

ing—"Yes, that is a path. I'm sure we might get up there. However, it seems to be pretty well guarded. Those cannon over there, and that strong guard above Sillery, look rather threatening. If we get up there, it will have to be by stealth. What think you, Major Stobo?"

"I think it quite possible to scale the heights at that point," replied the officer; "but a very small guard could keep back a host. That, if my memory serves me right, is the *Anse du Foulon*."

Beaumont could contain himself no longer. He rose from his hiding-place, and, saluting his officers, said—

"You are quite right, sir; that is the *Anse du Foulon*. I came from it a few hours ago."

"You!" they cried in amazement.

"Yes, sir! Last night I did some scouting. I succeeded in reaching the top, and learning something of the guard, and its commander, a man named Vergor."

"An arrant coward!" broke in Major Stobo. "All the better for us, though! It was he who made such an inglorious surrender of *Beau Séjour*, in Nova Scotia."

"Well, my brave lad," said Wolfe, unheeding the interruption, "What did you learn?"

"I found the guard over-confident. Vergor spends his evenings in gambling and drinking. He laughs at the idea of the English attempting to scale the cliff, and

keeps but one sentinel on the look-out. The height is difficult to climb, and the path has been protected by entrenchments and an abatis; but, sir, a few brave men could get up, quiet the guard, and clear the path for the army."

General Wolfe looked with delight at the young soldier.

"You speak like a veteran, *Lieutenant Beaumont*! Major Stobo, consider the lieutenant attached to your battalion."

"And delighted I shall be to do so," replied the Major. "We are in need of some brave officers."

Beaumont tried to stammer out his thanks, but failed. The General relieved his embarrassment by asking him a host of questions. This settled the matter. The attempt to land would be made. Should it fail, the fleet would withdraw for this year, at least.

"And," said the General to Beaumont, "if we win, you will have had no small share in the victory."

On the 12th of September a portion of the fleet, carrying the main body of the troops, managed to get above the city. The French were deceived. Admiral Saunders lay with the greater portion of his fleet below the city, and Montcalm concentrated his forces on that part.

Colonel Hare, of the Light Infantry, chose twenty brave fellows to lead the scaling-party. Lieutenant Beau-



"I SHALL PROBABLY DIE TO-MORROW; I AM GLAD I CAN FACE IT LIKE A SOLDIER."