

ing almost alone. O'More's story, his prophetic words, his advance and fall, mingled confusedly in my mind, and I pressed my hand to my forehead to assure me it was not all a dream; slowly every event became distinct to my mind, and as I recollected the spot where O'More had fallen, I hastened back in hopes that he might yet be safe; I arrived at the spot, and the scene of horror I there beheld will never be effaced from my memory—the dead and dying mingled in their most frightful forms. The stiffening corpse, whose distorted face and glazed and starting eye-balls glared on the glowing heavens, told of death by musket shot—the cloven skull and headless trunk by sabre stroke—the body shattered by artillery, and forms pierced by the spear or the bayonet, lay strewn around; while here lay a body almost severed by a common ball—the limbs still quivering convulsively with life's last efforts—and there a soldier, half-entombed alive beneath a fallen buttress, waved his arms around, writhing in agony, and madly screaming for help; or crawling from the heap of slain, might be seen some wounded men dragging their mangled useless limbs, and groaning in despair as they are again trampled down unheeded by the still advancing columns, or coveting the dead their rest, praying for the passers by to terminate the misery of their existence. Amidst such scenes of horror, I retraced my steps to the fatal spot; I had no difficulty in discovering the object of my search—the form of O'More lay near the wall, from the top of which he had fallen; his eyes were closed, and without a trace of scar he rested calm as if he slept. I took his hand in mine—could it be that the sun's heat still kept warmth in it, or was it possible that life still lingered there, I asked myself; as in raising his head, I found not in its touch the clammy chill of death. I seized the canteen of a dead soldier who lay beside me, and dashed the water which it contained in O'More's face; a slight trembling passed over his frame, and to my unspeakable joy, his eyes opening rested once more on mine. For a time he did not appear to recognize me; at last a languid smile of recognition played on his features, and as he returned the pressure of my hand,

answered the oft-repeated question of where he was wounded.

"I believe," said he, "after all my prophecy was wrong, and I almost agree with you that what I saw was a vision of my own imagination, I must have merely slipped from the top of the rampart, as I do not feel pain anywhere, save a suffocating feeling which has been occasioned by some one lying on me, and, when I get up, it will pass away."

He raised himself as he spoke, but the exertion seemed to cause some sudden and dreadful pain; his eyes started fearfully, and grasping my arm with both his hands, pressed it convulsively; the next moment a torrent of blood poured from his mouth and nostrils, and his body writhed in pain, as I supported it in my arms. A surgeon passing at the time, I called him to my aid; he tore open O'More's dress, and in the side a small wound appeared, from which a few drops of blood trickled; he merely shook his head, and said—

"Ah! poor fellow, it has entered his lungs;" and he passed on to where his services might be more available.

O'More was again calm; he spoke, but so low, that although I bent close to him I could only distinguish the word "Louisa;" my hand was pressed slightly—he rested heavily on my arms—muttered a prayer—the spirit of O'More had fled to his fathers!

With the death of the Sultan, whose body was found amidst a heap of slain at the entrance to his palace, the war in India terminated, and our regiment was ordered back to England. Having landed, I easily procured leave of absence to revisit the scenes of my youth. The residence of Major Williamson was but a little way out of my direct road, so that I intended executing my painful mission before I reached home. As I approached the domain, I was surprised at the neglected appearance of all around. The hedge-rows grew wild and untrained—the gate, which had still been shut with zealous care, now lay broken and rusting off its hinges; and the avenue, formerly so neatly gravelled and cleanly kept, was overgrown with rank weeds and grass; the place was still and deserted. In vain I looked around for some one to explain the