

I have no fears of that, yet some must fall, and it may be my fate. But I shall die without regret, if my life can aid in the success of the cause wherein I engage, and in giving to you peace."

"Adolphe, you will not fall! You will live to return!" said Monsieur Villiers, "and then, I will bestow Theresa upon you, as my recompense," he said. "But this is your last evening together for a long period, my dear children, and I will not stay longer now. Come to my room, Adolphe, in an hour, for I have much to say to you ere you go," and Monsieur Villiers left the apartment.

An hour went by, its swift winged moments fraught with happiness to the lovers at its close, when Theresa sought her own room to weep the tears she had restrained during the evening, at the coming separation, and then to sink into uneasy slumber. Adolphe, who had on leaving her hastened to his uncle's room, sat with him late into the night, receiving good advice and his farewell wishes concerning his daughter, should he himself not live to witness his nephew's return.

On the morrow, when, in the early hours of the forenoon, the young soldier stood in the door-way, bidding them adieu, he whispered to Theresa, as he took her hand in parting:

"I feel as though something would come between us, my beloved, and that, if I should be spared to return, we should not meet as now. Why is it my heart forebodes this, dearest one?" "You are growing fearful and gloomy, *mon cher Adolphe*," she replied. "Bring back the bravery to your heart, or it will never do for you to leave us so."

"I am strong only where you are concerned, Theresa," he replied. "Have no fears that I shall prove a coward in battle. But, henceforth, I will banish all foolish fears in looking forward to a speedy and happy meeting?" and kissing her adieu, Adolphe ran down the steps, and in a few moments was upon the street leading to the open highway from the city.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE FALL OF QUEBEC.

THE war had lasted for several years, and point after point had been won from the French by the English, till the waters of most of the lakes were free to them.

In the year 1759, the grand campaign for the entire conquest of Canada, was undertaken, and all the strongholds of the French were to be attacked at about the same time by three powerful British armies.

Under the brave Montcalm, Adolphe Chapouille had won distinction as a soldier, and a captain's commission had been bestowed upon him.

So earnest and vigorous had been the efforts of the French to repel their foes, and so hard pushed had their forces been, that Adolphe had found no opportunity to visit Quebec since joining the army. During the brief intervals when a cessation of hostilities occurred, it had so happened that he was stationed at some important post as his duty to guard, and so three years had gone by, and during that period, which seemed an age to his impatient, waiting heart, he had not looked upon Theresa or her father.

The campaign commenced. It was well known to the French that their enemies had set their hearts on the subjugation of Canada. Their own forces still held control of Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Niagara and Quebec, and hard battles must ensue ere the English wrested these away. But, like all the others, these were destined to pass from them, and the voice of the French people was to take a minor key in the great pean

of victory which went swelling over the Canadas.

Early in July, led by the brave British commander-in-chief, General Amherst, a division of men marched against Ticonderoga and this fortress was compelled to surrender; then, moving their forces against Crown Point, this also fell into their hands.

While General Amherst led this portion of the forces in the east, across the state of New York, at its western boundary, another army under General Prideaux, attacked Niagara. A battle succeeded, and again the English were victorious, and during the period in which these places were being conquered, the conquest of Quebec was mediated.

This most important enterprise of the war was under the control of the brave and gallant Gen. Wolfe, and the city of Quebec was ably guarded by Montcalm, equal in bravery, and as distinguished an officer as the young English commander.

But the bold plan of Wolfe—to reach the heights of Abraham with his army, in the night—and the successful carrying out of this project, decided the fate of that city.

When the thick darkness hung heavy over the earth, Wolfe's army in their boats, silently dropping down the stream, landed near the city, and under the pall of midnight, gained the desired station.

At early dawn, great was the surprise and consternation of the French to behold their enemy drawn up in long battle array in their very midst. Had an army dropped down from heaven, Gen. Montcalm, who, deeming this point impregnable from its height, had not fortified it, could not have been more astonished. But his eye did not deceive him; the English were there in strong force and a battle must speedily follow, and when the dawn broadened into midday, then came the shock of battle. The two armies met, and in the sanguinary contest that followed, fell both commanders—the British General consecrating the field with his life blood, while the gallant Montcalm, who had fought nobly, desperately, but vainly, lived to be taken to the city, where he employed the last moments of his waning life in writing a letter to the English General, imploring his mercy on the French prisoners of war.

