

***WILLIAM HENRY
GILES KINGSTON***



***THE YOUNG
RAJAH***

William Henry Giles Kingston

The Young Rajah

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"The Young Rajah"

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Chapter One.

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**The "Glamorgan Castle" on her Voyage to India
—Her Passengers—Our Hero—Combined Effects
of a Kick and a Roll—Violet Ross—Cupid at Work
—Our Hero's Gallant Exploit—The Ship reaches
the Hooghly—Parting of Reginald and Violet.**

The stout old *Glamorgan Castle*, with studding-sails on either side, was running before the trade-wind on her course to India. The passengers were lounging about on the poop, sheltered by an awning from the burning rays of the sun, which struck down with no inconsiderable force, making even the well-seasoned Indians grumble and incline to be quarrelsome. Of passengers the ship had her full complement, for all the cabins were full. There were among them generals, and judges, and officers of all ranks; as well as married dames returning to their husbands, and young ladies committed to their care; but few of them need be noticed. There were Colonel Ross, with his sweet, blooming daughter Violet; and Major Molony and his pretty little round wife, to whom he had lately been married; and Captain Hawkesford, going out to rejoin his regiment,—a handsome-

looking man, but with a countenance not altogether prepossessing, for it betokened selfishness and want of feeling, or the lines about his firm set mouth, and large grey eyes, belied him.

The commander, Captain Lyford, was a fine specimen of a sailor. He made himself agreeable to his passengers, and kept his ship's company in good order. When nothing occurred to excite him, his face was calm and unimpassioned; but it lighted up in a moment, and his clear, ringing voice when issuing an order to the crew showed that there was no lack of courage and determination in his composition.

There were the usual disputes and misunderstandings on board, which gave the good skipper, who always acted as peacemaker, no little trouble to settle. The ladies not infrequently fell out; and their quarrels, he confessed, were the hardest matters to put to rights, especially when jealousy set them by the ears. Mrs Brigadier Bomanjoy considered that she did not receive the same attention which was paid to Mrs Lexicon, the wife of the judge; and Miss Martha Pelican, who was making her second expedition to the East, complained that the officers neglected her, while they devoted themselves to silly Miss Prettyman, who had no other qualifications than her pink cheeks and blue eyes to recommend her. The "griffins" not infrequently had warm disputes; but the captain quickly managed to settle their more noisy quarrels, and restore them to good-humour.

"Come, come, lads," he used to say, "let's hear what it's all about, and then we will get the whole matter into a nut-shell. It can be stowed away in less space than that, I've no

doubt; and when it's there, we'll heave it overboard. Now then, shake hands, and forget all about it."

He did not, however, venture to interfere when husband and wife fell out, considering that a third person would only make matters worse; and more especially did he avoid interfering in the everlasting squabbles of Major and Mrs Molony—which were indeed rather amusing than otherwise, the object of the little lady being apparently to bring her lord and master under the complete subjection of her imperious will, to which he, good-tempered as he was, had no intention of yielding.

There were several very nice girls, of whom Miss Violet Ross was universally considered the most charming. She was young, and very pretty; fair as a lily, with blue eyes and rich auburn hair. But she had a good deal more than her beauty to recommend her. She was sweet-tempered, gentle, and high principled. Mrs Brigadier Bomanjoy declared that she was puritanical and prudish; but she was in reality truly religious and modest, without a particle of nonsense in her composition. Captain Hawkesford, generally supposed to be indifferent to female charms,—at least, to those of his own countrywomen,—paid her more attention than he did to any one else, although she evidently offered him no encouragement.

