

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

13TH SEPTEMBER, 1759.

Calm was the night! On Lewis' height
The halcyon moon was gleaming;
In airy flight the signals bright
Along the sky were streaming.
Along the sky were streaming
In a my beside St. Charles' tide,
Brave Montcalm's men are sleeping
The pickets tread—the stars o'er head
From deepest shades are peeping!

II.

From Lewis' shore the stealthy oar
With silent stroke is plying;
Along the heights the beacon-lights
In fatal blaze are dying.
The army's hand in silence laid
They stay a moment's breathing
The mountain's brow they're climbing now
Their flags with glories wreathing

III.

'Tis morning bright! O'er Lewis' height
The gorgeous sun is gleaming
Above the flag, the golden flag
Its rays bold is streaming
From dark repose the orb arose,
Its crimson robe displaying;
The heroes bled an army grand
On Abraham's plains arraying

IV.

An hour is o'er! The cannon's roar
Has broke the soldier's slumber;
The English host at duty's post
To arms! to arms! heroes number!
Down in the plain the Montcalm men
Have heard the musket's rattle—
Each warning loud—each trumpet proud
Proclaims the day of battle.

V.

In phalanx strong they rush along
To join their fellows' danger;
The hills resound with bugle sound
Of Frenchmen and of stranger.
Oh, valiant! without a halt
The Montcalm men appearing—
Scarce a breath—but rush to death
Hark to the warriors cheering!

VI.

As hillow's shock against the rock—
As lightning's flash at eve—
As tempest loud in misty shroud
Across the space of heaven—
As torrents roar from mountain hoar—
As avalanche descending—
The Sons of France in battle's glance
The English lines are rending

VII.

As mountain hoar or craggy shore—
With ocean's spray is gleaming
As stately pine the English line
Before the blast is bending!
They pause a space—advance a pace—
From rolling volumes under—
"Fire! Charge and fire!" The words expire—
Loud peals the battle thunder

VIII.

The live-day long saw armies strong
For glory's crown contending;
The smoky shrouds with heaven's clouds
In darkness maze are bending!
The scores clash—the muskets flash—
The war-horse neighs and prances—
'Tis close of day in deadly fray
The British host advances!

IX.

The glowing sun his course has run—
The English hero lying
Upon the field—beside his shield
Immortal Wolfe is dying
In death's repose his eyes did close;
Hark to the warrior shouting!
Exultant cry—"They fly—they fly!"
Oh, what an awful routing!

X.

Cried Wolfe, "Who dy?" The men reply:
"The French vain their decision."
His high brow bent—"I die content!"
His spirit left its prison!
And Montcalm too made warriors true
From France—may God defend her!
His last word—his hand on sword—
"I see not this surrender!"

XI.

The fleur-de-lis no longer free
Is tattooed by troops of heaven;
The British flag above the crag
Was planted in the even!
The day is done—the autumn sun
In fiery blaze is sinking;
Laurel wreath's brow is gorgeous now
With hundred beauties linking!

XII.

In lofty pride along the side
Of Soudan na frowning,
Your city grand—our native land
A monument is crowning!
It tells sublime thro' waning time
Of deeds of vanished glory;
When heroes fought, the works they wrought
With blades in crimson gory!

XIII.

Oh, England's fame! Oh, glorious name!
And one that France most cherish'd—
On marble here are written there—
Their names and how they perished!
Its summit high against the sky
Like sentinal defending—
Points from the sod to where with God
Their spirits now are blending!

XIV.

Sons of a land so great and grand,
Behold you of the story
Now standing bright its living light
On Soudan's banner!
Think of the day when in the fray
A nation's hopes were blighted;
And in the end these peoples blend
In freest bonds united!

Laval University,
Quebec, March 22d, 1879. } JOSEPH K. FORAN

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The
Miner's Oath," "Annabel's River," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WEDDING DAY.

It was a wet and dismal morning (though in mid-summer) on which Hilda Marston was to be married. But the dull, grey light that dawned so slowly did not awaken the bride. For hours and hours Hilda had lain awake, and heard the clocks strike, and counted the time. One hour nearer, and then another! Tick, tick, went the clocks: beating, beating, Hilda's sad and aching heart. It was a solemn and sorrowful morning to her. Outside the rain was driving and beating against the window-panes; inside the girl was praying and suffering. "O God! O God! help me to do right. O God! help me never to wound or pain his generous heart!"

