

A Lieutenant's Daring.

Her Majesty has been pleased to promote Lieutenant Charles James William Grant, of the Indian Staff Corps, son of Lieut. Gen. St. John Grant, of the Madras corps, to be major and also to confer upon him the Victoria cross, for, as the official *Gazette* says: "The conspicuous bravery and devotion to his country displayed by him in having, upon hearing on March 27, 1891, of the disaster at Manipuri, at once volunteered to attempt the relief of the British captives, with eighty native soldiers, and having advanced with the greatest intrepidity, captured Thobal, near Manipuri, and held it against a large force of the enemy. Lieutenant Grant inspired his men with equal heroism by an ever-present example of personal daring and resource."

The story of Lieutenant Grant's march to Thobal, and his brilliant repulse at that place of the Manipuri army, whom he held at bay with eighty men from March 31 until April 10, is told with much interesting detail in the Indian newspapers just received.—On March 28, before the full extent of the disaster at Manipur was known, Lieutenant Grant started from Tammu to the relief of Mr. Quinton with fifty men of his own regiment, the 12th Burmah Infantry mostly Punjabi Mussulmans with a few Pathans, and thirty rifles of the 43rd Goorkhas, the latter under the command of Jenadar Bahar, who, with thirty-four men of that corps, had just fought his way to Tammu from Langthobal, giving a good account of those Manipuris who had opposed him. Twenty of the relieving force were old soldiers, the remainder being recruits of less than a year's standing. The Goorkhas were armed with Martinis and carried fifty rounds, all that could be obtained, and the others had 160 rounds per man for their Sniders. Fighting began early. The expedition had barely marched seven miles when they were fired upon from an ambuscade by Chins, who were quickly dispersed. About midnight a number of trees were found felled across the road in the course of the third stage from Tammu. The Manipuris were entrenched on the hill above the road, but in such a position that their fire was harmless. Lieut. Grant, with twenty men, rushed the trench from the flank, and its garrison of 50 fled, leaving guns and accoutrements. On the morning of the arrival of the force at Palel Lieutenant Grant learned from a prisoner that nine Sahibs had been killed at Manipur, and that the officer commanding the road from Tammu had been ordered to resist any troops moving on the capital. The Lieutenant decided to send the news to Tammu and push on, leaving it to the authorities at headquarters to recall him if they thought fit. By dawn on the 31st the detachment was among the villages four or five miles from Thobal. Driving the enemy before them, the troops advanced along the road, which ran through an open plain, and passed to the right of a line of walled compounds. Seeing a bridge burning, Lieutenant Grant hurried his men up in order if possible to save it, and at the same time galloped on to reconnoitre. He reached the watercourse, and then, without the least warning, fire was suddenly opened from the opposite side at a range of fifty yards. Seeing the enemy in force, Lieutenant Grant galloped back, getting a bullet through his coat. His career was nearly ended, as the ball bruised his back, but the wound was luckily a trifling one. Now came the time to test his men in earnest. They were in fighting formation, twenty being in firing line, ten in support on each flank, and forty with the baggage. The order was given to advance, and, to use Grant's own words, "they behaved beautifully. It was like a page out of the drill book. There was a volley from the right party, and a rush from the left, and vice versa. We lost only one man in the first rush. He was shot through the head. I thought for a moment he was hanging back, but on reaching him saw that he was dead. The enemy were firing through loopholes in walls hidden by hedges. We got to within 100 yards of them, but a watercourse was between us, and I could not tell their numbers. We lay down and fired for ten minutes, but made no impression. I went back to the supports on each flank and ordered them to creep up wide of the first firing line, but like brave fellows as they are they jumped up, rushed forward to the edge of the stream and began firing. The fighting line fixed bayonets and joined them. There was a cry from the left that the enemy were running, and then we plunged pell-mell into the watercourse. It was rather deep, and one little Goorkha disappeared altogether. For a second I myself got fast in weeds, and was ignominiously hauled out by a jemadar, but we got across somehow. The Manipuris

