

and lost her, she sh
 in—his head fall
 ey him to the bo
 from ruin. Haste
 Chief half leadin
 f his half-brother
 o de la Marque,
 had treated for the
 note was placed
 rapidly over it, a
 s!—then turning
 ed manner, 'Me
 who just left the
 firm, dead, \$500

ords—and then
 sides. The Co
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e still crowded h
 their hats in all
 oor.

at he had shut hi
 d defend himse
 that the officer w
 was no other the

s surrounded by
 ction—when
 dred bloodhoun

morial Wolfe—
 er of the Plai
 the officers can

An officer, co
 ew seconds h
 dred volumes
 d as many the

ere opened their voices—and the sea was torn into foam by that iron
 mower that fell thick and heavy around that little boat. It was too
 an—the crew stood up—and an English cheer was heard far in the
 distance.

CHAP XVIII.

A thousand hearts are great within my breast.
 They've tied me to a stake—I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Minne it's hand
 Touched, with the torch, the main;
 'Tis fired!
 The spire, the vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
 The turban'd victors and the Christian band,
 All that of living or of dead remain,
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fune,
 In one wild roar expired!
 The shattered town, the walls thrown down,
 The waves a moment backward bent—
 The hills that shake although unrent,
 As if an earthquake pass'd—
 The thousand shapeless things all driven
 In blood and flame athwart the heaven.
 In one tremendous blast.—BYRON.

Ten days after the events we have narrated took place, the
 scene of those transactions presented a vastly different appearance.

Where the Minerva lay in the first chapter of this work, Boscow-
 an's mighty fleet now reposed on the bosom of the waters. The
 guns of the Light House battery were silent—for the cross of Saint
 George waved proudly above. The English had effected a landing,
 at the creek of Cormoran, and the tent of Wolfe was pitched out of
 the range of the Crown Battery. No assault on the city had yet tak-
 en place—but several skirmishes, in which many lives had been
 lost, had occurred, generally to the discomfiture of the enemy.

The defence most unremittingly conducted against the English,
 was that of the Grand Battery, the guns of which were never silent
 day or night. And, on the morning that our history again opens, a
 general assault on this fort was contemplated.

From the flag staff of the fort, flew the Royal banner of France,
 and beside it, to gratify the vain pride of the chief defender of the
 place, waved and emblazoned shield, with the arms of Lamoriciere—
 a family to which this man could claim no relationship. Within the
 fortifications a garrison of five hundred men, commanded by
 Colonel Lamareque made good the fort against all the cannonading
 that had yet taken place. This fort was situated about half way be-
 tween the North East head of the harbor and the city—that city