

trivial objects. With strange inconsistency, and the interest of a little child, he nounced again the creeping shadow, and the very spot whence it had advanced since he looked before, thinking how dim and sluggish it seemed, and that no power on earth could make it move faster; but if it did, it would be a relief. Then some long forgotten scene that occurred years ago, when he was a boy, would be constantly recurring to his thoughts with wonderful distinctness;—though why, or how it referred or associated itself in any way with the present, he could not tell—but so it was. And the very air seemed stagnated and lifeless, and he would have welcomed the smallest breath of wind or noise as a blessing; any thing to break the dreadful spell that bound his senses in an unnatural mood—half apathetic, half distractive. And hard by, in the French chapel, an old, venerable man lay, pale and emaciated from suffering. The long, thin, iron-grey hair falls neglectfully beside the worn hands that are spread over his face to conceal its emotion from the eye of the stranger. But no movement is observable in the limbs of the sufferer, nor doth any murmur escape from his lips, save, occasionally, a low, half-suppressed moan. Yet deeper and more blighting is the silent woe that wrings the father's heart for the loss of his child, than the wild phrenzy of the lover's grief. The green sapling, though bruised by the tempest, will be restored in time to its pristine vigour, but the aged tree retains evermore the scarred traces of the storm, which severed its last bough. The young plant bends to the blast that destroys its less pliable neighbour.

CHAPTER VII.

It was on the morning of the second day after the event, narrated in the previous chapter, that Dennis entered his master's room, with the joyful intelligence, that the expedition to the Bay Verte, had been successful. The last strong hold of the French having yielded, followed by a general disarmament of the peasantry in that part of the country, to the number of 1500. When Dennis had delivered this important piece of information, which elicited a cold "us well," from Edward, who was sitting by the bed-side, with a thoughtful and dejected air, the faithful fellow subdued the natural liveliness of his manner, as he added—

"But there's more—yer honor, and maybe it 'ud ase the trouble an' th' sorry, that same."

"What is it, Dennis?" inquired Edward, without altering his listless position, as in doubt

whether any thing was capable of yielding him the slightest interest now.

"As I was sayin'," continued Dennis, "it wos crassing the parade I wor, maybe a minute agone, whin, who shud I mate but Sergeant Gallagher, of ours, on guard the day. And says he, 'Dennis,' he says, 'there's a French-er, or Neathral,' yer honor, though that's nather here nor there, for aint they our natural barn enemies? An, says he, there's a black duck, no, a Frencher, who tould him that a black duck, in the bombproof—though, by the same token, it was proved an 'soud wanting and says he, as I wor sayin, botheration, when wor I, yer honor?" Here Dennis, having twisted the thread of his discourse into an inexplicable tangle, stopped abruptly, and stood scratching his auburn head, with an expression of stupid bewilderment on his face, ludicrous to behold. Edward who was possessed, merely with an idea that his servant wished to tell him something, though what it was, he could not imagine, raised his head with a severe reproach, that, at any other time, would have ended in a fit of laughter, as he witnessed his confusion. At last, at the command of his superior, Dennis managed to say. "The longer short of it is this, yer honor. There's an Ingen prisoner in the bombproof, wanting to get word wid yerself, plase yer honor, respectin the scrimmage at the bridge, beyant, an' Miss Clarence—God be kind to her."

"Ha!" exclaimed Edward, starting up with sudden animation, for hope began to dawn again within him, and partially dissipated the gloom that overshadowed his soul. "There may be something in this. I will at once go to the prisoner. Heaven grant one ray of hope, and whatever human fortitude can do, that will I, even were it a thousand deaths if it lead to the rescue of my beloved."

Such were the half-muttered reflections of the lover, as he left the staff barracks, where he was quartered, and crossing the open court reached the entrance of the low bombproof, which afforded sufficient ground for the mark of Dennis, for it was much shattered by the shells thrown into the fort, during its investment, and failed in yielding that shelter to the besieged, which, from its name, it would seem to insure. He was immediately admitted into the interior, where, unseen at first, in the dark vaulted chamber, he found the prisoner whom he sought, leaning with folded arms against the damp wall. Upon questioning the Indian, Edward discovered to his regret, that he could not understand the English