

their distress, they were compelled to get an officer from another corps to command the Regiment, not one of their own being off the sick list.

Not only did this corps suffer so extensively, but all others, and one moment's reflection will fill the mind with sympathy, for these poor fellows. It is doubtless too fresh in the minds of my readers, to require me to dwell upon the ravages of the sickness in Scinde during 1843 and 1844, as the distressing accounts came mail after mail from India, and were fully given in the public journals.

I fortunately escaped the epidemic, and left Hyderabad in August, 1843, and reached Kurrachie in a few days, but was twice attacked on the road by the Beeloochees. Travelling without a guard (save two servants,) I, on the last occasion, was met by three Beeloochees, who proved to be those who murdered a Mrs. Burns, and a recruit of the 40th a short time before. These three fellows fired at me and missed, being some two hundred yards off. I got under cover of one of my camels, carrying my baggage; the driver, who was armed with a jezail, fired, and shot one of them; the other two rushed at us with swords; I had a fine rifle with me, which I fired and hit my mark. One fell dead, and I threw down my piece, drew my sword, and rushing at the other, succeeded in disarming him. I tied him, and put him on a camel, and took him back to Tatta, where I left him, with a Detachment we had there, and I procured a guide, who conducted me in safety to Kurra-