

stream, he stood for a moment hesitating on the brink; considering his danger, he stretched out his arms to the flood, and pressed for the shore. With the light of the morning he had reached the land, and flattered himself that all his dangers were past, and his liberty secured; he ascended a sand bank to look about him, and to his terror and surprise perceived a party of Hyder's horse scouring the coast; being discovered by them, they galloped up to him; in a moment seized, stripped him naked, and, tying his hands behind his back, drove him before them to the head-quarters, several miles distant, under a burning sun, and covered with blisters. He supposes he must have gone that night and day more than forty miles, besides all the rivers he had crossed.

The officer at the head-quarters was a Mahometan, who had interrogated him, Captain Wilson gave him an ingenuous account of his escape from Cuddalore, with the circumstances attending his flight. The moorman looked angrily at him, and said *jute bat*, "that is a lie," as no man ever yet passed the Coleeroon by swimming, for if he had but dipped the tip of his finger in it, the alligators would have seized him; but the captain giving him such evidence of the fact that he could no longer doubt the relation, he lifted up his hands and cried out, *Gouda ka Adami!* "This is God's man."

He was immediately marched back to Cuddalore, and thrust into a dungeon with the meanest captives. Chained to a common soldier, they brought him out of his prison almost famished, and nearly naked, to