

a bed on which lay one of their companions in expiring state, the officers of the garrison, reduced one-third in numbers since we first offered the notice of our readers.

The dying man was Sir Everard Valletort, supported by pillows, was concluding a narrative which chained the earnest attention of his auditory even to the deep and heartfelt sympathy perceptible in the forlorn and hopeless condition of the narrator. The side of the unhappy baronet, and enveloped in a long-sleeved night-gown, as if recently out of bed, sat reclining in a rude elbow chair one whose pallid countenance and wasted features, that, although far less seriously injured, he, suffered severely—it was Lieutenant Johnstone.

The narrative was at length closed, and the officer, exhausted by the effort he had made in his anxiety to communicate every particular to his attentive and sympathizing companions, had sunk back upon his pillow, when suddenly the loud and unusual "Who comes there?" of the sentinel stationed on the rampart above the gate, arrested every ear.

A moment of pause succeeded, when again was given the "Stand, friend!" evidently given in reply to a familiar answer to the original challenge. The audible rapid movements in the guard-house, as the men aroused from temporary slumber, and hastening to the point whence the voice proceeded.

Silently yet hurriedly the officers now quitted the side of the dying man, leaving only the surgeon and the invalid Johnstone behind them, and flying to the other part, stood in the next minute confounded with the guard, who were already grouped round the chamber of the sentinel, bending their gaze eagerly in the direction of the road.

"What now, man? Whom have you challenged?" asked Major Blackwater.

"It is I—De Haldimar," hoarsely exclaimed one of the four dark figures that, hitherto unnoticed by the sentries, stood immediately beyond the ditch, with a bur-