Such was her prayer, again and again repeated in the darkness; repeated when the morning dawned and the dull light stole in. "Help me to do right!" It was a piteous cry, was it not, going up from the depths of a very true, tender, and unhappy heart.

The same morning, Hayward awoke with an almost intolerable sense of pain and annoyance. He got up and looked out and swore at the weather. Yet he would have felt equally disgusted if the sun had been shining. Everything had gone wrong, he thought, and Hilda—dear Hilda—he wondered if she were thinking of him then!

No, not then. She was up now, and her face was very calm and pale. Isabel sent her head-waiting woman to dress her, and this person knew her business well. Hilda made a very fair and graceful-looking bride in the tasteful costume that Isabel had provided for her. She had never been dressed thus before. She scarcely knew herself as she saw her reflection in the cheval-glass, in the long-trimmed and lace-trimmed skirt that was draped around her.

"If only, Miss, you didn't look so pale," said the lady's maid, admiring her own handiwork, "you would look lovely."

"Well, I must be content to look pale, Ritson," answered Hilda, with a quiet smile, and she put her hand to her side as she spoke.

There was a strange aching pain there. All night it had been there, and it was still there. It seemed to take Hilda's strength quite away, and she sat wearily down after the lady's maid had finished dressing her.

"My lady will be coming to see you directly," said Ritson, as she took her leave, and so Hilda sat still and waited.

Presently Isabel, dressed with all the perfect taste which was one of her attractions, entered the room. The delicate blue silk and rich white lace in which she was robed, became her fair skin and golden hair only too well. Never, Hilda thought, had she seen her look so beautiful. She wore her diamonds, and her little hands and slender throat were literally ablaze with the sparkling gems.

"How do I look?" she asked of Hilda, and Hilda answered with all modesty that she had never seen her look so well.

"That is right!" said Isabel, with a gratified smile. "And you, too, look well," she added, glancing at the bride. "Yes, your dress becomes you—Mr. Jarvis has no reason to be ashamed of his choice."

While this conversation was going on, the wedding guests were beginning to assemble downstairs. It had been arranged that the small party invited to attend the ceremony was to meet at the Park in the first place, and then walk across the grounds to the church, which was situated immediately outside of them. But the drenching rain which was falling upon this plan. To walk through the damp park was now impossible, and Sir George therefore gave orders for three carriages to be prepared.

When Isabel went down among her guests, she found that the bridegroom, and our old friend, Mr. Irvine, had already arrived. Hayward had not yet appeared, but Horace Jarvis told Lady Hamilton that he would do so presently. Then the vicar's wife, Mrs. Woodford, came into the room leaning on the arm of her handsome half-brother, Captain Warrington, and apologised for bringing him by saying that he had arrived unexpectedly the night before at the Vicarage.

"I am always glad to see Captain Warrington," said Isabel, in her sweet-toned voice, as she gave him her hand, and she looked up smilingly into his face as she spoke.

Neither of them said anything about the invitation that Isabel had sent Captain Warrington. He, in fact, quite understood that he was expected not to mention it. He admired Lady Hamilton, and Lady Hamilton had the good taste, he thought, to return his admiration, and he was quite ready, therefore, to keep as many of her secrets as she chose to confide in him.

There were only one or two other people expected. A young girl, who was going to act as bridesmaid, and who was a cousin of Mrs. Woodford's, being amongst them. Isabel had not chosen to ask her "society" friends on this occasion. Hilda Marston was very well, she

thought, and she was glad to do her this kindness, but of course her position was to be considered. Captain Warrington was the only exception that she made to this rule, and she was very intimate with Captain Warrington. If Sir George had read all her letters to the handsome guardsman, he would have had more reason for his angry jealousy than for any of those that she had written to the late Mr. Hannaway. She had trifled with the dead man's feelings, but she had never really cared for him. But she was not trifling with Captain Warrington. He was too cold and too vain to be trifled with. Isabel knew that her power over him was very slight, and this made his power. If he had thrown himself virtually at her feet, as her husband, Hayward, and Mr. Hannaway all in turn had done, she would have cared very little more about him. But Captain Hugh Warrington made no sign of throwing himself at her feet, or at the feet of any woman. He was so handsome and so indifferent, that, for the first time in her life, Isabel was beginning to think that she was in love.

