

Secundrabad, nor was any time lost in forwarding statements of the case, with earnest requisitions for such prompt assistance as was desirable in a predicament so rare.

On our arrival at Secundrabad we found that our destination was altered. We were to remain there; and as I had long been entitled to a holiday, I solicited and obtained a month's leave of absence, professedly to go on a shooting excursion. My plans, however, were kept private; for I knew that if made public, measures might be taken to change my purposes—which were to seek the solitudes of Ameerkoote, where I had a presentiment that tidings of the unfortunate Nargasi would be obtained. The suggestive whispers of the imagination are seldom dealt justly with by the uninterested, and I carefully abstained from mentioning the romantic fancies that had impressed me with an idea, that might nevertheless prove an idle fallacy. That a certain amount of danger necessarily belonged to an excursion into territories that were beyond the actual control of the Company, I knew; but I was also aware that there was peace reigning between us and all influential authorities beyond the Kistna, and that bodies of marauders were rarely known to attack an European officer, travelling solely for sporting purposes, without wealth or baggage, and avowedly ranging the jungles as a huntsman. But not only had I been stimulated to this determination by my own imaginings; the state of frantic grief into which the abduction of Nargasi had plunged Hafez was so terrible, that for some days he was threatened with insanity. By degrees I got him to enter into my views, and at last he became more sanguine than myself of discovering her in that part of the country where first she had been found. It was then settled that he should procure leave to accompany me; and well armed for all the encounters with the denizens of the woods, we left head quarters one fine morning, nor halted till we had ridden some thirty-miles; for I had supplied Hafez with a horse, and sent on several days before a few trusty servants, with a small one-poled tent, a table, a camp-stool, and other absolute necessities.

A week passed; we had crossed the Kistna, and traversed a considerable extent of country—now halting amidst prairies and woodlands, quivering with game—now passing through towns, fortified villages, and cultivated valleys; but though we had as many ears as harvest, we could hear nothing of the missing bride; and the gloom and anxiety which overwhelmed Hafez, and which, indeed very considerably impaired my interest in the sports of the field, at length increased to such a degree that he requested permission to proceed alone, disguised as a pilgrim, towards Chanda; faithfully promising to meet me there on a given day. He imagined that by secretly and solitarily making his way, he was more likely to obtain intelligence of her he was in search of, than was possible when accompanied by an European officer and his camp followers. I agreed; and on the afternoon he left me, taking my fowling piece, and unaccompanied, I slowly sauntered into a jungly piece of country, said to be well-stocked with game, from lordly bustard to lowly quail. I had walked a considerable way and with more success than I felt inclined to take advantage of; for being unattended, I did not choose to overload myself with an extra burden, nor did I care to waste my ammunition for the mere love of destruction on the numberless hares and pea-fowl, and green pigeons that crossed my path, hovered ever the rank reed-grass, or swarmed

amidst the brush. I began to think it time to turn towards, when, as I approached a magnificent banyan tree, that stood in the glady opening of the forest, I saw that at its base a figure was extended dead or asleep. Certainly not the former, for at the sound of my steps, as they fell on the withered leaves, the gaunt, almost naked form of a Fakcer slowly upreared itself, as if from heavy slumber, with eyes scarcely opened from revolving repose.

"Salaam!" cried I, as I drew near. I shall never forget the spectral appearance of the haggard and fearful looking creature, who gazing at me wildly, as if dubious whether I was indeed substantial or only a thing of shadows, tardily arose from the ground, with an ejaculation of wonder, which I knew not whether to interpret into an imprecation or a welcome. The man might have been six feet high; almost entirely naked, his tank and attenuated body seemed that of a skeleton, over which a thin skin of glittering brown had been tightly drawn; long grey hair fell down over his shoulders, circles of white pigment surrounded his large piercing eyes, and a face of singularly marked expression—recalled to my memory the Pudarce of Ameerkoote. Nor was the recognition confined to me. It was mutual, and I was considering whether a renewal of hostilities was likely to mark our unexpected meeting, when he accosted me. I will endeavor to translate his words as best I can, without interlarding them with the customary amount of Hindostani expressions that could only serve to prolong the narrative.

"All-hoomd-ool-illa!" he cried, clasping his hands, and reverentially looking towards heaven. "All praise be to Alla, who has sent me help at my need."

"Can I succour you, my friend?" demanded I, not sorry to have our *te-te-a-te* begin so amicably.