were seen in full flight, their white clothing making them excellent targets. On the enemy's left was a line of rifle pits, and in these numbers were caught like rats in a trap and bayoneted. On the right were the compound walls giving good shelter, but behind them lay a number of dead shot through the head. There were 800 Manipuris holding this position." After this success Lieutenant Grant occupied three of the compounds already referred to, which were beyond the watercourse. For purposes of defence he cleared away most of the houses within the walls, and cut the trees so that the fallen trunks and branches should hinder as much as possible any rush made by his antagonists. Afterwards he constructed a covered way to the watercourse, to secure his water supply. The ravine protected his rear, and on his right was perfectly open country. A quantity of provisions was found in the houses. Next afternoon the enemy attacked in force. A wall in front of the camp was lined by Sepoys, who let them get within 600 yards before firing. On receiving a series of steady volleys the Manipuris retreated, and proceeded to shell the camp with two seven-pounders at 1,000 yards. The Martinis were equal to the occasion, however, and the gunners, finding themselves losing men, retreated to 1,500 yards, and continued to fire with only one gun. A later attack was repulsed. On the following morning, at three a.m., the little garrison started filling paddy bags and mail bags with earth for the ramparts. Telegraph wire which had been picked up was laid down as "entanglements," and other improvements were made in the position. On April 3 negotiations were begun. Their course was fully indicated in the telegraphic despatches which have been published. By way of conveying to the Manipuri commander the contempt of the British force of their foes, Lieutenant Grant added to one of his letters the postscript, "I am going to shoot some ducks. Don't be afraid. Thanks to his caution and insight into the character of those with whom he had to deal the attempt to get the better of him by diplomacy failed, and resort was had once more to force on the 6th, when, after an hour's artillery fire, the Manipuri infantry attacked at seven a.m. Lieut. Grant kept his men on this occasion within the enclosure next the watercourse, and as ammunition was running short orders were given for them to reserve their fire until the enemy were within 200 yards. The Manipuris took cover, and about eight o'clock Lieut. Grant, deeming it desirable to relieve the pressure on his left front, crept along the watercourse with ten Goorkhas, enfiladed the walls, and in a few minutes cleared that side. At eleven a.m. no impression had been made on the camp, the Sepoys being so well protected that they could fire through the loopholes without exposing themselves. Lieutenant Grant now determined to try and clear his front a little, taking six Goorkhas of the 43rd, with their havildar. He himself was armed with a double-barrelled sixteen-bore breech-loader and revolver. The party crept up the ditch between the road and the compounds and enfiladed the wall which on previous days he had held, and behind which there were one hundred of the enemy, who ran at once; but facing the corner and cut off from it by a deep ditch full of water was a wall five feet high, from which the Manipuris began firing. Luckily it was not loopholed, so they had to expose themselves when aiming. The Goorkhas had some fine snap shots at the heads as they were raised on the wall, while their young commander was using his buckshot cartridges with effect. At last the Manipuris, finding the exposure was almost certain death, sneaked away from this hot corner, and his immediate front being cleared, Lieut. Grant returned to his entrenchments. The havildar, Gambir Rai, who was with him, had the lower joint of his right thumb smashed by a bullet; but he never let go his rifle or complained of being wounded. After this there was a pause of about an hour in the fighting, during which Lieutenant Grant sorrowfully emptied his last box of ammunition. After it had been served out the Sepoys of the 12th Burmah had fifty rounds per rifle, while thirty Goorkhas with Martinis had only twenty rounds each. Lieutenant Grant speaks in the highest terms of the way in which all his men husbanded their ammunition throughout. There was no wild firing, and the discipline was admirable. After the last reserve of ammunition had been served out, he issued orders stopping all firing. The enemy were to be allowed to approach to within one hundred yards before being greeted with volleys. The men were ordered to lie down under cover, one in every six being left as a look-out. The Manipuris reopened fire, but their aim was as bad as ever. The look-out men showed supreme contempt for

their enemy, and not a man winced, though the trees about them were constantly being struck by bullets. As the afternoon wore on Lieutenant Grant told off his best shots at the loopholes to shoot steadily at such Manipuris as exposed themselves. In this way a considerable number were accounted for. It was a trying time, but the enemy, after the experience of the morning, never made an organized rush upon the entrenchments. They withdrew at sunset, and the firing was at an end. Lieutenant Grant then counted up his losses, which were amazingly small. One man killed, two Sepoys and one mulatto wounded, two ponies killed, two wounded, and two elephants wounded. For fifteen hours his men had been under arms without a mouthful of food; and they had well earned the reward which they enjoyed of a good night's rest. About 8,000 rounds were fired at the camp during this day. On the 8th he received his orders to fall back on Captain Presgrave. That evening there was a tremendous thunderstorm, the kind which comes when the monsoons break in this part of the country. Getting his men together, he set out in pouring rain at seven p.m., the night being pitch dark. The movement was of the slowest, as the column had to wait for each flash of lightning to see their way. It took two hours to do the first half-mile but the Sepoys toiled on, passing within a few yards of their sleeping enemies, who could not hear them in the storm. Not a shot was fired at them. Lieutenant Grant's meeting with Captain Presgrave was dramatic.