Presently Sir George joined the assembled wedding party, and also at the same moment Hayward did so also. Hayward looked gloomy enough, and felt gloomy enough. All the morning he had been playing host to Horace Jarvis and Mr. Irvine, and the strain had not been light. Jarvis was so happy that his happiness jarred severely on Hayward's nerves. He had stayed behind to have a moment's breathing time, he told himself, and as he crossed the park in the rain, he looked up at the windows of the room that he knew the bride-elect occupied.

There was "a face at the window" as he did so—a pale face, a familiar face. Hilda was standing there in her bridal dress, looking vaguely out at the rain. She saw Hayward and it gave her a sudden shock. The room seemed to grow dark to her, and her aching heart to stand still. Then she felt herself falling, and a cold dew breaking out upon her brow.

In the meanwhile Sir George was inquiring for her downstairs. He had agreed to give her away at the coming ceremony, and it was therefore settled that she was to go in the same carriage as he did to the church.

"Perhaps she does not like coming down alone," he said to Isabel, and then, with the stately courtesy that generally distinguished him, he left the room for the purpose of bringing in the bride.

As he crossed the hall he saw Isabel's chief lady's maid, Ritson, hurrying down the staircase, looking exceedingly alarmed.

"What is the matter, Ritson?" he asked.

"Oh! Sir George," answered the woman, "send for a doctor, and come upstairs at once. My belief is," she added in a half-whisper, so that the rest of the servants who were standing about might not hear, "that Miss Marston is—dead!"

"My God! what do you mean?" exclaimed Sir George, and he followed the trembling woman at once upstairs to Hilda's bedroom.

Hilda was lying on the floor by the window. She had fainted, and in falling she had cut her forehead, for a faint stream of blood was oozing from it. In her white dress, and with her white face, she had a ghastly effect, but the moment Sir George lifted her in his arms, he saw that she was not dead.

"She has fainted," he said to Ritson. "Unfasten her dress, open the window, and bathe her face. She will come round presently. See, she is beginning to move."

With some deep-drawn sighs Hilda recovered consciousness. Presently she lifted herself up, and looked inquiringly at Sir George and Ritson.

"You are better now," said Sir George, kindly, "but you must not be disturbed any more to-day."

"But—the marriage?" said poor Hilda, faintly.

"It must be postponed," said Sir George. Then he sent Ritson for some wine, and Hilda having at his request swallowed some of it, he desired the woman for a few moments to leave the room.

"Miss Marston," said Sir George, as Ritson closed the door behind her, addressing Hilda both with courtesy and kindness in his manner, "as your host, I think I have a right to ask you one question. Is this sudden illness which has overtaken you caused by any mental unhappiness?"

The colour that rose to Hilda's white face at these words, told Sir George something of the truth.

"If this marriage is distasteful to your feelings," continued Sir George, "pause, I beseech you, in time. I have noticed that you have looked unhappy lately, and if you have been forced or urged to accept Mr. Jarvis—"

"No, no," said Hilda quickly. "I am going to marry him. Say nothing of this, Sir George—say I fell—"

But as she spoke, Isabel, followed by Horace Jarvis himself, hastily entered the room. A rumour had spread downstairs that the bride had taken suddenly ill, and this had soon reached the assembled guests. Isabel at once hurried upstairs to learn the truth, and Jarvis, in much agitation, had naturally followed her.

"What is it? What has happened?" asked Isabel.

"Miss Marston has fallen and hurt her forehead," answered Sir George, gravely. "I think, Mr. Jarvis," he added, looking at Jarvis, "that all idea of a marriage must be given up for to-day."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Isabel. "Rit-

son, get some sticking-plaster. However did you happen to do this, Miss Marston?"

