

smile;—dog! thy
 ry.—but the mus-
 and unbroken was
 sing on parade—
 directed the move-
 et, and the ranks
 umber. Still the
 of his men, his
 trode the heroic

ut their ladders—
 the attack, like
 out of the assail-
 unning crash of
 outworks—when
 s!—o'erwhelmed
 d down upon the
 face and basilisk
 platform, and, as
 himself forward
 an, with a sneer-
 s jeer of scorn,

—he turned his
 husky voice:

pringing to the
 ibe. Frantzwa
 ayed incessantly
 of the gallant
 dly fire. But a
 te Castine—his
 on which the
 ppear the com-
 mighty Ægis
 ll of "heaven-
 le, and De La

ter, for those
 brough!
 that ultimate
 they will show
 of blessed

Mutineer! echoed Lamarcque, passing his sword through the soldier's body—rebel in hell!—on earth you shall obey!—not naming that those words were destined to become immortal. The soldiers were intimidated, and discharged their pieces with renewed

meantime, Castine's slight tom-hawk had shivered to pieces in the attempt to batter in the barricade. Wolfe's party had assailed the walls on every side, and attempted in vain to force an entrance. Life was now hanging over Beaucherc's body—and, having ascertained that life remained, ordered two soldiers to convey him to the top. Ere they could stoop to execute his command, they were shot down—one falling on each side of him. Hot work—hye! muttered Wolfe, but before he could re-issue his orders, his intentions were prevented by a tremendous crash above, over which rolled high and hoarse the thunder-voice of Castine.

Frantzwa had again leaped on the outworks, and placed in Castine's hand the heavy axe which the latter had been wont to use. He gave a blow on the wooden barrier, and it trembled and shook to the form of the fort. The defenders ceased firing and looked at each other. Lamarcque turned his deadly eye upon them, and yeled—Fire! In the name of Satan what is it you fear? Does one man dismay you, poltrons of France!

Castine gave another blow—a third followed, the barrier flew in splinters—and the dreaded Chief walked in upon the platform, uttering his war-cry that rose high above the shivering crash of battle. This was the sound that Wolfe had heard. Lamarcque stood calm, with a cocked pistol in each hand, and his sword in his mouth. He dropped the sword, and said in his usual tone—though his face was pale as ashes, and the red spot burned on his cheek—

Advance not, fool!—advance one step, and I will send your body blackened fragments to the vault of heaven! Castine's eye glistened for one moment, and, like the lion ere it takes its bound, he paused before springing on his foe—but ere he could do so, the latter snapped a pistol at his feet, ignited a train he had prepared—there was a bursting roar—a whirl of black and nitrous smoke—and the riven fragments of the fort, and the charred dies of its defenders and assailants, went flying towards the blood-stained heavens, in one whirling cloud of flame and dust and ashes, like smoke from the bottomless pit!

CHAP. XIX.

"But gasping came the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eyes grew."—LARA.
 A week after the occurrence of the events related in the last chap-