Five days passed, and one morning, Monsieur Villiers rushed into the room where his daughter sat, pale and anxious.

"Theresa, the city has surrendered! The English are victorious!" was his exclamation.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Theresa, in great alarm. "Will our captors drive us from our homes? Will they prove a cruel foe, do you think, my father?"

"*Halas!* I know not," he replied, walking the floor in great agitation. "I only know that our good city is in the hands of the enemy, but what measures will be taken by them will shortly be determined. I will leave you now to ascertain, if possible."

Theresa remained in a state of great excitement during her father's absence. For five days and nights she had hardly taken rest or sleep, kept on the rack of suspense by the siege of the city. But now, the end had come. They were at the mercy of their English captors, and the proud heart of the French girl rebelled at this; yet she was obliged to strive for calmness, in order to allay the fears of the terrified servants who came rushing in, each with some wonderful tale of the dreadful cruelty they must shortly experience at the hands of their British enemy.

In the midst of this alarm Monsieur Villiers returned again.

"Hush, my foolish friends!" he exclaimed

authoritatively. "Tis true Quebec has fallen, but individually, we are in no danger. The English have their headquarters in the city, but their commander assures us that the rights and property of the French citizens shall be respected. Now, go about your usual duty, without fear of molestation!" was his command.

After the servants had departed, he added to his daughter:

"Our captors are more gentlemanly than I supposed. Many of the officers express a desire to be on friendly terms with us. We must make a virtue of necessity, my daughter, and yield as gracefully as possible. But I have good news for you—a letter from our absent one, which was given me by a trusty courier just as I was entering the house" and he gave her the letter, adding:

"This messenger passed the British lines with great difficulty, and I shall reward him well for the peril he incurred. To-morrow, he will set out on his return to our camp; therefore have your reply in readiness. Now, what says our brave Adolphe?"

Theresa opened the letter with eager fingers, and read with heartfelt joy of the safety and continued health of her soldier lover.

He detailed in lively strains the pleasures as well as dangers of a soldier's life, and closed with many messages of affection to her father and herself, adding that he had determined to pay a visit to Quebec at the first favorable opportunity.

She refolded the letter with a light hand, and went to her room to pen a reply, to send by the return messenger.

(To be continued.)

#### FOREIGN MILITARY ITEMS.

The United States squadron will prolong its stay at Lisbon in accordance with Admiral Farragut's determination to that effect.

In France an army of ten thousand men was got ready for embarkation in forty eight hours, and a second army of fifty thousand had gathered outside Lyons in another forty eight hours.

THE "LONDON IRISH" VOLUNTEERS.—The *Observer* of Sunday mentions that several indignities have been inflicted on the "London Irish" Volunteer Regiment, consequent, it is supposed, on the connection of Grover, the suspected Fenian, with that body. On Saturday, when marching out, the regiment was accompanied by a numerous body of police, and who at one time almost surrounded the ranks, and gave the men the appearance of being "in charge," and the weekly marches out have now been stopped for the season, that of Saturday being the last which is to be allowed.

PRESENTATION OF ODD PRIZES TO A VOLUNTEER COMPANY OF ODD FELLOWS.—The *Cheltenham Mercury* gives an account of the distribution of the prizes won by the "Odd Fellows" company of the Volunteers of that town, which was somewhat of an unusual character. Some of the prizes were of a very extraordinary kind. For instance, to Private Hobson were administered a watch, £3 in money, four bottles of pickles, and a and a black draught. Corporal Lockstone's share of the spoil consisted of a goblet, £2. 10s., 4½ gallons of beer and a mousetrap, while to Sergeant Swinford fell the slighter refreshment of a cruet, £2, a couple of chickens and a scidnitz powder.