There was another person on board who must now be mentioned. Many inquiries had been made of the captain who he was, but no satisfactory answer had been given. His costume was that of a seaman, but no one could suppose that he was a common sailor. His manner was distinguished, his good looks remarkable, and the tone of his voice and

language refined. He was still very young, being scarcely more than eighteen or nineteen years of age. He was on familiar terms with the officers of the ship, and mingled with the passengers without any objection being made by the captain. He spoke Hindostanee fluently, and addressed the Lascars in their own tongue; while he showed an intimate acquaintance with Indian manners and customs, as well as with those of China and the East generally. The hot suns of Eastern seas had tanned his cheeks and given him almost the appearance of an Oriental. The only account the captain gave of him was that his name was Reginald Hamerton, and that he had come home with him from India on his last voyage, and had, during a heavy gale, exhibited much courage and nautical knowledge. Many thought, from his dark skin, classical features, and flashing eye, that there was Indian blood in his veins; and it was whispered that he was the son of a resident at the court of some native prince, and that his mother was the rajah's daughter: but of this the captain said he knew nothing. He spoke English perfectly, was well educated, and had the manners of a young man accustomed to the best society. He conversed freely with every one, but it was observed that he was extremely reticent about himself, never alluding to his past life or his future prospects. Still he seemed perfectly at his ease about them; nor did he speak like a person who had any doubts as to what he should do on his arrival in India.

Altogether, there was a perfect mystery about him, which increased the interest his personal appearance was calculated to excite,—at all events, among the fairer portion of the passengers. He was courteous and attentive to all the

ladies; but it was remarked at length that he was more frequently seen in conversation with Violet Ross than with any one else. If her eye brightened when he came near, that was but natural; as also that she should prefer talking to him to listening to the remarks made to her by the cynical Captain Hawkesford,—who evidently regarded young Hamerton with a feeling of dislike, which he exhibited whenever he had an opportunity by a haughty and contemptuous manner towards him. Colonel Ross, on the contrary, treated Reginald in a kind and friendly way, and appeared to have no objection to his conversing with Violet on deck, or to any of the attentions he paid her. The third officer being ill, young Hamerton, as he was generally called, took his place; and few could have failed to remark the officer-like style in which he carried on duty, or the clear, ringing voice in which he issued his orders,—displaying to advantage his well-knit figure as he walked the deck with telescope under his arm, or with his hand to his mouth, his fine head thrown back, shouting to the crew. Violet's eye was wont to watch him as he moved about the deck, and a gentle flush mounted on her cheek whenever he came near and bent down to speak to her.

Captain Hawkesford scarcely concealed his jealousy, and expressed it in remarks which he seemed to wish should reach Reginald's ear. "As the young sailor was to all appearance working his passage, he should not venture to make himself so familiar with those who were above him in rank and position. For his part, he was surprised that Captain Lyford allowed him to dine in the cabin, when he ought to mess with the other junior officers."

If Reginald did hear what was said, he took no notice of Captain Hawkesford's remarks, but appeared to be quite as much at his ease as at first.

One day while he was attending to some duty forward, Captain Hawkesford took a seat near Violet, and endeavoured to make himself agreeable to the best of his power. She listened, for without rudeness she could not avoid doing so; but no smile played around her mouth, while her answers were mostly in monosyllables. Colonel Ross at length coming near, she jumped up and took his arm, saying that she should like to enjoy a walk for a few minutes. Captain Hawkesford looked excessively annoyed, but did not attempt to accompany her. After a short time Reginald came aft, when the gong sounded for dinner. She said a few words to him as she went below; upon which he followed with a haste he seldom exhibited, and, as the passengers took their seats, slipped into a chair on one side of Violet, while her father sat on the other. Captain Hawkesford, on returning from his cabin, found the place he had intended to occupy already filled, and with an angry frown on his brow he went to the further end of the table. Most of the passengers had collected, when some one remarked that the chairs of Major and Mrs Molony were vacant.

"Why did they not come down?" asked Mrs Brigadier Bomanjoy.

"The little lady is in one of her tantrums," answered Miss Pelican. "The gallant major is endeavouring to bring her round, but she won't because she won't."

