

forth. We had to go through a long bazaar before we reached the road; after that it was more than two miles to the bungalow where my own people were to be. When we had fairly passed the village, and entered into pretty good ground, I mounted before Mynah, and urged my tired steed into a quicker pace. But the road was so uneven and also intricate, that it was upwards of an hour before we arrived at the house. All was quite dark, and so quiet, that I very much feared that my servants had been alarmed for my safety, and had returned to the last halting place.

However, after calling some time, my horse-keeper and head boy made their appearance, and told me the rest had all gone on to the next village, thinking they must have mistaken. Lights were soon obtained, and on looking at my watch, I found it past three o'clock. Poor Mynah had thrown herself on the ground after being lifted from the horse; her fear and agitation had been so great that she was now quite exhausted, added to which, food had not passed her lips since the previous morning, and we were too near the fatal village to venture on a halt. I had not one morsel of any thing to refresh her; for my baskets with all the necessaries had been taken forward. One bullock was still at hand; of this I availed myself to mount Mynah, and having whispered to her the necessity for exertion, and that eight miles' march would in all probability bring us to a place of safety, she arose, kissed my hands again and again, and allowed me to place her on the bullock. In the mean time my poor horse had been refreshed with food and water, and with the horse-keeper to guide the bullock, we started.

I left Casse Sing, my head boy, behind, with orders to get a fresh bullock from the village to carry my trunks, and should enquiries be made regarding a female, to be sure and give no information; and if enquiries were made about me, to give them to understand that I had gone another road. It was six o'clock when we came within sight of the bungalow where we were to receive refreshment and rest. I fully expected to be traced to this spot, and had made up my mind to resist to the last any attempt to recover Mynah. I hoped, by forced marches, soon to get beyond the district, and my intention was to restore the girl back to her parents. I begged her to keep concealed in one of the inner rooms, and to take plenty of nourishment and rest, that she might be

able to start again as soon as the heat of the day was passed. After making a hearty breakfast, I retired to my cot, which was in a small room, and ordered one of the horse-keepers to be stationed near the gate to prevent any entrance, stating that I wanted rest, and did not wish to be disturbed. I soon fell asleep, and did I awake again till three in the afternoon, so thoroughly was I overcome by weariness. Perhaps I might have slept much longer, had not I felt something touch my hand, and started me, and on opening my eyes, Mynah was kneeling beside me on the ground, her cheek leaning on my hand. Her beautiful face was lighted up with smiles; her veil was off, her dress tastefully arranged, and happiness was beaming in her black and expressive eyes. "Ah, Mynah," said I, "you have rested well. I see, and are able, I trust, to continue your march. Now tell me, where would you wish to go?—which is your own village?—and I will lead you back to your parents, who will be so rejoiced to see you again." Mynah started from the ground; she clasped her hands, and uttering a wild cry, ran out of the room. I thought she had seen some one in the compound, that had frightened her. I therefore sprang from my cot, and hastened to the window, but all was quiet, and the door was shut. I could not account for the poor girl's sudden burst of alarm. I dressed myself, called for dinner, and then went to the room where Mynah had slept. She was sitting on the mat, weeping most bitterly. I quietly raised her towards me. "Mynah," said I, "what means this? Have I done anything to frighten or offend you? Tell me freely, my dear girl. I will do every thing to please you and make you happy. Speak to me, and do not sob thus piteously."

"O Englishman," she exclaimed, "send me not away from you; let me live and die with you; I will be your slave, I will watch over you day and night; I will learn to pray to your God for you; I will serve your God to please you, only do not, do not send me away. Yes, if you must part with the poor Mynah, take her back, and throw her on the funeral pile. She now cares not for life, if you send her from you."

It was some time before she could sufficiently compose herself to tell me her history. She was but fifteen; her father and mother had betrothed her when only three years old to the youth of a neighbouring village, whom she had never seen, but who, she had heard from report, was a most cruel man. He had had on