

most unmercifully on this subject—constantly making allusions to “the fair disconsolate” in the most annoying manner. I bore all this with the best grace I could, in return for his kindness to me, and he on his part put me on the proper method of remitting the money, and indeed on the whole seemed to approve of my sending it.

I embarked at Gravesend on the 13th September, 18—, with a letter of credit on a “House of Agency,” in Calcutta, for £150, the balance had gone towards paying my outfit, passage money, &c., &c., and after a most delightful voyage, I reached that city in the end of the following January.

There was war in India, and I was promoted to a lieutenantcy almost immediately, and joined my regiment in the field; but I would keep you till morning were I to relate one-half of my adventures, or even to attempt a sketch of the noble and gallant fellows who assembled round the mess table of the old—th; so I will leave all this to some future opportunity, and pass over about eight years, when we were again in the field. I was in command of an outpost, when, one morning, the General of our division, rode to the front to reconnoitre, attended by his Aide-de-Camp, and about a dozen Lancers. He had not proceeded far when a Resalla of the enemy’s dashed down, took him prisoner, and cut his slender escort to pieces. I was just about to dismiss my men (for we had turned out as the old man had passed) when one of my sentries, who was posted in advance, came running in to report what was taking place beyond a patch of jungle, and some low hills which were in our front.

I had thirty troopers and the light company of “ours” under me. I dispatched one man of the former to the rear to report to the field officer of the day, and with the rest I mounted immediately. The light company I ordered to follow at the “double,” under the Subadar, old Shaick Hinqun, as staunch a fellow as ever lived—*black or white*. We skirted the low hills I mentioned, and found a body of about three hundred horsemen in the plain beyond. I had neither time nor opportunity to see more, for we were in the midst of them in an instant. We reached the General, and were soon trying to cut our way back, but this was now a difficult matter, for the enemy recovering from their surprise at our sudden onset, and seeing how few in number we were, seemed determined we should pay dearly for our bold attempt. My poor fellows were falling fast, but none of them flinched for a moment; I had my sword arm broken, and above half our saddles were empty.—The old General, who was close to me, remarked, “I fear it is all up with us,” but I thought otherwise, for at that moment I heard, above the clashing of sabres, the clear, ringing voice of old Shaick Hinqun, and—bang—came a volley from the “Light Bobs,” and away went the enemy, helter skelter, to the