

an omen of coming evil, when his attention was arrested by the figure of a man, indistinctly seen through the twilight, gliding along by the foot of a low wall bounding the field. His eye followed him till he saw him disappear in the moat, and shortly after re-appear on the opposite side at the foot of a bastion, and with rapid strides approach the city gate. At this point there was no sentinel posted, and Burton, struck with mingled curiosity and suspicion, by changing his route and quickening his pace, crossed the moat higher up and intercepted him. He was a tall, stoutly-framed man, wrapped to the eyes in a short Scottish plaid; but the skirt of a grey capote and moccasins visible beneath, and the addition of a fur bonnet, betrayed the wearer to be a Canadian peasant. He carried no arms, nor did he assume a hostile attitude. He took long strides across the level ground, and his object seemed to be to gain the American camp by the most direct course, and with the best speed he could exert.

"Stand, sir!" said Burton, grasping a pistol as he confronted him.