Just then the voice of the little lady was heard, mingled with the expostulations of her liege lord, coming down the

open skylight, on the coamings of which she was seated, directly over the head of the table.

“Come, ladies and gentlemen, we must commence operations or the meat will get cold,” observed the captain; and having said grace, he was about to begin carving a leg of mutton swimming in gravy placed before him, when there came a wild scream and a shout from the major,—“Arrah, my darling, where are you after going to?” though, before the words were well out of the speaker’s mouth, down came flop on the top of the leg of mutton the rotund form of Mrs Major Molony, fortunately head uppermost, in a semi-sitting posture,—the joint of meat serving as a cushion to that part of her body which is usually thus accommodated, while one of her feet stuck into a dish of potatoes and the other into one of curry and rice, the gravy flying on all sides like the contents of a bursting bomb.

“Oh, where have I got to?” cried the little lady, panting and screaming with terror, though she was sufficiently aware of what had happened to make an endeavour to cover up her little round legs, which were more exposed than her modesty would have allowed.

Captain Lyford, with all the delicacy imaginable, though his sides were splitting with laughter, placed his arms under the little lady, and lifted her up ready to present to the major, who came rushing down wild with alarm, under the belief that she must have either broken her neck, or have been spitted on the carving knife and fork.

“Arrah now, my darling, is it killed you are entirely?” he exclaimed, as he caught sight of her.

The shouts of laughter proceeding from all sides, and in which even Violet and Reginald could not help joining, prevented her answer from being heard, as the major, taking her in his arms, bore her off to her cabin, that she might put a fresh skirt on in lieu of her gravy-bespattered dress.

The steward had in the meantime picked up the leg of mutton, which had been sent spinning out of the dish; and its tenderness was accounted for by the unusual pressure to which it had been subjected by the fair little dame.

It appeared, from the conversation of the major, who soon returned to the table, that at the moment his wife was kicking at him pettishly with her foot the ship gave a roll, and she, losing her balance, the catastrophe lately witnessed had occurred; a lesson, as he observed with a wink, by which he piously hoped she would in future profit.

"I congratulate you, my dear, that it did not happen to you," observed the brigadier to his better half.

"I never kick at my husband," answered the lady.

For the sake of the feelings of Mrs Molony the conversation was changed, when she at length appeared, considerably crestfallen, and took her seat meekly by her husband's side. Dinner was proceeded with; but every now and then some of the young ensigns burst out into uncontrollable fits of laughter, joined in by the rest like the fire of skirmishers, as one of them happened to recall the incident to mind,—the only one hitherto worth noting during the voyage, which promised to terminate without the occurrence of any of greater importance.

Some days had passed after this event, when, as the ship was still running before the wind, making eight or nine knots an hour, with a somewhat heavy sea on, a fine young lad—going out to join his father and mother, who had obtained some employment for him in the uncovenanted service—was skylarking aloft with some other youngsters, when, losing his hold, he fell into the foaming sea.

“Man overboard!” was the cry.

Captain Lyford was on deck in a moment, issuing orders to shorten sail and bring the ship to, that a boat might be lowered. The lad could swim, but suddenly finding himself plunged amid the foaming seas, he lost his presence of mind, and it appeared doubtful whether he would keep afloat. A couple of chairs and a hen-coop had been hove to him, but not till he had been left some way astern. Reginald, on hearing the cry, ran aft, and without waiting to take off even his hat, lowered himself into the water and struck out towards the wellnigh drowning lad. It was evening, and darkness was rapidly coming on. Intense was the excitement of all on board. Violet Ross did not exhibit her feelings, as some of the other ladies did, by shrieking and crying out, but she was seen standing on the poop, her gaze fixed on the two young swimmers.

Running at the rate the ship was going, they were soon lost to sight; for though the crew were under good discipline, it was not to be expected that sail could be shortened as rapidly as on board a man-of-war.

Opinions of all sorts were being hazarded. Some gave them up for lost, declaring that the best of swimmers could not keep afloat in such a sea.

