

**TOLD IN THE VERANDAH:
PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF
COLONEL BOWLONG, SET
DOWN BY HIS ADJUTANT**

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Told in the Verandah: Passages in the Life of Colonel Bowlong, Set down by His Adjutant by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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India

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NOTE.



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THE
FIERY CROSS OF CHURRUCKPORE.

THE long Indian day had blazed itself out; a soft breeze stirred the passion-flowers in the trellis-work; and the clear tropical moonlight streaming through leaf and tendril made the ends of our cheroots glow red and dull like expiring gas-jets subdued by electric light. It was after mess, and we were sitting in the verandah smoking, and talking shop.

“The best formation for repelling a converging attack,” observed Colonel Bowlong, “is a cross.”

Whereupon his hearers experienced a sensation of the happiest anticipation. The Colonel was a perpetual source of gratification to the regiment; whether he discoursed upon war, love, travel, or the chase, he was never commonplace, he was seldom prosy, but, I must add that when the exigencies of the narrative appeared to demand it, he was not scrupulously nice in the accuracy of his details. Yet, in spite of this acknowledged