

English churls are great blockheads, or you fancy the men of Cape Breton such. What do you seek of the Governor?

'The surrender of Louisburg,' said the officer, who fumbled with something in the bosom of his cloak.

'Is that all?' inquired Lamarque eyeing him narrowly; 'you do not come to treat for prisoners then?'

The officer's answer was a kick with his heavy boot, which striking the knuckles of the hand that grasped the sword, caused the weapon to fly far into the sea. At the same moment he held a cocked pistol to his temple—

'Now, by my soul's hopes, if you resist or raise an outcry, I will scatter your recreant brains on the winds of heaven. Lead on to the Governor!'

Lamarque felt the cold barrel against his forehead—he heard the Briton's deep determined voice—his confusion vanished, and he said calmly—

'Follow me then.'

CHAP. XVII.

'... Thy want of arms,' said Iris, 'well we know—
But though unarm'd, yet, clad in terrors, go—
Let but Achilles on your trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear;
Greece, from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage and diadain to fly.'—ILLIAD OF HOMER.

We return to the Court House. The members had been greatly diminished, the officers having been ordered off to different points to superintend the defence of the city. The Commissary was conversing with his coadjutor, in a low earnest whisper, and Duchambon stood before the bar of Judgment, loudly demanding his acquittal, or that definite charges should be preferred against him and proved.

'You well know' said the Commissary, 'that the principal evidence against you is not here—otherwise you would not be so clamorous.' Then, turning to a subordinate officer, he said—'you had better convey the prisoners to the place of execution; I see no use in delaying the Court any longer.'

'There is no hope for us!' said Beaulere, in a low voice, to his half-brother.

The eyes of the other wandered earnestly to the door; he replied in the same low tone—

'None! we must die with the firmness that becomes the warrior sons of Castine. I did my utmost to save you, brother—but it was not so to be!'

At this moment the door opened, and Lamarque entered, pale and