“The young fellow may drown, for what I care,” muttered Captain Hawkesford, as he turned forward, away from the rest of the lookers-on. The captain and officers were too busy to answer the questions put to them on the subject.

At length the ship was hove-to, and a boat with the first mate and a crew of volunteers was lowered. Away she pulled in the direction in which the swimmers had been last seen, the thick gathering gloom and the foaming seas surrounding her, and quickly hiding her from sight. The excitement on board was intense, even the captain could scarcely retain his composure. It would have been great had Jack Andrews, the lad who had fallen overboard, been alone; but young Hamerton had excited the interest of all, and even the stern old brigadier declared that he would be ready to give up all the loot he had bagged at the taking of Mooltan for the sake of recovering the lad; and those who knew the old soldier best, were aware that his feelings must have been highly excited to induce him to say so. Poor little Violet! Her father could not fail to remark her agitation, but believed that she would have felt the same if any other among her fellow-creatures had been placed in the fearful peril to which young Hamerton was exposed.

The moments seemed minutes, the minutes hours, as those on board watched anxiously for the return of the boat. At length the captain began to fear for her safety, as well as for that of the swimmers.

“Silence on deck,” he cried. “Does any one see her?”

No reply was made. The ship had for some time been hove-to. The wind whistled through her rigging, and the seas washed up her sides as she surged slowly forward.

“Burn a blue light, Mr Timmins,” he shouted to the boatswain, who had got one all ready; and as the bright fire burst forth it cast a lurid glare on the masts and rigging, and the countenances of the lookers-on, giving them the hue of death.

Colonel Ross, forgetting for a moment the effect always produced by the light, thought that his daughter was going off into a swoon. But her trembling voice reassured him.

“I am thankful to see that signal,” she observed. “It will surely enable them to find their way to the ship.”

“I hope that they will bring back our young friend, and the lad he has so gallantly hazarded his own life to save,” said the colonel; “but the difficulty of finding them in the dark must be very great, unless they retain strength sufficient to make their position known by their voices.”

“They will come! They will come!” exclaimed Violet. “Oh, father, it is very dreadful!” She could say no more.

The time went on. More blue lights were burned. Again and again the captain shouted, “Does any one see the boat?”

At length a seaman exclaimed, “There she is! There she is!” and others declared that they saw her. A cheer arose, joined in by most on board, but it was silenced by the captain. He now himself observed the boat approaching slowly, tossing up and down on the heaving seas. Oh, the horrible suspense to be endured till it could be got alongside, for it was impossible to see who was in her!

“Have you got them safe?” asked the captain, unable longer to restrain his anxiety. No answer came. Possibly the dashing of the seas drowned his voice. The boat came

nearer and nearer, and willing hands stood ready to lift on board those she brought back. On she came. The oars were thrown in. The bowman caught the rope hove to him. Eager faces peered down into her to ascertain if the lads had been saved.

“All right; we have them safe!” at length cried a voice from the boat.

“They are saved! They are saved!” was echoed along the deck; and even the most phlegmatic of the passengers shook each other’s hands, and expressed their satisfaction; while several of the ladies burst into tears,—as did one of the officers, as gallant a young fellow as ever lived. Violet darted forward, followed by the colonel, as Reginald was hoisted on deck. Though evidently exhausted, he was able to stand leaning on the shoulder of honest Dick Thuddichum, a seaman who had gone off in the boat, and had assisted him up the side. (Dick ought before to have been introduced. He was a fine specimen of a sailor, with his broad shoulders and big bushy beard and whiskers. He had come on board with the young officer, and, judging by the eager way in which he had leaped into the boat going off to his rescue, was attached to him with no ordinary attachment.) Violet stopped short as she got close to Reginald, for already he was surrounded by most of the officers and passengers, eager to shake him by the hand and compliment him on his intrepidity. Reginald saw her, and would have sprung forward, when, just as she had faintly murmured an expression of thankfulness, her father came up in time to save her, overcome by her feelings, from

sinking on the deck. He then, after heartily congratulating Reginald, led his daughter into the cabin.

