

Number 43.

reproof or remark. I became aware, as I helped
to burn the light form of Narcissi, that her senses

He returned; she breathed again freely, and she could even feel her heart flutter like a struggling bird beneath my hand. She was fully aroused; as we passed the brick; but a few words in Hindoo-Indian phraseology as is only used by the strictest followers of the prophet, whispered by the Fakere, as he poured some drops from the phial which had been consigned to me, down her throat seemed to cheer and revive her. He then explained to her, not only his consanguinity, but the manner of her rescue, and how he had been assisted by an old friend of his—an officer of the—

—Regiment.

"True," said he, "a friend who thinks the Fakere Kheun is his—yes, next to Nargis."

"Fakere Kheun?" exclaimed she, naming me and shaking my head. "I know you, and know that these are signs you as a beloved brother. He who takes you for his Dootah, for the can-on-weep."

In a short time Nargis was able to walk, sup-

peril to me; and, unobserved, we gained the boat, where she was consigned to the tender care of the women, whose services had been secured by the obliging Polish. Then, I was left alone, and, in the midst of my grief and fatigue, I was drowsy of assuming the posture that life alone would be redeemed from poverty and hardship by me, though I confessed that the revenge appeared to me to be unnecessarily cruel. The Brahmin replied he, "it was written, that the Brahmin's blood should be shed for the blood of his enemy, and that he should be no less eager to die, than the man who has taken the oath of vengeance. What I have done is known to Alla and you."

"Nay," said I, "fear not that words of mine will incite you in any peril. I will not betray you. May God absolve you!"

"I am absolved, he answered; and as ever, I shall be true to you, and I shall guard my child as I guard my life."

"I have little more of life I shall pass in acts of penitence and religious duty; and if hereafter I

lovely *tsak-shai* of an anchorite meets
at the tomb of the holy *Wu* (saint) we
is that he who she who
we may quietly recognize a grateful friend
in her *Wu* Shai, though I may not share
her finer callings proclaimed through
streets by sound of trumpet and tambour.
She loves to gather wild herbs—the leaves
the roots that are disregarded by the market
and the rich—all that will grow and
will take pleasure in imparting his knowledge
you. I have already given my benediction
Nargai; I now bestow it on you. *Khida ha*
farewell!

And with a low salutation the Fakser left me,
I did I see him again for many months,
his regiment marched into Bengal
one fine morning, we saw an aged and venerable
Fakser praying devoutly by the way side near
ancient tomb. His secret was kept, and not
dom had, I and also Hsiao Khan, conference
no vulgar nature with the greatly esteemed
Shai.

The following

ing through a strong escort of cavalry from friend Crawford, whose communication reached at ——— some thirty miles nearer than I anticipated. A portion of the letter he wrote to me in reply to mine, will supply the next most important link in my little chain of evidence.

"The Pagoda," says Kalaedore and his immediate associates, "was under suspicion, and your statement has hastened proceedings regarding it. It has been too long delayed, for want of sufficient evidence. But I have lately been busily engaged in tracking a desperate gang of Thugs, assassinations and depredations were the order of the day. I have just heard from the Black Pagoda; and also by others, whose participation in such crimes was not suspected. Very successful has been the result. A very successful mercenary has thrown the principal Phansigar and his adherents into my power. We had intimations that some suspicious characters, disguised as Hindu Brahmins, were about to be sent to the place, where they had displayed their wares for sale. Two opulent travellers, that place, expressed their return from the

had, suddenly disappeared; and as it was
then they had considerable property on their backs,
Thorge was suspected. I sent out my scout
to find out the truth, and he returned in
less than ten minutes, and since accompanied
travellers, who were really laden with
goods, on their way to Hyderabad. Determined
to follow on their trail in *prospira* personae, I sent
a disguise which has frequently been useful
and with seven picked men, mainly
Hindus, and a couple of Englishmen, we
started at a village near the borders of the
jungle, we heard that they had passed by
a few hours before. There I left our standards
to care of the Pottal and a trooper. It was
when we were half an odd mile, near a well,
the heart of the jungle, and the trees were
so thick that it was impossible to enter, and
therefore I waited till the first dawn. I soon
ordered the men to bivouac, and of my
pique, an hour later, when one of my men
near. He had wandered a little way into
the jungle, when attracted by voices, he listened

From their discourse he gleaned that the fortunate merchants had been strangled till evening, and that the rest of their party were then employed in covering the bodies of their victims with straw, in the *name* of *mañ* (brooks). They were sitting, some with a little stream, took a quantity of straw on their encampment.

"I instantly used on this information, and by and swiftly we were in a very short time towards encamping behind the group of trees where the things, now preparing for sleep, their comrades. Nor was it long as we were like the first bark of a cannon, but we entered upon our march, and in a few minutes were in sight. "There they are," said all in a voice. Another bark was fired, and followed by three similar ones, which completely roused the party near us. "Some fresh gun in view," said a Thug.