"You can help me, Sahib, if Alla chooses," was the answer; "but as Alla forgives us, so, you, must you forgive me."

"What have I to forgive?"

He shook his head. "It needs not that you should try to assume an ignorance which does not exist. The Sahib remembers me even as I remember him. The beardless youth has become a man, and the associate of robbers has turned a wandering penitent, who exists by what he begs, not by what he steals; but neither of us have forgotten."

"Agreed," I exclaimed; "all is forgiven, forgotten, provided you tell me where that poor girl is now concealed—our dear Nargasi?"

"Nargasi!" he said; "you call her Nargasi, and you have named her well. Alas! alas!" and a burst of passionate grief followed, which, indeed, was most painful to witness. When the paroxysm had subsided, he spoke again, and a condensed statement of his narrative will suffice.

(To be continued)

From the Globe.

LETTER FROM MR. NICHOLS.

To Ogle R. Goran Esq.

Sir,—I am desirous of putting a check to the broad-cast slanders contained in the report of the semi-annual meeting of your Grand Lodge, holden at Perth, county of Lanark, in October last.

You have, Sir, in said report, stated that George Nichols is a hired slanderer, and that the reason why you do not prosecute him to conviction is, that he is a man of straw, and all you would gain would be the privilege of paying your own costs. From your own testimony, it appears you have at last advanced the first step to reformation and amendment, by tacitly admitting that your character is not worth the cost

of defence. Be that as it may, I estimate, none so low as higher than dollars and cents, and as you have engaged me with having fabricated and published slanders against you, when my poverty and irrisponsibility allow me to do with impunity, I hereby give you public notice (as I have heretofore, through your friend, Richard Dempsey, Esq., given you private notice, with a view up to this time disregarded) that I have by a professional gentleman, created de la and handed to one of your most solvent and respectable friends—Mr. H. Peatman, of Bramford—twenty-five pounds, subject to your order, should you prove any one of the resolutions, which I confidently published in the name of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, a fabrication. And that you may have every advantage of proof, I declare I published them by and with the consent of the proper officers of the Orange Institution of Ireland, who adopted them and passed them with the express purpose and intent of their being communicated to the Orangemen of British North America. Should I fail in what I affirm, the money is at your service. The only condition to which this arrangement is subject, is, that you deposit an equal amount, lest you might turn out to be the man of straw, and the privilege be mine to pay the costs. Believe me, Sir, it is no enemy towards you which drives me to take this course; it is that I have no other means of defence against a wide-spread accusation, which many have heard, and no doubt some believe. As to being the paid agent of some persons or persons to slander you, it is sometimes difficult to prove negative. But will be to him that evil speaks. There is no man here to offer me such employment, without receiving from me, in return, an expression (at least) of just scorn and indignation. I defy the breath of malice to name a person or circumstance to justify such a ridiculous story. There is another object I hope to gain—namely, a union of all the Brethren, which I know cannot be effected while a part of them—in consequence of their honest, easy credulity—are good natured victims of that falshome praise of yourself which flows from the degenerate Patriot.

In conclusion, I wish to inform the Brethren in reference to your having received from the Earl of Enniskillen a reply to your very disingenuous letter—which has caused some wonder, as his Lordship's name is conspicuous among those who published your unworthiness and moral unfitness for even membership in the Institution. However, it will cease to be a wonder, when it is known that the present Earl was a boy, in his teens, at school, and consequently knew nothing of the matter in question. The greatest wonder is that you published his Lordship's letter, as it contains but one sentence, which is—A determination on the part of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, to have nothing to do with you.

I remain, with due consideration, your obedient servant.

G. NICHOLS.

Toronto, April 18, 1854.

FRANCE.

Scandalous Affair at Lyons.

A very scandalous affair occurred at Lyons last week. A young girl, scarcely turned 17, in a humble but respectable class of life, was found by her parents to be *enrante*, and on being questioned, stated that the parish priest was the author of her misfortune. The parents expressed themselves incredulous, but the girl persisted in her story, and proposed, in order to verify the truth of what she said, to hire a lodging, where she would invite the priest to visit her, placing her friends in ambush to see what passed. The stratagem afforded the most unequivocal evidence of the young creature's veracity? and some of her relatives, rushing from their hiding place, so beleaguered the priest with their cudgels that his roars attracted an immense crowd round the house, which swelled, before the row was over, to the number of 5,000 or 6,000 persons. The papers, both in Paris and Lyons, have been forbidden to mention the matter.