“Though I am thankful that the young man has been saved, I may have cause to regret that we have met him, if you allow too great an admiration of his gallantry and personal qualities to take possession of your heart,” remarked the colonel. “Be cautious in future. We know nothing of his birth or position; and, attractive as are his manners, he may be merely an unprincipled adventurer—though I hope I should wrong him by thinking so. Now lie down and rest, for it may be better not to appear at the tea-table.”

Violet promised to do as her father advised; but before throwing herself on her bed, she knelt down and poured out her grateful thanks to Heaven for Reginald’s preservation.

The latter, meanwhile, nearly overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations, had been led by the doctor to his berth.

“Come, come, Mr Hamerton,” said the medico; “I have looked after young Andrews, and I must now see to you. You may think yourself made of iron, but the human frame cannot endure the strain you have put on it without reaction; and we shall have you on the sick-list to-morrow, unless you take due precautions.”

An unwonted sensation of weakness warned Reginald that the doctor was right; and following his advice, he turned in—inclined to be obedient also for the sake of avoiding the further compliments he felt sure the ladies would be disposed to pay him. The only gentleman who had not spoken to him was Captain Hawkesford, who had turned

away when he saw that he was safe, uttering an expression of bitter ill-feeling.

“She will think more of the fellow than ever,” he muttered. “Would that he were fathoms deep beneath the water!”

Thanks to the doctor’s care, Reginald by the next morning was quite himself again; and as soon as he appeared on deck, young Andrews, who had also recovered, came to him and thanked him with hearty expressions of gratitude for saving his life.

“If it had not been for you, I should very soon have gone down. My great wish now is to serve you as long as I live; and I only hope that I may have the opportunity of doing so,” he exclaimed.

“I only did for you what I would have done for any other man or boy,” said Reginald; “but at the same time I shall be glad of your friendship, for, whatever our respective positions, we may be able to help each other.”

Reginald, it must be confessed, looked with more than usual eagerness for the appearance of Violet, who had not yet come on deck—scarcely heeding the compliments he received from the other ladies, or being able to give any very clear answers to the numerous questions put to him about his gallant exploit, as they were pleased to call it. He did his best, however, to explain how, after having succeeded in reaching young Andrews, he had towed him to the hen-coop, to which he held him fast till the arrival of the boat.

“Yes, it *was* trying,” he added; “but I never lost hope. My great fear was that the lad would sink from exhaustion,

though I felt capable of holding on till the morning. I was sure, too, that the captain would not leave the spot till he had searched for us by daylight.”

Violet at length came on deck. A blush rose to her cheek as she put out her hand to welcome Reginald. She said but little, however, her eyes speaking more eloquently than words. Her father remained by her side, and took an opportunity, as soon as he could do so without making his object too evident, of leading her to the other side among the ladies on deck. The gallant young officer was naturally the subject of conversation, and she heard with inward satisfaction his praises repeated by all around her. Much as Colonel Ross liked Reginald, he could not help regretting that Violet had ever met him. He could not be blind to his personal appearance and manners, but he naturally disliked the thought of his daughter marrying a man of whose birth and fortune he knew nothing; and he resolved to break off all connection with the young stranger as soon as they landed at Calcutta. Reginald, he supposed, was not likely to remain long in that city, and would be either again going to sea, or proceeding up the country; at least he fancied, from some remarks the young man let drop, such would be the case. Violet, too, was not likely to remain long without receiving an eligible offer, which he trusted she would have the sense to accept—although he was not the man to force her to do so against her inclination.

During the remainder of the voyage Reginald enjoyed frequent opportunities of conversing with Violet, though, by the colonel’s management, they were but seldom left alone. They perfectly understood each other, however; and the day

before the ship was off the Sunderbunds, Reginald told Violet that he loved her better than life; and although he confessed there was a mystery about his birth, he said he hoped ere long to clear it up, and to be in a position to offer her his hand.

