

Instead of accompanying us, L—b—t sat down to his Hookah, ordered his servant to put a bottle of brandy on the table, and leave the cabin. He then commenced drinking and smoking, and singing German war-songs; and having finished his brandy, he drew his sword, sallied out of his cabin, and attacked the servants and boatmen, whom he soon drove ashore. Having cleared the boat, he waved the weapon several times over his head, spouted something to the moon, which was shining brightly at the time, and then jumped into the river. The stream there was deep and rapid, and the body could not be found.

Head Quarters of the regiment, with three hundred men embarked at Calcutta, on the 2nd of April, 1817, in the ship Dorah, for St. Helena. Colonel Nicol made everything as agreeable as possible during the voyage, which was sufficiently pleasant, though diversified by one or two incidents that we might have spared. Whilst at breakfast on the 20th of April, we had a sudden alarm of fire, and a thick smoke was seen ascending near the fore-castle, whilst the awful word, fire! fire! rang through the ship. The Captain made a spring over the table, clearing everything like a hunter, without touching a tea-cup, and ran forward; whilst the Colonel in two minutes had a line of soldiers formed from each gangway, with buckets in their hands. There was no confusion; and thus with coolness and promptitude a great calamity was averted, and the fire was speedily extinguished.

To vary our amusements, we established a newspaper on board, called the Dorah Gazette, of which I had the honour to be appointed Editor. As certain little coolnesses, and even a few downright quarrels, had occurred among the regimental ladies since we