But Hilda made no answer. She was looking at Jarvis, whose face showed so much agitation and pain.

"Do not be afraid," she said, addressing him, and trying to smile. "I shall be all right in a few minutes. Our marriage need not be delayed." And she held out her hand to him.

Jervis knelt down by the side of the couch where Sir George had laid her, as Hilda said this.

"Hilda," he asked, in a half-whispered voice, broken with anxiety, "tell me the truth. What has caused this, Hilda? Surely no fears about our future happiness?"

"No—," answered Hilda. "But—but, Horace," she added, eagerly, "don't let anyone be present. I will be married—but—let no one be there."

Hilda made this request with earnest, eager eyes, as well as lips. Both Sir George and Lady Hamilton caught her pleading tones, and saw her pleading looks, and Isabel spoke sharply the next minute to Jarvis.

"What does she say?" she said.

"What I also must ask, Lady Hamilton," said Jarvis, rising. "Hilda still wishes our marriage to take place, but naturally after her accident she hopes that no one will be present except ourselves—and, perhaps, Sir George?" he added, looking at Sir George inquiringly.

"But how can such a thing be?" said Isabel, imperiously. "These people downstairs have been asked to a marriage; are waiting to see a marriage, and what excuse can be made to them? It is impossible!"

"Oh! Lady Hamilton," said Hilda, putting out her hand and taking Isabel's, imploringly, "don't ask me to be married before anyone, now. I could not—I could not!" and tears began to roll heavily down the poor girl's cheeks.

"No excuse need be made to your guests, Isabel," said Sir George, speaking to his wife in the cold tones of authority which he now habitually used to her. "The fact of Miss Marston's accident is sufficient. The marriage must either be postponed, or if you wish it to take place—"

And he paused and looked inquiringly at Hilda.

"You only go with us, Sir George," said Hilda. "Dear Lady Hamilton, please let this be so."

"It shall be so, if it is your wish," said Sir George, decisively.

"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," said Isabel, indignantly. "I never heard of anything so truly absurd."

"Your comments are quite unnecessary," retorted Sir George. And upon this, with a scornful glance and a shrug of her shoulders, Isabel walked haughtily out of the room.

"If you will let me know when I am required, I am quite at your service," continued Sir George, addressing Jarvis after she was gone.

The bridegroom looked at the bride. Hilda's face was pale and unmistakably agitated, and for a moment a sort of chill doubt crept into Jarvis' heart.

"Hilda," he said, again approaching her, and taking her cold hand in his, "if—if—you hesitate—"

"I do not, Horace," she answered. "Ask Ritson to come to me," she continued the next minute, and she rose as she said this from the couch. "I will bathe my face and change my dress, and then, Sir George, we can go."

"I distinctly understand that this is your wish," said Sir George, looking pointedly at Hilda.

"Yes," she said, more firmly than she had yet spoken, and what more could Sir George say?

Nothing, and a few minutes later all the arrangements for this strange marriage were completed. There is no need to go into details. Presently Hilda, pale and trembling, went down the stately staircase of Massam, clinging tightly to Jarvis' arm, and Sir George followed them, and the three were then driven to the church.

There Horace Jarvis and Hilda Marston were married. Sir George explained to Mr. Woodford, who was waiting for them, the cause of the absence of the wedding guests, and the poor little vicar went rather nervously through the service in consequence. But there was no reason. If the bride's voice was rather faint, it never faltered. The momentary weakness which had struck her down was gone. She meant to do her duty, and the sense of doing it gave her strength.

"O God! help me to do right," she prayed in the morning, and the same prayer, though unspoken, rose from Hilda's heart as she knelt before the altar, with her hand tight clasped in that of Horace Jarvis.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

A woman in a rage is generally not a very pleasant person to encounter, and Isabel was in a towering rage when she rejoined the wedding guests after her interview in Hilda's bed-room with her husband.

"Allow me to condole with you all," she said contemptuously. "We are not to have any wedding—at least, we are not allowed to have the privilege of witnessing it! What do you think has happened? The bride has fainted!"

"What?" interrupted Hayward sharply, and his face grew pale.

"The bride—your friend, Mr. Hayward, and mine—a young person whom, as you know, I