“If I succeed, as I have every reason to hope I may, your father will have no cause to refuse me on account of my birth and fortune. More I may not tell you; but you will confide in my honour, dearest Violet: I know you will!” He took her hand, which she did not withdraw.

“I trust you implicitly. I know my kind father has a sincere regard for you, and he is only at present unwilling to sanction our engagement because he believes that it would not conduce to my happiness,” she answered.

The following day the *Glamorgan Castle* dropped her anchor in the Hooghly. Shortly afterwards a man-of-war steamer hove in sight, and brought-to at a short distance from the ship. A boat from her came alongside, when Reginald came up to Colonel and Miss Ross.

“I must bid you farewell; but I hope that I may be allowed to call on you in Calcutta,” he said with tolerable calmness.

The colonel hesitated in his reply.

“I cannot say where my duty will call me; but you may be assured, Mr Hamerton, that I shall not forget you,” he at length answered evasively. “Farewell! I see your attendant at the gangway waiting for you.”

Violet, pained at her father’s manner, said but little. Reginald, however, understood her look and manner; and paying a hurried adieu to the rest of the passengers, he

went towards the gangway, passing, as he did so, Captain Hawkesford, who cast at him a supercilious and angry glance, without returning his salute. Followed by Dick Thuddichum, he descended to the boat, which pulled towards the steamer.

Violet watched the vessel as she glided up the river, and observed Reginald, after shaking hands with the officers, standing on the paddle-box, with his eyes fixed on the *Glamorgan Castle*. She little thought at the time how long it would be before they would again meet!

Chapter Two.

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Reginald meets Burnett—A Bitter Disappointment—Voyage up the Ganges—Tiger-shooting at Night—Tiger Anecdotes—Tiger-Shooting from the Back of an Elephant—Reginald saves Faithful from a Crocodile—Her Gratitude—Journey to Allahapoor—Reception by the Rajah—The Beautiful Nuna—A Banquet, and Barbaric Entertainments—Cochût Khan’s Jealousy—Faithful watches over Reginald.

Reginald having ascertained where Colonel and Miss Ross were living, was making his way through the broad streets of the “city of palaces,” intending to pay his respects to them, when he met a military-looking man in an undress suit, who, regarding him earnestly, advanced towards him with his hand extended.

“My dear boy, I am delighted to see you!” exclaimed the stranger. “Have you been successful? I long to hear.”

“I am in a fair way, I trust, of succeeding, although there may be not a few difficulties in my path,” answered Reginald. “I am truly thankful, however, to find you here, as I thought that you were far away—either in Pegu or at Delhi. Are you at liberty, my dear Burnett, or can you get leave of absence? If you could accompany me, you would be of the greatest possible assistance.”

“Most fortunately, I obtained leave of absence for six months, only yesterday, and was contemplating making a shooting excursion with Knox and Jones; but they must excuse me, and I will devote myself to your service,” answered Captain Burnett.

“Thank you, my dear fellow; thank you,” exclaimed Reginald. “Your experience and knowledge of the people will smooth away many difficulties which beset my path, and I gladly accept your kind offer. I feel somewhat selfish, as I know you sacrifice your own convenience for my sake.”

“Don’t talk about that, Reginald,” said Captain Burnett. “If you have nothing better to do, come to my quarters and inspect my sporting gear. We may get some shooting on the way; I always try to combine amusement with business.”

“I will join you before long; but I have a visit to pay first to some friends who came out in the ship with me, and unless they detain me I shall soon be at liberty.”

“You can easily excuse yourself; and I shall expect you at dinner, at all events,” said Captain Burnett.

“But I would, I confess, rather dine with them, if they ask me,” answered Reginald. “You would excuse me if you knew

how I am circumstanced.”

