

bank of Point Levis, overlooking the noble Augsburg River. On the opposite bank a great city could be discerned rearing its tall towers, veiled in the glory of the setting sun, and reflected in the placid bosom of the river, whose shining surface was dotted with craft of almost every size and description. Upon the sloping banks—green to the very edges that kissed the river's waters—comfortable homesteads could be seen, with well tilled farms and gardens—evidences of peace, prosperity and contentment.

Of the two men, already referred to as being spectators of this glowing scene, one was a man of two score years, with handsome features and erect form. He was a man whose face bore the stamp of intelligence, illuminated with the light of courage and determination; of medium height, rather stout, yet agile in his movements. Any ordinary observer, would unhesitatingly pronounce him an Englishman, and his carriage would pronounce him to the same observer as being by profession a soldier. General Sir George Natells he was, an English general whose bravery and skill had won for him a title and the everlasting gratitude of the English people.

The other was a man of about five and sixty, tall and wiry in form; with a countenance rather repulsive than otherwise. He had a hooked nose, piercing grey eyes, a small mouth and uneven