

heads proudly on
impregnable, and
the harbor ran
English fleet, and
moored, head and
the fire from three
the ramparts and
would have been
Island Batteries,
carried by Wolfe,

life's encampment.
soldiers, waiting
out fifty seamen,
stood, under the
ure, and hand-
c. Terrible was
His face had be-
ness, was now
ble despair, blent
vengeance, giving
mer frank, open

lic map, costume,
p his eye, and
the day of his
ain, in that day's

being marshal-
erymen, with a
deemed them-
had slackened
forward, before

ent Andalusian
General Law-
rider as motion-

'farewell—' for
dreamed, wa-
rt, my work on
I fall, and my
uncompleted?
turned his grasp

'Enough!' said the Englishman—'Lamarque, your chance is a
limit one!'

'But cheer up,' continued Castine—'you will fight many a battle
beside to-day's—you know not what Fate may have in store for
you.'

'No—brother,' said the other composedly—'The light of
his evening's sun will shine on the lifeless corpse of Beauclerc—
dawn no more for me—and why should it? What have I to live
for?' then added with a kindling eye—'Nothing but vengeance—and
that will be mine ere an hour rolls away.'

Castine removed his cap from his head, and dividing the plume in
to two equal parts, placed half beside the black cockade, in the hat of
his companion:—

'Let that plume be the star of battle,' he said—'and wherever it
waves, let death be busiest there. It shall be the loadstone of my
eye, and I will distinguish you by it in the thickest of the fight.'

Beauclerc was too much absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts
to pay much attention to the remarks of Castine. The latter continued
—

'Despond not—I could, only I would destroy your desire for
vengeance on the villain, Lamarque—I could, by one word, in-
fuse—'

A heavy peal of artillery on the left drowned, with its volleyed thun-
der, what he would have said. The dense sulphuric smoke rolled, in
an eddying volume, over the marshy plain, and enveloped the scene
to the left in a shroud of vapor.

The eye of James Wolfe flashed darkly in the light of battle, and,
with his sword drawn, he advanced before his men, who followed at
a double quick-step, the drums in the rear beating the British Gren-
adiers.

'Now, boys,' said Beauclerc, turning to his men—'only imitate
my actions to-day and I ask no more!' The seamen loudly cheered
and the whole party moved on. The field-pieces and howitzers
were playing briskly on the fort—but up to the present moment, no
air within it had evinced the presence of living thing. When
within two hundred yards of the fort, however, the sheeted lightnings
flashed from every embrasure, and one deadly and tremendous dis-
charge shook the air as with an earthquake's voice. Full one
third of the attacking party fell, with their backs to the fort and
their feet to the foe, under the iron shower. The Englishamer
cheered, and ran madly onward, their drawn cutlasses glancing right
in the sunlight. Two giant forms walk in advance, side by side
and step for step—their eyes fixed on the figure of a man who, fear-
lessly, paced the platform—his head bare and his sword drawn—who
appeared to be giving orders to those with a