

**THE OLD MAJOR OF
THE 50TH; OR, THE
RAILWAY VICTIM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649318483

The old major of the 50th; or, The railway victim by Trégosse

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.

Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

TRÉGOSSE

**THE OLD MAJOR OF
THE 50TH; OR, THE
RAILWAY VICTIM**

THE
OLD MAJOR OF THE 50TH;
OR,
THE RAILWAY VICTIM.



BY CAPTAIN TREGOSSE.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT;
T. W. MADDOX, LAUNCESTON.

1847.

THE OLD MAJOR OF THE 50TH.

MAJOR F———, late of the 50th Infantry, on the return of his regiment from India, determined to sell his commission, to retire into the country, and to live on his small but independent fortune. He was sixty years of age, a period of life not beyond the enjoyment of rational amusement, but, as he then thought, too old for foreign service, and even less adapted to the gaiety and dissipation of a marching regiment in England. He had always lived respectably, but not ostentatiously or viciously, and his professional income had enabled him for many years to place in the bank a considerable part of his pay; so that, on his retirement from the service, he found himself master of a sum of money amounting to £6000.

When the necessary arrangements had been made at the Horse Guards, Major F—— left his regiment, and received from all the officers, (and even from the non-commissioned officers and privates,) those sincere marks of respect and friendship, which are so dear to an honorable mind. The Major could not leave his old friends, with whom he had shared so many dangers, and with whom the best part of his life had been spent, without feeling acutely, nor could he conceal from himself the fact, that he was about to be put upon the shelf. He was gradually creeping into the old man, and he now sought an honorable retirement,—some quiet, peaceful, cottage, far from the bustle and strife of active life, in which he might end his days in peace.

Many of his comrades had fallen in battle, others had died in a foreign land; but it had pleased God to spare him, and he might reasonably expect to enjoy several years of health and happiness. It was true his sun was setting, but it would be gradual; he should watch its decline, not with impatience, but with resignation; in the con-

fidest hope that he who gave him his being, and had so kindly preserved him, would cause it again to rise and shine in another and a better world. He looked over the names of the officers of the 50th, when he joined that regiment, and found most of them absent, not on duty, but in the grave; and the few who remained were old veterans, who would soon follow his example.

Major F———— had seen some service, had been present at two hard-fought battles, and he now looked on the medals which recorded those engagements, with a feeling of pride and pleasure. He had no son to take charge of them, or to wear his sword; but he knew that when he was silent in the grave, his daughter Julia would value them as highly as he did: he therefore placed them with his uniform in his military chest.

The Major had now become a peaceful citizen; he had laid aside the dress and weapons of a soldier; and it was necessary for him to acquire new tastes and new habits, more becoming his declining years, and better adapted for his retirement and new character. He could not stand at ease at Canterbury, where he daily saw his regi-

ment ; and as he had no local ties there, it required but little effort, and less preparation, to make the necessary arrangements for his departure. After debating the matter with Julia for some little time, they decided on going to P——, and within a week they were at the Royal Hotel, making enquiry for some convenient, genteel, cottage, either in or near to that place. They examined the newspapers without success, until one day as the Major and his daughter were walking in the Exeter Road, they saw a very pretty but curiously built cottage, standing apart from the other buildings, with a garden in front, and a large plot of land behind. It appeared to them both, that this was exactly the thing they were in search of, and they read on a board these words, "This house to be sold or let, enquire of Mr. Fickle, 2, King Street." They immediately proceeded to 2, King Street, when Mr. Fickle accompanied them to the premises, which he shewed to them with much politeness.

I was walking one Sunday evening, said Mr. Fickle, smoking a cigar, when I saw this piece of land to be sold. I determined

forthwith to buy it, cost what it might, and build a house to live in. The bargain was soon made, and every morning, for a month afterwards, I read the Times paper there, on a seat which I purposely erected. I formed my own plan, which as you see is not according to the ordinary rules of architecture. I expedited the building, and gave to every man double wages, who would work through the night. I longed to see it roofed in, floored, and papered; and when that was completed I made a discovery, which ought to have struck me before, that I had no money to pay the builders, and that if I lived there, my own practice as a surgeon must come to nothing. Acting therefore on the impulse of the moment, I took the painter's brush, and in five minutes completed the painting of the board, which no doubt attracted your notice. I am a man of few words, the rent is £30., the price if you buy £600. Instead of living in this house, I have bought a garden which adjoins my own in King Street, where I have built a laboratory, and am now busily pursuing chemical researches.

It is enough for the reader to know, that