The young soldier was stumbling along through the mud, almost dead beat and half-asleep from fatigue, when a Sepoy immediately in front of him stopped and remarked, in quite an ordinary tone of voice, "Guard aya, Sahib." Lieutenant Grant asked what guard—that over the baggage or what guard. "From Palel," was the response. Lieutenant Grant looked up, and by a flash of lightning saw Captain Presgrave standing before him. This was about two o'clock on the morning of April 10. The parties united and marched on to Palel. Such was the end of the brilliant exploits of Lieutenant Grant and his eighty Sepoys. The gallant officer was with General Graham's column in the fight some time later at Thobal. The enemy having hung out a flag of truce, he jumped up from his corner and ordered his men to cease firing. They had done so when a volley was fired from the Manipuris' fort and a bullet struck the lieutenant, passing through the muscles of his neck, and knocking him over. The Sepoys immediately stormed the place, Lieutenant Grant being among the first in, and shared in the hand-to-hand fight until overcome by exhaustion.

Summer Hints.

As warm weather is here, let me tell some of the sisters how I manage in summer. I wash twice a week, so soiled clothes will not lie too long and grow musty or damp. I iron what I have to, and no more. The children's underwear I shake well, iron exposed parts and air them; the iron stockings; it is just as well to smooth them nicely and roll up. Your dreams are as sweet in sheets with nicely-ironed tops as though they were ironed all over. Put a tiny bit of starch in rinsing water and the garments will look glossy and wash easier. Keep windows, cupboards, beds and floors clean, and put away all ornaments that did duty in winter; that is, woolly stuffs or heavy bric-a-brac. Put up cheese-cloth curtains, pull up the carpets, stain or paint the floors. Put linen covers over the furniture, and try and rest and take what comfort you can, for life is short.

Of all things, don't get hot meals three times a day. John's second wife won't do it, and I don't propose to kill myself and give my John a chance to love some other woman. I am very selfish as to that, for after twelve years of married life, and six babies, we love each other still. I know it is terribly old-fashioned, but I like the style.

Don't forget to keep the babies healthy and cool and well bathed in hot weather. Let them make mud pies and have a posy garden of their own, or give them posies from your own garden. Don't forget what comfort we took with rag babies who had blonde locks made of corn silk, and black bead eyes and red yarn lips, and how we did love them and our little wooden pail and broken dishes picked up from many back yards. Oh, we were all babies once!

ANNA L. CLARK

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth.—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

Queen Victoria in Politics.

The position of the Queen in English politics is usually supposed to be generally passive. In foreign politics she has been known, since the Life of the Prince Consort threw some light upon the business life of royalty, to be greatly interested. But with internal English politics she has hitherto been credited with interfering little. At an opportune moment, when the Conservative scheme of local self-government for Ireland is about to be contrasted with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals, her Majesty has permitted the publication of a confidential communication which she sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the eve of another crisis in Irish political history—the introduction of the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. The inference is that her Majesty desires to make Archbishop Tait's memoirs the medium of divulging what her attitude then was, with a view to the application of the information to present events. Her Majesty did not approve of the disestablishment policy, but she accepted the decision of the country and the Commons, used her influence to induce the Lords on the one hand to accept the bill, and Mr. Gladstone to take conciliatory method with the Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury was her mediator and go-between and throughout the progress of the disestablishment bill went through an active period of wire-pulling, interviewing, and lobbying, which would have strained the nerves of a professional politician. When the bill went into the Lords the general expectation was that they would reject it, and that another of those constitutional crises would arise which threaten the existence of the Upper House as now constituted. The fate of the monarchy is so reasonably associated in the mind of her Majesty with that of an hereditary Upper House as to create alarm when the position of the latter appears menaced. Undoubtedly, if the peers had rejected the disestablishment bill, Mr. Gladstone would have been backed up by an enraged country, and the always impending agitation to disestablish the peers as a legislative body would have received a dangerous momentum.

The Queen wrote to the Archbishop:—"Considering the circumstances under which the measure has come to the House of Lords, the Queen cannot regard, without the greatest alarm, the probable effect of its absolute rejection in the House. Carried, as it has been, by an overwhelming and steady majority through a House of Commons chosen expressly to speak the feeling of the country on the question, there seems no reason to believe that any fresh appeal to the people could lead to a different result. The rejection of the bill therefore would only serve to bring the two Houses into collision, and so prolong a dangerous agitation of the subject." These words pregnant of application in the early future, are being quoted throughout the Liberal press as a proof in anticipation that the Queen, accepting the verdict of the country on Home Rule, will use all her power and personal influence to prevent the Lords from opposing it.

Bound by a Hair.

Amy—"I don't see what attraction Sue finds in Mr. Dolly."
Mabel—"Capillary attraction."
Amy—"How's that?"
Mabel—"She's fascinated by his mustache."

The world is like a fruit-basket. The big and attractive get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.