“Is a fair lady in the case?” asked Captain Burnett. “You need not say so; I am sure of it. Take care, Reginald; don’t get entangled. Young fellows are apt to do so, and to be sorry for it afterwards. Come, let me advise you to leave your card at your friends, with a message that you are bound up country; and that will settle the matter. The lady will be married by the time you come back again.”

“That I am sure she will not,” exclaimed Reginald. “She is totally unlike the ordinary run of girls.”

“Well, well! Take my advice in this matter, as you are ready to do in others, and retain your freedom of action,” said Captain Burnett, in a serious tone.

Reginald, parting from his friend, hurried on, hoping to find Violet alone. A dark-skinned porter, in white dress and with turban on head, opened the door, and inquired his name. The sahib was not at home, and Miss Ross could receive no visitors, said the servant.

“Take up my card, and say that I am waiting,” replied Reginald.

The porter, after carefully examining the card, gave it to another servant. The man gave a peculiar look as he obeyed the order. He was some time absent, and when he returned he delivered a note addressed to Reginald in Violet’s handwriting. He did not venture to open it in the presence of the servants; but as soon as he got outside the house he eagerly scanned the few lines it contained.

“My father has positively forbidden me to see you,” she wrote. “He hopes that time will obliterate your image; but

that is impossible. Trust to me, as I do to you.—Yours, Violet.”

Reginald was naturally bitterly disappointed; but yet he had faith in woman’s constancy, and he went his way with hopes unabated, feeling sure, from what he knew of Colonel Ross, that he would use no harsh measures to compel his daughter to act contrary to her own inclinations. Still, he could not feel otherwise than pained and anxious. By the time, however, that he reached his friend’s quarters, he had somewhat recovered his serenity of mind. He kept his own counsel, simply observing that Colonel Ross, on whom he had called, was not at home; and Captain Burnett forbore to ask further questions.

He had plenty of amusement in examining the rifles and various articles which Captain Burnett had prepared for his intended shooting expedition.

“You must accept this rifle from me, Reginald,” he said, presenting a first-rate weapon; “and this brace of pistols. You may depend on their never missing fire, if properly attended to. And let me advise you always to load them yourself; never trust to a servant. I always do as I advise; one’s life may be sacrificed from carelessness.”

The following day the friends, attended by Dick Thuddichum and four native servants, were on their road to the north-west.

They had to proceed, for a considerable distance, up the river Ganges, in a budgerow. Though rudely built, she skimmed merrily over the water when the breeze was favourable. She was decked all over with bamboo; and on the after-part was erected a cottage of bamboo, which

served as a cabin and baggage-room. In the fore-part were two small ranges of brick-work, raised a few inches above the deck, with small round holes, shaped like a lime-kiln, for holding charcoal, on which provisions were dressed. Above the cabin, and supported on upright bamboos, was a grating, on which the crew sat or stood to work the vessel. A long bamboo, with a circular board at the end fixed astern, served as a rudder; the oars also being long bamboos of the same description. The mast was a stout bamboo, carrying a squaresail and topsail of a coarse and flimsy canvas.

In this clumsy-looking craft the travellers made themselves comfortable, however. They had also a small canoe towing astern, in which, when the wind was contrary, and the budgerow had to bring up alongside the bank, they made excursions to the other side of the river or up one of its affluents.

Burnett, who was really a keen sportsman, never failed to take his gun, and generally came back with a good supply of game. One day, however, he was unwell, and Reginald started by himself to visit some interesting ruins a short distance ahead, the canoe being paddled by two of the crew. They had got some distance when he found that he had brought neither his rifle nor pistols: however, he did not think it worth while to return for them. They were at some little distance from the bank, when one of the crew cried out

—

“See, sahib, see! Here comes a tiger!”

On looking in the direction in which the man pointed, he caught sight, not of a tiger, but of a huge panther, and a native about a hundred yards before him rushing at