

the brave fellows was shot, and the Major was knocked down by a stone dropped on his head, and rolled to the bottom. There he lay insensible, exposed to a heavy fire, and must have been soon dispatched, but for the other grenadier, who watched over him, and bore him out of the ditch in his arms, receiving a severe wound from a matchlock ball as he carried him off. This noble fellow was most deservedly made an Havildar or Serjeant on his recovery; and following up this good conduct, had been promoted to the rank of Jemimdar, equivalent to Lieutenant. He was pointed out to me when I was at Allahabad, and I never saw a finer looking man. My gallant friend assured me that he felt as certain of the attachment and devotion of his regiment as of his own family.

In corps like his, whose recruiting had been carefully conducted, and into which, low-caste Hindoos and Mussulmans were refused admittance, there exists a high sense of honour, or esprit de corps. Nor do the high-caste Moslems and Hindoos quarrel in the same regiments; for it is a point of importance to mix them; but they conduct themselves much the same as Protestants and Roman Catholics in the British Army. They have separate messes, and respect each other's particular customs; and thus very generally go on harmoniously together, under the salutary restraint of strict discipline; confiding implicitly in their officers, and in the Company's Government.

The day before my departure, my friend drove me to see an enormous Banyan tree, that covered nearly three acres of ground; the age nobody could tell, but it was supposed to be a thousand years old. Very probably its age was underrated, for when a healthy antæus of the vegetable world, like this, is once set