

ter, and Louisburg had fallen. No sooner had the Grand Battery been taken than its guns were turned upon the city, and after a heavy cannonade, and the destruction of all the outworks, the French commanders were reduced to terms, and capitulated.

On the fall of Beauclerc, in front of the Grand Battery, Wolfe instantly came to his side; the ball had passed through his lungs, and he was bleeding profusely at the mouth, but was not insensible. The British General, with manifestations of the deepest sorrow, ordered two soldiers to bear him to the camp, expressing his belief that the wound was not mortal, and that by timely medical aid, he could be restored.

'No,' said Beauclerc, faintly—'I die here. Remove me not, it is useless—and I do not wish to survive. I only wait for the shout of victory from Castine, which will bespeak the accomplishment of vengeance, and I die content.'

Wolfe was about to remonstrate, when two men fell from the parapet of the fort, beside them, and the next moment a bursting volley like the voice of a volcano in its fury, rent the air, and a thousand blackened fragments went whirling to the skies in a cloud of smoke and fire that shut the heavens from their view.

'Gallant Castine!' exclaimed Wolfe, his eye flashing brighter than the light of battle—that thunder-crash heralds him on high!—ashes are scattered on the winds, and on his remains no worm shall prey. Beauclerc! you are fearfully avenged—but dearly has it been bought!

Castine himself answered 'Not so—Wolfe—he said: 'I have escaped, and Beauclerc is avenged.'

Surprised beyond measure, the English General turned round, and beheld the Indian warrior beside him, his right arm streaming with blood, and his face blackened and begrimed with powder and dust.

'Castine! by what miracle have you survived?' 'Simply,' replied the warrior, 'because this faithful fellow,' turning to Frantzwa, 'has sharp eyes, and saw the train that Lamarque was about to fire, just in time to hurl me off the platform, he leaping down beside me—I fell on the dead bodies, and my fall was broken—therefore I could recover the explosion took place.'

'Has Lamarque died?' faintly enquired Beauclerc.

'Had he a thousand lives, he would not have out-lived that thunder-blast,' said Castine, smiling.

'Then I die content,' replied Beauclerc, extending his hand towards his half-brother, who, instead of taking it, raised him gently from the ground, saying—'O, no, brother, you die not yet—let me bear you to the camp—where I will give you news that will revive you more than all the cordials I ever sold.'

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