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## THE GREEK ADVENTURER: OR— THE SOLDIER AND THE SIV. A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

(Continued.)

In about half an hour a step was heard upon the stairway, and a loud knock sounded at their door. In a moment the officer stood before them.

"Why, Alexis?" cried the old lady, warmly; "Behold I am expecting you. The day was beautiful, and the sun, again shining, had down, dashed upon bayonets and lances—the polished helmets and steel cuirasses of foot and horse, and the martial music resounded, and the martial music resounded, and the martial music resounded."

"How do you do, my dear aunt? and you, Cousin Irene. But pray don't joke me about my horse, it's second nature. Why, how surprised I was to see you in Odessa. I was thinking, strange to say, when I looked up, I wonder where my little cousin Irene is now?"

"And behold, you saw her before you?"

"Behold I saw her before you?"

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men, our garrison in and out of the town will amount to 100,000 men, I imagine," said Ostensacken.

"With so great a number we should be able to act on the defensive," said Menschikoff; "especially since winter is coming on, and the enemy is suffering severely. They cannot endure the cold, nor guard against it, so well as we."

"And that is what predisposes me to a sortie," said Ostensacken.

"But yet it must be done in a different manner from the last," said Liprandi. "That was a masterpiece of strategical skill, but yet it was a masterpiece of resistance of these English, it was defeated. Our next sortie, if there be one, must be arranged differently."

"The question seems to be, said Menschikoff, whether a sortie, or a prolonged and safe resistance, be better calculated to destroy the enemy. In both cases many correlative circumstances are to be considered."

"Here the prince was interrupted by a noise which drew every eye toward the door. He turned to see what was the matter. The door was open, and a file of soldiers advanced, leading a man whom they claimed as their prisoner."

"I have despatches for you. I am Geron's friend," said the prisoner, in supplicating tones, to Menschikoff.

"Despatches—Geron, ah! welcome. Soldiers begone. This is one of our men, captain," said Menschikoff, turning to the officer of the company; "where did this man come from?"

"From the British camp."

"When?"

"We found him skulking along not far from the walls about an hour ago. He showed us your ring, however, and asked for you."

"You did well to bring him. You may go."

"The officer departed."

"You are from the British camp, then?" said Menschikoff, turning to Philip.

"I am, your highness," replied the prisoner. "What is your name?"

"Philippe."

"Greek?"

"I am, your highness."

"Leave out 'highness,' and answer direct. Do you know Geron?"

"I am his friend and countryman."

"Did you know him about the place of the expedition into the town. Then they conversed for a long time in their native language."

"Now, said Philip, at last, 'carry out your part of to-day's affairs, and you will be well rewarded.'"

"I will, of course, do my part," answered Geron, "and if your friend escapes, then blame not me."

"I do not see how he can, when so much is against him."

"Nor I—but see, there come the officers already. They will have them off, and on early to-day. I did not know but that after all, Lord Raglan would decide that it should be put off another week or so. Already he has been so anxious for preserving forces, that he has suffered more than a fortnight to pass away, with D'Arcy in prison, and the success of the expedition for all parties, answered Philip."

"It will teach Captain D'Arcy fortitude and patience."

"But see there they come, the assembly will soon be here."

"The two Greeks turned away. Geron to enter the chamber where the trial was to take place, and Philip to see when his master was to be taken to the prison."

"There the young officer lay a prisoner, for the charges against him were of too serious a nature to permit of his going at large. Four soldiers were in the tent with him. D'Arcy was pale, but calm. His head had the bandages of a very deep scar, covered, however, by his hair. Philip looked on with a very deep interest."

"Ah, Philip, I am glad to see you," said D'Arcy, glancing at him. "You are my only friend, now." He rose and pressed the hand of his valet."

"Philip sat by him, with his face drawn up into an expression of the deepest commiseration."

"Ah my dear master," said he, "why did you venture out? How could you do it?"

"It was carelessness, and it cannot be helped, Philip; but what avails it now to talk of it?"

"Is Captain D'Arcy ready?" exclaimed a voice without.

"The guard answers."

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