French India, Pondicherry, and had been rewarded by a seat in the Bengal Council, when the bungling soldiership of the British generals in South India summoned him to meet Hyder Ali, then close to the very walls of Madras itself. Captain James Wilson again and again ran the blockade which the French Admiral Suffrein for a time established on the Madras Coast, carrying military stores and supplies to Sir Eyre Coote. In 1780, when Hyder Ali burst on the Carnatic, Warren Hastings knew that the very existence of the East India Company was threatened, and spent millions to wipe out the disasters of Governor Whitehill and Colonel Baillie. Thrice Coote defeated Hyder Ali under most difficult circumstances, and all the time Captain James Wilson was running along a dangerous coast and up little known rivers to feed his force with the munitions of war. Courage and skill were never more successfully applied than by this Newcastle sailor, whose marine and military adventures extended from Bunker Hill to Negapatam in the East Indies.

At last, Wilson's over-boldness, when as usual attempting to pass the French fleet with military stores for Admiral Hughes, who had spent all his ammunition in a sea fight with Suffrein, led to his capture. He and his men were carried to the French prison at Cuddalore, where he found the crew of another British ship. Life was tolerable enough for the officers till the French commander received an order from Admiral Suffrein to deliver up all his prisoners to the tyrant Hyder, who had deliberately purchased them for three hundred thousand rupees, or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The commander and his officers were indignant at the baseness of the transaction, but they had no alternative save obedience. Wilson determined to save his own life. Carefully observing the ramparts